

Poetry Series

Daved Tril

- poems -

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Daved Tril(12/09/89)

Cows

Imagine if all the cows were dead
no milk, no cheese, no mad disease
and no butter for pasta
what a disaster,
those cows have a gift that goats just can't master
and the fields would be empty
and the farmers would be sad
but the goats would be gloating
oh those goats would be glad
and the goats would rule
and that would be it
R.I.P Cows
goats milks s++t.

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Four Walls

These four walls begin to speak
but i just take it on the cheek
sometimes my composure is hard to keep
when indeed these walls begin to speak

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Granny And Grandad

when i close my eyes, i can see you together,
as you were and now forever,
the love you showed lives on and on,
in our hearts where it belongs,
when i think of you i'll try not to be sad,
... just think and smile of the times we had,
now you're together it makes me glad,
goodnight, granny and grandad.

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The Light (Part 1)

As the dark draws away from the noise
i can see the light cowering in the corner
wondering what to do
planning his next move
contemplating every option
he doesn't want to make a mistake
he's been making them his whole life
but he doesn't know what path to take
and it seems like people have just given up on him
lonely
cold confused
what happens now?
people actually cared what bi did sometimes,
sometime,
feels like life times ago now
an unforgiven mess the light has dimmed to
has damned too
my bright boy
my beaming boy
why aren't you lit up anymore?
no answer
no need
just lost along the road
quitting in the dark
THE NOISE
it's to loud
i can't even hear myself think anymore
the clouds have formed over my tired eyes
and the dark is taking control
show me who i am
show me who i'm supposed to be
show me the end...
what happens when the light burns out?

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The Light (Part 2)

Today I can't see past the dark,
locked away in it's cold embrace,
a lifeless vision of what I once was,
unable to push past this overcast,
that's drowning me oh so sweetly.

I'm bound so tightly it's soaking in the pain,
the tears,
my fears.

I can no longer see the smiles in the light,
i can no longer feel the calming touch,
just again I've sank and the surface is too far away to care,
just forgotten and failing once more,
and there are no hands to untie this pain,
tightly bounded in this darkened dream,
only more so craving the light.

What happened to your little boy?

This relation has become stained
with every last emotion I have,
every word I've ever spoken has now embedded itself within the noise
and once again it takes control.

There's no hope provided when I'm being blinded by this,
no words,
just the noise
and the blackened shawls are at my window again,
the faceless fear of my confusion is here to haunt me again,
I can no longer breath.

As for today i can't see past the dark,
locked away in it's cold embrace,
a lifeless vision of what I once was,
unable to push past the overcast,
that's drowned me.

When I Look Back

I never realised that words could attack,
Now i've realised your pain and hurt,
When i look back,

I can't explain or for the life of me remember why,
but for the life of her,
why did she have to go and die,
see her fly

never to see her face again
all i remember of when i look back then,
a mother, my hope, my guide, my friend

it's not as if i've forgotten what i did to you,
the things i expressed and the things i wrote down about you,
i wish i could take it back, and shine the sun when i look back,
i never realised words could attack,

i felt like glass back then,
because you were looking right through me,
no longer smiling, but crying,
and dying inside,
helping to destroy your piece of mind,
when i'm just broken and finally leaving you behind,

i wish i could forget this and shine the light when i look back,
i never realised words could attack.

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