

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Have I asked

Have I some questions asked
Known answers never come
The truth that sleeps to dwell and lie
In hearts and minds of some

Have I some answers known
Some insight owned to spare
Some falsehoods sown to freak and seek
Some questions that so dare

Have I some dreams unknown
To think and beam if true
Such harboured thoughts that linger well
And rare to reach to you

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HOW COULD I BE

How could the world stand in the rain of hope
With the desire to be owned in part as a whole?

How could the dream stay alive without end
As wonder taints the strangest trend?

How could one claim to secure such peace
When life remains darker the cease?

How could man stand up to his will
Tough courage required to calm his quill?

God, grant me answers to these difficult thoughts
And ease my pain that each one has brought!

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If love bends

There seems some lustrous locks that train to smooth and fill
The wonders of that fairyland that streams from yonder quill

In righteous bend of soul so fine that truly rents the air
A mind so lent to seek the strands of mighty dust so fair

A little still and slender thought that touches hearts so true
Fills out the air and pumps in zest to vindicate what's blue

Around the world this happens on between the souls that rule
The quintessence of rarer find that is the only tool

In softened hands that mould to mend the wounded heart that bends
Though harder in its essence felt it mighty seeks and lends

The quiet thought that roughly rides the burdened soul of youth
It streaks and runs in miles and spins and blurts the harder truth

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When love bleeds

When did it seep through the deserted mind
That grasps the soul of youthful solitude?
The seeming stance that wakens bliss
That finds the truth that lasts in its midst

When did it waken the spirit of life
That clutches the thread of truth that bares?
The streaming sadness of separation
That rules the existence for one so true

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Wicked Conception

Let the world die its natural death
Let suffocation hold in single breath
Let the heavens open up to shred
Unsavoured minds that have trite bled

Go find the rules that touch
Go write in crooked minded such
Go ring the bells that clutch
Usurped unfounded much

There lies the rue with wicked past
There feel and wonder cast
There mighty souls have blast
Untouched the kind to last

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