

Anthology of MARY Swillum



Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

What Happen to the Music

You Were the Reason

Lost Love

Today is a Beautiful Day

My Teddy Bear

No Shoes on His Feet

What Happen to the Music

What Happen to the Music

Listen,

Do you hear that?

The sound of silence

No ringing phone

No gentle words

What happen to the music?

Our hearts don't beat

Our voices don't speak

No laughter to be heard

No loving arms

Shhh

What happen to the music?

No more "I love you"

"Your all mine"

"your my little baby girl"

"Good morning beautiful"

Quiet

What happen to the music?

No more candles lit

No more holding each other in bed

No more movies to watch

No more making love to each other

Listen, shhh, quiet

What happen to the music?

Author: Mary Swillum

Dedicated to Ty whom I will always hold in my heart forever

You Were the Reason

You Were the Reason

I never really knew you
you were just another guy
But when I let you in
You were the reason Why

You saw my heart was aching
You took away the pain
You gave me so much love
Your the reason for singing in the rain

I fell in love with you
No one could have compared
You showed me how it felt
You were the reason why I cared

You spoke to me through music
Your words brought me hope
Your laughter brought me joy
Your the reason I could cope

It was so beautiful
The way you made love to me
I felt the love within our hearts
Your the reason I felt so free

I loved you more everyday
I loved the way we were always teasing
My love for you will never change
Why?
Because you were the reason.

Author: your little baby girl

Dedicated to Ty whom I will always love

Lost Love

Lost Love

It was cold lastnight
I did not sleep
No warm heart
He did not keep.

Who is this man
I lay beside
I don't exist
He does not hide.

He loves me so
So I've been told
And yet his touch
Just feels so cold.

I cry sometimes
He does not see
I close my eyes
And let seldom be.

As I awake
To this love so lost
My heart still trembles
At any cost.

You loved me once
I loved you twice
We survived the storm
Lets break this ice.

By Mary Swillum

Today is a Beautiful Day

Today is a Beautiful Day

I lay here on the beach

The beautiful white sand
covering at my feet

The seagulls swooping down
grabbing a snack to eat

The sound of the ocean waves
splashing upon the beach

Today is a beautiful day.

I hear the sound of
unknown voices

The sound of laughter

Kids are playing everywhere

A child says "Daddy will you
Help me build a sand castle?"

The dad takes the child's hand

And walks down to the

Moist sand

Today is a beautiful day.

The sound of boats speeding by

While sailboats are

Sailing the waves

The pelicans perched on their post

Taking in the ocean breeze

The sound of Jimmy Buffet
playing Margaritaville

A voice yelling "heads up"

As the saucer like thing

Is flying through the air

Yep, today a beautiful day day.

Author: Mary Swillum

My Teddy Bear

My Teddy Bear

He sits on his stool

Only four feet tall

He's brown and fuzzy

With his back against the wall.

Little black buttons

Are the color of his eyes

He has big floppy feet

With lots of ties.

His muzzle so smooth

With a little brown patch

He's so cute and cuddly

Such a nice catch.

His shoulders are broad

With his arms hanging low

He has a ribbon around his neck

Tied into a bow.

Who is this creature

Who hasn't a care?

If you must ask,

Why, he's my teddy bear.

Author: Mary Swillum

No Shoes on His Feet

The feeble old man
Lays on the park bench
Curled up in a ball
With a bible to clench.
He has no shoes on his feet

He wears a rugged old coat
That's too big for his size
His jeans are so dirty and torn
With patches to stop their demise.
He has no shoes on his feet.

His teeth are chattering
As he shivers in the cold
No scarf to wrap around
Not even a blanket to unfold.
He has no shoes on his feet.

I asked the feeble man
Why do you stay here
He said with a tear in his eyes
I haven't a home or family that's near.
He has no shoes on his feet.

Can I buy you a pie
And coffee to warm
They walk down the hill
In such a slow form.
He has no shoes on his feet.

When he finished his pie
He stood up with a smile
I thank you for your kindness

I have to go for awhile
As he walks away with no shoes on his feet.

By Idlechatter