

Poetry Series

Ricky T. Belair
- poems -

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Ricky T. Belair(2-12-94)

Hello Poem hunter my name is Ricky T. Belair. I am a currently working on poetry to publish to the troubled adolescence of generation x and y. I feel that I am on a mission from God to make the world a better place. I feel as if I am the only left of my kind.

Conversations With Robert Frost

After I went Apple picking
I dazed into to the sun and saw nothing more than axes
My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree
Is that blood I see
I walked towards heaven, is hell actually there?
Are we still lost inside of our souls?
Why is the world so cold? ?
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill.
I feel as if I have the flu.
Do I still feel ill.
beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
I no longer am seeing apples
All I am seeing is (X)
but I am done with apple-picking now.
Essence of winter sleep
The pain is dreading in deep
the scent of apples; I am drowsing off.
I cannot shake the shimmer from my sight
I got from looking through a pane of glass
I skimmed this morning from the water-trough,
and held against the world of hoary grass.
It melted, and I let it fall and break.
But I was well
upon my way to sleep before it fell,
and I could tell
what form my dreaming was about to take.
Magnified apples appear and reappear,
Stem end and blossom end,
and color is not showing
my arch not only keeps the ache,
it keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.
And I keep hearing from the cellar-bin
Of load on load of apples coming in.
for I have had too much
Drake tells me not to think about it
I am overtired
I myself desired.
Ten thousand fruit to throw at the walking dead

Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall,
For all
That struck the earth,
No matter if not bruised, or spiked with stubble,
Went surely to the cider-apple heap
its fun to lose a too pretend
Is this the beginning or is the end.
Can you see what will trouble is?
This sleep of mine, whatever sleeps it is.
Is it the clown finally gone,
Dr. Giggle, tell me what it's like to actually be alive! !
I have returned with my brother
You are now one of us.

Ricky T. Belair

Rage

Let the world realize that we are still alive.

Are you still breathing! !

Hopefully (X)

RAGE

Let's just rage against society

MOSH PIT

The way us awkward adolescents fit into a world of normal human beings.

My generation is here

100 (X) Strong! !

Keep going brother

Keep going sister

THIS WAR IS OURS

RAGE

Just rage against the system

We will not denied any longer

It's really simple

Join or get ran over dude!

Ricky T. Belair

The Visions

I had visions of your blood dripping from my face.
They been lying along telling my brothers and sisters that we aren't family.
Who are they to justify what family is? ? ? ?
In this Life my family is all around me.
You can probably see them if you put your glasses on!
I have numerous family members.
We all stand together in the name of cause.
Save me
No save them
There the ones that have been mislead
and fooled by society.
The visions I have are much brighter
Stop saying you can't do it
Stop saying you can't win
I am sick of your pity
Quit destroying my vision! ! !
The nightmare called 'Life'
Will never end
It's simply continuous
I Ricky T. Belair
Walk through the valley of constant mishaps
And shine through society's rules
You keep saying that you quit
I do not need water anymore
I prefer to swallow my own spit! !
It never ends
We aren't like you at all
Nor do we wish to be
The vision is vivid
Do you see what I see (X)

Ricky T. Belair