

Poetry Series

SarahLouise Malone
- poems -

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SarahLouise Malone(23-11-94)

hey..i'm Sarah-Louise or if i have written to you you may have noticed i sign off as Louii, being my nickname and preferred title. I'm 14 and live in Athlone, Co. Westmeath in Ireland... i go to Summerhill Secondary school in Athlone, Co. Roscommon. If you want to no anymore about me or if you like my poems or want me to read yours don't hesitate to write me

to be honest im not the nicest person to meet, and not someone to get on the wrong side of.I am young and hatred is definitely a new thing and it is not yet near empty. Though hate is a strong word i do use it on a day to day basis. Not many things appeal to me either.

Although hate is my sun, my friends are the air I so happily breath in.

thanks for readin...,

louii (<<<<<SEE)

? Live? Love? Grow? Too? Quickly?

i live
i love
but young, i was dead
yes a girl of fourteen
referring to
the old days
is that the world
we've made
such mistakes
that we live
life til
responsibility
is the name
of the game?
i live
i love
dear sweet
children
do you?
i will soar
i will scream
i will smile
cry even
and not
because i never
got the chance,
because..
Baby, that's just
Me

SarahLouise Malone

A Slave Called Valentine

THERE ONCE WAS A SLAVE NAMED VALENTINE;
she loved and loved,
but was again and again pushed away
she couldnt take it and moved and moved,
til one day that man came to love her as they say

for everything she was and stood for,
when their lips touched she could fly
when he got sick and was so sore
she gagged and hurt, she was ready to die

he wrenched and internally bled
the more he loved her the more he was cursed
the more she felt every tear that shed
she felt his agony and he went through hers

she knew her only love was killing the one
she had waited so long for, and had he,
to stop him from drinking the vile of poison
she grasped the dagger and plunged quickly

she died for what she wanted the most
he lived and she was over joyed
but he was devastated a living ghost
soon he died, broken hearted, together they filled the void,

SarahLouise Malone

Enjoy My Crys

I can taste victory,
nearly in my clutch
but then, suddenly
you come and scream
doubt into my innocent ears
you say I'm not good enough
shutting you out is, to you,
another weakness,
you swim in my tears
as if they were
sweet salty ridden victory.

hate the word I've come to know
Help the first word i muttered
yet these words you enjoy
when i shout them
you splendour in the passionate
yelping i take part in
and you watch smiling

when will i be good enough
how can i show you what I do
is real and I wan't you to
be proud of all I've done
when will i be good enough

.....

When?

SarahLouise Malone

Give These Tears A Story To Go By

Take these tears and make them real
Make them honour the sorrow they bleed for
Let them be faithful to their true cause
Because without some meaning to it all, i feel like i'm selfishly leaking
Not crying-no-just tearing and releasing these droplets again and again
Can i have a definition again?
Give the love i once knew, the happiness i originated from.
Now i know why i am drowning in my tears, you left me.
I ask you for the life i once had 'cause you took it away
I amn't one to beg but now it is necessary
So please, take me back, make 'us' again
Give me a path to follow
Give these tears a story to go by.

SarahLouise Malone

He Said No

i asked him did he love me he said yes,
asked, did he want to have a baby..yes
did he want to call him Jamie and again yes.

he asked me did i feel it was working, i said yes
would i marry him..yes
did i want to make it work for the kids and again yes.

i asked him was she worth it he said yes
i asked him did he love the kids..yes

''''''''

.....

''''''''''''''''

i then asked him was he ever coming back?

he said casually, no.

SarahLouise Malone

Hide me, Find them..

Hide me, Find them..

'As obvious as the words on this screen,
i am scared,
You surrounded me like towers and protected me,
Today there was a crack in your forcefield,
I'm in knowing,
I saw everything for its ugly, unfair self,
I'm disgusted,
Why? Dear walls that secluded me so well,
I'm confused,
How did you not crumble in despair?
I'm petrified,
Young girls and boys more scared than I,
I'm disturbed,
Being forced to do things, and see things they're too young to understand,
I'm ill,
Sex war leading to abuse of the youth, turning into suicide,
I'm weak,
Mere children must face this everyday,
I'm curious.....
Why are you protecting me, and not them? '

SarahLouise Malone

Highs And Lows Of Growing Attractions

when starting into the forces of attractions
desperation is at it's peek
just to kiss and touch, easing satisfactions
out of control needs to seek

at first everythings timid
but then the fire burns and blasts shyness
eliminating every limit
it is all a slow dangerous blindness

when he enters you it's easy to tell,
he carresses your body, kisses your kneck
sshh before daddy comes and gives ye hell
never thought it could be so good, a simple lick

yes that is the dreams i've been dreamin
so embaressed when i wake
though my smile is wide, teeth gleamin'
as i wish you were here my virginity for you to take

to take me into to you close
so you could have me, handle me
hold me like a delicate rose
still awake wanting that sweet ecstasy

SarahLouise Malone

It Wasn'T Me, Apparently It Was You!

don't say you didn't care..
your eyes told it all
nothing we didn't share
leading to your call

love, the word you knew so well
love, the word that you lived by
love and we tripped and fell
love, into a world we couldn't deny

yet you take my heart in your hands
and squeeze and burst it til anger is in the past
<i>us</i> pulled on your strings, to you demands
and you crush me 'til i breath my very last

i can't breath anymore my rhyiming scheme gone- who cares! where are you
now, what have you done to me? my hearts plummets and all my feelings are
eliminating all because...it wasn't me, apparently it was you!

SarahLouise Malone

Love Splendid? ? ?

love..

the one word that can make the strongest man cry..

the most timid person scream with glee..

the word that can injure you with no physical damage..

love? splendid?

a drug..

not rare.

but sincerely hard to find!

sarah-louise 14

SarahLouise Malone

Me

i wish you could love me,
for who i am-was-and
not what you made me

straightening, curling..
make up's a must
like is my vocabulary's source

still I amn't what you want me to be
I amn't skinny..I amn't clinically anorexic
and will never be one of *those*

though in doing all this change for you,
it's obvious i do not love you
but i really used to

for you i have hatred burning my insides
my flesh is melting for beauty i don't possess
now stop your crazy antics and listen

girl in the mirror imitating me
when will i be what you want,
when will i be perfect

SarahLouise Malone

Nathan

this house-i called home
that person-i trusted
that boy- i love
this girl- i use to hate
this body- i find grotesque
you- i long to touch
you- i would die for
you- i love
you, brother- you deserve to live
i- i should have died.
my parents- i see them for who they are
their love- i can simply peel off
their eyes- they want their son
but- if i died
you- still couldn't come back

SarahLouise Malone

Rain

as i sat there,
in the pouring rain,
my cold, wet feet bare,
i pittied myself, felt my pain.

you left all those months ago,
i cried, you would wince,
i've been wanting you so,
i haven't heard from you since.

my heart is drenched in blood,
my love's source sliced,
if i could change things i would,
i thought it was normal, you were such a feist.

even when you hit me,
silent was i,
a varied series they'd be,
reasons for my black eye

as i sat there,
in the pouring rain,
my cold, wet feet bare,
was i to blame?

our relationship was bold,
just like the rain,
it was recent, transparent, cold,
thinking of this, cold and wet, ashamed.

SarahLouise Malone

Ruth

ruth's name is ruth.
ruth lives where ruth lives
ruth loves owen forde

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Title

don't fucking stand there!
don't tell me this is normal
your hurt, bleeding
you take it like a good girl should!
but, do pray tell,
What did you do?
what penance is this?
for big brother God up there?
he does not exist!
now tell me, what punishment do they give?
if i were you i'd scream.
tell, tell on them!
but, wait...
I am you
I am bleeding
I am hurt
I cannot speak
I cannot think
i..
I am weak like they tell me
I am a filth ridden creature
like they tell me
I am..I am..
I AM HERE!
yeah, that punch bag
that'd be me!
YOUR DAUGHTER
YOUR SISTER
I AM EVERY FEAR YOU HAVE
but i will take my beatings,
because i cannot speak.
i cannot scream
i cannot
i just can't
so God, where's my damn saviour! ! ! !

SarahLouise Malone