

Poetry Series

Brianna N R Wine
- poems -

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Brianna N R Wine(9-29-1995)

I am lost, someone come save me. Its everyone is moving by and I am left behind.

Another Upsetting Poem

The sigh ripples from my
Throat before I can stop it.
It is the sigh that I have kept
encased for 16 years.
It sounds of regret,
dripping with loneliness.
It shows the people around me that
I am dissatisfied and the
pity in their eyes, sears my heart.
I don't want their pity,
I want to be noticed.
For once in my life,
I want to be seen for who I am,
not for what I can do...because
if you look close enough-
you will see that I can do nothing.

Brianna N R Wine

Don'T Let Me Go

Arms cocoon around me
Lips upon mine
I hope this feeling last
While our hearts entwine
Hold me closer
And don't let me go
I need you,
Love me so
I feel your eyes
Burn my skin
For all of my life,
Where have you been.
Wrap your arms around me,
Tight.
Pull me closer
And whisper with delight.
Wake me up in the morning
And tell me you love me.
Because I love you
And my heart is no longer free.

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Vanished

The traces of life haven't completely left me yet, but they soon will vanish.
The pain is still there...the hurt still evident.
I don't know how I became a stoic figure of life, but here I am
Life has tramped me in the dirt along with you.
Your feet I felt the most, grinding into me as I was down.
I just want to forget our time together, our brief words
Because that is all there ever was- brief words- but they meant so much.
Words are heavier than any stone and sharper than any stick.
And I need to leave them in the past
And let life trample me instead of you.
So let the traces of life be vanished.

Brianna N R Wine

Xtra Demons

Light dances across my face, warming my skin
I tilt my head back, loving the feel.
A thrill runs down my back, like a hand upon my neck.
For once I am warm and secure- the light still dances
Groans of elation well up from my throat and I let them sound.
Tingling sensations vibrate my nerve endings

A shadow falls and the light is blocked.
I shield my eyes and cock my head.
A figure of black cloak is leaning down over me and jerks me from my resting
spot.
He twists and turns me, breaking me to bits.
But it is okay because I knew he would be back soon-
The ever foreboding Life.

The light dances no more.

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