

Poetry Series

Robert c. Davis

- poems -

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Robert c. Davis (10/25/93)

I was born, October,25,1993 in the small town of Crescent City. I attended Pine Grove elementary school from my kindergarten through fifth grade years. At age 10 on my birthday, my great grandfather, Charles Cunningham,90, died in the street of heart failure as his house burned. This was the first majorly disturbing event in my life. One year later I moved from Crescent City to Eureka, CA. There i attended Catherine L. Zane middle school from grades six through eight. No significant life changing events (that I feel comfortable revealing for those that did occur are not mine to share) occured through those years. I currently attend Eureka High School. One life chnging event that has occurred this year is my brother being jumped by my uncle and myuncles brother. He was beaten within an inch of his life and required facial reconstruction surgery, he will never look the same, and I'm not yet sure if he has sffered any significant brain damage. My uncle has not been convicted.

Works:

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Confused

It felt like getting hit by a train
Though it was only a note
A note left to me by you,
But written in griefs poor hand

It opened with such ease
No resistance did it offer,
Only the truth
And Sorrow

I found upon that white page
My terrors come true
Words addressed to me, from you
'No longer in my heart can any love for you be found.'
And with those words, my whole world hit the ground

Robert c. Davis

Conversation With the Page

You'r always my most welcoming friend
You keep my secrets, without fail

I provide to you so little for such a great prize
I give to you my thoughts, nothing more

So why is it you are so welcoming?
I suppose I'll never know

Until the end I will be grateful
For your calming ways

You are this way for many
A different secret, different story every time, no matter

Too few realize the power of having
A conversation with a mere page.

Robert c. Davis

Depression

Depression, a crow amongst the dead branches of an apple tree
Amidst a meadow teeming with life.
A young rose plant never having the chance to grow
For born in the cold of winter, far below the trees, no sun.
Two fawns, left orphan to the oncoming headlights
Mother stood not a chance now nor do children.

A young boy, cancer bound, no smoke can his immune withstand
For his fathers addiction he'll pay.
Sons, daughters, without a chance to live with a father
For war has brought him down.
Greed beyond belief, no care for others lives,
power, land, power, land thats all the greedy see.

The fact that, you, I, we, all people could help
but choose to not help, were saving for that new toy, why donate?
The fact we let young children starve, leave them, forget them
they're from third world countries, not our fault, right?

So what has this world come to, what have we done
I'll tell you.
We've wasted our time, our effort, our breath
on materialized things forgetting what matters.
Life matters, people matter.
True depression.

Robert c. Davis

Escape

If only if only I could find a way
A way to break free, to another day
To another time, another life
A life void of worry, woe and strife

Break free from life, to find wonder
Instead of these walls I'm under
If only if only I could find a way
To make 'if' a word I don't say

Robert c. Davis

How School Feels

Held beneath, just below the surface
Struggling for that gulp of delicious air.
Hung up, by what i do not know
Others pass me, what power it must take.
I'm being pulled, farther below
Every day i find myself deeper.
Amazing, I've held on this long,
How much longer can I last?
Not much, I presume.

Robert c. Davis

If you need to find me

I live somewhere between yes and no
Right on the corner of never and always
You know the place, of that I'm sure
I've been all around town,
But i don't even know my way
You can probably find me if you look hard enough
But I'm not really sure
I haven't ever had the need to try
I'm sure that I'm somewhere between hot and cold, just take a look
And if with that you have no luck
Just take a stroll down to that place that's right next to found,
I think it's called lost, if thats of any help.

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Jump

Peering below, oh such a vast distance
Curiosity, the said killer, true in this instance.
Is there more, something after?

Why wait?

Were not forever, this constantly proven
Time, life, pleasure, all an illusion.
so is it all a lie, is it truly worth while?

Why wait?

Two steps forward, falling ever so fast
Pure, blissful peace, time stops to let these feelings last.
As time begins again, i wonder, should i have waited?

Robert c. Davis

some haikus

** not the greatest haikus ever, done out of pure boredom, thought time put into these,5 minutes each?

Sun is sinking low
Crickets chirping wildly
Time to retire

Pink cherry blossom
Falling to the lotus pond
Startling the coy

** like i said, not great.

Robert c. Davis

The Edge

Here I am stuck on the edge of life
On the edge of failure, with so many oppertunities to push forward
Infinite potential to break free to success burns within me
But i know not how to breach its well guarded walls
And discover it secrets
Not much further until the point from which I'll find no return
Soon if I do not change my ways, I will fall,
Fall into an abyss the likes of which I willn't return
Less hands offer their pull daily, oppertunities lost
Hopefully soon i'll grab onto one and pull forward
But until then, here I am stuck, on the edge

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