

5-1-2001

I Wrote You a Poem

Katie Blackwelder
NSU University School

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Recommended Citation

Blackwelder, Katie (2001) "I Wrote You a Poem," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 8 , Article 54.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol8/iss1/54

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I Wrote You a Poem

Katie Blackwelder

I spoke to him twice, dreamt but woke up again.
Speaking empty words, filling the fear of expression.
Rain fell on my window, but he didn't really know.
Sometimes it's hard to listen, talking loudly and too much.
If we never meet again, he could forget my soul.
I'm so deep I'm drowning, cascading down a purple waterfall.
Those times when I'm content, at peace with everything beautiful.
I'm quietly thinking about talking, if I knew he'd listen.
Then I spoke to him, I told him I cared.
He wanted to read it, I waited for him there.
Rose petals filling the alleyways, numbly watching the passing minutes.
Everything around me is dead, my mind's racing with why.
Soon it smells like rosemary, alone in an empty room.
Nobody looks through the window, but there's a tree outside.
He doesn't think it's important, and I've been waiting forever.
It's worse because he knows, he hasn't read it yet.
Today I saw him walking, he smiled and just stood.
Said he forgot about it, not feeling sorry at all.
That's okay no big deal, said it doesn't matter anymore.
Inside I'm still crying, I'm so trivial to him.
His deep green eyes searching, and he walked away again.
Down a dark empty hallway, left standing by the door.
Knew he wouldn't read it, I knew he didn't care.
Some people are so cold, but I'm not like that.
Don't believe those people, they make you cold too.