

Poetry Series

Melissa Ferrer
- poems -

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Melissa Ferrer(10/28/91)

I am seventeen and a senior. I have lost sight of certain aspects of my life due to the fact that they are always changing but i do hope to grasp a hold on it someday, someday soon...

I do believe in god. I am a child Of god and I do believe he is my saviour.

I cant say im an aspiring anything. And i cant say that im a child prodigy. All I can really say is that I am a girl who plays the role of a gifted smart child but really does not know who she is inside.

A girl who has had alot of things happen to her and likes to write about it.

'God didnt promise days without pain
Laughter without sorrow,
And sun without rain.
But he did promise Stregnth for the Day
Comfort for the tears,
And light for the way.'
Melissa Ferrer

If only I could believe My own Words...

If you want to know anything else about IM or send me an Email at
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A Phobia

I have a phobia
Do you know what that is?
Im not sure either
But i do know its serious.

I remember being five,
Playing in the grass
and getting stung by a beehive
I was only Five.

I remember when was seven
Playing in the snow
Hail hit me on my head from the heavens
I was only seven.

I remember when was ten
Playing in the barn
I was attacked by a hen
I was only ten.

I remember when I was nine
playing on the side walk
I was hit by a falling sign
I was only nine.

They Say i have a phobia
They say its serious
They say im over exaggerating
They say im dilerious

Dont know what that means
I should go look it up
But im lyng on my bed
Afraid ill get attacked by something when I get up.

Melissa Ferrer

A Silent Death

AND IM CRYING

and i have no reason why
thoughts are racing in my head
feelings of dread
feeling the dead
rise up
inside
it bubbles and gurgles
AS I CRY.

AND IM DYING

on the inside
is it a crime
if its not physically
suicide
I remain dead
and in my head
there is a vast fog
and im in the middle
im locked
in
trying to get out
cant let it win
AS I DIE.

AND IM BEING REBORN

Approching souls that were torn
by my menal departure
They are trying to enscaire
my thoughts
So im not brought off
again
They are trying to win
a battle
while i stay focused
on winning the war.
I cant concetrate anymore
I look for the light
at the end

but its so dim
so i swim
in my thoughts
trying to be reborn.

Melissa Ferrer

A Thousand Tears

A thousand Tears
Is a thousand Dreams
That goes unnoticed
That goes unseen

A thousand tears
is a thousand deaths
of a thousand parents
in a thousand breaths

A thousand tears
Is a thousand lives
Of a thousand animals
Born a thousand times

A certain death
A certain life
All together
Makes the perfect strife

An orphan child
With non to love
With no dreams
And no one to hug

Leads a life
full of lies
Full of strife
Painful memories
pave a path
For her journey
to be had

A thousand tears
A thousand deaths
A thousand dreams
A thousand breaths

Amnesia Of The Heart

How does it feel
To know your loved
To know someone cares
Im not saying from up above
But from right here.

I once knew how it felt to be loved;
How it felt to be treated like you were special
How it felt to be cherished
Even though you were, tarnished, blemished.

I once had that special feeling
from my head down to my toes
Because when i got home
I'd always know
Someone would croon
I love you so.
But I've forgotten how the feeling goes.

Melissa Ferrer

An Away Message

God didnt promise
Days without Pain
Laughter without Sorrow
and Sun without Rain
But He did promise
Stregnth for the Day
Comfort for the Tears
and Light for the Way..

So at the moment i am not Here...
Im off enduring the pain the Laughter and the Tears
In all my fourteen years, I have never known...
That it was all meant to be..
Till now when i see...
That he is comforting me..

So im away
and i dont know if i will be back today
But I will definitely be back...
In time to help you pray...
In time to be there
for you
when you need me most

Melissa Ferrer

Baby

Oh Baby I think I love you.
Oh Baby I think I need you.
Oh Baby you are my shining star.
Oh Baby you dont even know who you are.

You are so Beautiful.
But not too neat.
You are Flawless.
Even your feet.

Baby I watch you when you sleep.

Your little frame pulls me in deep.
To the most adorable thing in the world.
I love you so much.
For the fact that you are my little girl.

Melissa Ferrer

Backstabbers

The last words of ceasar
Showed startle toward a backstabber
'et tu brutae'
To be stabbed and gored for life

Words act as daggers
Shanks and swords
Through the heart, the mind and the soul
bleeding emotions and life

BACKSTABBERS

to be ones friend
and abandoned in the end
To be on ones side
Then strip away their pride

I HATE THOSE GUYS

Et tu?
are you?
you too?
BACKstabber? ! ? !
I cant believe you

you hate
you pretend
you lie
and you fake

you say
to the end
and then
you strip away
all i have
as you repeatedly stab
me in my back....
STABBERS!

Dont talk

dont breathe
just let the anger seethe
and engulf you whole
and then youll know
it truly was until the end
that you were a backstabber
and not a friend.

Melissa Ferrer

Best Friend

She shines and sparkles
And she lives up to her name
She dance, She dreams
Of reaching Stoardom and fame

Shes there for me when I need her
And all the times i dont
Even when I tell her to leave me be
She reply I could if i would but i wont

She is my Best friend until the very end
And that I will never doubt.
For through thick and thin we were like kin
Shes the one person i can't do without

So this for her Crystal
The loades up Pistol
My Sistah From anotha Mistah
Till the end my friend
Just like a big round circle
Our friendship will never end

Melissa Ferrer

Crash

To Crash-
To... SMASH
To Bash
Emotionally, physically
With all of our heart, mind, body and soul

To burn
To yearn
To earn
that respect
Feel, Emotional reel, yes REAL

Our perspectives
Are twisted and turned
Burned, something we must learn
To be black and have a knack
For education
Or even to be white, and not hold on
to your belongings tight
each time a black person is within sight,
Subconsciously of course.

It isnt right
For everyone to have these
Expectations for what or how we
Are supposed to be
By nationality.
In order fit into society? ?

We either act black or white
or even in between
one being educated and the other
Just obscene.

Stereotypes, do what they may
Do what they like,
I just hope you do whats right.
Try not to fit into the simple life
Instead if you have to, Join the strife

Take a hike up the trail of Destiny.
Become what you were meant to be
Without any invisible barrier to stop you or me

CRASH, SMASH, BASH
through the chains that bind us
Emotionally, Physically, Mentally
Racially, Sexually and all in between
Feel the flow, and turn against it
If you now what I mean.

Do what you feel
Do what you know
not what's taught
by society
But what's real.
Get the feel
Learn to deal
And know, that this is an epidemic
Step past the color of our skin
And see that you and me
Can be unique
Without the judgment
From society.

No that will never be
But see,
As long as we don't
CRASH
We'll be alright,
As long as we don't
BURN
We'll stay true to the fight
To unite,
Black and white.

Light and dark
in between
all around
up and down

So let's not crash

But more like cash into
reality
And show society
What they need to see
instead of black and white
How bout talented or bright.
Step into the light
And shine
Just make sure not to
CRASH.

Melissa Ferrer

Crying

I like the rain
Because you cant see my tears.
When it hits the terrain
It feels as if it washes away my fear.

I cry in bed.
I cry in school.
I cry when im laughing.
I cry when you drool.

Why do i cry I dont know.
But crying is something to do
So things dont go so slow.

Cry all you want dont be ashamed.
But when you get hit Its not me to blame.

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Dressed To Impress...

I have a job interview today....
now THAT i cannot believe....
but still i musnt wear the next thing i see...
So i search for my clothes
It took me hours! !
And once i found the right one i went to the shower.
Got out forty five minutes later...
then got dressed...
Thats when I realized
My hair was a MESS! !
So i spent about another hour
trying to fix my impossible hair
I look at the clock i only have thirty minutes to get there
im out the door then i realized i forgot my shoes
I dashed back in and put them on
thinking oh please let me get this one...
Im back on my way and get there just on time
i looked up at the building and thought
'Oh yeah, this jobs definitely going to be mine! '

So i walk in and tell them i have an interveiw...
i wait about an hour
than as if they had seen me for the first time Said
' I'm sorry can i help you'
I said 'Yea, Im waiting for an Interveiw...'
I was frustrated and getting red in the face
'With who' She said
I said 'With Mrs. Grace'
She stared in wonderment and then she said
'Im sorry she called in, Shes to sick to get out of bed'
I just looked and Looked and looked some more
My eyes turned red and I just walked out the Door

Melissa Ferrer

Earthly Friend

I do believe in God I do
But I need Some Earthly Loving too.
Like I cant talk or I cant see him.
I need someone to hold hands with
To cry on their choulder
To be my soldier
Whod keep me from Harm
If not that than just some body
I know cares
If not that than just some one
I know will always be there

I do trust in god trust me
I know hes the way
I know hes there to stay.
But I need some one whos here today
Some one who will take my troubles away
Some one I can see
Some one that will be
My friend, my help, maybe even my lover.
If not that then at least a LOVING sister or brother.

So before you say you need to believe
Dont - Because I do.
Before you say that it is he you can see
Dont - Because I know.
So let me say what I need
Let me tell you I do believe
But as long as I have an Earthly friend Like You
IM COOL.

Melissa Ferrer

Falling

I am falling endlessly
Or am I?
Is this an illusion
To get my mind going?

All i know is im falling
Or do I?
Is this a brain teaser
Just to baffle me?

I think I'm falling.
No, I know im falling
Do you see me falling
Seeing is believing
Or is it possible that Believing is seeing?

Let me know,
Till then I'll be falling
It seems that there is no Stalling
The fact(or opinion) is
I am F

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Flowing

Pain and Anger are the things
In which is flowing through my veins
Knowing that I am forever
Trapped in this endless web of game
Knowing that I'll never be the same
The loneliness you can not measure
For I can no longer bear
The pain I encounter as I stay here

Pain and Anger are the things
In which is flowing through my veins
But is that all that is there
I see a search for love which ends in Despair.
Let me know I am not alone
Let me know I have a place I can call home
Let me know that you are there
Please tell me I have nothing to Fear.

Pain and Anger, Flowing through my veins
Right down to the core
I don't know if I can take it anymore
Is there something else
Or is this the end.
Let me know I have a friend.
Am I loved or No.
Are you friend or Foe.
Do I have to go through this Alone.
I guess I do.
No one is here.
Because No one cares.

Pain and Anger are the things
In which is flowing through my veins
I don't know how long I can
Stay Sane
In this mindless torture

Pain and Anger
Anger and Pain

Tell me can you feel it
Flowing through your veins?

Melissa Ferrer

Food For Thought

Here is just a bit of food for thought
For you to eat
For you to swallow
For you to live by
What you give is what you get
So never forget to give

Here is...how you say... some food for thought
For you to chew
For you to consume
For you to bloom
What goes around comes around
So what ever you throw around
You can expect to recieve it

Here is just a bit of food for thought
For you to digest
For it to rest..... in the bowels of your brain
For you to know
For you to grow
Do unto others as you want done unto you
Do you want to be treated like a fool?

Food for thought
Here it is for you
You never know what it can do
It can help you proceed with what you need
in life just know.....

Here is a bit of food for thought
Just so you dont starve to death.

Melissa Ferrer

Games

Girls play games.
So do guys.

But you have to have the guts.
To stay alive.

Games Give Great Gullibility
Even after the end

This makes no sense
But how do you know you do my friend.

Melissa Ferrer

Global Citizen

We need to get this job done, this war won, and this song sung
Because life is no longer just poking fun, playing in the sun, waiting for someone
else to do our jobs and take on our responsibilities
we are stuck in a societal insanity, and the only remedy is inside of you and
inside of me
it is our will that helps us to go on, our faith that keeps us strong, our heart that
fills the day with light
and our strength that shines through the darkest of nights
We are a driving force in our community and our future is limitless, boundaries
rendered useless since november fourth 2008, since our minds were set
straight, since the theory of impossibility was disproved and since our hearts
began singing to a different tune and
since I stopped dreaming dreams, but began predicting the future,
and in my mind's eye i saw our hearts being sutured,
our minds being reprogrammed to know that we can do it and we will,
since i first saw us climbing to the top, starting with last name obama, first name
barack, and it doesn't stop there, change is in the air and out,
whether you are black, white, red or brown, WE are what its all about
the children of today, is the change of tomorrow, forgetting their pain, forgetting
their sorrow, their future is as bright as the incandescent light that is the sun,
and that is just number one!
To be a global citizen is to live for all, to see our future, to heed the call
Everyday that we breathe, instead of watching tv, we need to read, we need to
get up and help those in need.
We need to pay it forward in a way thats NEVER been payed before, when we
help a thousand, we ALL need to help a million more.
I am different, I am bold, I WILL change this world in ways untold, my hands,
my heart my words my soul, is dedicated to those starving, dedicated to those
dying in the bitter cold.
I will not allow one tear to make that suicide journey down a single persons
cheek,
call me foolhardy call me weak, but i want to SAVE THIS WORLD.
Starting with the revolutionary words that stream from my fingertips and come
alive in your eyes
Don't gasp this is no surprise, you've all heard this spiel before
calling for revolution and an end to the impoverished war.
You can not call me a global citizen because of my words and my rhyme,
pay attention to what i'm saying do not waste time,
every other word you've read a child has died

Save this world, Open your eyes
Stop reading this poem, Start living the dream,
Helping others, is easier than it may seem
Live for tomorrow, survive today
End the sorrow, by finding your way.

Melissa Ferrer

Greatest Love

Why is it that im in love
Oh and not just any love
Im in love with love
the very idea of love
The very smothering concept
The very life it breathes into my soul

How is it that im falling in love with love
when i dont believe in falling in love
Love is just a 4 letter word
or at least it should be
It should have no feeling
Nothing but its imprinted meaning
In the socialite conservative Dictionary

The idea of love makes me weak in my knees
It thrills me to seek whatever i please
The flames fired up and
My heart beating down
The walls of my chest
and turns it around

so if i wish to love a love so great
even though its something i surely can not take
if i wish to love a love so whole
that i may go against what ive been told
If i am to love with all of my heart
someone that is apart
from me
Theres something i must first do
Remove something from the shelf
Put it in me and embrace it
and thats the love for my self.

Melissa Ferrer

Healing

My Heart beats rapidly
The anger pulses through me
you put your arms around me
and i am healed.

Little can I think
Little can I feel
All I know for sure
Is that I am Healed.

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Id Est

You Hear:

'Honey Please past the ketchup'

I mean:

'You crazy Bitch your ruining my life'

There are these hidden meanings
that you cant see through my eyes

These falsified truths

I.e. these straight up lies.

Your hear:

'Yea I love you too'

I mean:

'Bitch Wth is wrong with you

Get away from me can you not see

I want you dead

and return ur head to its rightful owner

I.E. Medusa? '

These lies

I repeat over and over

just to test anyone to see

if im ever appearing

to be me

and if you dont catch on

then im playingmy partjust right

acting how i should

to hid in the dark of night

You hear:

'Yeah Im ok'

I mean:

'Help me im dying inside'

These silent screams

explain the very entity

that stops me

from living

I.E. im dead inside

and to in love with my pride

to aske to be revived.

And now you hear
'I'll miss you dear
for my body is here
but i am gone forever'
And now i mean:
' I'll miss you dear
for my body is here
but im gone forever
I wish you luck
on every last endeavor'
For this one truth
I must say
and say it loud
with my head above the clouds
while my feet is on the ground
my body is detached on the inside
and stretching on the out
I.E. i dont know what im about
cant make my decision
cant decide my route
cant choose to be me
and bring my inside out
so you can mend it back
together again
so i can see what it truly
means to have a friend
the ones who
actually plan to stay till the end
I.E. A TRUE BLUE FRIEND.
So read my meanings
and please take heed
because i cant exactly promise
Youll like what you read
I.E. Id hate for you to see
that i reapeatedly stab inside
the neverending
spector that is me.

Melissa Ferrer

Ignorance Is Bliss

Leering... At the board
Laying on the desk
Tantalizing faith, Knowledge
and all the rest

Leaning against a bag
Listening to the teacher
Learning not to lag.....

Sitting and sleeping
Crying and weeping

Walking through life
With your eyes shut tight
Letting everyone pass by
Just open your eyes

AND

Say hello, Hows your day
But as soon as you open your eyes
you are taken away
By the violence and the lies

So you shut your eyes tight
Engulfed by the night
And in your own sight
You take flight

Crying and weeping
Sitting and Sleeping

As you gather your way
Gather your way through life
Because its now for you to say
If you want to be ignorant or join the strife

Oblivious to the world
You look at the black board

As if it holds your sustenance to life
Guessing when it will be time to be reborn

Sitting and sleeping.
Crying and weeping.

Your blood seeping
Through your clothes
and you are weeping
Though you should know

It's not your blood seeping
That's causing all this weeping
It's other People's blood
That your just not seeing

Its all seeming
To come down now
As swift as a river streaming
Don't tilt your brow

Cuz your blood is seeping
and your just sitting and sleeping
Dont you feel it creeping
Shouldnt you be crying and weeping?

Our blood, Our blood.
Your Fears, Your Fears.
Dont you see the blood
and all the tears?

Tearing through the years
Busting through your fears
Making em grow, Letting em know
That there is a reason to hide
There's a reason to be scared

Sitting your way through school Sleeping..
While others are out ther crying & weeping? ! ? !
You act as if you dont feel the blood seeping! !
Wake up stop being ignorant, Stop sleeping! ! ! !
Wake up and stop the weepers frrom weeping! ! ! !

Ignorance is bliss..
But dont miss
What others so blatently do....

Make sure you know
That other people have feelings too
Feeling blue
Feeling unloved

The blood, Its seeping and creeping
And people are crying and weeping
And your just Sleeping! ! ? ?

Ignorance may be bliss..
But others cant be ignorant
and live in a blissfull world...
They're to busy worried
about losing their baby boy or baby girl..
If you've lost one you would know
That all you can see is the blood
Creeping.... Seeping....
Help them.... Stop being ignorant
And maybe You wont be afraid to open your eyes
Cuz maybe if you help you can stop the violence and lies

Melissa Ferrer

Inner Sanctuary

The fears have come true.
Of losing you.

What do you do
When your night mares becomes reality?

When everything isnt what it seems?
When all the time you just want to scream?

How do you learn to show your feelings...
And not mask them all inside.

How do you learn to ask for help
And lower down your pride.

Why is it when im so close to saying the truth,
That i give up in mid sentence and pull away from my youth

My innocence and youth are no longer here,
All that is present is hate, anger and fear.

I HATE WHEN PEOPLE SAY THEY UNDERSTAND! ! !
Even though they dont.

They dont know me.
For me.
When they look at me
They should see
A shell a mask a costume
i have made, For those who look my way

Each day i step outside
Paint a smile on my face
And the me inside, runs to hide,
while my shell glides smiles, and repeats hi!

Im so chipper,
im so Happy,
But think really how can that be? ?

Losing a mother and a sister
Would make you go insane.
How do you know it hasn't made me?
I think I'm losing my grasp on reality

Each day I'm in school
I'm happy
Then I return home
and am reminded that,
I have no one to care for me
to run to me to hug me and see
that I am hurting greatly
and I need HELP.

I am constantly told to grow up
BUT HOW CAN I.
I'm only 15 and I've already I
Lost the two most important people in my life

Talk about strife.
No one loves me for me,
no not really
how can it be...
when no one really knows.

I'm a messed up headcase..
except it doesn't show
because I'm a great artist
and I silently paint
the image of endless bliss

But inside I feel
that my heart's no longer real.
I am held in restraint.
no one taking a complaint
Don't mean to be quaint

but I'm spent I'm putting my shell up for rent
taking a vacation....
to... reality
and see what's needed to be seen

And reflec

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Insomnia

I lay awake every night
sometimes for reasons unknown
and sometimes for fright.

Frightened of what might happen while im asleep.
Frightened of what migh not.
Frightened of the dreams... that my mind lets creep.
Frightened of them alot.

But what ever the reason
I lay wake staring into space...
I switch on the tv...
and guess what i see! !
A worship channel in a most unusual form.
I look at the clock it stares back
green light screaming...
three in the morning....
turn my eyes back to the tv... just staring
soaking it all in
then something in my mind churns...
I wonder what is it that my soul yearns...
Then it hits me.... and
as it does
I fall asleep.

Melissa Ferrer

It

Some people do it on Purpose,
Some People do it in vain.
Some people love to do it.
But every one does it just the same.

Some People hate it.
Some people watch.
But All people do it some time
Just sit back and you see.

It goes in and out,
and can be done side to side
or even all around
If you try.

What am I talking about.
I bet you know
....
ewww ya nasty
I was talking about brushing your teeth! !

Melissa Ferrer

Jewel.

Adorned by sparkling snow
Glittering in the window
Are the eyes.
They peer into the skies
and dream of a place
Where there is no perfection
And everything they consume
Is not a confection
Where not everything blooms
With the purity of innocence
Were there is no nonviolence
And no consistence
Of smiles
From adults
As if they were a child
And their eyes glitter
With the bitter innocence
of not knowing death or strife
and all the rest
where there is killing
and money is the root of all evil
and the world is filled with it
where silence about guilty pleasures is so loud
it beats the noise of innocent dreams
of parents being proud
of their children
these perfect glittering sparkling eyes
dreams of a place full of lies
Staring at the moon
While on the other side
There are pairs of eyes
That cries
for a place to hide
A place of perfection
nonviolence and youth
Where youth really does mean innocence
And the innocence blooms
A bloom that will bloom forever
and you will succeed in every last endeavor

and each endeavor will be filled with good intentions
and each good intention benefits every one
and everyone helps each other
And there is no such thing as the death of
A sister or mother.
Where money is the root of all evil
and there is none to be found
Where the truths of hapiness will be expound
Where every thing you eat will
be a confection
and there is no such thing as
a political election
where when you peer
Into the eyes of an adult
There is no eruption of corruption
Where there is not diversion of perversion
but belevolence and innocence
past a point you can not measure
and they are not just seeking pleasure
a pleasure that is hushed by silence so loud
it beats the noise of a parent beiong proud
these eyes so dim
That they can barely swim in hope
so small in size
wishes and prays for a place
that is void of lies
wether it be the glittering, the dim
the one that can barely swim
they each have a jewel within them
Wether it be the proud, the loud
the silenced, the hushed
each have a jewel growing that can not be rushed
when this jewel is fully grown
they will be able to make the decision on their own
wether to stay home where they are
or venture out very far
and switch places so they can be
what they consider truly happy.

Melissa Ferrer

Love Forevermore

Sophia what have you done to me
Left me to fend for myself, Im not ready
To admit that I cant stand to be alone
Thats why I always called you on the phone.
Mummy loves me but not enough
You didn't finish teaching me how life would be tough,

To make me live in this cruel world
The reasons why you did this need to be unfurled..
Think of me of little gurl you once knew..
Oh I wish you could see how i Grew
Please let me know why you let me cry
Because i wanted one last kiss goodbye

Leaving me out to all this exposure...
Especially with no Closure..
Now im on my knees begging god please
To let me know how to let you go
Or at least to let me know how to tell you
How much I will always Love You.

(In loving memory of my sister, Sophia Chery)

Melissa Ferrer

Needy

Please dont go
Please dont say goodbye
Please dont ask why..
But i need you

Please come to me
Please give me a hug
Please dont ask why
But i NEED you

Please tell me dont give up
Please tell me you care,
Please tell me you'll always be there
Please dont ask why
But i NEED YOU.

Please touch my hair
Please tell me not to cry
Please tell me itll be ok
Please dont ask why
But I NEED YOU.

Please tell me youll stay
Please tell me you wont leave like the rest.
Please tell me your her
Please dont ask why
BUT I.. NEED.... YOU

Melissa Ferrer

New

A poem just for you
A friend I have just met
Why?
There are many reasons yet
But here is just a few

Your are an individual of no other sort
Many things happen to you and yet
you still are just like a new
born baby learning things
every day with an innocen
yet inspiring lifestyle

A friend who can relate
To many things
And yet does not know of the
Joy he may bring
this is a poem just for You
For all the things you might just do
For althe people you might just be
For me

A future unknown of what it
will bring
knowing I should not know
to many things.
One thing I do know is
about you.
And this wonderful friendship
We have began just anew

This is a Poem just for You.

Melissa Ferrer

New York

So Im back in new york
My 'home' town....
It doesnt feel any different
If thats what your expecting.

For me to feel something...
To feel set free..
to.. be relieved to be home.
But i didnt...

I felt the same...
the same as in florida.
does it now mean that i have to homes
or just.. adapt to a 'temporary' place...
just till im in the new one...

I mean i come in with the rising of the sun...
But dont leave as it sets
i mean.... isnt ist supposed to feel free and fun
to feel as if im no caged pet...

So back in New York where i belong
well if thats true...
why do i feel like a stranger in my own home..
town... i mean five years isnt that long..
Isnt it?

Be, Me, see, new things...be new..
heh... just me.
in a not so new place... but yet unfamiliar...
in some way....
exactly how im not sure

but as i indulge in the city life once more...
and then i emerge... feeling new im not sure...
but i suppose we must wait...
until the end..
the end of my home coming
New York... Me being a stranger

to my comforts.. my home..
five years isnt that long...
At least i hope not.

Melissa Ferrer

Night

In the darkness
With out any light
I stare at nothingness
In the night

Laying down
None in sight
I hear sounds
In the Night

The darkness Clings
to my Life
The doom it brings
In the night

I hear someone
Far away, Out of sight
i want to run
away from the Night

Then the voice yells
Open your eyes
And when I do
I see Afternoon Light.

Melissa Ferrer

Ode To A Band Director

You stand at the podium
Waving your baton so Mighty and tall
Every one sees you....
Forging the lives of many and all
Under your Direction.
The Direction of music
Of Peace...
Of the perfect sound
And the perfect Melody.
A melody that onlii you know...
A melody that onlii you can hear.
But we play...
and great music it is...
Music that will always be missed..

You announced your resignation
and we were all crushed
But whose going to direct us...
We cant just have anybody you know!
They have to know the perfect sound..
Your perfect flow...
When we got out of hand you remained calm....
And you reassured us when we werent doing so good
And exclaimed with us when we did great...
There will be no other like you.
NO ONE can replace you
Not in this School
And not in our Hearts...
So when you leave remember us all...
For we will never forget you...
For some of us you were just a band director
For others you were that extra push we needed
and then on you were our friend.
YOU were the one who helped us get out of slumps....
and We never will forget the fine job youve done...
So you go on.... but promise us one thing
That youll never forget the joy You'll always bring
We'll Miss you...

(Dedicated to one of the greatest band director of all times.... Papa Rowley there
isnt any one that can fit his Shoes)

Melissa Ferrer

Ode To Sage

I have a dog named sage...
Who always plays around and around and around

She never sleeps always Creeps
Also very greedy
All of this but always Loyal
All of this but still is spoiled.

Never Underestimate my dog Sage
For no matter how nice
She can surely get in a RAGE
So she will always protect me dont be mistaken
You can easily lure her away with a peice of bacon
But she'll just as easilly returned when she hears me in need
And for that I say she is a friend indeed.
My Dear good dog sage

Melissa Ferrer

Parentless I Stand

There are those two people
Who they say holds your hand
Well sometimes its hard for me to admit that
Parentless I stand.

My father's in New York Somewhere,
And about me He doesn't care.
My mother Died,
And it still hurts so much inside.

So Regardless of the reason
Parentless I stand.

I have my sisters.
So they say.
But to me.
The vision's gray.

To be alone hurts so much.
To Have no mom hurts more.
To feel like an out cast.
To be. Unwanted.

I Go through this now everyday.
And every day it feels the same.
My Thoughts and feelings cannot stay tamed.
They rage war inside my brain.
My actions I try to maintain.

But how long can I bear
and Endure the pain
I encounter. Every day... Over and Over

Staying sane.
Trying to maintain
A state of Mind,
Which is all mine.

Lord, Guide me.

Be there.
Show me.
The way.
To stay here.
Help.

Melissa Ferrer

Patriotic Lies

You sit pondering, thinking slowly
About the things that have been done
You can't help but doubting
That this war can actually be won

You think of the events
that led to this war
And the memories start coming back
People jumping from the 80th floor
Rather than staying to die with the pack

The U.S. has never been more patriotic
Than in the past few years
But the patriotism is wearing thin
And so are the tears.

You can help but think
People are starting to forget
Except for those that were there
Worried about money and bets
Instead of Caution and Fear.

Is smart to move on
But never forget
Because if we're not aware
The same thing may happen again

The fear, the tears
Body's falling
here and there
All of this for people to finally care? ?

September eleventh two thousand one
Will continue to dwell in our minds
But we continue to fall
To divide, and make racial lines.

Why should it take Rage, Sorrow, and terror
For us to finally unite?

September eleventh two thousand one
Will never be sealed air tight...

Melissa Ferrer

Perfectly Imperfect

We live in a perfect world.
Perfectly imperfect that is.
We live in a perfect World.
That is filled with so much shit

Perfectly imperfect is what we are.
Thats what makes things exciting.
More inviting.
You igniting
People lighting
dogs sighing
stop crying
start trying
to live

In this perfectly Imperfect world.
Every boy and girl
notices this perfectly imperfect.
World.

Melissa Ferrer

Polly

Shes down the street walking Alone
10pm at night
Not the best neighborhood Known
And no one is in sight.

She catches a movement at the corner of her eye,
She accelerates without looking back
She hears a deep breathing sigh
And since then her life's been off track.

She was violated in all the ways
One can ever think of
She was missing for days
People hoping to get signs from up above.

As they say
'Polly wants a cracker'
Well she's had more than her fill today
As he constantly smacks her

She cries and yells
Yet none can be heard
Over the jingle of the bells
and squaking of the birds.

She lays motionless
Now her life is done.
She was raped then murdered.
Yet no one actually won.

The rapist is now dead
He did it to himself
And this the end
So regain your strength and health.

Melissa Ferrer

Realization

I wanted to swing high
I wanted to touch the sky
I wanted to do all this
I wanted to fly
So I pumped and i pumped
and what do you know
As I pumped harder
The swing still would'nt go.
So i got fed up
I started to give in
But a voice in my head
Said if you quit now you never will win
So I dropped my writing utensils
My paper and pen
and i started to pump
again and again
as i continued to pump
I soon realized my swin was progressing
and so was the light in my eyes
With my face in the wind
and me in full swing
i started to remember to be young again
before the burnt embers
before the bouts of sin
Before the violent tremors
Before evil could win
I never wanted to get off
Never wanting to stop
I pumped and i Pumped
trying to get to the top
and i as i got higher
my depression waned
I shut my eyes tighter
and made sure the effort wasn't in vain
I opened my eyes
was jerked to a violent stop
I was engulfed in lies
that were cream of the crop
A tear dropped down my face

as i realized my place
to be amongst the elders
and their silent disgrace
I bowed my head low
I got off of the swing
accepting the fact
happiness was onlii a dream
so with that realization
i decide a to rejoice
a song of my youth
halted with a voice
and of my adulthood
and the responsibilites it would bring
but as i opened my mouth
i realized i couldn't sing
so i closed my mouth because i knew i wasn't sure
that if i spread my wings
it would mean that i would soar
afraid to grow up
and afraid to stay young
i realize these fears warn
that my childhood's not yet done

Melissa Ferrer

Ritual.

the death of a life is ritual
Whether it be natural or murder
the smiles of the child
stained with the pain
of exposure
the journey upon
the plains of the afterlife
sort of a ritualistic
religious way to avoid strife
we can only truly celebrate
the life after the death
can only sing to our hearts content
with the last breath
so to speak of rituals
and their definite truths
would not only betrayal
but expose our last bit of youth

Melissa Ferrer

Saved

Jesus is going to come they say
Everyone needs to pray
Jesus is going to come they say
Well he aint coming to day.

My hate bubbles
My anger Seethes
My dislike gurgles
And my pain breathes
Saved is what I need to be
Away from life's adversities
Obsenities engulf me
and my thoughts
Death swallows me whole
Satisfaction not within its reach
So it swallows those around me
And spits me out through its teeth
S I may see its accomplishments
And it may take joy in my grief

So jesus is coming
yes he is
but is he coming in time
will he catch me in every failing Rythm
catch me in every rhyme

I look at everyone in anger
Except for those i admire
Id put my life in danger
Just to get my thoughts to conspire
A way to live
With joy, happiness, and love
so when jesus comes
Let me know
Till then Ill be hiding
With no place to go.

Melissa Ferrer

Say What

You remind me
of my tears of poetry
that dropp down my cheek
Beginning its everlasting journey
to seek and explore the entity
that is me.

You remind me
of that turtle dove singing
and it continuously ringing
in my ears
allowing me to hear
the wisdom of
those and their
past fears
which describes
the epitome
of me.

You remind me of the soothsayers
most accurate fortune
the very death of Ceasar
and the very life
that is
me.

So all i can fathom to say.
All you can fathom to be
is you remind me
of me.

Melissa Ferrer

Schizophrenic

Am I really sick?
Not that ive been diagnosed
Schizophrenic
or even depressed for that matter.
Its just a war - in me
Not like most though
Not like good or evil
Or even balck or white with
enough space for a little grey area on the side.

My identites dont seem to want to agree...
Am I Melissa, or Missy?
One is kinda dull and boring and weak
while the other is popular, caring
and sleek.
One loves her family and
the other depises the term,
Missy only loving her friends,
Not her family in turn.
While Melissa is more balanced
and families always comes first.
But for the love of god i cant decide
which is worse.

Inside of me they both battle
and i think Missy is winning
Which kind of scares me cuz
wouldnt that be sinning?
Both believe in God
And both are smart
But Melissa's usually sweet
While Missy is more tart

But there is one more personality
that i forgot
Her name is Trinity and she is every
Good that Melissa and Missy cant top.
She lives Godly.... caring and sharing
She never once, tears dont the hall

Banging on walls
shes the one who counts to ten
Shes the one whos everybody's best friend
She is the one I wish to constantly be
If it weren't for dumb Melissa and stupid Missy.

So... Im Schizo i dont need a shrink to tell me that
Maybe its a phase...
It can be changed.
But some how i know
no matter how little one may show..
They will always be there...
Missy, Trinity, and Melissa alike
Or maybe they'll leave
and ill be able to choose just one to be.....
PSYKE!

_Missy_Trinity_&_ Melissa

Melissa Ferrer

Starting Over

Ok my time has come
Back to the drawing board...
You see we all Knew it was coming
But to many was to afraid and it was ignored

Stop Rewind time and just pause
See what ur doing the effect from the cause
Stop and look around
Do you see their faces
do you see their frowns..

Make sure you understand the pain
This is not just another war game
Its time to start over dont you wish you could
Its time to start over and replace all those lives you took
Those families who had their hearts broken
When their love ones were torn away
Stop and look around what do you have to say

For yourself
For the health of you country
Is freedom actually free...
listen to me and just stop
Look around
Your turning this world upside down
JUST STOP
START OVER! !

Melissa Ferrer

Statistics Of Happiness

Smile!
all the while
Say cheese
Pretty please
Though it may not mean
That your feeling this way
Pretend that your happy
For this moment in time
Pay attention to the rhythm
Pay attention to the rhyme
though your heart may skip beats
and your poem may skip lines
Risk what it takes to
Smile!
All the while
Say Cheese!
Pretty please
Though your being stung by the bees
that supply your honey
to the syrup of your life
the only morstel
that doesn't contain strife
what is the probability
you will be
another smiling statistic
grinning like you have nothing to worry about
though you are really being torn inside out
does this make sense
can you feel the tune
can you hear the lyrics
of the sad old rune
and all this mad
for you to be able to
Smile!
all the while.
Say cheese!
pretty please
though your smile is empty
and your heart may be to

smile so people cant see the real you
Those test subject dont understand
that there is a practical significance
between you and the modernday man
smile all the while
And say cheese pretty please
Just so people may
get exactly what they need

Melissa Ferrer

Superfluous

In our life we stress our wants
never our needs or that we need
to coexist with what we have.
that it really isnt that bad and
We can actually survive.
Time Is wasted on trying to find perfection
we think we have all the time in the world
but that is the biggest misconception
it is true that it overflows generation to generation
but everyone knows that it takes concetration to focus
on what we need to in life
to ignite our passions
to catch up with the hype.
Our minds overflowing
with good ideas constantly growing
never showing interest in them.
Until of course our time is up...
we are determined to never give up
until the moment that we learn the four letter word
Can't
and the negativity it brings
is overflowing our brains
and our sanity is tested
our minds are maimed
the good, the bad, the ugly and the in between
the lives that we live the dreams we dream
filled with these can't's and don't's
these what if's and won't's
being obliviously foolish
our ignorance blooming
our minds consuming
these negative vibes
till we die and the time line
over flows, branches out
touches those we do not know....
we have too much time on our hands
Too much wants in our heads
Too little belief in our needs
and not enough confidence in what we've concieved

Life is superfluous
and though you may not know this
it carries on
long after you are gone..
make a final impression
get over the obsession of perfection
and live for tomorrow...
for that may be today...
overflowing without us knowing

Melissa Ferrer

Teachings

In these past few months I have learned:

That you dont have to be alone to feel lonely
That you dont have to be scared to feel Afraid
That if someone shares your blood or comes from
the same womb doesnt necessarily mean your family.
That believing in God, doesn't make you religious
That caring for others and loving every one...
Doesn't matter in the real world
That no matter how much people think they know you
They will never know the real you.
That just because you laugh and smile,
It doesnt mean your happy.
That you cant always trust your intuition
That maybe there is no such person as the one.
That there are no if ands or buts but just the way it is.
That the eyes are a passage to ones inner self.
That just because your mean doesnt mean your bad.
That just because you know you your name
Doesnt mean you know who you are
That just because your good
Doesn't mean life will be good to you.

That Love, Life, Freedom and beyond
Can not be put into words
or even thought.
That, For me, None of these Words EXIST.

Melissa Ferrer

The Key Revealed

In the darkness of night
I crawl in my bed
eyes full of fright
Mind filled with dread.
I close my eyes tight
as the images in my mind
grow larger and realer
and more gruesome over time
as i lay in my bed
begging for sleep
though i know somewhere in my dreams
my visions will creep
so i can only pray
they will not over ride
my purest of thoughts
my spiritual side
As my prayer is continued
my visions soon clear
my mind is no longer worried
my hear no longer bare
and now that i see
Through the fog
I know what i'm meant to be
with my mind unlocked.

Melissa Ferrer

The Past

Past people..... Past peace
Past places Past War
Past good Past all the things
or bad graces You hope for

past treasure Past Noise
Past gold Past Silence
past the young Past Money
and the old And its Violence

Past life Past student
past death Past teacher
past the suffocating Past sinner
last breath Or preacher

Past love Past me
Past hate Past you
past the will Past all the things
to discriminate We'll ever do

Past truth Just put it in the past
Past lies and maybe it will last
Past peering Long enough for me
into the skies To regain my ability

Melissa Ferrer

The Repetitive Truth On The Time It Takes For Me To Be Me.

The tears are in my eyes
As i am about to cry
I have to wonder why
they had to die.

The fears are in my soul
The ones no one should know
About how often i hear the ravens crow
And how im afraid my heart will turn cold.

For love can onlii heal
what is repeatedly stabbed
But there is no love around
and no one to keep tabs.

So my heart slowly implodes
With the pain and the hate
and with my last tear
My heart deteriorates

It has vanished
in mid air
With nothing left but breath
Of everything it had to fear.

To die alone
with no one by its side
To trudge on
Holding onlii its pride.

The space in my soul
Where my heart used to be
Has a story to tell
The story of me.

The hidden feelings
The hidden loves

The hidden dreams
That came from above.

So before you begin
To try to come in
I warn its empty
cuz its to late to have friends.

The ones who warm your soul with one hug
And sets it a flame with another
The ones who actually care about what you have to say
And dont actually think your a bother.

You See before i can be me
I must realize
that a true heart is easy to see
no matter what size.

So i hate to say good bye
With such little to leave you barely hanging
But i can onlii say i tried
And my heart cant take more pain.

So this poem
this rhyme
whatever you might want it to be named.
Is about me announcing to everyone
That im tired of this game.

Tired to not be able to say whats truly on my mind
Tired of waiting for people to take their time
To slowly pull back the bandage
And uncover the open wound
You took too long and tried to soon.

So im not singing to a different tune
But its time to move and time for me to learn
what it is to be me
Without the burdens
of what hand to me, life has dealt.

Its time to heal me

And depend on no one but my self
Youve had your chance
its time for me to have mine.

Step back your just wasting my time.
We may be on the same page but not the same line.
So its time for me to get whats mine
Without the incessant badgering
by a thin wire
cutting the soles of my feet
every time i try to take a step
toward liberty and the true meaning of free.

So its time to be me.
Stand back and watch.
Prepare to be amazed
and throw away the clock.
cuz time.
is no longer a problem.
Ive got all the time in the world.
At this moment.

Melissa Ferrer

These Things Take Time

I was born and raised in misery
Thats right misery
The bitter misery
Of New york City

But your in florida
you say
How could you have been
raised in the misery of NYC
Ha young one you fail to understand that
Just because you leave the misery
Doesnt mean the misery leaves you

Now let me tell a little story
About the great misery
that followed me
from NYC

At first we were happy
here in the suburbs of florida
We was back down in West Palm Beach then.
We had gotten a new car and everything
Oh yes siree were we right happy

But as they say
Once you start loving something to much
then it gotta go
and boy were we
lovin that happiness
A little to much I guess
Cuz it came! !
And... it went.

It all came down to three
unfortunate events.

Unfortunate event #1

We were off to the beaches of miami

My mom, my sister, my niece, and i
It must not have been our day
because as soon as we
drove out of our suburban neighborhood
our lives changed for the worse.

The car flipped over twice
My niece flew from the window
Hit on the side
by a semi...
That leads to many
shortcomings and unfortunate Even #2
Dont be fooled we are all ok
Physically any way

Unfortunat Event #2

My niece and my sister
her mother of course
were forced to stay down here
due to the accident
you see
she couldnt fly in the air
Well after a while
my sis was sucked in
into a world of drugs sex and lies
and she was played
so she commited suicide
so they say
my mom couldnt stand it
and so she moved
Which leads to
unfortunate event #3
to tampa she went
with my sisters close
she was happy as she could
fathom to be.

Unfortunate event #3

So my mom got sick
and i didnt know

how serious it could get
so for a while
she was throwing up
and spending all day in bed
She went to the hospital
and that was the end
she lasted a month
and then she was gone
she was a mother a grandma a sister and a friend
Now ill never again hear her sing her sweet mamas song

So that it for me
And you can plainly see
Misery
is all i have
and misery
is all ill be

Melissa Ferrer

Three On Me

#1

Tall about five ten
But far... Oh so far
From what you would call
Beautiful or even pretty.
Maybe im not uglil
But im definitely nothing anyone
wants to see.... to look at....
No not me

#2

Feeling coarsing thoughts
That cant be let out
Cant be freed (through verbal Necessities)
Cant be caught up to speed
The need to.... be me
Grows I know
That in time I'll learn
Do i just sit and wish an yearn
till then? Until, unexectedly
I come face to face With...
the real me.. much more
My identity?

#3

Smart, Intellectual, thinker
She is the bright one, the
one who gets the grades
shes definitely getting a scholarship
and heading off to be somebody... after
COLLEGE
But can she say she really tried?
Can she say she just had it in her...
in her heart to...
Be smart
and intellectual and a thinker
Knowing isnt alway best
It leaves bias thoughts, and no
time for fun, change and

SpIrItUaL gRoWtH

Or even time to beat a drum
and creat that much needed rythm
onlii to grow and to wish to grow
to let life-youth, and
those you know pass on by
acting 30 at 13 or 40 at `4
I may not know exactly
what or who i am..... But i CAN
tell you now
THAT AINT ME!

Melissa Ferrer

Till Deat And Then On

I remember you standing there
as if you had nothing to fear
With no hate
No seeming torture or sorrow
You hugged me
You told me you loved me
No matter what might happen
No matter what you might do.

I had never knew
The horror of the things you might do
Why could you not tell me
prepare me for the pain
I might feel
For the pain
That will never heal
Did you only think of yourself.

That nigh you left
togo
'home'
you said good bye Ill be back tomorrow
But would you, Could you?
Did you come back?
No.

But still,
I will love you
Till death and then on
For you were my sister
My number one
You not living
Isnt much fun.

So till death and then on
You will be in my memories,
This sorrow is a fee
I have to pay.
Until I see you on my Judgement Day

Till Death and then on
You will be my number one.

(In memory of my loving sister and Godmother Sophia Chery)

Melissa Ferrer

To A Happy Ending

This is to fake people and their even faker beginnings
this is to their wonderful lives
and their even happier endings
this is the anthem to start the revolution
the anthem to begin realities pollution
let us sing lies
let us dream impossibilities
let us pump out of our entire minds these
mother flipping obsceneties
let us dance a relieving dance of solitude
attitude, phattitude and what ever tude
you can come up with

This is a toast
with my glass held high
wishing i could fly
pass the limits of adversity
and finally hit
easy street
except it'd be a high-way
and i'd be taking the high way
with out the weed
with out the speed
pumped up on drugs
that i didn't
this is my straight edge anthem
my solemn swear
to never smoke or drink
as much as you think
to never do drugs have sex
like all the rest
those happy people
with their happy endings
and their fake beginnings
soon hopefully they'll see
life aint always cracked up to be.
to just hit a bit of adversity
i solemnly believe
their death will be in vain

and they wont make
connections beyond a frickin name
nothing and i mean nothing will ever be the same
this is to happy ending and high hopes
that i never ever have one

Melissa Ferrer

To My Teachers

Teachers don't teach
But more like guide
One's innocent soul
Upon a wonderful stride
Through the park
Before dark
Pointing out animals and trees along the way.
Teaching life lessons
from which we shall not sway
Holding our hand
Paving our path
From crayons and coloring
To reading and math
To english and science
and then beyond
from swimming in the tub
To swimming in the pond.
For us to learn
For us to grow
For we shall know
which way to go
when there's a fork in the road
because you told us so
not which way to choose
But the fact that we'll know.
And from that we will grow
Just Because our teachers told us so.
So...Thank You.

Melissa Ferrer

Train Tracks

It pains me to say
That the pain grows every day

Its slowly driving me insane
Turning my world a darker gray

If i were to die
would you know the cause

If I were to cry
Would you know why

If were down on my knees
Begging god please
Would you tell me to get up
Or be down with me

As time stands still
with my eyes open wide
My whole know world
Suddenly Collides
Right goes left
and left goes right
And all i can do
is sit here and write

I turn into a soleless scribe
With observers eyes
And I silenty write
What i see in my sight
Situations are tight
And things just dont seem right
I cant get to that maximum height.

So I sit back
Wondering what it is
that i lack
my mind continuously running
around a track

Whats up with that? ! ? ! ? !

Life is difficult
and that a fact
the more i ponder
the less i react

Its like im driving off a track
and now
Its time to go back
but how?

Melissa Ferrer

Ultimate High

Forward March!
About Face!

Is your band Ready?
You may take the field.

Beat on the quads.
The intimate rhythm
The ultimate love,

Now March with adittude
Dont Elude
the audience
Let em know what your here for!

To play.
To BE.
Now beat. But not just beat
Make a melody
with a hit of modern sound

Get off from the ground
And move it.

Now what am i to be.
A drummer
drumming to the beat? ?

Who am i drumming for...
The king and the prince?
Of all.
For my mother
watching me from above
Her eyes filled with the most love.

now its time for me to be

To show you what im made of.

Now its time for me to shine.

And get whats mine.

Let me live.

And be.

For her and me.

The rhythm the beat
and the melody.

Its time to shine!

Melissa Ferrer

Untitled Madness

Speeding through life i
live as though i cant contain my self
a shapeless force going anywhere...
but in.
I can not win as i pine for something greater
straighter.
more unimaginable.
more undeniable.
more me.
I am freed
from shackles of deception
I am freed
since the immaculate conception
of thought process going through my mind
out of my fingertips
through pen and onto blank awaiting paper.
Myself turns to vapor,
so easy to breath in.
but the reluctance is suffocating,
never knowing who i truly am
i am a plot. I am plan.
I am a setting where the unimaginable takes place.
I am a culture I am a race.
I have felt feelings beyond compare.
I have ravaged the world.
And yet i am not scared.
I have seen the horrors of innocence lost.
I have won the respect of many, by a high cost
my words speak louder, than i ever dare to
My hands perform actions that i'd never dare do.
My mind goes out of sync with my mind.
Time after time.
I live a lie
filled with incessant,
pubescent, illuminescence...
and its perfect. Lying to myself.
I am happy to be.
to be free
from the truth

from the reality
the brutality
the abnormalities
the physicalities.
and approach the duality
of me.
and myself.
two different beings
encompassed by one ideal...
Love.

Melissa Ferrer

Waiting

Standing at the window
Watching
Looking in on my life
Waiting
For something to happen
For something to be
Something unexpected, Eventually.

Then you walk in and I see once more
That maybe my life wasn't always such a bore,
That all my life maybe I wasn't Depressed.
Maybe I wasn't always such a mess.

So I sit there waiting....
For you to be mean
For you to be obscene
But as I said before
Maybe I wasn't so unhappy
Maybe once I was just me.

Watching, Waiting
For something to change
But I notice it's all staying the same
Maybe things weren't so lame
Maybe once I did feel tame
Did feel cool,
Did want to go to school.
Maybe once I didn't feel like a fool.
Maybe I wasn't always a fool.

Waiting for something to happen
Waiting for me to see
Why I acted so bitter against everyone
Who was there to comfort me.
Wait Waiting to look bad
Waiting for something bad to happen
So I can Rant Scream and Rave
I guess it was so that I'd never have to admit

I'll Always Be Waiting....

Melissa Ferrer

What Does Christmas Mean To You? ?

'Melissa' my sister Sophia says,
'What does christmas mean to you? '
A little girl about the age of seven replies
'Christmas is the time you get to spend with your family
And experience the joy of giving.'

No matter how true this was
doesn't mean it will ever happen again

For, that night as we were taping our christmas
our fun
and our 'everlasting joy
Our opening presents
the unearthly presence
The one that covers wach girl and boy
Little did we know
that this would be
our last time
to shine
together..

For after that
we drifted apart
moving from each other
And then we lost sophia our darling sister
And then we lost our mother.

We never had another christmas
Where we sat around a tree
I never got to see that joy again
Wat least not inside of me

So what does christmas mean to you?
Now take time to really think
Hold on tight to that idea
and never let it sink.

Melissa Ferrer

Writers Block

Poetry

Poetry is supposed to be
away to be relieved
from modern day realities
while the duality
of me
is consistently
being dissected
under an electronic microscope

Poems.

Poems are supposed to grin
Upon the melancholy reality that is life
instead it records the meaning behind strife
they reap out metaphors
and carnivores
put it all together
they reap it with their scythe
and a simile
has no mean unless
the second 'i' is removed
and the word turned upside down
so it may be right side up
cuz we all know an empty smile
soon turns into a sorrowfilled frown

So im writing

A poem about poetry
as im slowly being dissected
under an electronic microscope
trying to understand why
my empty smile
will not turn into a
sorrowful frown
why the heat and anger bubbles and gurgles
while i consistently push it down
to the bowels of my feet
Consistant rhyming has escaped me
along with my writing ability

all because i cant remember
how to take the meaning
out of the poem
plaster it on my face
turn that smile upside down
and show the world my place.

Melissa Ferrer

X Cut X

Why does it have to be me
To go through this bit?
Why does it have to be me
Who never throws a fit?

Im crying can't you see.
Don't you care about me?
I lock Myself in the bathroom.
I won't let any one in.
Then I see it
Perfectly sharp in all its Glory
To help me
Release me
Let me be free.
I take it in my hand,
Gripping it Tightly,
Pointing it carefully at my wrist.
I am goint to do this.
I close my eyes
Count to 5 -
Aahh a sudden pain
Releases, I feel it trickling
I look at it.
Its not too deep but Deep enough
To feel
To know I'm real.
I'm released
And I am not hurt
Not in the least.

Then I sit
Once Again
Looking, Thinking
About what I've just done,
Just accomplished
A small Frown appears
on my face,
A tear takes place
Makes it journey

to the floor
Then I beamed
I smiled
I got up
Looked in the Mirror
And Screamed
'I'm Not Trapped Any More! '

Melissa Ferrer