Poetry Series

Blake Foxx

- poems -

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Blake Foxx (1/26/1993)

Young, secluded, my one love is a person who i don't know how to describe. I've tried through my poetry and it only captures part of her essence. I love to write poetry and it only comes out when i think of loved ones, dark or beautiful they all create the images. If there is one thing i admire more then anything else its Dr. Seuss, a master of the rhyme. He is the man who wrote the quote i live my life by.

Do what you want and say what you feel because those who care don't matter and those who matter don't care.
-Dr. Seuss

-Blake Foxx

Works:

Im not talented enough to actually finish my stories. Im really going to try and write one though.

Abyss

When darkness falls,
hell arise's. Shrouding
the world with the peace
of a silent beauty.

Death reigns free in
this land, able and
willing to take.

He controls all in the
shroud of despair,
he devours the weak
and pitiful.

The few breathes a person
takes before his colds hand
embraces their throat.

They shreak quiet moans and
claw at the veil of nothing.

Soon they will awake, only to
be surrounded by the love
of the other living dead.

Only to wait for rebirth...

Blake Foxx

Avaritia

Money money everywhere but not a scent to spend.

Poor Avaritia, i feel for your cravings, i long for
your spendings. Oh Avaritia will you bring me
happiness with all that wealth?

Avaritia will you bring others happiness,
or will you bring them war and sorrow like
you always have...

Can't you see that your hurting them, hurting me
with your stupid lust for money, all that money.

Don't you know, Avaritia, it wont buy you happiness

Only sorrow and depression, no one will love you.
They'll fight for you only in hopes to take more of
your precious money.

I hope they do Avaritia, i hope they steal every
last penny from you...

Blake Foxx

Blossom

Her soft petals reaching forth,
grasping my body and pulling
me into her sweet embrace.

The warmth of her scent to my
lungs and my body. Its my perfect
drug, blooming only so often that
one can never love it to much.

Her perfect pink colors brilliantly
covering the earth. She is sweet,
and yet bitter for not blooming enough.
But when springs comes, on that perfect
day she blooms, a beautiful bushel of
flowers and love.

She is my blossom, my perfect Cherry Blossom...

Blake Foxx

Burning Desire

Velvet sheets, soft skin.
Backs to the wall,
skin to skin.

Love is our lust,
the lust to make love.

a toss, a tussle,
a touch on the cheek.

Vigerous and passionate,
simple and sweet.

A tender bite,
marking you mine.

If only, if only your
blood was sweet

When alls said and
done, the sheets
will be scattered
and all ill say is that
you always mattered.

Blake Foxx

Candy Land

It always starts out simple,
maybe something sweet.
Just a little candy, no harm
at all.

Then comes the constent need.
The need for more and more.

After a little it starts to become
an obsession, the need for it so
bad you'll do anything.

And thats when it happens,
you meet him, the man from
Candy Land. He always has
candy and he's always so nice.

You ask him and he says ok,
lets drive off to Candy Land.
You get in with him and buckle up,
just like a good little child.

After that you see him smile and
he gives you a lolipop. You smile
and take it, the last words you say
are thanks mister.

And thats the last thing you ever say,
the next place your seen is six feet
under and the Candy Man got your
candy. Is that what you wanted, is that
how it was supposed to end?
With your mother standing over you and
weeping. I bet it wasn't...

Blake Foxx

Comfort

In every life there
are our fears,
our tears and
our dears.

We all love,
we all shove,
but above all
we don't stop the fall

Together we lay,
beaten and broken

Together we stay,
cheating and crying

This is our comfort,
our love and adore.
This is our life,
forever, more and more.

Blake Foxx

Corruption

Darkness seeps into the bloodied wound
of peace. Men cry and dictators laugh.

Soldiers fall in silence in the name of
a corrupt richeousness. Taxes burn for
the protection of the walking dead.

Soon war will end and piece be mended
momentarily. Only to be torn usunder once
more.

and the process will begin a new...

Blake Foxx

Darkness

My shadow withers around, an eater of light.
He is my plague and shadow,
the stalker in plane site.

He consumes what i love and hold dear.
My light and friends that I cherrish
while im close by and near.

He likes to suck away my warmth, leaving only cold
giving birth to a little patch of ground,
so bitter and, so very, very old.

But once the night comes out he likes to hide.
Vanished like a cookie on a plate,
but I do so miss his dakness, the thing that makes me subside.

Oh goodbye my sweet darkness, ill see you again soon,
when the sun comes out to play tomorrow.
Ill give you my warmth at noon.

Blake Foxx

Descent

Slowly, ever so gentle and peacful
a horror glides down the sides of the room.
At first it isnt noticable, only a sliver of red.
It speaks out in soft whispers,
Pay no mind to me,
Im not a bother.

Soon though, so very soon
it crawls down farther and farther.
Crimson soon embellish's the white walls.
Your heart races your mind crys in pain
and your world is slowly swallowed by
a once familiar scent.

The once hidden blood of family and past
cover the walls in its power. Showing off to
the viewer that you have no hope, that you
are next, and nothing can stop it

Slowly, ever so gently like before, it consumes you.

Blake Foxx

Despair

He flys in despair.
Acts as if nothings wrong,
like its a perfect sunny day.
Your wrong though, its
still not pretty or nice.
Dating her is your perfect despair.

Blake Foxx

Envy

How I envy birds.
The way they arc through
the air and fall to the ground
in horror. Then simply lifting
their wings and glide up.

There was a day that man
tried to fly.

How I envy bravery.
The way he climbed that cliff,
the vigor and power he portrayed.
His rusty wings hardly able to fly,
but he tried, and tried, and tried.

I envy how he died.
I wish that one day, maybe the
courage to try would spring into
me. So that maybe I could try
and fly, and maybe i could die.

One day...
Someday...
Eventually...
Goodbye...

Blake Foxx

Eternity

Tender blood drips down
your succulent lips.
Fresh wounds gaping
on our necks.

I rub my hand across
your cheek.
Lost in your auburn eyes.

My finger slips and I
fall forward, towards the
oblivion of your lips.

Our souls interlocked in eternity...

Blake Foxx

Fate

They call it happines...
Others call it stupid...

Maybe its not stupid but
just something that has
to be done. Maybe its the
fate of the individual to
reach their own happiness.

Maybe thats why so many
people can die happy. I
hope that people realize their
and recognize their happiness.

A wise man says 'If one dwells
on the past one can't live for
tomorrow.'
I say dont listen to the wise man,
listen to your heart and make it
come true for you.

Blake Foxx

Gula

Gula, my sweet sweet Gula.
How you bring me comfort
and love.

The sweet memories of every
food i have ever tasted. You make
me so happy to live.

But, Gula, why did you betray me?

Why, Gual, why did you make me this way?

Is it really so simple to consume and devour
all those sweet things around you? Do you
enjoy making it impossible to go a moment
without sweet desires.

I hate the way you make me look, Gula.
The way I can't even see my feet.
I miss my sweet toes and their beautiful
presence among me.

Gula, i hope that your punishment is just.
I hope rats, frogs and snakes can apease
your appetite because they wont please mine...

Blake Foxx

I Love You

We lay close, hearts beat, fingers graze.
Lips linger, teeth impale, blood seeps.
Our love is close, but unknown.
We embark on a trip to a world neither has experienced.
I rub softly, you unbutton. You kiss slowly, I unzip.
All is for togetherness and foreverness.
I pull you close, lips locked, taking you in.
My lips move 'will you be mine', my heart skips as you nod 'for all time'.
We lay tired, skin to skin and i think of that simple first kiss.

Blake Foxx

Ira

Oh, Ira, beautiful beautiful Ira.
Why are you sickened by us...
Why do you despise us so...

We are just like you, all of us.
We need love and compasion.
We all need eachother.

But you, beautiful beautiful Ira.
All you need is hate and malice,
Why so cruel and unkind?
What joy does the displeasure of
others bring.

Ira, my sweet Ira. Why have you hurt me?
Me the one who held my arm out to nurture
to protect and help you. But yet all I can do
is wake up with the knife in my back.

Why Ira, violent, evil Ira.
Why did you betray my love...

Blake Foxx

IT

IT sits there,
long limbs portuding over
the arm of the chair.

A wicked grin across IT's face.
IT beckons me closer, only a
fool dare listen. But persistently
IT beckons and with a shy smile,
I advance.

IT doesnt seem so bad, a smile
is a good sign at least. I slowly
calm my nerves and reach out...

My clamy hands grasping the surface.
My smile grows and I gently pull the
toy down to me, scurrying off to my room.

Blake Foxx

Love

I bring you close.
Feel your heart.
Stroke your chest.
Sing sweet silence
into your ear.
Nibble away your fear.
We mix our blood.
Make two become one and
love become whole.

Blake Foxx

Paying Attention

Something lacking in the world.
Something i cannot see very well.
Something i wish i could understand.
Something...

Is it me or is it someone else.

Something doesn't feel right.
Something seems to be what i cant find.
Something is bothering me about it all.
Something...

Is it me or is it someone else

Something is starting to make sense.
Something wasn't even hard to find.
Something we all need that i now have.
Something...

Its so simple because all we have to do is pay attention...

Blake Foxx

Peace

Man did not create War...

Man created peace...

The false salvation of a race.
The hope that one can live
with one that one doesnt like.

War was not a creation by religion...

War is the ultimate advocate...

The creater of man, the creature
that made its ultimate Arbiter.

The beast that hast consumed
millions before and millions to come.

That beast, the creater of man
who in turn created peace. That piece
is also just the sad pawn of War.

Just like every sad being in the universe...

Blake Foxx

Rebirth

Silent lips blow a soft wind
into the ear of the earth.
Time decends down from the heavens,
taking flight and shaping the world.

One by one flowers willow
and die. Soft shells lieing dead in the grass.
A starving rose stands black,
its petals glorious with pain.

Softly a morning dew crawls down
the decaying plant, sprouting a seed.
The soft lips stop blowing,
Time stands end on end.

Slowly for the last time
a flower dies. But not for nothing
The rose seeps into the earth
and forests bloom again.

Blake Foxx

Regret

Remembering
Every
Great
Reminisence
Ever
Thought

Blake Foxx

Rose

i plant your seed, love and compassion.
I shower your body, beauty and glee.
I watch you grow, mature and strong.
I watch you bloom, vibrant and powerful.
I pick you up, ignoring your thorns,
and take you to my home, to stay with you till you end.

Blake Foxx

Running With The Wolves

I take my stance, prop my feet.
Heels up, back arched.
My body roaring to go.
I gaze left, gaze right, nothings stopping me.
The gun cracks, my feet fly like the bullet it shoots.
As i run forward my world changes.
I see my home, the rocks, the trees and the streams.
I race forward feeling my body fly over these obstacles,
nothing stops me.
My chest heaves my body groans and i push to the limit,
all paws to the ground.
I cross into the clearing and howl with victory,
looking back at my competitors and hurtles i beat.
My world comes back and i see the track.
The wolf inside of my sleeps for now,
waiting for the next big race.

Blake Foxx

Sacre Blanc

There's this thing, a thing I dream of
Most people call it nothing, but I, only
me, see it as something great. I see
it as my sacred white, my Sacre Blanc.

Its the place I can escape to when life
gets hard. Its the comfort of nothingness.
A feeling not many can speak of, and fewer
know of. When i retreat to that emptiness, i
find happiness in the world around me.

Course with all things said nothing is perfect
and even then sacred white has a flaw.
Its the things that enjoy it so, I make that
void in the comsos unhappy by poluting
it with myself, and there for i am evil.
I wish i could be one with the sacred white,
I wish i could prove i was worthy to enjoy
its comfort.

If only, if only. Maybe one day soon when
im part of the soil I can return to it and
show my loyalty and love for it. Then it will
love me, and i can call it my Sacre Blanc
once more

Blake Foxx

The Lost

I miss them so, those hearts as one.

The way they came together and formed
it all, holding it firm.

When they gripped it in their dirty palms,
letting its light rain throughout.

If we still had any grasp of it, the lost would
not be just that.

If we grasped it, grasped ideal in its very essence,
we could bring back the lost and make this land change.

We could save the world from polution,
spread wings and fly to the heavens.

If we had the lost, and their ideas, we
would have always prosperred in peace
and in wealth.

For the lost created all that is sane today.

Only we, the behemoths of life, forgot how
we all came to be and forgot what it was
to grasp idea in ones hand.

One day the lost will return, and when they
do, hopefully, just maybe life can begin anew...

Blake Foxx

The Used

They call her grace,
they call her elegence.

I call her love,
I call her sweet.

She calls me friend,
She calls them friend.

In the end she always
calls them one thing.

In the end they always
end up the used,
the beatin' and abused.

I wish i was more,
They wish they were more.
We all just wish that we
didn't have to be the used.

Blake Foxx

Waste of time

Critters crawl and
babys sprawl.
But i dont rhyme,
so this is a waste of time

Its only truth that men love to cry
and the only thing women want is to die.
If i were a man, which i might be, i'd smile.
If i were a women, which is possible, perhaps i'd run a mile.

In the end its only better just to live.
Be a friend and just give.

If life was like that then we be happy,
nobody would call love sappy.

I wish life were like that, then i could rhyme,
and maybe, just maybe. I wouldnt be wasting my time.

Blake Foxx

Wolves

Quick, deadly, precise.
The ultimate hunters.
No meer being stands in
comparison to the pack.

The untamed and uncontroled,
the soul proprietors of the woods.
The single entity of many, and
the hearts of one.

The power of a single thought,
compressed into one swift
move from all. The ability
to lure and trick their prey.
The ultimate trappers...

These wolves are the
ancestors of courage, and
the soul of the world. The
gods of the paradise.

A paradise we seek for
ourselves, yet, shall never
attain.

Blake Foxx

Zombies

We are the still,
the quiet moaners,
the victims of a virus
that we made.

We are the hopelessly lost,
the fault of our own technology,
the curse of our generation
whom was so poorly raised.

We are the lifeless victims of
technology, the victims of games,
computers, televisions and religion.

We are the human race.
The creaters of this very
downfall. Welcome to the
Hoard. Enjoy your stay, or,
better yet, never show your
face again.

Blake Foxx