

Poetry Series

Christen Jeanette Mcelvain

- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Christen Jeanette Mcelvain(05-31-1990)

I am just a poet i am currently in school. writing has always been a part of me, i mainly write when i s for reading my poetry by the way.

3 Tears

3 tears:

i wasted 3 tears on you

1 for wanting you

1 for believing you

and the third one when i realized i was leaving you.

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A Butterflies Secret

REACH INTO YOUR CAGE OF BUTTERFLIES
LET ONE FLY AWAY
I LONG TO BE THE ONE YOU RELEASE TODAY
I AM THE ONLY ONE FOR YOU TO BELIEVE
I AM THE MOST LOYAL
N I JUST WANNA BE SUCCESFUL
BUT IN ORDER FOR ME TO DO ALL OF THIS
SO RELEASE ME
THIS IS MY FINAL PLEA
IN ORDER FOR ME TO BE HAPPY I MUST BE FREE
IF NOT I WILL BE A REGRET IN THE BACK OF YOUR MIND
WONDERING, IF U RELEAS ME THE LIFE I WOULD OF FOUND
BUT IF U LET ME GO
SURELY..... U WOULD KNOW

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Accidental Assassin

you can call me an accidental assassin
because i shoot things i shouldn't even point my gun at
but my weapons are only used for passion
but i learned a valuable lesson though
you shouldn't play with something u should cherish
but yeah i shot him
n i didnt even mean it
i got trigger happy it was a crime i didn't mean to commit
not only his heart suffered but i felt a hit but it was more like a blow
but justice has been served
i suffer more than you could ever know
thoughts of you rush through my mind like a flip book
n i just cant watch anymore
n i as each day goes by take deep breaths
i used my breathing techniques like neosporin
as if it will heal the cut in my heart
n they say time heals all wounds but my clock stop ticking
im forever stuck in a non time moving position
... motionless is the only way i can describe it.
but if i could go back in time
i never would of pulled out that gun
n this never would have been written
but i guess everything happens for a reason.

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Forgotten

He left me for the price of fame,
but that price of fame makes him look at me kind of strange.
why gain it all for us when its just for you
matter of fact try to understand what im going thru
you got the world but i use to meant that to you
but now your gone and thats something i cant get use to
so if you gain the world and lose me dont worry about it
i guess i wasn't as important as it seem
and your dreams probably no longer fit me
n u are as far gone as the eye can see
but i didn't want you for your fame, jewelry, and things
or someone who wouldn't leave me here forgotten.

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Honey Or Glue

I am not honey or glue.
n I can no longer stick to you like I used too.
You use to be my favorite but now I can trade it
For my own happiness and self worth
Because I don't realize why I had to put you first
So when you see me their will be a change
n u will notice I am not the same
therefore I no longer think you are amazing
and my thoughts of you are quickly changing
I am starting to see you for the piece of shit you are
and you are no longer my star
but life is about forgiveness and forgive you I do
I can just no longer stick to you like honey or glue

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Pretty Little Pictures

PRETTY LITTLE PICTURES ARENT OLD BUT NEW
I ONCE TOOK THIS PICTURE OF ME AND YOU
MAYBE SHOULD BE TAKEN AGAIN
CAUSE THINGS CHANGES AND REARRANGES MY FRIEND
BUT THESE PICTURES WILL STAY THE SAME
AND THE WAY I FEEL WILL ALWAYS REMAIN

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PICTURE AGAIN, WHAT DO YOU SEE
A LIFE OF LOVE AND JOY I KNOW IT SEEMS
BUT YOU MISSED THE INSIDE FROWN AND BOTTLED UP INSECURITIES
TO YOU THE GRASS LOOKS GREEN BUT WHAT IM WALKING ON IS NOTHING
BUT MOLDED TO ME

PICTURES HOLD THE MEANING TO SOMETHING BUT AT THE SAME TIME
NOTHING
IT SYMBOLIZES A SPECIAL MOMENT OR A GOOD TIME
BUT THE PICTURES WONT SHOW YOU THE WATERMARKES OF THE PAST OR THE
RED EYES OF THE FUTURE.
NOR WILL THE PICTURE FRAME TELL YOU THE STORYLINE

ALL OF THIS IS WITHIN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND
WAITING ON YOU TO TAKE A PICTURE AGAIN
SHOWS THE HIGHS AND THE LOWS AND THE JOYS AND THE PAIN
AND THE PICTURES OF YOUR LIFE STILL REMAIN IN THE PHOTOS OF YOUR
DREAMS
CUZ A PICTURE CAN SIMPLY BE WHATEVER U WANT IT TO BE.

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Telemarketers

If the telephone of love should ring for me
I might have to check the I.D.
its not that im afraid of loves call
nope not all
but im running from telemarketers
those that are directly marketing themselves
and solicitating to prospective customers to buy products and services.
these products and services consits of i will cheat on you, friends with benefits,
and i can buy shit but i cant love you types of telemarketers.
i honestly dont have time for your false advertisements of love
so if your call is unanswered
you called me restricted
and i simply dont answer thoes type of calls.

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The Collector

Today, I stumbled upon something that i really had to have.
In my eyes it was precious, and i figured i was the only one who should have it.
So i bought it and stored it with my collectables.
But it didn't fit in with the other ones.
This one was the best one i have ever seen.
For weeks, i pondered taking it out of the box and playing with it.
But i was afraid to damage something so precious.
Months go by and it's still there, i came by often just to watch it and admire its beauty.
But now i feel like I'm ready.
I feel mature enough to handle things that are fragile.
so i decided to take it out the box and hold it, love it, admire it, show it how much it means to me by spending time with
it.....
And that's exactly how i feel about him.
My collectable that i have left on the shelf for fall to long.
If he is ready to come out of the box, he should know I am older, wiser, and more mature to be there if he would let me.

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The Rain

I was seduced by you
sitting in my classroom
listening to my teacher
texting my friends
windows open
looked outside
and there you were by my surprise
i heard you thumping on the pavement
and it was my first indication that you have arrived
and then there was umbrellas that appeared
and people wearing rainboots
looked up at my teacher who was rambling
looked at my white notebook paper it was so enchanting
as i leaned over
the windows to my world begin to close
as i fell asleep
who knew you had the power to seduce me.

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Too Much

If i asked you to give me the world
Before i could be your girl
Give me all your riches before
I offer you some kisses
would that be asking for too much?
If asked for you to take me shopping
Then afterwords club hopping
Or if i asked you to fall madly in love with me
And carry me off into the sunset
Then would that be asking for to much?
Well all of those things were just to much
But, i didn't ask you for any of it
I just asked that you were here
That u were willing to try
I didn't ask you to die for me
Or to cut me open and watch me bleed
I just simply wanted you to be happy
But that my friend
Well, obviously, that was asking for too much!

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Where Were You

Where Were You?

where was you when i was one?

i look at these pictures and it seemed like fun

but little did i know my life had just begun

where were you when i was five?

i was starting to come alive

you didnt come see me or send me a birthday card

and every time you ran in and out my life i took it really hard.

where were you when i was 10?

i saw you every now and then

but every time you were here you said less and less.

and all u accomplish was more stressed.

when i was 15 i realized you were just a dream.

you totally disappeared

mom being a single mother did what she could

by my loneliness at home i misunderstood.

buy the time i was 19 i was a grown man.

mom needed help with bills so i did what i can

besides the guy on the corner sold me hope

then made me feel important when i needed it the most

he showed me a way to make fast money

and unlike you dad he never called me a dummy

but he was there so was the rest of his crew

and then i joined a gain it was the only love i knew

one thing led to another

deeper and deeper in trouble i fell

untill one day the pull of a trigger landed me right here in jail.

now i wish you were there!

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