

Poetry Series

**Bradley Dean**  
**- poems -**

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## Bradley Dean(30/8/90)

Hey everyone, I love writing poems and I like to share them with others and I hope that they all have some meaning to you and help you out in some way :) Some of them are odd; I wrote them at weird times in my life. But I leave them hear because maybe someone will see something in them that I can't.

Take care :)

# A Lock With No Key

In my mind there is a door  
That I cannot open  
I swallowed the key along time ago  
And I can't find the answer  
It's in me somewhere  
But I'm not getting anywhere

In my heart there is a gate  
A million miles high  
And I can't climb over it  
I tried to open it  
I pushed for years  
But it's too heavy to move

In my soul there is a hole  
It never goes  
I keep trying to close it  
I try to forget about it  
I patch it up time after time  
Yet it returns larger still

I tried to get a plane to reality  
From the airport of insanity  
The metal detector beeped as I went through it  
Maybe they will find the key in me  
And free my heart from my soul  
Take this hole and make me whole

Bradley Dean

# Betrayal

Stunned, Melting away  
My jaw locks - Eye's fixed  
A Harsh Voice echoes in my thoughts  
Brutally offensive

What have I done?  
I just want to know  
then my soul could rest  
and I would sleep

But neigh you say  
Go away  
You pest  
Crushed I stand

Head falls down  
Speech to Slur  
Socially Inactive  
Moral Murder

Lies flow out  
to comfort others  
Whilst I exist in  
Agonising Realisation

Maybe It was just a dream  
Figment of imagination  
Yet it was real  
I can feel the pain

Ignoring the best part of you  
No response to utterances  
Tricked by Society  
Unaware you remain

3 Years gone by  
A turn of events  
Not so innocent,  
yet Far more wiser

You come to senses  
Woke from the nightmare  
Horrified as you come to terms  
With past actions

What's done is done  
But that's not all  
The missing piece  
Of my heart

Trying to fix the jigsaw  
of emotion  
A hole is present yet  
the cure is blind

Now healed I grab  
you from your horrid stead  
Fill up my wound  
The tragedy is over

A life's work nearly lost  
Saved by hope, and love lust  
Puzzle finished, dream no more  
I forgive you

my long lost thorn

Bradley Dean

# Broken Mirror

Beware the dark lies  
Contained within the  
Shattered words which  
Lying Lips  
Devilishly design  
Aiming to corrupt  
And disfigure  
That which is  
Simple and true  
Thereby making  
Darkness.

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Bradley Dean

# Burning Silence

I cry for your stupidity  
Weep with innocent eyes  
Drowned in Life's tempest  
Miles Underground

Hours become Days  
Days become years  
All hope succumbed  
to childish fear

Gazing longingly  
I see the Prize  
Nought between us  
But silence enjoys

Tormented by fright  
you run from the light  
Still in my sight  
An ugly fight

Set free your soul  
Take the chance  
run for your life  
Outwit the beast

Lonely and weak  
Seeking Shelter  
Under our wing  
Stay and give in

The event dawns  
relying on brothers  
lost and now found  
Burning anticipations

Ying and Yang  
Forgive or Forget  
Frozen in joy  
Justice Rejoice

Bradley Dean



# Dreams

Oh wonderful things!  
Their distant relatives  
Live in sunlight  
During hazy days  
Unlike the nether ones

Bradley Dean

# Echo

I opened my eyes today  
And saw myself  
In the flowing river  
It spoke to me;  
And imparted it's water  
To refresh my mind.

I looked at the river  
And saw myself  
I realized that  
I was drinking  
The image of my being  
My echo

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# Emergency!

Hark!

Lo!

Go!

No!

Oh what to do,

A load of Hub-

Ub

What do do?

Tell me now!

Oh what to do

Please show me the way

To the closest

Loo!

Bradley Dean

# Frozen Flames

Icicles fall from  
Dazzling Cliffs  
Trapped Warmth  
Dying Combustion  
Frozen Flames  
Cold Blooded  
Crystals of rage  
Elongated Shards  
With poisonous touch  
Toxic Agony  
Concentrated Forms

Bradley Dean

# Healerman

Today I healed a man  
I took his hand  
And helped him to fly  
He flew with me  
Into the sky

We talked of things  
Above and below  
We smiled and laughed  
And let the words flow  
To the beat of my heart

A pure arrow of light came out of my mouth  
And hit him straight in the head  
There was no blood  
But instead an opening  
Where knowledge poured in

Today I healed a man  
His condition was simple  
He was an angel  
Who had forgotten his purpose  
I helped him remember who he was

I am a mirror made of peace and truth  
I can show you who you really are  
You're beautiful inside and out  
I am like a rainbow x-ray  
I can show you every colour you have within

I am Healerman

Bradley Dean

# Hourglass

Life is in Perpetual Motion  
Of Sensation and Emotion  
Thoughts and Feelings  
Soul Crystals  
Flowing Within  
Endlessly  
Again  
And  
Again  
Rippling  
Within me  
Fleeting Memories  
Yesterday and Tomorrow  
Of Reality and Imagination  
Life is in Perpetual Motion

[Now that you've read it down, i.e, the hourglass has got to the bottom, 'turn over' the hourglass.. read the poem from the bottom to the top, ;) ]

Life is in Perpetual Motion  
Of Reality and Imagination  
Yesterday and Tomorrow  
Fleeting Memories  
Within me  
Rippling  
Again  
And  
Again  
Endlessly  
Flowing Within  
Soul Crystals  
Thoughts and Feelings  
Of Sensation and Emotion  
Life is in Perpetual Motion

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# Maze

Maze

Eager for release  
Weak yet resolute  
Seeking the solution  
To all questions  
Like keys cut  
From my soul  
Life's foot prints  
My tender scars

Scouring the passage  
I find you  
The correct key  
A simple plug  
To drain this  
Whirlpool of tears  
To banish this  
Desert of fears

I gather together  
My distorted thoughts  
Hoping to assemble  
The complete jigsaw  
A gateway home  
A puzzle door  
To freedom within  
For all time

Fragments no more  
A portal appears  
Taking the key,  
it opens promptly  
Without any hesitation  
I step through  
Only to discover  
..There's another Maze

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# Meop Sdrawkcab/Forwards Poem

Read this poem from here downwards

- - - - -

I might cry from it  
What's in front of me  
But I don't want to see  
One day I may turn around

We are silent souls  
They stop us speaking  
But they also stop people  
Their rain shields stop the rain

With rain shields  
Who cover themselves  
Through a crowd of strangers  
I feel like I'm walking backwards

- - - - -

Then read this poem from here upwards

Bradley Dean

# Money Fever!

There's a great disease spreading  
It's coming to us  
That's where it's heading

A man saw some money  
He picked it up  
And he went crazy

I don't understand how money could do this  
Perhaps it is magical, I muse  
It certainly does not bring bliss

I see crowds of the infected  
They can't let go of the money  
It's so heavily protected

Money fever  
Do I have it? Will I ever catch it?  
I hope that the answer is never

I look around me  
Carefully avoiding anymore spare change  
It might be deadly

I see a man let go of his money, he gives it to me  
His eyes are normal  
The others with the crazy eyes say he is crazy

I drop the money on the floor  
A crowd swarms my feet  
And the cash is no more

It only affects humans  
It must be a man made disease  
It makes sense

The money is never used  
Just held in hands  
It makes me confused

It's everywhere  
The scientists don't care for a solution  
Money Fever

It's fatal in every case  
A deadly wound  
To heal with haste

Bradley Dean

# My Thorn

Piercing my soul:  
I am bruised  
Wounding my heart:  
I am confused

You take my dignity  
You break my bones  
I sit in pain  
My body groans

The scars I wield  
Prove my past  
Like a shattered window  
Shards of mistrust

I thirst for truth:  
I hunger for love  
And yet I receive  
None such above

But I will live on  
And you will fail  
I'm not stopping  
I will prevail

My thorn, My thorn  
Be gone for good  
For thou art but  
A rotten wood

O poison ivy  
Hide from my sight  
Depart from me  
Let me delight

And then I breathed  
A silent breath  
A final testament  
Of my death

Bradley Dean

# Sweet Tooth

Red Apple Crumble  
Bleeding Citrus dew  
Take my hunger  
Thirst for life

Inside me eruption  
Psychological Distraction

Sweet tooth no more  
Sour Corruption  
Extreme flavours  
Sensitive Scar

Crumbs remain  
Dried Tears  
On your lips  
A traitors kiss

Bradley Dean

# The Cloud Child

Fragile Whisper

Gently Blows

Crisp Cotton

Freely Flows

Softly Caressing

Sapphire Skies

Eternal Child's

Compassionate Eyes

Silently Sailing

Heavens Above

Reverently Glorious

Angelic Dove

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# The Dark Fence

The Dark Fence

Was it made  
To keep the darkness out,  
Or to stop the colour seeping through?

Regardless,  
The Ravens did not care -  
Flitting between both realms casually

Daringly perched  
Upon the weathered wood,  
Flippantly mocking its dominion

Not even the rainbows  
Nor the enigmatic butterflies  
Could cross over the solemn structure

Abruptly halting  
Immediately prior to contravening  
The barrier's jurisdiction

Hesitant to provoke  
The seemingly dormant border  
As though fearful of imminent destruction

Yet,  
The Ravens cawed, jeering  
Their shadows adorning either world

Quietly conversing one to another  
With divers chatterings  
Whilst the Dark Fence merely listened

Covertly observing  
The paradoxical scenario  
Chuckling at the absurdity of it all

Patiently waiting



For, when the moon would shine full,  
The gate would be untethered..#65279;

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# The Diamond

Some may ask;  
Does a Diamond bring peace?  
In response,  
I open my heart  
And look at them with  
My sparkling eyes  
And they understand.

The Diamonds I have  
Rest in peace

Bradley Dean

# The Escape

I see the entrance  
I see the door  
I see the way  
Make this no more

The simple thread  
Of my weaving life  
The simple answer  
To all this strife

And so I find  
A little path  
I scan the crossroads  
I dare to pass

I find my key  
My little hole  
And there I start  
To heal my soul

The words begin  
To work their way  
Back to where  
They once would stay

I start to feel  
A solemn truth  
A simple wish  
An honest proof

My locked mind  
Begins to open  
I start to see  
What I imagine

I look around  
And I see myself  
In the mirrors  
On my shelf

I see a smile  
A sparkling glint  
Blunt and Bold  
Like a flint

I sit and marvel  
At my success  
I have won  
I did no less

My task is done  
I have broken  
The bitter cage  
Of eternity

I am a bird  
Set free at last  
My lifes trials  
Are now in the past

I breathe out  
A long sigh  
And then I sit  
And begin to cry

Tears of happiness  
Fill my face  
As I realize  
I have made my escape

Bradley Dean

# The King And The Beggar

In a mountain of gold  
There was a palace of stone  
Which housed a mighty king  
Who could answer any question

The kingdom knew that the King was miserable  
His father had passed away years before  
Leaving his Kingdom to his son  
To reign as he would please

He sat on his throne all day  
Undefeated  
Until one day  
A beggar came to him

The King looked at the beggar  
With a merciful eye  
'He needs food! ' He proclaimed  
And his servants gave the beggar food

But the beggar frowned.  
He spake not a single word  
But looked at the King  
And shed a single tear

The King thought, slightly disturbed  
But resolute, he proclaimed  
'He must need medicine! '  
And his doctors gave him their finest treatment

But the beggar again, frowned  
And spake no words still  
But again looked at the King  
And shed another tear

Looking at the two tiny pools of water on the floor,  
The King was puzzled, but still determined  
'He must need shelter! '  
And the royal architects fashioned him a house most beautiful

The King looked at the beggar  
Who shed a third tear  
The splash of the water  
Could be heard like a pindrop

The King was stunned  
He had no idea  
His mind was contorted with knots  
A problem of impossible dimensions

The Beggar looked at the King, waiting  
Waiting for his next supposition  
The King looked back into the Beggars heart  
Looking for the answer

The King, not accepting defeat, tried one last solution  
'He.. needs power..'  
And the Beggar was made Chief Advisor to the King  
With equal power to the King in every way

But again  
Another tear adorned the marble floor of the palace  
The King this time said nothing  
And the Beggar spoke

'All I need from you, Majesty  
Is for you to look at me differently'  
And at that moment the King realized  
He looked into the Beggar's heart and saw the answer

The King pronounced, humbled  
'Let him be our friend'  
The beggar smiled  
His eyes shone like the sun

And suddenly the beggar transformed  
His straggly hair received life  
And grew into golden locks glowing with beauty  
His whole body radiated light

His face received youth

The scars and marks left  
And then the King recognized who this was  
And cried as he beheld his Father, who spoke these words:

'Son, you grew too proud so I came back to save you  
Not all lifes difficulties can be answered in material ways  
Look within before you look without,  
For you saw me as a beggar when I was your father'

'Leave these possessions; they will burden you  
Plant seeds of friendship and love  
No house or wealth can buy a man happiness  
Be as I am, and you will be free'

The father looked upon his son, knowing his mission was fulfilled  
And then he vanished  
Leaving nothing behind  
Save it were those four tiny splashes of water

There is now a happy man who was once a King  
Who lives in a hut, in a field  
He has a family and friends now  
And thinks about how he got them, every single day

Bradley Dean

# The Land Of Mystery Part 1

I live in a land of mystery  
Curtains and carpets  
Are mythical creatures to me  
Enrobing my life in darkness  
And artificial comfort  
Like my false friends  
Who claim to support me  
But just pretend

I live in a land of mystery  
Doors and their handles  
Yet my main door  
It has no handle  
It is empty, naked  
I cannot open it  
I try all day and night  
But It is still shut

I live in a land of mystery  
Radiators and Radios  
Both transmitting  
Heat and sound  
Sometimes  
The radio is warmer  
It's words more fiery  
Than my boilers innards

I live in a land of mystery  
And I don't want to anymore  
I just want things  
To be normal  
Like they used to be  
Before the doors,  
Curtains, carpets,  
Radios and radiators

Bradley Dean



# The Lesson

For years you struggle  
You're in a tight spot  
Thirty kids to a class  
For better or worse  
You raise your hand  
It aches and waves  
You crave for the truth  
And they tell you the answer  
But it's not what you need  
They just gave you a question  
Instead

Bradley Dean

# The Monkey King

Deep in the Jungle  
Beyond the Trees  
There is a monkey  
With hairy knees

They call him  
The Monkey King  
And all he does  
Is swing and sing

If you see him  
He'll treat you  
To a banana  
Covered in..

; -)

Bradley Dean

# The Phoenix

A beautiful bird flies overhead  
A creature most majestic  
And most tremendously fantastic

I look for her wings in the sky  
She swoops down from a cloud  
Silent; yet omnipresent

Then she lands right in front of me  
Sings twice; then silent again  
Looking at me she beckons

I open my mouth and talk  
I think to myself what I should say  
And I peacefully project the fruit of my mouth

'Oh bird, why can't I be you,  
Fly high in the sky with no fear  
You are my soul's role model'

The bird took my hand under it's wing  
And whispered to me  
'Fly with me, and I will guide you'

So I took her wing  
And we began to fly  
Through the clouds and beyond the sun

There is a bird for each of us in the sky  
Look for it with your heart  
And it will come to you

Trust in my parable  
Like the Phoenix's wing  
It will take you up high

And there you will find peace  
In the clouds with the other birds  
Who sing with joy all day long

Bradley Dean

# The Prayer

Upon a star  
I wish to you  
Of what I am  
Supposed to do

Am I right  
Or am I wrong  
And so I write  
My simple song

Bradley Dean

# The Question

Crystal forms surround me  
I look for direction  
And they answer me with  
Riddles

Bradley Dean

# The Truth

Read this to yourself  
And remember  
This is the truth

You are beautiful  
You have no flaws  
Anything wrong  
Is simply something you need to work on  
It's a challenge  
That only you can finish  
It's not there to hinder you  
It's so you can prove how strong you really are

You are pure and original  
You're wonderful and full of purpose  
I know this, because I know I am  
And I am like a diamond on a beach  
Surrounded by other diamonds  
People lose their shine when they forget who they are  
They think that they are grains of sand  
We are all precious

People stargaze at night  
I stargaze by day  
I look amongst people,  
looking for the stars  
Looking for their eyes  
Those beautiful gems  
Lots of people have them  
In fact all  
We all have the capacity to shine

A poem is written beauty  
And truth is beauty  
So I write this poem  
Hoping you will see what I see  
And feel what I feel

Peace :)

Bradley Dean



# Wind Chime

As I appreciate a summer's breeze,  
I notice the gentle humming of Bees  
Merrily sapping nectar from blossom  
Peacefully sheltered in Nature's bosom.

Resting in the shade of a nearby tree,  
My eyes dance with the branches as they sway  
The leaves glistening in the lofty sun  
Rustling excitedly in chilled winds.

Through the valleys and over the mountains,  
I hear the distant echoes of fountains  
Their harmonies cascading together  
Rippling throughout the sky forever.

Drifting off to this wind chime most sublime,  
I am saturated with love and peace.  
My eyes shut and I start to dream of God,  
Truly grateful for this wonderful world.

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