

Poetry Series

Lauren Beasley
- poems -

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Lauren is an 18-year-old Junior at Christopher Newport University where she studies English in pursuit of a Masters of Arts degree in Teaching.

She has been writing poetry since her age fit on her fingers, but has just recently fallen back in love with the art.

Her poetry is inspired by her own life - family, friends, falling in love, heartbreak, disappointment, excitement, and her relationship with Christ. Poetry is her diary - a way to express the things she's feeling and to come to terms with the wild world that races inside her mind. It is raw, it is honest, it is at times brutal and crushing, but it is her poetry, and is thus her baby.

Read and relate - this is the life and poetry of L.B.

6

6 hours we talked that first night
My phone glued to my hand
We kept it friendly and pretty light
Our friendship began to expand

6 days past then I spilled it
And you turned my down, flat out
We were just friends, as you willed it
Till you changed your mind after some doubt

6 days after the dance, you smooched me
Nearly a week of relational bliss
That mall parking lot peck seemed meant to be
After you asked to give me a kiss

6 kisses before our first 'real' date
We didn't waste very much time
At the Star, the number grew far too great
Amid our meal that cost a nickel and dime

6 times we ate together
Our dates of mostly fast food
But Indian food in rainy weather
Was the best - plus the stroll through town that ensued

6 weeks, to the day, we had
Full of fun that could last for years
But amidst they kisses and good, there was bad
Those weeks were a journey of emotions and tears

6 days back in town, and you dumped me
Indiana - in love, in Virginia - ended
Those 6 days, back and forth, till I did see
That you never wanted as much as I intended

6 months it's now been since that day
And I sit here and I wonder why
I still dwell on your choice not to stay
After 6 months, you'd think I wouldn't still cry

Lauren Beasley

A Father's Words To His Daughter

In rainy days or sunshine,
I will still be here
Even if you are 'fine'
I'll listen to every fear

When you were small, I held you,
And wiped away every tear
I'll hold you when you're big too
Even when you're not near

When I first saw your small face,
You became my precious dear
And by the gift of God's grace,
Your life I began to steer

You stole my heart on that day
And my mission became clear:
To love you in every way,
For you've brought my life such cheer

Lauren Beasley

A Letter To A Friend

I love you.

YOU.

Just the way you are.

It sounds so cliché, but now I know it's true.

I love your lanky arms.

I wish they were around me.

I love that face you make.

You know the one.

I love how you glance around when you talk to me.

It makes you sheepishly adorable.

You're a good listener.

Even when I talk about the most boring crap, you seem interested and make me feel worth talking to.

I love everything about you.

I know that's risky to say, but I think it's true.

Every new thing I learn about you just makes me want you more.

That's why this is all so hard.

Realizing that even though I love everything about you, I'll never be able to love you.

Realizing that I've let myself fall for you.

Foolishly.

Realizing that I'll always be wanting more.

I feel like a fool.

I misread all the signs.

All you were was kind.

I'm the one who heard what I wanted to hear, disregarding the truth.

You said we were both a little too susceptible to suggestion.

Only I didn't need much suggesting.

I let others feed me the lies.

My imagination ran rampant.

And for a moment, it was fun.

But floors always have a way of sobering someone when they fall.

See, everything I love about you is the problem.

I love you.

And now that I've let myself love you, I can't un-love you.

Forever in my mind, you'll be someone different.

I'll always be thinking about 'What if-? '

Always be expecting, never receiving.

I love your eyes.

Imperfect, but oh so perfect.
I love your voice.
It makes me happy when I hear it.
Your face makes me smile.
Why did you have to be everything I wanted?
How stupid I've been!
I misread your friendship as romantic interest.
I'm so sorry I screwed up.
It could have been great.
Friends.
What I've been wanting.
And yet, when given it, I selfishly sought more.
Now I'm stuck in this place of limbo.
It sucks.
I only fear that now you'll know what I'm thinking.
You'll be too reserved, knowing how I feel about you.
Let's just go back.
Friends.
Perfect friends.
Maybe someday we'll grow to friends with potential.
Maybe someday that potential will take effect.
But for now I'll just have to love you from a distance.
YOU.
Just the way you are.
I love you.

Lauren Beasley

A Love Poem To Myself

I love the way you look at me
With intensity that could blind
As if nothing in the world matters
I'm the only thing on your mind

I love the way you turn shy and coy
When trying to express your heart
As if I couldn't already read your thoughts
(You forget, dear, I'm much too smart)

I love the way you break into song
Whenever a tune does appear
As if your life were a living musical
Every thought, a song I must hear

I love the way you listen to Streisand -
And Billy - and take pride in it
As if no one's opinion is of worth
'Cause you like them, and to that, you commit

I love the way small things excite you
Like fancy words and dumb puns
As if I'd written an impressive epic
By telling some jokes (and rather bad ones)

I love the way you love so entirely
And embrace me whenever we meet
As if I could ever think to leave you
With a beauty from heart to smile - complete

Lauren Beasley

Because You; But I

I was so happy just to be with you
even though I wasn't happy
I wanted so badly to be everything you wanted
'cause you were everything I had dreamed of
And despite the glaring red flags of our incompatibility
I wanted so desperately to make us work

Because you were all I wanted
but I was just another name to add to the list

I told myself we were meant to be
despite being reminded daily that we were not
I tried to conform to your every need
and thus decided mine weren't important
And I was blinded by the sweet talk
while being let down by empty promises

Because you were my first love
but I was just an experiment

You tried to change me
and I wished that you could
I desired to be your ideal woman
knowing full well I would never live up
And it hurt me then, realizing I'm not her
yet it hurts me more today

Because I'll never be perfect for you
but you're still perfect to me

Lauren Beasley

Class

Grinding voices droning on
Heavy eyelids drooping
Limp hands dragging pens
Head and shoulders stooping

Release a yawn, take a sip
Listen to the nonsense
Opinions blabbed to deaf ears
Heard somewhere in the distance

Glossy eyes gazing far
Feet shifting and tapping
Clock ticking, much too slowly
Face in crossed arms, napping

Shuffling papers and books
Anticipation mounting
Tired legs leaping up
At last, done minute-counting

Lauren Beasley

Cousins

Cousins are friends
That never part
Family by blood
But mostly at heart

They teach you things
And make you laugh
At times they are
Your other half

Cousins grow old
And move away
But they'll still love you
No matter the day

Whether young or old
A cousin is a friend
They were there at the start
They'll be there in the end

Lauren Beasley

Eyes

His eyes were still that gorgeous caramel hue
Just as I had remembered
No; better
I had forgotten how rapturing
They could be
Those eyes I used to get lost in
I could spend centuries
Gazing into those eyes
The way they sparkled
When he discussed his passions
The way they danced
When he revealed his heart
Those pools of molten gold
Like an overflow of his soul
They were more beautiful that day
Than they had been
In my memories
When his eyes would catch mine
And for a brief moment
I dwelt in his visual embrace
Reveling in the enchantment
And reliving the infatuation
I once fell victim to
In those eyes
Those marbles of dark honey,
Glassy, crystallized syrup
That shimmered in the sun
Smoldering embers
Burning still, with the passion
Of a since-squelched flame
That never completely died
His eyes whose gaze
I could not escape
Nor did I wish to leave
Those impeccable works of art
That sat beautifully framed
By the radiance of his face
I now cherish those moments
I was so undeservedly gifted

To behold, one last time,
Those mysterious and enticing droplets of amber
That would forever encapsulate
My admiration

Lauren Beasley

For Rachel Beard

The days move by
The years slip away
Till all of a sudden,
Your hairs are all gray

Yesterday, it seems,
You wore pigtails and bows
Now the struggles you face
On your own, no one knows

How did this happen?
Where did the time go?
We were just little girls,
Tell me, when did we grow?

The clock will tick on
No matter your pleas
For it to slow down
And give your life ease

Make the most of it now
You can't get it back
But look to the future
What you'll know then, you now lack

As life transitions,
Hold strong to the truth
He will love you forever,
Long after your youth

Lauren Beasley

Happy Birthday Mckenna

'Woof woof' said the wold
(That means 'McKenna, I love you! ')
Game of Thrones, video games,
And old literature too
These are the things that make you cool -
That make you truly unique
They're the things that make us laugh
Every time you speak
So, maybe you're wolf-crazy,
And maybe you play X-Box all day
But that's just who you are
And I wouldn't have it any other way
Enjoy your 20th birthday
Indulge in every whim
And on your special day, I say,
Indeed, have a grat tim

Lauren Beasley

Have You Ever Asked God

Have you ever asked God
To remove someone from your mind?
Their memory is too painful
To venture back and glance behind

You recall the times you had,
Sweet moments shared with them
But knowing they are gone
Tarnishes the beauty of that gem

To think of them and be sad
Would prove a greater crime
Than to never think of them again
For regret is a waste of time

Therefore, you would rather not
Have their face pop in your head
So if their memory just brings pain,
You ask God to remove the thought of them instead

Lauren Beasley

He Failed To See

He failed to see just how
Beautiful he was that day
He'd never felt the love
He had so often given away
Heart-broken
Too many times before
He chose to lock it up
Before it again hit the floor
The mirror he gazed into
Reflected former flings
Girls he so admired
But pushed him aside for better things
Never seeing his true value,
He instead closed the gate
Tried to hide how much
He wallowed in self-hate
The mask he wears says 'prideful'
The persona says 'self-centered'
But the costume came to pieces
When, once, a caring soul entered
He failed to see just how
Very much he had
The soul that called him perfect
Could never be more sad
His beauty was a mystery
But to only his own eyes
When praised, he scoffed the praiser
Disregarding his own demise
Perhaps a day will come
When a like-hearted being
Will show him his true value
And he'll believe what they've been seeing
But still he remains
Ignorant and cold
Because from the right person,
What he longs for hasn't been told
The affection he received
Couldn't have felt more wrong
For he wasn't ready to give

What he'd wanted all along
Being called perfect
Seemed more like a curse
He wasn't ready to accept
That love makes one's vision worse
The crooked way he saw himself
Didn't deserve a title like such
For the one who spoke, he saw crookedly too
And he could never care as much
Dozens of girls he so admired
Yet when admired in the same way,
He failed to see how beautiful
He was to her that day

Lauren Beasley

Here's A Poem

Here's a poem that doesn't rhyme
'Cause I remember you said you prefer those, one time
Oh shoot, I guess I just can't help it
But please, never mind that

Here's a poem for you
(As if there were not a dozen others)
But this one is actually meant for you eyes
And unlike all the others -
 my spewing of hatred
 my declarations of love
 my reminiscence
 my regret -
This one is actually kind

Here's a poem I'm realizing sucks
I write much better under other motives
Love and hatred inspire much better verse
Than contentment

Here's a poem I'm quickly regretting
But I must follow through
A useless rambling
-Yes I know
But there's a meaning in here
Somewhere...

Here's a poem to tell you
You're actually pretty great
Sometimes I wish you weren't;
Then it'd be easier
Not to be captured by your charm

Here's a poem of honesty
I can't pretend I'm where I want to be
 where I thought I'd be
 when I thought I'd be
But alas, here I am
And here is better than there

(that is, if there is the there of the past,
and not the there of the future,
for in that case,
I'd much rather be there)

Here's a poem of little cause
It doesn't mean much,
Yet here it is
So it must mean something
Perhaps it's just a pointless tangent
Perhaps it's an ineffective ploy
Or perhaps it's me saying thanks
-Thanks for forgiving and for showing me mercy
 as I learn how to forgive
-Thanks for being nice again
 and reminding me of how you're a great friend
But perhaps it's just another poem
To fall on deaf ears
And disinterested eyes

Here's a poem that's too hard to write
How can I say
Just what I'm feeling
When I'm not even sure of what that is
Myself
How can I say
I'm moving on
When I'm doing quite the opposite
How can I say
That my letting go
Requires my holding on
How can I say
That the hatred didn't work,
But the friendship did...
'Cause it's not supposed to work that way

Here's a poem to say I can't
I can't hate you - I just can't
And I can't stop caring about you either
-Once you mentioned that as a flaw
But I see now that it is not
You're one of those people

I'll always care about
I'll always want the best for you
And I'll always listen,
If you have something to say

Here's a poem to encourage you
You've been in my prayers
About every other night
And I'll admit -
It's not always easy
But I know that great things
Will come of you,
And from a distance,
I'll witness them

Here's a poem to say goodbye
While at the same time saying hello
Goodbye to the past
 -it was great, but it's gone
 and because of that, we move on
Hello to the new
 -a whole new chance
 to be what it should have been

Here's a poem of friendship?
I say that with a question
'Cause friendship's always been
A tricky thing
For people like us

Here's a poem of hope
To what the future brings
Success awaits us both
Yet on different paths
And while they weren't meant to be
Traversed side-by-side,
I'm glad our paths crossed for a bit
And for a while, we walked
Together in stride

Lauren Beasley

I Am Beautiful

I may not have the most striking features
The sharpest jaw
The biggest eyes
The fullest lips
But I am beautiful

I may not have the most stunning figure
The slimmest waist
The longest legs
The curviest hips
But I am beautiful

I have eyes that pierce
a face that welcomes
a smile that brightens
hands that grip
And because of that, I am beautiful

I have arms that hold
a chest that embraces
hips that dance
legs that skip
And because of that, I am beautiful

I may not have the most striking features
I may not have the most stunning figure
I may not be the perfect picture
But because of that,
I am beautiful

Lauren Beasley

I Miss Who You Were / But I Don'T Miss You

I miss who you were
But I don't miss you
This thing you've become
Is not who I knew

A monster walking
Here where you once stood
The kind thing you were
Is gone now for good

Your words that could kill
Your silence that stings
As the fangs break skin
Among other things

The venom, it drips
From tongue down to hands
And burns to the core
Wherever it lands

The glint in your eyes,
The caramel hue
Flashes red with hate
When I look at you

You had a kind soul
But black it has turned
This monstrosity
Killed the trust you earned

Behind gentle hands
The claws they did hide
Till they tore my flesh
And crushed my inside

The thing that you were
Is now what I miss
But now what you are
Will snarl and hiss

I don't recognize
Who you have become
A demon to me
An angel to some

A dragon behind
A beautiful face
Fire-breathing beast
Destroying this place

I loved the before
what you used to be
But hate who you are
And how you treat me

Lauren Beasley

I Sit In A Pew

I sit in a pew
I look studious
But do I hear you
As you speak to us?

A man reads God's word
Can't pay attention
My own thoughts I've heard
Causing great tension

Distractions, they mount
And pull me aside
Things to do, I count,
Ignoring my guide

Why is it mundane
To hear you word taught?
What have I to gain
From distracted thought?

Alas, I sit here
Think of other things
And wait til it's clear
What good this all brings

Lauren Beasley

I Talk To God About You / More Than I Talk To You

I talk to God about you
More than I talk to you
We discuss joy, and pain too,
As I ask Him what to do

And God, He always listens
When I share what grieves my heart
Until my spirit glistens,
He promises to never part

I ask Him to please guide me
And be with you as well
Let us live for his glory
And bring blessings of which to tell

I pray He makes you strong,
A godly, leading man
And keeps your life from wrong,
Giving you all the joy He can,

When I want to talk to you,
I talk to God instead
He knows just what I'm going through
And the chaos that lives in my head

So, know that sometimes it's hard,
But I pray for you a lot
'Cause my thoughts I can't disregard
So I bring to God all that I've got

Lauren Beasley

I Wonder

I wonder-
if I died
would you find all the poems
I wrote about you?
Would you read them
and weep
seeing what I've been through?
Would you be filled with grief
and cling to
every word?
Would you say
all the things
you wish
I had heard?
would you reread
all the letters
I've sent your way?
Would they
make you wish
you had chosen to stay?
Would you change
your mind
about your words
in the past?
Or would you
be given
closure at last?
Would you read
this poem
and know
who it's for?
Would you be sad
I can write
in verse no more?
Would you find this poem
and the dozens
you've inspired?
Would you even care
to read them

when my time
has expired?
Alas, I am living
and my words
still have breath.
These words
I should hope
will live long after
my death.
I wonder-
if I died
would you find all the poems
I wrote about you?
For now
I can only hope
that someday
you do.

Lauren Beasley

It Took Two Months...

It took two months to build this friendship
It took an hour to tear it down
I don't know why you had to end it
While I was still around

A foundation built so strong
On loyalty and trust
Was crumbling all along
'Cause you did what you felt you must

This structure formed so completely
Every piece a perfect match
Yet when rattled ever so slightly,
Shattered like an egg beginning to hatch

A relationship that started well
A fortress in which to confide
Until the first few bricks fell
And I had no where else to hide

Weeks of labor, hours of toil it took
To forge us - sweat and tears I remember
Then, like a earthquake we shook
In a flash, all that remained were embers

Lauren Beasley

Last To Leap

She built a nest,
That mother bird did
High up in a tree
From the world she hid
For weeks she gathered
Grasses and straw
To fluff up her nest
With all that she saw
She prepared a place
Safe from any harm
To lay eggs and wait
For nature's alarm
For months, it seemed
She sat in her nest
And cared for those eggs
Without any rest
Till one day, at last
A beak sprouted out
Excited, she danced
And let out a shout
As the wee birds hatched,
She brought them nice meals
Nothing compared to
How loving them feels
She watched them grow strong
And protected them
As wings grew broad
On her precious gem
Then the day came
Her babes had grown big
Her nest was too small
On that slim tree's twig
The first birdie crouched
And lifted its wings
It leapt to the sky
And soared near the springs
Mother bird then grinned
As she saw the success
Of the first little bird

That jumped from her nest
The next bird had courage
It was ready to leave
As it left, mother knew
All it would achieve
Then one little bird
Remained in her care
Her final baby
To soar through the air
As it neared the edge,
Its mother thought back
To the time she'd spent
Building this mere shack
She'd done her best to
Prepare for this day
Raised her babies right
So they could fly away
But now as she sat,
Her last babe all grown
She realized her nest
Was now only her own
So her last bird leapt
And raised its wings high
Mother shed a proud tear
As her babe reached the sky

Lauren Beasley

Life-Change In A Bookstore

Her clothes were nice
Outside, she looked good
But inside, she ached
No one knew, or ever would

She sought out help
In all the wrong places
Everywhere that she turned
She saw judgmental faces

Then she went driving,
Took a trip to the mall
But a new pair of shoes
Didn't help her at all

Then she saw a sign
The way of life, it claimed
She didn't know what that meant
Or to what it aimed

She opened the door
Was greeted with a 'Welcome' and smile
'Perhaps I'll stay, ' she thought
'At least for a short while.'

She browsed the gifts,
Picked up a nice book
A voice said, 'Can I help you? '
'No, thanks; I'll just look.'

She saw them at the front
In a circle, they stood
'Like to join us in prayer? '
'I would if I could.'

So they gathered around her
In prayer, lifted her up
They didn't know how much
They just filled up her cup

She left in peace
She felt different that day
Who knew that a bookstore
Could change her life that way

Lauren Beasley

Mixed Signals

I know I'm not the one
I just wanna have some fun
A chance to have it all
Before we part in the fall

So let's give it a whirl
Make me a happy girl
So much I've never known
Never experienced on my own

So, stop leading me on
If the chance I had is gone
You send such mixed vibes
Should I send silence or send bribes

We're friends, of course, no doubt
But the level is what I wonder about
Are you asking for my hand
Or seeking a friend - high in demand

My desperation is great
I fear I'll screw up our fate
Longing for more than what's meant
'Stead of the friendship on which we're bent

Still look at me the same
And smile when you say my name
But know when that smile hits your face
You're the reason my heart starts to race

In my head I've perfected
And the scenes I've directed
But in real life I struggle
Cause your heart I can't smuggle

So make up your mind now or tomorrow
End my self doubt, end my self sorrow
All I ask is you give me a chance
So come April 11, in your arms I can dance

Lauren Beasley

My Life Is Frustrating Me

My life is frustrating me
An ex friend keeps on hating me
Time is manipulating me
No one is dating me
My boss is evaluating me
A co-worker is irritating me
A boy is suffocating me
All I lack is fascinating me
The future is devastating me
My folks are interrogating me
Junky food is intoxicating me
The scale is humiliating me
My failures are celebrating me
Friends are alienating me
Defeat is anticipating me
Debt is awaiting me
The silence is grating me
This boring town is motivating me
Growing up is isolating me
Biased teachers are educating me
Policy is regulating me
Only pain is stimulating me
Hope of moving is liberating me
Those around aren't appreciating me
They might as well be terminating me
My job is aggravating me
Competitors are dominating me
School is deteriorating me
My past is discriminating me
A former fling is agitating me
My college is not accommodating me
My life is frustrating me

Lauren Beasley

My Old Coworkers

I can still hear Nikki squealing
Across the store, having dropped some books
And then her laugh, so bright and loud
As customers give concerned looks

I can still see Michael straightening
His OCD acting up for a while
As he makes some sarcastic, punny remark
Which inevitably makes me smile

I can still feel Barbara's loving touch
As she hugs me when most I need it
And welcomes me with 'Hello, Sunshine! '
Making me feel warmly greeted

I can still hear Jordan shuffling
Up and down the aisles, doing her task
Handling customers like a pro.
Answering everything I could ask

I can still see Jeremy's smile
As he appreciates my dumb jokes
Slaving away at the imprint machine
Enduring the stress it provokes

I can still feel the love and joy
I experienced in that place
Much of me is from that store, I now leave
But memories were made and will last by God's grace

Lauren Beasley

Nature's Drumline

Pit-pat, pit-pat
Droplets hitting a metal roof
Through the glass, lines are warped
The outside world seems aloof

Muffled noises amidst the roar
The colors blending to one
A river becomes of the ground below
Above, gray sheets hide the sun

A safe cocoon, warm resting place
To sit and take in the sound
Nature's drumline - her marching band
Accompanies the peace I've found

Lauren Beasley

Once Upon A Time

Once upon a time,
You cared about me
'Least that's what you said
What I chose to believe

Once you were kind
You treated me right
But bright moments can't
Make up for dark nights

Once upon a time,
I fell in love
My beloved was perfect
His words soared above

Once you were charming
A gentleman, no doubt
That's why I don't know
How this hate came about

Once upon a time,
You were my friend
Why did the niceness
Have to come to an end

Once you were sweet
Spoke gentle words
But sometimes they hurt
And that's all I heard

Once upon a time,
You told me you care
Your lips kissed my cheek
Your hand brushed my hair

Once I was foolish
Gave my heart away
I dumbly believed
All I heard you say

Once upon a time,
I thought you were nice
Till your words turned to knives
As your heart turned to ice

Once we enjoyed it
Remember those days
When we still had fun
All our cares swept away

Once upon a time,
You cared about me
Did the caring stop
Or the lie cease to be

Once I cared about you
What a dumb thing to do
Because now I see
You never cared too

Lauren Beasley

One Day

One day, I'll forget all the words that were spoken
One day, I won't remember every little detail
And one day, all I'll remember is
The reason that I told myself over and over
Until one day,
I finally believed it

But one day is not today
For today, I still remember every line from our script
I can still recall in vivid detail
Every scene of our story
But I cling to the hope of that one day
When I am no longer tortured to recall it all
And the recollection is of only a vague memory
Of the satisfying lie
I brainwashed myself into believing
To spare the agony of my detailed reality

Lauren Beasley

Open Book

She has many hidden stories
Inside her open book
It only takes a little digging
Before you're given a closer look

She appears to be closed off
Lots of secrets yet to be shared
But she'd tell you every detail
If you acted like you cared

No lock found on her diary
You need only turn the page
To discover what she's been holding in
Hoping someone would engage

Her door's not latched - it's open
A push will do the trick
And she'll let you inside her world
You'll learn everything real quick

So I tell you, she has no boundaries
Her book lies open on the table
You can read, there, every story
If only you're willing and able

Lauren Beasley

Post-Breakup In The 21st Century

And every time I hear my phone buzz,
I secretly hope it's you.
And 100 'likes' but none from you
might as well be one or two.
I still check my chat every once in a while,
just to see if you're
Wondering who you're up talking to,
when that face you're lookin at ain't mine.
And every time I hear a similar voice,
my heart skips a beat.
And when I see you in the distance,
my face can't hide the heat.
Every time I see you post
my chest pounds with anxiety.
I hope my posts do the same to you,
though that might be impropriety
I search your name but never follow,
just to see what you've updated.
Yet I expect you to like and comment
though most of your words I've hated.
And every time I hear a metal song,
I feel slightly sick inside.
And all the things you introduced me to
are ruined by my pride.
Even still, when this boy is texting me,
I wish it were my former boo.
I can't call anyone else my angel,
cause that title was always just for you.
A notification, and I feel
my subconscious hope begin to rise.
It'll never be from whom I want it to be,
still I look with wishful eyes.
A buzz, a beep, a bell, a boing
- remind me I'm not over us.
I'm tired of wishing you still acted friendly,
when all I do is fuss.
And every time I listen to Lullabye,
I'm reminded of you-know-who.
Sweet memories used to lull me to sleep,

now I stay up missing you.
You'll update your status,
perhaps it's something I should like.
Maybe if you see my name,
in your chest you'll feel a strike.
Sometimes I remember the hurt
and your name brings up the hatefulness.
Other times I reflect on sweet moments and
my heart somehow fills with gratefulness.
And every time I hear my phone buzz,
I secretly hope it's you.
Please just like my silly post;
I really hope you do.

Lauren Beasley

Similes

I miss the way your cheeks blush
Like roses blooming from a porcelain jaw
Or how you'd look around after telling a joke
Like a child peeking, thinking no one saw
I miss your fingers - long and strong
Like sturdy branches, swaying in the storm
Or how your calloused palms beat a rhythm
Like a nervous pup trying to keep warm
I miss the way you purse your lips
Like strawberries drying up in the sun
Or how your face wrinkles when you laugh
Like a sign of evidence that you'd had fun
I miss the calming tone of your voice
Like a roaring ocean - smooth and deep
Or how you walk light on your feet
Like a prancing gazelle - always ready to leap
I could use the most beautiful similes
To describe the little things you used to do
But the truth is, they can't describe in near enough detail
How much I miss you

Lauren Beasley

Space

You asked for space
I was reluctant to give
Afraid of what that meant
Didn't know where that would end
So you created the space
Wedged a gap
One to never again be filled
An action to never be taken back
So maybe you're a little lonely
You realize you've no one left
Too bad I still have it all
Too bad you actually lost the bet
But I can't be your friend
I can't do that to myself
Not yet, at least
And perhaps I never will
But for the time being
I need to be left alone
This time it's me asking for space
Space to heal and feel at home
The heart you broke is still broken
It's still trying to mend
There's something you don't understand
You just can't seem to get
Every friendly outreach
Is just a twist of the knife
How can I heal
When you keep popping into my life
You hurt me
I need you to realize that
I don't care if you're lonely
I don't care if you're sad
I've felt worse
Because of you
Maybe it's time
That you hurt too
So please stop talking
Let me be
If you need someone to chat with

Don't choose me
Bridges I don't want burned
But no traversing needs to occur
Give me space and time
To apply what I've learned
Too bad if you miss it
Too bad if you regret
This broken heart you caused
Is trying to do what's best
I asked for space
You were reluctant to give
Afraid of what that meant
Didn't know where that would end

Lauren Beasley

Spring

A time of transformation
A time of reflection
As flowers bloom
Into glorious perfection

Sweet songs are sung
By my feathered friends
How I missed their dear melodies
In days of fierce winds

Earth is beginning
To make a change
As bleak and black shift
Into a more colorful range

A time of rebirth
A time of rededication
Perhaps a time
Of renunciation

As Earth sheds her coat
Of clouds and of cold
Suppose we as well
Should forsake ways of old

Winter thoughts -
Sad and gloomy -
Shall turn to spring thoughts,
Both glad and roomy

Partners in life
May change their position
Once potential lovers,
Now friends by tradition

Inhale the new air
Acknowledge Earth's breath
As she makes an effort
To wake from death

A time to think back
A time to remember
All the mistakes you made
And turn them to ember

Move on from now
Take note from the tree
Her old leaves were shed
But now blossoms she sees

Life makes a change
But 'tis life none the less
Though pain she does bring,
Feel life's gentle caress

Though at times it is hard
To see meaning in storms
Know they bring beauty
When a new season forms

The cold gave us
New appreciation
For the little signs
Of Earth's recreation

A flower bud before
Might have been neglected
But now it brings joy
And will not be rejected

A time of hope
A time of laughter
Looking ahead
To the warmth hereafter

Accepting new roles
Both outside and in
A shift for the better
And forgetting our sin

Life, love

Inspiration
All brought to me now
In spring's admiration

Lauren Beasley

Sweet But Short

Short and sweet,
Sweet but short
Love at last
Or a last resort?

Friends forever
But never friends
True love lasts
Until true love ends

Keep it simple
Simply a mess
Love from the heart
Causes heart stress

Two peas in a pod
Mind your own Qs and Ps
Easy to love
Yet let go with ease

Heaven-made match
Matches hell's heat
Queen to his king
Or king of deceit?

Hopeless romantic
Hopeful doubter
Voices speak words
Actions speak louder

Love is blind
Blind leads another
Attached at the hip
Disattached brother

Live to love
Love, yet live
The best gift
You'll never give

Lauren Beasley

The Everyday Wish Of The Over-Thinker

Can you tell your brain
To shut up for a minute?
To stop the analyzing
Of more than what is in it
To flip a simple switch
Would bring me such great joy
To turn off for a day
Like a little child's toy
The wheels, they crank and turn
And cause such agony
Finding hidden meanings in
What's meant to be funny
But you can't stop the voices
They nag and they prod
They make you think you're crazy-
You're the only one that's odd
To have a conversation
Without hidden agendas
That require my decoding,
Would bring the joy silence does
The brain will keep rambling
And say 'did he mean that? '
It will tell you stupid things
Like: 'he really thinks you're fat.'
If I could shut it off
Even for a moment
My mind would be much saner,
But still without atonement
Alas, you cannot turn off
You only can tune out
But can't stop analyzing
That which you care about

Lauren Beasley

The Little Things

I love the way it sounds
When I run my nails
Up and down the piano keys
Or how the scent of a loved one
Lingers on your hands
After they've gone
I love how in dead silence
You hear nothing so loudly
The slightest brushing of fabric
Its own symphony
When I sit in my car
After coming home
And in the dark,
Listen to the engine tick
As it and I wind down
And breathe a sigh of relief
After a long day
I love when it rains all at once
And is over
Before you can acknowledge it
How the pavement smells
After a brief storm
And steams in the glaring sun
I love when I hear
The shuffling of feet behind me
And know exactly who it is
That is making an approach
Or the sound that scissors make
As strands of your hair
Are carefully trimmed away
I love the way my bed feels
When I come home from a long trip
The cool sheets
Soft and familiar
Envelope the burdens of travel
And smell sweetly like home
When a room is quiet
And you hear the gentle ticking
Of a clock somewhere

In a forgotten corner
Reminding that you may stop the noise
But life, like time, moves on
I love the soft glow
Of a naturally lit room
As the afternoon sun
Illuminates gently
Through thin white curtains
I love how I can be satisfied
With the little things in life
Much too often over-looked
But admired by me
For their individually distinct beauty

Lauren Beasley

The Places We Fall In Love

Park benches, parking lots
Back hallways, and basements
Summer nights, stroll through town,
Picnics, and hot pavement
Loud concerts, late night drives
Shopping malls, and shoe stores
Fast food runs, foreign feasts,
Couches, carpeted floors
Barnes and Noble, backyards,
Kitchens, and cozy cars
Lunchtime breaks, long slow songs,
Starbucks, and sky of stars

Lauren Beasley

The Three Musketeers

A friend in times of trouble
Always a listening ear
And when something good happens
You're always the first to hear

No judgement in our friendship
But advice we're free to share
And when we voice a concern
It's only because we care

An interesting dynamic -
Our friendship in three parts -
But somehow it all works
Because of our similar hearts

Our paths may mix and mingle,
They may go separate ways
But we'll always be here for each other
Forever and always

Lauren Beasley

The World Around Was Still

The world around was still
But her head was spinning on
In a silence that could kill,
The voices screamed until dawn
And in the dead of night
She felt the pain of all her life
That space devoid of light
Was glowing compared to her strife
She could not diverge the thought
On things of half a year since
Awake in her bed, she fought
Each jab to herself caused a wince
Yet no one could hear her cries
The battle waged only in mind
Till at last, she succumbed to sweet lies
And for a breath, left the storm behind

Lauren Beasley

There's A Reason

There's a reason why I still haven't
deleted your name from my phone
And there's a reason why I still haven't
erased all those messages you sent
For what good is it
to remove your name
when it still dances
in my head
And what good is it
to forsake your words
when I'll still cling to them
instead
Because deleting your name
would just mean
I finally be all alone
And erasing your messages
would just mean
I can no longer see what you meant
I'm not ready
I'm scared
To let go of the past
I'm holding on
I can't be free
Till I let you go at last
There's a reason why I still
am a fool when it comes to you
There's a reason why I still
recall happy times we shared
There's a reason why
you didn't love me too
There's a reason why
I always wished you cared
There's a reason
There's a reason

Lauren Beasley

Two Sides

Your callous hands held my heart
Your callous heart broke it
Heartless you were with my feelings
Heart-less I am now without one

Your cold fingers stroked my arm
Your cold heart twisted it
Your cleaving gave me hope
But your cleaving brought me despair

Your heated passion held me close
Your heated temper pushed me away
You were careless then with my emotions
I couldn't care less now if you're hurting

Your available shoulder caught my tears
Your cold shoulder caused them
Meaningless were my words to you
Yours are meaning less to me every day

Your sharp wit caused us to cut up
Your sharp tongue cut up my heart
Dashing, once, I thought you were
Dashing my hopes, you were at last

Lauren Beasley

Typewriter

Left alignment
Single space
Old Courier typeface
A clump of text
One column
Pounded out with no grace
Initials placed
Bottom left
A date in bottom right
Classical look
Modern text
A complex yet clear sight
Each letter tailed
Black and crisp
Remnants of removal
Sensual lines
Bold format
Begging our approval
The page appeals
Senses pleased
The machine does its task
An old method
Used today
Conveys all that we ask

Lauren Beasley

When I'M With You

When I'm with you, I feel amazing
On top of the world - above the clouds
And every other cliché you can think of

The stresses of life don't matter
All I can think of is here and now
Everything I worried about -
All the stupid things I over analyzed -
They melt away when I see your face

When I'm with you, I feel amazing
It's when I'm alone that things go downhill
I begin to think - a dangerous thing to do
Because when one starts to think, they very seldom are able to stop it

My mind in its lonesome is my worst enemy
The part of me that craves interaction grows anxious and needy
I reach out, hoping to fill my desires
Only, in rejection, I end up feeling much worse

When I'm with you, I feel amazing
When I am with myself, I am filled with remorse
Constantly feeling bad for my own needs
Needs that you can't willingly fulfill

I know if I do nothing, I will feel alone
Contemplation
Do I ask?
If the answer is yes, I shall be satisfied in elation
If the answer is no...

The answer is always no
Every time I contemplate asking, I know the answer will be no
Yet, I hold onto the hope that perhaps, this time, it will be yes

Alas it is always no
And so I leave feeling worse than I began
My loneliness is doubled by rejection
I feel bad for my neediness

I feel bad for making you turn me away, because I know you can't say yes
You have your own needs too

Why do I ask when I know I shall feel worse after asking

When I'm with you, I feel amazing
Just your presence, without a spoken word, calms me
A look
A glance
Enough to satisfy me

I hate that I crave more than you can give me
I hate that I pressure you and cause you to feel bad, knowing you cannot give
me what I want
I hate that this isn't as organic as it should be

But then again, when I'm with you, I feel amazing
When I'm with you, everything comes naturally
Real, open, blunt, and beautiful

It's when I'm alone that I forget how amazing I feel when I'm with you
When I'm with you, I don't think about stupid things
All that's on my mind is how I feel
And I want to feel that way all the time

When I'm with you, I feel amazing
That's why I hate not being with you
That's why my mind goes crazy when we're apart
But I know what you need
And I'm sorry I ruin the amazing feeling with my badgering

Affectionate
What I've been called
Affection
What I desire to give
What I desire to receive
What you've given me
The feeling I wish to keep even when you're not with me

When I'm with you, I feel amazing
And that's all that really matters

Lauren Beasley

When You Touch A Photo

When you touch a photo
Of a forgotten face
And recall how it felt
To feel their embrace
You're reminded it happened
The memories are real
Though it feels like a dream
Too distant to feel
The emotions come flooding
The thoughts all come back
Once, you suppressed them
But that strength you now lack
A trip back in time
You relive for a bit
That which you'd forgotten
And what you tried to forget
You hold the photo close
It's all you have left
To remind you of the joy
Of which you're bereft
A forgotten face
To be forgotten again
Till you run across it once more
And let the cycle begin

Lauren Beasley

You Are

You are my friend
 when I have none
You are a warm hug
 when I need one
You are an ear
 when no one can hear me
You are my companion
 when no one is near me
You are a pillow
 when I need rest
You are my peace
 when I am stressed
You are a shelter
 when I see rain
You are my comfort
 when I feel pain
You are a father
 when mine is far
You are a voice
 when mine is sub-par
You are shoulder
 when I need to cry
You are an embrace
 when I come to die
You are a map
 when I am lost
You are a judge
 when I am crossed
You are a king
 when I need to be lead
You are my savior
 when to me, I am dead

Lauren Beasley

You May Look At Me

You may look at me
But don't look too close
I'm afraid you'll see
What I find so gross

With all stripped away
I feel so exposed
I don't think you'll stay
Seeing what's enclosed

I hid so much pain
Behind layers, thick
They cover a stain
The sight makes me sick

Look closely and see
My flaws and my shame
Unable to be
Proud of my own name

Instead, please stay far
Look only in glance
Right here where we are
I don't stand a chance

You're safe over there
And I'm safe that way
I hope you won't dare
Look closely today

Lauren Beasley

You'Re Not Even Part Of My Life Anymore

You're not even part of my life anymore
Yet you haunt me everyday
I thought distance could heal every wound and sore,
But they hurt more in every way

Communication has dropped as time elapses
I thought I wouldn't think about you
But I find that my heart without you collapses
And the wound, it only grew

I feel so alone - not knowing a soul
And my mind wanders about
I think of the one who used to make me whole
Before my heart was ripped out

I wish I could meet your replacement already
And get my mind off the past
Someone who would be my strong and steady
Who, unlike you, would last

Lauren Beasley

You've Inspired Too Many Letters...

You've inspired too many letters
too many poems
too many songs
To be someone I can't even consider a friend
If only you knew how many words I have written because of you
How many thoughts I've had because of you
How many tears I've cried because of you...
Which will never be revealed to you
You've inspired too many lines
To be worthy of them
For someone who will never hear my words,
You've inspired too many of them

Lauren Beasley