

Poetry Series

Bobby Roberts
- poems -

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Bobby Roberts(3/3/93 - 3/3/?)

Myself, looked upon with no emotions towards anything, but regret and misery. I grew up a bad boy, and shaped into a around all, logical, and very brillaint person.

My bio isn't want has happened in my life. Only of what is going to happen. You may want to know my past, but i hold the secret. I shall write a book some day on it. But for now, only 16 of age, i shall show you my present. And to you, it will be the past, although i only wait for your future.

Death Train (8/24/08 12: 30am Sun)

The death train is coming
from the tunnel of sorrow
filled with dead passengers from yet
the days of tomorrow.
All these passengers committed suicide
I've seen with my own two eyes
I don't blame them
cause i saw no one cry,
must had a good reason
cause it only took them one try.
I think I might take that train.
cause i bought a ticket
sober & sane.

And the thing about this train,
no one ever gets off
no one ever talks.
I'm waiting for the train
thinking about my plain death.
No stress.

God it's not on time! It'd be here and everything will be just fine.
hours pass.
Will it get here in just the hide of time?
or will i sit here watching the
railroad tracks rust into grim
now i don't know if i want that train
to come,
am i really done with all this fun?

We'll just have to wait and see
to what might happen to me?
Death train, oh death train....

Bobby Roberts

March 3rd

The day I will die,
is the day i was born.
Feeling torn inside,
I don't know if I can hide this
anymore.
Should I go out with a bang,
or do it secretly with a bore.
so sore...
so sore...

I think some promises are ment to be broken.
You never know.

Bobby Roberts

Never Really Know (Jan 22 09 Thurs 1: 27pm)

The sunset dies and the stars
come out.
looking, but not seeing, talking bout
not breathing.
Not recognizing anything else but you
thinking about all the things that
make you, you.
Shuu away, flie you breaking my thoughts
there's lessons to taught.
Your eyes are amazing, your heart is what
I'm craving.
The funniest thing is when I
stare, I don't look at your
boobs & butt.
I'm just staring into your eyes
hoping your lids won't shut.
Your smile is priceless, it's the key
to my happiness.
You have my love, under your pillow. Going
to sleep with it and laying your head
your dreams might be great,
but in mine, we to be wedd.
The stars are fading, and here comes
the sun, but any love for you has
only begun.

Bobby Roberts

Not To Far

Here I walk to the valley of death,
smelled so bitter....
it took my breathe.

Darkness creeps, faster towards me.
Depression worsen, so much tragedy.

Blood drips from my smile....
My numbers in, Clocked & Dialed.
File my sins, for I shall pay.
Hell awaits, those dark
burning gates.

Goodbye, I shall give you my
last
My last piece of happiness and heart.

Bobby Roberts

Stuck In My Own Thoughts & Dreams (9/4/09 Fri 9:14am)

Not a day goes by that
I want to die.

Not a day goes by that I don't
stare at the sky.
and at night I just cry & die inside.

In my room, in the corner, in the
dark, looking for an answer &
waiting for my spark.

I use to believe, 'love those who love you, but don't let love,
mess up your vision', but it
messed up my vision, even though
it shall help me with my final decision.

Death shall take my place I'll
laugh and smile, when we become
face to face.

I'll finally be happy, dying with
a smile on my face.
and I'll taste that oh-so bitter taste.

Pretty much my life was a waste.

Bobby Roberts

To Wish Upon A Fallen Star

I wish, I wish
upon a star, so i can see who
you really are.

Stay right there
so I can run into your arms
let my love explode.

Darling i love you so,
like my star, you pass me fast
I've got to be quick
quick enough to grasp.
Your only there for a second
I shouldn't blink
cause that sight of you
my heart will surely sink.

Make my wish
thou shall pay
cause my wish never came.
But I'll wait, it come again
I'll get it next time
but it's been over 100's of times, it's hard to comprehend.

Bobby Roberts

Unspoken Thoughts (8/24/08 Sun 12: 07am)

The thoughts lurking in time
are leaving a stain in my mind.
I'm remembering of my recent thoughts of death,
destroying my breath.
I might as well be the definition of
'Depression'
See, I have this little confession.
I might actually do it this time,
You look and see all this writing,
but why can't you see my is dying?
I know why.
Cause I'm invisible,
this time I won't be able
to keep hope.
Unspoken Thoughts
is what I have.
Unspoken Thoughts
is why I'm sad.
Its not because of you
Its not because of me
Its Unspoken Thoughts
thats got me chain to this lifeless tree.

Its branches are falling,
I'm falling too.

It's dying,
and I shall die too.

Unspoken Thoughts is everything,
Unspoken Thoughts are still inside of me.

Bobby Roberts

Writing To Erin (Feb.14 08 7: 46pm)

Stress in the morning.

Stress in the evening.

Stress everyday, man what am i
feeling?

Man i wish that day would come,
when we could have all that fun.

See.

Plead.

Feel.

just kill.

this emotion.

for the time being,

Don't lie to me & tell me what you could be seeing,
but if your not.

Undo the knot, make the day come closer,
F this stress.

Bobby Roberts