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Category: Poetry

The Third; I'm Sorry; I'm Aware; Perspectives

The Third

The three girls laughed,
Or was it just the two?
As the other one felt excluded.
They'd talk about the places they'd go,
But just the two.
The third tried to ignore it, but deep down
She asked herself.
"Is it something I said?"
"Do they hate me?"
"What do they say when my back is turned?"
Her mind filled with overwhelming questions.
Her swallowing turned into a gulp.
She went to speak about something that
Happened that day that related to their conversation.
"Oh my gosh, you'll never guess-"
But the two girls, unfazed, proceeded to talk
As the third girl longed to be noticed.
She remembered being the first girl's second.
It was nice while it lasted.
One day the second girl would be the third,
And the third girl would be lost and forgotten.

I'm Sorry

I'm sorry for saying sorry.
It's just the look on your face
After I said what I said.
But when I apologized
You said, "Why are you apologizing?"
And of course I said, "I'm sorry."
It's just these voices in my head
Conjure scenes that I dread.
I can smell the anger from here,
Only for your wrath to not be near,
And then when the outburst doesn't appear.
Now I annoyed you.
Didn't I?
I feel the saliva on my tongue as I take a gulp,
It tastes like disappointment.
So again, I'm sorry for saying sorry,
It's just these voices in my head
Conjure scenes that I dread.

They say, "That was stupid."
And other times, "What you said was the rudest thing ever!"
But it turned out that my mind thought a little too much,
Sorry.

I'm Aware

Biking in the forest brought me peace of mind,
But now all I think about is you,
And what you say and do.
You contaminate my mind,
And I can't think clearly most of the time.
The words you said,
Made up things that I dread.
You crumpled me like paper,
Now you're trying to flatten me back to normal.
But your words still echo,
Sometimes.
And I know it's my fault.
I should have ignored you.
I should have not let you get to me.
I should have stood up to you,
And not let the pain that you caused build up.
The sport that I love,
Became something I loathed.
But now I'm free of you
And it feels refreshing,
I'll always have a few crumples here and there.
I'm aware.

Perspectives

As she walked along the hallway in the obnoxious crowd,
One person stood out.
His hair fell perfectly straight down the middle,
With his tall stature,
And a football jersey.
She tried to say hello,
But he didn't seem to notice.
He just walked on by with his books in his hands,
Carrying on with his day.
When would he notice?

As he walked on by,
He saw the most beautiful girl,
With eyes of ocean waves on a nice summer day,
And hair of wheat.
She had the prettiest smile as she said,
"Hello."
He tried to reply but nothing came out.
Embarrassed, he walked along with his books in his hands,
Wishing they were entwined with hers.
When would she notice?