

Poetry Series

dave harry
- poems -

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Broken Dreams

Tick tock, the sound of the clock

Heart thumping the passage of time

Can't hold it back the motion right

Time; sense and fun, a perfect rhyme

My thoughts drift and I wonder yonder

Of Old hags cooking with legs asunder

Roasting corn for the tots to grind

A bundle of joy I will never find

Just my mythical haloed innocence

Interred deep by my insolence

Hides the ashened residue of my soul

Incarcerated never to burn

Head in my knees days gone by keep me by

Microsecond for what it is, never to fly

Broken dreams mine to keep

Two more weeks then I can sleep

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Death On A Plain

He lay dead on a plain

Flies buzzing around his head

Tearing at him he felt not the pain

He lay dead parallel as eleven

His spirit wandering forth and yonder

Free floating heading heading nowhere Hades or Heaven

Just roaming over the world mouth gaped in wonder

A child found him picking daises

Hallo the commotion she raises

Psyche disturbed till death

Because he witnessed one in full death

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Freedom

Sun blazing the lichened dwala

Wind cooling my leechened soul

Sweet lilt the rivers flow

High on nine in the air of freedom

Insular mind, thought it through and through

Rotary badge, I am wearing it for all to see

I am handsome I have to say it though

Forever sparkling like the azure sea

Sweet lilt, my innocent romance

Resting on my laurels, the madams lay

Peaceful. Ordinalised handled by my ordinance

Hard and won a macadam way

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Mirage

We had our good we had our bad

We parted

Back to where I was without what I had

While it lasted

A whirlpool of emotions spinning in my head

What it could have been if it would have been

What it should have been

But never was We had our good we had our bad

We parted

Back to where I was without what I had

While it lasted

A whirlpool of emotions spinning in my head

Contemplating what it could have been,
If it would have been

What it should have been

But never was...

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Nightmare

I just woke...I just had a dream of my father

Powerful bearing self back from the other

Funny, he wanted me; it seemed, from his outstretched hand

To fly with him from this troubled land?

Draped in purple and gold he did look grand

Cowering, in my grey, I could not make a stand

Smiling bright; at me, like he was my best of friend

Naïve and trusting aged six again his hand I took

I got caged in thorns; he grew horns, the devils crook

Then I saw mother with a searching look

Ashamed I tried to break free but was the fish on a hook

In the dark with the stars, got tossed in meadow brooke

Gasping for air tried to scream all I did was choke

Then I woke lucky as beads of sweat were all I broke

I just grabbed my pad and this I wrote.

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Numbered

2359,0000 I made it another day

1159,1200 will I make it all the way

Sun and moon will I see where they stay

Pain, grief; death on my bed need I be gay?

Pen in hand on my deathbed sure I lay

In reminiscence of the heyday gone by

Young virile...oh me oh my...

Pure summers heat who to agile to duck my heat

Hmm...now fragile and pale; that new moon glow

Recreational death, death of a erection

Ash to ash, dust to.., the womb to the tomb

Unknown soldier, a lifetime now fighting time

Hope? I'm three feet into the grave

My turn to see, heaven hell truth or myth

January - December; December - January

My days are numbered

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Prayer

Dawn dead the morning bright

Dreams dying in the rosy in the rosy light

I am... on my knees I pray

Salvation redemption

Let me pay forgiveness's costly price

Hurt to kill hate, the sacrifice

For a day sunny and gay

Blind and lame I need a guide

Left right yonder and above

Mortals shun me please be my guide

Your hand I seek, refuge in your love

Dark and light the beauty of earth

Star studded night top the morning dew

The death of winter gives springs birth

Through hell for heavens chance

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Suicide Note

I wish mine over, a life full of woe
Present island, in a sea of pain - nowhere to go
A home uncertain when it bears nothing but fear
Just tears for those you think dear every-time you near

Gun in hand contemplating suicide
Now my own god my life to decide
I am no coward - cant I trudge on head-ward
East bound with hail and winds in my face
For in triumph look at this as the journeys curse

I just wish for peace my present at war
In the adrenalin rush my sanity seems to flaw
Fingered trigger I close my eyes the moment tense
Fate... don't know what will prevail emotion or common sense

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Sunset

Behind curtained eyes

I have seen

Innocent and pure love born.

The joy of a mother – infant suckling

Naked...Cupids bow taken

Awake aware, in life

It has been

Skeletal, dead cremated

Hope in waiting for a phoenix...

Never to rise

Just Eros laced for the horn

Beautiful beyond beautiful

O' love of mine

Sitting holding hands

Psychedelic dance of sunset

Savor it the beauty light before the dark

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The Wind Is Free

Wake from your nightmare, shut your eye, let life begin

With the cock crow and traffic flow the nightmare begins

The struggle the hustle nothing but pain and strife

What would I do to make it last forever

To spread my wings soar from the worlds dread

For I am soar brake-lights, red-lights the organized restraint

Whatever my threat unchain me before I self destruct

I am The Wind, let me be free

Free be me, the wind I am let me be

Blowing untamed across the plains let me reign

The cool breeze on your back with the sun in your face

The lash of winter that cools the summer

The messenger of spring with that scent filled air

The wind is free; my spirit please let it be

How can I be open minded...

When by your expectations my thoughts are guided

I let me have my go not your "The path of life is winded"

Will it be my destiny when by you founded?

Can a wind blow in a vacuum?

Could you turn an easterly...

Into a north easterly even if you tried

Then why do you dictate that I dick-take the stereotype

The wind is free if not let me sleep forever

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