

Poetry Series

Dustin Bradley
- poems -

Publication Date:
2018

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

Dustin Bradley(02/20/1982)

I am an artist, a writer and a poet. I am a single father of three girls. I love my life. I am very blessed. I had a troubled childhood consisting of parents on drugs, being homeless, living in vans. I have learned from my mistakes and the mistakes of others. I have grown from those moments and would not change them. I love my life.

Alone...

There's a thought that sits within us, a word that lives within us,
In our pits it twists and spins us from the dreaded word 'alone'.
Your heart is newly broken with the words so fiercely spoken,
Yet, these words so fiercely spoken are the only ones you've known.
All these memories of someone there is all you've ever known,
And without them, there is nothing, but that evil word 'alone'.

So, you stay for fear of losing, pretending it's your choosing,
Only self is all your loosing, loosing from that word 'alone'.
Night and day you sit in sorrow of the rainy day tomorrow,
With no happiness to borrow, giving everything you own,
Your life, your mind, your heart, your soul, no longer are your own,
Trading everything you are and have, but at least your not 'alone'.

Then one day the lessons learned, suddenly your path has turned,
Knowing love was never earned, and you move on all 'alone'.
Somewhat damaged from the last and not learning from the past,
Comes a new one like the last and their mask is all that's shown,
Once again you trust, unhealed, believing whatever you are shown.
Again, one more, a wounded heart you trade for not 'alone'.

Now your life, I know, seems twisted, thinking fairy tales existed,
When in fact they do exist, just if, you learn the meaning of 'alone'.
As natural as is breathing as to lose the fear of leaving,
Or the fear of being left believing you have never grown,
Do not possess the strength to say you have ever really grown.
Yet, it's yours to take, and strive, and make, by learning from 'alone'.

When you realize such a gift, not your heart just set adrift,
Your mentality can shift and lift your understanding of 'alone'.
So much power, love, and pride just from learning what's inside,
What you need you can provide yourself in all that you have grown,
Answers come and lessons learned, from everything your ever shown,
Knowing truly what you have to give, knowing truly what you own,
And that person you have become now is the best you've ever known,
All by loving everything you find within the meaning of 'alone'

Dustin Bradley

Autumn...

Thinking back upon my life, how seasons played a role,
Each one left a meaning still engraved within my soul:

Early one spring morning, the first, I was, to rise,
I looked upon my new room through exhausted little eyes;
Our clothes and toys in plastic bags, bare mattress on the floor,
Arriving only late last night, my life was bruised and sore;
My world was always moving, only discourse left behind,
Optimistic new starts seemed so distant in my mind;
Eight years on this earth now and with nothing I could do,
I sat there heavy chested over one thing that I knew;
To start again was futile, so lost within myself,
Because those who could control things were controlled by something else;

Summers in the movies showed us romance never lasts,
That's why summer comes up second in the seasons of my past;
Camping trips and late nights, adventures with my friends,
Random little love flings that I swore would never end;
Something about the freedom and the little time at home,
And getting lost with strangers so I'd never feel alone;
Thirteen years on earth now, yet twenty had gone by,
The anger built up so loud, but was way to proud to cry;
Spinning from the sadness came from losing all control,
The side effect of madness, from the summers, took its toll;

Yet nothing was like winter with the wet and rainy cold,
It soaked into my bones so that I'll feel it when I'm old;
Then, of course, that one day on December 25th,
The one you come to cherish with the love ones that your with;
Children, so excited, open presents, play with toys,
Parents sit with smiles at their credit purchased joys;
This day was always hardest as my mother faked a smile,
The numbness from the alcohol would help her for a while;
With all she could not buy us and the shame she must have had,
Pretending I was happy though my acting came off bad;
'Our toys are coming later', telling neighbor kids a lie,
But what I wanted most from Christmas was my mother not to cry;

Before the winter hits us, though, and grey shade covers all,

When fading summer nights close to the subtle days of fall;
The opposite of spring time when we shake off winters chill,
Is a time in which things slow down to an ever calming still;
The love for autumn holidays of which we could afford,
Like dressing up in characters of old forgotten lore;
Or sitting down together while my mother made the meal,
And truly feeling thankful over how it made her feel;
The coolness in the evenings, ember sunsets, fading trees,
A thrill from seeing pumpkins or getting lost in falling leaves;
So in my heart a fondness, over autumn, came to last,
And there it will remain, truly, the only season of my past...

Dustin Bradley

Belong...

I smile at the thought of something,
Even though it's come and gone;
Finally someone real with purpose,
A moment where I did belong;
Never did I feel so perfect,
Life was simple, words were true;
Every question had an answer,
Like nothing that I ever knew;
Such a beauty, such a gift,
Deserves a life I cannot give;
I look at her with hope and wonder,
I see in her how I should live;
Moving on has not been easy,
When looking back at what I knew;
To have her in my arms and hold her,
There's nothing that I wouldn't do;
Her heart and eyes, her flowing hair,
In each of them I disappear;
Losing her from my life completely;
The inevitable is what I fear;
Surviving is my greatest asset,
And once again a lesson learned;
Distance from the flame is painful, yet..
..the only way the moth won't burn.

Dustin Bradley

Bird...

Hello bird!

Hello beautiful, gentle, loving, humming little bird!

So powerful is your song,

As it dances through the air,

One of the sweetest sounds I've ever heard...

For so long I've lived without this song,

in my life, in my heart I've longed

For the melody that I hear now.

And I pray that you stay and feel belonged,

and loved, yet still free to sing your song.

I adore you pretty bird, I do!

From the moment I first saw you I knew,

you were special and different and true,

I just knew.

I keep asking, is this a dream? This song that I hear?

Is it real? It is not, that I fear,

and soon I will wake to find you neither far nor near,

and your song, bouncing along the subtle breeze, is gone,

no longer can I hear.

Do not fret! My heart tells me, let such thoughts go.

Who really knows? No one can predict what comes and goes!

Love now, unconditionally this wonderful, strong, amazing little bird,
who sees what she is shown.

Yet, my heart she owns and doesn't know.

Be the branch on which she perches to sing,

and when her throat is dry and parched,

become the flowing spring, my heart commands.

So now, I vow, to be the air to hold her wings,

as she glides,

and the breath she breathes for the songs she will sing...

For I love her

and in the beautiful bird, I believe...

Coral...

While pulling your fingers through your soft blond hair,
You send your sweet, gentle fragrance through the cool mourning air;
With your eyes like puddles of rose fallen dew,
two sparkling jewels dipped in a sky of blue;
and your voice is but a song, beckoning a song birds love,
your skin, your lips, your everything is as flawless as a dove.

Dustin Bradley

Fade...

Eyes open,
shadows dance across your view,
sliding about your ceiling as you wake up to something new;
You blink,
as reality starts to take,
and thoughts begin to enter your mind as you slowly begin to wake;
Sit up,
and look around the room,
darkness creeps from behind the blinds with small hints from the moon;
You yawn,
your feet hit a cold and icy floor,
The monotony of a mundane life just a few steps out that door;
The sink,
as you start to wash your face,
and the mirror looks into your eyes to a deep and thoughtful place;
You dress,
as the clock displays the time,
and all the things that need to be done start filling up your mind;
Door opens,
as the raindrops twirl and spin,
you step out into the fridged wind and begin to breathe it in;
Door closes,
the same way every day,
grain after grain from your hourglass drains and you slowly fade away.

Dustin Bradley

Limbo...

Life is but a time, in which death has not yet found,
It's a cruel and evil punishment in which unhappily you are bound;
Life is death showing its ugly face as soon as you think you're free,
Then striking fast to slit your throat and laughing happily;
You fall to your knees holding your throat; you know the end is near,
But wait, it's not just death anymore; it's also pain and fear;
The three of them do a morbid dance around your bloody corpse,
Pain six-inch nails slam through your chest like solid metal forks;
He rips through your chest and pulls out your heart with a grin from ear to ear,
He steps back laughing a sinister laugh and now it's time for fear;
In a black hooded cloak, it appears in your face, its eyes are burning red,
Time is of the essence now cause it knows you'll soon be dead;
It throws its arms up in the air, and your eyes go wide with fright,
And it conjures all the demons, monsters and creatures of the night;
Ripping through your tender flesh and clawing through your skin,
It's a pain like you have never felt and it never seems to end;
The creatures leave and the three of them stand back to watch you die,
Then all of the sudden, a thunder sounds and lightning feels the sky;
It shoots from the clouds and strikes the three with a burst of blinding light,
They scream and shriek and disappear, then all there is, is white;
Then all you feel is love and hope as you float up through the skies,
It's said, you can watch this as someone dies if you look into their eyes...

Dustin Bradley

Never Last...

Scattered pieces, open wounds
Withered hearts of yesterday;
Tiny evils pull and tear
On our hearts they dance and play;
Swaying on a sea of dark
Lack of stars to guide our way;
Restless, wanting, need of light
To end our night, invite our day;
Haunted by our past and present
Taken from us peace of mind;
Faceless puppets point and laugh
Yet, what we have they cannot find;
Thoughts are twisting, feels like spinning
Exhausted from our frantic binds;
Lonely seems to last forever
All we seem to have is time;
Sickened and engulfed by nothing
Leaving seems to answer 'why';
Nervous at the thought of something
Always mindful, passing by;
Moth is landing, pace is slowing
Cocoon is formed and something dies;
Reborn with a single touch
A new, within each other lies;
Watching, holding, wanting, learning
The moments seem to make us strong;
Warm embraces, life is blurry
Forever, will each other long;
Emerging from the heavy cast
Spreading wings, the sound of song;
So much love to never last
Flutter with the wind, then gone...

Dustin Bradley

Right Or Wrong...

Troubled by a constant question,
Not so easy, right or wrong?
It should be so simple, taught by lessons,
Knowing where your heart belongs;
Good or evil? love or sorrow?
Helpless sets in either way;
Should be through this, I am broken?
The answer should be night and day;
Laughter crying, loving tears,
Leaving leaves me wanting more;
They love me or they love me not,
Who's this flower really for?
Both are needed, both are wanted,
Which one do I feel belong?
If I truly understand the question,
The answer might be wrong and wrong...

Dustin Bradley

Storm...

On a distant horizon, a darkness creeps,
As the cloud masts take their form;
The proud sun replaced by a bitter fog,
And the cold consumes the warm;
Subtle, a breeze, that gently skipped,
Is now a pulsing wind;
Churning up an ocean froth,
While tree tops twist and bend;
The storm that brews within our hearts,
And keeps us from our dreams;
Emotions tip our balanced scales,
With nothing as it seems;
Waves begin to rise and fall,
They surge along the shore;
Bursting upon the heavy rocks,
The rain begins to pour;
Our scales now tip the other way,
As logic seems to clear;
We look upon decisions made,
Regret combined with fear;
Flashes light the dark beyond,
As Thunder fills our soul;
Time is all that's left behind,
These forces take their toll;
Back and forth, push and pull,
A curse we now must bear;
Alone a ship with single crew,
And no one left to care...

Dustin Bradley

Thinking...

Just the other night, as I layed in my bed,
and thought of the beautiful things she has said,
of places she's seen, and books she had read,
and all of the interesting lives she had led;
I wanted to tell her, but can't out of fear,
all the things I'm too shy to say when she's near;
not the sad stories, but the things that make me,
and the person inside that no one else sees,
of the conflict inside that never lets be,
and the love that's inside that needs to be free;
I know, I decided, I'll write her a poem,
with the words and descriptions that no one else owns;
so I picked up a pencil, and I started to write,
about my angels and demons that always seem right,
or the demise of my hope that's never in sight,
and my respect for the day, and my love for the night;
So much anger and sadness in this world made of lies,
but I never can see that when I look in her eyes;

-The love for a stranger is always unwise...

Dustin Bradley