Poetry Series

chad fisher

- poems -

Publication Date:

August 2008

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by chad fisher 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.

chad fisher (Aug 1976)

Who am I? I only wish I knew the answer to that as much as other people believe they know who I am. I like skateboarding, and I currently live in Indiana. I write poetry on and off.

Sorry I do not belong to the Chad Fisher Group. I am not a songwriter, nor a Jazz musician though I wouldn't mind being either of those.

Works:

N/A

(This Poem Needs a Title) (Or... Lost Soul?)

I am in the bog of despair, the slough of despond,
A place of which I am not too fond,
As I read Pilgrim's Progress, I see the allegory,
Of my own hearts relation to this grand spiritual story!

The message in the bottle is the message in my heart
The message you may never read, the message you may never see
Unless the oceans of my soul from many worlds apart,
Some day roll their waves toward you, and your own heart's sea.

chad fisher

? enog uoy evah erehw

? enog uoy evah erehw
.rednow netfo I
, tsim ekil dehsinav ev'uoy
Rising in the air toward the setting sun.
And often I ponder,
what if we never kissed.

? tnereffid neeb evah gnihtyreve dluow
, wonk reve ew lliw
? nevaeh hcaer ew nehw
Will wisdom to our souls have been sent?
Would life take a new direction, would our paths better flow?
Would joy enter in, rising like yeast filled with leaven?

chad fisher

A chorus for Piano, A song for love gone wrong...

C If
D I
E could
D(hold) have
G(hold) loved
A (1/2 beat) be-
G(hold) tter
E I
D would
E(hold) have

G Gi-
A ven
G(hold) you

E All
D of
E(hold) me

C If
D I
E could
D(hold) have
G(hold) loved
A be-
G(hold) tter

E I
D would
E(hold) have

G Gi-
A ven
G(hold) you

E The
D world
D(1/2beat) To
E(hold) see

chad fisher

A Poem Just Because

This is a poem just because I am bored,
In fact I am bored alot lately now that your gone.
This is a poem just because I am lonely,
In fact I am lonely alot lately now that I am just one.
This is a poem just because I have nothing else to do,
In fact I have less to do without you, I easily get more done.
This is a poem just because I'd rather write than do nothing,
In fact I often do nothing now that I am sitting here all alone.

Copyright © 2007 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

A Simple Word

Is it necessary to overdo our gestures or speak in lavish prose?
Do you really think it is better to comminicuate in a manner in which not one person knows?
For is more often understood the actions and words that are purely simple and normal,
Than those called for during elite gatherings of those who pose as formal.
For it hath been said that a man alone with a gentle word
Is more precious than a gathering of a slanderous herd.
The words you use may be a cover up, a deception,
And though I should not hate, I can't await... until I attend your funeral's reception.
For then people will clearly understand every word you say, and every action you perform
And now without speaking you'll be performing a certain action for a dead man, which in a certain lingo is what is known as the 'norm.'

chad fisher

A staircase I wish to climb

Ah if they were but there..
To walk that path upward, the proverbial stair-
case that leads to heaven in all of my relationships;
that promotes joy, rather than condemnation, and genuine fellowships...
If peace could come, or if I could make it in all of my life, this very day, now,
I would, for I know I should, and I know I could, but I don't know how.
This is that golden staircase that I wish to climb until I reach the top,
But even then, when I get up there, if things could be better I won't want to stop!

chad fisher

ADHD gotten worse...

ADHD gotten worse, but I know if you were here
I'd feel better.
ADHD and depression caving me in, but I know if you were
here I'd feel better.
ADHD gotten worse as I get older, I thought it was supposed to be the other way
around. But I know that if you were here I'd feel better.

chad fisher

Advice

Some of the best and worst advice in life is free,
But it's up to you to decide which one it will be!

chad fisher

After Your Heart Breaks

After your heart breaks:

superficial approaches toward happiness,
nothing guaranteed,
real lasting joy does not come from new shoes, make-up or haircuts
band-aid approach indeed!

chad fisher

All Emotion

it was a distant time and I heard your screaming strong
baby baby why can't we just get along, screaming strong
Tear down your wall but don't let me fall
don't let me down for I am not your clown
I heard your screaming strong
but you don't know where we really belong
you assume that just because our hurts don't turn
means that our love is dead forever and our passion won't burn

yeah I tell you i don't want your dishonesty of what is in your heart so deep
yeah I tell you its all emotional now, emotions that are unhealthy to keep
buried away in the grave of death
pierce my mouth closed, losing my breath
yeah i tell you its all emotion
there is no need for a potion
yeah i tell you its all emotion

Copyright © 2006 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

Animosity (revised)

the rose of hateful battle has no thorns nor flower, and it continually looses its bud,
for where do wars and fights come from among you? why wear the color of blood?
does the desire to fight not come from your desires for pleasures that fight inside of you?
do they not come from a wicked place already? a place in which demons travel thereto.
my soul has dwelt far too long with the memory of those who despise peace,
I am for a time of ending a battle that never ends, friendships faltering, the fight to surcease,
I am for a truce in all matters, but when they speak they are for war and a fight,
and forgiveness is found not among them, for they know not what is true and right,
I have done all I can do to try and make an ammend
to bring the battle to its knees, and call for the shredding of our hearts to end
for though some are blind to an everlasting grand reality
an offended friend is more unyeilding than a fortified city
and disputes are like the barred gates of a massive fortress filled with innumerable troops
we can hide forever unwilling to confront our situation in the feeding barn, or our horse drawn coupes,
we can fight until forever the sun sets in our midst and life remains no more,
but the fight of animosity cannot live without the pleasure of pain, blood, and gore
if we shall ever find a calm time, it never begins during the times when the sword doth clash
and mortal or emotional wounds inflicted and bleeding when cut are men's souls with a deepened gash
but rather the birds fly away from where men fight their battle, and we only hear their most pleasant songs postwar
though some birds we see flying overhead, these are those come to warn us that our resentment is something to deplore.

Abraham Lincoln: 'Am I not destroying my enemies when I make friends of them? '

chad fisher

Another prose-try

Getting over you is harder than I thought it would be.
But they say that God doessn't give anythign we can't handle.
But now I wonder if that were really true.

chad fisher

Apology Accepted

The only two words I wish to hear, whether through speech or deed,
Are simply this and nothing more, 'Apology accepted', to which I will vow a new creed
I will create a new life, and wish I could do so now,
If only you were here with me, so that you could show me how.

chad fisher

Artificial Insight

Artificial insight....
Is this really your plight,
To give me words that something cannot be done, when I know it can
To give me advice that doesn't work no matter how hard I try, for I am only one man?
I don't want the negative words, nor the superficial sentiment, these are words of polution,
What I am seeking, longing for, asking for, trying to figure out, is an authentic SOLUTION!

chad fisher

Beautiful Dragonfly

I want to be able to set you free,
Fly, Fly, Fly,
But I don't want to let you go,
High in the sky,
I want to be able to hold you in my grasp forevever,
Beautiful Dragonfly,
But I don't want to hold on.
Ah! Sigh, Sigh, Sigh,
At the very least, please see that I at least want to try.

Copyright © 2006 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

Blue Tears

I soon understood that my mind, and emotion was fickle.
As blue tears did woefully trickle
down my olive, yet pale skin
And I wrapped warm a blanket around my body thin.

Copyright © 2006 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

Broken Hearts, Broken Dreams

Broken Hearts, Broken Dreams,
Too Many Times,
Tired Of Tearing At The Seems
Distant Rhymes
Remind Me Of A Time When
We Were Both Happy Then

chad fisher

Broken Shell

Shorline waters covering
That Broken shell
Broken shell a symbol of my love
Surfers foot steps on
That broken shell, crushing the essence of my heart
That Broken shell, shell, shell, Shell I miss you still as I will always
Broken Shell, doesn't know she is broken.

chad fisher

Call For Truce

Apology, Sorry For The Deed We've Done
Want To Help Rebuild Your City
This Is Not An Attempt For Pity
Apology, Sorry For The Deed We've Done
Sent A Messenger, The Same Man Who Did The Crime
To Your City, Because He Repented, And Had Done His Time,
He Came With A Basketfull Of Hearts Filled With Gold
Yet You Shot Him Down, Because He Was Your Former Enemy
You Fool, He Was Big And Strong, And Wanting To Help Rebuild Your City

He Had Precious Plans, To Line The Roads With Crystal
And Then, Just Then, As He Was Getting Nearer, You Shot Him With A Pistol!
We Came For Peace, But You're Still In The War Frame Of Mind,
So Fight Or Flight, We Retreat, All We Want Is To Be Kind,

Now The Goods Of A Brave Attempt To Cease This Very Feud
Have Been Destroyed, Even Though Our Hearts Were Renewed,
For Now We can Plainly See, As Clear As The Starlit Sky,
You Too Have Changed Your Ways, War Seems To Be On The Nigh
You've Become Like We Were Before When This All Began
We've Repented, Called For Truce, Tried for Harmony To Be Foreran.

Apology, Sorry For The Deed We've Done
Want To Help Rebuild Your City
This Is Not An Attempt For Pity
Apology, Sorry For The Deed We've Done

chad fisher

Claim Of Innocence

You live in your world of wretched fantasy
You shun me because I look suspicious and guilty
You shun me because I look down
You shun me because I frown
You shun me, because I look down and to the right,
You shun me because I no longer hang out with people at night.

But one thing never occured to you, or might never know, in time or ever,
that I did these things only because I was sad of losing you for now and forever.

I look suspiciously guilty because I hang my head down in grief
And you interpret it as 'I knew that he did it! ' pointing the finger to try and gain relief,
I look suspiciously guilty because of the frown I have upon my face
So you continue to believe it saying 'That man, what a waste, a disgrace! '
I look suspicious and guilty because for several months now, you've barely seen my eyes,
And you interpret it as 'All this time he was hiding something from me, what a fucking surprise! '

But one thing never occured to you, or might never know, in time or ever,
That I did these things only because I was sad of losing you for now and forever.

Body language told a story that you never did see,
The truth behind the mask, the truth that encompasses me.
Its not my fault that you can't read me correctly or hardly at all
Its not my fault that you'll live behind your emotional wall

For one thing never occured to you, or might never know, in time or ever,
That I did these things because I was sad of losing you for now and forever.

chad fisher

Crowded Room

In a crowded room, and yet all alone
In a fog of doom, wish I had known
You'd leave so soon, it's me you've outgrown
I don't know where or what I'm looking for,
But I cry tears like I've never cried before...
In this crowded resteraunt, and yet all alone
The stares of people gawking at the pathetic creature I've become
I've gotten used to it.. not being understood by many, but only by some
But the some, is so few,
I just don't know what to do...
Dare I pull the trigger and let it all go away...
No, I won't, because I still have hope for a brighter day.
But I also feel hopeless and barely alive
I tried to breathe, you know... count backwards from five
But I tell you, I'm in a crowded room and yet all alone...
You left my heart hurting, and I just wish I had known
How you felt, so that I'd have appeased your grief,
And sighed the sigh of a gentle relief...
Not many understand what it's like to live this way
In a crowded room, but you're so very far away
I just can't live like this forever... in this dispairing gloom
I wish I had known, I just wish I had known...
In a crowded room, and yet all alone

chad fisher

Death to My Old Way of Life

Death to my old way of life, bring on the new;
Ever I am changing, if only I knew what to do;
Can I stay the way that I am and love those who loved me;
Or must I live alone and change, but for what and who... there is now only me;
I loved, but what good did it do to love the ones I loved before,
The ones who ironically I still admire and adore,
Even though they do not love me anymore;
What good did it do to repent of my wicked ways
To the ones who were in the path of my previous days;
To what extent must I forgive those who don't care about me,
Without selfishly holding on, to who I was or even who I want to be?
These questions may not make sense to you, but to me they plague my soul;
I am unhappy, and wondering when my heart will be complete again and whole;
I am unhappy, not because of them, but because I cannot please them at all;
I am very fragile and weak, and no longer do I stand tall,
For I am ashamed of the past, and hope this shame does not forever last;
Inside my soul the weather there is rough, overcast.
I can't clean the weeds in my heart, because part of my heart belongs to someone who is far away,
And I am afraid she won't forgive me, no matter what I do or say,
So I am burdened with a pain I cannot bear,
And I know that my joy is inside me, oh but where?

Copyright © 2006 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

Deep Thoughts (not by Jack Handy!)

Deep in the realm of my thoughts, so very, very, very, far down,
Deep in the waters of my heart and soul, hope I don't drown!

(As I ventured near the swimming pool at the YMCA, this rhyme came to mind.)

chad fisher

Depression

When your depressed you don't want to go anywhere
But what is worse you just simply don't even care
You don't want to brush your teeth or comb your hair
You might shower, but that's just because your bored, not because you want to be clean
You want to stay home all day, eating cereal, and when you go out, you don't want to be seen.
You feel you don't exist, and you feel like if you did, then others wouldn't want to be around you
You're miserable to the bone, and you don't understand way, and you cry and cry until your face turns blue
And you often wonder what you did to make yourself feel this way,
Constantly praying for a happier and a brighter day,
But its the day that no matter how close you get to it, moves one step further down the road,
And you pray for someone or something to take off this depressing load...
You take medication, but your life stays the same...
And all you want to do is move far away and change your name
But even then, even if you did that, you wonder if you'd be truly happy
The ironic thing is this, when your depressed about being depressed that is the fullest misery
You don't want to move on, because you just want to go back
A time when joy was something you held dear and did not lack

chad fisher

Divinity

All of man's symbols and all of man's creeds,
Do man no justice when in comparison to Heavenly deeds
All of man's religions, All of man's written words,
Written in stone, or said to fly away with the birds
I have seen love, I have seen hate...
I have been spit at, and I too have spit,
I have been wise, and I have lost my wit..
Needless to say, man is man, and God is God...
And everyone thinks they know Him, which I find rather odd;
But whether I be Christian, Muslim, or Jew,
Divinity doesn't care about such titles as heavily as me and you..
Therefore, may only the Greatest Spirit of them All judge my fate...
And if He be so inclined, to welcome me into Heaven's Gate...
I take no stock in what you or your book may say...
God knows my heart, and I believe He loves me anyway...
Heaven or Hell, Summerland, Nirvana, Enlightened Sky
God truly knows where my heart doth lie...
These are all but concepts and ideas created by man, or are you too blind to see...
We fight about Him, because we are fools,
But to see him, we just have to know how to use our tools...
of mind, soul, spirit and our hearts ever so true...
If I took the time to look, I could see the divine in you!
That it is the same Spirit that Created You, Me, The Earth, The Sun, The Wind and The Sea.
Though I know nothing more than when I began,
I understand now, the purpose of the Land...
Blessed Be...

chad fisher

Do We Ever Grow Up?

Do we ever grow up?
No we beg, plead, and manipulate as we did when we were young and sometimes more so!
Do we ever grow up?
No we hold grudges and seek to undermine others!
Do we ever grow up?
No we live in painful turmoil of our own making without understanding the true natures of others!
Do we ever grow up?
No we chase after love, like its some magical toy that is ours and only ours!
Do we ever grow up?
No we yell at people with critical voices, we don't express our feelings in healthy ways, we might even throw a tantrum!
Do we ever grow up?
No we move place to place trying to leave our problems behind, but no matter where we go the problem is still there!
Do we ever grow up?
No we act like everything is okay, when everything is not, we act like the world is ours alone, we hold things in, or bring things out in a negative way!
Do we ever grow up?
No we lie about one thing or another, we steal possessions, or we steal people, or we steal feelings or thoughts or attitudes or beliefs, we steal!
Do we ever grow up?
No we fight, and argue sometimes, and we know we're the one who is right, even when we know that we're wrong!
Do we ever grow up?
No we hate, we envy, we take pride in another's misery, or we are jealous of another's joy!
Do we ever grow up?
No. We don't. Children often know more about grown up things, but we only decieve ourselves in adulthood.
Do we ever grow up?

Copyright © 2006 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

Do you snore?

Do you snore when you go to sleep?
I do not snore when I go to sleep.
Would you snore if you fell asleep on a boat?
Would you snore if you fell asleep near a goat?
I would not snore if I fell asleep on a boat.
I would not snore if I fell asleep near a goat.
Would you snore if you napped in a car?
Would you snore if you tired in a bar?
Woud you snore if you slept on the moon?
Would you snore if you went to bed soon?
I would not snore if I napped in a car,
I would not snore if I tired in a bar,
I would not snore if I slept on the moon,
I would not snore if I went to bed soon.
Would you snore if you slumbered in an alley?
Would you snore if you rested in a valley?
Would you snore if you slept outside in the rain?
Would you snore if you slept in the state of Maine?
Would you snore, if a dog slept with you on your lap,
Would you snore if you really wanted to nap?
I would not snore not now not ever,
I would not snore, I snore not, meaning I snore never,
I would not snore if I slumbered in an alley!
I would not snore if I rested in a valley.
I would not snore if I slept outside,
These questions are become quite the bore,
I'm telling you I do not snore.
And I want you to hear what is honest and true...

(Yawn)
I'm not listening to your questions anymore tonight
I'll just rest right here, take care, goodbye and goodnight!
No need to stay and try to hear me, go away, go away you!
(Yawn)

Hkhakhhhhhh kwhooooo Hkkuhkhhhh kwhoooooooo

*** (although technically this is original in theme, I should say something like: inspired by Green Eggs and Ham by Dr. Seuss)

chad fisher

Don't Believe A Lie

Don't believe a lie
It is a warning of truth to claim
The tongue of evil 'lies' behind every name
Don't believe a lie

And the truth may never be known unto you
If you remain intolerant to heartfelt honesty
Your world will collapse behind you, filling you with misery
And the truth may never be known unto you

Don't believe a lie
It is a warning of truth to claim
The tounge of evil 'lies' behind every name
Don't believe a lie

If you believe a lie you are trapped
In some dark ancient dungeon with no way out
But if you believe the truth you're free, and you will joyfully shout
If you believe a lie you are trapped

Don't believe a lie
It is a warning of truth to claim
The tounge of evil 'lies' behind every name
Don't believe a lie

chad fisher

Don't break me when I'm already broken

Don't break me when I'm already broken,
I'm not falling to pieces, I already fell,
Don't criticize me and say you love me,
Because you don't really care, and I can tell.

Don't break me when I'm already broken
I'm a fragile porcelain doll on a window sill,
Don't criticize me and say you love me,
Because you won't love me, but I will.

chad fisher

Don't Give Up!

You may try to bring me down, but I don't have to let you win,
God teaches that when a man falls he should rise up in the spirit,
So even though you wish for me to fall down, I won't give up or quit,
But I realize now the same arrogance I used to carry, but I shall try not to judge you for your sin.

chad fisher

Don't tell me

Don't tell me it's okay to cry, Don't tell me it's not,
Dont tell me to pretend to be kind, when in truth my soul is flaming hot,
Don't tell me to shoot the messenger that relays my feelings to the earth,
Don't tell me it's okay to lie, about how I feel about my own self-worth.
Don't tell me that you care, or even that you don't
Don't tell me that you love me, when the truth is you simply won't.
Don't tell me anything, tell me nothing instead,
As foreward I go, seeking the splendorous wisdom of my life ahead.
I don't want to hear the truth, I don't want to hear a lie,
I want to just live my life, without having to wonder why.

Copyright © 2006 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

Everything has its season

Some people think our goal is to be happy, but... the goal of life is NOT to be happy. The goal of life is to know what time it is.

'Everything has its season. And there is a time
for everything under the heaven.'
'A time to be born and a time to die.'
'A time to weep and time to laugh.'
'A time to wail and time to dance.'
'A time to rend and time to mend.'
'A time to be silent and a time to speak.'
'A time to love and a time to hate.'
'A time for war and a time for peace.'

What time is it for you?

chad fisher

Excommunicated

I fear I have become excommunicated,
By the very ones to whom my heart was dedicated.

I fear I have become a worm in their eyes,
I feel as though they wish for me to self-dehumanize.

I want to show them the way my soul does so feel,
But every time I tried, they thought I was not being real.

They don't want me around any more,
I have apologized, but then again what for?

Does it matter to be sorrowful if the relationships don't revive?
Does it matter to love someone, when you can barely survive?

Of course, these thing do matter, but what perplexes me the most,
Is that I cannot express it the way I want to by the blessed powers of the Holy Ghost,
For I am but a mortal man, who repented to those who scorned me again and again,
And I try to look at my own damaged heart, without focusing on their hatred and sin,
But I cannot look away as I wish that I could,
But I do not look away as I wish that I would,
For my sin is to notice their sin of noticing mine, and not forgiving either them nor me,
Though I wish I could, I want all of us to be blind no more, and to plainly see.

I understand that they have been hurt by my own ill deed,
Yet they fear my apologetic prayer, my remorseful creed,
And they believe me to tell a lie when I tell a true thing,
So I cried for a year, hoping one day I will joyfully sing,
Of a time when reconciliation comes into being,
And we all gather hands, and feel ever so freeing!

chad fisher

External Vs. Internal Pressure

Moving into a new existence for myself and for you,
Ever so painful but ever so true,
Lifting weights off my shoulder two by two
Trying too hard, because I don't know what else to do.

*Inspired by Jennifer Unknown.

chad fisher

Fake Smile... Vs. Real smile... Who will win?

Fighting the world with a wounded heart,
My fake smile, my only shield,
A false cheery disposition my weapon that I wield...
Yet others sense the hidden lies,
When they look within my eyes
When we are sad, we look for happiness, we search for that hidden door,
But I cannot hide my grief from myself, and I don't want to anymore,
Even if I am happy one day, and unhappy the next, I'd rather feel it,
For if I do any other, I deny myself reality, and darkness will steal it.
Feel your feelings, they are true.
This is my advice to you.
I did not say dwell on them as I have done,
Just to feel them, until they all unite as one.
Just because I am unhappy sometimes,
When I write some of my poems, or dismal rhymes,
Doesn't mean that I don't need to be unhappy, once in a while.
I'm not always unhappy, I am a person like you... occasionally I genuinely smile.

chad fisher

Fall Apart Rise Again

Fall apart, rise again
Just sit back and listen
To something others will nay say
But I don't care, I seek the correct way:
So here is something I have come to realize,
This strange information has opened my eyes:
Its okay to fall apart sometimes,
And end up writing depressing rhymes,
As long as you put yourself back together,
And eventually remember how to enjoy pleasant weather.
Its okay to be sad and to cry, for a very long while,
As long as you eventually remember how to genuinely smile.
It's okay to feel invisible, alone, and sad,
As long as you someday remember how to make yourself and others glad.
So fall apart, rise again
Fall apart, rise again,
Let your spirit show,
Let your spirit live and manifest
The reality that is for the best.
Put your mind and energy to the test,
When you fall apart, don't forget to rise again!
And if you fall apart two more times, rise again, and again!

chad fisher

Fill my soul

My soul shall be filled with joy this very day,
Before the sunset falls; this is my will and the way.
Happiness in my spirit, depression shall cease,
And from this day foreward I live a life of ease.

chad fisher

Forgiving Unforgiveness

i wanted to love you without any condition.
there seems to be no putty to fill our relationship fission.
but there was one condition i forget to even consider,
that you would forgive me; i am not an excellent bidder.
i bet to myself that your heart was pure and true,
and i struggle so hard to love you no matter what you say and do,
but yet i placed a condition wherein it never did belong
in hope of your forgiving nature to be complete and strong.
and now i am faced with a greater task to handle
to forgive your unforgiveness, and light my own heart's candle!

chad fisher

Getting Past The Past

Getting past the past is ever so hard for me...
Because the past was better than the present seems to be...
I'm trying to write until I have nothing left to say
When I can write about something brighter on a happier day
It's therapy, but therapy that keeps me stuck in the past
Because I'm wondering how long does this depression have to last
I'd like to move toward the future, with new friends, new goals and a new plan
A plan where it doesn't matter whether or not I am caring about you, a plan in which I am a new man
So that if I ever see you again, I could be free to be me again, and perhaps give you a smile
So that I can warm my heart, just knowing that I am me, and you are you, both hearts happy all the while
So that I may not care so much whether or not you like me, but only care if I like myself again.
So that I can just be, just be Chad... so that I can be past this pain I feel deep within.
Despondency, heartache, pain to bear... future is there waiting for me, sometime... somewhere...

chad fisher

Give Me You

Give me you...
Your anger, your joy, your love, your hate,
It matters not to me that now we are seperate
Give me you...
And not just the time to think of our laughter together
Not just time to explore the nature of my soul's weather,
Give me you...
Your smile, your frown, your body pleasant and joyfully round,
Your crooked teeth, your pleasant sweet voice with a soft sound,
Give me you...
And not merely the passing of your memory,
Or one picture to hold, a trigger for my sorrowful sensory,
Give me you...

chad fisher

Goals

What are your goals, do you have many, or do you have none?
Me, personally... well you see, my dear, though sometimes I fail, I have just one.
My goal is to learn how to be a better person today, so that I am an even greater person for tomorrow.
Yet I realize that this is a process, to deal with life and emotions, to sometimes bear sorrow,
But yet, you see, my dear, I also know it is to try to be happy as well, for whatever tomorrow doth bring, who can really tell?

chad fisher

Good Books, Bad Advice

Good Books, Bad Advice
I read some of them more than twice,
Tried the things the authors thought were true,
But they never took account, that it wouldn't work with you.

chad fisher

Grand Oppurtunity...

I have a great oppurtunity coming my way
Been through a breakup, but tommorrow is a better day,
The occupation I had before compares not to this one in any way
For this oppurtunity comes at a time when I am in need
I don't know exactly why I'm there getting lesser meed
Call it wonderful, call it grand, call it a blessing,
But the truth is it pays practically nothing, I am confessing

People in my past may look down upon me now,
Believing something that is is deceptive,
Wished I had explained the truth to them, yet they were not receptive

However, I have this great oppurtinity coming my way
I'll soon be cooking Pizzas, low waged, hip hip horray!

chad fisher

Greater Truths (Untold Story)

There were three men who passed him on,
Homeless fellow on the ground, hoping for care.
The first man who passed by that fatefal day,
Smoking a cuban cigar, smoke swirling away
Was a wealthy man, a former clerk, but now a CEO,
He rushed to the airport in his Corvette for his business trip to Ohio.
So I looked on, and thought with wonder, if he is wealthy I must do the same as him to have wealth.
He looked pretty healthy, so I figured that these riches I would bring my way would not affect my health.
The second man who walked on by, carried a Bible, and wore a tie, and had the largest smile,
He made it obvious that 'God was with him', and I figured I should try to be like him too,
It seemed that surely such a spiritual man would know exactly what to do,
So I bought a Bible, wore a tie, and prayed to God, and felt pretty good for a little while,
But then I saw the homeless man again, who just sat there, face disheartened by grief,
I knew what he wanted, but I thought I needed someone to show me how to give him relief,
Finally the third man walked by, a respected member of the community, the Govenor of the State,
He seemed to be in a hurry, polished shoes, and fellows behind him, reminding him that he shouldn't be late,
I wanted to be like the Govenor, so I studied politics, went to school, and hired an advisor,
But then I saw the man, the same as before, and realised that none of them, nor me had been any wiser.
So I sat down and asked the man why he chose to drink his life away,
He said he had nowhere to go, and that he felt he might be better off if he just lived, if he only lived to cry
And I told him, as gently as I could if he did not rise up to help himself, he would be the same as those who pass him by,
I knew it was a hard truth for him, so I helped him up and said, 'Let us get you some food, I can do at least that much.'
But even still my heart was empty because I really could have done more, and my heart felt a bit uneasy and out of touch.
Nonetheless the lesson I learned, didn't come from the the Govenor, the spiritual man, the rich man, or even the poor one
Instead, I learned then that whenever I fall, I don't have to be the same as those who daily pass me by under the canopy of the sun.

chad fisher

Heartbreak Freeway

I had the road map, I knew our destination,
And tension rose, cars honking, pile up caused my frustration
I got angry at the traffic on the freeway, and took it out on you
Yet you surprised me, you knew you wanted only love that was true,
So you leaped out of the car, while I was switching lanes,
I went back to pick you up, trying hopefully to heal your pains,
But then, you told me in an aggressively harsh tone of voice,
That you'd rather hitchhike home, and that I must respect your choice.
And I drove back to the home in my heart,
But you weren't there, you were many roads apart!
It was then that I screamed and said 'What the heck? '
Take care my love, for things had become a wreck,
When you jumped out of my red automobile, I was utterly in shock,
I tried again to find you, yet I must have looked on the wrong block!
But you moved your heart to a place that I could never enter,
And now, I was trash to you, no more in your soul's center.
Take care my love, and only do the things that make you happy,
For I still love you, even though I feel awefully crappy!

chad fisher

Help Me Help You Help Us Help Them

Help Me Help You Help Us Help Them...

Paved Streets, City Sidewalks, Golden Dreams of Youth
Hungering Children, Hopefulness Lost in the Darker Truth,
This Is Not My Problem, Its Our Problem, And What Are We Doing?
Wishes Floating, Dreams Falling, Despair Pursuing,

Help Me Help You Help Us Help Them...

Unfriendly Actions, Unjest Words, Mansions Near, But Not In Heart,
Futures Gone Before They Enter, Same Earth, But World's Apart,
Jobless People, Crippled Wealth, Are We Really Better Not Knowing?
Blinding Eyes, Look Away, Impure Things Ignored Just Growing,

Help Me Help You Help Us Help Them...

Sitting There, Diseased By Security And Elite Society, You Forget To See,
You Are The Very Cause Of The Thing You Despise, Doing Nothing But Living In Luxury,
Pay Thousands For A Pair Of Shoes, Barefoot Child No Cash To Spare, How Can You Act So Carelessly?
You Have Twenty Rooms, But Three Never Used,
And You Look Down Upon The Neglected And Abused

Help Me Help You Help Us Help Them

Copyright © 2007

http: //www.endhomelessness.org/

chad fisher

Her Soul Touched His

her soul touched his, and then the air was filled with a strange curious thing,
but before the curious (cloud I'll call it) , her voice never cruel loved to sing,
the awakening hour, the man rolled on the bed to turn, and the woman asleep- her breast
moving into a connection that had already been made strong touched his chest,
she awoke, and was neither startled nor did she fear,
how close he was to her body and soul, oh so near.
her hand caressed his long brown hair,
his forehead wrinkled with thought so deep
and she pressed her lips in the center there,
he knew in that moment, that this was a time he would keep,
a time he'd remember when he grew old,
a time more precious than silver or gold,
and she felt the beauty of him, her thin finger twirling his goatee,
as he arose, still half undressed moving toward the morning cup of coffee,
the sunshine rays creeped softly in, under the lavish curtain of their bedroom window,
beckoning for the morning to begin, when in two people's eyes time was slow,
she arose in spirit with him, and tiptoed behind him blowing him kisses unsparing
he turned around and saw more than her face or smile, but saw deepness of love unerring.

Copyright © 2006 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

Hooked On Grief

Hooked on grief
Strange addiction
Pain without relief
My prediction,
Addicted to crying
Inner despair carefully eyeing
Indulge in heartache,
Need for you to slake
This Inner turmoil and pain
Allow your tears to wane,
You have become a druggard
You have become a sluggard
To your own depression,
Release, and let it lesson!

chad fisher

How To win Your Heart Again

I asked how to win your heart again,
They told me to make you jealous, they told me to sin,
They told me to act happy, but I am really oh so very sad,
They told me to lie, to hide behind a smile appearing to be glad,
Some told me to say sorry, and God knows I tried,
For I can honestly say 'I'm sorry, ' knowing I haven't lied,
Some told me to leave you behind, to even forget your name,
Some told me to seek revenge, but revenge is oh so lame,
I know I've been truthful, even if you didn't agree with me and my feelings, and wish you'd do the same.
We may not see eye to eye,
But the least we could do for each other is simply try.

chad fisher

How would you feel?

Don't walk away, when someone is loving you...
How would you feel, if they did it to you?
Don't snarl rude comments, when someone is hating you..
How would you feel, if they did it to you?
Don't hate others, if they can't forgive you...
How would you feel, if they did it to you?
Don't hurt others, if they hurt you...
How would you feel, if they did it to you?

chad fisher

Humility Or Vengence?

'I'd rather find myself weeping in the courtyard, sitting all alone,
than to partake in hateful vengence that overthrows the throne.'

chad fisher

I hate my life

I hate my life, I hate my life, I hate my life
I don't know what to do to turn things around
Wishing away the anger, stress and strife
But there are no blessings anywhere to be found!

chad fisher

I have stopped with the rhyming words for just a moment...

I have stopped with the rhyming words for just a moment,
Because is this a poem? Perhaps not, perhaps so,
Mabe it depends on how you want to percieve it...
I just had something I wanted to share, and please correct me if I am wrong, for I am not always a vicious vampire, what I mean is that I won't bite...
You see,
All the wonderful wisdom, knowledge and insights I have gained,
But I fear that I have gained nothing, because I have not used any of these...
Is knowledge power? ... no, I think not, knowledge is not power, but power is using the right knowledge, in the right way, at the right time, to the right person, for the right purpose.
It goes beyond anything I'll ever fully comprehend, but this much I know is true. Or at least I think this might be true. Ah the mind how it can go in circles sometimes.

chad fisher

I just want to die...

There are few who know the urgency...
the pulling, the tearing
the anxious, the fearing
the sweating, the yearning
the twisting, the turning
the soul bitterly burning,
the moaning, the crying
the desperately dying
the hand of peace nowhere near
As I cry, cry each and every tear,
Day after Day, Year after Year.

chad fisher

I just want to know,

I just want to know,
Where did our love go?
I just want to know,
Why didn't it grow?
I just want to know,
because I still love you so.

I just want to know,
Where did our love go?
I just want to know,
Why didn't it flow?
I just want to know,
because I still love you so.

chad fisher

I miss you Shell

I want to change my life but I don't know how,
I miss you Shell, and I'd cuddle with you right now,
But you're not here, I fear, and I caused it worse for wear,
But if you'd ever let me, I'd drive right over there,
To kiss you on your cheek, and tell you you're pretty,
I'm sorry I made you cry, I'm sorry I hurt you so bad
I'll never do it again, all I want is for us both to be glad!

chad fisher

I want you back

I want you back,
I just don't know what to do, I just don't know what to say
To show you how I truly feel
But I want you back
I just don't know what to do, I just don't know what to say,
To show you my love is for real.

chad fisher

I will not let go of my love

I will not ever let go of my love,
It rests inside me, like a sleeping white dove,
Most certainly, I declare this is a promise that I have made,
Which keeps the music grand and majestic, a loving parade,
Proving not to break the memory of our joys we shared,
The memory of those times when we were there and both cared,
I may let go of the relationship somehow,
It is hard for me, but for you, I will try it now,
But my love is going to be here forever and always to stay,
No matter where you've gone, no matter how far away.

chad fisher

I Wish I Would Be Happy Each And Every Day

I wish I would understand how to hold happiness firmly in my palm,
I wish I would take every moment, every day to just be still and calm
I wish that my smile wouldn't sometimes have to be something to pursue,
But I wish that happiness when it came was something I could never undo

Here are my words of advice, though I am sure many will never obey,
When happiness comes don't dropp it, don't let it slip away,
Keep it in your grasp for as long as you can possibly bear,
It can be fleeting, and once its gone in another place, its hard to find out where.

Don't let it slip, don't let it die, only trust and believe
In impossible things that are hopeful, even things you may never achieve
Pretend, have fun, and live a life that builds you up, rather than in dismay,
For I wish I would take every moment to just be happy each and every day!

chad fisher

I Won't Lie To You

I know you want me to lie to you
To tell you sorry for a thing I didn't do,
But that was already a problem I had
Was lying to you to just make you glad,

They say that the truth will set you free,
But I am afraid the truth only binds me,
I don't want a relationship of any dishonesty,
I only want to be forgiven, so that my soul can be free.

chad fisher

I'll make it up to you

I'll make it up to you, somehow, someday, when we're both ready,
When we both have gotten our heads out of the sand, and are walking steady.

chad fisher

I'm Not Writing A Poem Today

I'm not writing a poem today, don't feel like writing,
Instead I'll watch soaps today, while nail-biting.
I'm not writing a poem today, I'm just going to sleep soon,
Instead I'll later wake up and look at the white moon,
I'm not writing a poem today, I'm just going to be sad,
Instead I'm going to search for something else that makes me glad.
So peace be unto anyone that reads the letter here,
For I am not writing a poem today, just going to get a beer.

chad fisher

I'm still loving you

I wish I, I wish I,
Knew what to say,
'Cause I'm missing you today
I wish I, I wish I,
Knew what to do
'Cause I'm still loving you
But I'm tired of wishing and waiting now,
I still love you deep inside, yes, I still know how
I need to do something, if only I knew what it were,
So we could be happy together again, letting our emotions stir.
Yes...
I wish I, I wish I,
Knew what to say,
'Cause I'm missing you today
I wish I, I wish I,
Knew what to do
'Cause I'm still loving you
And I wish knew where to go,
How fast and how slow,
To find you again, loving me like you used to do.
'Cause I'm still loving you.

chad fisher

Indecision

Tired before the existence of my life, at least two roads are ahead, and perhaps a whole lot more,
And I must choose to venture on one of them, oh, if making tough decisions weren't such a heinous chore.

chad fisher

Invisible

I am not invisible
I am not invisible
How this terrible,
Shelter of being alone,
Made me feel as no-one,
But I am someone, I am me,
And I am not invisible, assuredly
I am not invisible.

You are not invisible,
You are not invisible,
How these terrible,
Things I have done
Made you feel as no-one,
But you are someone, and you are you,
And you are not invisble, you are real through and through
You are not invisible.

chad fisher

Is this a sin?

Baby, Baby,
I want to know,
Where did the purity of our hearts go?
I speak of a time when love was undone...
And anger had not been released before the setting of the sun.

Is this a sin?
Is this a sin?

Baby, Baby,
If I am blinded by agony before I clearly see,
And If I don't love you when you hate me,
Is it a sin?
Where have our hearts been?

Baby, Baby,
I want to know,
Where did the purity of our hearts go?
I speak of a time when love was undone...
And anger had not been released before the setting of the sun.

Is this a sin?
Is this a sin?

Baby, baby,
If I don't apologize in a way that is whole and pure,
And your resentment becomes a burden I must endure,
I wonder if this is a truly a sin
When we don't find the love that is deep within.

Is this a sin?
Is this a sin?

Baby, Baby,
Where did the purity of our hearts go?
I speak of a time when love was undone...
And anger had not been released before the setting of the sun.

Is this a sin?
Is this a sin?

chad fisher

Its All Washed Up But Its Never Gone

Its all washed up, but it never will disappear
Pain may lessen, but not the worry or fear,
None can fix the organ that is still dying
Not even the angelic surgeon that is trying
Blood pumps to a place it should not
It's all washed up, but it still bleeds alot
Blood splatters in the depth of me,
But its never gone, inside I bleed eternally
I am wounded, which is why I cried
For my lover would rather wish I had died.
Its all washed up, but everywhere there is a stain
But its never gone, the showering bloody rain
The screaming pitches of my voice unique
Rising high like the tarot tower, so mystique
Crumbling down into the sea
Blood splatters in the depth of me.

chad fisher

Lost poem...Lost love..

Lost poem...
Lost words...
Lost feeling..
Lost love...

Nay, these are not lost, it is a deception
Nay, these are not lost, a false perception

Lost poem...
Lost words...
Lost feeling..
Lost love...

Nay, these are not lost, they exist deep in my soul,
Ultimate forgiveness, a high ideal, and yet a worthy goal.

Lost poem...
Lost words...
Lost feeling..
Lost love...

chad fisher

Love Letter

Dear love of my life,

I have asked,
It had not been given...
A life with you again, a life worth livin'

I aksed for your love, your mind, your body, your soul,
Yea, I'd give you all of this from me, my being whole...
What child is given a stone, when he asks his father for a fish?
I have asked for your forgiveness, but all I can do is wish.

I have knocked...
The door remains shut...
Giving me more curiosity, thinking 'How, who, when, where, what? '

I have sought the way into your heart again,
But I have not found...
Walking upon treacherous ground...
This burden remains yet an enigma... for where is your heart, where is your kiss?
Yes you may hate me now if you so choose, but I will love you forever, and forever miss.

I had been truthful...
But was not set free,
Because the only thing that would set me free
Would be for me to be able to show my love to thee!
That is the only key.

I have already conquered many fears,
But I still am unable to wipe away your tears
I have won over much of my internal strife,
But I wish I could again be a part of your life,

Don't let what little love for me rests within your spirit die,
If you cannot love me, or will not love me, I only ask you to try.

Love,

The one who cannot love the one he loves....

chad fisher

Many Roads

The golden rays, and heatened days.
Memories upon me, nothing but a dream.
This is a cursed time, and yet strangely a time to rejoice.
For there are many roads I could travel through.

Which too choose, overwhelmed, too many ways.
Ah is it but to choose, I must, I must it would seem.
But, dear friend I say, what is the right choice.
What would you tell me? Which way to go? If only I knew.

chad fisher

Many ways to love

She thought I didn't love her, but she couldn't be more wrong,
So I sat weeping, but crying tears never makes a happy song.
There are many ways to love, just like there are many ways to make a rhyme.
There are many ways to cherish heavenly moments of passing time.
And I needed bright holy changes in my soul
To once again cleanse my spirit whole,
But oftentimes I did not find the find the right way to love,
If only I could once again hold her in my heart as delicately as I would a dove.

chad fisher

Martyr In Love

it is allright if you hate me for something I've never done,
for I understand you are under the influence of the evil one,
it has been hard to accept the truth that I am a martyr
i have suffered so that you can try and be filled with joy from above,
a martyr of friendship, a martyr of peace, a martyr in love
you make a list of all my wrongs done, an excellent charter,
but you wrote one down wrong, a grevious error,
for you believed me to be completely impure, a souless terror
yet your joy is false, for inside something still bothers you indeed
your soul wishes the same as mine, only to be freed
i saw it in your eyes during our last meeting afoot
the rage and bitterness swelling up doth uproot
of this: the wrong you have done me, you know, i have my own chart?
but i am tryinge to erase it, so that i might forgive both you and I from a loving heart.

chad fisher

Meditation

Curved finger touching fingertip, in the air three fingertip
One hand
Curved finger touching fingertip, in the air three fingertip
Other hand,
Vibration of 'Om' setting sun, neither monk nor nun,
Closed eyes, no surprise, thoughts racing, mind erasing,
Deeper vibration,
Meditation.

Copyright © 2006 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

Mentally Unstable Mentally Unwell

Mentally Unstable Mentally Unwell
This is my living hell...
Never knowing, if I'm coming or going
Or wither thereto, my mind is throwing
All caution to the wind,
And I am stuck therin...

chad fisher

More Than A Poet

Dedicated to: Amber Zenisek

She was more than just a poet deep in her heart
She felt intensely, the world tearing apart,
I never met her, but I knew her for I understood
The feelings she shared, both the bad and the good
I felt her as she spoke of things unseen, things that hide
I understood the flow of her meaning, the emotional tide.
There is more to her than anyone will ever know I am sure,
But one thing is true, her soul yet growing is true and pure.

chad fisher

My Epitath

Judge Not Lest Ye Be Judged
If ever I have judged any of you
in a way that ruins your spirit
I pray that you will forgive me,
So that as I pass beyond the
realms of the Earth,
I will be able to be fully at rest
and pray that you will be able to do
the same until your time shall come.

chad fisher

My Heart Is Open

My heart is open for your return, I have already given you the key!
My heart is open for you, no matter if your heart is closed to me.
My heart is open for now and always, I sit in the dark room of it,
And yet there is an empty lounge chair there, you know, the one in which you used to sit.
My heart is open for your return, even though a storm is blowing in,
But I dare not close the door, for you may return someday, I don't know when.
And even if you don't come back through my open door, I'll still leave it open wide.
For if you ever do come back, I'll be stronger and able to stand better by your side.

Copyright © 2006 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

My Soul Is Displaced

My soul is displaced.
My hope erased.
My love is dying.
I am not lying.
My soul is displaced.
I am disgraced.
I have sinned against someone I love.
And though I pray everyday to God above,
I cannot find my soul again,
I am wearing thin.
Could someone please tell me where it is?

Copyright © 2006 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

My true home

words flowing away from the thoughts of me like dust in the wind
time moving away from my memories of when time would never end
coming nearer to days gone by and days yet to come
i often wonder where is my truest home

chad fisher

No Hope (prosetry)

There is no hope anymore, yet I strive on, but wonder why?
I know I'd rather live a depressing life than to tell a lie...
And I haven't told a lie, I still love you deep within,
But you know what, you can't see it, because you won't let me in...
You are heartless and unforgiving, and I am living in agony
And I've apologized to you, but for what reason?
It didn't matter to you at all, how badly I felt about hurting you.
And they say I am the cruel one. Nay, I say, what you do is
Even more cruel... for I came to you to apologize, and what did
you did, but eat my heart, chew it up, and spit out.

chad fisher

No one Knows but God!

Time heals all wounds, perhaps this is true, but how much time?
No one knows, but God!
How can we fully forgive those who don't forgive us?
No one knows, but God!
When I am truly repentant and others don't forgive me, what else can I do?
No one knows, but God!
When I have lost my heart, how can I fully heal it?
No one knows, but God!
Think positively, perhaps I can, perhaps I won't, but I thought positively about many things that ended up in negative consequences, and I often wonder why?
No one knows, but God!
Don't take any offence to the matter, I wonder when you'll befall my situation and when you'll feel what I feel now if you will take any offence to it. You won't will you?
No one knows, but God!
Be more like Christ! What exactly does it mean to be like Christ?
No one knows, but God!
Realize that you are imperfect! I wouldn't be in this situation if I was, so shut up already! I understand this, but I want to know what to DO about the situation I am in, okay? What is the most prudent thing for me to do right now?
No one knows, but God!
Realize that others aren't perfect! Well, duh! But how can I be a better and better person each and every day, no matter what others do and say? How can I be more pure, and make the best of any situation that comes my way?
No one knows but God!

chad fisher

Not Another Sad Poem

Not another sad poem, not tonight,
I will not write it, I will not write,
Not another sad poem not today,
I will not write it, no I won't, I say
I'd rather go elswhere, somewhere fun,
Then write another sad poem when the day is done.

chad fisher

Not Good At Haiku

Not good At Haiku
Impression and confession
This poem for you

chad fisher

Ocean Dreams

Oh to be there, the bliss crisp ocean waves caressing the sandy shore,
I want to ride those waves that beckon my name, riding them forevermore,
The surfers and the swimmers moving with the waves and the wind,
The sailboat's sailing, searching for a time that will never end,
It is a place I have been to once, and a place I wish to return,
The fire of the ocean is in my passion, and it doth so well burn.

Copyright © 2007 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

Okay so I know this isn't a poem...

If I said I was sorry, would you forgive me?
If I said I loved you, would you believe me?
If I was unhappy, would you want to cheer me up?
If I was upset with you, would you apologize?
If I was hurting deep inside, would you know?
If I missed you, would you visit me?
If you missed me, would you call me?
If I wanted to be your friend, would you let me in?
If we had a fight, would we eventually make up, or just let it fester?
If I gave you a rose, or a song would you accept it?
Could we be friends again? Is it possible?

chad fisher

on relationship self-help books

Relationship Trouble?
Self-help books?
Despair Becoming Double?
Advice change your looks?
Heartbroken by its own heartache?
Nothing soothing, advised in greif to partake?
Nothing getting better, only getting worse?
Feel like you're under a spell, a deep emotional curse?

Anyone with common sense could plainly see,
These so called experts don't care about you, they want your money!
You buy one book, hoping it will work out,
Try it all, nothing works so you pout,
You buy another book but the pain becomes more
They hook you to the addiction of your grief until your eyes are bleeding sore.

Release it all, and understand that most of these, if not all,
Tell you to feel through your grief, healthy yes, but not if you buy all the books in the mall!

chad fisher

One Picture

One picture is not enough to remember you by,
One picture is not enough to drown with tears as I cry
One picture is not enough to keep or to throw away,
One picture is not enough to look at every day,
One picture is not enough to cherish or to burn,
One picture is not enough for my heart over to churn
One picture is not enough for my soul to debar
One picture is simply not enough to replace who you really are.

Copyright © 2006 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

Please...

I'm tired of crying,
I'm tired of lying,
I'm tired of sighing,
I'm tired of trying.

Please, No more tears. Please no more cheers. Please no more fears.
Please no more lies. Please no more tries. Please no more sighs.
Please no more love. Please no more hate.
Please no more destiny. Please no more fate.
Please do not share. Please do not give.
Please do nothing, but only live.

Copyright © 2006 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

Poem Of Emo

poem of emo,
poem that doesn't grow,
why are we burdened so much
why do we let bitterness our hearts touch,
pain and heartbreak in the air,
poem of despair

but a saying I keep in the back of my mind
and its a saying I heard from a gentleman so kind

'For every tear a thousand smiles, for every frown a hundred joys! '

chad fisher

Prayer

Trapped inside of me,
Trying to set myself free,
Cannot do it alone, so I beckon thee,
Dear Lord, I want to live a life of beauty,
Give me truth, love, wisdom and let me see
All that life is and was meant to be.

chad fisher

Presupposition of your own ambition

Presupposition
Of your own ambition,
Causing another's life to crumble,
Because you couldn't learn to be humble.
I don't want to waste energy trying to clear my name,
Yet I must, for you have placed me in your vicious game.
The lyrics you sing are from a wretched song,
For I admit, and do declare there were things I know I did wrong,
But why am I punnsihed for something that has no evidence,
Trying ever so hard now to walk with faith, hope, love and prudence,
Yet it seems every kind gesture or kind word I make in your direction,
Is automatically painful to you, taken apart by your harsh mental dissection

chad fisher

Prove My Love?

Let Go...
I tried, it didn't work... So?

Move On...
Didn't work by night or under the sun.

Prove my love...
I tried, it fell down from the place high above!

Say i am sorry, and apologize...
I tried, but anger came, and all was left were my continual cries...

I can't let go of the love that is deep within, it won't go away...
I can't move on in my life, knowing that I may never say the words you longlingly wish to me say...
I can't prove my love, because you heart will not forgive even just a little,
Shall I now play a sad, sad song, on piano, flute, or fiddle?

I love you, even if you won't let me...
I love you, and I am sorry, but why can't you see...
I love you, I love you, I love you,
And these are now just words,
Flying away to God knows know where, flying with the birds.

chad fisher

Q&A with an angel

I had a dream in which I opened a silver book, inked with golden lettering, and when I read it I saw nothing but questions.
There were so many questions and I turned the page and the next page had far too few answers, to answer the questions before them,
And furthermore, upon closer introspection, some of the answers weren't the right answers to any of the questions asked.
Then an angel came down and handed me a gift. He told me not to open it, and I obeyed.
But then I ventured for just a little peek, and in this peek I saw the answer to all my questions and it was simply this: '....'

chad fisher

Question....?

Is it better to seek to understand or to seek to be understood? I don't know yet, do you?
Is it better to find love deep within or show love forth outward? Is it better to love the old, or to seek the new?
Is it better to find the answer than it is to ask the question?

Is it better to have a picture painted of how things should be for you, or to paint the picture yourself?
Is it better to play sports, or to read a book from the shelf?

Is it not best to seek and understand what is really true,
Than to blindly believe what others have said to you?

This is the difference, and the similarity the paradoxiality of a common bond we share. The uniqueness in spirit flowing from a place that can be both a blessing and a burden to bear.

I am not you, I am me, I am alone, and I am not alone. And yet we are the same, because we are different, and this is not only how it should be, this is how it is!

chad fisher

Richard Nixon On Hate

I read a quote by Richard Nixon
Even if you hate him, please just listen,
This saying remains ever so true,
He said 'Always remember others may hate you, '
But no he wasn't finished speaking just then
He continued, 'but those who hate you don't win, '
He kept his speech firm and fairly short and trim,
saying 'unless you hate them.'
and this is what I read from a book upon my bookshelf
as he spoke more, saying 'And then you destroy yourself.'
And supposing you couldn't understand, let me declare,
it's a quote of his that speaks the truth, fair and square.

'Always remember others may hate you, but those who hate you don't win, unless you hate them. And then you destroy yourself.' -Richard Nixon

chad fisher

Richelle, Richelle

I am sorry, I am sorry, Richelle, Richelle.
I am sorry, I am sorry for not being there.
I wish there was a way to show I care.
If I had more love...
I'd take you to Heaven, Heaven above.
I'd buy you the crystal sea...
And we'd dance eternally.
I'd buy Heaven too,
If that's what it took to prove my love to you
This is what I want to show to you...

And that...

I am sorry, I am sorry Richelle, Richelle.
I am sorry, I am sorry for not being there.
I wish there was a way to show I care.
I'd buy you the ocean, and a tropical island
And I'd buy the sand
If that's what it took to prove my love for you
Only you, only you
This is what I want to show to you...

And that...

I am sorry, I am sorry Richelle, Richelle.
I am sorry, I am sorry for not being there.
I wish there was a way to show I care.
And I wait and cry
Until I can give you the clouds in the sky
Richelle, Richelle,
I want to bring a smile to your face
Richelle, Richelle,
And take you to your favorite place,
This is what heart wishes to make come true,
For you, only you...

And that...

I am sorry, I am sorry Richelle, Richelle...

chad fisher

Sad Day

Sad, sad, day
Just when it seems
That life joyfully gleams
Sad, sad, day
Is brought our way,

Sad day, Go away
Go away, sad day,
Little Johnny want's to play
So, sad day, just hide behind the sun,
Little Johnny wants to be happy and have some fun

Sad, sad day
This sorrow is just nature's way,
Showing something isn't right,
It does no good to try and fight
the sad, sad, sad, sad, sad, sad, sad, day
But we can wish that it will go away,
And it will, someday, someday, someday, someday, someday, someday, someday.
Wether it be, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday or Sunday,
The sad day shall dissappear like a migician's assistant,
If only our search for happiness is ever so persistent.

chad fisher

Scams

Oh let me see, I shall wake up today and begin a scam...
Is this what people think?
I shall wake up today and ask you to send me money for a service that is never provided,
And if you try to find me for that service, the information I give shall be phony.
Is this what people think?
I shall wake up today and take advantage of someone who is in the depths of their dispair.
I shall call someone who has not payed me for my unethical services until they realize they are breaking the law by not paying me.
Is this what people think?
I shall write a book that is purely insightful, and inspirational, but not help the poor or hungry who are around me with real physical food or money.
Is this what people think?
I shall have a contest, that's right, you could win $1000 for the best poem, but you must first send me five installments of $20 for a certificate that you will never get, and in theory only its a 100% money back guarantee, which you must send us this money because the seminar we hold each year although 'real' does take advantage of people's income (this line thanks to the International Society of Poetry)
Is this what people think?

*Hey I don't care anymore, if you are a scammer in any fashion, even if you have a legitimate contest but take advantage of people, you are still a scammer! Yea, the truth does hurt sometimes.

chad fisher

Seeking

Is it better to seek something of timeless wonderous worth that cannot be obtained; than to find somthing that can be obtained that has no value?

chad fisher

Snap out of it!

Depressed for a long time, longer than I've ever been depressed before.
Just wishing I knew what to say to them, wishing I wouldn't be a lonely bore.
And still waiting and hoping that I'l figure things out soon.
Someday I might emerged from my self-sabatoging cacoon
Only to live, love, laugh and cry again.
Only to fail, succed, and eventually win.
People looking down on me, because I am confused.
And my anger sets in, and my heart is bruised.
I cannot go on like this, but I don't want to die.
I just wish I knew how to live like I used to do, I won't lie.
I am still depressed. But wish that I weren't any more.
I'm missing those that I love, but hate me now.
If only I could love them, somehow.
Snap out of it, people say the darndest things you know?
If it were that easy I'd have done that long ago.

chad fisher

Something Intriguing (or Red and Black and Golden)

Can't figure it out, can you?
Red and Black and Golden too,
Something intriguing
And so terribly demeaning
Red and Black and Golden too
Can't figure it out, can you?
Something in a room which darkens
A grueling voice like a ghoul harkens
It is truthfully a room hard to reach,
A lesson too difficult to teach.
It is truthfully a room hard to reach,
A grueling voice like a ghoul harkens
Something in a room which darkens
Can't figure it out, can you?
Red and Black and Golden too
And so terribly demeaning
Something intriguing
Red and Black and Golden too
Can't figure it out, can you?

chad fisher

Spirits rise!

Spirits rise, all around us and we do not see them, yet they are not invisible...
Spirits rise, all of the time, and yet we ignore them, though they are very visible,
Busy, laughing, playing, crying, living, dying, comtemplationg, questioning, wondering, thinking,
Busy, moving, waving hello, waving goodby, frowning, smiling, sometimes winking, sometimes blinking,
Spirits rise all around us, and we forget to see the temple beyond the tear, the temple beyond the body, the temples of the Earth,
The temples of land, water, sky and sea,
The temples of the animals, and the temples of you and me.
We are all part of The Grand Spirit's own imagination,
Yet we defy our temples, our temples of the Earth, Our temples of the animals without returning treasure to the land we took treasure from, wiothout returning pleasure from those we took pleasure from... we defy the temples of ourselves, of our parentsm of our son's and daughters... we are not Holy ones when we defy God the blessing he gave us. We are but sinners. But we are also His children, and He loves us just the same. But doncha think its time we start cleaning up the filthy messes we made, in God's Holy Temples of All of Creation, including the temples of the people around us. They are not invisible.
Spirits rise, spirits rise! It is time to proclaim that you are but a temple of God.

chad fisher

Standing near the pier

At first it appeared that nothing could be done, that goals were something to resist,□
Yet I am reminded of a time when I sat on a bench looking on, looking on to the sea,
And what I am about to tell you, I had no idea at the time, was really a reflection of me,
Standing near the pier, and finally coming out of the foggy mist,
After many days suffering the hungering child looked beyond the haze,
Resting on the ocean, the horizon promised more hopeful days,
He held up his head with wonder and a smile, and thanked God for his troublesome woes and worry.,
And then without a thought ate half of his sandwhich and gave the other half to a fat man who seemed to be in a hurry.
It was later I realized that I should be able to do the same, to give to others without judgement or without hate,
To learn to live and love and laugh again, because God has made us all and we are all connected, not seperate

chad fisher

Stonewall Around Your Heart

You have built a stonewall around your heart
And I know this tears your insides apart
You won't let me love you anymore at all
I can no longer talk to you, write or call
And I hope you know this tears my insides apart
I want you to feel the love that is in my heart
Sometimes, now I just feel so weak and small
I can't find a way to love you that makes us both feel proud and tall
For you have built a stonewall around your heart
And I know this tears your insides apart
You won't let me love you anymore
And yet I love you still, and you I still adore
Even though it is true
That you won't believe me when I say 'I love you.'
Even though you have built a Stonewall around your heart
In my heart of hearts you are my love whether we're together or apart.

chad fisher

Take Care.

A part of me misses a part of you,
Every day through and through,
A part of you misses a part of me,
Yes, hon, I know its there, I can plainly see,
I can readily see it in your eye,
So there is no need for either of us to belie,
The impression we give each other now it seems is lost
For we really both know what's underneath, yet who pays the cost?
Yes, hon, I know its there, I can plainly see
A part of you misses a part of me,
Every day through and through.
And just so that I am fair,
To show I know you care,
A part of me also misses a part of you.
Take care.

chad fisher

Ten feet away

You were right there ten feet away,
Wondering who the dork pacing nervously in the parking lot might be
You sat there, me knowing and remembering you, but you not recognising me
But I could not build the courage to give you a pleasant day
I could not face the music of my fear,
Of you rejecting my sorrow and hurt and love, my dear,
So I came back home, where I feel so alone
And sat there staring at the phone
Should I call her, should I tell her, what should I do
Because I just wish there was an easier way to say 'I still love you.'
Than having to fight past my own insecurity, my own grief and guilt I bring myself
I wish there was an easier way to say that I'll start building happier times now, than before.

chad fisher

The Best Poem I Ever Wrote

the best poem i ever wrote is surely not this one
for I wrote it long ago on a school bus, without pen or paper
the perfect words only in my mind, and then they did slowly taper
until the jist of them were forgotten, vanished, yes, completely gone.

chad fisher

The Bitterness Sets In

The bitterness set in,
yes, the bitterness set in.
And I am afraid this is the reason why...
I wanted you to see humility as my apology I did try...

And then the bitterness set in.
'I'm sorry that I ever wronged you in any way.'
Was there something else I was supposed to say?
I went to you to try and apologize for my wrong,
But you closed your ears to my remorseful song.
And I even told you things that were true,
Was there something else I was supposed to do?

And then the bitterness set in.

How do you prove your love to someone that doesn't want to recieve it?
How do you prove that you regret your sins to someone that doesn't want to believe it?
How do you prove the truth to someone that resents you before you even try?
How do you prove this truth to someone who is caught up in believing a lie?

And then the bitterness sets in.

How do you prove that you want to make an ammend,
To someone who no longer wants you as a friend?
How do you prove that you still care about someone deep in your heart,
Even though they'd rather hate you, and work to tear your emotions apart?

And then the bitterness sets in.

Don't get me wrong I don't want to be be bitter about it,
But it might help, if you listened to the truth, and didn't doubt it.

So the bitterness sets in.
The bitterness sets in.

And just by chance, if what I say is really true,
You can't really blame me, can you?

Indeed, the bitterness sets in.
The bitterness sets in.

Will you please forgive me, now?

chad fisher

The Clock Ticks

The clock ticks, and time passes by, time passes by
My heart grows fonder, but yours goes the other way,
As I watch the beauty of each passing second fly
And as I live and learn to try to love each new day
My heart grows fonder, but yours goes the other way
For the hands on the clock do not stop, time passes by
And I watch the beauty of each passing second fly
For you have created a memory of friendship wanting,
The depths of heart never without your song you sing,
A song to the realm of what had been and what may or may not ever be,
A time when I love you, and a time when you love me.

chad fisher

The fight of depression

Waves of tears flow from the eyes.
Swallowing my heart as I hear the words of lies.
Truly, the fight of this depression,
Commencing forth with due course aggression.
Has made me weary and even the more faint
Exhaustion covers my soul like colorless paint.

chad fisher

The Frozen Fishing Pond

The wind and the snow fell upon the land,
And a new story began,
A clearer picture moved beyond
The frozen fishing pond
Where the children had skated.
The winter embraced and not hated;
The laughter filled the air,
Innocent joy was there.

chad fisher

The Letter I Never Wrote

Did you get my poetic letter, the one I never wrote,
Did you read the words you wanted to hear from me,
Speakin ever so softly, carefully, and free
The words I may never say,
The words that build you up for each and every day,

Did you get my poetic letter, the one I never wrote,
Did you read about the actions that you'll enjoy to see me do,
Did you begin to feel my soul again, and feel it through and through
As I did the very actions that now seem so far away
The random acts of kindness I'd preform each and every day,

Did you get my poetic letter, the one I never wrote,
Did you read about my love, and feel secure at bay,
My love that I have in my heart, love that won't decay

Did you get my poetic letter, the one I never wrote,
That made you want to squeeze your arms around me again
That made you want to forgive and forget, and just remember that time when...

chad fisher

The little lost boy

Sometimes I feel like living
Sometimes I feel like dying
I'm tired of all the crying
I want to be thriving.
I walk down the street
Watching my feet
And the air does not bring joy
Nor does a person's smile
Inside I feel like a lost and lonely boy
Crying all the while.

chad fisher

The Looking Glass

Welcome young fellow, you cannot see or hear me, but I can see and hear you,
Through a magical looking glass, your spirit shining through,
You are in a place I cannot reach, and I am in a place you will know someday,
You are in a place where you do not what lies ahead, and I am in another place looking behind and far away
To a place I had been and can no longer reach, hoping by some miracle you'll hear the lessons I teach,
And I have come to tell you that you need to watch your step, but you won't I fear;
I have come to tell you of the things you'll face, the things you are facing, the problems that are near
I have come to explain to you what lies deep within, and to examine each challeng with fervor, and how to deal with each one.
I have come as a messenger of time, as a wise one from the heart of the sun
To instruct you, even though you won't hear my voice,
Be kind to her, Be gentle, Be loving, Be caring, please don't make the other choice,
For then you will be here where I am, and saying the same things as me,
As the one beyond the looking glass, sees and hears not thee,
And yet makes the same mistake, and grows older in deep reget,
Eyes swelling with tears, not yet aware of the type of pain I have met,
And though we are seperate, we are one, for there is nothing like this heartache,
But underneath the agony lies a bit of love, so please love her more than I did, please, for goodness' sake.

chad fisher

The Lost Jewel

These days, people frown upon me for being so dismal and blue,
If they could just see why I cry so,
Then they would understand, they would know
That my grief is not pitiful, nay instead it is bliss,
For I am in sorrow over something I deeply miss,
My heart is in agony, if only others could see the bruise,
For I have lost the most precious jewel anyone could ever lose;
I have lost your love. And I have lost you.

chad fisher

The Myth and Fact of Religion

The Myth and Fact of Religion...
Summerland, or Heaven, Or The Glory of God,
In the presence of some day in the future,
Or in the factual state of the present time,
Internal of our hearts,
Or external place of rest for our weary souls,
Much better we create this place here and now with ourselves, our friends and our family
rather than when we are gone, to some place and time beyond,
For if we wait until then we may find that we are not where we thought we should be,
But we could be there now, if only we allowed ourselves the freedom to make such a daring choice.

chad fisher

The rope of forgiveness

I have tossed the rope of forgiveness over a great valley
Awaiting for you to grasp onto it, to bring you closer to me.
This valley seperates us from a friendship that may never be,
If you choose not to hold onto it, to build a friendship true and free.

I await your response. You are welcome on my side of the valley any day or night.
Though I am unwelcome on your side, I want to rebuild peace, not a feud or fight!

chad fisher

The silence of your voice.

Seeking attention, clawing at my flesh, whining and staring, gnawing with teeth as sharp as the Excalibar sword,
My desires are fainting, yet I persist I move on, the darkness lifts only to fall again, and then I cannot hear a word.
For I long to hear you speak but now I only hear the silence of your voice.
I know I should do something, but I wonder what is the right choice.

chad fisher

The Silent Treatment Soundoff

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN TOLD
(I don't know what you've been told)
BUT THIS GAME WE'RE PLAYING IS GETTING OLD
(But this game we're plaing is getting old)
I THINK ITS TIME WE FORGIVE AND MOVE TO A HIGHER PLANE
(I think its time we forgive and move to a higher plane)
DON'T YOU KNOW THIS SILENT TREATMENT IS JUST INSANE
(Don't you know this silent treatment is just insane)
Sound off:
One:
Two:
Three:
Four:
I THINK WE BOTH COULD BE DOING SOMETHING MORE.

chad fisher

The Ticking Of The Tock, The Tocking Of The Tick

Time, the ticking of the tock, the tocking of the tick.
Some believe time is a theory, yet we follow the mystery of its trick.
Time, the tocking of the tick, the ticking of the tock.
The hour and minute hands waving toward me from the clock.

Time, the ticking of the tock, the tocking of the tick.
It moves in just one direction, like a falling brick.
Time the tocking of the tick, the ticking of the tock.
It moves in one direction, otherwise we would be in shock.

Time

It moves in one direction, otherwise we would be in shock.
Time, the tocking of the tick, the ticking of the tock.
It moves in just one direction, like a falling brick.
Time, the ticking of the tock, the tocking of the tick.

The hour and minute hands waving toward me from the clock.
Time, the tocking of the tick, the ticking of the tock.
Some believe time is a theory, yet we follow the mystery of its trick.
Time, the ticking of the tock, the tocking of the tick.

Copyright © 2006 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

The wall breaks down

I put down that sword that I weild
And she puts down that heavy shield
And the wall breaks down and then we're free
This is the way I hope things will be
This is the way that shall come our way
Yet, I'd feel better if it were today.

chad fisher

The Whistle Of A Vesel

'the whistle of a Vesel, she silently sails the sea, and the lads on deck are quite a wreck shouting 'Oh Lord, Oh Lord! ' because the captain is gone overboard. And they rumble and tumble all in a jumble wondering what to do, And one lad dives in as the waves grow strong, but he fights them all along until he comes to the Captain's rescue! Back on board they sit and repeat the tale, as the vessle doth sail, and the lads give a hoop, hollar and bellow, shouting 'jolly good ol' fellow.'

chad fisher

There Are Other Poems I Would Like To Write

There are other poems that I would like to write:
Poems of joy, poems of bliss, poems of great mysterious speech,
Poems of love, poems of wonders, poems of places we'd all like to reach.
There are other poems that I would like to write...

But, please bear with me... for I write what I know in this time;
And I write from the heart...
What happens later, we shall see... the dismal poetry is not all of who I am or who I will be; just a fracture, a small part.
Pease bear with me... for I write what I know in this time;

There are other poems that I would like to write:
Poems like Shakespear; though I have not his talent or skill;
Poems like Longfellow, or Maya Angelou, or others still.
There are other poems that I would like to write;

But please bear with me... for I write what I know in this time;
And it matters not whether I or you understand every rhyme...
For the truth is the soul is never ending; a spiritual being sublime.
Please bear with me... for I write what I know in this time;

Thank you very much, and God and Goddess bless;
To each of you dear children of poetry; peace, hope and happiness.

chad fisher

There Comes A Time

There comes a time when the words
on the page are without satisfaction;
The allegories become nothing more
than sentimental detraction,
No longer capable to accurately describe life,
Or to tell the stories of heartbreak, tears and strife,
Or to relieve a bitter reality, to cure any woes
To pick up the broken pieces, shattered on the floor,
There comes a time when writing is not enough, we should do
something more.

chad fisher

There Was A Man Who Sat On A Staircase

There was a man who sat on a staircase,
Humming a sad tune, his hands covering his face.
Birds were singing with voices of the grandeur kind.
Also, the sun was shining, but not in his mind.
It was a beautiful day, but his thoughts clouded the air.
He was surrounded by joyful sounds of children playing,
And laughter and smiles a plenty, but his soul decaying
Indeed, there was a man who sat on a staircase,
Humming a sad tune, his hands covering his face.

Copyright © 2007 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

Time heals all wounds or does it?

times does not heal all wounds, suffice it to say,
the only to truly healing from a wound is to allow it to heal THROUGH TIME but we have been led to believe wrongly that time is the doctor, but we are wrong,
the real hero of this epic tale is THE SPIRIT OF A NOBLE HEART which eventually GROWS STRONG/

chad fisher

Time Passes By

Time passes by and I know not what to say,
Time passes by and I know not to do,
Time passes by and there is but one thing I pray,
That someday you'll remember how much I love you.

chad fisher

Tired

I'm just tired, so let me rest,
I am so tired of trying my best,
And being told that I need to try harder still,
I'm sick and tired of making choices that prodice nil,
I repeat to you, that I just need some time to rest,
I don't answers, or advice, I'm already doing my best.

chad fisher

Tourrette Syndrome

Rhyming Rhyming Saying Word Word
Haven' you heard, the sound of a clock
There comes a tic without a tock
Jumbled senses shoulder shrug
I feel all numb in bed, never cuddly and snug
Neck twitching
Feels like I've a curse upon me
A terrible bewitching
Trying to think about not moving,
It moves, it moves, arm in the air
And I wonder does anyone care?
Cannot avoid another person's stare!

chad fisher

True Many A Tear I Cried...

true many a tear I cried,
occasionally cry them now,
but I'd rather not have lied
than to assuredly avow
i have smiled today more than once
and within the last hour i have found some joyance.

chad fisher

Truth

Truth is still truth, even if you don't believe it
I gave you honesty but you believed a lie, so why did I give a shit?

chad fisher

Two Years of Tears

Two years of tears
I promise myself for a change in the way things are,
I remind myself that all good things in life are not very far
Two years of tears

chad fisher

Unorginal adaptation of 'michael's' poem

What does it feel like
When your Mother hugs you?
When you have friends to turn to -
When you feel sad and blue?
I wish I knew.

Will someone please tell me
What these things feel like,
And how happy they make you.
They must be good -
I just wish I knew.

What does it feel like
To have someone to run to
When things get tough?
Does it make you feel better?
I just wish I knew.

Will someone please tell me
What real happiness is -
I did see it once,
But I think I've forgot -
It was so long ago.

I know what it feels like
To have a broken heart -
That aches for a wonderful woman I lost -
A woman I never will know again.
I can tell you about that.

chad fisher

Warning to Poets

Warning to poets...
Beware of any type of scam,
Sometimes, they appear to be different,
But really they are all the same
One in particular I shall name,
I have no fear, because it is not my fault that they do what they do,
I say their decisions are such a dreadful shame,
And if poets do not rise up, and say 'We do not like this injustice.'
Then we are really the one's to blame.
So I say to WWW.POETRY.COM, or any of its affilliations,
'I do not like this injustice, ' you are not a contest, you are a liar and a cheat,
I could go on and on, and on, and on, but I suggest you stop, wash, rinse and repeat.
What I mean is this, you are covered in filth, filth of sin and deciet,
If someone has 'won' the contest, make sure you send them their receipt,
So they have proof that your own integrety has not been lost,
Otherwise you pay the price of your own spirit, which really is the ultimate cost,
And whether God chooses to punnish you in this life or the next one,
Just remember this, that God only gives another chance if you pray forgiveness before the falling of the sun.
I know you are a scammer now, though I didn't know it at first sight.
Boy was I fooled, fooled no more, but I plead for you to do what is right.

Poets please check this out:

http: //www.author-me.com/poetryscams.htm

chad fisher

Ways to restore an altered shore

I've been trying to create peace from the device of my own imagination
(Indeed I have been searching for ways to restore an altered shore.)
A way to ammend each of our souls to harmony, a beautiful re-creation
(Indeed I have been searching for ways to restore an altered shore.)
I have been searching for that mystical aura which only exists in my dreams that come in the night.
(Indeed I have been searching for ways to restore an altered shore.)
Because, with your permission if I could, I would undo the past, and make wrong things right.
(Indeed I have been searching for ways to restore an altered shore.)
If I had it my way, the ocean waves would pick up all of the pieces that caused such a burden and wash them all away.
(Indeed I have been searching for ways to restore an altered shore.)
Then we would live, laugh, and love again, and sing throughout the night and day.
(Yea, truthfully I do say, I have been searching for ways to restore an altered shore.)
You and I would both be happy with EACH OTHER again, and I'd have nothing more to say.

chad fisher

We Are All Here...

There is energy, there is karma, and there is chi,
There is life, and this life embraces both you and me,
There are children, and there are also men,
There are women, tall, short, stocky or thin,
We all are here, whether we know why or not,
So please be kind to each other, or at least give it a thought,
For whether we chose to be here, or had no say so in the matter,
The Earth is for all of us to share. Please don't let another's world shatter.

chad fisher

We Move... Like... In...

We move...
Like....
In...

We move...
Like some soft summer's...
In a place that is wonderfully...

We move...
Like some harsh winter's...
In a place that is dismally...

We move...
Like something we've never...
In a place that is strangely...

We move...
Like something we've always...
In a place that is vaguely...

We move...
Like...
In...

Copyright © 2003 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

What Comes To You

Although I wanted to be,
I can now plainly see,
I wasn't the right man for you;
The one who made you feel loved and true.

And no matter how I tried to become a better man,
I didn't do it soon enough, even though I still know I can,
For now you've gone and think of me no more,
And yet, for you, in my heart lies an open door.

Even if you decide that I am not right for you later on,
I'll try and understand, though I'll still miss you now that your gone.
Take, care, have fun, and don't let life slip away,
For you never know what comes to you on any given day!

chad fisher

What happened to our friendship?

What happened to that smile that I used to know?
What happened to all the hugs and kisses where did they go?
Are they nothing more than a fleeting memory
That does not fill the chasm between your heart and me?
What happened to those longing stares, stares of adoration,
While I was at work, or the store, or playing the Playstation?
What happened to the hugs that kept me from falling apart?
You're no longer around, and I won't lie, it's ripping up my heart.
You ripped up the apology I sent to you, or at least so I've heard,
But I know that deep inside my love is singing a song for you, like a caged bird
Every night before I go to sleep, thoughts of you race through my head,
And I long to see you again, but not like our last encounter, in a peaceful way instead.
And your presence always rests within me, for your voice rings through my ears
What happened to the times when I honored you, and you honored me, with numerous daily cheers?
The memories aren't fading, but they are darkend by the form of blood, sweat and tears.
How did I lose such a wonderous friend, there could none to replace you?
And though you don't believe me, I still care for you, yes, it's true.
Deep inside I know the painful truth, that I am here not wanting to move on
But you must admit there is no other jewel like you under the moon, stars or sun.
And you are already releasing, letting go of a painful history,
That painful history, I must admit, which was painful because of me.
I'm sorry for it, I truly am, and I hope someday you'll come to see,
That I just want to be your friend again, and I hope someday you will also want to be friends again with me.

chad fisher

What Is A Poem/Poet?

Is the poem to feel or show feeling,
Is the poem a gift to me or is someone stealing
My very own imagination that poems are art,
Or are they deeds of expression set apart
Is the poem more real than reality could ever show
Or Is reality more real than the poem, will we ever know?
The poets inspire, the poets depress,
The poets identify with joy and distress,
The poets give understanding, but yet they also are curious.
The poets are happy, sad, angry, loving, kind, or furious.
What does it mean to be a poet?
I only wish that someone would know it.

chad fisher

What is this?

What is this...?

It is uplifitng, it is depressing,
It brings joy, it brings sadness,
It builds you up, it tears you down,
It stirs your emotions all around,
It makes you angry, it makes you passionate,
It drives conflicting feelings in you sometimes,
It can make you feel glorious, or it can make you feel furious,
And yet, we all crave it, we all want it.
None of us want to do without this thing...
What is this...?

The thing called love!

chad fisher

When Words Fly and Actions Drown

Sometimes in our lives words fly away from us, forever out of our reach.
They fly to a distant land, and we never learn the lessons they teach,
And we cannot catch them, and thusly we often do not know what to say,
Our pasts left in a pile of waste, but we hope to clean it today,
And sometimes the right actions are like sailors, shipwrecked or lost at sea...
We have heard their cry for help, and we have heard every sailors plea
And the storm brews more and more, as we try to do whatever is pure and true,
Yet we cannot find them, they are forever gone, and we do not know what to do.

Copyright © 2007 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

When...

When tears are not enough...
When grief is not enough...
When loss of words is not enough...
When sorrow is not enough...
When hurt is not enough...
When love is not enough...
When everything or nothing is not enough...
When it is not enough...
To be weak or even to be tough...

chad fisher

Where have they gone?

Where have they gone, the words that touch you so?
Where have they gone, the touches that smooth over your spirit?
Where have they gone, the kisses that make you feel like you are the one and only?
Where have they gone, the days when I could be the one to make you laugh, to make you cry tears of joy, to make you smile.
Where have the gone, the times I could give you your most precious moments in your life?
Some would say they are no more, but they are wrong you see.
They are just hidden beneath the skin and bone, within the desires and heart's longing coming from somewhere deep inside of me!

chad fisher

Where Is My Heart

Where is my heart, is it ever so far away?
Where is my heart, will I find it someday?
Where is my heart, is it still in another town?
Where is my heart, when will it be found?

chad fisher

Who are you?

Who are you really?
Who are you...
If I were to take all the external things of this world away (family, friends, homes, jobs, schools, everything?)
Who would be facing God?
Who is it really that you would be looking at,
If you only saw your deep heart inside of you?
Would it be a black and grey heart?
Or would it be sparkling and golden?
Would you have trapped your true nature in agony?
Or would your heart have grown wings free to soar above itself?
Would there only be you in there?
Or will you have caged the memories and resentments of the past within it?
Who is there?
Who are you?
And who do you want to become?
And dare I venture to ask the same of myself?

chad fisher

Who I Am Hates Who I Used To Be

Who I am hates who I used to be,
And yet, ironically I am still me,
I haven't changed much, perhaps not at all
Inside I am me, standing proud and tall,
Inside I am me, on bended knee ashamed, feeling small.

Who I am hates who I used to be,
And yet, ironically I am still me,
I am ashamed of the errors past,
I fought hard to rid myself of them ever so fast,
I am proud that I am morphing into someone new,
All the while, I am still me through and through.

Who I am hates who I used to be,
And yet, ironically I am still me,
And who I am despises who I'd been,
Not yet perfect, but more aware than I was then,

For...

Who I am hates who I used to be,
As I walk along the shoreline, moonlight reflecting upon the sea.

chad fisher

Who We Truly Are

I have befallen prey to crying over what had been and what may never be.
Let me forgive you, if I can only but learn to forgive peferctly.
On the other side of some immovable mountain, lies my heart within the thoughts of you.
Violen music plays softly in the whispers of my thoughts of you.
Even the howling of dogs syncronises creating a majestic orchestra.
Yesterday is gone, but tommorrow is true, perhaps I'll see you, perhaps I won't.
One cannot but help but long for one that taught him better ways to love.
Understanding the nature of this is impossible, I know that now.
Someday we will meet, and have pleasantries and anger will dissapear,
Heaven will enter our souls again, And the fire of the hell that is between us will be put out,
Ending the times that shadow us, and bringing about light instead,
Life, Love and Light will be found again,
Letting us to learn who we truly are inside.

Copyright © 2007 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

Why My Mother Watches 'The View'

Why My Mother Watches 'The View'
An Emotional Dependency On The Emotion She Never Knew
She Had Her Heartbroken Many Times, Too Much,
She Watches These Woman, Because Better They Can Touch
The Barren Heart Inside Her, That None Of Her Loves Ever Found,
They're Vicious Emotional Predators, She Worships As If They Lived On Holy Ground.

chad fisher

Winter, Spring, Summer, and Fall

Winter, Summer, Spring and Fall
I listen for your call
Breeze shouting loud in mind

Snow falling kind
Heat I knew
Lake so blue
My vision askew
People daily exploring

Precious raindrops were abundantly pouring
Kite's flew high in air
Summer was gone from there

Grass stained knee
Leaves in pile
Autumn a while
Spring rang true
Cloud shapes too

There is order to the season
But my memory doesn't reason
Winter, Spring, Summer, and Fall

Copyright © 2007 Chad Fisher

chad fisher

Wisdom

If ever I am seen as wise by another,
I should humbly remind myself that I am truly ignorant,
To do anything other than this is purely unwise.

chad fisher

Work Sucks

Work sucks, but its better than nothing at all,
At least now I have a job, and I should stand proud and tall,
Time moves fast, yet it also moves slow,
And when I fall, that's when I'll know.

chad fisher

Wrongfully Judged.

I had a dream last night about our situation.
And it sucks to know that your judgement is wrong.
Oh how I wish you could hear my truthful song
Deep down inside your heart and mind.
Remember the time when honesty was true and kind?
There has never been a better day for you to realize
That somewhere deep within the truth through my eyes.
Indeed,
Wishing to be freed
I had a dream last night about our situation...

A dream that you stopped believing the lies!

chad fisher

Yesterday and Today

Yesterday, together they licked lolipops
But today their hearts are hurting
Yesterday an umbrella protected them fom rain drops
But today their hearts are hurting
Yesterday their hearts were throbbing,
But today their hearts are hurting
Today their eyes are silently sobbing
But yesterday they were in love
And today, they leave each other,
For a night out with another.

chad fisher

You exist now only in my heart

You exist now only in my heart...

You exist now only in my heart,
An ode to my internal defeat
A fading memory from an eternal realm,
A time gone by and incomplete.

You exist now only in my heart,
A message which truly proclaims
Your very essence and nature changed,
speaking softly your innumerable true names.

You exist now only in my heart,
As the wind carries my thoughts of you
Toward the angels standing in the clouds,
Innocently fairing me to bid you adieu.

You exist now only in my heart,
In the nature of who you've been,
But now, you are more than I'll ever know,
as I walk along this grassy knoll, ever so green.

You exist now only in my heart...

chad fisher

You hit me

You hit me, You hit me, You hit me,
But you did worse than that,
You made me love you, and then you hit me,
You made me respect you, and then you hit me,
You made me care, and then you hit me,

I learned from you, can't you see,
This stupid misery,

But as far as the world knows, you never hit me at all,
I wish I had never known you, for you fooled me into thinking this was love.

chad fisher

Your Character:

You must first and foremost be concerned about your own character in every situation.
There is no escape from this very spiritual law, ever so supreme.
If you judge a person, no matter who they are, for their character
Then you are no better than the 'evil' actions you have seen.
There is but one person who should concern you the most,
And it is not someone who lives outside of your own body.
No matter what you say and no matter what you do,
Ultimately your character is what forever shines through.

chad fisher