

Poetry Series

Rhonda Hiler
- poems -

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Rhonda Hiler(04-27-1958)

Im 52 years old...a single mother...i love to read and write poems...its like getting away from the world / and into my own self....its my way of letting go of things i hang onto / like seeing the things i want to see..

Be The Best I Can Be

Just sitting here / thinking of what to say..
will it be understood / will it be okay..

im always so afraid to say what i need
will it be worth it / to even read

why do i hold myself back so much
making everything so hard to touch

im going to let go..and set myself free
and just be the best i can be

Rhonda Hiler

Beatty Eyed Maggott

He was married bound -when he had found,
she was a beady eyed maggott-nasty ole naggett

She was a bride-out for the ride
she was a honey-out for his money
She was lazy, scaley, crazy and smelly
he knew he was took -when she couldnt cook

He couldnt take no more (of you know who)
he just didnt know what to do
Finally one day- when he stopped to pray
PLEASE GOD PLEASE-show me the way

He was quite surprised-when he relized
he had never slowed down-to love his bride
He was to busy and full of pride
He looked at his wife and gave a sigh
Im sorry honey -and this is why

I never slowed down to love you right
nor did I see such a beautiful sight

Rhonda Hiler

Blank Mind

Im at one of those lost moments,
where my thoughts just make no sense.
I really want to write something great,
but my mind just took a break

I want to write words to take your breath,
but I seem to be in stress.
I want the hair on your arms to stand,
I just dont understand.

I think about my poet rank,
then my mind just goes blank.
I think about reviewer gravels,
and everything unravels.

All I want to do is write,
and Im trying with all my might.
Still nothing is coming to mind,
and it putting me in a bind.

So I geuss Ill just go to bed,
and dream of words instead.
So once again-good night my friends
God Bless all with all your pens

Rhonda Hiler

My First Car

My first car-was bright orange and black,
it was a 1975 chevy pickup-with a short back
I was 18 and very proud of my chevy,
it was the coolest truck it could be.

It was a 8 cylinder-and sounded awesome
in mint condition-and boy did it run
Like a show truck-one of a kind,
sounded mighty -and it was mine.

Diamond tucked seats-custom gear shift
cruising down our main-thought we were swift
Wanting to race-I was feeling a rush.
he yelled-got a briggs a stratton to us

I stepped on the gas-the tires did spin
all I could think of -was I wanted to win
When I turned to see if I had won the race
I heard sirens and red lights were in my face

Rhonda Hiler

My Writing Friends

Well good night-all my poet friends,
just want to say bye-before the night ends.
Hope you all have a good night,
and all be blessed-when you try to write.

Hope the words-you try to find,
come flowing-right from your mind.
All meaning will come from your heart,
and nothing stops you- once you start.

In the morning when I get back,
with a cup of coffee-as a matter of fact.
I start reading' and cant stop,
all day in the -poets writing shop

Rhonda Hiler

Sitting At Work

sitting at work..so much on my mind
so much to do..so little time
Lots of filing..and reports to write
doe'snt feel lik progress in sight

Thinking of that..thinking of this
what I complete and what I will miss
As my mind wanders..work falls behind
I need to get busy..and steady my mind

My heart tells me to call to call my boss
but my words seem at a loss
I need to pull myself together
and do my job and best work ever.

Rhonda Hiler

Something To Say

Im looking for something to say
In some kind of special way
Something exciting or fun
like at the beach in the sun

Or maybe the mountains~I don't know
maybe popcorn and a scary show
I get so frightened~I jump high
I start to shake and maybe cry

The wind blowing threw my hair
Going faster if I dare....
Looking up into the sky
feeling like Im going to fly

Then I wreck and skin my knee
No this is not where I want to be
Im still looking for something to say
In some kind of specail way

Just sitting here ~ and thinking out
being silly with out a dough
Just writing silly things
for the laughter it brings...
I

Rhonda Hiler

The Beatty Eyed Maggot

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Rhonda Hiler

Tick Tock Tick Tock

My world feels like a time bomb right now..
Its ticking and I dont even know how..
TICK TOCK TICK TOCK.....

I feel at anytime I could blow
cant take much more I Know
TICK TOCK TICK TOCK

I feel the fuse burning and getting hot
shaking all over-going into shock
TICK TOCK TICK TOCK

Someone stop me! blow out the fuse
If I blow -theres no doubt Ill lose--
TICK TOCK TICK TOCK ~~~

Rhonda Hiler

Today Im Just About Over You

Today Im just about over you....
not seeing you through the day
and trying to do things new
Im thinking Ill finally be ok...

When you come to my mind
I try to think of something else
and its very hard I find
but I got to think of myself....

i remind myself of all the pain
when you looked at me with emty eyes
and made feel ashamed
how it didnt bother you to tell me all those lies

how I was always left alone
and you would be out with your friends
It was like you hated home
My mind felt like the cold winds

Like when I was sad and sometimes cried
you never told me..it would be ok
theres was no comfort / you never tried
you couldnt find anything nice to say

You said you loved me..I believed you
but all I did was make you hate life
everything I did / was just to hurt you
I could never in your eyes be a good wife

Well you wanted me of your life
now im gone..and growing each day
now you can live with no more strife
with me no longer in your way....

Today Iam just about over you '
no Im not crying..or hurting inside
I know myself now..and like my self too
all the sadness in me has finally died

Rhonda Hiler

Write Write Write

Im sitting here
reviewing poems you wrote
one about love
one about a rootbeer float

One was good-one was bad
one was horribly sad
one made me laugh -one made me cry
one was so sad-made me wonder why

so keep writing -bring them on
not to short-but not to long
write from your heart
dont just sit there-now -just start

Rhonda Hiler

Your Pain Her Pain

There are many trials through out life
many things that bring living strife
At the time it is occurring with you
it seems like theres nothing that you can do

It seems like it is never going to end
feels like your hurting will never mend
You just want to lay down and not get up
you can feel this tied up knot in your gut

You close yourself into a room
keeping yourself into a gloom
Shutting others out so you can cry
you just keep on wondering why

ON the other side standing outside your door
is someone not knowing -what to do any more
She is crying and now feeling gloom
because shes' wanting inside that room

She feels like there's nothing that she can do
trying to help you and love you too
She feels like tied up knots are in her gut
but you just lay there and you wont get up

She feels like this will never end
she thought she was at least your friend
You shut her out and made her cry
shes outside your door-wondering why

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