

Anthology of Liv Stevenson.

Liv Stevenson



Presented by

My poetic side 

summary

Art.

Buttercup.

H2O

Loss of a dear friend.

The final whistle.

The Tree.

Art.

Painting art.

Words too powerful to speak.

Creating shapes.

Blind man can see.

Mixing colours.

Intertwining into one.

Steady hand.

Making my mind explode.

Buttercup.

Growing still,
Searching for answers with blind mans eyes.
Creating light ,
Branded with yellow ties.
Connected with love;
Made by life.
Undiscovered secrets,
Naked to the human eye.
Beauty will fade;
Courage will never die.

H2O

I breathe you in,
not because I want to.

Without you I'd have no choice,
but to give up.

Watch you sweetly smile,
as you take away my last breaths.

Loss of a dear friend.

Your silent tear,
kisses my cheek.
Looking upwards,
hearing the heavens speak.
God's open arms;
to a canvas of blue.
Eyes bestowed by golden air,
Smile holy like a prayer.
Your silent tear,
will always be here.

The final whistle.

Drowning in tears,
over-crowded by lies.
Crying flames,
igniting my eyes.
Traffic in my brain,
driven by fear.
Screaming silently,
knowing it ends here.

The Tree.

It stood naked.
So helpless, so innocent, so pure.
Laying its cards out on the table,
Uncovering its darkest secrets.

The time had long passed from the summer days,
the lying, deceitful days.
Where the sun would outshine the twisted truth,
Creating a diversion,
so nobody could uncover its roots.

Yet the winter days stripped it from the truth.
Left it with nothing,
but the lies that ate away at its soul,
until it could bare to live no longer.