

Poetry Series

**Sydne Morris**  
**- poems -**

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## Sydne Morris(May 23 1991)

Hello my name is Sydne though I go by Syd Syd. I have been on this site for many years. It has been years since I have written anything. So far all my work on this site is during my high school years. I have grown as a writer since then so hopefully, later on I can add some more elegant work.

Poetry used to be an amazing outlet for me and I hope to go back to it soon.

# A Dying Race

My friend Kessa' and I  
Always loved writing  
Poetry was our favorite  
Everyday on the old yellow school bus  
Number 6 or 149  
She and I would read to each other  
What we had come up with  
The night before

I was always a little  
Green with envy  
Because her writing seemed much  
More mature than mine

But one day we realized  
That poetry was dying  
Even though so many people  
Write it all over the world  
Poetry has lost it's fame

Kessa had started a poetry club  
But no one showed except me  
We wondered why that was  
For poetry was a wonderful  
Thing  
A great outlet  
When things went wrong  
Which they always did

To me it has become the dying race  
Hanging on a thin thread  
Of life  
What miracle will happen to keep it float  
Who will make difference  
To relight poetry  
In everyone's mind?

Sydne Morris

# A Food Fight Served Messy!

Wack!

Something wet is on my back  
I peel it off  
realizing it is a pickle  
I look north of the Lunch room  
knowing its Nick Burnham  
the schools' 9th grade star wrestler  
who I just happen to hate

In rage and wrath  
I grab a bag of fries  
and dart every single one at him  
But, when he tries to throw the mustard  
it hits Stephanie and not me  
all of sudden she throws the tomatoes  
Nate was going to put on his sandwich  
and toss them at Nick  
missing she hits Spencer Clement instead

I stand on my table and shout  
loudly and powerfully  
'Food Fight! '  
All of a sudden  
the lunch room turns into a war zone  
all man (or girl) for himself (or herself)

I duck into the hallways  
escaping the 'horror'  
only to bump into Nick  
he yells at me  
that I am weak

However, with out warning  
I dropp my bag  
and give him one  
straight in the face  
silence is all I hear from him  
and I walk on  
as the school bell rings

and teachers run to the lunch room  
trying to stop the fight I started

Sydne Morris

# Answer Me

Answer me please  
you hear me  
Do not pretend otherwise  
Come on I need your help

Do not be mad now  
this is not the time  
I need some guidance  
more than anytime before  
Come on  
Answer me

As I fall into this  
deep, black hole  
devouring all my problems  
And me in one piece  
Trying to escape  
I call your name  
But I don't hear a response

Come on  
Answer me  
Are you the coward  
hiding behind  
the soft pillow of denial  
Or am I the soldier  
daring to march forward  
no matter what life throws at me

Your silence is deafening  
But completely expected  
Someday when it's too late  
maybe a sound will come out  
And you'll finally  
without hesitation  
Answer Me

Sydne  
Dedicated to those still question the unanswered

Sydne Morris

# Breathe

The yellow school bus comes to a halt  
at Black Hills High  
Before I get up to leave  
I wonder what the day is going to be like

Yesterday was hectic  
finding out secrets  
I didn't want to know  
Learning that my love  
was not return  
hearing whispers behind me  
telling my mom my dark secret

However, Today  
Now I can breathe  
smell the fresh air  
cleansing my soul  
heart, mind and body

I no longer have pressures  
or worries  
I just leave that old yellow bus  
my main transportation  
and enter that school

I realize everyone looks normal  
but something is different  
I am different  
I no longer want to be like everyone else  
I am no longer in denial  
about anything  
I just accept everything  
that comes my way

Today at school  
I can breathe  
every emotion, thought  
sentence, word, and fact  
of the world

and not feel anything  
because I feel finally  
It's great to be alive

Dedicated to Teenagers

Sydne Morris

# Confused

At the dance  
we were Inseparable  
but now you ignore  
making me feel lonely  
was it a bad choice to ask you out  
or should I wait and let love take control  
but I am not a girl of patience  
you know that  
I am so confused  
show me the way  
or I'll show you the door  
don't listen to your mind  
listen to your heart  
I can teach you what you know  
if you are willing to listen  
please hear me for  
nothing is clear  
I am so confused

Dedicated to Cullen Stadford

Sydne Morris

# Darkness/ Help

Anger.  
Frustration.  
Sorrow.  
False hope.  
Flowing.  
Flowing through the limp machine  
Called my body.

Eyes.  
My eyes see but do not understand.  
They read the words  
but it is the heart  
that wishes they weren't true  
The mind tries to be strong  
with quotable reminders

But.  
Darkness returns.  
A knife.  
skin.  
blood.  
just me and my addiction.  
who thought a household item  
would be my futable  
end?

I have tried to hide it  
stop it  
prevent it  
talk it out

Nothing can stop.  
Loneliness fills me.  
Well things ever change?  
My body is a monster  
my mistakes are left all over it  
like sick reminders  
of my patheticness

Help.  
Help me fight the darkness.  
Tears fall.  
I try to scream  
but it gets lost in the air.

I give up  
wondering when.  
where.  
who.  
what.  
will something change?

Sydne Morris

# Deception Falls

There is a place  
where trees grow freely  
by this small narrow path  
of a never-dead river  
that keeps everything alive  
in body and spirit  
the sound of nature  
makes it seem this place  
can not be on Earth  
Suddenly cars go by  
ripping reality back to it's balance  
Finally there is a bridge  
protecting whoever crosses it  
the beauty there never stops nor sleeps  
However, at the beginning  
of this breath taking path  
is a sign that calls this land  
DECEPTION FALLS

Dedicated to Deception Falls Park in Washington State

Sydne Morris

# Disappointment

I never do what you say  
but in the end  
the scars are my pay  
I thought you were my friend  
But the only thing we have in common  
is that our DNA matches  
you hit, I scream  
waking the neighbors  
& throwing whip cream  
at each other face  
I know I am supposed to do my part  
but you know I could be replaced  
Why do all the fights start  
according to my dad  
your husband  
we are a 'family'  
but too bad so sad  
because we'll never be happy  
Now your crying in the bathroom  
thinking I can't hear  
even though I am not there  
I can see every tear  
I am sorry that I am a disappointment  
but your no angel either  
maybe we'll forgive and forget  
or live and regret  
sorry I'm such a disappointment  
but so are you

Dedicated to All Mothers

Sydne Morris

# Eggshells

'Yes Mom! '

'No Mom! '

'ok I'll do that.'

Talk to her sweetly  
like your not mad as hell at her  
I always tell my self  
that is the only way you can talk to her

My mom is a powerful person  
loving but deadly strict  
She's the devil wearing prada  
when she's angry

Ever since that phone call  
I've been walking on eggshells  
whenever I am around her  
she's a moving time bomb  
just waiting for the right moment  
to explode  
sometimes I wish  
I could disappear  
from my own home  
and appear in Paradise  
However, I did this damage  
completely myself  
no one to blame but me

I said too much to the wrong person  
I thought she was good christian  
not a back-stabbing liar  
So now I am paying for my  
naive mistakes

Until my mother becomes sane again  
hoping they won't break  
watching every word I say  
and everything I do  
'Yes Mom'

'Yeah yeah, ok mom'  
just walking on eggshells  
everywhere I go

Sydne Morris

# Everything Is Everything

Sitting in my big kitchen  
Of my big blue house  
Under my big roof  
Staring outside my big windows  
With big blinds covering every single one

I wonder when I will  
Be able to sit down  
And say "Life is good"  
Don't get me wrong  
Life is a lot better than last week  
But I still feel like  
I have the weight of the world on my shoulders

Sometimes it seems  
I have to walk  
With my head high  
Act like I have no worries  
A puma ma tadda  
When I know deep down inside  
That is far from the real truth

While I sit in my big kitchen  
Of my big blue house  
Under my big roof  
Staring outside my big windows  
With big blinds covering every single one  
I wonder when I was ever truly happy

Most people would say  
I am suffering  
From teenageritis  
But its more than that  
Life has become complicated  
A vast, empty ocean  
Full of surprises  
One day it will  
Change  
But what can I do

Shit happens!  
Because everything  
is everything  
And thats how its always been

Sydne Morris

# Extreme Greens

A Knife is cutting my family and me to pieces  
How did we get here wrapped in that breath-stealing plastic  
A hand shadowed our light and grabbed us  
We only saw a glimpse of the floor as the cooking pot became our own home  
The heat consumed my family leaving me barely alive  
My sweat turning into a sweet juice  
A couple of meat bones from the dead turkey joined me  
However they were silent as a grave  
Finally the heat left me  
I was placed in a glass container  
My view changed from a steel pot to a dark wood table  
From that moment I knew that I would be digested in those stomachs growling  
from foods  
If greens could talk, my screams would echo from the glass container  
Except that will never happen  
So silently I await my fate

Dedicated to all the food of Thanksgiving

Sydne Morris

# Falling From Grace

Falling from grace  
losing my place  
in this world  
as a teen girl

I wonder where is my heart  
And where can I re-start  
A new path  
without any pain nor wrath

All of this I need to change  
to find something to gain  
not rage nor sorrow  
maybe it'll be better tommorrow

I know I waste my time  
trying to figure out my mind  
wondering what's wrong with me  
When I know I am the best I can be

Falling from grace  
trying to understand my place  
accepting my sins  
even if I don't win

Sydne

Sydne Morris

# Fearless

My 9th grade year  
is rushing past me  
leaving me dizzy and confused  
but I don't give a damn

Friends which aren't many  
stand by me everyday  
they think I am strong  
tough as a street fighter  
that I could never fall

If that were really the case  
then life wouldn't be too bad  
But can't anyone see?  
Human is what I am  
However, fearless is who I am

I know this because I walk the school hallways  
with no a worry in the wall  
I don't care about the whispers  
and gawking glances  
I don't even care about.....never mind

Yet, my 9th grade year  
taught me being scared  
and actually caring about something  
is sometimes healthy  
but not a weakness

I am tough and fearless  
but just as soft too

Sydne Morris

# Finals

My best friend and I chat about what we are going to do this weekend  
while knowing that we should be studying for the finals  
the finals  
the test that set the final grades in all our classes  
yet we take them with ease  
and anticipation  
while knowing we could fail any of them  
Snow is falling while we are in class  
But my best friend and I have no worries  
After this class we have a 30 min. break  
to do whatever we want  
Why are people whimpering with fear at the sound of Finals  
When I hear it,  
I think yes Party time!

Dedicated to my best friend Nathan Davison

Sydne Morris

# Forbidden Lovers

Take the flower and put it in your hair  
show the world your startling beauty  
the beauty I once loved  
unfortunaley we were forbidden lovers  
eating up the passion of our estatic affair  
we once couldn't leave the bed  
without kisses on the lips, cheeks and forehead  
Even with our peers against us I wonder why  
we broke apart  
taking the all the joy and throwing it down the drain  
we were strong together  
but weak alone  
To this day I remember how you taste  
and when I last called your name  
to bad we were forbidden lovers  
for we could have been great as one  
forget the past  
but remember the memories  
for that is all we have left

Dedicated to Lovers who are kept in the Dark

Sydne Morris

# Halloween

Ding! Dong!  
a stranger opens the door  
with a bowl of candy in his hand  
smiling while giving us candy  
we leave that friendly house  
moving on to the next  
not knowing what to expect  
my old friend dress as a cheerleader  
me a hobo  
everyone is running around on  
this hot and cold Halloween night  
a time to be someone else  
no parents  
a night to yourself  
no rules holding you back  
your sweet tooth is aching  
at all this candy  
on this hot and cold Halloween night

Sydne Morris

# High School

The halls are crowded with people yelling  
Teachers falling over their bags full of useless information  
you would think that it is better than home  
but you would rather sit in your domain  
watching Buffy and eating gummy worms

Over to your right are the jocks flirting with the geeks  
and to your left are the rejects asking out the Plastics  
has my world left me in its confusing path  
Finally the annoying bell rings  
calling us like animals  
which we are no doubt

A couple hours later lunch comes  
and your fear comes true  
there is no where to sit  
but the wet grass  
with ants biting at your skin  
you'd wish the day would end  
but you remember that this day  
will just repeat itself  
so you sit down on the grass  
thinking: This is High School? ? ? ?

Sydne Morris

# Hurting My Mind

You would think we are just friends  
but your hands keep touching mine  
when will this confusion stop  
while we still smile those fake expressions  
you know how I feel  
brushing your hair with my fingertips  
Is there another one  
who steals you from me  
nothing can heal the scar  
that has just opened  
maybe one day you will hold me  
and love me like you should  
but until then  
every single thought  
of your hair, skin, smell  
and dark brown eyes  
is hurting my mind

Dedicated to Nathan Davison

Sydne Morris

# I Am

I am poetic and complicated  
I wonder when life will turn my way  
I hear the words of lost people  
I see the fake smiles on my peers  
I want to be accepted and tolerated not just one or the other

I pretend to be the hero of the world in my imagination  
I feel so lonely but happy at the same time  
I touch the hearts of my friends with poetry  
I worry about my parents future and mine  
I am different and funny

I understand the feelings of rejection  
I say anything except if it will hurt instead of help  
I dream of a better life  
I try to be a straight 'A' student  
I am an American teenager

Sydne Morris

## I Come From.....

I come from Punk Rock  
blasting in my ears  
it is the music of my soul  
but the beat of my heart

I come from a messy, yummy casserole  
called Mac and Chesse  
somehow it always hits the spot

I come from a table whose wood  
is strong and firm  
nothing can break it nor stain it

I come from yells and screams  
that echo in my head at night because they are my own

I come from the top of a roof  
where I find a friend eating her lunch  
sometimes I fall and the tress  
catch me

I come from a mother  
who demands respect  
but never gave it to anyone  
except her cat

I come from cars big ones, small ones  
ugly ones and ones you wish would break down so you wouldn't ever have to see  
again

I come from Blood Rayne  
whose teeth are deadly  
whose clothes aren't mom approved

I come from lectures my grandmother  
preaches even though they take 30 minutes  
for her to get to her point

I come from mustard sandwiches  
that complete my sour cravings  
they're easy to make and to eat

I come from a feeling of love t  
hat was never really there  
between Danny and I

I come from my cat name Callie  
she teaches me how to be lazy

I come from a government which makes a crazy white rich man president  
Now they wonder why they have problems

I come from mistakes in my past  
haunting me ghostly never leaving me alone

I come from poems sucking me  
in their words because  
a word paints a picture  
a sentence tells a story

Dedicated to Mrs. Vaccaro

Sydne Morris

# I Have Faced

I have faced humiliation  
walked in crowds  
people laughing and pointing  
at me  
having no one stand up for me

I have faced the consequences  
of telling to many lies  
seeing the trust  
of people who I love  
fall like the World Trade Center  
never to come out of the ashes

I have faced emotions  
of not fitting in  
and not having friends

I thought I had faced  
the big apple betrayal  
That was before  
my so called boyfriend  
kissed a girl  
put our relationship on hold  
Now he has a decision to make  
And I know he isn't going to choose me

When he first told me  
everything that happened  
I was a cold bottle of Coca Cola  
on a hot summer day  
empty  
a meaningless shell of plastic

Yet after all of this  
I didn't feel angry  
just dissappointed

Now all I can do  
is to wait

Heck no says one side of my mind  
No problem says the other  
Am I dying of heartbreak?  
I have faced everything  
that shouldn't have come my way  
However no warning came for this  
so much for love

Dedicated to Austin Amos

Sydne Morris

# If I Were In Charge Of The World

If I Were In Charge of the World

If I were in charge of the world I'd cancel  
Rap, R&B, and hip hop music,  
Scandalous magazines,  
Adult movies,  
Spinach and chicken casserole

If I were in charge of the world There'd be  
Smarter teachers,  
Better schools,  
And ferrets would be the countries #1pet

If I were in charge of the world, you wouldn't have  
Evil relatives that give you sucky presents on Christmas Day,  
One rainy day to mess up your beautiful hair  
To put up with too much homework  
Or "Don't dye your Father's hair"  
You wouldn't even have mean dads

If I were in charge of the world  
People who didn't flush public toilets  
Would be publicly executed,  
Mac and cheese would always be dinner  
And a person who sometimes forgot to think before she talks  
And sometimes forgot to not punch the school walls in anger  
Would still be allowed to be in charge of the world

Dedicated to all Bosses of the World

Sydne Morris

# Losing It

Pressure everywhere  
I can't hide  
You don't care  
You make me feel like  
I am going to explode  
I am so losing it  
Nothing you say makes sense  
If you're a friend  
Than the world is messed up  
Your hurtful words hit me  
Like knives oh so cold  
You talk behind my back  
According to you Trash  
Should be my middle name  
I can't believe all the lies you told me  
This whole thing is a waste  
Of time because  
I am so losing it

Dedicated to Micheal on Junipter Ct.

Sydne Morris

# Love Is A Battlefield

Love is a Battlefield

Boom! Slam! Whoosh!  
The bombs fall to the ground  
As I lay on my stomach  
In the trench bed  
The smell of blood and ego  
In the air  
I am a soldier  
But not for my country  
For love

I wake up realize the war  
Is just in my head  
But sometimes love  
Is a battlefield.  
The bombs are  
The obstacles in front of  
Two lovers  
Man and women  
Man and man  
Woman and woman  
It doesn't matter  
We all fight for the one  
We love

Boom! Slam! Whoosh!  
I run across the combat line  
Trying to find my comrade  
The one I swore to protect  
But then I realize  
Their running from me  
How can u protect something  
That doesn't want it?

Reality isn't war  
But love is  
Lately I been losing all the battles

The unsaid is the strongest weapon  
Of a breakup  
But how can someone be  
Convinced if they don't know what they want?

Fear, doubt and disgust  
Are common emotions  
Loneliness, and despair  
Are something I have known  
All too well  
But Love  
Is a battlefield  
So I put on my helmet  
My armor  
Load my ak-47  
And run towards the enemy  
The one who keeps us apart.  
You.

Dedicated and Inspired by Kess'a Stephenson

Sydne Morris

# My Motherboard! ! ! !

AHHH!

The screen goes black  
like a never ending hole  
uh-oh there goes my life  
what do I do  
I jump in my metallic green car  
and now I am on the road

Its 4: 35 am  
but lucky Best Buy  
is open  
it's WELCOME lights  
shining in streaks of yellow and blue

I give my computer  
to the 'Geek Squad'  
who tell me two days later  
'It's your motherboard! Do you have any backups? '  
And of course  
I answer no  
Therefore my whole life is gone  
disappeared in the sky

A week goes by  
And I have a new computer  
but I never trust just my motherboard  
I have my flash drive  
I learned a lesson  
But I have just one question  
Do you want fries with that?

Sydne Morris

# Numb

I am all numb inside  
I can't feel any emotion anymore  
Nothing makes sense  
I use to have control  
Over my pathetic excuse of a life  
But now even that has drifted far away from me  
If I known that breaking from you  
Would turn my world upside down  
Leaving me confused  
And delirious

I would have thought twice  
But what is done is done  
I have become so numb  
Trying to find place  
In the world  
I use to call mine

As I try to put my feelings together  
I feel like I am becoming  
More corny every minute  
We were just friends  
Nothing else  
Nothing more  
Now I didn't want that  
But I did want your wisdom  
Your laughter  
Your smile

Well its gone now  
All I get from  
You is a frown  
Asking me why I am  
The way I am  
Even thought it's not my fault

Why do you make me feel so numb  
Like I am so invisible to the world  
Like I have no more value

Than the clothes on my back  
Maybe I should have prepared myself  
For this heartache  
Because nothing good lasts for ever

Sydne Morris

# Sad But True

Sad but true

She hides behind her bed  
Her throbbing head against the wall  
Thinking about her family  
They all died in a fire she started

Uncontrollable tears rolling down this girl's face  
What have I done  
She thinks as screams and yells come from her brand new door in her brand new house

Every part of her wants to sleep the night away  
But the sandman will enter her dreams  
Taking her back to the day it happened  
A place full of death and sorrow  
That's not her key out of the horror

Finally the teary eyed girl picks herself off the floor from behind her bed  
She opens the door without another choice

The monsters outside attack this girl  
Slamming hard to the ground  
Blood dripping down on her body  
From her face  
The pain hits like knives oh so cold

Slowly she crawls to the bathroom  
The mirror shows her terrifying image  
Cut up permanently  
The knife in the drawer is her only friend now

However she can't face her family now  
So she puts the knife back  
Realizing she has to deal with life  
All of this is sad but true

Dedicated to all the kids who live in fear



# School Girl

My mind is racing  
wondering what new assignment  
I have to do next  
a research paper?  
Chapter review questions?  
a lab write up?  
a speech for english class?

My homework is never ending  
put so much pressure  
on my barely  
functioning life

wondering how I am going  
to pull off a C  
in biology  
wanting a weekend to myself

The end of the year  
is finally coming by  
and my mind is racing  
even faster than  
time itself

when will the last day come  
where I can just  
sign yearbooks  
and stop  
being a school girl?

Sydne Morris

# Summer Girl

I am a summer girl  
flip flops  
tank tops  
and short shorts  
are my style

I love the mild breeze  
blowing across my arms  
the hot sun  
glowing on my skin

I am a summer girl  
with no worries  
just sunblock  
and fun-full day  
on my mind

Watching the colorful sunsets  
red, orange, blue and yellow  
filling the sky  
in a striped pattern

I am a summer girl  
even in the winter  
sneaking tank tops  
under my heavy coat

I love to feel  
the ocean sand sqoozing  
in and out of my toes  
hearing the seagulls' song  
high above in the 'empty' sky

I am summer girl  
who wants the magic  
to last for eternity  
However the tress are changing  
leaves are stumbling to the ground  
the wind is heavy and chilly

Fall is calling

Sydne Morris

# That Letter

Everything felt good between us  
but I screwed up with that letter  
Now you have to part from me  
what am I going to do now?  
Nothing seems right in my head  
I guess the time has come to move on  
Forgive for that letter  
and never forget the memories  
for thats all we have left

Dedicated to Matt Ashmore

Sydne Morris

# The American Dream: War

War smells like.....

Wet paint on a new car  
Rotting flesh on mended bones  
Dripping cold blood  
Whiskey around the camp fire  
Repulsive body odor  
Wet musty sweat  
Hot ham & turkey at home  
Compost at Black Hills  
5 finger discount Poison Perfume at Macy's

War looks like .....

Hell on earth  
Death seeping from the ground  
Impassive faces on the dead  
Dismantling jail cells  
Decaying medicine  
Thin, clothes barely staying on those thin bodies  
Little kids rolling in the mud

War taste like.....

Brittle oatmeal made from a broken oven  
Hot homemade ant soup  
Cookies & cream ice cream  
A 20 year old snicker  
A friend's evil step grandma's spinach ravioli  
Rum burning on tongue

War sounds like....

Rain pounding on a roof  
Mud squoozing through your toes  
The tick and tocks of a clock  
Poor men crying over no money  
An angry god vanishing the world

War sounds like...(cont.)

Weather challenging the universe  
The chalk screeching on the board

War starts because.....  
Idiots want to fight over their manly egos  
Religion is so overrated  
Americans can not accept differences  
Anger is exploding from countries  
Too much drama swept under the rug

Soldiers are.....  
Made form a lion's heart  
The symbol of freedom  
Everyday people fighting for a purpose  
Our strength  
Cowards of America

War is....  
An excuse to shed blood  
An unstoppable part of life  
A graveyard of its own  
The undertaker

Wars will end when.....  
Men learn to talk not battle out their problems  
Guys are allowed to wear dresses to schools  
Martha Stewart is actually liked  
Natural disasters make the world into a ice age  
Animals can control humans

Sydne Morris

# The Girl Behind The Mask

I cry in my sleep  
because I feel so alone  
having cerebral palsy is my curse  
I mean I have friends who support me  
but I feel like I am falling in a black pit  
that is close to swallowing me everyday  
I wear my mask full of happiness and joy  
but deep inside I want to scream  
Because of my disability my beauty  
does not show on the outside  
only in the inside  
therefore I walk  
in the halls of every place  
alone  
even if my best friend stands side by side to me  
I wonder if they really know me  
or if they just feel pity  
And moving constantly does not help  
making everything worse  
I wish I could show everyone the girl behind the mask  
However, it'll never happen  
so I cry in my sleep

Sydne Morris

# The Old Hallways

In the old hallways  
you and I use to walk together  
holding hands and listen to music  
ignoring the gawking stares

the memories are still there  
floating admist in the air  
we should have never started  
isn't that the way it always ends?

Loneliness and despair  
consume me whole  
leaving nothing behing  
and never escaping my hopeless soul

Everywhere I look I see you  
in the main office  
by the gym  
and in the parking lot

But when I do  
A thought comes to my mind  
did you ever love me  
or was that just a waste of breath  
in the old hallways?

Dedicated to David Johnson

Sydne Morris

# The One You Forgot

Listen so called friend  
Its time you and I  
Had a serious talk  
Without laughter  
Without jokes  
A serious talk

Remember all the times  
I was there educating you  
About the things you didn't understand?  
Remember when I forgave you  
For all your mistakes  
Remember us plotting pranks on  
Our evil sub Mrs. Hummel?  
Remember me giving you a  
"Birds and bees" talk?  
Remember me? The girl  
Who never gave up on you?

But then she came along  
Your perfect picture of sunshine  
The girl who was a carbon copy  
Of you  
Completely crazy and always ready  
For a fun time  
She was the spider  
And you were the fly  
Caught in her web

As the months passed  
You distant yourself from me  
I was happy that you  
Found someone  
But not at the price of  
Losing your friendship  
Slowly she feed you  
Addictive poison  
About me  
Finally making you

Choose her or me

Such a delicate question  
The answer should have been me  
But no  
I wasn't important  
Only your precious picture of sunshine  
More like a cobra in a human body  
Poison venom swirling around inside

Eventually my name  
Never crossed your lips again  
Eventually the thought of me disappeared  
Eventually I just became  
The one you forgot

Dedicated to Nathan Davison  
And Inspired by Hannah Boggs

Sydne Morris

# The Rant

Closing the door  
Shutting down the computer  
Putting on some headphones  
Turning on my Ipod

I don't want to think  
The music blasting through  
My ear so loud  
No one is in my world  
But me

Feeling like a failure  
Memories twisting inside  
Can't feel shame or guilt  
For the bad or good  
So complex  
They're unbelievable

Marked as an outcast  
But I encouraged the  
Negative attention  
Had no other kind of praise  
All of this states how worthless  
My life really is  
I try not to sulk  
But the pit gets deeper  
And I get more apathetic  
Towards coming out

Closing the door  
Shutting down the computer  
Putting on some headphones  
Turning on my ipod

Avoiding society  
Because of its hypocritical insights  
I graduated high school  
What now?  
Indecision echoes my life

Full of optimistic ideas  
That are being stomped on  
And place into a box  
For later  
New responsibility  
Too much pressure  
Overwhelming expectations  
Sulking in darkness  
The music  
My only refuge  
No one understands  
Everyone is too far away  
Waiting for that one girl  
To save me  
Tell me I am special  
And love me for me  
I don't want love from a computer screen  
Or one night of what ifs  
And can you believe that happens  
I want reality  
As I shut the door  
Shut my computer  
Put on some headphones  
And turn on my ipod

Sydne Morris

# The Things I Miss About You

I miss your laugh `  
I miss your corny jokes  
I miss your baggy clothes  
And your hugs full of old spice  
But most of all I miss you  
The way you wear that green but goofy hat  
That makes your hair stick out of the sides  
And the way you drag me across the floor in gym  
I miss all of that  
Sometimes you drive me crazy  
Poking my sides to make me scream  
Sometimes you make me so mad  
Like asking me out  
Then taking back your offer

But why am I saying all the goods things about you?  
When all you see us as is friends  
I can't control you  
So I can't control your emotions  
But you make mine a mess  
If I think about it everything you do  
Actually bugs the hell out of me

I am tired of this game of love  
We play  
Because neither of us can win  
Do you really have a girlfriend  
Who is your best friend  
Are your really embrassed of me  
But just won't say it

I hate you so much  
Which is why this poem makes no sense  
You tear me apart  
Piece by piece

However, when your gone none of that bad stuff matters  
Because I could not have a good day without you  
When you are gone  
I miss everything  
Your "sexy" voice  
To your insults  
But I know I can forgive for ever bad thing  
You do to me and my heart

Therefore these are the things I miss about you

Sydne Morris

# The Unknown Idea

The moon shined in the distance  
its light touching every corner  
Of the earth  
Shining on the deep red  
Of the Grand Canyon  
Exploiting the green of the trees  
The blackness of the asphalt of streets

In the sky for days  
Slowly getting darker  
Every day until it  
Disappeared in the dark  
Of the night

The world went many nights  
Without light  
And evil started to roam the world  
Darkness took over  
Thirsting for light  
The world was  
Slowly dying in chaos  
The only light  
Was the fire burning  
The creation of man

Sydne Morris

# Timely Advice

Time you get  
Your head out of dreamland  
Wake up  
Clear the smoke  
From your bowl of pot

Arise out of your little world  
Of love and kisses  
& realize the bruises  
That consume your skin

Look at yourself  
Hiding under your black clothes  
Sulking day and night  
Fight back or die

Leave that Jerk  
That you call your lover  
Go out and do what you adore  
Pick up that camera  
The world is posing for you

Dress in colors  
Black is not you  
Stop living in the sky  
Come back to earth  
Hope is not gone

Why do you sit next to him  
Knowing he could snap any minute  
Take a stand  
Tell your best friend Nina

Your beautiful & you know it  
Cass is your sister  
But she does not possess you  
The shadow that you used to follow  
Has evaporated

Now you took the lat slap  
Making you ill  
Momma found you  
In the park  
Him standing over you  
She knew right then

Do you see yourself  
Sleeping in the hospital  
Tell your story  
But don't forget what happened  
Pain you feel  
Will soon be gone  
Just pick up that solution  
And click away

Sydne Morris

Sydne Morris

# Walking Away

He was human  
trying to love  
a girl who  
didn't deserve  
him

I wanted to save him  
from the failure  
be the girl he needed

what a waste.

I am no one's  
second best.

Now I am listening  
to sad love rock  
songs  
trying to forget

they say  
intelligence increases  
with age

obviously these people  
have never taste love

you can say  
you know how to help  
a woman give birth  
what  $e=mc$  means  
what happens to the human body  
when the rib cage crashes  
into the lungs

however if you truly haven't  
experience anything of the  
sort.  
then your knowlege is

useless and invaild

that boy is just another  
caught up in himself  
I want to wait  
but I know better

walking away.

Sydne Morris

# What About Us?

What About Us?

I asked myself that question  
when you grinded that pathetic excuse of a guy  
at the YLF dance

I remember when you glancing every few minutes at me  
And I knew that you knew what you were doing  
What about Us?  
or were we just a secret  
too dirty to reveal?

What About Us?

I asked myself that question  
when you rejected my kisses  
I thought you loved me  
I thought you cared  
was I just a another lover  
or a summer fling  
was I just a convient hook-up  
that you didn't want to commit to?

What About Us?

I asked myself that question  
the day you made me lie about us  
that moment I realized  
you weren't ready for my love

Even though we were over

I kept on asking

What About Us?

Us?

There was no us

we were just a moment

a second

a minute

of fake happiness

So this is when I say goodbye to us  
and hello to me

