

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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Jessica Mackey()

# Feel

An autumn day

I feel the frigid air on my face as I step into the cold. I start to walk to the field and I feel the crunching of frost under my feet. Small puddles scatter the ground and are they bleed water under my feet as I step and crack them. My hands are in my pockets and the coolness is seeping through. Standing by the duct vent is the best decision I made that morning. The warm air softened my face and hands as I pulled them out of my pockets. As I stood there, some came and left to keep warm, but the chill was still haunting me.

Jessica Mackey

# Finding Happiness

I stand  
barely  
On one foot  
becuse I  
have no dignaty  
agenst the others  
because I  
stand taller than the rest  
I stand  
smarter,  
more beautiful  
and original.  
But all I seek,  
is happiness.

Jessica Mackey

# Haiku

Haiku what to do?  
Remeber sylabols count.  
Five, seven and five.

Jessica Mackey

# Hear

An autumn day

I hear the door creak as I step outside into the bitter cold. I can hear the vehicles in the distance speeding up and slowing down. I watch as a seagull flies over head. It cries like its feathers are being pulled out. I hear my boots cracking in the frost below them. The wind cuts by my ears, and they start to freeze. The chill was so bitter, I heard ringing. Once I hit grass it crunched under my feet. Jenaya and Gillian were babbling to their friends. It was a crisp cold morning in Winterpeg.

Jessica Mackey

# Leaving Soon

My papaya tree still stands tall,  
Thunder booms in the background.  
Almost everyone is still alive.  
Our city is crumbling.  
The debris stretches for miles around.  
Then just beyond that, the war.  
That's the only light.  
Everything else is pitch black.  
We are in Vietnam.  
It WAS great, but now...

We are hiding in our half destroyed house.  
Cold, hungry, and waiting for them to come  
load us onto the boat going to peace.  
I'm sitting with our only blanket on top of me.  
Across the street, I see another family.  
Their house worse than ours  
But I can only see their eyes.  
There are foot steps behind our house,  
And now a shadow.  
He has a gun.

I'm with my two brothers and my mother.  
Brother Matthew was in school with me,  
Brother John is an engineer,  
And brother Eric is in the army with dad.  
Missing in action.  
My mother must stay home and sew.  
Boom.  
I remember when we all went to the festival of flowers.  
So colorful,  
So beautiful.

The man comes around the corner,  
And tells us to follow him.  
We start to run,  
We have to get to the boats...  
BOOM.  
I fall to the ground. I've been shot.

Brother John picks me up and we keep going.  
Mother is now crying.  
Boom, boom, boom.  
Just in time. We enter the boat.

Not many are hurt this baddly, so I am priority.  
Brother Matthew asks about the other family.  
They were killed.  
The boat starts to move.  
We are finally safe.

Jessica Mackey



# See

An autumn day

I see our teacher mouth the words "We're going outside". Everyone moaned and sighed because we all know that it's freezing. I grabbed my jacket and buttoned it up tight. We were going outside for inspiration on our English writing. I looked out the window and saw the tree swaying. The part snow covered and part ice covered concrete looked slippery and unforgiving. We got outside and I looked into the wind. I blinked. The wind was blasting in my face and my eyes became dry and started to water. No clouds in the sky this morning, and the sun was raising. A deadly chill ran up my spine, and my breath was visible. As we got into the field, we all wrote what we saw, felt, heard, smelled and taste. I am frozen. I can't feel my toes, and I really want to go inside. Finally the teacher says to enter. I am so relieved I run to the door. Will this numbing winter ever end?

Jessica Mackey

# Simply, Hard.

New school? New friends too?  
I realise its really hard,  
to start all again.  
I sit in class, look around.  
Now it kills to say hello...

Jessica Mackey

# The 12 Is The Name Of The Book

I had a great idea  
An awesome idea  
About a book.  
So I started to write  
My friends were helping me  
We came up with so many new ideas.  
It was coming together very nicely.  
Until the dream.  
I had a dream  
About publishing  
There was another book  
Just like it.  
When I came to school  
And looked it up.  
There it was.  
The exact same book  
Exact same title.

Jessica Mackey