

Poetry Series

**Sinead Hewson**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Sinead Hewson(30/01/1991)

I was born in the West End of Newcastle-Upon-Tyne then moved down to Doncaster with my mum when I was 4 so I could have a reasonably good start in life. My parents separated when I was 2 and I've lived with my mum since.

I went to the local Primary School at Hatfield Woodhouse then attended the local High School (Hatfield Visual Arts College) .

I am now attending Doncaster College and I'm in my final year of A-Levels and I intend to stay on another year to do a BTEC Course in Applied Nursing. I then intend to go to University to pursue my educational dreams.

I love going to speedway and listening to music. I'm into pretty much every type of music. Some of my favorites have to be The Cranberries, Three Days Grace, Element Eighty, Maroon 5 and so on and so forth.

# As I Lay

As I lay, I looked around me,  
At my walls, Windows, Ceiling and Door.  
As I lay I thought,  
About our happy memories.  
As I lay, I remembered,  
The way we lay together.  
As I lay I cried,  
Each memory so overwhelming.  
As I lay, a part of me died.  
How could he do this to me?

Sinead Hewson

# Love In A Week

Monday,  
I blushed at the sight.  
Tuesday,  
I smiled at him.  
Wednesday,  
We spoke for a while.  
Thursday,  
I climbed the fence and left a number.  
Friday,  
He called and we spoke.  
Saturday,  
We met in person.  
Sunday,  
We fell in love.

Sinead Hewson

# The Figure On The Bus

As I stood awaiting, Anticipating  
Who the figure was,  
The bus came closer,  
The figure grew clearer, like a Polaroid picture  
Coming into focus.  
I knew him.

The bus pulled up,  
The figure stepped off, smiled and said hello,  
I started to blush,  
My heart skipped several beats,  
My body temperature rose with the redness in my cheeks.  
I looked away.

The feelings that had been stored away so safely,  
In the depths of my heart,  
Came flooding out into my being:  
Anger, Closeness, Freeness,  
Love.  
I miss him.

I could not look at him directly, so closely.  
I stepped on the bus, paid my fare  
And made my way to the back,  
All the time looking at him  
Looking at me as I pulled away  
Waving back to him.

My first true love.

Sinead Hewson

# The Tower Scene

The tower in France was the  
scene that night,  
Where Gino and Angel had  
that fateful fight.  
Tears were spilled,  
and feelings crushed,  
Now the moment was all too rushed.

She needed him to see,  
Just what they could be,  
He remained ignorant and scared.  
He would never harm a hair on her head.  
But tonight it was different,  
She'd tore him apart  
by opening up her pretty, little heart.

He fulfilled his need  
to tell her how he felt  
about her big secret  
of his youngest seed.  
He tried to break her perfection  
that he loved so much  
by taking from her, his protection.

He wanted her,  
And she wanted him.  
Now she felt she'd never win,  
All because of her stupid sin,  
to win him over again and again.  
But when he did see, just what they could be  
Tragedy struck!

Sinead Hewson