

Poetry Series

XxEmotional PoetxX
- poems -

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XxEmotional PoetxX(June 4,1995)

A Heart

A Heart can be broken,
It's easy to do,
My Heart is still shattered,
Just because of you,
A heart can be mended,
But it takes a long time,
The memories of you,
Still hang around in my mind,
A Heart can be empty,
It can hold nothing True,
It can be full of blankness,
A darker black hue,
A heart can be full,
of love to the brim,
It can be thoughts of her,
Or be thoughts of him,
A Heart can be whole,
If you never have love,
But there still is a hole,
In the corner above,
A heart can be many things,
Filled with love,
Or with hate,
But one thing you can't avoid,
Is your own Heart's fate.

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A Hug

A Hug is an embrace,
To show that you care,
A hug would be nothing,
If you weren't there,
A Hug can be for happiness,
For when you've done well,
A hug can be for depression,
A story that you'll tell,
A Hug can be showing,
That you missed some one so,
It can tell them that you're happy,
That they've finally come home,
A Hug can be for telling,
Some one that you care,
To show them that you know,
And that at least one person is there,
A Hug can be so many things,
Whether the cause is good or bad,
A Hug can be for anyone,
If they're happy, or sad.

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A World Without Color

A world without color would be very dull,
There would be no joy,
And happiness null,
The tree would be gray,
The grass would be too,
The sky would be white,
Instead of light-blue,
The vibrant colors of under the sea,
Would all be a mystery for you and for me,
So many colors that we wouldn't know,
Except for the color of plain white snow,
All surfaces blank,
All memories plain,
Even the rainbows would be color-drained,
The world would be dark,
With splotches of white,
The dark would seem darker,
Especially at night,
There would be no time to celebrate flowers,
For all of their colors would also be devoured,
They say for a rainbow there has to be rain,
But what is the point when the world is so plain,
Our clothes would be dull,
Unwanted to see,
All the people in the world might as well be copies,
With all people the same,
And no one different,
There still would be no color,
Not even a hint,
These things I have listed,
Might all not be true,
But one thing I know,
Is certain for you,
A world without color would be very dull,
There would be no joy,
And happiness null.

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Fireworks

The eyes of small children widen,
As they gaze in awe,
A show of colorful lights displayed before them,
You watch as small sparkling rays shoot up,
Then burst into an explosion of colors,
Certain rays into shimmering circles and ovals,
Others explode into sparkling balls of color,
Small extensions of the large explosions fall lightly until they fade away,
At first they come steadily,
But near the end it seems like hundreds fly up into the sky,
And explode into a rainbow of shimmering colors,
One right after the other,
Some so bright that you have to squint,
As they end,
A wonderful Grand Finale,
People stare as the beautiful, bright colors fade into smoke,
And everyone cheers and claps,
As the wondrous show ends.

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People Are Like Gravel

Have you ever been somewhere,
Where gravel is all around you,
Have you ever picked it up,
If not yet, then you are bound to,
But what do such small rocks mean,
In this giant world,
When no one stops to look at them,
Instead their minds are curled,
People are like gravel,
They all fit in just the same,
But no one ever stops to think,
And that's a horrible shame,
When you pick up a bunch of gravel,
And toss it all around,
You'll notice something strange,
As the gravel hits the ground,
At first the tiny rocks,
That were thrown, seem to stick out,
But after just a second,
They all blend in, there is no doubt,
It's just the same with people,
A new person everyday,
But after just a moment,
They fit it, they're just as plain,
And if you dig your hands,
Far enough into the rocks,
You find ones that are wetter,
And darker in some spots,
It's just the same with people,
If you dig down far and deep,
You find yourself some friends,
That forever you will keep,
The minds of certain people,
Will forever wonder again,
If people are like gravel,
Until the very end.

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Piano

The keys are smooth and cold.

As I press down,
Wonderful sound is produced.

A deep tone starts the song,
Breaking the silence.

My hands are shaky,
As my small fingers reach across,
To hit the next note.

A rich sound fills the air,
As the notes to the song,
Dance off the page.

I continue to play,
Carefully listening,
Making sure to hit all of the right keys.

A charming melody,
Is filling my head,
As the song progresses.

Yet,
Sadly.

This beautiful composition,
Is coming to a conclusion.

The end of the song is nearing,
As my small fingers still reach,
For correct notes.

I inhale a deep breath,
As the last section of keys,
Is finally pressed.

As I exhale,

The stillness and silence,
Has once again returned,
To my lonely room.

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Standing In The Rain

At first it was sprinkling,
But now it is pouring,
And pounding down onto my head,
My clothes are wet,
They're weighing me down,
But I just cannot go back to bed,
My emotions are dying,
I just feel like crying,
Even though my tears wouldn't show,
They'd stream down my cheeks,
And onto my neck,
But the rain would disguise them so,
I don't need an umbrella,
Or tall rubber boots,
To protect me from the rain,
The reason I'm standing,
Outside in the open,
Is to wash away my pain,
My make up is gone,
Or at least to the point,
That it's running down my face,
My long pale arms,
Are covered with blood,
But the knife has not a trace,
My hair feels quite heavy,
It covers my face,
As I'm looking down,
So you cannot see,
My teary smudged cheeks,
And my motionless frown,

The rain is still washing away my pain.

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Suicide

A person can only take so much,
In my hand, A knife I clutch,
I want to take my life away,
And tell how worthless I am, To say,
I have a frown upon my face,
I want to run away from this place,
And end my life, I want to die,
My head upon my hands, I cry,
To comfort me, It will not work,
Away from the world, I want to jerk,
The one's who love me, Try to make it better,
Forever unknowing, Of that one short letter,
The letter I wrote before I died,
The letter I wrote, of Suicide.

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Trees

A tree is home to many creatures,
If they're big or if they're small,
The tree itself can have many features,
It can be short or tall,
A tree can have so many colors,
When Fall decides to come,
A feeder hangs from it's branch,
The wings of the bird hum,
But we're getting rid of all our trees,
Whether they're cut or they're burned,
But how to keep our world's trees,
Is a lesson we yet to have learned.

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White Rabbit

Your very first toy,
From your very first day,
That forever you will keep,
You hold it so tight,
Especially at night,
When it helps you fall fast asleep,
With it's cuddly structure,
And twinkling eyes,
It's easy to love and to hug,
It's flip floppy ears,
And move able limbs,
Make hugging it even more snug,
But now that you're older,
You've pushed it aside,
And moved on to much better things,
But still on your dresser,
The White Rabbit sits,
The memories of it still ring,
But that was then,
And this is now,
Add 10 years to those 13,
So now that old rabbit,
Is under your bed,
Much better days it has seen,
You're older and wiser,
And much more mature,
Than you were on the day you were born,
And now your White Rabbit,
Is covered with dust,
It's tattered, it's old, and it's worn,
As your packing your boxes,
And moving away,
You pull out the old dusty bunny,
You look at the damage,
And examine it so,
Your expression is now bright and sunny,
You patch up the holes,
And stitch up the tears,
And give it some new button eyes,

You wash so gently,
And make it look nicer,
And your daughter loves the surprise,
But now she is older,
She's all on her own,
And now she knows what she must do,
The rabbit will be handed,
From daughter to daughter,
And each one will do just as you.

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