

Poetry Series

Mark Gould

- poems -

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Mark Gould (11/08/1988)

I am from Jupiter Florida and one of my many hobbies is to write poetry. It serves as both a hobby and a therapeutic exercise. It helps me release some of the emotional tension I have experienced throughout my life.

Works:

I hope to publish my work as soon as I become more confident in my own abilities as a writer.

Apathy

Flashes, fleeting pains from ages long ago,
Locked away, tucked away, into chambers down below,
Pain nicking, biting at the scars,
Tearing open what was once sown,
Searing through the fires.

Eyes have dried, an empty tide with nothing left to show,
Nothing worth mentioning for those who cannot know,
This life has had it's share of loss but this cannot be so,
The illusion of a warming heart, the scythe that reaped my soul.

Alone, atoned in dark plutonium bliss,
Heartless heart of apathy rests upon you're lips,
You lied to me, you never care, you're time is at an end,
My wounds will heal, you'll never feel the love I want to send.

When you lie there with nothing fair, and no one else to blame;
You'll wish you would have lived in love instead of shallow fame.

Mark Gould

Lucid Dream

Love is just a word,
A crushing veil,
Cloaking light, sealing
Strangling every breath;
Until weighted lungs give way to dooming death.
A red hot sword,
Slowly piercing, searing
Delicate, fearing flesh,
Severing last clinging chords of
Fangless, hollow, hope.

A brooding cloud,
Stalking with every face, with every smile
Gouging eyes, bleeding life's last
Tears
Until death, like a warm, sunny spring day
Amidst a numbing, stinging arctic night,
Frees a fallen heart.

Love,
An endless pit,
Devouring inch by inch
The soft tissue of my soul.
Salivating in delight, with each crushing crunch.
An endless itch,
That burns with each soothing scratch,
Leaving a blistered, bloody mark,
That time nor nurture can erase.
A thoroughly charming thief,
Breaking in
Taking what little that is left
Only to leave a home empty,
Empty
And alone.

Love,
A scowling echo,
Past lies haunting revived fears,
Muttered gossip that grows and flutters;
Like butterflies softly swooping past alerted ears.
A devil's dervish trap
To ensnare will less weak;
Feasting upon them like wicked wolves on a captured kill.

Yes,
Love is just a witless word;
An elusive, hellish, heaven;
A fallen, false messiah;
A believable, broken promise;
A living, lucid dream.

A lucid dream...

That I can never,
Ever,
Escape from.

Mark Gould

Mania

Secret's bleed the lies concede,
Heavy, burdened, broken dreams.
Shattered echos,
Past deceit;
Blaming me
only me.
Sacred silence,
Safe retreat.
Into darkness, mindless sleep;
The chain less dungeon,
The river keep.

A foggy creek of eerie stone,
of tar and soot,
Of broken bones,
Shut out to all,
I call it home.
The shackled past,
The deathless trash,
Boundless lies,
Of morbid mind.
Bonds of burden, binding guides.
Demon, angel, god or eye,
Or life itself of ceaseless sky,
Of blinded light from sunset find,
Cure the plague
Within my mind.

Mark Gould

Religion

The sly man's perch
A filth ridden, ghostly plane.
A clenched fist and acid rain.
The play that everyone loves and hates
A bluffing man that keeps his face
Loving hate, and killing promise
Fighting for their precious ignorance
Never right, yet Never wrong
Every lie, with every song
Ringing bells, to sound the call
Flocks fly in, for death to stall
It's Propoganda, Spitting lies
Through its death, Reason thrives

Mark Gould

Revelations

I am ready,
Ready to tear away,
Everything.
Everything that I know,
Is nothing, nothing more than everything.
That I Hold, in my head.
The fears, the pain, the loss, the gain,
Everything, everything is me,
Just me.
For nothing is infinite
or out of death's
Reach.
Except for my everything,
My experience of this place
Given to me by nothing,
This life, this nothing, this me is something,
For I will conquer Death,
For death is me,
For I am everything
and I am nothing.

Mark Gould

Turn away

All I ever wanted
Was a smile;
Even a sliver of your love
Would have made the clouds rain gold and the whole world glow
But you turned away,
When I needed you most.
Now overcast skies have blackened my broken heart.
The innocence I gave you is gone;
You stole it.
Each setting sun gives me some hope,
As if one day I would get my wish
To never see it rise again.
You're love
A rogue wave it engulfs all who are near you
But I am too far to feel it.
You're smile,
An eternal light that soothes and thaws even the coldest heart
But not mine.
I am just an afterthought, a fluke in your pristine sublimity.
I just wish, for once I could feel
The warm embrace of another,
The way I felt with you.
But now,
In the shadow of your presence
I feel only cold death.
Like an eternal, sunless blizzard in the desert of my heart;
The last frail grains of hope you lent me slip through my calloused fingers;
And the life you revived is simply another dull blade, another meaningless task.
All that you have left me is your looming shadow
That blackens nights and stains the light.
It consumes the happiness I thought I had,
Leaving only streaks of dry trailed tears.
Why could'nt you have let me fade in peace?
Why did you visit me,
In my darkest hour
To show me true love,
To give me hope,
Only to tell me it was never real?
I would ask you in person,
I would cease to paint the pains of my heart,
I would express the hint of sanity still strung to my soul,
But you would simply
Ignore it
And
Turn away...

Mark Gould

Vengeance

Eyes, lips sell me lies,
A steeping price for a worthless prize;
A lump of flesh that breathes
Yet dies,
Within the window of my mind.

Skulking dreams disturb the pond
Of my soul's eternal bond.
Shackled, broken, opaque demise
Lay upon you're lovely lies.

Devilish countenance jolt surprise,
As quickly as love and innocence dies.
Anguished callous aching, bleeding
Morals fail, light's receding.
Leaving bones stripped of flesh
Entombed in rags of a
Stinging
Burning
Pulsing gash.

Darkness bleeds through fickle veins,
Granting death to the remains,
Swallowing lies to fuel the pain.
For within these eyes lies only hate
And deathless pain is what awaits
For any fool who treads
And seeks
to find a place
Within my baneful,
Bleak,
Blackened heart.

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Winter Wonderland

Crisp slurps of heavy air
Floating flakes of sailing ice
Ghostly moon, blue twilight
Crunching, sinking steps
Gloves, filled with sweat
Dry, watery eyes, vision blurs
On top of the world
Now, my turn
Grasping my oaken steed
Bracing, heart racing
Slow, agonizing dip
Plummeting
Hair raising
Fast, too fast
Weightless, face clear like glass
Grinding, scraping; Metal and ice
Fearful groans, a roll of the dice
Gritting, smiling
My final destination
Greeted there, by blue and red lights
Angry men, rob me of salvation
My winter wonderland, I mistook for public recreation.

Mark Gould

YOU

Insecurity, shame, and humiliation's the game
Arrogant, pompous, proud fool
YOUR eyes are your weapons
YOUR flattery, your tool
YOU ignore my pleas
YOU made me feel whole
Using and abusing YOUR undeserved power
YOU are the sickle, I was the Flower
Selfish, pitiful, no grasp on reality
Have YOU no rationality?
No consideration?
YOU can keep YOUR pointless vendetta
Close to YOUR chest
YOUR fooling yourself, at best
When YOU Break hearts, to boost YOUR vanity
all that means, is YOU are willingly
Losing YOUR humanity

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