

dear readers,

the most comforting thing
i have found in my life
was the fact that i could
live thousands of lives
in my short twenty-one years
some are better than others
but i wouldn't trade any of them

i want everyone to understand what
books change in my life
whoever is reading this
i know you are here because you love reading
there is always a poem for someone
and i hope that my poems hit the
mark for everyone.

i have picked poems
either about my favorite books
or based on them
they won't fully make sense
but they will be fun to read
they will take the stories i love
and spread them to a wider audience
i know not everyone will want to read
about serial killers
or teens looking for a dead welsh king

i hope that you know the classics
that inspire my last piece
as a writer of novels myself
i thought to play with the old
to bring in the new

in the following poems
i hope i can make you live
many more lives
at least five would be enough
as i have lived thousands of

lives in my short years
i have some that i have loved more than others
but i wouldn't trade any of them
as you see
i have been:
a girl fighting
 for the king in my dreams
a man trying to shut down an orphanage
 But i fell in love with the kids instead
a girl in heaven
 watching her family cope
a witch falling in love with the princess
a girl just trying to find her sister
a boy thrust into a prophecy
 that was told before i was born
a psychic's daughter with a fate
 to kill my true love
a shell trapped in a satellite
 with only myself for company
a twin who wasn't
 with a uncle as a dad
a girl taken away from her family
 because of powers that made them forget
a boy trying to outrun his past
 but ended up finding a family instead
a villain that fell in love with the hero

i have had so many lives
 and i will continue to have more

1. Lust

You had just finished your masterpiece

Many artists have masterpieces,
That they took the time to create.
 But yours is special,
Her vibrant colors flowing,

The texture of the hair etched,
Your masterpiece

She had started as just a little feel-good piece
But quickly became more.

She's the blueprint
For the others that are craved next,
But You can never recreate your masterpiece.

The next one is not the same
Even though You did everything right.

You set down your tools.
You need to start the next attempt.
You know though
You will never get the
Honey golden hair,
Eyes of cornflowers,
Delicate porcelain skin,

You stare at the effort
You put in to make her perfect
You start to see the flaws:

Her eyes forever locked in a wide shock,
a pine green,
not a flower-blue
Which just won't do.
You need to get the next.
She will be perfect.

The color won't be off anymore.
You will get the honey without the red matting it.
You will have the clear blue
Not the stained-glass green
She will be fresh,
Just not your masterpiece

You pick up your piece,
You need to present it for the world to see,

Though it's not dry yet.
The sound the red makes

As it

d

r

i

p

s

d

r

i

p

s

to the floor.

But no matter,
The floor was already stained with your other
Trials.

Hopefully, the world will be able
To see this creation
And not make You the monster.

2. **Watching him**

Tonight is a *night*,
freezing the tip of her fingers,
gloves fraying after her bad job,
wanting to have a trashy chic look rather than cool.

Her aunt can see what they are there for,
watching the decaying journey to death,
until she looked up to the corpse road.

The boy was standing in the middle,
as if waiting for her,
as if the way wasn't clear.

She goes to him,
asking his name,
searching his clothes for identification,
as a rain from a time that hasn't come
soaks his sweater.

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Gansey"

"Is that all?"

"That's all there is."

After that line,
he falls to the cold dirt,
a soundless gesture,
as she stands there,
fading into the church,
watching him die.

3. Then straight on till morning

From the cotton candy clouds,
to the cerulean lagoons.

From the bustling town
filled with pirates off
The Jolly Roger
and their captain
with a hook for a hand.

From the ticking,
and tocking
of the crocodile
in the bay.

From the lost boys playing
in the hollow tree they call home.

From the fairies that have
faith,
trust,
and pixie dust.

From the young boy grabbing her hand.

From the window that always
stays open,

From the stories that are
Told every night.

But this isn't the second star to the right,
this is just London
with its clouds of smog,
and the River Thames
that runs more brown than blue.

The boy holding her hand
was just her little brother
wanting a story to be told
about a boy who flies,
about where he will take them
when he comes through the window
bearing no shadow
and a fear of growing up.

4. No beginnings, no ends

The princess waits in the tower,
The prince is lost in the woods.
The boy didn't sell his cow for beans,
The giant is left unbothered.
The mermaid never fell in love,
The prince died in the shipwreck.
The grandmother never got sick,
The girl never went into the woods.
The princess sleeps in a covered bed,
The prince is stabbed by thorns.
The twins never lost their dad,
The witch remained hungry.
The bears are sitting in unbroken chairs,
The girl never knew what was right.
The straw was never spun into gold,
The girl is still just a miller's daughter.
The princess is killed by the queen,
The dwarves are hard at work in the mines.
The maiden is cleaning her own house,
The prince is forced to marry another.
The man is forever trapped for a single rose,
The beauty stays in her quiet little village.

The stories are left untold
as they never started.
The characters never got
their beginnings,
their middles,
or their ends.
If they don't find the one
thing that can move
The story forward,
they are trapped, and

Their stories will forever be left untold.

5. Words on a Page

There once was a girl
who fell in love with words
on a page.

The books would bring her
comfort like no others
could.

The words were an escape
to worlds far better than her own
where she could be whoever she wanted.

The characters were her friends
and they understood
that she was an extraordinary person.

The only worry is the dresses
that will be worn to balls
with suitors there to take her away.

The world can be unfair
with the rules and regulations
that they think that they can throw.

Escape to cope
Escape to live
Escape to be.

They won't love you back
her parents would say
as she sat inside all day.

She could be called a nerd
but she doesn't see it that way
or why it was bad.

She didn't have to stress
that her friends were mad
or if she even had any.

There were no tests to study for
no boys to impress
no chores to do.