

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Danny Hammell()

Hello and welcome to my poetry page. I appreciate your time and would love to hear your comments, good and bad.

Thank you.

A True Winner Earns That Right

There is something inside that makes us believe
That joining the best is how to achieve,
But when we get there we find it's untrue;
All the achieving was done without you.

I know the hunger that eats you inside
The wanting of more that eats at your pride
Fed up at the bottom, you're craving more
And it's that feeling that leaves you unsure.

But when you get there and join with the best
You'll know they invested time to their quest
And all that they gained they built over time
Up from the bottom they fought hard to climb.

Their team they were loyal, stayed for the fight.
Built from the bottom and they earned the right
To call themselves winners right from the start
And all that they earned meant more in their heart.

Danny Hammell

Below This Hollow Weighty Load

When this world beats you to the floor
And those around you close their eyes
And no one helps you through the door
Instead they just ignore the cries.

When ignorance has beaten you
And you do not know where to turn
And those around- you thought were true;
Have let remaining bridges burn.

Well let me give you some advice
About the people that you know
Not everyone around is nice
And there are times when that will show.

And though you're down you're not alone
As many men have walked this road
And fought the world there on their own
Below this hollow, weighty, load.

Danny Hammell

Gentle Man

Show those around that you are kind
Be sight for those that may be blind
And carry those that cannot walk
And speak for those that cannot talk.

Give most to those that do not give
Show life to those that hate to live.
Become the strength for those so weak
And be the light when life is bleak.

And always be that helping hand
And be the one to understand
Become the sight you wish to see
A sight that others aim to be.

As long as you are firm, but fair
Respect will follow, everywhere.
And when you're kind through life's tough plan
You'll earn the title; gentle man.

Danny Hammell

Haunted By Verse

As I lay, snuggled up, in bed;
The rhymes keep running through my head.
The words are vivid and alive
My thinking brain on overdrive.

A worded beat fills up my mind,
But all I want is to unwind;
Instead the words just form a queue
And keep on pushing their way through.

It's getting late I need to sleep,
But now the words are getting deep.
An overflow of thoughtful words
Are gathering like hungry herds.

Is it a blessing or a curse?
When my minds haunted by the verse.
I guess we'll have to wait and see
What poetry will hold for me.

Danny Hammell

I Felt The Grip Within Her Palms

I felt the grip within her palms
I held her dying in my arms
And watched her eyes fill up with tears;
I tried to hide her from her fears.

As she lay wounded weak and cold
A child really not that old
And one much like my own back home,
But these are streets where Soldiers roam.

I felt the tears roll down my face
As she lay helpless in this place
I only came to fight for peace,
But see the death toll here increase.

My orders came that I must leave
I'm not allowed to stop and grieve
I left this child, there, alone
To die, so lonely, on her own.

Not any man can fight for peace,
For fighting causes lives to cease
And if there is a lord above
I'd tell him, you can't fight for love.

I've never ever felt the same
And never could forget the shame
To let a wounded child die
I am now haunted by her cry

Danny Hammell

No Split Within The Seam

Your best is only viewed by those that think they are the best
By those that only close their eyes and judge by their interest
They're only there by whom they knew, but now they set the score;
So all the effort one puts in shall not be seen no more.

So what's the point of trying when you're destiny's to fail?
Within the struggle of your life you know you won't prevail;
With every day you work away and look towards that dream
Knowing that there's no way in. No split within the seam.

Danny Hammell

The Love That I Feel

Have you ever gazed into such loving eyes?
And know there's no secrets and know there's no lies.
For all that you stand for is all that they need
And when they're away you can feel your heart bleed.

Have you felt the tingles that run down your spine?
The deepest emotions that tell you, "They're mine."
The feeling of love that is mixed with such lust
And know when you let go you're safe in their trust.

Have you ever felt love that just will not lie?
And know it will stay with you until you die
A love filled with passion will never run dry
The harder your heart beats the harder you try.

Have you ever felt love that asks for no more?
But if you look deeper there's more to explore.
And what's on the surface don't matter at all
The depths of this love make it easy to fall.

Danny Hammell

The Mood Is Set

I am so cold and I am wet
The day is dark the mood is set.
The rain is pouring down outside
And from the damp you shall not hide.

The wind is blowing out there, too,
But still we have to work right through
As going home don't pay the bills
You have to stay and face the chills

Can't feel your hands from icy tools
And here we are the working fools.
To pay our taxes and our dues;
That government's then take and lose.

Danny Hammell

There Is No Winning In War

Now this is the outcome of war
With bodies all over the floor
And some have no limbs nor a face
There is no escaping this place.

There's children with wounds to the bone
And screaming, but they're all alone
And no one here cares for their cry
They're left there to bleed 'til they die!

These people have done nothing wrong
Got caught when this war came along
And now in these streets where I roam;
"A war-zone" that was once their home.

The people back home love to cheer
For all the great stuff we do here,
But really, if only they knew
That we hate the stuff that we do.

For there is no winning in war
As lives that are lost are worth more.
And most of the people that die
Are no different from you or I.

Danny Hammell

We Work To Live And Live To Die

We work to live and live to die;
We work so hard and just get by.
We live our lives from day to day;
There is no time to stop and play.

We never rest until the end;
Our bodies age and never mend.
We grind our bodies to the ground
Until we lay beneath a mound.

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