Portfolio of Poetry

by Jasmine Taylor

In the Eyes of Women – A+B Rhyming Structure

To be a woman is to hold the sky,

Balanced on shoulders the world won't dignify.

It's a quiet storm, a roaring sea,

A battle for space we're told not to be.

It's the power of birth, the ache of pain,

Carving a path through joy and distain.

It's whispers that turn to thunderous cries,

Demanding to live, to love, to rise.

It's the weight of beauty, the cost of grace,

The endless scrutiny etched on our face.

It's the shrinking to fit, then bursting at the seams,

Breaking the cage to reclaim our dreams.

It’s the wisdom of mothers, the fire of youth,

A relentless pursuit of unvarnished truth.

It’s anger and hope, both sharp and vast,

A torch we carry from future to past.

The Bones of War – Free Verse

It’s laughter that dances, tears that flow,

The strength to stay when the winds may blow,

It’s a story untold, a song unsung.

An anthem of hearts beating as one.

To be a woman is to stand and fight,

To weave our pain into threads of light.

It’s a gift, a struggle, a sacred art -

To hold the world and still,

Keep our heart.

The air tastes like rust,
thick with the presence of loss,
something that once had a name,
but now is just dust,
drifting through broken windows,
settling in the hollowed-out rooms,
where life used to be.

The road that calls is one I cannot find,
a whisper lingers soft upon the air,
the home I seek is only in my mind.

The mountains wait, the rivers twist and wind,
yet time has left them unchanged beyond repair,
the road that calls is one I cannot find.

A song once sung now drifts like smoke behind,
its melody is something I still wear,
the home I seek is only in my mind.

The world watches, unblinking.
It burned yesterday,
It burned today,
And it will burn tomorrow.

A woman digs through rubble,
not for gold,
not for riches,
just for a hand she once held,
just for the breath she hopes still lingers in the dust.

The bones of war are not buried deep.
They lie just beneath our feet,
A key I hold, through doors have long declined,
Their echoes haunt me, silent in despair,
the road that calls is one I cannot find.

Though far I roam, my roots remain entwined,
still reaching back for places no longer there,
the home I seek is only in my mind.

And so, I wonder, endlessly confined,
Between what was and what is never there-
the road that calls is one I cannot find,
the home I seek is only in my mind.

The Things We Left in the Light – Elegy

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We never said goodbye to the days,
not properly.
They just slipped,
quiet as breath,
out the side door
of growing up.

There was no ceremony
for the end of after-school walks,
for the fading of summer's
scent on our jumpers,
for the moment the world
stopped feeling so endlessly possible.

I think of the hours
we spent doing nothing—
and how holy it was.
The cracked concrete we made sacred
with laughter,
the bus stop that held all our little secrets,
the nights we stayed up
praying mum and dad couldn't hear us
up so late.

We mourn without knowing,
don't we?
The taste of Ribena that doesn't quite hit,
the toy you lost but still remember
the weight of,
the friend who drifted like the morning fog
never a fight,
just a fade.

Nostalgia is grief wrapped in gold.
It shines,
but when you hold it too long,
it stings.
It is a photo blurred at the edges,
where the light is soft
but the faces
are gone.

I walk the same roads now.
The street signs haven't changed,
but I have.

And so has the sky,
or maybe just how I look at it.

The magic is quieter now.
It doesn't shout.
It sighs.
It lingers in the smell of rain
on old paving stones,
in the sound of a distant ringtone
that sounds like 2012.

There is no going back—
Only carrying forward.
The past hums beneath my skin
like a lullaby I don't need to hear
to know by heart.

And maybe that's the point.
Not to chase it,
but to cherish it.
To light a candle in your chest
for the moments
and let them flicker,
soft and golden,
like dusk.

We were young.
We were whole.
And though the days are gone,
God,
they glowed.

O Liverpool, bold city by the sea,
With Mersey's tide that sings eternally,
Your skyline crowned by Liver's winged grace,
Your soul a song time cannot replace.

From Albert Dock, where old ships rest,
To Penny Lane, where memory is dressed,
You can wear your past with pride, a burning flame—
Each street a story, each stone a name.

You bore the salt of toil upon your brow,
Steel-hearted shipwrights, strong of back and vow.
In rain or riot, still your spirit soared,
The working hands of giants, never board.

O city forged in music, voice and strife,
You gave the world a rhythm, breath and life—
The Beatles' chords still echo through the years,
Anfield roars with voices raw and wide,
A thousand dreams in red that will not hide.
"You'll Never Walk Alone" –-a creed, a light,
That guides the faithful through the darkest night.

Your pubs, your docks, your sudden bursts of song,
The scouse wit charm, the love ever strong.
You take a stranger in, you make them kin,
Your heart's a door forever openin.

And through the fog, the rain, the greysish skies,
Still Liverpool stands proud, its people rise.
In hallowed streets, graffiti stands to state,
Its message, just to love, and not to hate

O Liverpool, my ode to thee shall grow—
A river deep where endless praises flow.
For all you are, and all you've yet to be,
Forever bold beside the Irish Sea.