

Poetry Series

Nicole Gearhart
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

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

Nicole Gearhart()

Alone

Alone I sit at home

Alone I sit in the dark

Alone I sit and wonder

Alone I sit and hope

Alone I wish you would realize what you are missing

Alone I don't say a thing

Alone I wonder who I am

People sitting alone in the rain

Nicole Gearhart

I Want To Help

My heart on fire burns the pain of your life
The thought of what you do goes through my mind
Wish I could get rid of that ugly knife
You don't want my help though I am inclined.

It will get worse before it gets better
As I try to get help for the troubles
As you sit there you write me a letter
Oh, How I sit there and blow some bubbles.

The memories try to get themselves free
Looking at you brings them back to my mind
By doing this you will be mad at me
By doing this it will set me behind.

Your problems of your life come onto mine
I hope this poem will be a great sign.

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May Rain

The cold dark May rain
Puddles on the wet black road
Wet cars going by.

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Rain Storm

Rain storms are very loud
Rain storms keep the ground very wet
The sky lights up bright

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