

Poetry Series

Paul Buckley
- poems -

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Paul Buckley()

Born in Limerick in 1992

In the Maternity Hospital In Limerick,

Grew up in a large housing estate called Moyross, when he was seven he moved to Killely.

At the age of 15 he began to write poems to show his feelings towards things of concern

and to this day he still does but on different subjects that are important in his life.

Bullying

Bullying

Sometimes you get,
slagged, sometimes hit,
either a lot or just a bit,
if it continues it starts to hurt,
then thoughts come on,
anger pursues,
those lousy wasters.
I'll give them what's due,
they'll soon see,
not to mess with me.
But I'm living in reality,
I'm small and weak,
no muscle at all,
and who can I call?

Paul

Paul Buckley

Death Nears

This is my life,
but death nears
and all the pain
that I can bear.
Why does nobody
want to hear
why my death is so near
"To all those who are dear,
there is no need to fear
as I won't shed a tear,
When I jump from the pier.

Paul;

Paul Buckley

Home

Home is where im safe
no threat of getting,
hit in the face.
Your secrets are safe,
and you can look to someone,
If you need help or have a question,
not having to worry,
that what you say,
will be used against you,
or getting laughed at.
It's where trust is,
parents that are so understanding,
siblings that are playful,
fun and generous.
But only you know you,
if there is a problem,
go talk, don't suffer in silence.
Remember home is where your safe!

Paul;

Paul Buckley

I Did, I Will

Did you ever cry yourself to sleep?

I did.

Did you ever cut yourself, to feel relief?

I did.

Did you ever take a bottle of pills, wishing?

I did.

Did you ever get rejected by everyone around?

I did.

Did you ever attempt suicide?

I will.

Paul;

Paul Buckley

'I'M Fine' Are You?

"I'm fine" are you?
I'd always say im fine,
but deep down I knew,
that issue eating away,
would soon become big enough,
I always hid it,
each day was an act,
afraid of anyone finding out.
One day I said something,
in spite of all the reassurance,
My fears came true.
"I'm fine" are you?

Paul;

Paul Buckley

Lonliness

We all feel it sometime,
but I feel it always,
it's like eternal pain,
just hoping for a friend,
those Saturdays alone,
thinking that's my life blown,
crying on my pillow,
should I just die,
then to sleep.
Wake up and have another cry,
put on a brave face,
go into the day acting,
Hoping.

Paul;

Paul Buckley

Me

I'm the biggest,
actor and deceiver,
I'm that small quiet, shy,
and harmless person in the class.
But underneath that im more,
use people for my advantage,
got that rep with the teachers,
Walk where others dare thread,
Dossing, fighting,
Never get caught,
All the rest of ye wondering,
What's he do all day?
No social life and all.
Thinking is the answer,
hoping someone to be my friend.
Cry myself to sleep and
hoping to stay that way forever.

Paul;

Paul Buckley

Pills

Your thinking,
relief,
de-stress,
I'm thinking,
death,
why I don't know
what I do know is,
that there's some,
in front of me,
Yes or No,
pain or relief,
Your choice.

Paul;

Paul Buckley

Seeing Is Believing

Look around you,
can't you see,
the pain that tortures me,
I look at you,
and I see,
a person 10 times better.
All your friends,
I have none.
Now I feel that life is done,
Death is to where I'll run.

Paul;

Paul Buckley

Suicide?

Why, how, where and when,
are all questions that,
run through my head.
The bullying, the taunting,
the pain and misery.
But the option out,
is clear to me.
In my mind I know,
it's wrong, but so is,
the pain on me.
Can two negatives make a positive?

Paul;

Paul Buckley

Talking

Talking is a powerful thing,
but I never did it,
due to the bullying.
I knew if I did,
it would get worse,
and I'd never break,
this awful curse.
And that is why,
I write this verse.
It won't take long,
It should be quick,
Talking could help,
But I know I'm sick.

Paul;

Paul Buckley

Why Me?

All I ever did was be nice,
share my sweets,
never spread a rumour,
never hit another person.
What did I do to deserve this?
Is it just the way of society?
Why don't we open our eyes,
To the misery of people like me?
I just want someone to help,
but nobody likes to get their hand dirty,
everyone turns their back,
"Sure look, I've got no training"
"Can't help I'm too busy"
"So, deal with it"
That's not help, it neglect.
And you'll ask why,
when I'm gone.
I told you, you didn't listen.
Why me?

Paul;

Paul Buckley