

Poetry Series

tru lee
- poems -

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A Mother's Words

I'm not always as patient
As I should be
But I do love you
I've not always got the time
To sit and play
But I do love you
I don't always pay attention
To your words
But I do love you
Sometimes I need time alone
And then I miss you
And when I watch you
And hear you
And take the time
I see your innocence
And your trust in me
I hear your words
And understand
You amaze me, inspire me
Make me proud
And make me laugh
Make me cry
Make me humble
Make me realise that time
With you is precious
I love you
So much

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After All This Time

It's been seventeen years since you saw her
And spoke to her
And held her hand
And held her close
And let her down
How you stopped calling
Too busy
With other women

And now she's told you
After seventeen years
What you did to her
How you broke her heart
And broke her soul
Took away her trust
And her self respect
And her will to live

She told you
After all this time
How she cried
Racked with grief
Like her life was over

How you shaped her
And her future loves
Where she took her revenge
In relationships tainted by her
In the same way you had tainted yours

But she thanks you
Says 'it's all good'
So much fun
Better not to care
Or worry
There's joy in destroying others

And now you tell her
After all this time

After seventeen years
How much she really meant to you
That you're sorry that you got it wrong
That you didn't realise
How much you loved her
That you didn't realise
That you were breaking her down
Changing her life

Too little
Too late

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Grief

It's like there is no escape
No way out
No option
But to keep on living
Keep on hurting
Feeling the pain
And the loss
And the despair
It might be nice to take a rest
To close my eyes
Turn out the light
Say good night
See my loved ones now gone
From this life
This existence
But then who would pick up the pieces?
Who could bear more pain?
I could not be so cruel
So I must carry on
Though my heart screams for release
And my body cries with this pain
And pray that the hurt subsides
Because at this moment
It's so hard

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I Think We Had A Good Time

I think we had a good time
When we all went out last night
But my head's a little fuzzy
And my eyes can't stand the light

I think there was some laughter
But to be honest I can't recall
I'm finding it quite difficult
To think of anything at all

I expect we did some singing
To the music in the bar
Well my throat is really hurting
Like I've strained my voice too far

I'm sure that there was dancing
'Getting down' into 'the groove'
Cos my feet and knees are killing me
And I really cannot move

I've no doubt that we got through
A sea of wine and beer
I have a sinking feeling some of it
Is about to reappear...

I'm not sure I went backwards through a hedge
While we were out
But my hair is tangled, full of knots
And I don't think I'll get them out

I'm certain that my body
Has somehow turned to lead
Cos I'm having far too much trouble
Getting out of bed

I think that I can make it
To the kitchen, if I crawl
I need a cola and a tablet
Cos I don't feel good at all

But I think we had a good time
When we all went out last night
I'll ask them when I see them again
In the bar
Later on
Tonight

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Slightly Twisted

I think I'm coming down with OCD
I see your picture and something comes over me
I have to touch it
And kiss it
And hold it to my heart
Pretend that we are not apart

Feeling slightly twisted
My thoughts are all fragmented
Can't concentrate
Can't communicate
Come back and save me
You're my therapy

I feel stupid, ridiculous, I hope no one can see
But my curtains are open and the world is watching me
I'll hide in
The closet
I won't come out till night
Don't want to be seen in the light

Feeling slightly twisted
My thoughts are all fragmented
Can't concentrate
Can't communicate
Come back and save me
You're my therapy

I remember the day
When you walked away
With my heart in one hand
And my mind in the other
And just for good measure
You took my record collection

I miss you, I miss you, I miss you
But I'm also missing my mind

Heartbreak

And insanity
Don't make easy bedfellows

Feeling slightly twisted
My thoughts are all fragmented
Can't concentrate
Can't communicate
Come back and save me
You're all the therapy I need

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There's A Spot On My Nose

I got up and went into the bathroom
Had a wash and dabbed my face dry
But I stopped when I looked in the mirror
What I saw, I just wanted to cry

For on my normally pale complexion
With just a freckle or two round about
Was a whopping great bright red monstrosity
Sat on the end of my snout

'Twas not a blackhead, nor pimple, nor boil
It pulsed and glowed and it flared
It was, I believe, a new country
And independence had just been declared

Now I'm not one for exaggeration
Being sensationalist or over the top
But this molehill was quite clearly a mountain
Or a volcano, just waiting to pop

So I emptied the cabinet of cleansers
Of face masks, of potions and creams
I turned the tap on and closed all the windows
And filled up the bathroom with steam

And I prepared to make the extraction
To take back what was rightfully mine
With sterilised tweezers and a needle
(For anaesthetic I opened some wine)

With nerves shot and hands all of a quiver
Sweaty from my head to my toes
I selected my weapon (well, my cotton bud) of choice
And began the assault on my nose

With military stealth and precision
I found my target (wasn't hard, to be fair)
And I squeezed and I poked and I prodded
But the pain was just too much to bear

I thought about calling my doctor
Get a house call and sort out this mess
But he's handsome and young and attractive
And I don't think my nose would impress

So there's only one other option
As I finish my bottle of wine
An emergency medical admission
I'll have to call 999

Surprisingly they wouldn't send an ambulance
And they told me to get off the line
They said, "a spot's not a matter of life and death"
I said, "clearly you haven't seen mine"

Now I'm not one for over reaction
But I thought I should take to my bed
There was no way I was going out clubbing
Not when it's £10 a head...

So that's where I am at this minute
And I've thrown all the creams in the bin
Cos despite endless hours of cleansing
Another's come up on my chin

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To My Dad

As a child I loved you
Feared you
Revered you
Felt safe hand in hand
When we walked in a crowd

Through teenage years I loved you
Though I fought you
And hurt you
Feel regret in my heart
And wish we'd never rowed

As I grew up I loved you
Could confide in you
Relied on you
Felt glad of your wisdom
Upon me bestowed

Through all my life I'll love you
I'll miss you
I thank you
For all that you've given me
In our short time allowed

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