

Poetry Series

**Real Girl**  
**- poems -**

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## Real Girl(June 15th 1994)

Hi ppl! I decided to make these poems, because I had to let out my feelings. I hope you like them!

# Deep Blue

Deep blue,  
Why do you wait?  
I love you.  
Please don't pretend to hate.  
Different sides,  
Romeo and Juliet.  
Popular and otherwise,  
No ends were met.

Deep blue,  
Same class and team.  
I love you.  
Please don't be mean!  
Can't you see,  
I'll die.  
We cross like a 'T'.  
So different you and I.

Deep blue,  
All I do.  
I love you.  
Me and you.  
I love you.  
Deep blue,  
I love you,  
I love you.

Real Girl

# Like The Moonlight

Creeping and slinking silently.  
Rising and setting, like the sun.  
Yet, when you don't believe, you sleep.  
God is like the moonlight.  
When you believe, you are awake.  
When you reject, you are asleep.  
He is always there, even if you don't see Him.  
The moon rises, you see Him.  
The moon sets, He seems to disappear.  
Yet He doesn't.  
I believe in Him.  
Do you?

Real Girl

# Run!

Run! Run! Dog, you beagle, run!

Stop running!

Run!

I said stop!

You wanna treat? Jump!

No!

Higher, higher!

Stop jumping!

Go on the couch!

No! Stop it!

Beg!

Now I know why your dog isn't obedient, You!

I know.

Why? ! ? ! ? ! ?

Because she is my dog, and I say she can be disobediant.

You don't know anything, you bad pet owner!

You don't know anything, you pet trainer!

Goodbye spot.

Real Girl

# So Many

So many  
Running around.  
I am only a kid.  
Why should I have to deal with this?  
So many  
Times I watch them.  
All alone, only them.  
Why should I have to deal with this?  
So many  
Quiet times I have to give.  
To them.  
Why should I have to deal with this?  
So many, oh so many!  
Siblings younger than me.  
Older watch, younger run.  
If I was that age again.  
If my older siblings lived with me again.  
I would run.  
Some wouldn't be here yet.  
So many  
Thoughts about the past.  
So many thoughts about the future.  
So many.....

Real Girl

# The Dog

The dog doubtfully digs in the dirt.  
Finds failure and fat finks.  
Loves if can lean towards a lovely lunch.  
He hates how harmony and melody have fights.  
The dog doubtfully digs in the dirt.

Real Girl

# The Fire Dances Wildly

The fire dances wildly  
in the wind.  
It doesn't matter what it  
thinks while it dances,  
as long as it does.  
The sun looks at her path.  
She sees how everything  
is happy and joyful under her rays.  
She knows that everyone is safe  
and will never be harmed.  
A doll looks at her neighbor,  
thinking of what to do if bought.

Real Girl

# The Works Of Nature

Lightning, over a barnhouse.

RIP!

Life changed forever.

A wave, by a beachhouse.

SPLASH!

Life changed forever.

A storm, rocking a tree.

CRASH!

Life changed forever.

When the works of nature  
destroys the works of people,  
no rip, splash, or crash can describe  
the tears made  
by the works of nature.

Real Girl

# They Are Bullets

They are bullets speeding from danger.

Run, run, jump, run!

Away, Away from red rum.

Murder.

Away from the past.

Away from the future.

The death sentence.

The dreadful blood.

The gun with one less shot.

Two years ago and still running.

They are bullets speeding from danger.

Real Girl