

Poetry for Rainy Days

A Poetry Collection by Tyler LaCroix



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The Cure to Loneliness

I have discovered the cure to loneliness
I think I must be the smartest person in the world
Because I have discovered the cure to loneliness

You must be wondering 'what is the cure'
Please believe me this is not a lure

It is not some medication you take
It is not baked in a cake
It is not a in a little pill
It is not over that hill

To cure this sad feeling inside
You just have to follow this simple guide
Call up an old friend or meet someone new
Don't stay at home feeling blue

Get to know yourself by doing a quiz
'Do you like soda with or without fizz?'
Remember no one can truly be alone, you have yourself
Even if you have trouble reaching the top shelf

Now go have fun, be alone
Learn a new skill, like the trombone
Loneliness is not the same as being alone



I Am Not Lonely

I can hear the wind taunting me
I can see the clouds making faces behind my back
They think I am lonely, but I am not

I swim alongside the salmon in the river
I race the wolves through the forest
I paint the sky beside the butterflies
I climb through the trees with the squirrels
I tell jokes to the grasshoppers in the meadow
I hug the bears when they are sad
I play hopscotch with the frogs by the pond

I am not lonely
For how could the sun be alone?



Curse of Loneliness

Loneliness is empty space
It is the dust collecting on the top shelf
It is a lost sock under the bed

Loneliness feels empty and forgotten about
It looks like a rock floating in space
It sounds like the slight hum of electricity
It tastes like cold, stale bread
It smells bitter and weak, almost impossible to sniff

Loneliness is waiting to be picked up
It is knowing no one in a crowd
It is the stain on an old couch

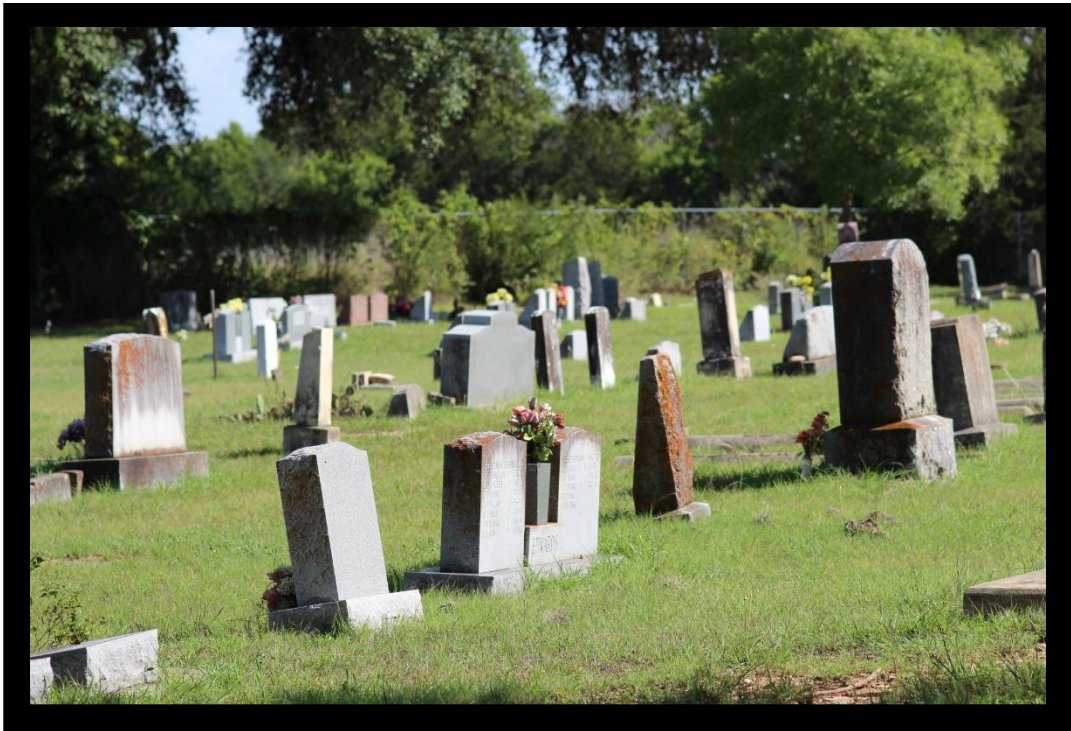
If loneliness was a colour it would be gray with a hint of sad blue
If it was an animal it would be a wolf without its pack
If it was a number it would be one



Sonnet 29: When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes

By William Shakespeare

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone bewep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.



I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

By William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.



The Life Cycle of a Flower

They said growing up was like `a blooming flower'
I planted the seed of beauty and waited for spring
Surround by warmth and light

I planted my roots in the soft, damp soil
Anchoring myself to the earth's floor
Ready to grow my leaves

My stem grew strong and tall as if reaching for the sun
My leaves grew in thick offering me a warm hug
Soon my bud will bloom

Finally, it is spring
Shades of blues, pinks and purples explode out of me
I am beautiful

The bees and butterflies come to admire me
They shower me with their pollen and I give them all I have
All my nectar will be gone

Now I am only visited by the moths and beetles
They take all I can give
The bees and butterflies were nicer but

I am wilting
I am dying
I am ugly

I wish to plant the seed of beauty once again



Childlike Innocence

What happens to innocence after you lose it?
Where does it go?
Does it leave over time?

Innocence is taken away
Stolen by a shadow man
A man who has already lost his own innocence
He steals others to refill his own but it won't ever be the same

Then what happens to you?
You will be left grasping at the bits of innocence you have left
The innocence so far into your mind the shadow man cannot reach it
But that will be enough to sustain you
Until you become the shadow man



You're Too Young

I am constantly restricted by my age
I am tossed around and discarded
Numbers perform a ballad in front of my face
Dancing and twirling around

I am the rope in a game of tug-of-war
Each side telling me I am too old or too young
Being throw from one side to another
Not considering me as more than just a number

Being able to work a job and drive a car before watching an R rated
movie

Turning 18 and suddenly you're an adult
Being pushed every way but still stuck in the middle
Turning 18 and suddenly people twice your age can hit on you

I wish I was still too young

Childish Grievs

By Emily Dickinson

Softened by Time's consummate plush,
How sleek the woe appears
That threatened childhood's citadel
And undermined the years!
Bisected now by bleaker griefs,
We envy the despair
That devastated childhood's realm,
So easy to repair

Nothing Gold Can Stay

By Robert Frost

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.



Regret is Like a Dark Cloud

Regret is like a dark cloud
And memories like the sun
The dark gloom of regret shields the bright memories
Like a black, blinding cloud

Regret invades the memory
Like a cloud invading the sky
But we know the memories are there
Behind a thick layer of gloom

Regret is like a cloud before it rains
Tears splashing on the memories
Pushing what's left of the clear sky into a deep grey mist
Filling the sky with tears

Regret is like a dark cloud



To Have Regrets

The world needs more regret
For regret leads to change
Our planet is so damaged but I see no remorse
No guilt for how we have treated this place that has brought us life
There cannot be change until there is regret

Regret is the antidote to the poison we have created
It starts in the stomach and rises up to the brain
Boiling hot it cracks and pops
Filling our blood stream with its thick remedy

It forces our hands to fix and heal
Gluing and sewing broken pieces back together
Creating action to undo what has been done
Regret is the cure to our poisoned planet

My Deal with the Devil

He turns and walks away
Never to look back again
A tear slides down my cheek
The image burned in my brain
I never meant for it to be
But it was out of my control
And It was the deal I had to make
Now IT has my soul



**Remorse - is Memory - Awake -
By Emily Dickinson**

Remorse - is Memory - awake -
Her Parties all astir -
A Presence of Departed Acts -
At window - and at Door -

Its Past - set down before the Soul
And lighted with a Match -
Perusal - to facilitate -
And help Belief to stretch -

Remorse is cureless - the Disease
Not even God - can heal -
For 'tis His institution - and
The Adequate of Hell -

Regret

By Charlotte Brontë

Long ago I wished to leave
"The house where I was born; "
Long ago I used to grieve,
My home seemed so forlorn.
In other years, its silent rooms
Were filled with haunting fears;
Now, their very memory comes
O'ercharged with tender tears.

Life and marriage I have known,
Things once deemed so bright;
Now, how utterly is flown
Every ray of light !
'Mid the unknown sea of life
I no blest isle have found;
At last, through all its wild wave's strife,
My bark is homeward bound.

Farewell, dark and rolling deep !
Farewell, foreign shore !
Open, in unclouded sweep,
Thou glorious realm before !
Yet, though I had safely pass'd
That weary, vexed main,
One loved voice, through surge and blast,
Could call me back again.

Though the soul's bright morning rose
O'er Paradise for me,
William ! even from Heaven's repose
I'd turn, invoked by thee !
Storm nor surge should e'er arrest
My soul, exulting then:
All my heaven was once thy breast,
Would it were mine again !



Cinquain

Summer

Summer

Sandy, sunburnt

Smiling, swimming, sweating

Sing in the summer spotlight

Sunshine



Haiku

Peace in the Forreast

The woods are silent

Except for the chirp of birds

And wind in the trees



Sonnet

How to Enjoy Life

I hate everything, life is terrible
School is difficult and a waste of time
Being a teen is so unbearable
Being forced to learn feels like it's a crime

I just want to be home in my own bed
To make money I have to get a job
The thought of that makes me want to be dead
Sometimes I just want to stay home and sob

But then I know it will all be okay
Don't overlook the small details of life
The sound of laughter, bright flowers in May
Ignoring this will cut you like a knife

So please take my advice and look for joy
The smell before it rains, a pond of koi

