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My Perspective

Poem 17/10

Her heart is growing old
Yet she is so young
Her hands are wearing out
And her brain is high strung
Her soul is aging quickly
Even though she hasn't lived her life
She is slowly dying
But all she does is lie

She lies about her sadness
She lies about her past
She says she is completely fine
But here she is on her deathbed

She knows that she is dying
Yet her habits do not rest
With each drop of blood she spills
Come tears of new regrets

When she takes the last step
And blows her brain to bits
All the trapped happiness escapes her
Her soul is at bliss

She wished for this when she was five
Again when she was thirteen
At seventeen now she takes the step
It is her destiny

Maybe she could have changed it
Maybe she should've tried
But all she ever wanted
Was to die

Poem 3/10

If you look at the stars
You will see them cluttered among
Holding one another
So tight
That it is as if they are holding together the whole sky

If you look up at the stars
You will see a vast empty space of luring darkness
So welcoming
Yet so frightening
All at once

If you look up at the stars
And you look directly between them
That is where I am from
The beautiful darkness
By beautiful light