

Poetry Series

David Daykin
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

David Daykin()

This collection is comprised of parts of me, and friends.

A Silent Scream

I woke up this morning,
Understanding half of what I knew yesterday.
I cannot face this dull new day.
Is that what I am supposed to say.
This world is on amphetamine's,
the cries sound louder.
The street run's with blood and tears,
and all I smell is a world in fear.
My head falls back and eyes open wide,
my arms encircle me I cry and hide.
Who is screaming...
I then hear my voice in this nightmare,
And pray to God....
'Let me be dreaming'

David Daykin

Another Time

You say

'Another time. Another place. We could be together'

As the tears fall from your eyes,

It seems to me you regret tomorrow...

...before it even arrives.

David Daykin

Did I Harden My Heart?

Have you hardened my heart?

Is my faith supposed to be this fragile, that a breath of wind could shred it apart.

Or should it be as strong as the rock of Horeb, and life giving also.

Do you want me assailed with doubts as I lie in the last watch of night,
with just my tears....tears of Israel, oppressed and bitter tasting.

Did I harden my heart?

With my life full of yeast, can you remove it from my house?

I feel suffocated and drown, the surging walls of your sea crashing over me no
longer firm.

I sink like a stone fighting upwards my lungs burning, reeds around me.

Yet I still praise you

Waiting for strength, salvation, your song

I have no one to hold my arms up anymore, my shoulders ache.

I crumble to the floor, hands grasping the coarse sand.

Then a strong east wind pulls at me, whipping the grains against me.

Scouring away doubt, fear and loneliness.

And silent tears fall again, but this time not of grief.

David Daykin

Empty

No amount of tablets,
no amount of booze,
no amount of friends,
no amount of love,
no amount of pain,
Makes a difference.

Before the tablets,
before the booze,
before the friends,
before the love,
before the pain,
it was the same.

Nothing, nothing, empty.

David Daykin

Expensive Words

The three most expensive words.

'I love you.'

Such a high price.

Such a sacrifice.

All in the hope of what?

A life?

Never again shall I speak the insane.

I choose a life without love and a life without pain.

David Daykin

Final Dance

Looking at my yesterydays I just see tomorrows.
As you walk away you have my heart chained down in sorrow.
Saying that it's never you, it's always on me.
Well tell me please.
What changes do you want to see?

And in the night I reach for you I want to pull you close.
I lie here vulnerable, my heart is open, exposed.
But next to me that space is empty in my bed.
And the only place I can hold you is in my thoughts, in my head.

I see you walking along with another man.
And I try so hard to be brave but I don't know if I can.
You know you should be here with me.
Well tell me please.
What changes do you want to see?

Should I make a fortune would it make our life complete?
Buy a boat and sail us both across the seven seas.
Would this make you happy or even break a smile.
Because without you I just walk these lonely miles.

All I ask is one final chance.
All I ask is give this love one more dance.
Look at me and you will see it's true.
I cannot live, love, anything with anyone but you.
Well tell me please.
What changes do you want to see?

Or do I still walk these long lonely miles.
With nothing for company but my empty smile.

David Daykin

Forget-Me-Nots.

Love stops,
Forget-me-nots.
Eyes blacked,
Love sacked.
Mind teems,
Friendship demeaned.
Best friend,
Facebook offends.
Blog clog,
Opinion smog.
Me me,
We see.
About you,
Never true.
False kiss,
Love missed.
Stay friends,
That ends.
Love stops,
Forget what?

David Daykin

Forgive

I forgive those that heckle and bay as I follow my faith.
I forgive those that speak with a tongue that is fake.

I forgive those that kept me shackled and bound in the dark.
I forgive those that stripped my soul till a landscape stark.

I forgive those attack and try to break my bones.
I forgive those that throw the first of many stones.

I forgive with love as I was forgiven of my sins.
I forgive you your actions against my King.

Forgiving is not a sign of the weak.
Forgiving does not mean you are meek.
Forgiving is a gift to our self.
Forgiving is a gift of immeasurable wealth.
Forgive.

David Daykin

Friends

Decisions can be tricky and hard,
but I have found an easy way.
It works for me it's like my personal guard.
I just let my friends have their say.

I don't mean the small things.
That would be silly.
I mean the huge who knows what they could bring.
So I ask my friends is this so strange really.

I could I guess listen to my heart.
I could I suppose listen to my head.
But not quite sure I can trust feelings for the most part,
and mother nature never supplied me a sounding lead.

So my friends they live my life.
I travel along contented.
My mind is free from worry and strife.
All my solutions so nicely tied and presented.

It is great, isn't it.
Isn't it?

David Daykin

God's Eye

I lie here in the dark,
my gaze travels up to see,
How far the light has dimmed.
How far has God's eye turned from me.

Alone and inward searching,
amongst the ruins of my barren soul.
Wondering, sometimes praying, if salvation
lies ahead on this broken road.

Time passes me by so slowly,
I see my life etched on my face.
The worries, the anger, the fear.
How can I restore my lack of faith?

No angel wings to protect me,
no guiding hand of love.
Wars rage throughout my being.
No peace no white doves.

So I sit and wait for my final hour,
hoping that I may be found.
That the dark is broken by the light.
And I hear the choir of angels sound.

David Daykin

God's Speed

A rock that held up the sky for me.
A rock that showed all I could be.
A rock that sheltered me from harm.
A rock who's embrace was loving and warm.
A rock that taught me how to be my own man.
But now before me an empty space does stand.
I wipe the tears from my face and smile through the pain.
And wish you God's speed Dad till we meet again.

David Daykin

Heart Of Stone

A heart of stone at times is the only way to open your eyes in the morning.
This heart of stone can protect from the hurt, lies and deceits that are forever calling.

The granite face that stands against that cruel master Father Time.
The granite face that shows no pain, no loss, no desperate signs.
This can all seem to be so safe, made numb and protected deep inside.
But lets sweep away your clever deceits and lies for all you do is find another way to hide.

A heart of flesh is a heart of beauty which can be bruised, twisted and torn.
This heart of flesh can protect in many ways the simplest being an embrace that's warm.
This heart that ages, scars, and bleeds with the actions of those in this age.
This heart has been wounded so many times but rather this than be bound and caged.

I choose to feel, I choose to love, I choose to stand and be seen for who I am!
So my heart is not stone, flint or slate, it is of flesh and blood, in defiance of them.

To be guarded, unchanging, always the same, standing stagnant,
To me that is insane.

David Daykin

Hourglass

Cold eyes, cold soul.
Time, just a way of knowing we will end.
Old eyes, old soul.
Time, just watching the sand descend.
Hard eyes, hard soul.
In the hourglass that is our lives.
Dead eyes, dead soul.
Until the day we face all our lies.

David Daykin

Humble

I am not humble in my day to day,
I sit amused watching life this mortality play.
I can never understand all He wants to show,
I look at His lessons and they seem high above on an unassailable plateau.
I cannot understand the sacrifices that have gone before,
the pain His son suffered so this humanity could soar.
I cannot understand the unending love,
I look around and feel sometimes we are undeserving of.
What humbles me is that He should care,
unconditionally, no reserve, this is a gift so rare.
I am humble in my love of God,
Without his light this path would of been dark that I have trod.

David Daykin

I Am Chalk

My life is like a game of pool,
me being the chalk.
And every game that people play,
a little more of me is wore away.

David Daykin

I Fall

I sit here high in my tree.
My gaze travels and far do I see.

Murder makes headlines,
as long as in time for the deadlines.
My grip weakens, a finger releases.

Hope has faded,
poor countries suffer unaided.
My grip weakens, a finger releases.

Wars in our neighborhood,
streets awash with young blood.
My grip weakens, a finger releases.

A mother who has her child taken away,
her only crime was to let them go out and play.
My grip weakens, a finger releases.

The elderly left, ignored, to die,
people who struggled through Wars for you and I.
My grip weakens, a finger releases.

The faces that my eyes do meet,
contorted with desire, bigotry, a huge conceit.
My grip weakens, a finger releases.

This world separated by political lines,
this world that is rotting, sliding into decline.
My grip weakens, a finger releases.

So I sit here high in my tree,
closing my eyes not wanting to see.
Am I safe behind my walls?
No, so I release my grip and then,
fall.

David Daykin

I'LI Be Fine...

Watching the ice melt,
in my whisky glass.
Wondering in my drunken state
'Who can I ask? '
The question's that surround and drown me all the time.
But I figure it can wait...
'Hell I'll be fine..'

The sun hit's my face,
through the window.
The ray's they wake me and then I know.
Another day to face,
in this world with it's hectic pace.
All the time.
But..
'Hell I'll be fine...'

I'll be fine when the whisky is poured.
I'll be fine in this life of mine flawed.
I'll be fine when I hear your voice.
'Hell I'll be fine.....I have no choice.'

David Daykin

Kaleidoscope

Close your eyes,
look inside.
Tell me what do you see?
Colours moving in a kaleidoscope,
a life full of vibrancy.
Is there a glimpse of hope?
Or like me do you see gray of a tombstone.
The epitaph reads I was always alone.

David Daykin

Land Of Opportunity

To be here feels so right to me,
feels like a home I have never known.
I walk the paths and nothing seems new.
Just familiar, teasing, taunting, a subtle clue,
that maybe here is where I am destined to be.
Not for a week, a month, but for my eternity.
I breathe the air and smell the scents,
and it all feels so right.
I awake in the morning from a gentle touch of daylight.
Knowing...
Feeling...
This is me.
But no longer is this enough in this land of opportunity.

David Daykin

Message

That first look behind the deceptive drape,
How have we become so desperate in need of escape.
I see words falling from lips that shape lives,
See the myths we use to protect our lies.
What is the great truth that surrounds and abounds?
Oh, maybe it is that our selves hurtle to the burial ground.
Returning to the 'One' that made us?
Let those that believe this go first and make no fuss.
Do not tell me to release and 'Be at peace',
For my experience and pain of life leave me feeling deceived.
I used to feel there was more than me,
Litany and liturgy delivered from on bended knee.
Sacrifice and sorrow brought to the fore,
More 'divine' tests daily from the one I am supposed to adore.
Even now it is claimed that I am 'just lost',
Why can they not see that for MY life I will not pay your cost.
I am ME there is nothing above or more,
To live MY one life no longer with your rolling score.
Holding a ledger of loss and profit,
Despair and doom you deliver like a voice from a prophet.
Each to their own and their beliefs they hold dear,
Stop trying to convert us with your hell, damnation, and fear.
Please do not judge lest I judge you,
And find you wanting your halo askew.
In the first you will find my message,
Reread if curious this simple passage.

David Daykin

My Sentence

This taste on my tongue,
it feels so unclean.
Is it from the cup of The Enemy,
the cup that smelt so rank.
Yet we sipped, and swallowed,
we even nod our head in thanks.
It is so dry like parchment,
on which our soul is written.
In words that burn and writhe,
hiding from us truth.
Just offering the promiscuity,
of numerous deceiving lies.
An undertone of sweetness,
but not of candy style.
The sweet and sickly cloying,
of flesh corrupted vile.
And now my body and spirit retch.
I need release, escape,
I throw my shouts to the sky.
Begging, crying, please seal my fate.
Tears run crimson across my flesh.
I drank, I drank, the deception like wine,
the lies that were woven did enmesh.
They pulled me from my waking dream.
Throwing me unheeding, uncaring,
into the wall that is reality.
I throw myself forward scratching,
nails break gouged into stone.
Then fall and see my bloody marks.
My frailty is my sentence.
The time to serve,
who knows?

David Daykin

Of Love

Kisses awaken me.
I break the surface of my slumber,
your face to see.
Eye's that reflect my need.
A yearning, a hunger,
a soul to feed.

Arms embrace pulling to form one.
Moonlight bathes our bodies like a midnight sun.
Another kiss, slow, unchaste.
The very air feels like a tender caress.
Our hands start to track the naked skin,
relishing, embracing the ardor within.

The rush of blood in our entwined form,
our bodies heat in this oncoming storm.
Eye's closed, each in personal yet shared bliss.
Fingers interlocked, hands gripped,
holding each other in this most intimate kiss.

In synergy we move.
Motion quickening, intoxicated,
from this sensual mood.
Mind, soul, spirit are married,
engaged in love, love embodied.

Then the release the kairotic moment.
Swept along in the rapids of this emotional current.
We fall back arm in arm, holding each other,
under this spell, this charm.
Of love.

David Daykin

One Day

I don't belong.
How long has this gone on?
I am nothing more than the winds faded song,
the whiskey as it fades from the tongue.
Is it wrong?
Wanting, hoping, needing, one day to belong.

David Daykin

Pieces

Twisting, churning, turning inside.
Love, Hate, Revenge, Desire.
All the pieces of my life lie shattered.
Scattered to the winds of fate.
Energy made and fuel to hate.

David Daykin

Receipt

Death is a receipt, for all the pain and suffering in Life.
A sign on the wall of Eternity.
No exchanges, no refunds, no pity.

David Daykin

Sing

I'm coming home to the One that loved me the most.
I'm coming home to the One who always held me so close.
The One that loved me no matter what I did.
I'm coming home, coming home, coming home.

My eye's feel so heavy and a darkness abounds.
A movie before me of all I lost but more importantly found.
At times I really felt I knew it all.
But I never ever knew a thing.
And now a hand touches me that makes my spirit sing.

My breath is short, my pulse is racing.
But I don't feel any fear.
For I feel a love descend, from far away but has always been near.
But I guess I still don't know a thing.
His eye's look upon me and my soul starts to sing.

And now I know my time is done, and everything is so clear.
I lived my life in shadows till you, and now have to leave one I hold so dear.
I guess you taught me some things.
Can you hear that, yeah, you taught my heart to sing.

David Daykin

Sometimes

Sometimes I do not know where I am going.
Sometimes I have no idea where I have been.
Sometimes life is all about the knowing.
And I wonder will I ever win.

Sometimes this road it feels so long.
Sometimes I feel I can see the end.
Sometimes I fall and tumble in my choice of right from wrong.
And I wonder with you will my heart mend.

Sometimes this food does not fill me.
Sometimes this liquor does not numb.
Sometimes I am so lost and lonely.
And I wonder without you will I succumb.

Sometimes I know what I am doing.
Sometimes I barely have a clue.
Sometimes I fall to my knees weeping.
And I wonder will my search ever find you.

David Daykin

Steps

I feel your spirit next to me,
You open my eyes, let me see.
That I am stronger now,
I stand proud, you wonder how?
Because my faith blossoms like flowers on Saint Peters Wreath.
I shed my old self with no regret or tears of grief.

I have the wisdom, and the will,
to steer my course.
The emotions, the lessons, the pictures,
all these my learning source.
I have this courage for I know who I am,
Lifted by my faith, no longer the lost, the lamb.

Face your fears, embrace your dreams,
throw yourself forward into life, this fast running stream.
Don't meander like flotsam, pulled by the relentless tide,
Move forward, onwards, use the strength of faith inside.

It's just single steps that we take,
each small, but together a journey it does make.
And at times these steps come with painful breaths,
But what other prospect, being ignorant unto death?

David Daykin

Strongest Door

A solitary soar, a lonely glide,
I search myself for a place to hide.
The truth tumbles all around,
reality smashing my tower of dreams down.

Where once was fire now lies snow.
No burning passion a loss of loving glow,
my kisses could burn even your fingertips.
But you no longer quicken to the feel of my lips.

And so the isolation starts.
You drift from me you pull apart.
I find myself alone often and more.
My heart grown heavy, listless, sore.

So now the tune seems at an end.
The music has stopped and all is left is a friend.
This 'love' is such a cruel hard game.
And the outcome changes you, never the same.

I don't wish to play this anymore.
So I will lock my heart behind the strongest doors.

David Daykin

The Phone

Sitting in this crowded room,
surrounded by faces I know.
Their words slide by me,
smiles beckon yet defy me.
And I know that I am alone.
No one breathes on the end of the phone.

Walking alone, weaving my way.
Lower my head, nothing to say.
The choices I make are never right.
So I slip and slide to hide in the night.
And I know that I am alone.
No one talks on the end of the phone.

The sky is blue it matches my mood.
Ashes on my tongue don't taste like food.
Eyes in their head looking at me,
judging, condemning from words I have said.
And I feel so alone.
No one picks up the phone.

Please take me up back to your arms,
remove me from those I love.
Who I only cause harm,
disguised by beauty and charm.
And I am safer alone.
No trust to pick up the phone.

I need to look into your face.
I need your spirit to renew my faith.
Soothe my heart
Still my soul
Show me that I am not alone.
I sit waiting for the sound of the phone.

Show me love
Show me peace
Give me blessings
Let me see

Is this how I have to live my life
Scraped hollow and raw
by the dulllest knife.

David Daykin

Wine To Water

My vision was blurred, distorted.
Broken by the glass,
The drink that I was pouring was always going to be my last.
His hands came down and held me,
and I poured it all away.
He turned my wine back into water and showed me how to pray.

My body is tired and aching,
My soul it feels so weak.
The rivers of my tears,
coursing down my cheeks.
Just let me get through this and survive the longest night.
He turned my wine back into water and gave me strength to fight.

He opened my eyes and showed me love again.
He stopped my suffering and my pain.
I look into the mirror and like what I see.
Just hold and embrace him and feel this with me.

He turned my wine back into water,
Have faith and you will see.
He turned my wine back into water.

David Daykin

Words To Paper

As I wander in my head,
or should I say wonder there instead.
Oh nevermind I digress.
These thoughts that slide left to right,
to put on page can be a continual fight.
The words that shuffle all around,
leave me confused, which way is up or down?
So I sit waiting, waiting, holding pen.
No, the words have fled again!
So incorporeal for so many many days,
they flit and fly, I hope this patience pays.
Oh wait, wait, I see them there.
I reach out to grab, they flee like startled hares.
Again I sit, must be patient and wait.
No use toiling, sweating, no time to berate.
One day the words in my head will not commit this foulest treason.
And will appear on a page with ease that defies all reason.

David Daykin