

**A collection of poetry written as a teenager
by Pippa Moss**

Dos and Don'ts

Goodness me, I cannot cope
All I do is seem to mope
My head is ringing with dos and don'ts
I must decide the wills and won'ts
Yes, there's things that must improve
High time that I made the move.
Why's life so hard for a teenage girl,
At the mo it seems just one big whirl
I tried before to make a change
Just it's tricky to arrange
I want to be the perfect daughter
Blood is after all thicker than water.
So not next week and not tomorrow
I'll start right now and end my sorrow.

~~

On the road

I now write poetry when I am stressed
I'm panicking about my driving test
I'm pretty sure I'm not going to pass
I won't use my mirrors or I'll drive too fast
I'll feel an idiot if I don't succeed
A miracle tomorrow is what I need
I know all there is about the Highway Code
But I must apply it when I'm on the road
It's the humiliation I just don't want to face
Oh I can take it again for goodness sake!

~~

Thought on thoughts

Have you ever thought how much we think
How thoughts are the most personal thing
Eyes opened or closed the mind ticks on
The way it works I'll never learn
There's a lot of things I don't understand
But then who says I should
Life would lose its mystery
If all was understood.

~~

Mirror image

Mirror, mirrors on the wall
Do you know I hate you all?
In my sorrow you seem to relish
Showing up each single blemish
I shouldn't bother to even try
You just don't let me beautify
Looking in you it makes me mad
I want to hide my head in a bag
Yet there is the occasional time
When I think that I look fine
Then at every possible chance
In your glass I have to glance.
Mirrors, mirrors on the wall
Who's the fairest of them all?
Just for once can it be me
Is dear mirrors my hopeless plea.

~~

Ready or not

Lately it's hit me how I've grown
How the past seventeen years have flown
The schools, houses, holidays when I was young
The so many stupid things I've done
Friends made who now are nearly forgot
Playing childish games saying 'ready or not?'
Now I say the same thing about growing up
Opening doors which till now have been shut
I want to look forward with an optimists view
Get maximum enjoyment from all that I do.

~~

Not really so bad

What do you do when all seems to go wrong
The answer of course is to carry on
I recently failed my third driving test
To pass is a talent I don't possess
A friend is going out with my ex
I wonder what will happen next?
Feeling sorry for myself has become a habit
Given the chance you can be sure I'll grab it
The truth is life's not really so bad
There's really no point in being sad
I'm going to go out, have a good time
In no time at all, I'll be feeling fine.

~~

Men

At primary school I hated boys
They teased you rotten and made lots of noise
But even then I secretly knew
Thought I hated them all, I fancied a few
I had a little list in the back of a book
It was quite hush hush till a friend took a look
In the days when hormones were under control
You were quite content with the latest doll
But then you enter the stage called 'your teens'
You're trying to impress the man of your dreams.
You have to be 'with it', you have to be cool
Soon one's not enough, you're after them all!
Depression sets in, your hormones go wild
Hello to the woman, goodbye to the child.
The same time there's much more pressure to work
But you're thinking of him and how he's a jerk.
They muck you around, they lose interest fast
Just when you're smitten and think it will last.
Alcohol's discovered and it's interesting effect
Leading to things you'll often regret
Am I pretty enough? Am I getting too fat?
How can I get a boyfriend like that?
Can't live with them, can't live without them
For all their faults we do need men.

~~

Missing something

Sometimes there seems a gap in my life
Although looking around there's loads going right
At times this gap is hidden away
But until it's filled there it will stay
I think of the things that could be the cause
But there's contradictions in every clause
Of course I'm so lucky with all that I've got
On life's picture of troubles mine just a mere dot
I don't won't to hurt, just to be my bubbly self
Not like dusty champagne at the back of the shelf.

~~

Travel

I'm looking at the city through new eyes
Watching others doing their nine till five
In the back of my mind there's beaches and snow
These memories of travel will linger I know
I'm walking around town in my own little world
Feeling like a stranger though I know it so well
People suited and booted all rushing around
But meanwhile I'm puzzling on all that I've found
Stuck in my head the question is this -
Are we here to live or just to exist?
What if I went and turned down the career
Opted for some other way to appear?
City girl or traveller, which is truly me
I'd hazard a guess what I'd rather be.
Loathe to admit I'm trapped into a job
By the need for money to do what I love
Step back while I can, observe life in this city
I'll soon click in the mould, that's really the pity.

~~

Love

What is it like to be in love?
It must be such a wonderful feeling.
But only if it is returned
Otherwise it must hurt.
I wonder if it lasts
It doesn't come with a guarantee.
Such a pleasure yet such a weapon
We must all experience it.
When people say they're in love
I often cannot truly believe it.
People can be so fickle
Say one thing today, another the next.
When I fall in love it must be mutual and forever.
I could be searching a very long time
As I think it must be one of the hardest things to find.