

Poetry Series

Ben Bergeth
- poems -

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Ben Bergeth(3-23-92)

All You Need Is Love

The Beatles were on to something
when John Lennon wrote 'All You Need is Love.'
Culture preached love, hippies breathed love.
We need to live a life of love.

What is love? What is love to you?
Your view of love defines
the way you treat people
and ultimately how people treat you.

When we love others,
we love Him who created us.
The only purpose we were created for,
to love and to be loved. And what a purpose it is.

Love is selfless, it is tender.
Love keeps no record of wrong!
Love endures, it carries on.
When you are shaken to the core, love never fails.

Ben Bergeth

Can'T Buy Me Love

Love and money paired as one,
what a disgusting thought.
To think that something priceless
can be bought with a worthless promise.

Money can buy love,
an artificial love filled with greed.
Long living love is only bought
with trust and security with your someone.

Commitments are shattering each day.
The agreement was not solid.
The motives were corrupt.
The love was never there.

It is not about you,
it is about him,
it is about her.
Now you see the success.

Ben Bergeth

Carry That Weight

Uphill
Incline
Burden
Step
By
Step
Regret
To
Drop
The
Ball
Slipping
Balance
Fatigue
Repeat
Life
It
Always
Will

Ben Bergeth

Dead To Me

I am walking in a mine field
a twenty-five pound metal detector
gripped in my hands
as if my life is wrapped around the handle.

A friend on my left
a friend on my right
both walking with me
as if they had confidence

Each step is taken
with sure steady hesitance
not wanting to move an inch forward
but a mile backward

I freeze.
A shiver down my spine
As if the devil himself
were breathing down my neck

A man drops to my left
shot through the head
A man drops to my right
several wounds through the heart

Dark.
I dropp to my knees
shock sets in
I have been shot.

My heart is aching
my head is spinning
still spinning like a top
like a broken carousel.

Those men are me
fallen like all the rest
before them
dead to me.

Ben Bergeth

Division Within

A kingdom divided falls
like sand castle
trampled by men
or surged by currents

You cannot serve to masters
hating one
and loving the other
vice versa

I've heard both
the arguments
presented to me
the details are clearly blurred

Both are legitimate
cases facing one another
conflicting agendas
are a nasty demise

The fun, exciting now
The ideal, picture perfect future
but which choose
as the cases face me and their respectful opposite

Oh goodness
What mess on my hands
do I have
to scrub clean

Playing the cards
knowing the effects
of each laid
face and number

A lifelong knowledge
should secure
my choice
and my initial avoidance

Of my personal
divorce between me and my other half
but yet I pin myself against yet another
division within

Ben Bergeth

Epidemic

I think I have caught a bug
it's crawling under my skin
I feel it
scratching on the inside

It's not just me
I am not crazy enough
to feel this sensation
and it not be reality

I know it to be true
he feels this discomfort
she is screams in pure astonishment
it could not have reached her like this

These symptoms
these symptoms are rushing to head
invading me
and making me sick with thoughts

These ideas don't make sense
I don't make sense
with logic out the window
and reason neglected

I am losing it
considered to be stupid
or even crazy
as big of a stretch that might be

This epidemic is spreading
spreading like wildfire
it's burning and singeing
what it overtakes

No doctor can diagnose
no therapist can comfort
no institution can prescribe for
this ignorance I have caught

Ben Bergeth

Everyone Has An Opinion

Everyone has an opinion.

Thoughts can be shared out loud by those outspoken.

Many opinions are locked away inside the heart never to escape,
as fear and rejections guard its cell.

There is a time when an opinion should be spoken.

Others may offend or criticize the target in which it is aimed at.

But when is it safe to share your two cents?

Is free speaking or quietly observing the better approach?

Your sound judgment is the one to make the call.

Who should I listen to?

Listening intently, studying the words you hear,
then you will know who to trust and who to leave in the dust.

Ben Bergeth

Failure To Launch

A chance never taken is a chance wasted.
A chance to love, this love is not a word.
This love is an action, care-filled acts.
Always shown when not deserved, just like grace.

You can open doors.
You can close doors.
When I look for the path set for me, the direction is not as obvious as it is led to be.
You make my plan, my story told to every face, every heart.
I want this, do you want this?
Help me to determine the answers to the haunting, dauntings questions, that linger within, through your eyes.

Now to you my friend.
Open your eyes, see hun.
I love you, this love of a secure friendship.
Nothing more, nothing less.
You are the obvious choice but I will let you contemplate about my reasoning.
Just as I have.

Ben Bergeth

Filthy Rags

The smoke from my burning rag
blows into my face
the smoke burns my eyes
I wipe my eyes clean of the dirty, black rag

I look every which way
just not towards
Am I too low
or is He too high?

Emotions and conflict hurt me
impale me, callousing me to no feeling
Return feeling to me
show me what makes you cringe

My sins, my passions that are NOT you
are leading me down the short, wide road of hell
those who I care about are not you
set the sight back on you

If I lie, I fool myself
Lying to you is like looking myself in the mirror
I see myself and all that is me
but escaping that truth is impossible

I soak in the pain
from the ones I work for the most
the efforts seem worthless and patience seems thin
for no influence and no lesson

When I wander back to you
my mess is cleaned by a pure, white cloth
one who gives no pain, but takes it all
but ignorance is bliss, I never see it all.

Ben Bergeth

Help!

I'm wandering with these bloody
red stained hands
wondering
wondering what I did

What did I do
this cleaver in my hand
and this red mark
that runs across my chest

This sharp pain
Shards of wood
splinters maybe
break the skin

Nothing comes to mind
shooting a blank
I can't recall an instant
as if it never happened

The dark night before
I was lost
too lost in my own deeds
enough to kill to get my way

I hunted him down
I brought him to court
I hung him
I pounded the nail

The nail that
that held him there
his head hangs
hangs in love and compassion

Ben Bergeth

Here Comes The Sun

Don't worry, be happy
Simple yet so gosh darn complex
Not worrying seems so easy
Why is it so difficult

We focus on every care
We seem to carry the weight
Of the world on our shoulders
But the fool plays it cool by making his world a little colder

So turn that frown upside down
crack a smile, let out a laugh
Put your troubles aside
And let loose yourself, find yourself

And you know, that emerging grin
And a small, kind word
Can brighten a day just
As yours has become a bit lighter

Ben Bergeth

Highway

I'm stepping on your toes
getting to my bus stop
never to see you again
but I'd care less

I know my time is today
today is made for something great
above you
and above your lesser

Focus is on my feet
each step hitting the ground
where I need to go
what I need to do

And behind my back
are all that I have passed
a glance given
to no one

My feet constrict me
to one direction
my self constricts me
to one person

Ben Bergeth

I Am A Dreamer

I am a dreamer
like everyone else
but I am not like other dreamers
I dream the possible

I know my dream can become reality
but I am not quite sure how or when
it seems impossible
yet I see others live it out

Dreaming is indescribable
I do not comprehend it
when I have a grasp on it
it embraces me

I love to dream
It is reality so close,
close enough to touch
but I stretch out my hand to touch nothing

Dream big, dream little
a dream is a dream
chase them
who knows what they will entail?

Ben Bergeth

I Wanna Know

I wanna know
What makes you think
What makes you tick
What makes you beat

Well, what is it?
Pause for a moment
Think about it
Take your time

Be honest with yourself
What is the number one
In your heart
And in your mind?

What is your number one priority?
What do you turn to?
Where is your security?
What is the core of you?

I wanna know
Now give it more time
Examine yourself
Look at your drive

Have you identified this object?
Good!
Now what if this support dropped
simply dropped out of your life?

Hell would break loose, wouldn't it?
Vertigo sets in
You can't make a clear decision
And your mind can't focus it's attention on any which way.

Before you sell your life
to something
anything
I wanna know if it's gonna last

Ben Bergeth

If I Fell

Falling down to get up again
falling flat on my face
falling down to get up again
getting up one more time seems to be too much

Don't help me up
I rather lie here
no use getting up
when these legs don't support me

I'm hungover with this helplessness about me
this intoxicating feeling that it's me
just me left
here to hang my head

And a hand stretches
out to yours
to pick you up with
a smile

Ben Bergeth

Inner Beauty

The girls I knew seemed fun and enjoyable
but they never seemed appealing.
They seemed different,
as if lacking something found in others.

I had it all wrong,
the fault was in me.
But I thought that they were in the wrong
and not my selfish eyes.

I looked at the appearance
then the heart.
The pretty girls caught my eye
and I ran after them.

Now, I can see. I am not blind.
I see the hearts and their beauty.
Then I see her face and her's.
They are stunning, surpassing the shallow heart.

Beauty lies in the heart.
Focus on the exterior is ignorance.
Looks will fade,
but the inner beauty will stay true.

Ben Bergeth

It Will Be

I'm breaking down the barriers
that give you security
you're among friends
with your own

you and I not
as far as I see
is a long shot
between you and me

Why can't we be
you and me
it's troubling
to hurt as much as one can handle

Let it be
whispered in my ear
And it will
until time knocks on my door

Ben Bergeth

Life To Come

Here I lie
waiting and
waiting.
Will this sense of despair ever leave me?
As one life falls away, the new rises from its resting place.
I traverse out the door to embrace the new life I have.
Here it comes!
Will I be well-equipped?
I shall wait and see.

Years gone by, years to come.
Still anxiously awaiting
that day when I see the gleam in her eyes.
Indeed I could not have dreamed of anything more immaculate.

Ben Bergeth

Loosen The Knot

I'm not about to step through that door again
Hitting me on my way out,
As though it couldn't stand
Another glimpse of me

Wandering through this maze of self-pity
Doesn't seem to find much hope
I'm at a loss for words
And have lost ability to focus on community

You drive me to seclusion
While I drive myself to insanity
as every care in the world
Saturates my head

Lyrical poetry helps not
Slumber is a desperate shot
Labor best be forgot
Diversions? I think, naught

Ben Bergeth

Me Against Me (Project 86)

Back to square one
And all because
You failed me
Getting in my way

My intentions
mean nothing to you
like you want me
to fall on my face

It's all your fault
you and your selfish
nature wanting it all
while I am left with a sham

We are pulling
in separate directions
I to the left
you to the right

How are we so
unlike one another?
You are me!
And I am you!

You put up the fight
but you should know
I ain't giving in
not now

You drag me down
you leave me there
I get to my feet
you push me down

I see how it is
You're out to get me
to get me down
as long as I don't have the will

Once I am out of the way
who is there to stop you
and you are right
no one.

You seem to get
what you want
when you want it
through me

You use me
for own gain
and nothing strikes you
as wrong.

And I am sick of it
sick of you
and your lies
straight from dragon's lips

You are killing me
this hole in my chest
is only getting larger
and you'll rot me to the core

I am done
done with this hell
between you
and me

We are making this right
if it costs me anything
and everything
me against me

Ben Bergeth

My Girl Of The Future

My girl of the future
is patiently waiting for a conversation
for the opportunity to see my face
enjoying every waking moment of our talks

My girl of the future
is patiently waiting for me to finally arrive
for me to be with her
so this distance crumbles and tumbles

My girl of the future
is there for me
slow to speak
and ready to talk

My girl of the future
is willing to look past
my fault here
and my short coming there

My girl of the future
is expecting me
I'll be there soon enough
and no longer will we toil in worry

My girl of the future
is loving
understanding
and above all else, beautiful

My girl of the future
is my future

Ben Bergeth

On My Way

Halfway conscious, halfway there
My mind drifts from one moment to another
It wanders, it has no purpose
But it does.
It separates the detrimental from the worthless.
Some ideas that run are to worth catching up to.
Some ideas are worth embracing.
Reeling in another catch.
Letting it all go, hoping for something satisfying.
The selfish taste for more than I bargain for lingers.
But is dissolved by something bigger than my own.
It vanishes like a thief in the night.
Reality is no longer a factor.
I'm on my way.
It won't be long.
The factors that kept me going will fade.
Some will start me off on the right foot.
Others will encourage me to the end.

Ben Bergeth

Past Is Present

When I first met you, I saw someone else.
Someone that I have known all my life.
She is lovely.
Capturing eyes.
Her vibe is as welcoming as her warm hug.
She is full of the Lord.
I can see her heart over-flowing with gentleness.
She is not like the rest.
Set apart.
Yet I have no idea as to why.
She is special I guess.
Unique and perfect in every way.
My eyes refocus onto you.
I am back to the here and now.
That girl in my past is you.
Mirroring the love that has returned.

Ben Bergeth

Picture Perfect

Have you ever sat down
let your thoughts go round
create a world of your own
only for fate to crash in

Reality is not welcome
nor is it accounted for
I checked that baggage
at the door when I pushed the imminent aside

You've created a perfect environment
one that welcomes progress
one that accepts forward motion
with one focal point tucked behind it all

Every plan has many moving pieces
each delicate and essential
serving a purpose of its very own
only to better the whole

But intentions fall
and plans burn in hell
And as many do
I shall return to the drawing board

Only to make another unsuccessful attempt
at what I have no control over
It's a process, a process that teaches
I must learn to master my emotions

Alongside self-control, trust accompanies it
Trust me, trust your own judgement
and trust will go far
as far as assurance will take you

Ben Bergeth

Reflection

I wander through the brush to find a body of water.
A lake to reveal my inner thoughts and emotions.
Mirroring myself.
As I stumble through some patches of thorns, I hear a trickle of water.
I found what I seek.
My eyes connect with my heart.
Grief, anticipation, and a glimpse of hope all fill my soul.
I can fix this. Can I?

A harpoon shoots through my chest.
The pain engulfs my thoughts.
Waiting so long hurts too much.
I need to leave. I do not want another wound close by.
Let it all go.
No, I cannot. Such a preposterous thought!
Wait it out then.

Another journey to the reflection pool.
To see what I might find in myself.
I see other people.
I see improvement.
Neither of those matter compared to her.
Here, I see my reflection.

Ben Bergeth

Same Old Song And Dance

A fence has a defined design,
consistent from post to post.
A clothing pattern seems flawless,
it repeats ever so often.

Our lives seem so random, spontaneous.
I must admit, it keeps things interesting.
But the same old song and dance
is a comfort we hold onto.

There seems to be no balance,
Either newness or status quo.
Which scenario is more desirable?
An invigorating fresh day or the old we all love?

I can't escape the motions of everyday.
I hit the twists and turns of life.
My heart is hitting a pitch of feeling.
But it beats the same yesterday.

Ben Bergeth

Secrets

I have all these secrets
in my head
on my heart
and I'm not letting them go

I'm holding on
Like my shame
my pride
has no where to go

No where to run
no where to turn
you're not open
to this concept of listening

I'm not open to opening
up those doors
That keep me back
from me

So impersonal
one whiff of
my life
is too much

For you
Listening is some sort
of task that is not worth
the time

You're closed
to me open
apathy
that is all you are

You're waiting
for bitterness to fly
This foot over mouth
And a head above shoulders

Just wait
I'll be covered in shame
And you'll suppress that small grin
of self-righteousness

If you want an honest answer
here it is
listen up, now
I have a secret

I'm tired of this insincerity
this apathy
this vexation
that I have a secret

Ben Bergeth

Shout

Speaking up in
this crowd of differences
I'm losing my voice
in this vacuum of noise

Glances are shot
I need to swallow
whatever I even considered
to be voiced

They'd only listen
if I had a commanding
note to sound
a pleasing pitch to sing

I'm discouraged to
pipe up on
what I must say
or rather what they must hear

But by God
give me the vocals
to exclaim
to proclaim

Ben Bergeth

Sinful First Nature

Changes, risks, opinions, judgment
All of which hinder and alter
our choices, way of life, and the truth
that guards our tongues.
If only we were good listeners,
slow to speak, quick to listen.
Throwing out all bias and self-righteousness
realizing that I too am in the same muck as him or her.
Honesty would be encouraged.
Openness would be second nature.
Imagine the success.
Imagine the tasks that could be accomplished.
If only the blinders of sin were removed.

Ben Bergeth

Slow Down

Pull that parking break
near to you
I want my mind to drift
drift as fast as the clouds run past the sun

Those clouds
make all kind of shapes
letting your imagination wander
wander to what needs thought

Caught up with
the pace
you forget to think
think about what and why

Too busy
to even give a care
about what is now
now and what will be

Ben Bergeth

Special I Guess

When I first met you, I saw someone else.
Someone that I have known all my life.
She is lovely,
A beautiful face,
Capturing eyes.
Her vibe is as welcoming as her warm hugs.

She is full of the Lord.
I can see her heart, overflowing with gentleness.

She is not like the rest
Set apart,
Yet I have no idea as to why.
She is special I guess
Unique and perfect in her own way.

My eyes refocus onto you.
I am back to the here and now.
That girl in my past is you,
Mirroring the love that has returned.

Ben Bergeth

Storm The Gates Of Heaven

Recruiting by the hundreds
joining the ranks by the thousands
The front is deceiving
as if they know what is ahead of them

Ready yourself for
what is to come
prepare for the worst
because the darkest days will come

Hell on earth, they say it is
I'm sure it to be true
nothing is more quite like it
fighting the flesh and all my weakness

Storm the gates of Heaven
you kept your composure, you held your ground
Your burden has become light, you see the gates
Storm the gates of Heaven

Ben Bergeth

Tell Me Why

The humming bird flaps its wings frantically to hover.
The hawk glides in gusts of wind to soar.
The peacock has a majestic tail of colorful feathers.
Ever wonder why?

The tides roll in and out of the sea.
The sun and the moon create day and night.
The earth rotates around the sun to create years.
Why?

The caterpillar forms a chrysalis to transform into a beautiful butterfly.
The termite can eat through solid wood.
The spider can spin a unique, silky web to make its home.
Ever wonder why?

We react to a wide range of emotions.
We process words, language, and thoughts almost instantaneously.
We retain information for long or short term memory.
Why?

To show that God is all-powerful.
He is the beginning.
He is the end.
And He created for His glory.

Ben Bergeth

There Is One

Behind that emotionless, unshakable exterior
lives a man that hangs on every word.
He studies, he applies.
He learns from every girl.

But once is once enough.
A new lesson is already prepared.
I am all ears.
Soaking in every last mistake.

The mind is overcrowded with experiences of others.
The final exam is soon.
I will listen and wait and watch.
Because every gem of information is preparation for the one I kneel in front of,
asking for one word.

So cheers, thank you, God Bless.
You are still a part of me.
You helped me accomplish a task I could not complete alone.
Your efforts and cares have led me to find my love.
A special girl you are to teach me that there is one.

Ben Bergeth

Thought Or Not?

Decisions, decisions.

Our lives function alongside decisions,
both conscious and automatic.

Now one option is chosen over another
depending on the moral stance we take.

The essence of truth decides what is wrong and what is right.

Truth flows from no heart.

Truth is given.

Decisions are made sporadically, without truth, but upon feelings.

Rash, illogical, swaying emotions are not reliable,
yet the source of truth stands.

If only a mental process began when we need it the most.

Ben Bergeth

To Carry On

Endurance, we all have it.
Some have more, some have less.
Fatigue sets in
after endurance has failed to carry on.

Building endurance takes times.
Pushing yourself to the limit,
improving on your current you
creates this endurance to carry on.

In the rough patch of life,
it seems impossible
to keep your legs and your mind moving forward.
Learn to side step to carry on.

You cannot dodge every bullet of life
but God gives you just enough strength to overcome
what life throws at you.
In the end, He is needed to carry on.

Ben Bergeth

Verbatim

As I glance at the road ahead of me, I see two paths that splinter off into the distance. A fork in the road.

One path wide and winding. The other straight and narrow.

Terror. Anticipation. Desire. Fill my thoughts.

I want to take the first step. I need to take the initiative. No I cannot! Second guessing runs, runs though my mind.

The care I have for her keeps me from moving. Paralyzed. I cannot feel my feet.

I do not want to put such a great gift into jeopardy.

I want what is best for her, not what I seek.

I have made up my mind.

No turning back.

I will take the peril filled path, a straight shot to selflessness.

Here I go.

I have no venture as to what may happen in the end, yet I hope she can see my true intentions.

Open her eyes so that she can see clearly.

This is my hope and my prayer.

Ben Bergeth

Waiting Game

Oh the waiting game
and its dastardly fame.
Watching the clock is tough
when the seconds don't pass fast enough.

We wait in line.
We wait to dine.
It's a major pain
to keep one's self still sane.

Well patience is running thin.
Is to explode such a sin?
No! Sometimes we must let it out
instead of letting it all lie around and sit about.

Now anxiety will soon flee
from me to you and you to me.
All that worry and stress is off your chest,
it's best to take a rest.

Ben Bergeth

While My Guitar Gently Weeps

I am looking for you,
in every place, every space.
When I found you, I only stumbled upon a piece of you.
With every girl, I get closer, closer to you.

The one that is everything I am not,
and nothing that I am.
You fit like two hands holding onto dear life.
And those spaces can only filled by you.

I feel like I am about over the hill.
Before, this was a big acceptable joke.
So take a deep breath, jump!
You'll be fine, You'll learn as you go.

Ben Bergeth

White Washed Grave

I'm letting myself go
in this apathy
I feel toward myself
and all the words against others

I could care
less for me
than for you
Care isn't there

My heart is empty
and the sun is turning
his back on me
there is no more light to shed

I've not been out of my cave
of solitude in quite sometime
and I can't see
oh so clearly

Ben Bergeth

Yesterday

The smoke from my burning rag
blows into my face
the smoke burns my eyes
I wipe my eyes clean of the dirty, black rag

I look every which way
just not towards
Am I too low
or is He too high?

Emotions and conflict hurt me
impale me, callousing me to no feeling
Return the feeling to me
show me what makes you cringe

My sins, my passions that are NOT you
are leading me down the short, wide road of hell
those who I care about are not you
set the sight back on you

If I lie, I fool myself
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I see myself and all that is me
but escaping the at truth is impossible

I soak in the pain
from the ones I work for the most
the efforts seem worthless and patience seems thin
for no influence and no lesson

When I wander back to you,
my mess is cleaned by the pure, white cloth
one who gives me no pain, but takes it all
but ignorance is bliss, I never see it all.

Ben Bergeth

You

This enigma is beyond me
Sight is limited, signals are few
If I were to walk, I'd be free
But these signs may be true

The simple conversations I hold
Are what capture my attention
These times, they are never bold
But worth a mention

I'll come to know soon
Of what will become of this
In my ear, I hear a tune
Of bliss or an utter miss

Either way, it shall be worth
A shot at something new
Enjoyable times, down to earth
Maybe I'll finally discover you

Ben Bergeth

You Caught Me Paying Attention

You're turning away, making a complete turn around
You ain't going down that road
Bearings are lost
Along with the communication I had left

Look at me now
Bloodshot eyes
You're losing sleep
Losing any sense

For what?
Hell
Chaos
Is behind you

'I can tell by the way that you're shaking,
You've seen this before, and you can't wait til it's over.
While you're scared to death
I can offer you wisdom'

I wouldn't look back
Not over your shoulder
You don't need such a reminder
Of where you've been

Where you were headed
Is where you didn't intend
But intentions won't mend
the repercussion

You're hurt
You can't trust
Just give yourself
give yourself some truth

Ben Bergeth