

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Isabel Ramos: Two Poems

Isabel Ramos · Wednesday, June 19th, 2019

School City

I sit here looking at the bright lights of the city knowing that I don't belong here yet a little piece of me wants to belong here I want to try to fit in but there's no way of me fitting in anywhere that I'm not wanted it's really hard sometimes when you know you don't belong, to be in a place where people say you do belong when it's all lies if people are honest and straightforward the world would be heinous and disgusting but as long as the truth is out you're okay. you want to turn up blind eye to certain situations that you are in but you need to face the situation is to become a better you sometimes you just wanna go in a hole and die sadly that is not an option so you're still sitting here in the dark looking at the city lights you know you don't belong and yet a little piece of you knows you want to belong

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That One Pink Rose

Today i went on a walk, I picked a pink rose,
the rose reminded me of my great grandma.
She loved pink and her pink roses.
Whenever we picked her flowers she'd chase us
to scold us not to pick them cause they wilt.
This afternoon i just missed her cause she seemed
like the only person that actually wanted me around,
the only one that sensed that my world was crumbling,
she saved me from my mother's hatred...

As I continued my walk I ended at a church,
I sat there looking at the rose till a little girl
and her family came in and sat next to me,
the girl looked at the rose then at me,
I smiled and so did she.
I handed her the rose and then left.
That little girl has something in her
that made me want to give her the pink rose
She reminded me of my great grandma

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