

GIVE ME LOVE, GIVE ME LIFE

I was created, was I not?
Creation for a purpose. Surely
I cannot just exist as a shell
In human form? Yet why have I never felt
Alive?
I can see life all around me;
The cries of laughter,
The agony of pain and sorrow.
When I feel joy, sorrow or pain
It sinks within me, into a void
Where it settles, struggling to break out
Into an outburst of emotion.

COMPROMISE

*Why was I born?
Was it to love and to give,
Or to take and be loved?
Why can't I give to those from whom I take?
It stretches beyond the bounds of my ability.
And yet to those who give me nothing,
I am willing to give my all.*

S. O. S

*I'm drowning
Someone help me -
Please!
I am sinking in a sea of troubles
With nothing to hang onto
To keep me afloat.
Can't you see my plight, friend?
Stretch out your hand
And pull me out.
No, further, reach out further -
But no, you are unable to do that.
And so I see my life passing before me;
Just as drowning men do.*

These poems were written by Alex Cooter who is eighteen years old