

Poetry Series

Meg Lealand
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Meg Lealand(05/05/96)

I was born.

I went to school.

I still go to school.

Crack In The Curtains

There's a crack in my curtains.
Light's coming through.
Makes sense- it's only half eight in summer.
I'm thinking about what could be out there.
Am I a pessimist for thinking it'll be boring and normal?
Am I an optimist for thinking that there's a magical world?
So what am I if I'm not sure?
Labels are confusing. Why bother?
It's just a crack in my curtains.

Meg Lealand

Dream

Dream of distant cities
Dream of choirs or song
Dream of buried treasure
Waiting for so long

Dream of white butterflies
Dream of regal peacocks
Dream of furry kittens
Wearing stripey knee-socks

Dream of true love and romance
Dream of laughter and fun
Dream of memories that are past
Or experiences to come

Dream, dream my child,
Sleep and dream today,
And let the dreaming-fantasy-world
Carry you away.

Meg Lealand

Fair?

Things never seem fair
When they happen to you
Others never see it
From your point of view

Only you can see the truth
How the evil sister rules
To adults she's a little darling
Those naive, happy fools

Despite this, it is always right
When she gets caught instead
Perfect when she's told off
Or sent straight to bed

It's fun to make that happen
The evil side of you
But when you get over the initial fury
You see you can be evil too...

Meg Lealand

Mum, There's An Elephant In My Bed...

'Mum, there's an elephant in my bed!
I think it just sat on Teddy's poor head! '
'Come on, don't be silly!
It's probably just Milly!
That cat's a menace! ' My mum said.

'Mum the elephant's eating my sheets!
And that's definately not what Milly eats! '
'Stop telling these lies!
It's proably just mice! '
And this is all that Mum repeats.

'Mum, the elephant's coming downstairs!
I told him you'd be angry, but I don't think he cares! '
'Oh, be quiet Robert! And eat up your lunch! '
She didn't hear the elephant- crunch crunch crunch
As he sat on each of the chairs.

'ELEPHANT! ! ! ' I hear Mum scream,
As she sees him eating all the ice-cream,
And with a burst from his trunk
She looked like she'd been dunked,
On a rapids ride Extreme!

Meg Lealand

Ode To Annoying Songs

Why are some songs so annoying?
I mean, do I really care,
About the way to Amerillo?
Or who's waiting for him there?

And should I find it interesting?
To hear some crazy frog?
Blep-bleep-bleeping away all day?
I find this very odd.

Meg Lealand

Onion

Stinging

Tears springing up

Close your eyes

Hold them in

Leaking

Down the cheek

Where all can see

And off the chin

Hurting

Pained feelings

Shame to cry

Patience wearing thin.

Onion.

Meg Lealand

Perfect Day

A perfect day
Should never end
Just press 'replay'
Again and again

When sky is blue
And clouds are gone
It goes too soon-
Stays away too long

Then clouds gather
Stiffling sunlight
Blacker and blacker
Darker than dead night

Down comes rain
Punching and pounding
To ruin the day
Its laughter resounding

You can conquer the gloom
Armed with wet-weather kit
It'll be sunny again soon
As it's beautiful- make the most of it

It's more wonderful wet
Water droplets cascade
So we mustn't forget
It's still a perfect day.

Meg Lealand

The Flower

This flower is one of darkness.
The petals are velvety black.
The thorns are spiky and malicious:
A rose- but does goodness lack.
And when a girl is first let down,
The Flower's seed is planted
The Flower's seed is planted

A tug from in the stomach
A tear brought to the eye
When that girl lies upon her bed
And doesn't sleep- but cries.
And on the first night upon a wet pillow
The seed splits as the Flower grows
The seed splits as the Flower grows

The girl will fall in love so soon
But her heart is broken by one she did trust
It'll take her months to get over this one
As the happy memories of love turn to dust.
And the first time the girl's heart is broken,
The Flower grows
The Flower grows

Our girl turns into a young woman;
Leaving school and the people she knew.
With a lump in her throat she says goodbye,
Ones she sees again there are few.
Friends left in the past- forgotten,
Fuel the Flower's growth
Fuel the Flower's growth

She gets a job- low pay, hard work
That she loathes every day.
Childhood dreams- astronaut, vet,
All lost along the way.
And when childhood is truly left behind
The Flower thrives
The Flower thrives

Marriage next- True love? Maybe not.
But then children are on the cards.
Post-natal depression takes over her life-
A life destined to be hard.
And in unfair circumstances,
The Flower reaches
The Flower reaches

The children grow- choose their paths.
Choose better than she chose her own,
She cries over her wasted life,
Looks round- she's left alone.
And although the Flower is as old as she,
It rises towards her sorrow
It rises towards her sorrow

The Grandkids visit one Sunday lunch,
Full of energy and life.
She looks at what she gave to them,
And in her joy forgets her strife.
And it is only in the light of love, joy or hope,
That the Flower shrivels.
That the Flower dies.

Meg Lealand

The Kindness Of Others

Sometimes, the kindness of others,
Overwhelms me.
Forgetting war, and poverty, and greed-
Just for now.
Has someone ever stopped you in the street,
A total stranger.
And said 'Sorry, I think you just dropped this.'
Your purse.
It would be so easy for them to take,
But they don't.
I think that's lovely- really great.
Or another example.
On a site where no-one knows anyone else.
People say 'Your poem's great.'
Even if it really isn't.
That's lovely too, don't you think?
A real confidence boost- thank you strangers!
You don't know me.
But no-one cares.

Sometimes, the kindness of complete strangers astounds me.
But in a good way.

Meg Lealand

Tick Tock

Tick tock, tick tock
Got to stop watching the clock
Hours pass by
Watching ceiling as I lie
Sleep escapes me
Some say counting sheep's the key
It's not working right now
So I've counted cats and cows
Also not working
My big toes are cramping
Resist the urge to get out of bed
So lie here feeling sad instead
Arms itching with their exzema rash
Wish I'd fall asleep in a flash
Turn over- gaze at my alarm
Already one, try to stay calm
When light filters through my window
I fall back slowly into my pillow.

Meg Lealand

To Be Happy

Warm swell
Lit eyes
Beaming face
Nice surprise
Standing proud
Want to sing
Better feeling
Than anything
Jump around
Make a shout
Dance or start
To run about
Listen to music
Maybe play

Yes- HAPPINESS, a feeling
You should get once every day!

Meg Lealand