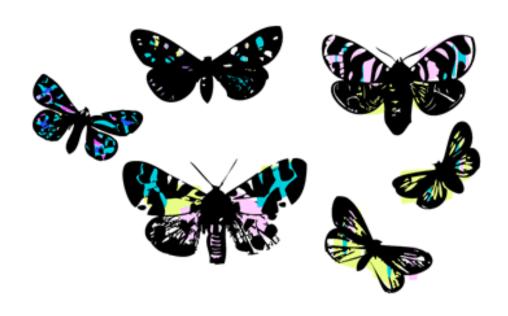
# Anthology of MARY Swillum



Presented by

My poetic Side Z



# 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