

Poetry Series

Shelby Blehm
- poems -

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Shelby Blehm(December 6,1991)

I am now 17 years old, many people my age hate writing but I find it a way to release bottled up emotions. I started writing little books when I was little and then sometime in middle school I was introduced to poetry and I thought it was the coolest thing. I now have wrote 2 books (stories not poetry) and have had offers of getting them published. Not sure what I want to do with them yet though.

Angry

I'm so pissed
it's just dismissed
like there's nothing amiss.

I'm such a pushover
people just shove me off to the side
they don't even take cover,
so I run and hide.

Sometimes I just cry
My anger washed away
maybe I want to die.

I'll face my anger
take it and flip it upside down
like a frown
I'll pierce it with a dagger.

I'll move on
take life head on
Maybe I'm not such a moron.

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Love Boy

One from above,
so pretty, so fair,
Such terrible beauty of one with such hair.

I'm falling in love with a man with blonde hair,
the kind that curls in fingers,
with beauty that tends to be unfair.

One guy with a smile,
a true white smile,
with lips that curl in a sensual way,
when the moment is right and the fowls want to play.

He's grinning at me now,
with lips so tender and pink,
they gently corress my cheeks,
and forehead,
and leave me dizzy with happiness.

Now he leaves me,
I want to cry,
such happiness can't stop so suddenly as this,
leaving me dissatisfied,
and crumpled to bits.

Why is this? What tender loving soul would leave another without fulfilling them
with happiness? Tis him who desires another's attention other than mine own.

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Love Like A Dove

Love is from above,
it flies like a dove,

you feel it in your heart,
even when its falling apart,

it can make you feel like your in heaven,
it can make you feel like your an emotionless rock,
it can make you feel like life could never get better,
it can make you feel the best pleasure a human can give,

Love,
can crap on you like a dove too,
you just need to know how to handle it,
so that it stays true.

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Peace

Sweet silence
no one fighting
no one screaming
just silence.

Everything is still
it's halted, paused
thrown out the windowsill.

No sadness,
no fear,
just peace,
silent peace.

No war in the atmosphere,
none near here,
everything is beautiful,
sweet and cherished.

The earth has no flaws,
people have no flaws.
It's just peaceful,
not deceitful.

Like snow in the winter time,
pretty white innocent flakes,
making the ground pure and pretty.
making the winter seem peaceful and quiet.

Hopefully it will stay that way.

peace,
sweet peace.

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The Distance

Silence,
the tension is thick
deception is near
yet I can't shed a tear

no one can hear
the silent screams from my fear
the fear of losing you
everything I hold dear

there's distance between us
no one can see it
you can only feel it
it messes with my thoughts
of doubt and reassurance

The tension is thick
it can be cut with a knife.
could I really be your wife?
would you keep me safe at night?

No,
the question is could you keep me happy.
I think not.
You're always escaping,
leaving my feelings bare,

You say you're going to your buddy's house,
every night,
at midnight.

I don't believe you
Are you true?
maybe we should be through.

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Tragic Lust

Blessed be the teenage heart
Who endures unwanted attention
from a man with a hardened heart

Does she reveal the lust?
The silent admiration most do not recognize.
The feeling of a world crumbling at your fingertips
Reeling out of control

What be it that drives a man into this twisted behavior?
His own sadness and tragedy?
Or fear of loneliness?

Why would one deny another their own cleanliness,
freedom to love one who loves back.
What is this tragedy that befalls young women,
this motion that fools women into thinking they're loved?
It is called Tragic Lust.

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