Poetry Series

Dustin Bennefield

- poems -

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Dustin Bennefield (Semptember 11,1991)

Wat do I have to say. I am still living and moving.

Works:

None so far. I am just starting as a young poet and am starting to write many poems. Can't wait to start a book though.

A Confession

A mother and child
So close together
Yet so far apart

A barrier between them
So creativly smart
Torn down by words

A talk
A confession
A simplicity of trial and error

Problems resolved
Questions burned down
A mind will soar

An hour or two
Words are complete
What is born will end

All in all
They are both saved
And end with an embrace
And I LoveYou

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A Mother Child

A mother is a child
She is younger than her children
That is why she learns from them

She learns the value
Of overcoming sin
Temptation passes her by

Her Children are her mentors
She teaches them while
They teach her…… Perfect

A Mother loves her child
With her life ……. Nothing more
She is burdened by love

She cares, She loves
She's our mother
We love her

A team of the greatest
A mother and her child
One can't live without the other

They run a race
A relay
Her love powers her

She can over come
All things
Just dig a little deeper

They are the strongest
A mother and her child
Nothing can separate their bond

Emotions pay a truce
A battle can be mended
Strongly from their hearts

She follows a God
A being not be seen
And so does her child

Her child follows her
They make her feel the love
What more could we want

NOTHING MORE

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Burning Bush

You stood up
Through the Battle
You burned
To prove a point
You are the Burning Bush

Moses saw you
God spoke to you
The Israelites passed you
You surpassed the greatest
You are the Burning Bush

Critical power
Let you Endower
The greatest pain
Of the hottest Flame
You are the Burning Bush

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Dagger of Love

Love is a Dagger
The shining Silver
Loves greatest Gold
Beautifully enriched

Sharpened to a point
The height of a relationship
Broken when tossed
How easily it snaps

Tossed from hand to hand
The Love Dagger
Piercing a heart
Cold as steel

Seeing a shimmer in the shadow
Chasing after love
Only to be stabbed in the back

Love is Nothing but the opposite
Good and Evil, passed between the hands
Chosen by a leader
Used by both

Hilt or no hilt
Love is supported
Like a dagger
Entwined unto each other

Becoming one
Simply foretold, A great use
The dagger of love
Death or Life, chosen

The Arrowhead space
Docded in blood
A Heart, love
Stabbed and Broken

Give me life, dagger
Sacrificed unto love
Giving a heart
So poorly beating

Cold steel, Cold blood
Useless love, Wasted time
Mourning unto the night
Until love is found again

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Fountain Of Light

A Beautiful Light
Oh how I cry at its beauty
Shining so lovingly
I wait to visit this Garden
The Garden of Light
Flowing from the fountain, God

Beauty beyond compare
How could I dare
To sin against this great light
This is a great fight
Tears pour from my eyes
Wanting to see My God

Bound to this accursed Earth
Sin surrounded
A Storm raging in my mind
I am so strong in the lord
His word pours from my mouth
Infinite light descending on Darkness

Shaken so drastically
Burning until his hand,
Such a cool hand,
Saves my soul from the fire

To every corner
Neverending light
Clause or none
Provoking Darkness into
The smallest nook
Not existing

The Complexity of his being
So simply put
Why is it so far away?
Its Not!

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Journey

Out in the World
A mind is found
And starts a life
Of Love and Strife

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Symphony

A Waterfall
A Tropical Rain
A Hurricane
All a Symphony
Instructed by the Great Instructor
Tempo, Beat
Nature a Treat
To the ears
Nothing to fear
Perfect in all ways
Created in seven days
A Symphony

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Through Soldiers' Eyes

So tense am I
The falling sky
Holding my breath
Until the Death

It’s my life
So turn the scythe
Break the bread
And stop the Lead

Loud is it
The latest cry
But all the time
Red is the Dye

A placid face
Of Death’s clean lace
The slow coming of
A century’s Race

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Trance of Angels

The helping hands
Of God’s greatest plans
Save the day
More than I can say

Trance of Angels
Healing the pain
Wafting the Wind
And gliding through Sin

Many fill the Heavens
In clusters of seven
Shedding some light
On every soul fight

Trance of Angels
Sing to me
Take me through the day
And show me the way

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Words, Artist of

Words are a scene
Created by an artist
Portrayed by letters
This is a painting,

The green, green grass
Kissed by the Sun
A frolicking yellow
Bouncing in the sky blue

The white and wispy
Clouds outlined in the light
The blonde light
Bright and white

The ocean so great
Vast and colorful
An array of blessings
Giving life everywhere

Now the time has passed
That the painting is rotting
So the words bleed
And they fade

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Words, Master of

This dark light
A war outbreak
I cannot write
There is a leak

Inside my mind
A lively death
I cannot find
The words are Myth

Where are the words
I call them, they hide
Summoning their accord
They bow and abide

Like vipers they strike
My servants, letters
Turn on me and attack
They disable the better

Oh, how they used to follow
Me the creator, Father
Their leader now hallow
Creates no bother

So now the letters are left
In the ink, a Tomb
The new master, the same man
Is as dark as a bomb

They cry, the letters
Wanting a world, to be fed
To get by, to be better
Not to be in the tomb, Dead

The master cries out at night
For the comfort of the words
A great inner fight
Bitter as gourds

He can’t hold back
He creates a masterpiece
The words flow from his hands
They cannot cease

The Man is reborn
The Master of words
A light on darkness
The letters abide, they bow

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Words, Song of

Created by this ink
These words sink
Unto this page
Forever Woven

I’m the creator of these words
Father of these letters
My soul, Fiery, ignites
Life born into shapes

Lord of Words
I’m the weaver of this ink
Woven into a quilt
These words tell a story

With the breath of life
I read these words aloud
They are not words, alone
But another life unfolding

Beyond your wildest dreams
Words let you escape
Into a world unforeseen
Either cold or full of life

A beautiful life
Set for a strife
Or a deadly soul
Setting no goal

Blessed blood
A black heart
The running ink
Like blood in veins

A pen is a sword
Destroying a life
Or sacrificing one
From only ink

Separated by pages
Chosen by readers
A book only given life
Over only openings

Secluded on a dusty bookshelf
Or stacked a tower
Seen by many
Read by few

Words are a song
Singing a life

Into a book
Awakening a soul

Pleading to fly
Into the mind
Of a lover
Of life

Beautifully written
A life unspoken
Words are wrote
On a dreary night

Beckoning Elements
Fire, Water, Earth, Wind
Into its pages
Scenery unfolds

Forever and ever
A book brings many things
Into this world
Such as a Song of Words

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