

Poems from the Deepest of Thoughts

deephoughts

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

I don't have anybody specific to dedicate this book to, so I dedicate this book to life because life is what made me write every single poem in this book.

About the author

My name is Lucy. I\ll finish writing this later.

summary

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The Past

The past, and the past, and the past it was
It slinks away at the break of the day,
To never again be seen; farewell past.
And welcome forthcoming future alas
That leads to inevitable downfall
Depart, withdraw, take leave oh grim reaper!

The past is fantasized, mind devoid of bliss
Life is but a short-lived stage performance
The finale arrives, the curtains closing too soon
And then is heeded no more, for it is gone
It all slinks away at the break of day
Farewell past
And welcome forthcoming future alas.

Little Jewel

Tender dreams were tragically crushed
A shoe sole shattered to pieces, the buckle cracked in two
Vicious words were uttered
The leather slowly fading
As it was held together with glue
The glue chipped away and down the hole I went

Deep down I traveled where dark was the only light
Depression the only emotion
Depression is the only smell
Rain pours down, soaking you
The wind comes by, chilling you to the bone
Life is a roller coaster that only goes down
Down. Down.
Depression lays down on you like a weight, pushing harder
And harder- until it ruptures.

But then you see the light.

The roller coaster smoothes out into a level pace
And the weight lifts
And the smell of happiness hits your nose
And the light- so beautiful- is shining

Shine bright little light
I'm surprised at what you do
You are vast and yet you are miniscule
Wondrous, hope giving and promising
Like a jewel in the sky

When life plunges down
If no one is there

Then you shine your light
The whole ride, shine bright little jewel
You stay the whole ride,
Not just for the ups, but for the downs too

Thank you for the small spark
You helped me see the path to take
Though miniscule you may be
Small, but bright.
You are a miracle, little jewel

Shine bright little light
I'm surprised at what you do
You are vast and yet you are miniscule
Wondrous, hope giving and promising
Like a jewel in the sky

The Clock is Ticking Down

The Clock is Ticking Down

What you do, do it well,
When you walk, stride with pride,
When you talk, speak it proudly,
When you sing, sing it loud and clear,
When you pray, pray well,
When you're wrong, apologize.

But no, not good enough,
Still better what you do,
For life is too short and you're running out of time,
The clock ticks down,
Still better what you do.

What you do, do it right,
When you walk, stoop to help others,
When you talk, may praises fly from your lips,
When you sing, sing to make someone's day,
When you pray, pray for someone in need,
When you're wrong, apologize.

Life is too short to be bitter and cold,
The clock is ticking down,
Warm your heart one more time before the fire goes out,
The clock is ticking down,
Be happy with the graciousness you have bestowed,
For the clock is ticking down.

The Glimmering River

It really hurts when
Everyone turns against you
The ones you trust
Twisting a knife through your heart

A screaming rage inside
Makes you want to hide
It makes you want to scream with fury
To release that anger flurry

You don't care what happens to them
They can all die
Anger dominates, taking control

Then a thought occurs.
Maybe you should die
It would make everyone else happy
Why not?
You only bring on grief and unhappiness.
You only make everyone else miserable
You are useless and stupid
You're ugly and nasty.
Who could ever like you?
Sadness dominates, taking control.
Maybe you should die.
You should die.

You stand at the very edge of the cliff, looking down.
The beautiful river glimmers in the moonlight
The stars twinkle off the river,
The crickets chirp peacefully.
You look up to see the beautiful stars
Resting in the beautiful sea of colors.

You have one last thought.

I could have done better.

You take a step.

Life will be Worth it

Life is too short to rise in the morning with anguish and bitterness,
So enjoy the people that respect you,
Love the people who treat you right,
Appreciate the people who trust you,
Bless the people who have put their faith in you,
And bless the ones who don't.

Trust that everything happens for a reason,
Because in all truth, it does.

If you have an opportunity, take it.
If it changes your existence ? just let it.
Nobody said life would be easy,
But in the end, I promise you-
It will be worth it.

Cling to Pain

Cling to Pain

Why do we do things so ludicrous?

I think sometimes we cling,

To the things that bring us pain,

Because we'd rather feel the pain,

In the familiar,

Than the peace,

In the unknown.

We hurt ourselves for no good reason.

Others hurt us for no good reason.

Except-

There is a reason.

Out of every pain, you gain.

A friendship of someone who,

Helped you escape the pain,

A life lesson that you would,

Not have to learn later.

You learn not to trust anyone.

Because everybody is out to get you in the unknown.

That is why we hurt ourselves,

Why we pain ourselves in the familiar.

Because on the inside, we are all afraid of the unknown.

That is why we cling to pain.

The Array

You have to succeed your parents tell you,
You must do well your parents say,
But did they ever stop to think,
About your happiness day by day?

Be healthy they say, don't eat junk,
Be safe they say, don't do stupid stuff,
You must do well your parents say,
So absorbed in your health,
That they never stopped to think,
About your happiness day by day.

Over time a gray blanket wraps itself around you,
Where you lay, dying slowly, day by day.
A little pain prickles inside you,
Where it slays you day by day,
It takes you over, with no delay.

And then it's over.
The pain inside subsides,
The gray blanket is slowly pulled away.
A beautiful fae takes your hand to show you the way,
And leads you into the array.

Headlights

Days aren't always filled with happiness.
Today was one of those days,
Those days when sadness dominates,
An unseen force pushing, pulling, controlling.

Your physical self decides to walk,
Your emotional self is tearing down, torn in half,
A knife twisting through.
You decide to walk, over lack of anything else to do.

You leave your house, walking down the street.
The headlights of the cars on the street,
Reflecting against the sidewalk next to your feet.
You arrive at the park and stroll slowly through,
Taking your time with no further ado.

You sit on the bench, taking in the scene.
Beneath the shining stars, the river quietly glitters,
Like the ring.
The trees swoosh in the wind, expressing sadness,
Like he did when you said no.
A mother bird flies back to her nest, happily chattering,
Like you were before he asked.
A chipmunk raced up a tree, eyes gleaming in the moonlight,
On a tree branch, it sat alone.
Like you always will because you said no.

Looking at the chipmunk, your eyes fill with tears,
You let him down, you think.
You broke his heart, you hurt yourself,
Saying no did nothing
But hurt you both.
I should have said yes.

I should have saved us both before it was too late.
But wait, it isn't too late.

A rush of realization hits you,
It isn't too late,
You can fix it all,
All you have to do is tell him yes.

You quickly call him, getting no reply,
You hop up from the park bench, planning it all,
His house is but a few minutes' drive from here,
You quickly jog home and grab your keys,
You rush to your car and pull out of your driveway.

You pull out of the driveway eyes filled with tears of happiness,
You hit the gas, thinking to yourself; I should have said yes.
A car swerves from the other lane,
Headlights blind you as you swerve wildly,
The other car hits yours and-
For a blinding moment your eyes meet the eyes of the other driver.
It's him.
You get out of your car and run to him as he runs to you.
Tears splash down your face as utter;
"Yes, I will."
You grab each other's hands,
Walking slowly towards the glimmering river,
Looking up towards the glittering stars that look like the new ring on your finger.
You sit with him, looking at the stars until you are the stars.

News Reporter: A tragic accident happened late last night; we had an accident on the North highway, a horrible head-on car accident resulting in two deaths. Local 23 year old woman was hit head-on by local 25 year old man as shown by security cameras nearby. So far police have not found any cause of the accident and it remains a mystery why the local man swerved his car. The two were found lying next to each other by a nearby river. The mystery on this is the fact that we do not see them leave the car on the security camera. They force with which the cars hit each other would seem to have killed them, but the two ended lying together, dead, by a nearby river. It's sweet to me, that in their last moments they were together. Police suspect wild animals of dragging them to the river, the area is being searched.

Love is a Killer

Everyone needs someone,
Everyone that doesn't already has someone,
And those that have neither are drowned in sadness.

And right now I'm on the line,
Between drowning and needing.
I need you but can't have you, which makes me hate you.
I hate you and yet I love you.
I see the galaxy in your eyes,
I can feel the kindness in your heart,
I hear the humor in your words,
I have been in love with you for ages.
And you have no idea.

All this time in oblivion,
Summer passes painfully,
And school starts all over again.

We part our ways,
You continue down your path,
I leave and take a new one,
Not by my choice,
But I have no option.
And so I slowly diminish day by day.

But then it changes,
The pain inside subsides,
The blanket of sadness is slowly pulled away.
Forgetfulness forcefully takes your hand to show you the way.

And all is happy and all is merry,
Gone is the weight you had to carry,

Nary is there worry for you,
No need to be worry,
Because all is happy and all is merry.

Then you see him,
Standing there,
Unaware,
Of your love.

And it triggers everything,
Sets off all the alarms,
Brings back every memory,
Forgetfulness leaves.

Right now I'm back on the line,
Between drowning and needing,
I need you but can't have you, which makes me hate you.
I hate you, I love you.
I see the galaxy in your eyes,
I can feel the kindness in your heart,
I hear the humor in your words,
I have been in love with you for ages.
And you have no idea, all this time in oblivion.

I'm not ready for summer to pass painfully by,
For us to take our own separate paths again.
I had enough heartbreak the last time I did that
And I don't think I can take it again.
We part our ways,
You continue down your path,
I leave and take a new one,
Not by my choice, not his time.
I'm not waiting to forget love again.
I can't do it.

So this time I'm taking a completely new path.

One no one else would ever let me take.
But I don't care. I'm not thinking about anyone else anymore,
Because no one else stopped to think about me.

So I go take a walk to the hills,
I pick a hill, the one with the amazing tree,
I climb to the top of the hill and lay down next to the tree,
I look up at the twisting roots and trunk of the tree,
All the way up to the leaves,
And farther than that, to the beautiful stars beyond.
I lay there and lay there think awhile,
As the pain subsides and the weight slowly lifts,
And then it's over. You've taken the new path,
You won't wake up ever again, won't have to feel the pain.

Frustration

Frustration is a soft scratching inside,
A division, a growing pressure,
Either among yourself or between yourself and others.

Right now I'm thinking,
If I wanted to: I could run,
Have a world of fun,
In a place that's not here.
Away from the people who piss me off.

And then with a metaphorical cough,
The soft scratching subsides,
And the balance slides back into place,
As calmness washes over in tides.

Snow

Of everything,
Snow can bring
The slow movement of time,
The heavy blanket of sleepiness.

Snowflakes land on your skin with a ting,
The land in your hair, intending to cling.
The make you want to sing,
Of the beautifulness they bring.

A snowball hits you in the face, thrown by a very hard fling.
It hits you and stings.
But who cares?
Snow is here!
Time to sled,
Time for hot cocoa and fires and bed!
Some sit by the fire with needle and thread,
Some go out and delight in the snow.
But there's one thing for sure I know,
Happiness is what comes from snow.

The Weather Outside

The snowflakes go by,
Falling from the sky.
The window is foggy,
From the fire warm inside.
The little ice crackles have formed
On the edges of the window where
Jack Frost has been.
The weather outside storms.
The scenery outside transformed.
Everything outside with snow adorned.
Everything on the other side of the window, cold.
But not me. Inside by the fire I am warmed
As the weather outside storms.

Christmas Day

Feet pound on the stairs,
Too early in the morning.
Parents make coffee,
Children open stockings and eat toffee,

Then the fun begins,
Watching the ones you love,
Open the gifts you gave.
Seeing the delight and happiness
On ones face!

Wrapping paper litters the floor,
Flying in the air,
Smiles, grins, laughs, thank yous and hugs.
That is what Christmas day is about.

To the Day

It won't matter the day,
I love you, but you don't know.
Oblivious, unknown.
If only you knew,
How my heart aches.
But no matter what,
I will love you to the day.

You may not love me,
But you still care,
Because you're a kind person.
Then there's me, over there.
Selfishly doing anything
To get to you.
Because I love you so much more.

I see you with him,
Dancing away.
Love glints in your eyes as the two of you sway,
His eyes do not stray, he gazes lovingly into yours.
That could be me gazing, I can pray.

You don't love me, that's not okay.
I still love you more and more.
Want to keep you because
I have so much more in store.
My heart aches.
But no matter what,
I still love you to this day.

60 years may have still gone past,
Romeo and Juliet the two of you

May have been cast,
But I still love you from the shadows.
You and I, I thought precast,
But every day for sixty years
I have watched, as the two of you were content.
But not me.

55 years ago, he proposed,
And you accepted.
53 years ago,
The two of you had your first child.
40 years ago,
The two of you had your 5th child.
20 years ago,
You celebrated your first grandchild,
10 years ago,
You celebrated your 50th anniversary
With your large and happy family surrounding you.

I wanted that to be us.
But instead it was you and him.
I have waited in the shadows for sixty years.
It has been like being stabbed with a knife
The knife twisting around and being pushed deeper
Everyday of the sixty years.

You don't love me, that's not okay.
I still love you more and more.
Want to keep you because,
I have nothing else to live for.
My knife is pushing deeper in,
But no matter what,
I still love you to this day.

Personal Reflection

What is the definition
Of a personal reflection?
I would say that the definition
of a personal reflection is;

Looking back upon your life,
Acknowledging mistakes,
Laughing at ludicrous things you have done.
Realizing what you've gained: money, power, love.
Or maybe realizing what you've lost: Relationships, money, power, love,
Life.

Sometimes there's those times when
You're sitting in your quiet place
That you realize that how much you've failed.
You took the wrong path down the life board,
Met the wrong people, invested in the wrong things,
Missed so many chances because you were too dumb to see them.
Let the love of your life leave, because you were oblivious to how much,
They truly loved you.

You realize that you didn't appreciate the things you had,
When you had them and now those things are gone.
You might not have liked life then,
But it's better than now.
And you didn't appreciate it while you had it,
Because you're selfish and stuck in the past.
You were rude to people, taking your misery out on them.
And looking back, as a personal reflection,
You realize how rude, selfish, stuck up and ungrateful you really are,
Because the whole time you were stuck in the past.

All you ever think about is the past,

Never today, not often enough the future.

The past was so much better, it's the truth.

People who live in the past tend to be unhappy,

Reflecting on when times were better.

People who live in the future tend to be anxious,

Afraid of failing more than they already have, afraid of what's to come.

People who live in the present, however, tend to be quite content,

Focusing on today and forgetting about every other day.

They leave failures and mistakes in the past and plan ahead to know exactly what's to come.

So people, live in the present. Life is too short to think about anything but the present.

Spring is Here!

Spring, spring,
Oh the aliveness you bring!
You are finally here,
Bringing life too far and near.

Goodbye snowflakes,
Goodbye cold aches,
The ice is melting,
The snowmen are gone,
And now we can see
The beautiful green lawn!

Birds are singing,
Flowers are growing,
Bees are stinging,
Children are crowing,

Out pop the flowers,
The bright clean spring air,
The occasional rain showers,
And the suns bright glare.
Time for winter to disappear;
Spring is here!

The Girl on the Park Bench

Fog closes in in clouds,
The dim street lamps casting golden glows,
A girl on a park bench by a name no one knows.
The delicate milk white snow falling softly to the ground below.
Falling on top of the girl, casting hundreds of glittery delicate snowflakes,
All along her long silky dark hair.
They fall atop her face, melted by the tears,
Of the girl on the park bench, by a name no one knows.
The snowflakes settle softly among her dark hair,
Next to the dim street lights' golden glow,
As the fog closes in.

Memories #1

I am eleven.

My father snaps the latch
of the trailer closed.

Six pairs of shoes
clomp down the stairs.

My mother pulls the key
out of the door for the last time.

We all take one last
look around.

The tall majestic mountains,
the trees fading
orange, red, yellow.

The mid-morning sunlight
shining brightly down.

The last car door
slams shut.

The blue Ford truck
pulling trailer behind.

Pulling out of the driveway
for the last time.

THIS IS JUST TO SAY

NOTE: I am writing this for a very important school assignment. Please give me feedback, this poem is due Wednesday. I appreciate any and all feedback that I can get, please help me out guys! Thank you very much!

THIS IS JUST TO SAY

Music is the thing to turn to,
Music is somewhere that you can escape,
So turn up the volume and drown out the world
And the people inside it,
You're free from the darkness,
Let your anger unfurl.

You can lose yourself in the music, beware
The sweet deadly melody,
Deep, clear and liquid-slow,
Pulls at your mind; that's how it flows.

Music can make you fearless, tearless,
It can even make you a superstar.
But music to me is when you see,
Who you really are.

Stained Glass

Young girl sitting on a park bench.
A stained glass window.
Stained glass is darker than plain glass,
But when the sun shines through,
She is more colorful, bright and beautiful
Than anyone else.

The Quietest Place

The quietest place is music.
It drowns
out the world and
puts you in a quiet bubble.

Fish in the Ocean

An alphabet of fish surround me.
The world holds a variety of people,
But on the inside,
We're all just fish in the ocean.

Alarms

Dry eyes,
Sleepy tides, waving over
Sleepiness luring in.
9.25 hours required, only 6.5 acquired.
The alarm goes off, the day begins
Just like clockwork all over again.

Regain my Composure

The moment I hear the sound of the
alarm clock blaring,
I realize how much I hate school.
6 AM, get up, get up!
6:05, get up, get up!
Spring break is over,
It's awaiting foreclosure,
now it is time for me to
get out of my fourposter bed and
regain my composure.

Anticipation

Anticipation,
a tickling feeling
in your chest.
A churning, burning
in your stomach.
A light-headed spinning
in your head.