Poetry Series

Adam Hollingsworth

- poems -

Publication Date:

January 2009

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Adam Hollingsworth on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

A Calm Breeze

Inhale deeply, the ocean breeze
The set of dreams it will make
It’s the calmness, that makes us see
The breeze of the sea, which we all seek.

The way of life, will lay
Down quietly. While the wind
Steals away our lives.
We have violently lost, everything
We sought. And each day is a new day
But ends, in the same old ways.

Stay quiet, but stay near,
Speak softly, in my ear.
It’s the stone inside the rock,
Just listen, and don’t talk.

The ocean breeze, screams softly
In my ear. The sweeping sound
Rains down in a common place.
We live like an ocean, sometimes it’s calm
And sometimes it’s a storm. Either way
That’s how it goes, like a wave at the end of its toll.

Adam Hollingsworth

A Curse

I went down once to a river
I saw a willow tree oh so old
Burning wildly inside my mind
Seeking for old friends to be kind

The lizard king crawls inside my soul
It spoke of hope oh so bold
A cursing light that keeps you from leaving
Hope is the one thing I wish would leave me

Smoking my my mind out of sights
And seeing so much more and so divine
Looking at life in sights never seen
Realizing life isn't as easy as it seems

When will hope leave my soul?
When will this curse let me go?
It keeps me alive when I want to leave
to experience the other side and see freely

Adam Hollingsworth

A Hazed Shell

My thoughts haze to here and there
Even a schizophrenic has his days
Although life’s not fair,
But why must my thought leave and not stay?

The amusement has lost it’s fun
Soon my days are numbered, than done
An empty shell is the emotional state
Glazed shadows move in and out of space

Slant the chances and the will might draw
Away by chance, but who’s to say what’s wrong
Or what’s right? Plant a seed, and
Swallow the fire that soon grows.
Neurotic and catatonic are the states
Of mind he’s in, drawing on
So he may choose and lose,
The hounding faces that cleared the slate.

Adam Hollingsworth

A Little Game

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
All your crashes has left me little much
See through my sight as it bleeds open,
Knowing what is inside, leaves less to cope in
Losing all that I know dear and thought,
I lost my free will, and all that I love so much
The way I feel, has left emptiness to rust,
Oh dear, ashes to ashes and dust to dust

When the time is right
We find a game that we hide
While crawling back inside our brains
We seek than we hide
It's so much fun to do
Open your mind and loosen those screws
Keeping out the light, so fasten up tight,
And filling the darkness with things that bight

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
The expansion has fallen to so much must
Feeling free to crawl in the morning dew,
Feelings of jadedness has left me blue

Time to flee the safety of higher grounds,
Now recede inside beyond the bounds,
Deep within your mind and its all the same,
And in here we whisper the name called "insane",

The name of insanity falls out of time,
So it can reach out to end its climb,
It's a little game we like to call with chimes,
A little creature that does not rhyme
Now silently we sing,
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust

Adam Hollingsworth

A Poem

I am from…

I am from many lost jobs and a dreamer’s reality,
Torn over failed relationships and betrayed friendships,
Walls built to the mass of cities long lost.

I am from journal to journal of a life before me,
A poet’s diary, and chaotic written songs,
Streams of laughter and lines of nights,
Pack after pack in a smoker’s life.

I am from a liberal thought process, with Freudian obsessed lines to read,
And a slight nihilistic contempt for authority,
An ear for Nirvana, and mind expansion techniques,
A poem from Thomas rings so sweetly.

I am from “Live and let live, ”
And a forgiven line of “Never met a wiseman,
But if I did it’s a woman, ” and
Lets not forget, “A working class hero is something to be.”

I am from Hitchcock’s black and white films,
South Park and Simpson’s, I’m so bored with TV,
Book after book, and several broken guitars,
Written lines scrawled in notebooks from me.

Adam Hollingsworth

A Storm of Footsteps

The sound of footsteps in the hall,
His heat is bouncing, like a ball.
“Thud” one step, and once again,
It’s only the whispers inside your head.
Fingernail’s crack, like a clock at dawn,
Oh what a thrill, I wish I was done.

Rumble, rumble, thunder, thunder,
The storm screeches like a town in blunder.
You know you’re right and I know your wrong,
You lost your summer and the wind is gone.
A door open’s, and he pounces because its dawn,
Rumble, rumble, thunder, thunder, I wish I was done.

Adam Hollingsworth

An Old Walk

It’s the cold way we walk
Down the street, to the world we know.
The useless, and the shallow,
It only goes to show, how we
Try to fill the hole,
As we walk out, and go.

The ignorance, of fresh idea’s
All the false hopes, and maybe we’ll steal
The ignorance of youth. Than maybe we could deal
With the road we walk on, to stolen ideas.

Time will only go to show,
As we walk, life will grow dull
As we let go, to all we lost and to all we know.
The cold darkness of the night ahead,
Our regular intervals of time have bled,
As we walk, to a life of dread.

Adam Hollingsworth

As the Sun Goes Down

As the sun goes down
We whisper softly to each other
At the time of twilight
Is when we find it the hardest
In a meadow at the top of a hill
We hold together, hand in hand
We'll paint the sublime picture
The one of life together
Together forever inside our never, never
We'll always be there together

I'll await you for your arrival
As of now, I know it's near
We'll seek each other
For without we'll be de-feathered
While I wait alone, at the steps of were we first met
Here and now, I look for your bliss
At the time of sunset as the shadows dance
They show me worlds for me to glance
I see a world of twilight and frown
While I wait here, as the sun goes down

As the sun goes down
I sit alone in my room and write,
To you letters and poems of my disgrace
I tell you all my secrets so that they'll die with you today
Please keep them as I rise alone
To face each day outside your heart
While I stare from the outside
Knowing I'll never be part of the inside
So I fall down and go on in a happy frown
For each night I wait, as the sun goes down

Adam Hollingsworth

Beautiful Love

Kitty grins and secret sins
Bottled plans and so hard again
One more hour, one more second
Just to know it will be fine

Holding hands and sleeping side by side
Smile to hold and our love will never die
Just to wish for one more chance
With one more second for a kiss

All the seasons changed in us
So deep that we never fussed
We reached the highest point we could climb
Sliding down went our decline

To say I wasn’t angry or pissed is a lie
But I will always love you even after I die
Just one more chance to climb to the top
Together there we would stop

You got chills running down
I gave you my heart with one word we found
I love u is all it comes to
I adore you is all more than true

You give me a joy I never had
Because I love you oh so, so bad
When its over I break down inside
When you say you love me, I can never lie

One more chance, one more second
One more hour, just to say...
...Forever I love you
Pick and choose, I pick you

No one will love you as much as I do
No one will care for you like I do
After you all I find is you
Before you, it was searching unglued

To make it again and say our song
To live again isn’t wrong
In all other girls, I see only you
Only because what we have is so true

One more chance, one more kiss
One more time would be my bliss
One more hour, one more second, just to say....
.... I will love you forever and ever

I would take you to the end of the worlds
Together we'd climb the highest mountain and swim in the deepest seas

I would take you to the star you couldn't reach
Beyond heaven is were our love swam so free

In forever after we would go
In never, never, we're stars that glow
You’re the rose with no poisoned thorns
You’re the sky were rain clouds don’t show

In a house they lived so freely
Under a bridge, we kissed so deeply
At the park, with smoked filled starry nights
We both knew our love was so right

Our love was a wall built so high
But brick after brick your wish fell down
Remember the star we wished upon?
Remember that night we found our song?

Holding hands with warmth so bright
Hazel eye's and knowing true love is right
We made each other laugh when we played
And we wiped away each other’s tears day after day

A song for you in a hazel stare
A love so deep, I was scared
I apologize for all my wrongs
Do you still remember our song?

I always knew with you there was no wrong
All because with you, everything felt so right and we belonged
An old couple dies together in bed in love
True young love is forever our song

Just one more chance and one more kiss
One more time would be so bliss
One more hour and one more second, just to say...
...Forever and ever my love for you is here to stay

Forever and ever I'll love you all day
Forever and ever I'll love you day after day
I'll be waiting for you to say ok
Because my love for you, is here to stay

Adam Hollingsworth

Deception

Once upon a time, I use to laugh
Once upon a time, I use to care jack
Once upon a time, I use to smile
Once upon a time, I fell in love

I gave my all into this
I gave my life, my heart, and my trust
I was happy and for once had hope
Than life burnt a hole so closed

Now so empty and oh so alone,
Hopeless and lost, is all I have known
'Please love me! ” a little child will plead
Please love me so I wont lose my needs

I see a future in my eye's
I see life is only a lie
To ask what’s on the other side
Soon someday, I’ll take the ride

The ride of life and misfortune
The ride of rides to the devils caldron
He fixes the nest while we plead for the best
Don’t stare between his lines…

I see life blaring round in a hole
A blaring sound that screeches in it home
To ask what’s on the other side
Soon someday, I know I’ll take the ride.

Adam Hollingsworth

Ecstasy

The feeling rushes through your veins
Hands shaky and arms ice cold
While you walk around in a daze
Loss of feeling, loss of control

It feels like heaven, oh yes it does
Just something small, a pill that heals so much
Migraines may come and go
Your arms asleep when it begins to flow
Hunger ceases and pain will leave
Happiness locked inside a pill, for me to keep

And,
Hearts rushing and cold sweats begin
A dazed expression, so fun in sin
You play god, just as god is dead
A dumb found expression, inside your head
I love it, I love it, I want more, you see?
Some minor cuts are done to misery
Falling and tripping, head over feet
A smile rises and so much to keep
It feels like heaven, and now I sleep

Adam Hollingsworth

Everything

She’s the goddess of my soul
She’s the goddess to my heart
She’s the goddess of my world
She holds the key to my heart

She holds it tightly, grasping
So hard that it leaves blisters
I would do anything for her, anything
And everything to hold her now, because
She’s my life and my soul
My dedication is all for her
She makes each day brighter
As we hold on each day tighter

We will shout it from the highest mountain
And take it to the lowest sea
Our love for each other,
Knows no bounds forever and ever
It grows in repetition
Just like sand is endless to no bounds
We hold each other tightly
Because she’s my goddess, and my world

Our love is stronger than any army
And bigger than any world
We’re everything to each other, while
Each day, our love grows more and more

Adam Hollingsworth

Falling Down

Intoxication,
Mutation,
Disaster,
Deceitful-master,
Lock the door,
Throw the key-
Lost
Never
To
Be
Found again.

Devastation,
Of my heart.
Ali-plastered,
To my soul.
Yet,
Away,
Forever.

Adam Hollingsworth

Grave Robbers

I.

I dance upon your grave,
When the moon is shining bright
I dance upon your grave,
Because it only feels right
I dance upon your grave,
When the tide is high
I dance upon your grave,
Because the dues are finally being made right

I dance when the moon shines right
I walk alone underneath a mull tree of fright
Seething all alone all night long
And resting to bless the fare summer gone

Rosy stares of hot blooded fares
Demented sounds in the wind go to where,
We can’t find his soul in our secret dares
Choosing to lose all that we care

Making numbers one, two, and three
Please god, when will you see?
Our hopeless transgressions have gotten us nowhere
While bright shining into a deepening sky,
It fills us with useless outerwear,
And creates a sense of a never ending fight

II.

Dancing alone atop a graveyard platform
Planning to dance alone on your grave,
Dancing upon your gravestone as if it were high drops
Alone we all make due to our pays
Overdue and underdone today,
We sing upon grave because we don’t care
Maybe its hypocrisy or a lighted affair
But we really just don’t care

Losing yourself to intuition and will
A wild calling brings you to a selfish kneel
Picking dead flowers down by the bay
Seeing what kind of senseless nonsense will come of today

An adventure sets light upon our under dues
Seething alone underneath, we explode,
Into nothing and become nothing or few,
Feeling less tired because of gods only clue

Making many numbers of one, two, and three
Seeing this nonsense write away our dreams
Counting backwards to incantations spells

Losing inwardly while we lose the sell
Seeking a filter to a world of pain
Preferring chaos as we watch the rain

III.

I dance upon your grave,
Because it feels so good
I dance upon your soul,
Because I know I could
I dance in the light of a devilish moon
While seeking the night away to uncovered tunes,
Of deception and grace like never before
You see what I mean, so lets count by fours

You see nothing wrong by the light of the moon
You see very little and yet you presume,
We have lost our minds and sought insanity
We seek no less, but find darkness to play by so contumely

Now as the day rises anew,
We seek new pleasures and flow back in tune
Hide away in the deepest corners of your mind
There tonight, we will find all of life's long forgotten climb

While still making numbers by one, two, and three
We dance around and sooth a witty dream
A silence overlaps our time of grief
A tune carries on a dream, formed to deprecations
Soothing the burns of the battle by burning leafs
Here inside, we'll find all of our secret decapitations

IV.

We dance upon your grave,
Because it completes our ruins of incantations
We prance upon the headstone,
For fires of pure indignation
We dig up the dead with furious grace,
And plan an escape of pricelessly long dull days
I dance upon your grave endlessly and flawlessly,
And sing songs unto the world you have fallen screaming into heedlessly

Down away you fall, burning

Deep,
Deep,
Scatter along,
Further and further,
You're flung

We seek painful news straight from another

And I'll rob your grave just for a dull blunder
You may wish a star to fall rushing towards a civilized Cosmo
But all you will retrieve is a world decamped of horrid condos

And once again we count, one, two, and three
All the ways to a nasty keep,
Of horrid increments made of soft stolen lights
Or a cozy cottage of another devilish delight
Cramming packages into a crowded closet of skeletons
Seeking revenge and chanting I don't develop under flying controls,
Lead by a demented tyrant,
Lost in a dull, dull divulge

His selfish imbibitions have lost you long ago…yet,
He has resolved all that you know…and only,
For another you seek the breath of life…to bring,
A tiny socket of joy,
Into your life

V.

As once told,
I dance upon your grave,
When the mood feels right
I dance upon your grave,
Because of all the fights
I dance upon your grave,
In horrid delights
Dancing and dancing,
By the light of a graveyard plight

They crawl there way back up to tell,
You a warning
They say in chanting gestures,
"We seek rest and yet have no slumber.
Bring us your children so,
That we may feast
Bring us your lives,
So that we may go on in delight"

Alone they fall back into a silent, cataclysmic, drowning pool of,
Rabid maggots, with a touch of slinking rabbits.

Plough on through into tomorrow
So that we may unlock the chains of,
Burdens so floundered

And silently we count to ourselves,
One, two, and always three

VI.

Dance for your every delight
For tonight, there will be a graveyard plight

Revenge is always, just beneath the surface,
So please respect, the long old serpent
His skin is long and yet so cold
He keeps a bag, full of soulless servants
To say it is or to say was,
It's only the beginning of,
The day of death has brought a smile,
Upon his slithering denial

They say he's long,
Seventy feet long
His home is a child's den of a hole,
Deep inside the earth it burns

Once for ashes and two for holes,
Of course a three to dwell in,
Beneath a bone of homes,
All because hell is his home,
A graveyard robber's den for souls,
Stanching away at his graveyard home

VII.

As the story goes,

We dance upon your grave,
For plight of fears
I dance upon your grave,
To save all that clears
We prance inside your grave,
To find sins oh so near
I dance to desecrate,
All you hold so dear

Planning to thief my life away
Planning to find it might be ok
Dear god, why do I stay?
For more of what makes this hate, never go away

And when the stories ends tonight,
It ends in fear brought upon by light
For we dance in the graveyard in such delight
Because we ill be dead before the arrival of night

And as the chanting goes, one, two, and three
We see all that we may meet
And now we continue, four, five, six,
We cringe now, because it's getting so sick
Reluctantly it goes on, seven, eight and nine

We meet fire so lustily divine
Now back to, nine, eight, seven…and we end on six
We scream in fright, for we gone to far for a plight

The sickening grows while we all burn in shocking tides
Alone, alone, darkness is invading our minds
Mocking redundantly, unrelentingly parading inside,
For we have all died inside this time

Making haste to the graveyard in fright,
 Because a grave robber dances tonight,
For we fear, all that is dear and right,
 Has left with the grave robber in sweet, sweet delight

Adam Hollingsworth

Hollow Breeze

The feelings that the wind stir.
Is it for love? Are you sure?
Fluttering open, it fly's
Away. Franticly watching,
Stirring,
…Do you love him?

The sound of poetry in my ears.
The rhythmic words
Play at the strings of my soul.
It's the way the strings flow,
And just the way it breathes.

Heaven, sweet heaven,
Will you hold my hand?
Break my heart and soothe it again.
Softly now…
…
Now release the waves,
Release the seasons in mighty unison.
Release the love
So it can flow freely
For all to see.

Adam Hollingsworth

Hope will Leave for Another

Surly we haven’t lost all reason and deity to her
The one who bathes and feeds our souls
Surly we haven’t knocked and
Rambled the pillars four? The ones we waste and stir
Alone by night the breathing is shallow to her.

Surly the earth isn’t lost to the killing machines we erect
The immaculate and wholesome nature of the pool pur-fect
Our inner waste of souls demise
To perfect and proven in time and time, we only decide
The choices to find a deity in minds that wastefully hide.

Secrecy and lies rise in un born likewise of mind
All that I find, is another one very unlike in all aspects
Unknown and unacknowledged facts
They create sounds alien to our soul and ears
Out of fear, we reject life’s unsought refurnished finds

To boast and crawl away to a selfishness of tomorrow
Wonder around in the deepest sorrow, blankness that draws a memory
Of hurt and un sought of pride so timidly
Speak quiet for soon all hope will leave for another
She the daughter of selfishness, and lies of devotion that draw sorrows

Adam Hollingsworth

Hopes so High

It was a surreal walk
The way everything was so blurry
I saw a man step in a puddle
In the morning he won’t be so hurried
Taking my time and stepping into air
I felt light upon feet over there
Seeking memories long lost to me
I found the child I use to be
Now he’s gone and all alone
Hated by most and ignored by others
His heart is viewed as a disgrace
And his opinion is mocked at in haste
His truest friends betrayed his trust,
That was the first time he ever opened up
Live and learn so he did
Now he’s closed because of them
Still he writes in hopes so high
Trying to show his weakened side
And yet, they smirk and laugh and beat him till he bleeds
Each night he’s home all alone so blind to see
His thoughts are his companions and his only friend
Hardened inside, forever to them, and all again

Adam Hollingsworth

If I Look Inside my Soul

If I look inside my soul,
I would find you, staring back.
Eyes so pure and beautiful,
And a lonely soul, cursed in longing.

My heart quietly admires,
How beautiful and sublime.
My longing is full of a broken past,
And a future that looks dim.

To see heavenly skies walk by,
And to feel a goddess touch.

Adam Hollingsworth

In my Heart

In the dark I stare alone
A cigarette burning, and the smoke is my home
The rushing of my heart
From the pills I took and love as a part
I know it will kill me
I know in my heart

The drugs have consumed me
The stubbornness has subdued me
The solitude will kill me
I know in my heart

I've known for a long time
Yes I have
I know in the end, after she's gone
And I'm alone with my head
I know I'll be alone when it ends
Oh yes, I know in my heart

Adam Hollingsworth

Just a Word

Love is just a word we use
When we can’t describe it
Love is just a word we use
When it’s so brought upon
Love is found in the most forgotten corners
Love is a word we use
To describe life

You are the definition of love,
The definition of life
You sit and hold hands
To describe the indescribable
Yours eyes define beauty so lost,
In a world,
That’s so forgotten

Love is our word that we use

It’s a feeling,
Of,
Joy so lost and found
It’s a feeling
When,
We lose control and can’t help but bound
We take it to the forgotten
And lose it upon the forsaken
Love is a life,
So long ago lost
Love is,
Love

Love is a feeling,
We share in exchange,
For another
It’s between, than swims to lives
So into each other

Love is caring no matter,
How bad it is
Love is the will to do,
Anything it takes for the other

Love is a world we have all forgotten

But,

A few chosen
Bring it together
Under the sun
Under the sky
And under the hatred
Its brings light to the dark and joy to the heart in draught

Fear to the authority and fear to the tyrants
Love
Is
Hope

When its time you know its time
And when it hopeless you know its there
Holding hand and hand and feet and feet
Starry eye’s studying the world together
While creating a little world of light

Love is,
Perfection to who the un perfected bring
Love is,
Two minds as the same in the comparison
Yet,
Different
So different
There’s a break and than a fix
After the fix is a stronghold,
Stronger than any government or society could conform to popular demand
Love is an individual opinion and a fact to contend with

Love is the only thing that makes life worth living

Adam Hollingsworth

Just to Feel

I can’t help but feel
Like I am tainted
If only I could peal
My hurt away,
I’d be loved again.

Adam Hollingsworth

Laughter

You know that feeling, the feeling that makes you dizzy
The one with a buzz that's so much fun
The one that expands you with a gun

So what do you want to talk about?
A ray of hope inside all my dope?
Dirty needles and empty bottles
Its my fun...what's yours?

What do you do when it all gets boring?
What do you do when you lost your love of growing?
She sees you with eyes of demise
She hates you with a love so high

Growing old and saying lets fly
Growing young with infected flowers is so much fun
You know, you love, and you only hate
So why must you grab and smack this fate

To see bloodshot eyes moist in love
To a bottle of so much fun
Starving and tired and only drowning
So many hurtful glances with a red crowning

You know that funny way you are,
The so star struck and under appalled sway for today
The way it expands and fly's away

Change for a society of greed
Greed mixed up in green
Seen and lots of scene
Needs to be…

One more way to light the fire
One more way to fly so much higher
Growing young and full of guns
Staying high while lying young

It makes you smile all the way…
Inside, to boast and toast your way up high
You gleam with a lost dream
Sunrays burn the open sways

The costal regions lies to itself
The child openly delights in what it sells
False relaxation and coma tossing demonic illustrations,
Of pictures of reflections to your…
Lost souls

So openly and readily admit it the fun things you told
Seeing so freely what we sold
A hazy mind makes for open blue sky's

While a closed mind, will openly crawl away and die

Adam Hollingsworth

Learning to Fly

Standing at the edge of a hole made of emptiness
Learning to fly into an abyss of cleanliness
Remembering memories lost so long ago
While I’m overwhelmed by the feeling to just let go

Flying into thin air while clearing all inside
Realizing games that were made to crawl back in my mind
Dangers of boredom and loneliness silk in me
I just can't wait to be set free

You know what it feels like when air comes rushing past you
Fire was made to clean out closets of dieing laughter’s
So few and yet so far away
Clean my skin from this burning day

Learning to fly in a whole different way
A way to end it, but not sure it will play
Please come out and burn my life away
Please say it’s different when I have my way

But all you see is green burned inside my eyes
Greed and hatred is our hope and demise
All flowers come to whither and burn
While all flesh can't help but slither to turn

Adam Hollingsworth

Liars night

Most days I seek wisdom inside your heart
The heart of liars that cheat from the start
The roses never reach to them as we walk,
On into the night
And sometimes I sing
Outright and downright to fright

Hopelessly they come to me
Holding regrets under they're feet
Seeking cover from the world beyond
For they're nights are long
Longer than supposed under the passage of time
For a wrong mind is a strong mind, I know it's fine

Alone they eat their meals in sour taste
For I know, because my are sour and waste
A waste of breathless air
Inside my lungs tainted in tobacco
The cigarettes lend my nights a friend
Long lonely nights, they have always gotten me through them

So, again I sit with cigars and marijuana
Maybe speed if I don't want to sleep
I write along the passage of being alone
All night long it will go on
And now we part our ways for I am in haste
Leave me be, and take your hate

Oh god, what a waste you are to me
For I have given up, now let me be

Adam Hollingsworth

Moonlight

She sleeps so hazily,
Underneath my heart as a wreath
She jumps up to clown,
And so far, I am pleased
Different voices and different sounds,
Please show me, what you have found

A desperate act here, and
Some sinking sand there
Pulling down, down, down
All under there
A kindred soul there, and
A kindred soul here
Trapped like an animal, and
Burning with fiery rage, while rotting in a cage

She sleeps so soundly,
Under the moonlight
She sleeps so bitterly,
For butterfly streams near all night
A different sun is out today,
Rises west, while drowning in the east

Adam Hollingsworth

Murderous Dogs

America oh America,
You ignorant fools of filth,
You bastards of retail and hypocrisy,
You sicken me to death
You sickened me into turmoil and waste
The way your greed overcomes with pleasures and unsatisfactory
Working hands to the bone as a hobby is,
Un honorable and inhumane,
While screaming death into the faces of your neighbors
America oh America, the path of the insensible

America oh America,
Look what you have done,
Look into the eyes of the millions of innocents,
You slaughter and murdered
Murderous dogs is what you are
Your rules and laws,
Won’t hide your shame
Your painstaking idiotic ness to substance abuse
Your lack of a mind in lies so high
Oh America oh America, your all children of fools

America oh America,
So intolerable
So unbearable
Clones of generations passed down long ago
While misusing peer pressure so pro found in rows
Revolution, Ha, its a mass misconception
Land of the free is so laughable
While intelligence and art is your victim,
Making capitalism, fascism, democracy and bureaucracy your form of disguise
America oh America, When will the hating just turn and wave good-bye?

America oh America,
Live and let live is appalling in your eyes
To your minds sight,
You press until they suffocate, while falsifying your murderous light,
That you so un rightly slam into the night
Lost arts are better lost to you,
All in reason for many a few
So afraid of an up rise, you shake in your scuffed boots
A little bit of paranoia makes fools out of you
America oh America, shedding light on paranoid degrees with so much un ease and many over dues

America oh America,
Fools is all you please
You’re the disease that needs to dropp off,
And leave, immediately,
Won’t you please?
A blood lust runs in your veins with such ease upon ease
Maybe if looked harder you would develop a sense of humanity,

Underneath all that greed
Senseless and blood thirsty, is all you know
America oh America, When will your oppressive grip, just let go?

Adam Hollingsworth

My Old Friend

My old friend,
I can’t wait to speak
With you again.
The rose within my soul,
Maybe we could be…
You know.

However or whatever,
I know it may be like
Old times.
And maybe,
Just maybe,
We could be two
So divine.

Adam Hollingsworth

Nightmares

Dream once and it will leave
Dream for all, because we see
Everyone will leave,
In the end I'm all-alone and will sink

Each night I lie awake and scream,
At the sounds in my closet,
It's so close, it seems
For tonight I will drown in it

My cigarettes and my weed
It keeps me up and so happily
It keeps me going even when I scream
While I lay awake at night, so afraid to dream

Adam Hollingsworth

None

A life without hope-
Is lost to me.
Pessimistic,
To the end.

Apathy was my friend.

Adam Hollingsworth

Perfection

Beauty so divinely refined
Eyes to melt my heart inside
Ticking on towards life, we find
A world together in love so kind

You’re my everything,
And my world
You’re my anything,
So golden and purely whirled
Hold my hand as we move together,
Down the path of life forever
Hand in hand, and heart in heart
She holds the key so neatly furled in part

Secure it down and fasten it tightly
For tonight we feel so right to be
Stare into my soul and see who I am
I am all yours, forever and again

You’re the one who makes my heart skip
And you’re the one who can melt my stoned hinge
Place your hand upon my chest so my heart can do flips
As we dance in the rain, soaked and drenched
You’re the angel to my soul so dejected
You steal it away, than replace it with love so perfected
To the thief of my heart and the girl of my dreams
You came from heaven and love me fully esteemed

For perfection radiates from your soul,
So pure and lovely, you’re never a dull
You dance in the spring, so full of glee
While I look at you, the girl of my dreams

You’re the girl I always dreamed to love
Now lets lay beneath the night air and stare,
At the stars in heaven above

Adam Hollingsworth

Profound Sight

Lacking quality’s so profound,
Blown away and out to far.
So many thoughts lost and around,
Even inside he lost his only star.
See right through the thin air,
Looking down, without the slightest care.

Remembering what he long ago lost,
While you actually thought you could talk to god.
The lies upon lies I bought,
I always knew it was a fraud.
The air was so thin and easy to breathe,
Your sight is blind, so how could you see?

Adam Hollingsworth

Round and Round

It’s as black as a dull sound
Round and round, it all comes down
So filled in smoke, I think I’ll drown
Down and down, the drilling wind inside the sound

The fabric’s wear thin,
Torn in the darkest night,
A dimension that bends,
Lost to a smothering sight,
Colors have lost their blends,
Ignorant to what’s wrong or right,
Playful to trends,
In the twilight of night.

The rip in the fabric has torn the sounds
Round and round, and lost to found
He hears, but does not see what’s bound
Down and down, the drilling wind inside the sound.

Adam Hollingsworth

Scary Sounds

Happiness is just a word,
A word of lies,
To those who hurt

Now lets watch the children cry
For adults soon they are,
In a world of turmoil and scars

Blink once and it will all leave,
Watch closely now,
Soon it will burn into dreams

Hopeless and lost,
The soul of many we are,
Hope is lost, to so many and far

Given up on life,
It’s all just a game to lose,
We have forgotten all the clues

It’s all so pointless now,
No one is really around,
We’re so alone in a world, full of scary sounds

Adam Hollingsworth

Sounds softly Spoken

Sounds softly spoken,
A sharp close in naturally leaves,
So un sweetly, it’s just so shrill,
On and on, goes the drill.

Such an old thought, it seems
To hide.
Maybe it’s a lie?
So clean and new, it takes away
A dream.
When can I leave?

Such a lie, it’s so
Rightly divine.
Is it time?
An old thoughtless thought, and maybe
I’m caught.
It’s so dark, am I lost?

On and on it never stops,
I might dropp and loosely lie,
And probably hide deep so far away,
Please don’t stay, for it’s the end of the day.

Adam Hollingsworth

Strides

Your choice is gone
And you smoke weed while in the sun
Your love is gone
And yet I feel so free
When is the wind going to rise?
When is love going to die?

Laughing in on his suicidal thoughts
Seeing what lie beneath his oozing yellow rots
Laugh and poke games at his horrible figure
Lock him away for a cold dark winter
When is he going to leave?
When will I find my deed?

You see him starving and rotting alone while frolicking
You see him touching and molesting without a single masterpiece
An infested milk rotted till winter
His milk is shit and full of seasons dimmer
When will the violence end?
When will it all turn to blends?

Turning all over in heads and heels
Seeing right through, another grassy hill
Making eyesight while playing out of mind and seeking what to find
Laughing at suicide as if it where a sac of green smoking dime
When will we find peace inside our hearts?
When will it all start to fall apart?

Adam Hollingsworth

Swooned

A soft, smooth whisper,
…noiseless?
The wind willows in and out,
…swift like sounds.
Jokes have lost appeal,
…maybe, just maybe.
Tonight and tomorrow,
…just maybe.

Maybe I was blind, or
Saw through a glass window
To soon. Empathy has repugnantly
Decayed. More and more
…like a wound?

All I have asked,
…was shoved back.
All I ever wanted,
…was laughed at.
All the appeals and dreams,
…lost,
just,
L
O
S
T
.

Adam Hollingsworth

The Angel's Touch

Refreshing breeze singes,
The outside air.
A Nightly freeze,
Walks softly-up the stairs.

Singing softly to ones self,
Pitter-patter of filth
Deem less, sac-religious
Prosthetic knees,
Deemed unworthy on a shelf,
Wrought so deeply, mind in guilt
Seeming outrageous,
Yet, soft as silk.

Adam Hollingsworth

The Diverse Soul

The diverse directions come to pass,
While good things always go so fast.
A casted shadow driven by your mind,
And the lack of air, means it’s time.
The soulless being is drowned by love,
For the loss of heart, will fly like a dove.
Wallowing pity is gone to those that end last,
And the room of the dying soul creates a draft.
The loss of feeling, feels so fine,
I still can’t find the straight and narrow line.
A room filled of useless stuff,
Like the life we live, that’s never enough.

Adam Hollingsworth

The Forced Disease

They cheat lives
And close their minds
So empty inside
No more do things shine
Sitting in anxious chairs
Lying love is all they care
Cheating all their dares
And stealing hope without a care
Your smile's lost in the devils moonlight
Dear child you’re engrossed in dark lights
Induced pain is how they bend
But it feels so good to feel again
The kids walk side by side
No smiles but hatred they only hide
They wish for happiness oh so dire
But all they feel is the rod on fire
'Please loosen up, ” the parasites plead
A silent response is dead indeed
For children trip and children fall
But they are forced, into this crashing call

Adam Hollingsworth

The Frustration

The soft-spoken frustration has broken the concrete
And the beauty of the white lights shine upon a rose in discrete
While the waves of confusion break down in turmoil
A victim of hate, brought down by the axe of authority

The guns of fire bring unsettled violence
While grieving children wonder to poverty in silence
Brought upon by politics behind they’re growing lies
To tare down the goodness in children, to all blind eyes

Taking without complaints is humility long lost?
And the illness of addiction has long thought
That the health of ignorance will lose it’s light
That creates self-esteem inside a lack of knowledge to write

Putting up walls of will create long lasting tolerance
And forgotten sadness will rain down upon us
Just live and let live will bring peace of mind
Than the stubborn mule, will leave your sight

Adam Hollingsworth

The Highest Point

Dark clouds brittle in windy sighs
Fluttery clowns run in and hide
Your eyes radiate like the moonlight
Your face as gorgeous as a wild sigh

To smile inwardly and know
The game of truth has all been told
Changing rides to abide to tides
Oh, smile on the inside to climb higher

Battered birds fall inward and out
An elated flower hides inside your ear
Caress the times and cross the tides
Your voice is like the ocean climbing high

And yet,
Reach for the highest star
Seek for the brightest sky
See their what I see in you
See a wonder so confused and blue

You reach and find all you please
You speak and true love runs in speeds
I love you oh so and so
Blow me a kiss so I can show
Where I stride to the deepest tides

Adam Hollingsworth

The Living Night

Outside in the living night
It whispers sounds so silent and right
With a running visitor lost in the wind
We can’t see him, because he hides and blends
Seeking the fiery chill of life
While he runs, in the living night

Sitting silently under the stars, he slips away,
Smoke drifts from my fingertips, and a loud dog plays
Shifting shrilly right out through the sky
When life falls quiet, we know it’s a lie
He seeks comfort in the fiery chill of life
While he runs, in the living night

Adam Hollingsworth

The Pathetic Call

Everything is lost,
No sound, in the blinding night.
Profound sight-isn’t what I bought,

No wrong without a right.

Thoughts for sell,
Inhale the sweet grass.
Misery inside-I’d love to die,

All in all lost inside.

Always in life,
I turn up last.

Just smother me till my lost
Hatred of desolate air-In the end
It’s useless.
Please god,
I
Just
Want
I
T
To
End.

Adam Hollingsworth

The Reaching

A note of love sighs within,
A chilling breeze blows wind to wind
Doors drawn dwell so far within,
To few to count when it all ends

Few draw a rose when they pass it by,
Down by a river where we can try
The reaching tree speaks in colorful words,
Reaching so far, just so it could hide,
While speaking sounds in backwards and forwards,
And maybe tonight, we'll see what's inside

Just one note to chill the heart and,
Just one word to make it start
We grow old to only be young,
It's the song, we have all sung

Chant, chant, chant so on,
Chant for life to only become,
Chant, chant, chant we're all young,
Chant for happiness is our drug
You see far and you see wide,
If only we could see, what we hide inside
See beyond the wrinkled eyes,
So we can chant, until the day we die

It reaches no more, and
It reaches no less
Stopped all it's words,
For now, it's a wreck

Adam Hollingsworth

The Seasons

For years now,
Or so it seems.
I spoke my mind,
But I forgot how.

I feel old and decrepit
In my heart is a monster,
The demons lost to me,
Stomping loudly another theme.

I feel tired and old, yet it
Has lost touch in me. Another summer,
Winter, fall, and spring.
The leafs have stolen my dreams.

For several seasons now,
I just don’t know what to think.
Its all so buried deep,
And lost inside of me.

Maybe sometime the past will bring hold
A future. And maybe yesterday
Has brought news. But probably
I’m dead already. For we know the sun rises
But sets in the east.

Ironic,
Or just ordinary?
What do you…
Think?

Adam Hollingsworth

The Truest and Beautiful

Sometimes I laugh
Just to hear the sound.
Play pretend
That we are happy,
When broken hearts
Roast in the open.

I'd give anything to have it.
You know,
The feeling of being loved.
Needed.

I need a hand to hold
A heart
To admire and be admired back
I need someone
To love me
Like I love them.

The truest, and beautiful,
I long to hold your hand.

Adam Hollingsworth

This is Me.

For who so ever comes to their ruin,
I've been there before.
Your devastation is my pain,
While your happiness is my cane.

Though, the lines I've drawn,
Speak little and more.
Your smile fills me with shame,
For, laughter is no more.

Old Walt, and the spectacles of
America.
While the fire and ice,
Dwells on a frosty night.
Thomas with his clown
In the sky.
Morrison and Cobain,
Died as god's in fame.
Oh starry night,
With its ear gone on the right.
King, Satre, and Steinbeck,
A cemetery for pets,
A theory on consciousness,
And east of Eden,
It all comes back.

My dwellings,
My life,
My thoughts,
And my lost loves.

For we are all roaming,
In a wilderness of dreams.
And I say,
Whoever touches this poem,
Touches me.

Adam Hollingsworth

Timeless Pleasures Surrounding Us

A giddy grin escapes the persecutor of demise
A giddy smile comes from those who do not sign
They laugh at you when no ones around
They poke and play games without a sound
Keep it high and keep it down
Up and all around
Fake the way we laugh at you
Seeing ever so deeply,
Right through you

You can’t decide if it was fun
You can’t decide, maybe
It was just one
One and only, while lost and homely
Despicable and descript able,
Your ways are to me

Numbers all one through a hundred
A million more and a million less
The lesser shall make their tombs with ease
While seeking a dream that does no appease
To me, while we fight alone
On the battle field of hate
Poking and spitting on a carcass of meat
Seething right through,
To another date,
Of misery

Inside the diary,
We find devotion so true
Devotion so void,
And yet,
Un attuned
The smiles hide secrets deeper than meaning
While we seek for a world,
In utter de meaning
It plants a foot inside your doorway
And lends a hand to another way to foreplay
Rejoice in the fact that it has come to an end
Rejoice in the fact that we have no friends

Make a decision and you will always regret,
The way it comes and goes all around us
Make a world of tiny grains of sets
While lying to yourself about a heaven so blessed
Factory workers seek comfort in suicide
Growing old is just another name for dieing
Plant a flower for the world of today
And plant a tree juts to say,
Rebellion

Rebellion in the streets of chaos

Chaos is the sweet, sweet sound of rain
Thunders swift violently through the mindless
And our minds will swiftly decay,
By one piece to the next
And another to top the best
Soothing sounds have lost their pleasures
And a child has lost its sweater

Alone in the streets they will come for you
Picking you off two to one
Lies of a rose fallen in black
Signing your name to another death contract,
Yet in the same, your will blame…
More on us
And less to bless
Seek comfort in wisdom and pleasures
Seeking comfort in a dieing feather,
Burning away to lost decay
Just another day to play,
All for just one more day

Adam Hollingsworth

Untitled

In

The mind
All in all what a sight
For tonight we sleep alone for
Sightless visions in/out lonely homes
Speak quietly for the time has arrived to despair
Quarrels and hatred have found envy in the most scares.

Speak within to hold it to precious, precarious red gems,
Not a sound, movement, or the tiniest sin.
Drawing a line for logical influence,
Held still, and lost of failed air.
Ignore it and behold,
Another reason
Lost to our
Time.

Adam Hollingsworth

Why we're Here

Nature to dust
I am at a bust
Creaking sounds, and
Finding crowns,
On a forever green,
While losing good deeds,
It’s a smoking seed,
That falls to ashes,
Inside our trees

The way it screams
It makes me want to bleed
Dieing sounds,
And never found
Fall to winter
And summer to spring
The tree is life
While murdered with a knife
Death is only greed
When people lose their creeds

Possessions mean nothing
People are the meaning
While killing the masses is hopeless
Yet we love it so dope bliss
Insanity runs in the streets
Rebellion is our feed, so
Feed the monster as it grows
Soon an angel, you have sowed
Anarchy inside nature’s core
Anarchy is freedom, to open the door

Adam Hollingsworth