

Poetry Series

narie milton
- poems -

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narie milton(11-27-1992)

im 17 years old in i like t write poems in i love
to sing in play video games in whacth my brother eat
a whole pizza by his self

Come In Go

it seems my spirit comes in gose like im traped in a nother body
my other spirit is noty my good vibes come out of my body suffering
the dreadful things in side of me trying to escape from behind me
my shadow trys to go uneath me i see a clear view in front of me i stair back in
say i am your shadow to day.

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Compair

dont compair me with such beauty cause im not im filled with empty
dreams and hopeless thoughts so weak minded that good advice
passes bye trying so hard to become who i see on tv. but in reality thats not me
dont compair me to a angel cause im not perfect desparate to disapoint my
mother and father such unachievements im not who you
seem to judge my cover. but you'll discover the real me dont compair me to
fiction cause this is the real world all i ask is dont compair me cause im not me
this week

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Its Like

its like im on a desert island in theirs nothing but sand its like im trap
in a cave in im trying to find my way out its like i look for the greatest thing so
no one can see the real me its like im in a cage in im so in
rage its like im on a mountin in im falling down in i cant touch the ground its
like im in a crowd in theres no way to turn its like ill keep saying this till
i sleep its a powerful thing when you dream its a book of your life when your
wrong or right.

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The Blue Stone

i see a blue stone
in its getting brighter then i glmpse at it a little closer
their is a face in it looks like its sad then i look at it twice
it cought my eye and i see more then just a face its a man and
it looks as if he. walking toward me he stops in drops to the ground then he
looks up and smells their he lay with nothing to say he turns his
head toward me and crys cause he can see my lies.

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