

Poetry Series

**Vivian Nguyen**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2014

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Vivian Nguyen(03/26/95)

English was my favorite subject all through middle and high school. I became inspired to write poetry because my English teachers had given me while, the best grades, also the best regards on my writing. While writing stories, I then looked up to writing poetry because of words rhyming. I also loved having inspiration by my own life! I have an illness, encephalitis, which gives me a hard time to remember while what to write, also even words here and there! My thoughts roll off of my mind in just a split second! I do try, of course, with my love of this subject.

# A Pencil In Hand

There's a pencil in hand,  
With thoughts have gone by,  
My paper is bare,  
But I know I must try.

There's a pencil in hand,  
My mind is just blank,  
So might I have thoughts?  
My dead head, what a prank!

There's a pencil in hand,  
Why not ask around,  
For a simple clue,  
I just need more nouns!

There's a pencil in hand,  
For a paper to write,  
Could anyone help me?  
Just please, by tonight?

There's a pencil in hand,  
Mom asks to go to bed,  
I frown down, groaning,  
What's up with my head?

There's a pencil in hand,  
So, please, please, might I ask,  
Why just a just a paper,  
For me to a hard task? !

Vivian Nguyen

# A Sweet Wind Whistles

Giggles and smiles,  
A sweet melody,  
Such pretty styles.

A sweet wind whistles,  
With chirps from young birds,  
Such tunes gives bright eyes,  
Love is a swell word.

A sweet wind whistles,  
Such a sugared tune,  
Going through hearts,  
With a gentle croon.

A sweet wind whistles,  
Secrets are revealed,  
Just for sweet darlings,

Nothing is concealed.  
A sweet wind whistles,  
Memories are made,  
Pictures for lovers,  
And badness just fades.

Vivian Nguyen

# Blocks In Mind

Blocks break on my mind,  
Then they jump on my essay,  
While during their ramble,  
My eyes see just gray.

Blocks break on my mind,  
They kick and they punch,  
I sigh as I try,  
By my, what a munch.

Blocks break on my mind,  
As I cry, I whisper softly,  
"Why is my mind not working? "  
I know it's me feeling awfully.

Blocks break on my mind,  
Mommy wipes all of my tears,  
She looks at me sweetly,  
And whispers, "Vi, no fears! "

Blocks break on my mind,  
But Mom breaks blocks when tears gone,  
So with no blocks in my mind,  
My mind shall turn on.

Blocks broken now,  
So I know who I'll thank,  
But first I'll finish,  
That paper being blank.

"Mommy, I'm done! ", I shout,  
And I sigh as she gives me,  
No hugs but a look,  
"You need better degrees! "

Vivian Nguyen

# Blooming Spring's Charms

Some drips of water,  
Sunlight just flourish,  
So flowers blossom,  
What a pretty dish.

A garden, pleasant,  
Such pretty, neat sight,  
Fresh colors and scents,  
Then flowers excite.

Spring is then blooming,  
For ventures to sweet,  
Beauties on such course,  
Of course to be neat.

Charming breezes flow,  
Through the gracious sky,  
With birds whistling,  
Such darlings, they fly.

Elegance is felt,  
Because, while now spring,  
The nature is grand,  
It brings such a ring.

Closing eyes gently,  
We'll feel now no harms,  
Clasping hands closely,  
Let's cherish the charms.

Vivian Nguyen

# Hurt By Words

I am very hurt,  
You'd told me a lie,  
Your words were nice once,  
Then they had me cry.

I am very hurt,  
A lie so, so strong,  
You'd told me: 'just us',  
That was an ill song.

I am very hurt,  
By one simple lie,  
I stayed for too long,  
Though, I can't ask: 'why'.

I am very hurt,  
My tears are for you,  
They were very loud,  
Cried out like a screw.

I am very hurt,  
You'd never heard me,  
Who cried just 'for us',  
Those words on your knee.

I am very hurt,  
My loud tears, not heard,  
Hurt more than bleeding,  
To you: me, absurd...?

Vivian Nguyen

# Macleano The Lion

There once was a lion,  
Macleano's his name,  
But not able to roar,  
He felt so ashamed!

There once was a lion,  
Who sadly couldn't roar,  
He tried, tried so too much,  
That his throat became soar.

There once was a lion,  
Who had others laugh at him,  
They teased, mocked, snickered,  
"This lion's, no limbs! "

There once was a lion,  
He cried out, "No limbs, why? "  
That he heard a girl's words,  
"Well, at least you did try! "

There once was a lion,  
And a girl smiling,  
She was with Macleano,  
Said, 'You have styling! '

There once was a lion,  
And there that charming girl,  
Vi was her nickname,  
She seemed sweet as a pearl!

There once was a lion,  
Embarrassed he then cried,  
Vi sighed, wiping his tears,  
"Again, again: you had tried! "

There once was a lion,  
Vi, he'd never had known,  
He told her, "I can't work! "  
"Tried, so you CAN! " Vi groaned.

There once was a lion,  
He sighed to his limbs,  
"I just cannot roar! "  
But then Vi crowned him!

There once was a lion,  
Macleano, now a crown?  
That crown was from this Vi,  
Who grinned, "Now, no more frowns! "

There once was a lion,  
He asked, " How, no frowns? "  
Vi then chuckled back,  
"Who has those with crowns? "

There once was a lion,  
With a crown just for trying,  
Vi had told him he deserved it,  
And of course she was not lying.

There once was a lion,  
With a crown from sweet Vi,  
Macleano had just tried?  
How else would it be?

There once was a lion,  
And then others saw,  
Vi with Macleano,  
They wanted to claw!

There once was a lion,  
Macleano then growled,  
He then had strong feelings,  
So he let out a roar!

There once was a lion,  
Who never could roar,  
But now with reason,  
Macleano not soar!

There once was a lion,

He had fought for himself,  
And his sweet, charming girl,  
Those others now on shelf.

There once was Macleano,  
Vi had taught him to roar,  
Now that he could fight,  
Others asked for no war.

Vivian Nguyen

# My Harmonized World

The world spins all around,  
My eyes roll up and down,  
With ears to hear so much,  
I'll try to fix my sad frown.

The world spins all around,  
I'll say, 'ready, set, go',  
With a strong mind set on,  
I shall not say, 'no, no! '.

The world spins all around,  
When I watch all throughout,  
I'll see many showings,  
And I'll learn with no doubt.

The world spins all around,  
I'll breathe better in time,  
Walls shall fall, crash, and break,  
But I shall know how to climb.

The world spins all around,  
But no matter, I will know,  
How to push to the limit,  
With thoughts of to just grow.

The world spins all around,  
While I move and I grow,  
I'll be independent,  
Never then shall I be low.

The world spins all around,  
My heart beats like a drum,  
That is my sweet harmony,  
Different tastes shall then come...!

Vivian Nguyen

# Once Upon A Bear

Once upon a time,  
There was a stuffed bear,  
Who laid with a girl,  
None other compared.

This stuffed bear loved his girl,  
Whom would hug and kiss,  
Her dearest stuffed bear,  
Who gave him such bliss.

Named Thomas, this bear,  
His girl's father's name,  
His name, Thomas loved,  
He felt such a claim!

Thomas grew adored,  
By his girl's arms, kept,  
Her bear always near,  
She'd never neglect.

Sweet dreams just fancied,  
Those hugs and kisses,  
Thomas just adored,  
He felt Mr., Mrs.!

A bear to be loved,  
Thomas felt such pride,  
Loved those hugs, kisses,  
This bear never cried!

Thomas has a bond,  
With a loving friend,  
Happily after,  
Together, sweet end.

Vivian Nguyen

# Shopping With Mommy

Mommy and I went shopping,  
By all means, just sales,  
Of course we did so,  
Shh, shh: Asians' tales!

Mommy and I went shopping,  
We skipped through new shows,  
And recovered such clearance,  
Then danced on our toes!

Mommy and I went shopping,  
But bags were not full,  
More sales we sprang through,  
We just had to pull, pull!

Mommy and I went shopping,  
Much water we drank,  
As we had bounced, seeing sales,  
Knowing we wouldn't hurt our bank!

Mommy and I went shopping,  
While finally tired,  
We looked at our full bags,  
And smiled while admired.

Vivian Nguyen

# Sweet A Sweat

I want to weep,  
But I cannot.  
My tears are blocked,  
In such a hard pot.

Seeing no light,  
Is just too hard.  
Blackness in me,  
I am so scarred.

While I'm shameful,  
My head's laid down.  
Having such pain,  
With a fixed frown.

With thoughts on fire,  
I see no hope.  
My body's heavy,  
Clings on a rope.

Those strings burn so,  
Scratching my fingers,  
With such a sweat,  
I all just lingers.

But then I remember,  
There is God here with me.  
He looks down on me,  
And gives me wings.  
And so seeing such,  
I know now my king.

God wipes my frown off,  
And shifts up my head.  
I feel gracious now,  
Knowing I'd been led.

With Him inside me,  
I'd run clear in style.

Prayers shall be said,  
Of course, for awhile.

Nodding me through,  
God gives me straight paths.  
I pray much, of course,  
In sweet bubble baths!

Vivian Nguyen

# There Once Was...

There once was a girl,  
This girl had papers,  
She wanted to write,  
But thoughts were vapor.

This girl's mind was just blank,  
While just thoughts in and out,  
Trying was while so hard,  
No words just came about.

But then her pencil woke up,  
And it then roused up strongly,  
Blank pages were then attacked.  
Words kept through, no wrongly!

That girl gripped her pencil,  
And so words just flew out,  
That pencil just kept on,  
Pages casting about!

When seeing no more voids,  
This girl then had no sighs,  
With pages so, so fine,  
Such graces to ones' eyes.

While turning in papers,  
This girl stood with such pride,  
Holding her pencil up,  
She explained it: her guide.

That strong scout this girl kept,  
So to all she conceded,  
To her teachers and classmates,  
A strong pencil was needed!

Vivian Nguyen

# Thus Such Vision

With such a peek,  
Just a quick glance,  
Eyes back and forth,  
Them, pretty dance.

Such bubbly words,  
Paper on fire,  
With a rhythm,  
Now, desire.

Now no just glimpse,  
Vision just right,  
With no gander,  
Eyes held on tight.

Blinks were now slow,  
Then final breaths,  
Eyes straight forward,  
Papers as flesh.

Thus such vision,  
With tells for words,  
No need look back,  
Eyes for records.

Vivian Nguyen

# Tuned Girl With Her Dogs

There once was a girl,  
Who just loved to sing.  
She carried sweet songs,  
With honeyed, soft rings.

There once was a girl,  
With such a charmed voice,  
She sang everywhere,  
Her songs would rejoice.

There once was a girl,  
Who would work and sing,  
This girl heard a bark,  
Oh, what a snapped ring!

There once was a girl,  
Who met two black dogs.  
They had heard her tunes,  
So these dogs jumped as frogs!

There once was a girl,  
Who had dogs licking her,  
She'd then hug them back,  
Just to show love sure,

There once was a girl,  
Who had dogs in her heart,  
Those cuties, her tune,  
Feeling never apart!

There once was a girl,  
Now loving these pups.  
She'd sing to them such,  
They'd dance, oh what ups!

There once was a girl,  
Her dogs by her side,  
She sang to them much,  
While, in or outside!

There once was a girl,  
Who would hum melodies,  
And when hear knowing barks,  
For her dogs, specialties!

There once was a girl,  
Who'd walked her beauties,  
She'd sing while walking,  
Of course such sweet duties!

There once was a girl,  
With a voice for her grace,  
They would yip-yap her tunes,  
Those barks were embrace.

There once was a girl,  
And a harmony too,  
Her dogs were her tune,  
She sang while they'd grew.

There once was a girl,  
With dogs always in mind,  
Tune, melody, lyrics,  
Each piece would be kind.

There once was a girl,  
With her tuned up dogs together,  
She'd have such a sweet heart,  
They'd all sing forever (and ever) !

Vivian Nguyen

# Two Colors For One

The sun shines brightly,  
Through the rich blue sky,  
Birds dancing off clouds,  
Chirping, oh so high.

Red hearts beat hardly,  
Lovers see through eyes,  
Then kisses in motion,  
Emotions such prize.

No wind is blowing,  
Dreams are not broken,  
In blue skies, red hearts,  
Such weather is token.

Miles of such love,  
Smiles, giggles, grins,  
Pictures of such hugs,  
Happy sighs of such wins.

Red hearts through blue skies,  
There are colors mixed,  
What such truly arts,  
Purple is there fixed.

Vivian Nguyen