

Poetry Series

Andy Greenwald
- poems -

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Andy Greenwald(6/23/88)

Hello. My name is Andy Greenwald. I'm 18 years old and I 've been writing poetry since I was 12. I also play guitar and write songs. I hope you like my poems. Thanks for visiting.

Angels Fall

Burned by the utmost fire
Of rotten desire,
I find myself in awe.
The pain of a liar
Set up for higher
The worst vision I'd saw.
How vital the visage
To say the message
Came to me too late.
Hinted by your age
Sent to me this rage
Of rage so innate.
Hand to me a glory
Of my depressing story,
That love I soon forgot.
My heart now too gory
For a mind to overworry
About my life so distraught.
Truth, I plead for and sow
Now reap I do to behold
How my story stalls.
As this heart I have at low
Give me the strength to know
Why did my angels fall?

Andy Greenwald

As The Stars Shine

As the stars shine in my mind,
The only light dimly shines
My head at last in joy
When first so coy.
Only moments though.

As the stars bright my dreams
Happiness is what I think I see.
Finally my life turns around
Joy now is just as profound
As the stars shine.

But dreams come with sleep
And stars, the night keeps
And the sun rises to its glory
When all the sights seem so gory
To eyes that enjoy the nightly tint
To the mind at first sight spent.

As the stars fade into the dark
The eerie night left its mark
In my dreams and thoughts of happiness
Through the steam of day and its loneliness.

Andy Greenwald

Broken Hearted

Was it I that rued to blame
Yet remained in denial?
Was it I that said, 'What's his name? '
But there I saw a smile.
Was it I that cried for the question 'Why? '
And soon came out no comment.
I, it was that then said, 'Goodbye.'
But good was not what I meant.

Slam the door, in her face
Cried that night, in this place
Wondered why, still to live
Dying now, because I'm

Broken Hearted
I'm broken inside
The truth lies
Because I'm
Broken Hearted
I'm broken inside
I die

Why did I feel so much guilt,
When she sent me this pain?
Why did I know love was built
And knew it was in vain?
Why did I try to love her lies
Told plenty through her lips?
Such words of love now run dry
As now my only heart rips.

Questions why, questions where
Questions I do not dare
Answers blurred, and confused
From the lies, so now I'm

Broken Hearted
I'm broken inside
The truth lies

Because I'm
Broken Hearted
I'm broken inside
I die

What do I do
Now that my heart is gone
Pitifully conned
Of this love
What do I do
To start over and renew
This broken heart torn askew
From her
What Do I Do? !
Now that I'm

Broken Hearted
I'm broken inside
The truth lies
Because I'm
Broken Hearted
I'm broken inside
I die
Because I'm
Broken Hearted
I'm broken inside
The truth dies
Because I'm
Broken Hearted
I'm broken inside
I cry
Because I'm...

Andy Greenwald

Could It Be

Could it be my clouded mind,
Too much struggle for me to bind.
 A perfect love turned to perfect hate
 A perfect life soon torn by fate
Maybe that is why I hide
The tears that flow inside.
 Known to few but seen by all
 A heavy heart prone to fall
To the heavy weight of pain
Grown dull inside a numbed brain.
Could it be my shadowed soul,
Torn to pieces from the whole
 And all the world is in angst of knowing
 Why the pain just keeps on growing.
Soon will they know the truth of life.
To fall in time with short delight.
Could it be the reasons why
Or what this heart is heavy by
 Is it by my 'Cain and Abel'
 Just like it is in the fable,
Or by the world of quick sedate
Cast out by the scent of different bait.
 For it is not sedate to be in mild pain.
 It is only to be thought that way in vain.
Could it be the way the angel's think?
If so, the thoughts of me in joy sink.

Andy Greenwald

Deceit

Inside my world of cherries trees,
 And bumble bees,
 And summer breeze,
Inside my world of cherries trees,
Take all you wish.
Take it, please.

Inside my house of stately poses
 And vibrant roses
 And jolly toses
Inside my house of stately poses
Take all you wish.
Take all the doses.

Inside my treat of fine courses
 And tasty forces
 And smelly sources
Inside my treat of fine courses
Take all you wish.
Take from all the sources.

Inside my wish is my world, house, and treat
 My mind's only retreat
 My pain's only defeat
Inside my wish is my world, house, and treat
Take all you wish.
Too bad for you, my wish is deceit.

Andy Greenwald

Down The Field

As I walk down the field,
I saw a flower, so yet I yield.
Such beauty the rose had,
But I know that it was sad,
For it had the thorns.
I sat in humble grief,
As to why it had no relief.
The pedal's beautiful mark
Shadowed by the thorn's dark.
Why when it's done no wrong?
The rose did not want the thorns,
Since no man or beast hopes to adorn.
Catch a sense of something real,
Like a heart yet not ready to heal,
Inside the chest of my body.
The rose still has its gleam,
And probably still has its dream
Of ridding itself of the thorns
Due to cast it in forlorn,
Just like every human being.

Andy Greenwald

Faded Memoirs

As I watch with guilt and mellow drama
I saw the end of my life's aspirations
I begged and pleaded and grovelled
For mercy at the sight of His hand.
Struck me down, he did, with rage
All inside his tapped-plenty rage
And showed me the life of sullen thoughts.
Could it be that way divine?

Forever did I remember watching
The hand of Him coming down.
I lamented and resented and loathed
Further in my heart is buried.
Threw me into a world of pain
A broken and sick world of pain
And cried as I fled the hosts of demons.
Could it be that way divine?

He watched me flee and cower
Does all but ever help me
As I waited and lingered and tarried
For Him to notice that I was his servant.
Yet condemned, He still did, to me
This torn and battered left of me
Into a world deprived of futile light.
At last, could it be that way divine?

Praise, I do, for my only Lord in heaven.
What is still left of Him is part of me.
But what must I do for him to accept
That this is the only life for me.
Granted He sees my life's memoirs
My abandoned and faded memoirs
As He watched with guilt and mellow drama.
Now, He has pointed out for me that way divine.

Andy Greenwald

Golden

Divine beauty at expense to my forsooth,
And alas, angels envy her.
With eyes that shine of the truth,
Just glimmer dimmly behind them sadly.
Her flawless existence but framed by her lies.
So I wept.
She yields to greater forces by lesser ways
Upheld by God though given no praise.
As if He intended not for this.
So I wept.
Halo of golden aura and tranquil gleam
Yet my serenity was all in this a dream.
And her face of angel beauty was her golden tool,
For it was just pyrite, faking me into the fool.
Turn, I did, away from her to save some face,
For love for me was just not in God's grace.
And so I wept.

Andy Greenwald

If I Fall

If I fall along the way,
Would You be right here to stay,
Would You help me with my broken heart,
To sow it back after it was torn apart,
Would I let You come to me,
To give me any sort of ease,
Or would I refuse to let You near,
Because of my own cowardice and fear.

But if I fall along the way,
Would You give me what you may,
Or would You turn your back,
To hollow my soul for its lack,
Would I cry in helpless waves,
Would You come to me and save,
Me from my feeble fate,
Tragic, though, because You're too late.

So now I fell along the way,
Should I still reply to say,
About the darkness to follow soon,
Underneath the blue hue of the moon,
So in grander days of twilight grief,
Do You give me any kind of relief,
Or will You let me melancholy fall,
Because You did nothing,
 Nothing at all.

Andy Greenwald

Lost Love

Tainted by a light,
Glimmering from a bulb,
dimly flickering,
Resting inside a tungsten wire.
And like rain the light falls down on me as I rise from my chair
in restless anxiety in this
melancholy shading.
'So this is pain.' The phone, bearing ominous fate,
falls nonchalantly to the floor.
A tear from my eye leaks from my cheek
to that same exact floor.
'Why is love the most difficult to have,
but so easily given up?
One mistake sends me my product pain;
Do I deserve this tragedy or do I tragically deserve it?
Will I ever see the light of my own day
or will I fold inside my love's decay? '
Whimpering, I fall to my knees,
hitting the desk at the foot of my bed
And the once glorious picture of two loving souls
shatters to pieces
on that same exact floor.
Hoping, wishing, praying that
the glass from the frame repairs itself
and not lie there forever
on that same exact floor...

Andy Greenwald

Love And Tragedy

Yes, I have loved with love
 that was more than love
 more than love,
Drove myself mad with this love
 with this love,
Hoping to catch a glimpse of my love
 my love,
Just seeing was not enough for me
 seeing my love
 my love,
So I met her, my true love,
 And so true it was.

Yes, I married this girl with joy
 with joy,
The splendid sense of so much joy
 so much joy,
And I felt so much,
 My heart melt,
 melt with all my joy,
 my joy,
Going to sleep with her, my true joy,
 And so true it was.

Yes, I watched this girl die with sorrow
 my sorrow,
The fire that did it also ignited my sorrow
 my sorrow,
And there was nothing to console this sorrow
 this sorrow,
 my sorrow,
Even still into tomorrow,
No cope in hope to borrow,
 so I stayed in sorrow,
 my sorrow,
Going to sleep without my love,
 my true sorrow,
 And so true it was.

Yes, I heard those gruesome tolls alone
 just me alone,
I stood looking at her stone while alone
 so alone,
Minding on what to do, now that I'm alone,
 alone,
 so alone,
Listening to the bells of malicious tones,
Those horrifying, loud drones,
Those dreadful, terrible moans,
Those agonizing, tumultuous groans,
 Of so many people who are also alone
 just like me alone,
No one left, no one here,
I was happy once, but now I hear
 The toll of those bells alone
 so alone,
And my joy and my love,
Is now so far above,
 Leaving me here so alone
 alone,
May I hope she rests in peace,
Even through my pain's increase of sorrow
 At least until tomorrow,
Where I will still be alone, truly alone,
 And so true it still is.

Andy Greenwald

Love Me Tenderly

Love me tenderly
And love me sweet.
For I have loved you
Being my greatest feat.
Love fills my heart
Brings joy to my mind.
So lucky am I to have
The only love for me to bind.
Gracious soul, do you love?
Do I brighten your day with gleam?
For to me, you are my sun
And you are in my every dream.
No amount of words
And no amount of thoughts
Can express my love for you
For in your hand, my heart is caught.
Never will our love tarnish
Never will it rust
However may the future go
You have my undying trust.
Please take my hand
And we'll walk true.
No matter what happens
My soul leads back to you.
Hold me closer tight
Do as whatever you may.
For nothing will ever break us
Forever will you on my mind stay.
With my love for you
Will you return this for me,
If at last I have your love
and you love me tenderly?

Andy Greenwald

Memories Too Soon Forgotten

'Keep the courage to give,
And forever will you live.'
She said so often
Memories too soon forgotten.
As I can only remember
My fire now without ember,
Kindling no more inside.
My heart now ever dies.

Andy Greenwald

My Morose Rose

Up so high, in the growing sky
Is the sun shining its rays.
Yet dark clouds, this nightly crowd,
Blocks the sun from praise.
The burning depth, my heart inept
To feel the same ever last.
Now dark skies, through teary eyes
See nothing but pain at vast.
Near my limit, of consuming remnant
Of harsh memories that grow.
Let all the light, pass by my blight
In harder times I know.
Under me I see, the wife to be
But now I dropped in pose.
The death of thee, is the death of me
As left with my morose rose.

Andy Greenwald

My Undertow

But let all the life and heart of many
Direct you not the easiest solution
Given to my heart at vast
Gain a knowledge of absolution.
But found in awe of disillusion
Not by chance, choice, or fate
Contrary to every single thought
To rid me all of my quick elate.
But threw myself a different bait
To get somewhere else off this line
To open myself to a different view
That better view being mine.
I forget myself of all I know
Because now I have my undertow.

Andy Greenwald

New To Me

All this love and all this glee
Has always been new to me.
And all this love was only for me.

All this love and all my dreams
Always to me do they redeem
Such a love for me it seems.

All this love and all my gain
Left me hope but all in vain
As all but this love still remains.

All this love and all I feel
Seems to be so brutal and real
Leaving me here to heal.

But heal I didn't nor could I be
The only hope that you can see
For now your love does nothing for me.

All this love and all this glee
Retreated from my mind in jee.
Hopeless now, as this is new to me.

Andy Greenwald

Roses

As if by some divine design,
I clearly give up on things, it seems
Because life has given me its only sign,
Of ridding me of my solemn dreams.
Life may be the greatest gift of all,
But at what cost must my mind diverge,
For life keeps me from standing tall,
Crippling me despite my heart and soul's converge.
In the thoughts of my self-pity,
Gave way to a pain submersed,
Inside this lone, hollow ditty,
Hoping to relieve this curse.
If life was just and fair to feel,
Then pointless is it to live,
But just the same is life to appeal,
Because it can take away that it gives.
Life has its up's and down's
But more pruned you are to fall,
And all the beauty of life is drowned,
By pain and sorrow's wicked call.
So as if by some divine narcosis,
I drift out of the life I see
For life may have its roses,
But its thorns prick my finger bleed.

Andy Greenwald

Such A Sight

Such a sight for summer-stained eyes
The cold breathes down my back
Too cold for a warming ransack
In a shelter where bears the truth's lies
Such a sight for sun-scorched eyes
Left me to search for a cranny or crack
Where the warm is there to lack
But another whisper there dies.
The words of forgotten closure
Grow new as heat slips from my reaches
Inside this hole where I lay
The whispers shout to ensure
This is where heaven to earth breaches
Such is the sight where forever I will stay.

Andy Greenwald

Sullen Heartstring

Slipping through a trudging life,
Falling into the gyre of depression.
But see the laughing people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
To live or die is now my only strife,
With dischorded thoughts of my heart's repression.

Whole but through my angst of dying,
See a world of mellow fervor.
But hear the happy people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
Mocking me to bitter writhing,
Dulling my overwrought endeavor.

Trying to prove myself of some value,
Telling myself I am indeed something.
But listen to the happy people,
They that ignored me in the steeple,
Reminding me I am worth nothing but rue,
Just a blank, left with a sullen heartstring.

Andy Greenwald

Take Away

My heart bleeds...
Shadows of light
from out the moon.
Broken too soon
In my mind.
Torn in two.
Heart askew.
Hollow my soul.
Tear me down.
Leave me bleeding,
bleeding,
needing love.
But my lonely tender
Lost as my pretender
Of life...
Love...
Hope...
Joy...
Spiral down my mad descent.
You always take away
the light that should stay
and leave me to lay
in the darkness delayed.

Andy Greenwald

The Drain

In the alleys of hotless rain,
That pour more than once, than twice,
 but thrice.

Trickle down the gutter drain,
 Through a dream of mine,
 That craves for more divine.

Crimson low swing of relief,
And but a tragic end resolve,
 In a state of disbelief.

Slow to hang on tree limb bore
And my mind at high falls to the drain,
Just like my hopes and dreams, drowned by the hotless rain.

Andy Greenwald

The Light

Ah, the light.

The bright light of dreams.

Up above us all

Given to us,

from God almighty.

That light never flickers,

never fades away.

But rather hides itself until it is your turn

to see it...

And until then, you must remain in darkness,

departed from your dreams.

So don't give up and don't look away,

for you may miss your glance at it.

I know I have...

Andy Greenwald

The Well

When I look into your eyes,
I see a sea of hopeless dreams.
But you wish to fulfill them just the same.
As time slowly passes, those dreams,
Those hopes seem to fade into a well,
 Where all the dreams fell,
And they drown in the murky water.

When I look into your eyes,
I see a goal inside your soul.
A wish to one day be granted.
As time slips from under you
That goal stumbled into a well,
 Where all the dreams fell,
And it too drowns in the clouded water.

When I look into your eyes,
I see a pain inside your veins.
As you sadly pout, you start to get angry.
As time trudges quickly through your grasp
That pain was placed into a well,
 Where all the dreams fell,
And now you are left with nothing.

As you reach for the well,
Where again the dreams fell,
You grow cold, too cold for me.
Time goes on too fast for you to love,
And now I too jump in a well
Where now everything has fell,
And now you are truly alone.

I told this to my recently torn family,
My kids listen to my true story,
All curious to what happened to their mom.
As time progressed, they asked more.
I said we did not get in the well,
Where the dreams there dwelled,
But rather she got out of the well.

When I look at her picture,
I see a sea of all her dreams
And she left us all, it seems.
Time, for her, was short to be with us.
But when she got out of the well,
Where me and her goal
Her dreams and her pain dwell,
She was in a better place.

Andy Greenwald

When Supremely My Idol Falls

When supremely my idol falls,
While I purl down that aisle sadly,
As I wish for Him to return to me,
May I live at best that holy.
For falling was the greatest price
And greatest gift He gave to me.
Does that not oblige me vividly
To provide the heart of me?
Will I live in denial and constraint
Or sacrifice myself when time calls?
The hardest decision to ever make
When supremely my idol falls.

Andy Greenwald