

Poetry Series

Samantha Bunn
- poems -

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Samantha Bunn()

Beginning Of The End

This is the beginning,
the beginning of the end.
The end of us.

We were good,
We were great.

We were horrible,
We were tragic.

So this is the beginning,
the beginning of the end.
The end of us.

We are done,
We are no more.

We are never,
We are never ever.

So this is the beginning,
the beginning of beginnings.
The beginning of the new me.

Samantha Bunn

Deception

People talk, and you listen.
They tell you stories, good and bad.
don't be so gullible because,
baby, I got you all fooled.

Deception in its greatest form is,
love, divine how we all use it in different ways.
Some to fool others to convince and many
to complete themselves.

Baby and you fell for their stories,
You fell for my lies.
My lies to hide the truth, So here it comes..
my walls are down, here come the tears,
I lied to hide the fact that I fell for you, I didn't want
Either of us to get hurt, and it
worked against me.

I'm sorry I was so deceptive,
I'm sorry I made you cry,
you deserve better than my deception.

Samantha Bunn

Finding Sanity

We all live in a world filled
with evils and temptations.

We all live in a world filled
with sadness and tragedy.

We all live in a world filled
with people who will do you wrong.

We all live in a world filled
with the opportunity to fail or prevail.

We all live in a world filled
with lost hopes, dreams and loved ones.

But there is a small oasis in this desert of
insanity and heartache...
That is the beauty in it all.

We all will find someone who is willing to risk it
all to become your sanity in an insane world.

Samantha Bunn

Found

Once upon a time I found him,
I fell immediately. I waited for him.
I fell more in love with every message back and forth.

Once upon a time I found him,
He was on my door step. I waited for him.
I fell more in love with every late night phone call.

Once upon a time I found him,
He asked me to be his. I waited no more.
I fall in love more with every kiss, and with every "I love you".

Samantha Bunn

Good Liar

Your a good liar...You stole my heart...
Hurray for the lies...
Hurray for the tears...
Good-bye to the fears,
Your no longer a part of my
dreams, and worries.

Baby, you fooled me once..
Your bad.
Baby, you fooled me twice..
My bad.
And baby, trust me you will never
get the chance to fool me again.

Samantha Bunn

Lust? Or Love?

Some say they believe in
love at first sight...
I scoff at those who see the
truth in this.

Love is an acquired thing,
you can't love someone you just
laid your eyes upon.

Lust, on the other hand is an
instantaneous thing,
an almost life threatening thing.

Lust causes babies and disease,
It is hard to tell the difference
Between the two...Love? Or lust?

That is something you will know when it happens,
Love doesn't come easily, Lust does.

Samantha Bunn

Our Hands

Different lives, different stories
All told in two sets of hands. Every mistake,
Every success, all can be read in the palms
of these two very different hands.

His hands,
they are rough, and worked.
They have hidden secrets, and
plenty of good and bad times embedded in them.

My hands,
they are small, and smooth.
Untold mysteries and stories unknown,
a line on each hand telling of my past and present.

But somehow together they fit.
Like a hand in a glove, or two puzzle pieces together.
Different stories coming together to
make many new memories in the palms of
our hands

Samantha Bunn

Pieces

Here are the pieces of me.
The pieces you broke.
They were once whole,
now see what is left.

I ask you to piece them
together. Filling every crack,
with the love we once shared.

We shared something great,
something no one else knew.
Now that is in this pile of broken promises,
and empty dreams.

Here are the pieces of me.
The pieces you broke and tore.
They were once whole, but now
I found someone to mend my broken heart.

Samantha Bunn

Remember When...

Remember when the Saturday morning cartoons were the highlight of the week...?
Now Saturday morning means a hang over from an underage party.

Remember when the opposite sex had those icky cooties...?
Now there are people our age having sex and getting pregnant.

Remember when the people closest to us were our parents...?
Now our parents are lucky to get a smile out of us.

Remember when we were in grade school and everyone was our B.F.F....?
Now we talk and back stab each other to an endless point.

Remember when life was so simple that we had nothing to cry about?
Now days we cry more then we ever imagined, what happened to the good ole days?

Samantha Bunn

The Eyes, The Soul

His eyes, they are the key to
his tormented soul.

Try as he might his eyes always
give away the truth in a deceptive
situation.

He tries to hide his feelings with
his tough skin and reputation, but
once again the eyes tell the real story.

I'm the only one who sees it,
I'm the only one who knows how to read it,
I'm also the one he pushed away.

But deep within his eyes I know that's
not what he really wants. So I will wait
for the day to look in his eyes, his soul once more.

Samantha Bunn

The Sickness

The sickness finds us.
We try to run,
we try to hide,
but it always finds us.

The sickness is dwelling
within everyone.
Whether they believe it
or not, they have the sickness.

I have it, you have it, he and she
they both have it.
There's nothing we can do to
prevent it from consuming us from
one time to another.

Killing this sickness with kindness
is the only way to rid us of it...
To get rid of this sickness is to accept it.

This sickness has a name...
Beware when you hear it,
it goes by the name of 'Jealousy'

Samantha Bunn

Wonderfully Chaotic

Life is a whirlwind adventure.
Crazy, loud, stressful, and all in
the same...it is a priceless thing

Look for the beauty within it all,
find the flaws and except them for
what, who or whatever they are.

Chaotic or not sooner rather
than later everyone will find the
inner beauty in an ugly and
most misconceiving situation.
Just be willing for the wait, the wait is the battle.

Samantha Bunn

You'Re The One

I am the shoulder you cry on.
I am the one whos always been there.
I am the fear within her.
I am the girl you seek in others.
I am the girl you see when you kiss her.
I am the one you always run to.
I am the one who gives you advice.
I am the girl you truly want.

But at the end of the day I am the one
crying over you,
Because she has you,
And you are the one I always run to,
You are my shoulder,
You have always been there.
She is the one I fear.
I see you in other guys.
I kiss him and see your face.
You give me advice.
You're the one I truly want.

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