Poetry Series

Donnie Wolff - poems -

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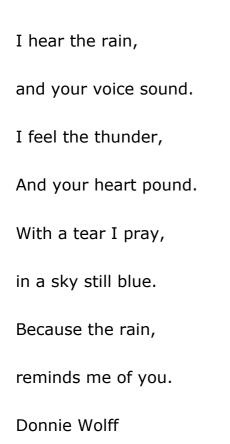
2 Again

2 again
2 pretend.
2 day
2 pray.
2 morrow
2 borrow.
2 night
2 fight.
4 me
4 you
4 us.
4 going
4 staying
4 praying
4 telling,
that 4 plus 2 much
equals 6.
And six, despite a word
is no more than a number.
And four minus two,

only equals

2 again.

Because The Rain



Black Pearls And A Borrowed Verse

An Irish rose of red, And I, the color blue. By yourself.. You are one. Together.. We are too. Only once seen.. In these blue eyes mine. The moment now, Is of another time. Of oceans gleam, And grass so green. Old Ireland. Land of our kind. There is no crush. Nor do I like you.

Donnie Wolff

I already do.

Though love asked?

Black Talon And Blue Ink

I can breathe in your memory, If you'll let me. My memory.. Is of suffocation. Death by strangulation. Daily. To die or to die. And you know... As I write this out loud My voice cracks, Softens and hurts. But I can breathe, In your memory If you'll never forget me. Please pray for me.. As I write in black ink This poem of you, That I gather the courage To write only in blue. For in black ink I always think Deep poetic thoughts. Immortal, I live forever. In blue ink I always think, I'd eat a bullet If it tasted better.

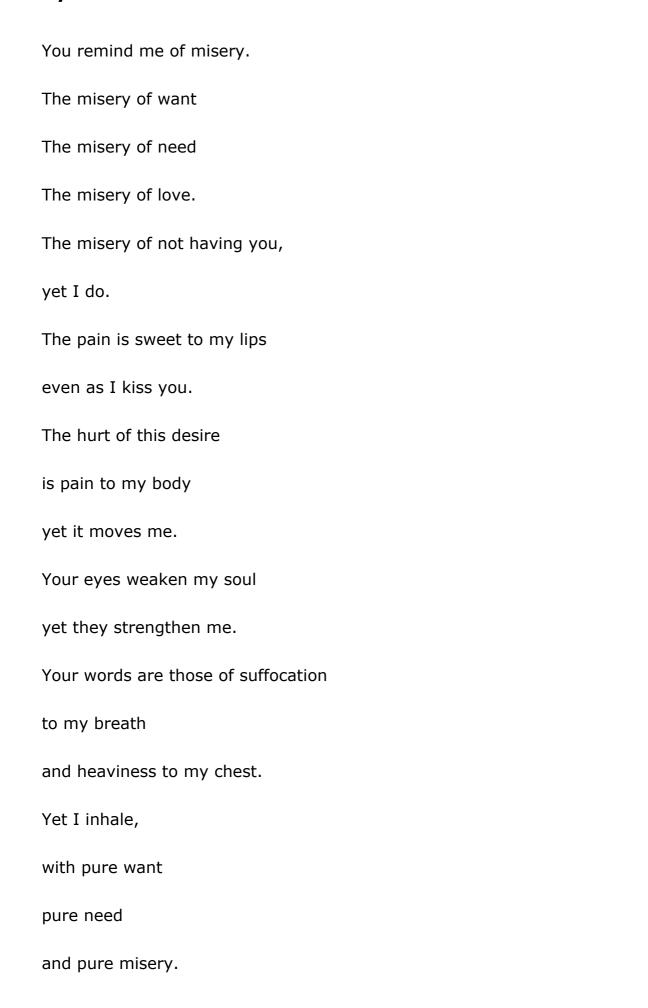
Crush

Me and you, can never be us. Just a memory of what never was.

Dream

She's like me. Beautifully aggressive, Yet poetic, Romantic, Electric, In absoluteness. She is energy. In beauty to give Kinetic, Magnetic, In dance of an imaginary kiss. She is light, She is pain, She is sun, And the rain. She is the moment, So true. In every word spoken That I have written, She herself... Could have written Too.

Fyi



That of which

you remind me.

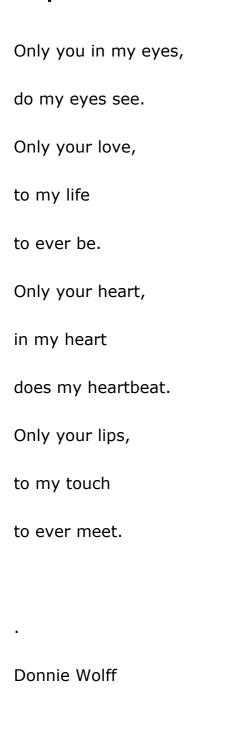
Ghost

I once knew an Angel, her name was a kiss. Her life was forever, forever I miss.

Guest Room

I have already touched you.
Felt your fingertips.
Touched your mouth,
Tasted your lips.
Moved your hair,
Kissed your neck.
Touched your arms,
And the small of your back.
Touched your legs,
And held your hips.
Felt you sweat,
And tighten your grip.
Felt you move,
And heard you breathe.
The faster you moved,
The harder I squeeze.
Into your sigh of relief,
And the shake of your knees
The after look in your eyes,
And the smoke, that I breathe.

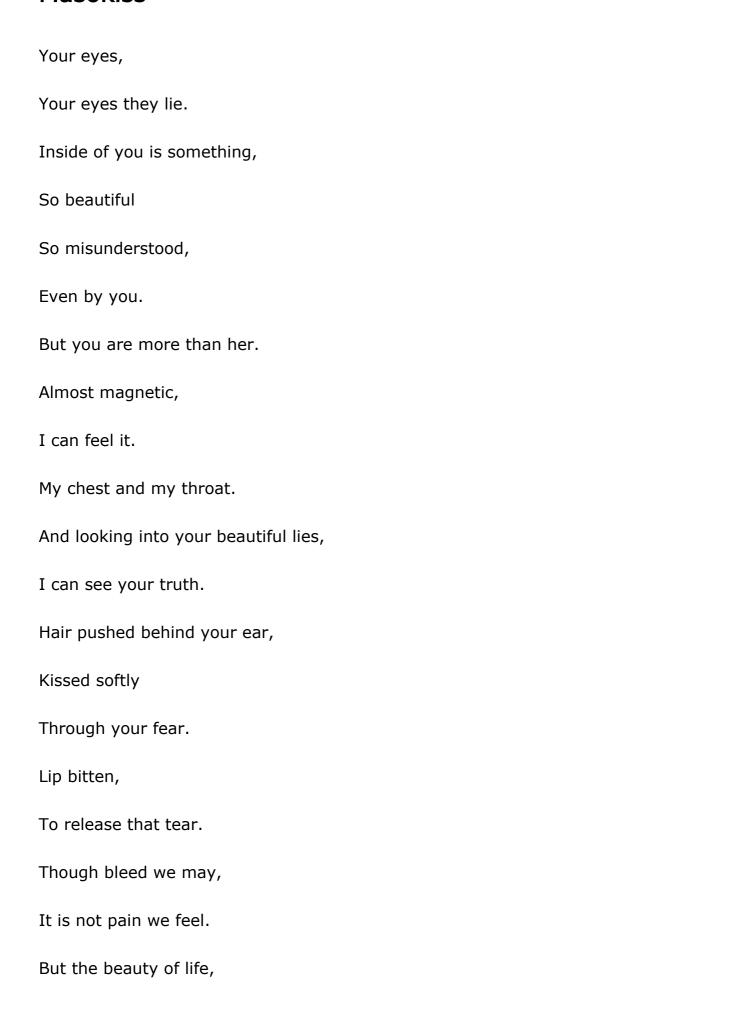
Hope.



I Lie For No Reason

The Reason I leave is not shortness of breath, but rather I cannot breathe. And if I cannot breathe, how then shall I live.? And if I shall not live, then these words are empty and meaningless as my own heart. Rather my own heart and not shortness of breath, is truly my loss of life and cannot breathe. Yet still, poetically I deceive. Rather my only reason, is no reason. And thats the reason I leave

Masokiss



And the poetry of real.

No Lemon

Your eyes as the loss of ill timed fate.

Your voice as the soft sensual heartbreak.

Your tears as the time of have never been.

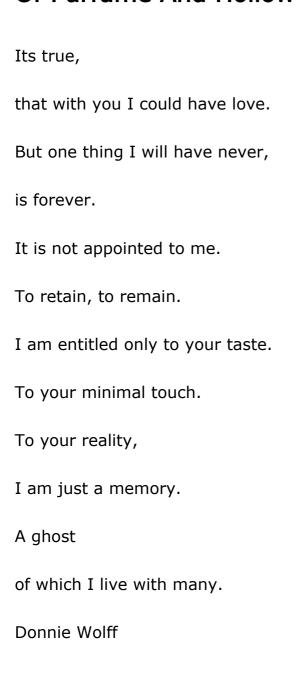
Your smile as the thought I think to see again.

Your hands as untouched as your soul appears to be.

I think your beautiful and amazing...

could I have a large ice tea.

Of Purfume And Hollow- Points



Once Again

When you want to wake up, what does it take? Do you, drink some coffee but desire a stake? When you want to sleep what does it take? Do you, count some sheep with a McNyquil shake? When you can't stop thinking of her do you, call up another as you begin to slur? When you call out to God answer me now! Do you, get a busy signal and try back tomorrow? When you finally realize this is the end Do you, sit back and just pretend, that someday you'll hold her once again? Do you,

Do you do what I do?

Perfection

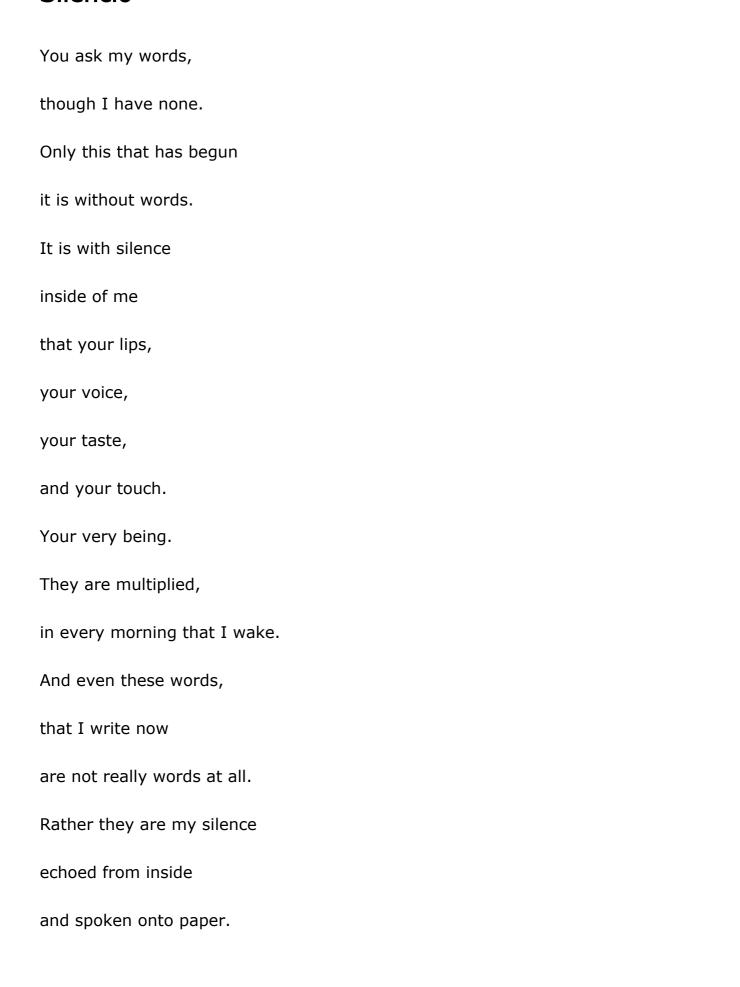
Sometimes,
It's what you cannot say.
Cannot write.
Cannot bring those words together,
That make the most sense.
Perhaps the mind,
In it's depth
Waits for perfection.
So what you say,
When you finally say it.
When you finally write it.
Will make no sense.
Until perfection herself reads it.
And knows,
That these words
Were written just for her.
Though she doesn't even know you,
She knows it's you.
You,
who has written perfection

Just for her.

Purple

My favorite color is blue, because it reminds me of me which reminds me of you. My favorite color is red, because it reminds me of now and reminds me of then. Reminds me your voice, and the first time you said... My favorite color is me because it reminds me of blue, and the coconut trees and the mornings spent with you. My favorite color is you, because it reminds of red. Reminds me your lips, and your voice in my head. The time that we were, and the time that we had. The first time we met, And the last time you said...

Silencio

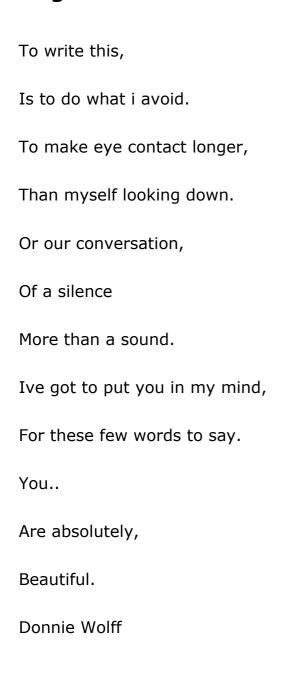


Silver Of Gold

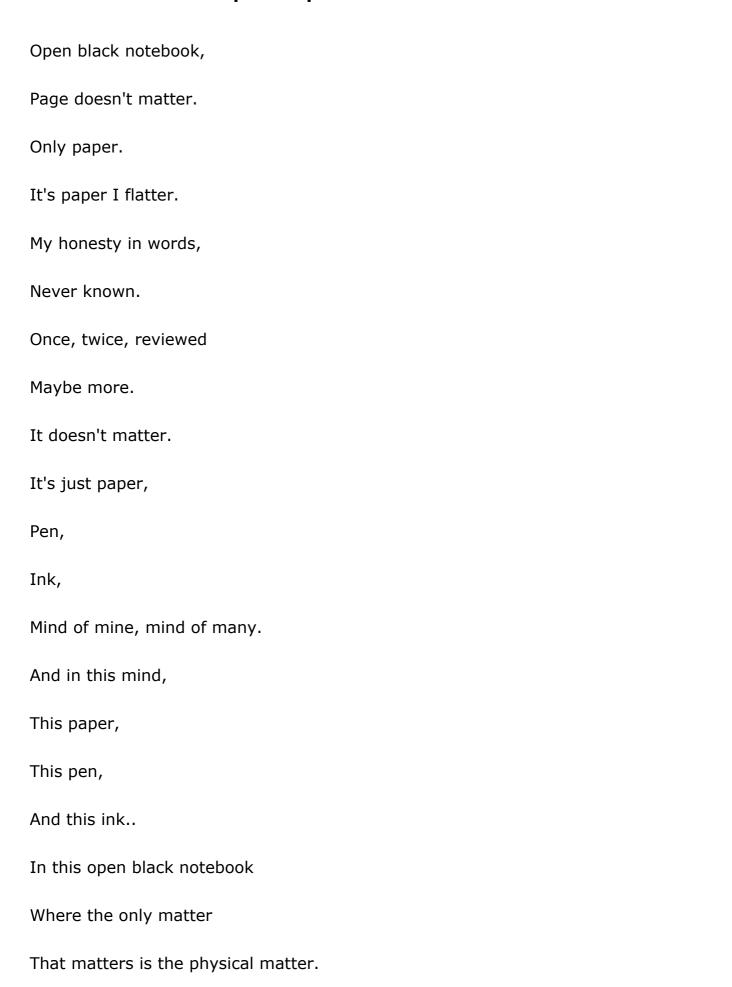
Love lost, Love gained, all the same.

Emotionally,
Makes for great poetry.
Love lost,
Creates poetry
As deep as the cuts inflicted into your soul.
Though the same..
Love gained,
Creates poetry
As deep as the depth of her soul.
Making the similarity,
Of love lost
and love gained,
So different..
They are the same.

Sugar Free

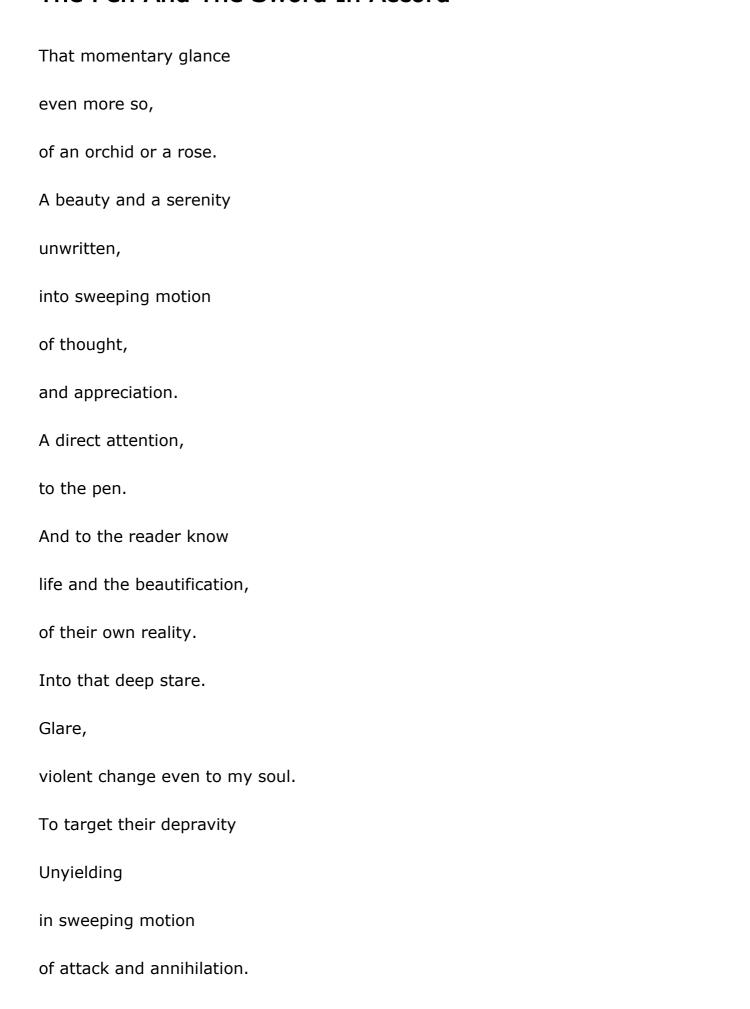


That Which Occupies Space



Of my black notebook,
Of this paper,
Of this pen,
And of this ink.
In order to write something
That doesn't even matter.
Of course..
There are those few times,
That to another
It's the only thing that matters.
Donnie Wolff

The Pen And The Sword In Accord



A direct action,

to the sword.

And to the enemy know

forced will and accepting,

of his own mortality.

The Reason I Left

I felt you, The moment I saw you. I knew you, The overwhelming feeling I felt inside you. I could feel your pain I could see your tears, Though you smiled I felt your fear. I knew it was you, I was meant to know. Though so real, Fate so cruel. So I write, So I don't feel. The pain in my soul, To know you exist... Only to never know... What at the same time, I do Know, You.

Titled In Words Below

I love you..
Even as the water does flow,
Always knowing its way.
I love you..
As the sun loves its light,
And the moon its reflection.
I love you..
As time does go,
Becoming memories
Yet only we know.
I love you..
More than those three words say.
So I wrote it out,
For you
Today.