

Poetry Series

**Austin Glover**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2011

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Austin Glover(August,28,1996)

Hi, my name is Austin Glover, I began writing poetry when I was prompted to in the 8th Grade for a project. Ever since my writing has evolved into an escape from my reality; my poems and I live in a surreal state of perfection. On poem hunter is where some of my work is published, though my every thought of ink is located on my blog:

For all the poets out there: never stop writing, you're inspiring.

# Beauty Defines Itself

Beauty defines itself like such great art,  
All eyes drawn to its composure and grace,  
A sculpture or painting so pure of heart,  
Almost eases the time I long for your face.  
To look back at mine so dearly and true,  
With warm yellow eyes refreshing my mind,  
Of all the cares I held strongly for you,  
Oh and how that it is, you're so rare a find.  
Aligned borders hold thick paint to canvas,  
Yet her beauty exceeds all obstacles.  
Not one detail from time is easy to miss,  
Makes me recall, that perfect is possible.  
So to thee a comparison would be a shame,  
For art is restricted to its own place and fame.

Austin Glover

# Can You Feel The Sway?

Can you feel the sway in the atmosphere?  
As you and I spend together this year,  
Gazing into a universe broad,  
Ever evolving our love, my dear.

Do you know our existence's fragile state?  
The way single strands do relate,  
To another forming solid bonds,  
Souls fusing as one with their mate.

Do you know of my tedious love for loss?  
Of isolation and suffering across,  
The span of this life, I once held a knife,  
Yet, you cast it aside with such blissful gloss.

Hence my infatuate love for you 'tis sincere,  
Your beautiful grace, I view with revere.

Austin Glover

# Commitment

The night wears on my ever weary eyes,  
Tempting their close, forever lost in lovers dreams,  
Where melded souls share their holistic cries,  
Of the unity in their love it seems.

Though each night I fight my sleep,  
For fear of us, in never waking view,  
Your heart you say, Is mine to keep,  
Though I'm afraid I must return it to you.

Austin Glover

# Fate's Only Challenger

Would you step of the  
Back of my shoe, if I told you,  
I'd stay forever?

And would you love me  
All the same, if I said it's  
Only the weather,

Who suddenly can  
Change with each "x" you mark on  
This year's calendar,

But love, eternal  
As the night stars, will always  
Be fate's challenger.

Austin Glover

# Four Letters Fulfilled

Changed, is meaning of these letters I speak,  
As you and I spend less moments apart.  
Though, closer we come with each passing week,  
A spirit so full, now filling my heart.  
Up to the rim, 'till I'm leaking a smile,  
With each embrace warming my skin,  
Those perfect brown eyes, pausing the dial,  
Grants stand-stills in time, yet where have you been?  
All my life, while four letters I spoke of,  
Wanting to feel their emotion so true,  
Them crafty four letters I knew as: love,  
Were not but empty, until I met you.  
Your grace and beauty, a radiant light,  
Forever yours, to you I owe each night.

Austin Glover

# He Suddenly Woke

He suddenly woke to the breath of an angel,  
Lingering close, warming his skin,  
Yet in reality, cold engulfed his flesh,  
He wondered how it had happened,  
And who he had been.

Though now he was set  
Way up in the sky,  
In peace he would rest,  
Upon clouds he would fly,

Though at night he would ponder,  
In many thoughts deep,  
Who could I have been,  
Was my life not to keep?

On his last breath she did linger,  
this winged creature of despair,  
gazing down at his face mournfully,  
the last petaled tears entwined in her hair.

For love echoed in a cold embrace he'd never feel,  
the last touch of life fading quickly  
with each silver engrained kiss,  
the rose from cheeks as placid  
as his stone covered lips.

For once she felt pain in her bottomless heart  
for this poor distant soul,  
how unfair it was to take him,  
to never let the world know

what a blossom he was  
in this blissful prime,  
his life surely wasted on a pitiful crime  
of selfishness clouding a pristine vision,  
his life lost to one who had fallen from  
a desperate superstition.



Austin Glover

# Hearts Deceased

Gracefully they dance on great mountains height,  
With distant stretched beauty and pure loomed glow,  
Compact together yet parted with fright,  
Afraid of who's insides first come to show.  
Their delicate frames rely on thin strands,  
Drawn from all known depths of sad sorrows end,  
As the smile they wear fades by times hand,  
Ears wide open spark quick paths to mend.  
Crafted with love, hearts pump out pure feeling,  
Listen before you're dressed in black kneeling.

Suicide, is the most selfish act one person could commit.

Austin Glover

# Inspiration

A while its been, I'm afraid that's true,  
The sky remains grey, the air bleeds with monotones,  
To my ringing ears that I trudge with each morn.  
Do I wake only to hear afflicting moans?  
Of these pissy people,

Who preach their own entitlements,  
Of money, fame and wealth,  
What ever happened to sincerity and love?  
And not loving only yourself?  
So in the monotones of yesterday,

I sat with typical thoughts,  
My soul lacks inspiration,  
It suffers painful droughts.

Austin Glover

# Love Sonnet

Dark waters won't subdue her reflection,  
Smudged mirrors cannot deny her image,  
Blind views, she shines through with perfection,  
As heart and figure need not to scrimmage.  
Wrapped in her blanket, December stays warm,  
Like her elegant touch grants life from grey,  
And not one could slow the beautiful swarm,  
That follows her true, in compact array.  
Smiles and laughter it tightly confines,  
Her loves to hates, their joined compromise,  
From friends to foes she worries for all minds,  
Such content of this fades spirits which rise.  
As flame in night, stands her radiant glow,  
Light to my world, she's everything I owe.

This poem i wrote for my beautiful girl <3

Austin Glover

# Mr. Android

My grip is weak,  
I am forever sliding,  
Into this hole of meek,  
My thoughts are gliding,

Into this void,  
My ever silent muse,  
I feel like an android,  
Running on a short fuse,

So, how does it feel  
in your new android form?  
Do you like the cold steel?  
Do you feel re-born?

Are you void of emotion?  
Do you still have a heart?  
Do you still have the notion  
your words cannot start?

Does your muse remain sleeping?  
Is your ink brilliant white?  
Are your thoughts fast and fleeting?  
Please tell me this night.

My skin aches of cold,  
It now rusts in the rain,  
My fingers cannot fold,  
I am in dire pain.

Lady's touch I can't feel,  
Nor does my heart beat,  
My wounds never heal,  
I have wheels, not feet.

To not feel, is an advantage they say,  
Though I strongly disagree,  
I trudge through wretched life each day,  
Knowing I'll never be free.

Austin Glover

# My Defence

The air is tense,  
Screaming's dense,  
In this void, desolate,  
Sense of mind.

Pages fall victim to,  
The silent muse inside of you,  
From haunting chills of your bone,  
To new-found bliss in venom's spew.

This quill: my surreal escape,  
My shade from sun, my solid cape,  
Forever in words i'll hide, I'll be obscure,  
With scribbles as my guide, I'll find a cure.

Austin Glover

# Of You I Envy Every Aspect

Of you, I envy every aspect,  
As each moment I long for your presence,  
That enticing smile, those beautiful eyes,  
Oh, how you can finish my sentence.  
Those nights spent under the stars,  
How your whispers crawl into my dreams,  
Your fingers trace intricate patterns,  
Along my sensitive seams

Yet as I lay awake each night  
it's on your heart mine own does wish  
to fall upon tender embrace  
and linger on the sweetest kiss  
Where eyes wide closed bring clarity  
and permeate with blinding light  
the melded souls in lovers dreams  
united by the sky at night.

Austin Glover



## Poetic Lovers

Before said words, came the notion,  
From her eyes, a poetic devotion,  
To a timid boy, with love sky-bound,  
He'd whisper through ink, keeping her sound.

She'd trace like patterns, upon a new page,  
Then send it his way, though mail could not gauge,  
The pulsing heart of a poetic lover,  
How ink spells I love you, compared to no other.

Austin Glover

# Recovery

Defiance and hope,  
You wish to rebel?  
Grab hold of this rope,  
Whatever you say,  
I'll lead the way,  
Just reach for that rope.

Be pulled by this chance,  
A simplistic trance,  
To fill the void,  
Within your soul.

Funny thing, recovery,  
It guides those in need,  
Though will never feed,  
The souls who do not plead,  
For their freedom.

Austin Glover

# Redrawn

Upon first glance I'm drawn to your beauty,  
As my own outlines are sketched in anew,  
Shading empty gaps left from pure cruelty,  
brush in hand, what else am i to do?  
But to fall in love with someone so kind,  
With each embrace, closing our distance,  
All i could ask for in one perfect find,  
Never again will my searching start since,  
I've been shown great times by a girl so true,  
Your perfect brown eyes reflecting my smile,  
Whose origin is gazing straight back at you,  
Trying with love is clearly worth while.  
My hands on yours is a delicate feel,  
You're perfect in my dreams, they must be real

Austin Glover

# Savior

Fixed beating, a comfort upon silence,  
On and on, as the second hand goes,  
Whose hunger resides in the cold air tense,  
The ticking pulse which never slows.  
Alive with emotion, yet dead with weight,  
The puzzle received, with pieces lost,  
Replaced so finely, an uplifting fate,  
Along came a girl, free of all cost.  
Now there in her hands, rests my heart today,  
Her loving embrace, gentle with care,  
A smile so warm, beside her I lay,  
Past meanings of love, could not compare.  
Broken was I, while I thought I was whole,  
If it meant having you, pain was fair toll.

Austin Glover

# The Season Changes Ink Arranges

Autumn changing,  
Hearts arranging,  
Placid colors,  
Ever fading.

Green of leaves,  
Bliss deceives,  
The sorrow of  
Two who do believe,

In the grace of the sky,  
The truth of a lie,  
In all these years,  
Lovers do comply,

Their melded wills,  
With ink and quills,  
Poetry guiding,  
Their thoughtful spills.

Austin Glover

# Unnoticed

As a poet, my writing comes and goes,  
Sometimes it's scrambled, and sometimes it flows,  
My inspiration lacks, while I relax,  
In this repetitive place I know.

When I spill dark ink among said pages,  
Enticing others, not done for wages,  
The readers I feed, I'll beg and I'll plead,  
Yet unnoticed I'll step off these stages.

Austin Glover