

Poetry Series

Christopher Doddridge
- poems -

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Christopher Doddridge(12-12-93)

I have been writing poem ever since i was about six years of age. I have always loved to write and even read poems. When i was a baby, my mother would always read me a poem before i went to bed.

9-11

9-11

Is our biggest fear
That is the day
That is already here

It comes to show
That the men were brave they gave thier life for us and now lay safe in a grave
So many people
Lost their lives
Some lost their children
Some husbands some wives

So remember that day
As we cry out
Pray for those
Who didn't have a last shout

Christopher Doddridge

-hell-

My life is burning
It bursted out in flames
You asked me who told me
But i can't remember the names

My soul is on fire
The flames are orange and red
The smoke is rising higher
All the way up to my head

This place is so dark
But its hotter that the sun
I bet a rock would melt
And even a silve gun

Christopher Doddridge

-hurt-

You walk on by
And you don't even see
The tears that fall
Because you hurt me.

Can anyone see me
Hurt all inside
I want to leave
And just go hide

The tears that fall
Are because of you
When someone say my name
You just say who

But I'm all better now
I don't have to die
And my hurt is gone
So i don't have to cry

My tears tath fell
Are no longer falling
I do not love you
So i wont be calling

Christopher Doddridge

-my Tears Are Falling-

My tears are falling
There falling down my face
I am tired of crying
So please take my place

See the scars on my wrist
See the blood gushing out
It hurts so badly
That i just wont to shout

My shirt is so bloody
It's stained up with a red spot
There is a big hole
From where i was shot

My heart is acking
It feels like it is breaking

You break my heart
'Cause of what you do
It's breaking worst
It's now broke into

No need to worry 'bout me
For i have already cried
I don't have to sob
For i have already died

Christopher Doddridge

Red Eyes

As they stair me down
Those dark red eyes
I see the pain
I see my lies

Christopher Doddridge

Scars

we live our lives
we make ourself cry
but can any one
tell me why

You say i love you
but that was a lie
why lie in my face
nevermind ill just die

you can see the scars
that ive made with a knife
they ar eall the bad memories
of my life

Christopher Doddridge

You And Me

Who nailed that man
Upon that tree
And then you said
Cant you see

Right then and there
I saw in my hand
Was the hammer and nails
That went in this man

Then suddenly i dropprd them
And fell to my knees
And said lord please forgive me
For i am in need

Ever since that day
I have not been lost
For the reason is
That man paid my cost

So i ask you again
Who nailed him to the tree
Look in the mirror
And then you'll see

Written By:
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Christopher Doddridge