The Pattern
of Falling Leaves

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Charles Bragg
The Pattern of Falling Leaves

Written by Emily Dougherty

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I dedicate this book to my seventh grade teacher Mr. Tubach for showing me that poems can be forceful. Thank you Mr. T.
The Endless Sea

This is an Ode to death in the style of Pablo Neruda.

A calming sea,
It washes away the memories,
The memories, and the pain.

It is like the tide,
For it will always comes back,
No matter what.

It is the only thing,
That makes you realize that one day,
you will be swept out to sea.

You will never see the land again,
For you have left it behind,
Far behind.

There would have been nothing left to do,
If you weren't prepared,
But you have been dying all of your life.
Goodbye, Syria

I never even got to say goodbye,
I didn’t realize it was coming,
But suddenly it happened, that cursed bomb,
And my life changed forever.
I hadn’t wanted to leave my home,
And travel alone,
Through the land that had once been alive,
Yet had died with the first bombing.

I hadn’t wanted to kiss the cold cheek of my mother,
And cry for my lost brother,
Through this I had survived,
Yet now, I feel that I just want to die.

I hadn’t wanted to cross that border,
And please, please, believe me,
Through my life, I have been yours Syria,
Yet now, I have to carry you in my heart.
Because I know that your lands now abused,
And used as a playing board,
For their bombs and mindless soldiers,
You won’t ever be the same.

And this gives me pain,
Because I want to be yours,
But you will only be the hollow shell,
Of an exploded bomb,
The skeleton of my home,
Lacking the details that I remember,
Like my grandmother hugging me tightly after school,
And my father kissing my forehead,
Because they are forever gone,
Just like you.
Love, Death

Dear the Human Race,

When you think of me,
Think of me like an old friend,
Not someone to run away from,
Not someone that you hide from,
For it will only cause you pain.

When you see me,
Don't cry in despair for the ones I have taken,
For I gave them peace, rest,
Something that no one else could give,
Anguish, pain, suffering,
I took them away from all of that.

When I take you,
I will embrace you,
Taking you away from your agony, grief, and the
heartache, of (ugh) life.

Love,
Death
When you become one,
You don't realize it,
Until it's too late.

“Monster! Monster! Run!”

As you run,
Looking for the monster,
Everyone shies away from each other,
Panic radiating off of all.

As you stop,
Looking around,
Everyone stares at you,
Fear coming off of them in overwhelming waves.

As you think,
Looking closely,
Everyone's eyes rest on you,
Fear in their gaze.

As you realize,
Looking at them,
Everyone sees you,
Fear clouding their eyes.

As you hear the scream,
Looking at the child,
Everyone here hates you,
And they should.

For you are the monster.
Run

We are under a curse, trying to write a verse,
Trying to create a legacy to remember in this universe.

Though we will all be forgotten,
Lost, disowned, and called the Misbegotten.
We've made this world frightful,
We lie, we cheat, we're spiteful.

For that is the human way,
It has been the day after day,
We can't escape our dastardly deeds,
So we try try to make our enemies bleed.

And we hide and we run.
For that's all that we've ever done.
Winter is Here

A barren dead branch
A brittle frostbitten leaf
Frozen dew shining
The City Lights

For a rare moment like this,
I am swept up in the city night life,
As I walk down the streets with friends,
We laugh loudly and joke around.

I look up at the city street,
And see the street lamps and fairy lights,
With the other people walking just like us,
And realize that we aren’t so different.

They are just like me,
People living, loving, and dreaming,
Regardless of their skin color and beliefs,
We are all just people living on the Earth.

If we are all the same,
The world would be a boring place,
Seeing the same faces no matter where you went,
Diversity makes us original, special, unique.

I am thankful for those city lights.
The Lady Named Lynn

There once was a young lady named Lynn,
And she was quite excessively thin,
That when she assayed,
To drink her lemonade,
She slipped through the straw and fell in.
Friends

I am a boy.
I am a girl.

I have too many siblings, they always want to play.
I am lonely because I have no siblings to play with.

I don’t get any attention from my parents.
My parents give me too much attention.

They are always fussing over the babies.
They always fuss over the “Baby” of the family, me.

I’m always compared to my older brother.
My parents compare me to themselves.

They are always working to make ends meet.
They are always working, we have enough money!

I go to a public school with my siblings.
I go to a private school that they deemed “Right for me”.

Though I have a friend, she has a completely different life.
I have a friend, he has a completely different life.
She doesn't have siblings.
He has many siblings.

I wish I was her.
I wish I was him.
My Sweet Addiction

I am listening to my addiction.
It follows me everywhere,
In the store, at the pool, in my house,
Everywhere.

It seems that everyone is addicted to it these days,
It comes so differently to each person,
Everyone with their own style,
Everyone.

Classical, rock, jazz, blues, country,
Comedy, electronic, religious, rap, hip hop,
The list goes on forever,
Forever.

Playing softly in the background,
Or loudly in my earbuds,
It is my sweet addiction disguised,
Music.
Do I give it to him?

I don’t know
What I was thinking,
Yeah, I don’t know
What I was thinking,
Those dwarves
Must’ve gotten me drinking.

When I signed
That contract,
Oh, when I signed,
That contract,
I read the terms,
As a matter of fact.

Yet it never warned about
Our own leader,
It never warned about,
Our own leader,
Thorin Oakenshield,
A king, a friend, for justice a preacher.

The Arkenstone
Has found me though,
The Arkenstone
Has found me though,
I know, if I give it to him,
The number of crows would grow.
Rain

Pain is a pattern you can read if you are clever,
Seemingly never ceasing,
Pounding,
Stinging,
Enveloping,
The sky is murky, but I can see the sun,
It is a spark of hope,
A little drop of light on the horizon,
Always at the horizon,
Never close enough to touch,
But I conquer the rain, the pain,
Because after it all,
There is a rainbow.
Trust

Trust is fragile,
Like a sheet of crystal,
It’s not something to take advantage of.

It's not your mom’s glass cups,
That when shattered,
Can be easily replaced.

When trust is broken,
It is not easily replaced,
It dissolves like sugar in warm water.

It’s limited in a person,
It is taken for granted until,
It is cracked, shattered, gone.
A CITY OF GOLD LEAF

We left our country,
Why, for what purpose?
I guess I’ve forgot.
After so long here,
I’m wishing to die.
Say, no

It’s spring, the smell of hotdogs and popcorn fresh in the air.
It’s baseball season, you love going to the games with your boyfriend.

Today might be the perfect day, as you watch the boys in little league on their father’s shoulders, as you watch the screaming people on the Jumbotron. Suddenly you jump, as you see yourself on the screen, your boyfriend beside you, on one knee with an engagement ring that blinds the sun. As he looks up at you, at the people screaming at you to say it, to say “Yes!”.

Well, this is for the women that say “No!”.

The spectators will boo at you as you run down the aisle, people throw popcorn at you, it will never be rice or confetti. Someone will catch your wrist because it will never be the bouquet, and call you a villain, and curse the day you ever learned how to say “No.”, instead of “Yes!” and “Sorry.”.

The ones that think themselves better will ask, “Why couldn’t you just nod and smile for the camera, and make ‘no’ a private thing?”
There were little girls in that audience after all, and you denied them their fairytale!

Someone will tell your now ex-boyfriend how crazy you were to refuse your proposal, and how any sane woman would have loved it. And they’ll tell him how you were shit, probably crazy, and he’ll nod.

Somewhere, a man reeking with liquor, calls to a woman from his car, “Hey, sexy come closer!” She says “No!” “You’re ugly anyway!”

Somewhere a girl is told that if she doesn’t want to hear a song about rape then she shouldn’t listen to them. But it follows her around, at the grocery store, the gym, the clothing aisle.

Somewhere a seventeen year old girl is in her manager’s office at her first job, and her boss whispers the things he will do to her body. She says “No.” and he threatens her next paycheck.

A young virgin boy thinks about you and the ones like you, the ones that said “No.”, and the audience boos. And he cocks his gun.
The Waterfall

The secluded spot,
Where water has smoothed the stones,
Time doesn’t exist.
Happiness
(noun)
the state of being happy

As in: The look on his face when she says “Yes!” to the ring.

As in: The feeling a toddler has after he hears that he’s having ice cream after dinner.

As in: The emotion in the air when someone comes home from a long day at work and their dog is dancing around the kitchen, with his tailing wagging up a storm.

As in: The warmth in the living room when your entire family is there laughing and talking together.

As in: The affection and love on a wedding day, as you talk and joke with those around you with your forever partner at your side.
About the Author

I am Emily Kirsten Dougherty.
I wonder about the creation of our universe.
I hear Sofia yelling for Mr. Tubach.
I see Maile, Leah, Alexis, and Naomi.
I want to laugh and have fun during my life.
I imagine the world without diseases.
I am an eccentric and brainy person who loves swimming.

I feel angry about the administration in our country.
I touch the clouds when I fly in my dreams.
I worry about global warming.
I cry when I remember about those in need.
I savor the memories of when I was a child.
I am an eccentric and brainy person who loves swimming.

I understand that I am not perfect.
I say “And I’ve got statistics to prove!”
I dream about being in college.
I try to be the better person.
I think about life and sunshine.
I hope that I will finish this poem.
I am an eccentric and brainy person who loves swimming.