

# Anthology of Allie Rose

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Presented by

*My poetic Side* 



## summary

Ode to dad

Missing your face

Beneath the trees lies a world

A face in crowd

What we can't see

A dogs life

What if I ran away?

Why do you keep coming back?

To that one person who didn't know

To write is to be held

Why do we do the things we do?

Promises

Tacos

Questions

Perspective

Sunday

A safe place

Music

## Ode to dad

You make me hurt, you make me cry  
I'm a bird in a cage who cannot fly  
I know you love me but you can't show it  
All I hear are nasty words tied to spit  
You give me hugs but you can't say sorry  
You're like an empty night that's not starry  
You're a parent but not a dad  
A dad doesn't make their daughter feel bad  
He makes her laugh not worry  
Her eyes should have stars they shouldn't be blurry  
You've taught me how not to parent  
I guess I should thank you for being transparent  
You judge me for everything  
I'm becoming a frayed string  
I stay in my room to avoid you  
But you invade my space you say you never knew  
I need a therapist because of you but you're supposed to fill that role  
You're a father but you haven't achieved that goal  
You make me silent, you make me fear  
Rolling down my face a single tear  
I can't cry loudly now because you made me quiet when I was little  
Instead of being soft you're brittle  
My one wish is to never turn into you  
You're not an inspiration you're nothing true  
A mask is what you wear  
A sheep on the outside, in the inside a bear  
I grew up faster than I should have  
A mother cow still feeds her calves  
I'm scared of your voice and I know your footsteps in the hall  
The fear on my face can be seen in a mirror hanging on my wall  
I hid everything even though it was not bad  
It was the only coping mechanism I had  
You say I'm distant and that I don't listen

Can you not see how my eyes glisten?  
I save the messages where you say "I love you" because tone can't be conveyed over text  
And it actually feels true without me being perplexed  
My friends dad's are dad's to me because they treat me like they should  
But my friends don't like you they say your vibe doesn't feel good  
You've yelled at me before in front of my friend  
She said comforting words but they didn't mend  
-Break the generational trauma

## Missing your face

I can feel you drifting away  
I hope our friendship will stay  
I don't see you anymore  
It hurts deep in my core  
When I eat with you  
I wish you would talk to me too  
You're always distant when I'm there  
It's starting to feel like you don't care  
You send texts telling me you do  
That you're sorry, but I don't believe you  
You say hi sometimes  
But it feels sour like limes  
I love you I really do  
But I don't think it's the same for you  
Our messages are dry  
Not filled with excitement like before, we don't even try  
We don't talk every day  
There's nothing to say  
When we hang out  
I'd have more fun in a drought  
I only talk to you when other people aren't there  
I always talked to you, but now it's rare  
You smile at me and say my name  
But it just doesn't feel the same  
I know things change  
But in our book you were supposed to be on the next page  
I've stopped making an effort to talk  
I only will when you knock  
You don't know that I'm somebody new  
Which is sad because you knew me through and through  
Since we can't fix this there's a danger  
That you'll become a stranger

## Beneath the trees lies a world

In the morning the Mourning dove coos  
The brisk wind puffs shaking the spruce  
A turmoiled storm leaves decaying wood  
Burbling streams cover tracks where deer stood  
Clouds roll on by in wispy waves  
Shadows float over underground caves  
Dicranum moss covers bark  
And above the trees flies a lark  
Time moves on but if you stay  
You'll learn there's more to every day

## A face in crowd

Faces of people come and go like summer rain  
They're vastly different and to recognize each one is difficult to attain  
Yet we all mutually know a face that is unequaled  
When looking for it in a crowd, every other face is culled  
A special someone in some sort of way  
Only you know what they can display

## What we can't see

She's pretty but not like the super models  
She can swim but not without goggles  
She's strong but not like a bodybuilder  
She's brave but easy to bewilder  
People don't hold her to high standards  
But she holds herself there and even higher  
The stories she writes don't feel more than words  
And when people say they like her she thinks they're a liar  
She's not more than what she thinks she is  
Her own limitations hold her back  
With every person she analyzes  
She becomes more aware of lack  
She doesn't have smooth shiny hair  
She doesn't have a dreamy voice  
She shouldn't really care  
But she keeps comparing without choice  
No one's a harder judge than her  
When it comes to her strengths it's a blur  
She cannot see them as they're behind her  
Others can view them and let her know  
But she only thinks it's a show  
Our strengths lie on our backs  
We can't see them so the mirrors of ourselves just show cracks  
Others may tell us what's there  
But it's up to us to believe what they share

## A dogs life

To be like a dog  
What a life that would be  
Always a hand to guide you through the fog  
Someone there so you could live carefree  
In return all they ask is for your love  
A small price to pay  
When you're held above  
Away from danger, out of the way

## What if I ran away?

How tempting it is to disappear  
An engimatic thought  
To leave the clangorous cities, evade the wars  
To create a thickening plot  
Left to your own resources  
Nothing but deafening quiet  
To forget your own name and the past that you had  
Only to know the stories told by the griot  
Starting from scratch like our ancestors  
Becoming one with nature  
It's much lovelier than people  
Our life would be easier with nothing to wager

## Why do you keep coming back?

I saw you in my dream once again  
Why you were there I do not understand  
I knew you once, when I was ten  
But we grew apart it was unplanned  
You held me tight and said goodbye  
I watched you leave  
And I never did cry  
When I woke up I tried not to care  
About how much I missed you

But that feeling was still there  
I do not know where you are now  
Among crowds or all alone  
You could be single or said a vow  
I wonder if you dream of me  
Do you remember my name?  
Its saddening to know we could not be

## To that one person who didn't know

Your name is still in my phone  
I want to text you when I'm alone  
Instead I just stare at your photo  
Hoping you'll think of me and somehow know  
I feel we may never have had a chance  
But just so you know, I was planning on asking you to that dance  
You probably just saw me as a friend  
But one time you let those lines blend  
It still hurts to this day  
There were so many things left to say  
How you switched up I'll never know  
Your feelings couldn't have just been a show  
So I suppose I'll wait until you say something  
Or maybe you won't and it'll sting  
Just know I admired you, you were the only person I saw in every room  
If only we would've let our connection bloom

## To write is to be held

I've been lost lately, cried far too many times  
Someone who was supposed to be a friend has turned aside  
So in my heart I create these rhymes  
They're a safe place where I choose to reside  
I step away to protect my peace, you say it's disrespectful and rude  
I suppose your feelings might not be in tune  
Since everything you've said has been very crude  
Trying to know what to expect is like reading an ancient rune  
I try to run away from my problems, it's very hard to do  
They must be exercising more than me since I'm quickly outrun  
I just want to keep myself safe from you  
Now I'm realizing it's not very easily done  
How often I've wished to be a bird  
Whenever I'm upset I could fly away and sit on the highest branch  
The ground so far away, it appears blurred  
I could keep every piece of myself  
Far away from your turmoiled avalanche

## Why do we do the things we do?

A tear held back waiting to shed  
Thoughts swirling like carousels in your head  
Eyes so tired they can't help but close  
Dreams with secrets nobody knows  
Dirty covers lie on the bed  
A journal on the shelf waiting to be read  
Chinese food left on the table  
An unopened box without a label  
Rusty car and foggy windows  
Empty cans, nothing within those  
Windy nights that keep you up  
Half full and half empty but it's just a cup  
Math, English, science and more  
Children learn it's quite a bore  
Traveling and starting wars just for land  
Leaving their home country unmanned  
Go to work while children play  
It's a routine followed every day  
Wash the dishes and walk the dog  
A New Years Resolution to begin to jog  
Alarm clocks but time keeps slipping  
Yet we waste it all and it keeps skipping

## Promises

You promised to stay  
Abandoned  
You promised to hold me  
Released  
You promised to listen  
Brushed aside  
You promised to love  
Denied  
You promised to help me  
Ignored  
You promised to protect  
Neglected  
You promised  
Lied

## Tacos

Cook the beef in the pan  
Roll tortillas to complete the plan  
Chop cilantro, squeeze some lime  
We must hurry we're out of time  
Set it out on a plate  
Eat it up, you cannot wait  
In weather cold or hot  
You can eat them anytime who would've thought  
A magical food with a simple name  
Tacos; we all acclaim

## Questions

What is going on?

Every day, voices are background noise

Everything looks blurry, my focus is gone

I often just stay in a numb poise

My thoughts have reduced to a quiet hum

And I don't talk much anymore

I get more headaches pounding like a drum

The bandage holding me together tore

Why is this happening?

Did I do something wrong?

I'm tired of grappling;

Something that wasn't there all along

Truths turn into lies

The world is collapsing beneath my feet

Many people keep reaching their demise

I'm starting to feel less complete

Will it ever end?

Constant wars and fights

Laws and rules yet to bend

People protesting their rights

Hate is the center of our lives

Not enough time to be kind

We use words as knives

The blind leading the blind

Is there still hope?

Something that now feels less real

My own sanity I wish to elope

Only to myself am I leal

## Perspective

A fool will choose a dangerous path  
The brave will choose an untrodden one  
And the wise man will ponder, under the sun  
A sheep will follow its flock  
A wolf will walk alone  
A crow will fly above, looking for its own  
A note is not a melody  
A sound is not a song  
A band is needed, for it to come along  
A white lie is not a truth  
A rule doesn't decide right from wrong  
Yet the list of "what you should do" is very long

## Sunday

A day of rest  
Dressed in Sunday best  
Dinner of pot roast  
Loved by most  
Saying grace  
A peaceful face  
Hear them preach  
For help we beseech

## A safe place

The beach in its glory  
Each shell tells a story  
The sand has a secret to tell  
Once the waves crash and fell  
Seagulls fly overhead  
Crabs have rocks but choose shells instead  
Tide pools sloshed  
Driftwood awashed  
Horizon so blue the water looks faded  
Trees grow so the sand is shaded  
The beach is a haven

## Music

A melody so sweet to the ear  
Each note plucked is easy to hear  
Strum and feel the vibration within  
Playing music, an audience you will surely win  
Majors, minors, sharps, and flats  
Peter piper played to take the rats  
Brass, wood, and strings  
A harp in the giants castle more precious than other things  
A king who calls for fiddlers three  
Music means much more to me  
More than what comes with the sound  
The feel of the instrument all around