Poetry Series

vincent armone

- poems -

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vincent armone (1/24/70)

I walk among the shadows hiding from myself.But one day I will return to the light reborn.

Works:

some day when luck walks by and says got the time

100(tribute)

Here is a number
never thought I would achive
100 poems written from my dreams

The day that this all started
tought maybe a few would be read
but I think I started a new avalance
of my readers instead

So I sit here and panic
about what I should do
Is my work that good
or am I being a fool

Here is poem 100
my god what a feat
and if the next 100 are as good as the first bunch
I think you are in for a treat

So lets all hop
on the bus to the unknown
it begins tomorow with poem 101
A trip I hope I take not alone

Thank you all who have read my first 100 poems
it has been my honor writing for you
like I always say peace to you all Vincent

vincent armone

12 versus of sorrow and hope

Drowning in an ocean filled with fly and maggot infested blood
I scumb to all of our desitny
ONE VERSE the hate infected world

Say I wont live in fear
going to let it happen if it happens
can not stop the inevitable outcome
but to be honest I am just too tired
TWO VERSE so many angry people

So my mind a jumble of fear
sleeps a distant dream
my happiness long gone
these my THREE demons VERSE my waning soul

So far FOUR VERSUS of hopelessness
so angry and sad and grim the words
weres the hope weres the faith
there just under the surface of an all to real world

I know asking yourself, why i so sad
Am I sick, should I grow up
deal with a world that is what it is
so to these questions I say
I give know answer I plead the FIFTH VERSE

Want me to lie say things you want to hear
Smile say the worlds great
the people are fine
write the happy poem you crave
If thats what you want fine
but the truth lies with in the SIXTH VERSE

I guess theres good somewere
maybe open my eyes and open my mind
look at the wonders we have not destroyed
pyramds of giza, the great wall of china
all still there in the SEVENTH VERSE

Then just when all seemed lost
the poet in me awoke for his down beaten path
his thoughts jumped for joy his hope returned
in the EIGHTH VERSE

What a feeling to lift the monkey from my back
know more being scared just being me
laughing, living, loving once again whole
here in the NINTH VERSE

Will the earth survie long after we are gone
will flowers bloom and animals romp
will sky clear and rain taste like sweet necture

will all be forgotten
will this TENTH VERSE become fact

So when seems lost and giving up is so right
look with in yes as described above the worlds harsh
people can be cold and ruthless
but it can be beautiful and the people wonderess
like I have been saying all along in the past ELEVEN VERSE

So thats my speech my poem
nothing left to say
get out of this poem what you feel it means
and remember TWELVE VERSES can not solve the worlds problems
only we humans can

vincent armone

13 again(true story)

Standing in the school yard
listening for the early morning bell
hoping it what not ring
sending me to other day of hell

Bounce comes a ball
and I bend to pick it up
thats when this kid fucked me all up

Kicked me in the nose
with his steel tip boot
blood was every were
kids thought it was a hoot

Walking in the hallway
blood on my hands
no one would help me
they just did not care

Sitting in the nurses office
a tissue with out ice
in walks a teacher
I thought was nice

The look of horror that came across her face
when she looked at me, and called me a disgrace
took out her wad of gum that was all a chewed
placed on my head and said here
this is for you

Sent packing, home to nurse my wounds
went from hospital to barber
to remove the saliva filled goo

Laying in my bed eyes black and blue
hair missing, life was hard, I now really knew
turning on my belly I just had to do
put my face in the pillow
kill myself its what I should do

Tears rolling down my cheeks
I could not let my self die
going to show those basterds
that the brave will survive

Walking to school the very next day
knew that they did not beat me
I live other day

13 again these were hard times
but they made me who I am
a better man for all time

vincent armone

14 bloody and alone

14 bloody and alone
kicked in the face on a december day
laughed at by school mates
ignored by teachers
misuderstood by all

Nose broken
eyes black
I return the next day
to whispers from peers
and looks of horror from eduacators
growing up is hard
school is a bitch
and kids can be so mean
adults just blind

when you are
14 BLOODY AND ALONE

vincent armone

14 karet dreams/ 2 karet heart aches

I pass by windows of plexey glass
displaying 14 karet dreams and 2 karet heart aches

Pawned in the game of life
they long for owners long gone

Once sparkling memorys
now tearful reminders
of lost hopes and bitter sorrows

Each piece a story
of addictions
of lost jobs
and quick solutions
to tremendous burdens

With a heavey heart
I walk away
reminded of how lucky I am
not to have my sorrows on display

Kissing my wedding ring
I promise to never pawn
my most cherished item
my most heartflet memory

These my keepsakes never to be seen by others
in windows of shame
just nothing more then
14 karet dreams and 2 karet heart aches

vincent armone

40 wind kiss

On the 24 day
of the first month
in the 40 of my year
on the second day
of that 40 will kiss the wind goodbye

vincent armone

4U

To earth ends walk alone I will
through winters tears
summers furnece
falls chills
springs beauty
I would journey
4U

Take my eyes
will still see u
take my arms
will still feel u
take my legs
will still run
4U

love
sorrow
hope
despair
these I give
4U

would live
would die
would change
4U

These earthly things
once so black
now wonderess
flowers smell sweeter
water tastes purer
and thoughts clearer
4U

4U
my life now open to share
4U
and only
4U
my warmth I give
4U
my GODESS

vincent armone

5,025 pills

5,025 pills in all
5025 pills
if I happen swallow them all
pick my dead body from floor

5,025 pills in all
5,025 pills
will be cutting my body at morage
tossing my guts into pan on the floor

5,025 pills in all
5,025 pills
the suicide note
should explane it all
took 5,025 pills in all

5,025 pills in all
5,025 pills
do not regret my fate at all
thats why I took
5,025 pills in all

5,025 pills in all
5,025 pills
creamate my body
going to burn anyway u all

because i took
5,025 pills in all

vincent armone

6 years 1 month 5 days

6 years 1 month 5 days
of war
of failed goverment
of lost economy

6 years 1 month 5 days
of family members still lost
of futures still being shattered
of cancer among heros
of money, before memorials

6 years 1 month 5 days
when a president stood on a hill of rubble and promised justice
of the ememy who still is alive
the soilders who come home missing not only limbs but souls

6 years 1 month 5 days
of being afraid
of waiting for the next attack
of knowing that when it happens 1,000,00 will die

6 years 1 month 5 days
think back to what happened
and never forget

6 years 1 month 5 days

MORE THAN NUMBERS

vincent armone

9/11

The sky was a dark orange
the streets a crimsom red
the people a feeling dust covered mass
9/11 not a day that will live in infamy
but a day that will forever be etched in the new worlds sad reality

When the dust cleared and the survivors marched from premature night
I knew that the bastereds who did this had not won
that America the beautiful had survived

Flags were raised
candles lit
and help from all over this great land came to rebuild a nation

9/11 we can never bring back all those who were lost that day
but we sure can honor there memory
by forging ahead
and raising a new tower
a tower that when built will tell the world
you may take our lives
but you will never take our freedom

god bless America and all who live here

vincent armone

A battered women strikes back

She watches him sleep
not a care in the world
her lips still bleeding
her eyes slowly closeing
she waits plotting

what set him off this time
god what is he thinking
am i that bad
is this my fault the horrible wife
its him i know that know
so she waits plotting

He awakens to her
standing like a broken statue
and a smile creases his face
learned you have buy the way you stand
for I am master you do what i command

You are wrong for I have been plotting my revenge
only to relize even if i kill you the hurt for me will never end
So i did the right thing
swallowed all the pills in the house

live with that I hope you can
because my pain is over
and yours will never end.

The smile no longer on his face as his wife passes out and dies
right there on the bedroom floor.

suddenly he thinks what have i done
as he reaches in the dresser draw and pulls out his gun
with the barrel he points it in his mouth
pulls the trigger and blows his brains out

His wife them stands and says
thank you
forgiving me am easy way out
I always knew you loved me
and it took you killing yourself to finally figure it out

vincent armone

A challenge

Cold held the morning
and a challenge was made
meetings were held around tables shaped like o-rings
lives decided in an instant

Challenges to system
were questioned
answers were frozen
sealed shut
never to be broken

A bird of white and black
layed in its nest challenging
its off spring
to fly

Like a teacher was in the class room
the students stood silent
history was in session
challenging there mind and the sprites

73 seconds
and the challenge was answered
In a sky of blue
now yellow and burnt orange

Those eight who took the challenge
for a chance at one giant step for man kind
they will forever be remembered
as heros
until a new challenge was asked
and new discoverys
were uncovered

vincent armone

A childrens poem

Mommy took me to a yard sale to buy other peoples stuff
we looked and we looked and found nothing but junk
until i spotted a teddy bear under all of the muck

He was broken and battered
and missing an eye
but something about him made me want to buy

Mommy, mommy can i have him please
yick said mommy he is old and diseased
how about this bunny he less likely has fleas

Mommy look at his smile he needs a good home
I promise to fix him and make him my own

Mommy turned to the man and asked jezz how much
take him he said he is not worth his fluff

When we got home I sprang to my room
went to my closet and removed not one button from my pants but two
I plucked out his lone eye and tossed it aside
got a needle and thread and gave him two new blue eyes

I filled him with bean bags and other squishey stuff
combed out his fur and cleaned off the muck
I hope your happy teddy you needed some luck

Suddenly the bell rang and mom answered the door
it was the junk sales man with his daugther
holding a shiney red ball

I made a mistake said the man,
the bear i gave your daugther
belongs to this little girl on my hand

I walked down the stairs with the bear in my paws
and saw my mommy staring at me her look said it all
I walked right by her, to the girl with the ball in her hand

Take a look at him I said
all clean and neat
if you promise to love him he will be yours to keep

I will promise to love him oh yes i do
and here is the ball i promised you all red and new

Thank you but no
I do not need your ball you have all ready given me the greatest gift of all

With a look of surprise she asked whats that

You gave me a freind for the day

How could you ever top that

she thought and she thought squinting her eyes
Here she said take him back hows that for a surprise

They walked away and mommy closed the door
she leaned in and kissed me
she did not have to say anymore.

vincent armone

A childrens poem 2

Lovely little Lucy Love, cute as a lovely bug
Hair so perfect, eyes so sweet, but dam is she evil underneath
Kids wont play with her, she so mean, kicks little kittys
to hear them scream, lovely little lucy love, cute as squished bug

Only 6, but wow so mean, not even the devil wants her on his team
tear her teddys head off, rip out the fluff fill it with dirt, man thats tough
screams and yells till get what she wants, then turns around
gives her mom stinky farts, little Lucy love, cute as wine stained rug

all the kids they made a plan, time to give lucy her last stand
Lucy was playing no surprise by herself, crushing a bug what else
the kids they circled Lucy, she looked with hell, but for her there was
no help, what do you want, go away, if you dont I will make you all pay

yea little Lucy we will go away, because alone is what you will be
for the rest of your days, hit you not we will not, because unlike you
we are a happy lot, have fun being alone, we hope you do
because we all fell bad for a person like you

all the children walked away, and lucy screamed dont need you all
anyway, then there was silence, no one around, even the bugs left
just dirt on the ground, Lucys mom came up the steps.
lucy time for dinner, right you dont care, want to sit there and fret

Lucy jumped to her feet, and ran to her mom, tears for the first time
in stead of a frown, mommy I am bad dont want to be alone
please tell me you love me and I can go home
Lucy I dont know what to say, but you are my daughter everyday
as you grow older you will learn more lessons like today
what you do with them only you can say

They walked from the park hand and hand
lucy waved to the kids, who also waved there hands
for there they knew that lucy fell for the plan
now she knows that life can be grand
Lovley little Lucy Love

vincent armone

A dime

Dig into to his pocket
what do he find
a piece of lint
and a rotten old dime

About to toss it
nothing it cant by
maybe end up under his car seat
waiting to die

Walking along flipping it in his hand
sees a old beat up blind man
with a cane and a can

Can you help me mister
I got not alot
just some change it would help
out this old pop

All I got is a dime
you see not worth much
would good would it do you
can not even by lunch

You keep your dime sir
a lesson it is
for when you truely have nothing
a prize it is

But the dime in his pocket
and walked away
I guess I learned the true meaning of poor today

Just because
I got not alot
some people has less
thats what I forgot

vincent armone

A free child

Playing on lawns of green
the smell of cherry bloosoms
the flutter of a white moth

Running through man made rain drops
on a hot summer day
a tall glass of iced tea
in 69 degree comfort

Picking pumpkins
brisk october days
snow all in piles
school closed for the days

A kiss from mom warm on your head
all nice and toasty you hop into bed
a free child nothing left to be said

vincent armone

A gift from me to you

I have a gift from me to you
its so big
so wonderess
so insanely great
that some of you may have a hard time accepting it

Close your eyes
hold out your hands

Ready?
its not what you think it is

Here it comes

A gift from me to you

Okay open your eyes

Its a big
squishy
wet and sloppy
feet lifting off the ground
smile enduceing

HUG

A hug
a gift from me to you

And no I am not letting go of you anytime soon

vincent armone

a horrible draft

There its lays in waiting stillness.
Waiting for me to tare it open.
reach inside and pull out its contents
tossing its empty body on back on the table
like a discarded carcus.

Yet I fear it, horrified of its presence
this white thing so lifeless
holds the message of my fate
such a job, for something so stationary

In my heart I no I must proceed
to stall is foolish
for destiny is not written in stone

But for now it will have to wait
like my country for me
wait for me
until fate joins us as one

vincent armone

A jester at the sport of kings

Here i stand waiting for the race to begin
a jester at the sport of kings
day after day
week after week
pay check after pay check
i return hoping for victory
but i remain a jester at the sport of kings

They were the roses like majestic champions
i carry the burden of marriages long gone
yet i return
week after week
day after day
pay check after check
hoping for victory
knowing it wont happen
just a jester at the sport of kings

When you got less than a quarter of a tank of gas
and your searching for tickets in the trash
you laugh and say they call this the sport of kings
yes there right
the take from the poor
who always return
just like me
a jester at the sport of kings

vincent armone

A pawn, A puppet, A fool, A king

Strings strings control my things
my movment, my life, my eyes
I feel, I want, I hurt, I cry
if I were to break free would think I would die
for I am just a puppet on a string, others live my life

Moved sometimes once
moved sometimes twice
which ever move that gets you what you like
is the move you use me for
the move best to squeeze the juice from me
for I am just a pawn, liked till I can give no more

laughed at because I am diffrent from all
someone to kick when down, turn your smile up when you are down
get no respect, say what you like, you feel so better about self
your clothes are better, your life is better, your being is better
for I am just a fool, my suffering, amusment for all of you.

But you cant have my soul
walk with my head up high
mad at you all I am not
for i understand what everyone is about
I a world gone mad
people become hopless, worn out, just plain bad
so when the chips are down, and you all become.
a pawn, a puppet, a fool
asking yourselfs oh god why
turn to me a king
cause I figured what life is long ago
for I am what I am and in the long run
I got it right, I have seen the light, can sleep tight
for I was A pawn A puppet A fool A king
proud to have been so many things

vincent armone

A politically correct poem for the easily offended

The

end
A politically correct poem for the easily offended

vincent armone

A sweet juicey orange

Peel the fragent outer layer
do you smell its fantastic armona
breath it into your lungs and releasing it

Take the juicey wedge
lick your fingers
explode your taste buds
as you bring the orange to your lips

One of natures true gifts
given to us so that we may relize that life can be sweet

In the end when this outstanding prize is done
take a seed
and plant it
so future generations
may embrace its simplistic joy

vincent armone

aahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Fire
Death
Hate
Terrisom
Failed Economy
Homeless
Starvation
Dirty water
Smog
Greed
Video cameras
Road blocks
War
Prison
Education a joke
Stimulus plans
out sourceing
15 dollar movie tickets
Walmart
2010
AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

vincent armone

All though miles come between us

All though miles come between us.
my love for you does not lesson.
my heart for you aches for you the same.
my memorys still remember all the good.
my arms still ache for your touch.

All though miles come between us.
the miles cant take away the love.
the miles cant take away ur smile
the miles cant take away us.

All though miles come betwee us.
I will always love you.
to us miles just a word.

vincent armone

Amazing

Nature
bees buzzing softly
birds singing loadly
trees swaying gently
nature
awesome
poem inspiring
tear inducing
amazing

People
people creating
people destroying
people loving
people hating
people
wonderess
limitless
amazing

Life
life short
life long
life easy
life hard
life
once
happy
sad
amazing

Poems
from the heart
from the soul
from the many
poems
deep
meanifull
amazing

Amazing
a word
a feeling
a thought
a idea
amazing
without doubt
without despair
without fear
simply
amazing

vincent armone

America I swear

And to you I swear
my heart and soul
to never betray thy majestic values
pleadge my life for the freedoms you so richly give

And to you I swear
to always share your beliefs
to never covet thy ememy
to vangish all those who try to oppress

And to you I swear
If flag ever falls
to pick it up
climb the highest pole
put it back in its place of honer
and shout to all thy villans
YOU MAY TAKE OUR LIVES BUT YOU WILL NEVER TAKE
OUR FREEDOM

To you America
And to you I swear

vincent armone

America the beautiful-yes it is please leave feed back

In response to a poem
that said America the beautiful is not
guess what
you abuse the freedom that gives you the right to say that
believe it or not

This countrys not perfect
and the shit lately has been tough
but when push comes to shove
its this country I still love

I would not kick my country when its down
I would hold out my hand
pick it up off the ground
die if I had too
and thats not a lie
my country comes first
protecting it so that it will never die

We all are in to a new kind of fight
one that we can not run from or hide
so its up to all of us to stand up with pride

I may get angry at the shit thats going on
writing poems about America that are angry and hard
but I love her with all my heart
and together we will be until I depart.

vincent armone

An angel the devil and me

Why am I always listing to my I.D
always telling me to do some evil fucking shit

My super ego always on my side
telling me to push the I.D aside
chose the right path
do whats right
heaven will await you
at the end of the light

Here I am in the middle
having to make the choice
needing to satisfy both sides
at very high costs

An angel the devil and me
fighting in my mind
who comes out the winner
is up to me to decide.

vincent armone

And became the lifted

Buried in depths unreachable, my soul lost.
anger, fear, saddness, lifes purpose.
looked not with rose colored glasses, but with blinders.
hopelessness became my I.

Things, made me, was not human, was like I said things I.
but when the sutters opened.
and my ego became free of the I.

Something wonderful happened.
all of a sudden.
became the lifted.

vincent armone

And the next president is?

And the next president is?
the guy with the best poker face
the best lies
the unreviled secrets
the this is what I do better than that other guy
the mavrick
the middle class rules rich class snozze
the guy with the best cool aid
the guy with the best people to serve it
the guy who belives his own lies
the save the planet one clean coal act at a time
the guy whose choses a women to run next to him just because
the this guy voted for cutting down trees 880 times guy
the dependence on forigon oil is going to stop guy

so the next president is going to be?
the same as the last 43

vincent armone

Apart together live

Apart together live
thou vowed to each
love, more like convience
fruit only reason each resides

Work alone together
out alone together
lives each alone together
bliss alone together
home alone together

Apart together live
oh what a tangled web we weave
when couples dont decide to leave

So apart together live
Is this what Adam gave Eve his rib for?

vincent armone

At a funeral

Family and freinds
all lined in a row
to pay there respects
spend half an hour
and quickly scamper home

One by one you file by
looking at the dead
and saying your silent good by

Turning to the mom or the dad
wife, or grandma, our bunch of people you hardly knew
with a bow of the head you say the customary thing
sorry for your lose if you need me call, please anything

Take a seat way in the back
laugh and giggle no disrespect in that
in comes the decon with the i am sorry grin
splashes water on the dead the service begins

twenty minutes later all is done
rise from your seat
your job is done
to the front you make a quick dash
say your goodby to the family
and make a mad dash

On the way home you talk to yourself
one day I will be up there dead
hell no just creamate me instead
because funerals are so morid and sick
I just dont understand why people put themselfs through that shit.

vincent armone

Atm

The lure of the money he smelled its rich stink
just once he wished the machine was on the brink
spill the money all over the floor
scoop that shit up and run, they wont see him know more
but the cameras all seeing, but thats not whats on his mind
its all the twentys, and the stuff they can buy.

But he is a good person and he knows his fantasy wont come true
so he enters his pin and feels real blue.
out pops the twenty and he grabs his legal cash
still he thinks with all this money I should rob there ass.

So with out a thought he walks back up to the machine
and put his fist right into the screen
glass all a shatter his hand a bloody mess
did not see the manager press the help button behind the desk

quickly he looks at the sparking machine
and there are the bills the stuff of his dreams
grabing the money as much as he can
he hears the police sirens
time for the crime to end

A man pokes him on the shoulder
hey buddy you awake?
yea just day dreaming
I will get out of your way

I think I had enough of the atm
at least for today

vincent armone

Baking cookies

Everyday I bake cookies
happy, wonderess, oh so good
Its just to bad that no body eats them
wish the world was as happy as I am

vincent armone

Barbaro

Majestic can not describe the horse
that won the derby
but really should have lost

Roses they put around his neck
and legend was born

His name before this moment nobody did know
now all of America was chanting
Barbaro

The day was the preekness
the favorite he had become
the crowd was silent the race had begun
a couple of steps and the people knew something was wrong
the jockey dismounted
the horses limp said it all
out came the ambulence
placed him in as quick as they can
America was asking
is this barbaros end

The damage was the worst they had ever seen
were going to put him to sleep
but his owners they did plead

Days turned into months
his legs all a shot
but this brave horse
was giving it all he got

Cards and letters
from all over the world
praying for a horse
that captured the attention of us all

Laying in his stall
lamamitus took his hoofs
the look in his eyes said I had enough I am through

The doctors stood on the podium
going to tell the world the bad news
barbaro is dead
there was nothing else we could do

Once in awhile something magical comes along
captures the imagination of us all

He was the bravest
a champion for us all
his name was
Barbaro

the greatest of them all.

vincent armone

Barbed wired sneakers

We all walk through life
like we are wearing Barbed wire sneakers

Afraid to step wrong way
afraid to once again to be cut
to tread lightly among people
who like you
wear the same Barbed wire sneakers

Unable to remove them
we bleed a little each day
never looking a stranger In the eye
never letting them in your heart

Every move we make
we bleed
every word we say
we hemorage
every religon we practice
we gush crimson
every step we take another tear flows

So we walk slowly through life
afraid to open up more healing scars
like we are tip toeing through the tulips
yet knowing the pain will continue
we all walk through those tulips anyway

Wearing Barbed wire sneakers

vincent armone

basment demons

Ten steps to down room, a horror when 5
the exposed bulb with single siver chain
the dust covered stairs and smell of mildew
the ten feet of cold slap to the saving light switch

Shelves of various needs, tables piled with seasons greetings
blackness and doors all with hidden treasures or horrors
noises from pipes and settling walls sounds of phony footsteps
running for object long wanted by dad
felt like moving in concrete and mud

when object aquired and stairs were wanted
always thinking behind lay the demon
when top reached and light snuffed, it was okay to breath

But knowing for now the beast had lost
was of tempory nature for objects would need fetching
monsters would be waiting
when a five year old is called of again for duty

vincent armone

Be Me

Want to be me!
okay set your self on fire
then watch people laugh at you
as they piss on your ashes

Step right up
you are most welcome

to

BE Me

vincent armone

Because you say I should

Because you say I should
Dont speak to certain people I should
dont trust them I should
hate them I should
dont hang out with them I should
beware of all I should

WHY SHOULD I DO WHAT YOU WANT WHY?

BECAUSE YOU SAY I SHOULD

vincent armone

BECOMERS

Is this what we have become
people who care more about presidental dogs
then about our boys and girls dying in a worthless country
about celebritys and who they date
then about our citzens who eat dog food, and lucky they afford that
about million dollars cars and junkets
as mothers drown there babys and dump then in to lakes
is this what we have become

Not caring about the people who lost everything
but more about the people who stole it
were american idol is watched by 24 million every week
as our children are watched by no one as parents work 14 hours days
were medication is hard to get
but the things on qvc are not
is this what we have become

A bunch of fat, lazy, dumb, mean, not caring, all for one society
a bunch of not leaving the house, cheating on spouses, no good nicks
a bunch of not my problem, let the other guy fix the mess assholes
is this what we have become

GOD WHAT A SHAME
AND SHAME ON US ALL
BECAUSE IF THIS IS WHAT WE HAVE BECOME
WE DESERVE NO MERCY AT THE GATES
BECAUSE THIS IS WHAT WE HAVE BECOME
I HOPE WE ARE ALL HAPPY

vincent armone

Behind the door

Behind the door
they lurk
she knows not when they come in
waiting to give her there poision, there evil liqued sin

Her hands all tied
the room a hellish white
behind the door
they lurk
waiting to hurt and strike

Her mind races
she knows not were she is
but behind the door they lurk
the men who cure the sins

She can sometimes see them
looking through the glass
with little clip boards
taking notes like in a high school class
then they are gone but she knows they will be back
behind the door they lurk
waitng to attack

They think she is crazy
thats why she is here
but whats behind the door
for her holds the greatest fear

vincent armone

Believe that I am

Believe that I am
a human
a father
a husband

Believe that I am
flesh
blood
bone

Believe that I am
like you
special

Believe that I am
and you will believe that you are

Gods greatest creation

Believe
it as simple as that

vincent armone

Benighted

The world
its past
its future
benighted

Its people
moraly
socialy
intellectualy
benighted

The world
sadly
were in the begining there was light
now in the present only benighted

vincent armone

Black and white

Two colors united
but worlds apart
there love a secret
there meetings
covert

Passion knows not of race
or boundries
or culturel diffrences
passion grabs those how want it
those who need it

So together they sleep
wrapped in each other arms
united as one
but worlds apart

vincent armone

Black velvet

Healthly lungs
pink, full, alive
breathing
free from obstructions
and man made poisons

Damage lungs
brown, flat
gasping
blocked
dieing
from
mans black velvet

Black velvet
addictive poison
deadly cancer

Black velvet
Truth

vincent armone

Black Whiteness

I cross a field of white too a desitny forged at birth
who knew that this whiteness for me would end so black
lived a life full of sin but was supposed to be forgiven
but not this way, forgiven I guess I was
now black awaits

So as this field ends
and the whitness becomes just a memory
I now know the power of the savior
for I am now eternelly black

vincent armone

Blah Blah Blank Blank

Yea yea right right went Blah Blah Blank Blank
Right in front of him the problem lays but see he does not
yea yea right right went Blah Blah Blank Blank
someone else will fix this mess, besides what can I do
yea yea right right went Blah Blah Blank Blank

Racism, Greed, Hate, Terrorism
The people need help
yea yea right right went Blah Blah Blank Blank
Like you we all got problems
yea yea right right went Blah Blah blank Blank

Sitting alone the problems of world his not
Yea yea right right went Blah Blah Blank Blank
kids want to play, tv is his off day come on dad
yea yea right right went Blah Blah Blank Blank

Now he is reaping what he has sown
In a nursing home alone
listing to a voice recorder his kids not home
hangs up and a tear from his eye
nurse can I have tissue to wipe my sigh

Yea yea right right went Nurse Blah Blah Blank Blank
All my life I guess I had it coming
Went yea yea right right Blah Blah Blank Blank

vincent armone

blood

My blood Is red as yours
as blue as yours
as flowing as yours
as presious as yours

To spill mine
to spill yours
for reasons of hate
color
and religon
is un human

For my blood is as
red as yours
as blue as yours
and as presious as yours

our blood
all that makes us same
but we sometimes forget

vincent armone

Blood diamonds

Blood diamonds red not clear
stained with too many innocent tears
children plucked from there homes
to fight in a war not there own

Blood diamonds
for these mom and dad died
there sisters raped
should diamonds hold for them
such terrible fate

Blood diamonds
limbs are sliced off
but they dont kill the childern
because they would be better off

Blood diamonds
Now you know were they come from
and we let this happen
what have we become

Walking around wearing all our bling
people died getting them
does that not mean a thing

Blood diamonds
god help us all
because I will never look at my rings
the same way anymore.

vincent armone

Blue eye angel

Good night demons
bother me no more u will
days and nights you have tried to take me
and succed you almost did

Shourded in darkness
I layed down with you
and listened to your wicked lies
giving in to false tounges

Oh but how you have failed
for I have been saved
buy the blue eyed angel

The angel who tells me to come
yet still afraid unworthy still feel
but wait my angel says she will

So good night foul demons
my path to happiness has begun
and hurt me know more you can

vincent armone

Bobby goes missing part one

Mom lays on a beach chair and bakes in the sun as her 4 year old bobby plays and has fun.
Mom opens her eyes to have a quick peek bobbys gone missing so she leaps to her feet.
Mom in a panic looks all around seeing only happy beach goers hopping around.
Mom in a leap jumps to the next people down have you seen my boy bobby perhaps playing around.
The two people look at each and one wispers soft sounds tell us that guy was your husband who took your boy when you were laying down.
Mom runs to a life guard and orders him down some one took my son bobby we must find them right now.
To be continued

vincent armone

Bobby the billy goat

Bahh bahh went bobby the billy goat
bounce bounce once around bobby the billy goat bounces proud
Mr chicken with his beck pointed down ask bobby the billy goat
why you so happy never do you frown

Bahh bahh life is great bobby the billy goat said as he played
the grass is sweet and the air is cool to be unhappy with such wonders
only makes one such a unhappy fool

hop hop the cricket sprang
bobby the billy goat you so silly must not have a brain
the world is ugly with so much pain
bahh bahh you just aint looking to hard bobby the billy goat sang
the life you chose to lead is the cause of your pains

Moo moo the cow did
if you animals listen to this fool
will end up alone just like him
for he is clearly crazy just look at him
bahh bahh bobby the billy goat did
being happy is not a sin

Bobby the billy goat smile at the three
I love you all no matter what you think of me
now I walk away mad at you I am not
for I am a creature of god at least I have forgotten that not

As bobby the billy goat troted away
the Chicken, the cricket, the cow all looked ashamed
maybe he is right the chicken said
we are lucky to be alive love is not such a dread

The chicken the cricket the cow
all shouted load hey bobby the billy goat
may we be your pals
bobby the billy goat looked at the proud
absoulutely I would love to be your pals

As they walked to the sunset
the four now a crowd
they all learned a lesson
live life to the fullest
you only go once around

vincent armone

Bobbys gone missing part 2

Mommy was escorted out of the sand
and a nice police man held onto her hand
dont you worry we will get him back
every cop will be looking for your boy
no doubt about that

Bobby is such a good boy
how could i have betrayed him like that
should not have fallen asleep
I know better than that

The cops walkie talkie gives a squack
and a man on the other side says
I think we found something of the boys
outside the beach inside a park.

Mommy with a tear in her eye sits in the cop car
dreading the ride
I know somethings happened to bobby oh yes i do
and if someone hurt him I feel sorry for that who

The car pulled aways leaving a cloud of dust
time was running out for bobby
finding him was now a matter of luck

to be continued

vincent armone

bon vouage

Waiting on a train.
journey with no end.
know the trains a coming but when?
bought my ticket way in advace.
this train ride for me the last romance.
needed to back no bags.
were I am going need them not.
for when i board this soon train.
stop it will not.

vincent armone

Bottoms

On dirt
does the bottom
of my shoe feast
My judgement comes
before my Bottom
falls

vincent armone

Bound

Bound
by moral commitment
wittnessed by god
till death
do we part

Bound
to another
in secret
thou covets
the devils sin

Bound
to walk alone
with out honor
to certain justice

Before
the all seeing
the all powerful
judgementof god

vincent armone

Breakfast

Eggs white edges
yellow centers
it waits for you to break its spirite
end dunk into its being

Bacon
smoked
crispy
an abundence
of exploding flavors

Toast
light brown
melted butter
cut in half
a perfect side kick

Coffee
black
steaming
its aroma stuns the senses
and waters waiting mouths
milk if you like
sugar if it suits
still wonderess as is

Breakfast
a carnvial of wonders
served with love
at morns peek

vincent armone

brimstone and fire

Towards the cast out angel I run
my reckless ways and hurtful deeds have caught up to me
no one can stop what awaits me, all is lost
my fate is sealed

IN BRIMSTONE AND FIRE

vincent armone

Broken

Broken
is a heart
not free to love
when love is all
it has to give

Chained
yearning for the key
to anothers passion

Broken
is a heart
thats true
to all but it self

blinded by ignorance
it remains forever
broken

vincent armone

Burmarigold

She holds my hand
as we stroll along the shoreline
her love flowing outward
until it sticks to my heart
like burmarigold

We stop and face each other
the sun just about to set
when she kisses me
ever so gently
her sweet breath
fills my soul
and clings to my lungs like burmarigold

A tear rolls down her cheek
as we stare into each other eyes
I love you she says softly
with all my life
and to which I reply
take my love and hold it
attach it to your heart like burmarigold
and we shall be together
forever

vincent armone

Burning

I burn for her
my body in flames
my soul smoking
I long for what
I can not have
I can not touch
I can not taste

I burn for her
but am engulfed
by other
commited to vows said before god
I smolder In secret

I burn for her
her playful touch
ingnites me
sends flames racing
thorugh my core
her freindly hug
causes infernos
dooming me to burn to ashes
I burn for her

She knows of my flame
but procceds not
fearing her own igntion
fearing a fire she would not be able
to put out
I burn for her

Now I burn alone
left like glowing embers in
a pit
to another comes along to
stir them up
and ignites me once more

I burn for her but now In secret

vincent armone

Called these blessing

Looking Into a sun so bright
Looking into a ski so blue

Apon grass alive with green life
among flowers danceing and smileing

Submerged in oceans of shineing aqua
and climbing moutains as tall as kings

I found salvation and
Called these the blessings

vincent armone

came the dove

looked up did the fallen, came the dove
singing to he the sadden, majestic, to he self proclaimed foul
landing in hands wore from despair, blue eyes such wonder they
cooing, touching, eyes welled, for beautiy till now forgotten

Then it danced in flight, boundless, magical, divine
Whirling from the fallens life as fast as it had come
blink of the eye and gone, on to another to reinvigorate
the fallen turned and smiled life is wonderess and truly never forgotten

CAME THE DOVE

vincent armone

Came to me

Came to me, such an angel.
true love for I knew begun.
and when the nights became for her and me so lonely
her tears became so loud.
I left her weeping kicked her down.

The pain of have chosen.
one who commited down.
makes the journey that much harder.
for we found out love does not play around.

But in our bodys deep inside
embrace does our souls

vincent armone

Can I be

Can I be a man
if I still live at home
have a wife and son
but no place to call my own

37 back in school
should I quit am I
being a fool

Work only part time
and I try my best
but I am a bum
and yes depressed

Went for a new job
turned down flat
now I dont know were
I am going to place my hat

I am a piece of human shit
and I blame myself
Its over for me
aint going to bother
know one else

vincent armone

Candy land and a broken nose

Kicked in the nose
with a steel tip kodiack work boot
left bloody and bashed
a trip to the emergency room
for six weeks of reconsturtive surgery and pain

The life of my six
was not supposed to be this hard
instead of a trip to candy land with dad
i got a trip to life lessons
and boy did I lose

So no one said life was easy
yea right just tell me something I dont know

vincent armone

Care nothing for myself

I do only for others
to enrich there lives
to make them fullfilled
yet I care not for myself
my face
my body
my soul
my talk
my walk
all disgust me

I take not my life for that would only hurt the ones who love me
yet if I could I would
start by loving yourself thats the saying
lol must habe been said by a guy who like me suffers inside

trust me its no fun
CAREING NOTHING FOR MYSELF

vincent armone

cheater

On the outside I shine like a beckon
on the inside I am torn apart
like a tree in a hurricane
I the cheater on the one, who I am commited to for all time

Oh heaven exsits above
and hell inside me

I am the cheater

vincent armone

Children page one(not a poem) story

Dad was most days gone by 6am so when 8 year billy went down stairs to fix his breakfast a silent kicthen was normal. grabbing a fintstones bowl and spoon billy sat down to pour himself his corn pops. it was then when looking up from his bowl that he noticed his 4 year old sister judy standing sleepy eyed in the kicthen doorway. billy I need to change I wet my bed and mommy is not home, what do you mean mommy is not home, confused and angry billy rose from the table and pushed by his sister, taking the stairs upwards two at a time, slowly billy walked into his parents bedroom, mom no answer he walked to the bathroom and listened thinking mom may be in the shower, but silence over took the room, judy called to billy with a wimper, billy I need to change, back down stairs billy patted his sisters shoulder go up and get new clothes I will help you, judy went to get new clothes, when she was gone billy went to the phone to call his dad, but it was dead, billy hung up confused, when he then heard a knock on the front door, slowly he opened it only to find a little boy of no more then five standing there, whats up kid, the little boy answered can you help me my mommy and daddy are gone, billy looked at the boy stunned, what the heck is going on here. to be continued

vincent armone

Christmas poem for the troops

Away from your familys
death all around
Christmas is just a day for you guys
dont forget America is proud

Proud for your service
keeping the world free
you are star on Americas Tree

So when you feel down
and you wish you were home
look up in the sky
and relize you are not alone

America loves you on this christmas and every day
please come home safe
because without you
the hoildays in America just are not the same

God bless the troops on this hoilday season
come home soon

vincent armone

close yours eyes and dream

If you see a person straving
if you see them in dispair
would you close yours eyes forever
would you walk right by not care

Do you care if people are killing
do you turn the tv off land laugh
when the children are homeless
parents left them and dont care
would you close yours eyes forever
pretend you are really mad

So when the world is on the edge
oceans dried up and bare
trees reduced to ashes
the black and theres no air
would them close your eyes and scream
would them close your eyes and plead

Would you hope to have your earth back

WOULD YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES AND DREAM

vincent armone

cold creation

Theres a cold in my heart
it burns like volcanic fire

No longer i feel empathy
towards apathtic others
my thoughts now betray me

Once I fought like a made warrior
only to be brutally rebuffed
on the 11th of days and at the harbor of pearls

Choice Ive now made
can not beat I now join
they will feel the wrath of there creation

No not my actions because of religion or polictical or cultral
now my actions are personal

Feel the hell you created
your COLD CREATION

vincent armone

Comes the snow storm

Heat still clings to the night air
as the dog days of summer roll on
the party in full swing
the snow storm now just minutes away

Sent the weather man for an updat the revelers did
waiting for his forcast
wanting the whitest of snow

All the party goers turn there heads
as the weather man returns
and with him

Comes the snow storm

vincent armone

Concrete

Eighty nine winters I have toiled
none as cold as this
strangers among me
gazing like if a circus performer
wispering, shut up, my ears still work, well one does
so here I am, no perfect ending, no family around
just me, and this cold hard concrete

vincent armone

Could you?

Could you?

Talk to me
listen to me
understand me
hold me

Could you?
give to me
without receveing from me
do for me because it is right
hug me because I am human

With
feelings
dreams
hopes
needs

Could you?

truly look beyond my skin color
beyond my large body
look at the person behind my eyes

Could you?

Could any of us?

Could we really learn to love each other
when the world love has just become other word?

Could you?
Could I?
Could any of us?

Good question

vincent armone

covered

There I was holding on to the last rung of the ladder
covered by 75% of mother earth
silent, pale green, wonderess
surface soft and forgiving
for once here alone, I felt peace

No war
no death
no hate
no worries

Just me, with about a minute to myself
soon I would have to rise
face the world again
but not just yet
for this freedom
this cover of 75% of earth
is for me joy

life can be simple
if we all believe like I now do
here holding on to the last rung of a ladder
here covered

vincent armone

Crack

Your blood feels like warm bath water
and your mind a glowing orb of light
like alice falling down the rabbit hole
you hit the floor and a space oddessy has begun

know need to get up off your back
you are floating on a dust particle
to the deepest regions of your mind

One last time you heat the glass
and inhale the majestic potion
resting on a bed of roses
with deadly thorns

Crack thats what they call it and now I hope I made you see why
because all it does is make you brain fried

vincent armone

Crazy

Terrorism
pollution
ignorance
bigotry
aids
homelessness
drugs
war
global warming
reality tv
CRAZY

vincent armone

creator of all

I lay In the creator of all
a broken soul
its warmth, comforting
my conculsion, certain

Arms at my sides
I slide the great steal
Across soft yielding flesh
turning aqua to crimsom
and light, into darkness

As I lay here in the creator of all
A broken soul

vincent armone

CRY FOR YOUR TEARS

Tears for tears
watch such world horror
my tears for there tears
all the hate, all the pain
my tears for there tears
life just seems worthless
my tears for there tears

Dirty the planet, destroy such beauty
my tears for earths tears
extiction not from rock but by mans hand
my tears for earths tears
storms, heating, melting
my tears for earths tears

Kill because vaules diffrent
my tears for familys tears
sons daughters wives husabands gone forever
my tears for familys tears
went about daily bussiness never came home
my tears for familys tears

this world not perfect
but did we all have to kill it
MY TEARS FOR ALL OF OURS TEARS

MY TEARS CRY BECAUSE WE ALL DO
MY TEARS FOR ALL OF OUR TEARS

vincent armone

dance with the maker when he calls you not

Dance with the maker when he calls you not
wating room longest for you, its crowded
selfish you will only relieze, think its his image born
kingdom entered, his choice not yours
so dance with the maker when he calls you not
he can always use a civil servent

vincent armone

Danced with my freinds

In a night I will treasure
I danced with my freinds

I laughed
I cried
I loved
I danced with my freinds

Danced through a perfect night
and breath taking morning
my heart no longer
afraid of judgements
I danced with my freinds

Danced with a mind now
free to enjoy the gift of frendship
free to give frendship back
free at last
I danced with my freinds

Before my feelings bottled and afraid to be released
I walked a tight rope with people who I now know
would let me fall
but change came in the blink of an eye
and for the first time
in my 37 years in this hard world
through all the let downs
for the very first time

I danced with my freinds

vincent armone

Dancing with the yellow and orange beast

Soon I will be dancing with the yellow and orange beast
watching as it slowly climbs the walls
licking at the magic elixer I have given it
and growing from its nurishing body

Its heat invites me to come closer
yet I wait until it reaches maturity
eating with reckless abandened
and cackling with an evil glee

Oh how I love thee
my charred flesh
I wear like a badge of honer
how I wish to one day be joined with tee forever
yet there are others who need to see your greatness
feel your power
and bow to your holyness

But soon my love I will join you
but for now I must leave
until next time my sweet
when once again
I can dance with you

THE YELLOW AND ORANGE BEAST

vincent armone

Days of the week(friday)

Tgif
what more do I have too say
the week is over
dont give a shit
what happens today

All you think about is 5 clock
going to be drunk by 7
passes out by 8
on a bar top

Stagger on home
your clothes all a mess
dropp your shit on the floor
hit the bed still dressed

Sleep with a smlie
etched on your face
made it through the week
god he is great

Friday
the greatest of them all
I have nothing else to say
friday says it all

vincent armone

Days of the week(monday)

This is the hardest
the hardest of them all
the one that we dread
the sould have stayed in bed

Waking in morn
eyes still a shut
hair all in tatters
mind still a scattered

Into the shower
the water hits your face
not giving a shit if you are going to be late

One leg in your pants
yes the next one too
a quick cup of coffee
maybe a bagel or two

Out to your car
the drivers seat you sit
wishing you were rich
so you dont have to do
this make a living shit

Monday the hardest of the week
were the strong barely make it
and the rest bow at its feet

vincent armone

Days of the week(thursday)

This is the day
the make it or break it
of your week
get thorugh this on
and you are home free

Every thing you do
done with out chance
work is perfect
its going to according to plan

When you get home
theres a smile on your face
one day to go
thank god and all his grace

Thursday
the make it or break it day
one day from friday
yippy kaya

vincent armone

Days of the week(tuesday)

Not much going
four left to go
pace of this day is really really slow

Walking like your in a fog
even your boss hates the job

Sitting at his desk
a ghost he becomes
wont even see him
until the day is done

Then when you get home
you go through routine
eat a quick dinner
then sit in front of tv

Not much on
you shut it with a harsh click
off to bed at 8.30
life has to be better than this

Tuesday
the really nothing day
should take it off the calender
no one cares about it any way.

vincent armone

Days of the week(wensday)

Here comes the middle
the middle of the week
where we race to get our work done
before the end of the week

The pace is much faster
your almost sleeping on your feet
two days left to
the weekend
a very special treat

Wensday is the day
the middle of the week
were we get our shit done
and we finaly get some sleep

vincent armone

deadliest catch

Sailing along
the monster straight
the fisher men bait there pots
this is the season they all make it rich
dreams are worth alot

String after string
there ships move along
death is coming for some crew
and it wont be long

Ice as thick miles
snow a stinging pain
and if they get caught in a rain storm
they wont even bother to pray

Pulling up the eight hundreds
hoping it feels more
looking at all those king crabs
theres hope after all

Once in awhile
they get not a thing
there hearts a broken
this crab is a jester not a king

But they keep going
and death has to wait
because theres crabs on the strings
and the capt wants more pots to bait

Back to the port
they unload there catch
bow there heads
and pray for all the dead

But theres no time
for sorrow
when crabing is the game
right back out to sea
hope to see you again.

vincent armone

death note

If I take my life
can I come back
even as just a memory
maybe as a smile on the lips of loved ones
will everyone hate me forever

Its selfish yes
to kill myself
take the easy way out
but please tell me that I wont be forgotten
that my death not in vain

So if I take my life
can I please come back
will even take a frown
curse words too
if thats what it takes
for me to be remembered

So if i take my life
can I please come back

Please
I was human you know
well maybe just a little

vincent armone

denver terrorists

Fishing with a rats head
heard the pigs are biting tonight
no need to chum
these animals leave there own foul stench
they will come right to the boat
and dirty or not
aint tossing these bastereds back

vincent armone

Depths of lonelyness

When silence becomes your friend,
when darkness no longer strikes fear,
when hope is a memory long since forgotten,
when death is an option,
when life is a burden,
when smiles are madding,
when a madness brings a smile,
when people are the ememy,
when ememy is yourself,
when lies are the truth,
when truth only tells lies,
when family is pain,
when freinds are insane,
truly will you then be at,
The depths of lonelyness.

vincent armone

Desperado

I have been beaten
and left to cry In my blood soaked tears
my thoughts even have abandend me
I walk the earth alone
in search of meaning
and freindship
and have found sorrow and hardship

My jokes my mask
my persona hidden from view
afraid to come forth
for fear of beinging beaten again

Misunderstood
or laughed at
the real me inside
struggles
as the outside smiles

Peoples wants, there dreams, there hopes
before my own these things come
so I act the fool
and take the laughs
and cry blood soaked tears

Who am I then?
if not Vincent Armone
who lurks underneath that batterd skin
who?

I am desperado
and I walk the world all alone

vincent armone

Devils

Think life sucks
that all is bad
that you have nothing
and the world is unfair
hang out with the devils
and see just what bad is

Feel free to join them in there quest
to hate all that is diffrent
all that is right and just
hang with these devils and maybe see
that your life is worth something

Worth it
family, freinds, home, food
lots go with out these
yet they dont hang with devils
and once again they got nothing

So hang with the devils
if you think your life is bad
let me know how it turns out

Bet you your going to look at life diffrent
and take it gifts more humble
because you should care about you
and because the devils of this world surely do not

Make the choice
and remember theres no taking it back

vincent armone

Diffrently, Diffrent

I am not any of you
I am me

Diffrently
Diffrent

Unique
on to my self

Diffrently
Diffrent

My thoughts
my dreams
my hopes

Diffrently
Diffrent

My pain
my joy
my life

Diffrently
Diffrent

My journeys
my set backs
my reflections

Diffrently
Diffrent

My life
my death
my legacy

Diffrently
Diffrent

My childhood
my teens
my adult life

Diffrently
Diffrent

My poems
my heart
my essence

Diffrently

Diffrent

Diffrently
Diffrent
thats me

vincent armone

Dignity

Speak now only in mind
for my mouth is ruined
see only darkness
my eyes shut by rage
feel not, for arms broken and twisted
legs now a dream
rendered motionless by the beast

Children once such a need for me
now gone, the thrusting of maddess sealed there unborn fate
even the seeds of such a horror are unable to pregnate me
for my life giver now destroyed

So as I lie broken
I feel more like the dumpster I lay with
wishing god to take me to end such horror
for I will never be a trusting women again

For I have truly been RAPED of my dignity

vincent armone

Disco inferno

Dancing until midnight
people getting down
everyone is moving
party never winding down

Coke on then bar top
7 and 7 flowing around
summer playing her new track
bad girls all around

suddenly the smoke comes
lasers flying round
disco ball starts spinning
whole place is getting down

quickly the haze lifts
a man in a white suit stands alone
does one the greatest dance sequences, ever to be know

3: 45 the count down
time to pack it up
listen for the last dance
then dance out into the sun

vincent armone

Doctors at the beach

Dirty needles
med waste too
some plastic gloves
a used tounge depressor
and some human goo

Slimy bags
with xxx writen across
a condom floats by
what was that used for
walking in the ocean
amazed at what you find

A hospital gown
maybe a heart or two
a liver
which you hope aint from some one you knew

Its is fantastic what doctors can do
use the beach as there office
get away with it to

Soon there wont be a beach
just a human waste dumping ground

For the doctors to throw away
the disreguarded parts of me and
all of you

vincent armone

Doug Doug

Doug Doug oh quess what I have done
you hate everything, you hate life
should have not introduced me to wife
work is work should have kept it at that
but you brought her in, and your four spoiled brats

You laughed and you giggled
your fat belly a wiggled
all the workers also laughed and jiggled

But she stood still
no happiness in her eyes
but she looked at me
caught looking at her tighs

Her face almost a smile
she nods her head down the aisle
should I follow, yes just for awhile

Doug Doug oh guess what I have done
see who is laughing now
having all the secret fun

Doug Doug
I hate you for ever
you huge fat bum

vincent armone

dreaming a dream

Dreaming of a dream
A dream were skies are blue oceans are clear and life scared
Dreaming of dream
were a dream of peace and love rule and hate is a myth
Dreaming of a dream
having food for all, and all not thirst
Dreaming of a dream

Dreaming of a dream
were skin color is just that, us all just one
Dreaming a dream
no pain, war the only true crime
Dreaming a dream
were the rich give, and the poor have a chance
Dreaming a dream

Dreaming a dream
were we can look on a future of happiness'
Dreaming a dream
were the children are the future
Dream a dream
were lives are fullfilled, and getting old is not a bad thing
Dreaming a dream

World wonderess, happy, clean, perfect

Dreaming a dream

vincent armone

drinking draino and eatting glass

Living a life were people everyday are so evil and hate each other
is like drinking draino and eatting glass
it burns you inside and bleeds you slowly to death
my god what animals we have become

vincent armone

Driving drunk

Car all over the place
can not keep it on the road
but that does not matter you are only five miles from home

Off the divider, almost into a pole
back in the middle
almost home

The light turns red, but see you do not
right through the intersection never did you stop
hitting a mini van with such a great force
the people in the other car were dead instantly of course

You wake in the hospital handcuffed
to the bed
just found about the five kids and mom
that you made dead

So you lay in bed and wonder why you survived
because now you have to live with the quilt for the rest of your fucking life

vincent armone

Driving the bus

People always tell me
there going to hell and driving the bus
to which I reply
yea then you are taking all of us

These people think there the only ones
who sin
done shit that no one ever did

Guess what people you are not the only ones
I been driving my own bus and guess what
sometimes its fun

So lets make this easy
And I will join you for the ride
bring some beer and some food
some hot girls too

Yea I know this poem
did not cheer you up
yes your life is still all fucked up

But just remember a thing or too
you are human and theres nothing about that
you can do

So if were going to hell may
as well enjoy the trip because when we
get there I here the place is shit.

vincent armone

Earth and turkey

The earth and a turkey
one and the same
both now being cooked
the very same way

In the oven
or deep fryed
both are crispy on the outside, and juicy
on the inside

Nice and brown
give them both plenty of time to defrost
get rid of the ice at any cost.

Cook for 6 hours
or 200 hundred years
the earth and the turkey are done three cheers

Look at them both
it was nice cooking them we all had fun

Now stick the fork in make sure its done
and when your done pass the nice hot sun

Earth and a turkey
one and the same
thats god dam insane

vincent armone

eatting my own feses

And I wiped, oh so soft my anus is
from my butt I raised the soiled remains on my colon
oh the joy my eyes see, white with brown wonder
my lips tremble as I bring this joy close
first smelling, then tasting

My senses explode as the brown and white warmth melts
slowly on my tounge leaps, dancing its prize to my waiting gullet
bits of corn add bonus to already ravonus rapture
and with glee full swallow the appertizer is gone
but the meal awaits floating just below my human oven

vincent armone

edan with burn for both

Playing with others when commitment rotting
Eden will burn for both
when each other no longer need
seek breaking
lies are hard on life

love is easy when ids need satisfing
heart break is harder when soul purged
so love who you want, but make sure attached not
true love is true love and lust is just that lust
so play with others when commitment is rotting
remember eden will eventully burn for you both

vincent armone

Eggs all in one basket

I went to the store
brought my eggs
took them home
and put them all in one basket

Should have saved at least a few
but i needed the basket to be big and full

Went to reach without a look
skimmed the basket thats all it took

To the floor they all did smash
now I got nothing
but heart ache that just lasts

putting all your eggs in one basket
is really dumb
because when the basket falls
your life is truly done

It happens we as humans sometimes leave nothing
to chance
and when your eggs are gone
there is no second chance

vincent armone

End of days, begining of days

Light now dark
oceans dry
lava boils
crops die
animals vanish
plaques envelop
chaos rules
earth quakes swallow citys
famine kills millions
religion no longer matters
nations send fire to each other sides
earth once blue now brown
noise now silence
hot now cold

Night becomes day
sticks become trees
rain drops make oceans
volcanos lava now vast land scapes
earth brown now blue
new animals appear
a egg now a bird
weeds become flowers
chaos now calm
death now life
2007 now 4355

Ends of days
Begining of days
lets not have to choose
lets do whats right
before it is the end
of me and all of you

vincent armone

Entering heaven on a loop hole

We all pray to the mighty god above
knowing he will take us in when our time here is done
but in the mean time we must not sin, judged at the gates we will be
before we are let in

Standing at the enterance to the place we all sought
the angel will look at our story and all the our evil thoughts

Pointing with a finger he will say
why should I let you into the heavenly kingdom today

Riseing from your knees look him straight in his eyes
because god loves me and will for all time

With a smile the angel will open up the gate

You got me on a loop hole so I have to let you in
was going to do it anyway but that would have been a sin

Walking into heaven you turn and kneel once more
thank you precisous angel for opening gods door
sorry for the loop hole I just could not go on with out him any more.

for Lauren thanks for the insperation

vincent armone

EPIC

Thy first four steeped in the muted nergo
thy id sleeps the formative sleep
oh but a vast the 6th brings lifes light
clouded gray but non the less lifes light

ajoy the passion of growing years
were truths are kept in invisable closets
with thy coming sorrows

jump in with self no one will tell thee what shall do
for long legs mean stride on ones own journey

ahh but now lies hidden in growing years come hench
fear despair reilze once games of years 6th no more

roses yes could smell
but funny tho being works not

now of erodeing skin
in slumber of down
thy kin awaiting desitny
once now get it
only in thy darkest hour
that being is not just being but

EPIC

vincent armone

Etched in black granite

Our brave men and women
forever to be remembered
in etched black granite

They fight for there country
with out question
hesitation
or fear
and how will we remember them
in etched black granite

Sons and daughters who were once whole
now return
in pieces
there mind as well as there limbs gone
and how will we remember them
in etched black granite

America the beautifull
land of spacious skys
and purple moutains majesty
yet our troops fight in a land
of death and torture and for what
oh yes so we can see there names
forever etched in black granite

It is time to bring our sons and daugthers home
to there moms and dads
to the country that truly loves them
they are the real heros
but like the song says
58,000 soliders on the wall 58,000 soliders
if one of those soliders should happen to fall
58,001 soliders etched on the black wall

The president lied
our men and women
now die
forever etched in black granite

vincent armone

Evil

Evil
blistering
unforgiving
pounding on your mind
feasting
ravenous on captured hearts
and weaked souls

Evil is a smile
with dark intentions
hiding hate
longing for revenge
on the innocent
the faithful

Evil will kill
it self to get to you
with out pity
or remorse
it strikes
without fear of the after life
or judgement

Evil
walks
talks
eats
works
lives
sleeps
hopes
dreams
among us all
and evil will be the end
of us all.

vincent armone

Evil 3

Evil
in the hearts of people
in the heads of people
in the soul of people

Evil
will let you drive home drunk
will let you blame yourself hurting others
will let you be alone at times needed most

Evil
cares if bills cant get paid
cares if you over spend
cares if it not them spent on

Evil
looks at you and lies
looks at you and laughs
looks at you and hungers for weakness

Evil
wont piss on you if on fire
wont help you if hurting
wont care if you die

Three kinds
Evil
Eviler
Evilest

You can run
but you cant hide from
Evil

vincent armone

Evil part II

Into a blank face peer
wonder were thy features
long since known
have gone
oh how could such
be lost
and comtempt
is all that is left

For the face that smiles
is the face that is

EVIL

vincent armone

Explain

Explain
hurt
race
death
religon
terrisom
murder
politics

In a world of
sun
water
beauty
animals
blue skys
flowers
children playing
life

Explain

vincent armone

Face to Face

And I came face to face with hate
meet it, spoke to it, understood it
let it into my world, worked with it, lived with it, was freinds with it
took vacations it was there, even slept with it, embraced it, loved it

I came face to face with hate
meet it, spoke to it, understood it.

vincent armone

fake life not real in darkness it comes

In black and white I run from creatures of mens imagnation
running now in quicksand they close.
screams are mute as hands close in
now palms trees save I from death

Oceans of pink I fly to moutain tops of vanilla ice cream
only to be trapped by stalkers of man
with lightnind speed comes the savior
invisable yet I hear the bells and see the steam smell the coals
up on table as beasts flee I just miss being hit

snap and gone over I turn to see death grab me
sweat pours as darkness now light
not sure to move until reality certain

when safe to move from covers
I do rest can wait until I am ready
for realitys imagened

vincent armone

Falling

Falling in to and endless well of despair
Tumbling over and over, screaming only in my mind
falling in to and endless well of despair
Hitting the bottom to me would be a relief

DEATH AHH SO APPEALING
WHEN DESPAIR IS YOUR ONLY FREIND

vincent armone

fantasy lunch

Wrapped in my lovers arms
I feel her warm breath falling on my shoulder as she sleeps
her hand cascades over my chest
caressing my side ever so gently

Oh how are love making exploded
in to a frenzy of orgasmic bliss
tounges finding each others sweet spots
fingers searching each others bodies
with grace and passion

But our lunch hour is almost over
and we must return to being married to others
for our job mates await our return
I slowly nudge my lover
and with a mornful grunt
her eyes open
and our fantasy lunch is over

UNTIL TOMOROW

vincent armone

Fear the option

opened a locked door without a key.
Feared the option.
to stand there, alone and just hate.
boy what a waste of life.
so opened a locked door without a key

Simply Feared the option

vincent armone

Feels like to be me

Like Walking across broken glass
and having everyone laugh at you

Like being kicked in the head
as children spit at you

Like your the only person on the face of the earth
that looks like you do

Like being dammed by your parents
for being born

Like a piece of garbage
that a dog wont even pee on

Like not even being picked last for a base ball game
even though you are the only guy left to pick

Like trying to cry because of the lonelyness I feel
and my tears have abandened me

That what It feels like
to be me

vincent armone

Flames outside my closet door

Dear god please dont let me burn
I will do all my home work. and play games with my sister
even give her extra turns

I am sorry god
why are you mad at me
did I hurt mommy and daddy
is my house on fire because of me

Please god oh please

dont let the flames at my closet door come and get me

Thank you god you sent this man with a mask
you can bet that you will see me from now on at
sunday mass

vincent armone

Forever

laying in my half suit
I look at familar faces through sewn eyelids
my voice forever silenced

Pity me not
for I am in now at a better place
and one day we all
will be reuntied

FOREVER

vincent armone

forgive me

Jesus please forgive me
now in the hour of my death

Forgive all the wrongs
all the years of non faith
and all the hurts I caused

As I lay in my bed alone
family long gone
I beg for mercy
please here my plea

Forgive me oh lord
as my last breath is taken
and darkness closes over my eyes forever

Jesus I know now
about faith
and the need to believe
and I beg to enter your kingdom reborn

To walk among angels
to sit at your side
to live finaly in peace

Jesus I beg you
my time is here
and judgement is coming
in heaven or hell
amen

vincent armone

Forgotten people

My new work
my new life
among the forgotten people

The forgotten people
they walk little
speak even less
and have a heart bigger then most

People like you and me
but we call them diffrent
special and challenged

Pushed to the back room of society
they yearn for just a little contact
a couple of minutes to feel human
to feel alive

The forgotten people
know I walk among them
proud and honered
to give a second of my time

To be, like them human

vincent armone

Fork in the road (haiku)

Life is like a fork in the road
choose the wrong road
and lost you will become

vincent armone

Franklins fishes

Franklin went fishing in his favorite dream
Franklin fishes to him never mean
thats why Franklin only fishes in his dreams

Franklin can fish as long as he likes
that is until his brain turns on his lights
no monsters here no time for such frights
cause the fishing good all Franklins nights

Franklin Franklin such a good boy
Franklins dream fishes his simple life joy

vincent armone

freindless

I need freinds I am so lonely
I work with people who hate me
I sit at bars alone
I read because people on tv have more freinds then me
I think I am a freak

So I watch everyone on a broadwalk holding hands and laughing
so I see freinds eatting and have a great time
so I look at the power of freindship
so what that I have no such thing

Go to movies by myself as others share popcorn I eat alone
go to malls and watch shoppers frolicking with each other
go to ball games and see fathers and son embrace
go and come alone always

I have always been alone and it hurts
hurts so bad I cant standing living
all I ask for, all I need is someone who likes me for me
a person who over looks my problems

I want a freind god
please I beg you

vincent armone

Freinds and doors

Open the door
let just one freind in
laugh with them, enjoy there gift
for when they leave through the same door which they entered
its oh so lonely on both sides

Freinds and doors

vincent armone

fried grapes, juiceless

Fried Grapes, juiceless
human fruit beaten, wasted
no longer nurished be earth riches
instead poisoned by its occupents
shirvled, old for so young, shamed
grapes always become raisons
sad but true and sometimes quicker then we like

Fried Grapes, juiceless

vincent armone

From the mind of poet-69

Note these poems are from poet-69 and published here on Vincent Armone page enjoy

THE BLIND

Killing because of
Hateing because of
Destroying because of

All of the above because of us
us
THE BLIND

vincent armone

frozen dinners

The box says it will fill you up right
whats on the back will fill you with fright
3000 calories
6000 millagrams of salt
1000 calories from fat
but wait theres more
inside the box is not one serving but two
this kind of meal seems like its designed to kill you

225% of daily value from the salt
87% of daily value is from fat
those are not just numbers
there deadly facts

No wonder why we have high blood pressure
and obesity too
because they feed us this shit
and our kids too

Swansons the worst
the xxx turkeys a joke
Dont believe me
look on the back
what you see will make you choke

Frozen dinners death in a box
and if you eat them thats were you will end up
in a big box.

vincent armone

Fullfillment

Feeling red hot-first time in years
shivering down to my tempted soul
I look in secret at a another
Another
that I can not touch
I can not taste
I can not have

Vows yes I have made
to a life partner now silent
in voice
in bed
in heart
next generations
keep our broken partnership together

Wrong to act
on impluses now yelling
for fullfillment
get me wrong not
this other knows not of my wants
so I suffer inside and out
walking alone among her beauty

God sets the rules
the devil finds the loop holes
and I serve a life sentece

I
AM
SO
HURTING
FOR
FULLFILLMENT

SELFISH AINT I

vincent armone

Funny poem(1)

Shorts at macys 25 dollars
trying them on to see if they fit zero dollars
walking to the check out in your underwear because you forgot to put back on your pants priceless.

vincent armone

Give me your sins

Give me your sins
like Jesus I will gladly take them

Take them if it eases your suffering
if it helps the you heal

Give them to me
and I will carry them to my death

If your sins
lifted from your shoulders
helps one child laugh
helps one plant grow
helps one person love
helps one animal from the brink of extiction
helps one race understand other
helps one world unite

Then give me your sins

vincent armone

glass beast

In the mirror stood the beast
So wrech, so vile, so hideous, so self
with hand outward thrust smashed the beast
yet staring through broken shards it remained

Licking the blood rain the beasts teeth now savage
eyes remained fixed as pain now more in head then flesh
this thing this abomation this diesese must surrender to fate

Glass lifted from darkend sink the virius the filth cuts deep
blood red seeps then pours like cool picture of summer aid
flowing the beast finaly sucumbes to hard tears

This waste this animal now looking in the mirror only now sees not
beast but flesh and blood and life, so easliy take by hand
with finger stained red the beast closes brite white
and like so many others of his ilk now reliezes to late

That life taken is a life wasted
and darkess took him

vincent armone

Good by to darkness

In a booth at the back of the dinner
darkness sits
no smile
hands folded
Its waits for me
afraid
of a freindship it knows is lost

Slideing opposite
I talk quickly
Not giving it a chance to speak

Its over
I have found the light
found who I am
found my purpose
together we have traveled many miles
and you were always there for me
but now we must part forever

With out word darkness stands
knowing its been defeated
looking about the partons
it spots its target
and moves in
It sits with its new freind
and they embrace
darkness has found a new freind
and there journey has just begun.

vincent armone

Good bye Vin miss you

Today is this old dogs last day.
I pack up the shadows of wasted life.
I toss the bag in the trash.
the old vin is gone.

40 years of being a kid.
of dodging responsbiltys over
come monday I am reborn.
the jester has left the building.

For now I see what I must do to become a man.
come monday I finally grow up.

vincent armone

good luck, good night, good bye

made up mine, i want to die
to my son its not your fault daddy was sick I love you
to my wife sorry to leave you with such burdens, you deserved better
to my girl freind no regrets, sorry for this pain I will and have caused
to my mom and dad, your son failed, my fault, not yours
to my brother live long and free love you
to my whole family this last beer is on me
to my freinds oh wait I have none
and to all who have pushed a desperate man to the edge of maddness
good luck, good night, good bye
THIS IS THE LAST POEM MY SON EVER WROTE
FROM HIS PAPER TO THIS SCREEN I HONER HIM
AND TO ALL PARENTS WHO HAVE LOST CHILDREN
TO SUICIDE YOUR I FEEL YOUR PAIN

RIP VINCENT ARMONE 1970-2009

vincent armone

good night and good luck

Its over for me
writing
loving
wanting
hurting
living

So much I to live for
wife
son
mom
dad
freinds

Yet I suffer
through days of pain
weeks of nightmares
years of horrors

My 250 pound body
my self doubt
my panic

So this is the last I write
no more words
no more hurts
no more anything
for me that is, others will shoulder my load
COWARD?

To all I say
Its been a long strange trip

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD LUCK

vincent armone

grampa

Like that he came to me years long gone not I thought and he came.
down never a chance to say goodbye to young was I to morn.
now 39 years into my life he came and more then a dream it was.
on a street so long ago lived he sat in a room of glass.
spoke not a word, raised not a hand, smile all he did.
then I knew he watched me, knew he came back to watch over me.
like that I was awake, happy to have seen him sad that again gone.
but not forever for I will see him again.
walk in the kingdom with him. be eternial with him.
people come and people go.
but life is truly forever.

To my grandfather
now I know that your passing was temporay
will see you soon
love vincent.

but my grandfather showed me we do indeed live forever.

vincent armone

Granted a true story

Riding the railed chailice, given applied darkness.
life in the hands of hopefully skilled attenders.
and machines not out sourced.
for me there was not light at end of tunnel.
awakening was the light.
and life never again will be taken by me for granted.

A true story
had triple bypass surgery on nov 2 2009 at age 39
life is a gift

vincent armone

Grass widow

She paces her bed room alone
a grass widow
she knew he was lieing that he was single
but she cared not
she smashes her fist against a wall
a women scorned
a grass widow

He left her
no care
no reason
yet she cries for him
she still wants him
a grass widow

Her friends told her she was being used
told her it was a mistake
that he only cared about him self
now he lies in the arms of his wife
and she falls face first into her pillows and weeps
a grass widow

vincent armone

Greener on the other side

The grass is always greener on the other side
when the women aint your wife and tells you sweet lies

Like a dog you follow
fetch and obey
she is six foot and blonde
you are the office hero today

Pulling in your drive
never looking at your grass
were two kids are playing
and your wife eagerly awaits your ass

The grass is always greener on the other side
and the price you pay for it
is living a lie

vincent armone

growing old

I am fat yes
bald on top too
grays are showing
my body aches through

No longer young
do the things I did
but no regrets
I dont want to go back to being a kid

The young girls walk by
never looking my way
thats all fine
they too will be old some day

My wife oh she is my rock
growing old with her
makes me smile alot

So just because I age
my marbles all not there
please remember I am human
show a little care

One day I will be gone
old you will be
wishing people treated you
with care and dignty

Growing old it aint so bad

vincent armone

growing up brooklyn

Brooklyn you make the young grow fast
never giving kids even the silghtest chance
walked the streets so young, looking for god knows what
parents were house bound doing god knows what

Italians that all we knew, if you diffrent in or neihborhood god help you
back in those days getting beat was a rule
if you did not fight back, they would contiune to beat you

On the forth the blocks were a flame
blasts from dynamite man insane
emergeny rooms packed with the burned and maned

Grow up in Brooklyn if you survied you still were not the same
for growing up in brooklyn was and is a life changing game

vincent armone

Haiku (2) boilling water

Pot of boiling water
testing it with finger
yep its hot!

vincent armone

Haiku (blind)

No joy
no cares
blind

vincent armone

Haiku bathroom walls

they paint these walls to hide my pen
but the shit house poet strikes again

vincent armone

Haiku(10) my last one

This the last haiku I write
did I enjoy writing them
like sex I will be coming back for more

vincent armone

Haiku(3) lesson

Freinds, bridge
you jump
they dont! lesson learned

vincent armone

Haiku(4) hurt

A harsh word
a broken heart
hurt!

vincent armone

Haiku(5) alone

No feelings
no hope
no future, truly alone

vincent armone

Haiku(6) Finger slammed in a car door

Car door open
car door slammed
finger mashed against steel, pain dam it hurts

vincent armone

Haiku(7) winners and losers

Winners shakes your hand
Loser shakes there own

vincent armone

Haiku(8) Death and taxes

Death life over
taxes life over
death and taxes the only sure things

vincent armone

Haiku(9) snakes

Snakes bite its what they do
aren't people odd

vincent armone

Haiku(Backwards)

nI a dlrow erew yreve gniht si ssa sdrawkcab
yhw tnod ew lla tsuj noij ni
sti sseltniop ot tsiser

vincent armone

Haiku(bite the hand)

Never bite the hand that feeds
unless of course
it is your hand

vincent armone

Haiku(eyes)

Eyes only work
if you open them
and truly see

vincent armone

Haiku(I am a lion) for C.C

But up your dukes a lion I am
just dont hit me to hard
I bruise easy and I am afraid of scars

vincent armone

Haiku(lemons)

When life hands you lemons
hand them back

vincent armone

Haiku(mad at my cherrios)

Cherrios are happy all the dam time
I guess that why I am so mad at them

vincent armone

Haiku(obesity)

I tell people
I am in shape
I am round

vincent armone

Haiku(people and fried ice cream)

People are like fried ice cream
hot on the outside, cold on the inside
and protected by a thin shell

vincent armone

Haiku(rule of thumb)

The width of a finger
a husbands law
a wifes punishment

vincent armone

Haiku(smile)

A smile
is a frown
is disguise

vincent armone

Haiku(taste my tears)

Wipe my tears,
with long gentle fingers,
taste them, taste my hurt.

vincent armone

Haiku(tree roots)

A tree like people
is only as strong as the roots
and the ground they are planted in

vincent armone

Haiku(two wrongs)

Two wrongs dont make a right
right?
wrong! ! ! !

vincent armone

Hakiu(salty tears)

There is a reason why tears are salty
because they are just not good for you
cry and see if I am right

vincent armone

hands are over rated

Reaching out to you with no hands
will you reach back
understanding that even in the face of diversity
humans are just that human
to be respected and honered
same and diffrent
hands are so over rated.

vincent armone

happy happy happy poem

for those who want a happy poem
a loving poem
a walk hand and hand across a moon lit beach
a kiss under a waterfall
a whisper I love you in a crowded room
making love on our honeymoon
a chicken soup made with love when ill
your my angel
till death do us part
married 70 years
5 children
19 grandchildren
bounce then on your knee
being called nana and pop pop
we love u mom and dad
POEM

TA DA LIFE CAN BE HAPPY
IT UP TO YOU

SO THERE HAPPY
YEP I AM FEELS GOOD

vincent armone

Happy times

Happiness
I want to take it and smash it on the floor
its such a liar

Only a mask to blind you from the truths
Happiness folks lays in bed with despair

They under the covers plan our demise
give us hope and all its promise
only to take it away and crush us

Happiness what a joke
the crulest gift of all
takith and givith away

Happiness you can have it
I am a realiest
And want to take happiness
and smash it on the floor

vincent armone

hard teen

The joy of teen years, so much life ahead, so much hurt
oh how the teens played, as I looked on in longing, curtains for cover
porno taught me the wrong kind of birds and bees
food and lonelyness became and my parents
my life chose for me by the abcess of all others

So I walked the streets alone, school just a word
no direction would lead me to write path or true home
became a follower of misguided souls
on journys to absolute no were

Bathing forget it, I cared not I stunk
by placing me in the forgotten back of room teachers hid me
classmates used me as battering ram
as so called teachers looked on with stought indiffrence

Guidence only stop me from plunging from window
because of fear of libaless
noboby cared because not them

Being a teen is hard
You got that right I have been there

vincent armone

Has my time passed

Thousands of words have flowed
from my honest fingers
reaching masses worlds away
my dream of being a writer relized

My fans full
yet hunger for more
but has my time passed

Has my time passed
should my thoughts go silent
should my fingers stop walking
should screens that my words touch
go blank and lifeless
has my time passed

Stepping aside
should I let others
take the journey I have endured
has my time passed

Put my poems to sleep
on hard disks
letting them dream
of one day being unveiled to
audiences a new
has my time passed

I walk to new places
free and comfortable
wondering
has my time passed
should I stop writing for all of you
has my time passed
is it time to start a new

vincent armone

hate myself

Hate everything about me
my hair
my body
my eyes
my life

Oh how I wish death would take me
for I am to coward to do the deed myself
this I even fail at

With eyes down I walk
with saddness I live
and with hopelessness I sleep

For when you truly hate who you are
Salvation is for others
and misrey is your only company

Oh how I hate myself
just wanted you to feel what its like
sorry like iI said misery love company

vincent armone

Hello

No anger
no hidden agendas
no double meanings
Just a freindly hello
from me to you

Hello
need reason to say it
just a gesture of good will
in a world that has for gotten the meaning

Just a freindly hello
from me to you

You can keep walking
or give a slight nod of the head
maybe a smile
or a hello back my freind

just a freindly hello
from me to you

Hello a small word
with big heart
brightens days
softens the edges of stressful events
lets people know that maybe they matter

Just a freindly hello
from me to you

So try it with some one you know
or dont know
you may be surprised
they may say hello back
and trust me good feelings
will be recognized

Just a freindly hello
from me to you

vincent armone

Hello poets

To whom it may concern
this message is for you
thanks for all your thoughts
and feelings they help me get through

Day after day
I sit amazed
at the talent thats flashed across the page

Some are from the young
and some from the old
they both have storys
needed to be told

I type my hearts true
hoping that my message
gets back to all of you

So in conclusion
I just wanted to really say
hello my fellow poets
glad we could share our minds
and hearts forever and today.

vincent armone

HER

I loved her
with every ounce of my being
her smile
her tears
her very soul

I loved her
in pain
in happines
everything her
made me live

I loved her
when times got bad
and doubt crept into our lives
when money dried up
and the end seemed a given

I loved her
when a child was not her plans
and when her choice mattered over mine

I loved her
when long hours kept us apart
and our bed grew cold

I loved her
when temptaion took her
and guilt would not let her go

I loved her
willing to stick it out give it another chance
forgiving vows broken

I loved her
when i held her in a pool of red
tears still visiable on pale white cheeks

I loved her
when family blamed me
and lonliness became my only freind

I LOVED HER
AND ALWAYS WILL
UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

OH HOW I LOVED HER

vincent armone

Here we go again

Welcome everyone Colombine part 2
but this time the number of dead is 32
students wanting to learn to better themselfs
but all they got is dead instead

We are a country that just dont learn
and Virgina tech is the hard lesson
we earned.

I am just sick with grief
that stuff like this can happen to people
is to me beyond belief

We are the greatest nation on earth
and we take it for granted
as we watch our childern get brutetly planted

Today opened Colombine 2
and it was better than the first
because the killing and misery were up
a notch or two

This I hope is the final chapter
but it wont be
as long as there our more kids to go after.

vincent armone

Hi my name is Vincent whats yours

Hi my name is Vincent whats yours
want to splash in a puddle with me just for the sake of it.
go to a movie and escape for two hours.
walk on the beach and run in the waves.
want to walk and talk get to now each other.
would you like to go eat, enjoy true freind freindship.
it okay if you say no, I mean you dont even know me, want to.
no well okay see you. will take rain check.

Hey you reading these words yes you.
Hi my name is Vincent whats yours

vincent armone

Homeless

I sleep alone on painted wood
the names of lovers forever etched in the rottining slots
birds my only freinds
newspaper my blanket
my memorys long since departed

The wind my music
survival my hobby
shelthers my prison
money my laughing ghost

My clothes, rags and sticking decay
my teeth, black stubs like crushed cigarette butts
my hair a door mat, entrenced with dirt

Family swirls in and out of my black dreams
faces long gone
reduced to blurry images
and voices long muted

I am Homeless

vincent armone

Hustler

I am hustler
con you out of your first born
take all the money you have
disappear way before the crack of dawn
cause I am a h-u-s-t-l-e-r
hustler

Dam I aint no good
born and raised in the mother fucken hood
hustled since I could crawl
the sweetest little talker
became the best of them all

I am a hustler
its all I will ever be
thats why I look out for only me
h-u-s-t-l-e-r
word I pull the trigger long
never ease down
another mother fucker gets beat down

Talk a nun out her habit
sell that shit to a priest
by a huge ring
go flaunting the bling
I am hustler
look at my walk
I can get want I dont need to talk

Brothers in the hood they think they all smart
say they aint falling for my shit
I am about to get shot

Pull out the charm
that boy is hooked
he will give the gun
and all his hoes too
Cause I am a hustler
and thats what I done

My mom calls me a bum
my dad he just prays
but the streets are hard
and staying alive is the game
so I hustle
do what I do
better watch out
cause I am coming for you

Word life yo
peace

vincent armone

I

I have spilled many tears
I have broken many hearts
I have commited many sins
I have hated for no reason
I have loved more than one
I have lost my faith
I have regained my faith
I have seen it all
I have heard it all
I have regreted a lot
I have regreted not enough
I have been there
I have done that
I have lived
I have died
I have been lost
I have been found
but most importantly
I have lived
I have loved
I have wanted
I have been wanted
I have been given
I have given
I have seen the sun shine
I have seen the sun set
I have seen a child born
I have seen a child grow
I have found true love
I have found salvtion
I have lived
I have lived long
I have lived short
I have been happy
I have been sad
But I have been
and that I am grateful for
For I am
and always will be
I

vincent armone

I am a man

Flesh that bleeds
eyes that cry
heart that breaks
soul that needs

I am a man

vincent armone

I am a New york Rangers fan

As I look at the rafters above msg
a tear rolls from my eye
the legends of the past hang with
glory and honor
11
1
2
35
need not put there names here
the numbers say it all

I have been down the roads
of horrible seasons
embarising play loses
and extreme glory

I seen dreams
crushed
and stanley cup dreams relized

Sweated through game 6 predictions
and heart stopping overtimes

Have watched banners raised
and seasons ended in the blink of an eye

Look at rivals win
cup after cup after cup after cup

Watched the devil
drive use to extiction

Yet I return season after season
carry the hopes of the fans
who bleed the same blue that I do
I am
a
RANGERS FAN
honored
proud
hopeful
RANGERS FAN
NUFF SAID

vincent armone

I am American

I am American
I am American
I am American

With honor
I stand

with justice
I side

with truth
I live

I am American
I am American
I am American

I fear not my ememys wrath
I fear not my own mortality
I fear not those who are diffrent

I am American
I am American
I am American

So hear my words
see my feelings
and embrace this nation
always remembering my words
I am American
I am American
I am American
American
now and forever

vincent armone

I am an addict

Hello my name is so many people i am a
a sex
a drug
a gambler
a alcoholic
i am an addict

A
lonely
messed up
out of work
homeless
divorced
but most of all
i am an addict

I beg for help
please free
my mind
my body
my soul
so please help me because
i am an addict

I walk alone
my place in the world long gone
i might as well be dead
why you say
well because
i am an addict

But maybe
when i see the sunshine
i hear the birds sing
i can be whole again
but dont get me wrong i know who i am
and i am an addict
and always will be

vincent armone

I am hurting so bad

I dont care anymore I want to die
have my body burned up and tossed to the wind
dont want no one to remember me
forget any kind of service
dont even think about giving me a headstone
or placing me in the earth
I am worthless and dont deserve to rott
not even worms deserve to eat such trash
I am done
a walking talking piece of human filth
who is to much a coward to even kill himself
if you pissed on me I would open my mouth
if you shit on me i would rub into my skin
and if you put a knife in my chest I would help you push it futher
to walk my shoes is a life of a low life joke
so there
I want to die
and just dont care anymore

vincent armone

I am lonely

I sit here and write
with out freinds
waiting on
comments
from people unknown.

Yet day after day I type
expressing my true feelings
to a world of poets I will never meet.

Yes I know they are there reading
and writing just like me
yet I feel
broken
saddend
depressed
and most of all
I feel
alone.

vincent armone

I am marrying all the poets

In the name of the father son and the holy ghost
we are gathered here today to join vincent armone and all the poets
in holy matrinony, vincent repeat after me
I vincent
I vincent
take thee poets in holy matrinony
take thee poets in holy matrinony
to love and to cherish in sickness and health
to love and to cherish in sickness and health
for rich or poorer
for rich or poorer
till death do you part
till death do you part
now vincent would like to say his vows

I vincent for 5 years have loved all that the poets
with tears and joy you have been my back bone my rock
you have been my true freind my only freind
and I will love you for ever
I am honered to become one with you
I will give my life to you
and will never want for nothing with you by my side

with the power vested in me by the state of all poets
I now pronounce you husband and wife you may kiss the poets

vincent armone

I become famous

my fifteen minutes are coming.
scared out of my mind I am.
for I see this event as not of doom.
but of getting what I wish for.
to be famous.
yet the picture of how I become is clouded.
in hiding I want to go.

But do no good it will do.
for you cant hide from fate.
so I will take my fiffteen and maybe more
ride the journey till my destiny fullfilled
so watch out world here I come you asked for it
and may god watch over my soul
for I am no longer from this day just one of us
I am known and my world will never be the same

vincent armone

I god dam hate myself

The truth is I god dam hate myself
dont care if I dropp dead
40 years of feeling like a lump of shit
I have had enough
do nothing right
hurt people
lazy fat load
a kid in a mans body
people laugh at not with
would not piss on my head if on fire
why?
because I god dam hate myself
and how can others believe in me
if I dont believe in myself
so there you have one person truth'
sad yes
but who cares
Certainly not me

vincent armone

I hate myselfs

I hate myselfs
every bones
every piece of flesh
every rotten organs
I hate myselfs

My very essences is rotten
my hearts a soild block of dry ice
my souls shattered and lost
I hate myselfs

wont kill myself
there are to many personalites I would
have to take with me

All yelling for attention
all wanting to be up front and alive
not hiding behind my eyes
in a brain that does not now
who it is
I hate myselfs

I walk alone
but hear voices
I sleep alone
but with many
I cry
and they laugh
I hate myselfs

Self the center of a healthy personality
yea try telling that to the 7 guys there right now
I hate myself
I hate myself
I hate myself
I hate myself
I hate myself
I hate myself
I hate myself

vincent armone

I have

I have tasted another women
kissed her lips
put her breasts in my mouth
smelled her perfume
embraced her warmth
rubbed my erection against her stomach
I have done this

I have
gone home to my wife
looked into her trusting eyes
listened to her soft breathing as she slept
dropped a single tear from my swollen eye
and prayed to god to forgive me
I have done this

I HAVE

vincent armone

I have seen

Blue
Green
Black
Red
Purple
Orange

Fire
Ice
Water
Lava

Hate
Love
Happiness
Saddness

Yellow people
Black people
White people

Boy have I lived a full life

And man oh man

I have seen
boy have I seen

vincent armone

I hear you calling

Jess I hear you calling.
but I cant come to you tonight.
I am here laying, crying in the night.
I know you dont believe me.
but I want to hold you tight.
take away the pain, take away you fright.
please forgive me, just one more night.

Jess I hear you calling.
but I cant come to you tonight.
I am here laying crying in the night.
please just forgive one more night.

vincent armone

I loved her

I wanted
I needed
I hoped
for a women
younger
single
beautiful
alive

Married
she speaks truths
to my deaf ears
sinful
morally wrong
forbidden

Freinds
years
good
bad
always

Walking away
she turned her back to me
silence
months
a life time

My sins
understood
I let her go
never kissed
never touched
bondries never broken

Yet I loved
by myself
love never to be unveiled
to a heart that does not hear me

I loved her
married or not
and when you love some one
matter it does not.

vincent armone

I need a thousand people to say a word they cant say

I dare 1000 people on this site to send me one word
just one word, and I may just think different about this ball we live on
a single word that will for alot of us be hard to write
your fingers will resist, you will have something else to do
but this is the challange, the one that may make you see if it
can be done, I dont think so, but hope I am wrong
want to know the word I want you to send me
whats the big deal about this word that i ask you write
the one that will take five seconds to type
but last a life time on your heart
well the word is

PEACE
I BET YOU A THOUSAND PEOPLE CANT WRITE IT TO ME
AND BOY THATS A SHAME

vincent armone

I pushed her

Every day I will remember her
every day I will regrent the day I let her go
It may not have been right in the eyes of god
but boy was it right in her arms

She tried to show me that love is worth a shot
cried so many tears for me the could have filled an ocean
but I was deaf to her pleas
resonsiblties to others already commited I could not break

So I pushed
then loved
pushed then loved
then pushed and she was no more

Someone was said its better to have loved and lost
then to never have loved at all
yea right

So when she is no longer around
your phone stops ringing
your time together a passing memory

look back at what you lost
and if your pain is as great as mine
its okay
at least we loved
even if it was just briefly

Love it left when she did
love I understand the meaning now
just a little to late

vincent armone

I remember

When I truly came alive.
age 4 first memory stepping from a car.
my first true memory A school.
thats my eyes first true vision

And thats the first thing.
 I REMEMBER.

vincent armone

I said the burdens

Work long and never ending
bills of emormous size
kids, hungery waiting mouths
spouse expecting other

I said the burdens

Sleep distant memory
pain constant reality
heart ache all too real

I said the burdens

Not younger
In a yuppy word
that moves too fast
for ageing knees

I said the burdens

Family loving
tolerent of refective out bursts
at pressures not from them

I said the burdens

Hands to my face
I weep tears of blood
for a world so wonderess
yet so hard
lifes gifts for there for taking
In a world that refuses to give them up

I said the burdens

vincent armone

I the homing pigion

Like a homing pigion
I return to my master
weary yet ready to deliver
messages once more

Days of struggle
nights of restlessness
my sick wings now healed
my thoughts now regained

With poems once again ready for delivery
I pause before taking flight
drinking in the feeling that I have returned
to the job I love

For I am a poet
and the messages must reach there destinations
bringing joy to all those who receive them

Like a homing pigion
I have returned to the skies
ready to soar again

vincent armone

I the lonely suffer

Fear keeps me hidden
afraid to venture far from my solitude
as voices inside remain un silent

larger than most
not attractive as most
not as popular as most
I hide
always thinking eyes ar upon me

so I linger
in shame
waiting for hope to appear
knowing it wont

and only I the lonly suffer

vincent armone

I the tender heart

Quick to accept those how tresspass against me
to easy to see goodness in all
hurt to often
tears oh some common

I the tender heart

Will not judge others
treating everyone with respect
often getting none back
walking in the shadows to hide sorrows
wondering if I should be like so many others

I the tender heart
Laughing on the outside
crying on the inside
like faces of drama

I the tender heart

Will give you all I have
will listen when you need
will be there in your time of hurt

I the tender heart
wonderful and loving outside
bleeding and broken on the inside

I the tender heart
a persona
playing the roles
never able to chose just one

I the tender heart

vincent armone

I walk with my eyes down

I walk with eyes down
afraid to look at people
and there unknown thoughts
afraid to be misunderstood
feeling like a visitor on this earth
they cant see the tears that fill my eyes
or the sorrow of having lost my smile

I wont kill myself
I deserve my fate
so I float on a river of tears
through lifes mysterys

I walk with my eyes down
unkept
unhonored
unloved
forever living in the shadows

So i sit here and write
behind a vale of secrecy
typeing with sprites raised and eyes down

vincent armone

I was on a misson

One day I just started to write
words flowed from my finger tips
like clear cool water in a stream
ideas exploded from my mind
like a super nova deep in space
comments from unknown voices
surgered into my ears and stayed
like a ringing that will not go away

I knew from that day what I had to do
understood my purpose on this rock in space
I called
you answered and then

I WAS ON A MISSION

On a mission
of spreading hope
of understanding
of love

To write for all of you
you who read and feel
my anger
my joy
my fears
my wants
my shame

I write because you called
and now

I AM ON A MISSON

vincent armone

I write for you

Writing for me not true
I write for the person reading
thats the honest truth

My words you see here up on the page
they are for you to think and image
escape a world thats gone insane

Writing I do love it with all my heart
and you reading is my insperation my spark
for with out you these pages would be dark

People may like what i write
hate some of it to
but thats okay what you write is true
and as long as that happens
I will keep writing for all of you.

vincent armone

Iluminated darkness

Walking evil
Iluminated darkness
searing hate
Iluminated darkess
killing because
Iluminated darkness
starvation
Iluminated darkness
polution
Iluminated darkness
greed
Iluminated darkness

Our fate
Iluminated darkness

vincent armone

in her arms

In her arms
I smelled roses in a sea of black
felt after shocks in softness
saw love in oceans of the brightest of blues

But Time had called for rising
tears flowed like rivers
hearts broke forever

Back to lives
not lived in secret
but in pain

In her arms
the world mattered not

love is wonderess

vincent armone

in my house of pain

Now I lay to sleep, but I do not. darkess is my freind, and we must talk.
Guilt of a life half wasted, wishes wont let me go back again, do right.
yes everyone sins, but mine greater then most.
So I lie here staring at the springs above, maddness my roommate.
This cot, this concrete prison, hell behind bars.
no one to hold me and say it will be alright.
just me and maddness above
me in my house of pain.

vincent armone

In the blue

Her eyes so dazzling
so bright
her eyes to me
like being
in the blue

swiming in her iris
diving into her retinas
feeling her pupils run through my fingers
holding her color in my lungs
her eyes to me
like being
in the blue

So vast
and calm
there site enough to in snare me
to hold my heart hostage
her eyes to me
like being
in the blue

Her eyes as clean and clear
as pure melted snow
so inviteing
so captivating
so wonderess
her eyes to me
like being
in the blue

She closes her lids
and my heart sinks
yet she becons me to kiss her
closed gems
lightly i responed
and touch my lips
softly to her protective covers

Opening them once more
I sink into them
for me
like being
in the blue

vincent armone

In the hour of

In the hour of, will i be ready?
in the hour of, will you be ready?

In the hour of, will peace grip me?
in the hour of, will peace grip you?

In the hour of, will my faith be rewarded?
in the hour of, will your faith be rewared?

In the hour of, will I face it alone?
in the hour of, will you face it alone?

In the hour of, will the richness and fullness of my life be relized
in the hour of, will the richness and fullness of your life be relized

In the hour of
something we all face
but are we all ready?

In the hour of

vincent armone

In the jungle the lion sleeps tonight

Guns locked and loaded
equipment lite
game faces on
tonight they walk
like ghosts
searching the jungle for the lion

Bottom of the barrel guys
sent to the nam
the phony brave, and the crazy few
grunts
sleep no
eat no
fear no
survive yes
searching the jungle for the lion

Night here in this place
lasts for days
rain for years
yet they walk
heads down
eyes up
searching the jungle for the lion

1968
1969
who knows
time stands still
in hell
still walking
searching the jungle for the lion

back to camp
no one killed
they sleep before they lay down

Time roles on like a shot
night rules here
locked and loaded again
for in the jungle the lion sleeps tonight
and this time they might wake him

vincent armone

In the name of your religon?

Kill
in the name of your religon?

Hate
all those who share not your beliefs
in the name of your religon?

Blame not your selfs
for all those who suffer because of thee
in the name of your religon?

Weep for your innocent women and childern who have been killed
screaming injustice
yet sending them to death is okay
in the name of religon?

Your ememys gone
will your struggles be over
will food rain from the heavens
and order flow from the sea
will women be nothing more then cattle
to be used and eaten
will the evil country burn
as every one of your men has a gun in there hand
and bullets fly in the air
do you believe all this will happen

IN THE NAME OF YOUR RELIGON?

vincent armone

innocence kept

laying in bed, my freind in the next bed snores the beast snore
my eyes transfixed, on a image in the next room
this image bounced of the door window
her body in the next room looks so close
her youth so beautiful, and so wrong
for I know the undress is approching
unaware she lifts her shirt
her back, her hair, sends wrongful shivers
then she turns
so do I
for temptaion is the root of all evil
and I will not rob this girl of innocene
even if in secret

vincent armone

Iraq poem(2) One limb, two limb, how about no limbs

One limb
two limb
the guy in the next bed has no limbs

One limb
two limb
when we get home that wont even give us fake limbs

One limb
two limb
my buddy lost his head and his limbs

One limb
two limb
to many body parts lost what a sin

One limb
two limb
at least the president has both his limbs

One limb
two limb
No limbs
fighting in another war we can not win

vincent armone

Iraq poem(3) ka boom

Ka boom went our hummvee
in a cloud out dust
tossed into the sand
with a mighty thurst

Ka boom theres another
nothing but ringing in my ears
I had enough of this shit been here to many years

Ka boom dam there attacking
bullets all around
do like they told me and stay low to the ground

Ka boom that was close
oh shit they got me I am fucking toast

vincent armone

Iraq poem(4) bullets and billonares

Surveys of the land done with care the sand
rich with black gold the smell of money in the air
blow up the pipe lines we will but them out
send in our best with out a doubt
we are from texas land of the free
I will shoot anyone who comes close to me
with a team of hundreds we walk talk tall
but if we are captured give some one else a call

The oil is out there
dam its worth the risk
the diffrence between bullets and billonares
billonares dont miss, going to be bathing soon in an oil slick

So give us the contracts
we want them please
for that oil we will kill everyone of those sand fleas

vincent armone

Iraq war poem(1) writing mom

Some once said
hell is the imposiblity of reason
thats whats this place feels like mom hell

We sleep all day mom
and drive all night like ghosts thru the desert
no one talks
no one
talking out here could get you killed
thats as little as it takes

I miss you mom so much
in a half hour
its back to patrol
back to the sand
I may make it home in one piece
but I will never be whole again
none of us will
shit gun fire
dont panic its routine
kiss grandma for me
see you soon
love chris.

vincent armone

It could be better

It could be better
it could be better
it could be better
it could be better

This is the same shit I always hear

When I ask how are you doing
or whats going on
it could be better you say
yea ass wipe guess what move on

You think it could be better
you think your life is so bad
try being a virgina tech students mom or dad

My bills are pileing up, dont know what to do
at least you got bills
you could be homeless with out shoes

It could be better
what a crock of shit
be thankful your alive
now hit the bricks

vincent armone

It was horrible

Thinking nothing my addiction ruled
the id have won, and pleasure was my prize
down dark halls I enter doors, were untouchables
danced behind unbreakable glass
were dollar after dollar kept the fantasy alive
untill my earth shattering climax

But it was not enough
and the cloud over my brain
became a dense fog
from dens of pleasure, to streets of walkers, to videos
I stubbled into there aluring trap
snared forever I became the lowest socitey had to offer

left unhelped crime for me became life
In my cocoon of plastic and steal I falshed my manhood
believing unsupecting women wanted my addiction
cared not for there fear, me was all there was

So lost, and embaresed I shought means to end the pain
If not for my fear of being a civil seravent in the after life
would have completeted my time on said earth

but life is funny, and on the edge of darkness light came to me
in a dream I layed in an ambulence dead
yet hearing the keepers of my body speak of my mother
and the phone call neither want the task of doing

waking brought tears and like that it was over
I was clean, my life never did I suspect could hurt the ones I love
just like that its was over and pain ruled for years after
the yearning for young women
the passion to release in front of them
but I did not stray and happiness finaly came to me

though it will always be waitng for me just behind my eyes
I live on
nowing the world is good

Seeing it with out a cloud
loving its splendor
god gave me a second chance
and if you are addictied always believe that
and reborn you will be

vincent armone

Its 10am do you know were your poems are

You write, then leave your poems unguarded.
for a whole world of unknown eyes to view.
to possible capture.
what kind of parents are we.
to leave are most valued treasures alone.
In a world ripe to abuse them.

its 10am do you know were your poems are

vincent armone

Jessica my sweetness

Jessica my sweetness I know now your tears
every dropp painful, every dropp for me
Jessica my soul, how unfair I am to you
when all you do is love me
I all I do is break your heart
oh Jessica my sweetness

Jessica my Sweetness
I hate myself, and you are there
I want to kill myself and you are there
I push you away and you are there
Jessica my world, what am I so dam afraid of
as a coward I will not answer
Jessica my love

Jessica my Sweetness
you say I deserve happiness
to live a life in your caring arms
to never sleep alone again
Jessica my guardion
even miles away with you in the world
I am never alone
Jessica my hope

Jessica my sweetness
one day I will break from the chains of unhappines
I just hope you are there to recieve me
but understand if not
Jessica I do love you

Jessica my sweetness
patinence baby I am coming
for you just hold on
for the night is truly darkest before the dawn
Jessica my sweetness

vincent armone

Jesus at unemployment

Jesus takes a number
and finds a seat
among the mass
all the people looking broken
and beat

Hands on his face
elbows on his knees
I am out of a job he says
why did they stop believing in me

A women walks up and gets down on her knees

Jesus Is it you?
what are you doing here
what did we do

Nobody prays to me anymore
all have lost faith
and thats something that is just to hard for me to take

Jesus the women says
I know not what you mean
you are real to all of us
can that you not see

With a hush the people rise and pray
we believe in you jesus
we have always

Jesus looks at the crowd with tears in his eyes
You taught me a lesson your faces dont lie

Bless you all he says
with my love
in heaven we will meet
when your job here is done

Back to heaven I go
bless you all my sons

vincent armone

Job returning

Back to a job long since ended. dont know why I keep returning.
To faces I wish to forget, to work that mattered not.
Time matters not, but mostly its night.
punching out my card always a mess.
In to a parking lot sometimes covered by snow.
Yet my car is once again stolen.
once again its the same car as present.
no one will help me, calls to police not east.
The meaning of all this a mystery.
yet for more than a year I return.
Back to a job long since ended, dont know why I keep returning.

vincent armone

Jugs of hugs

Open up the top
grab whats inside
find a random person
and share your special prize

So it to them slowly
so they will not be afraid
then let them have it before they can run away

A hug from a jug
a hug from me to you
reach into my jug
and give some to other people too

Because loving is what everyone
everyone should do

for Joann xxxooo jugs of hugs

vincent armone

junk yards and nursing homes

Junk yards and nursing homes
they are both the same
a place to toss the old and lame

Junk yards and nursing homes
full of old wrecks but wrecks still have feelings they aint dead!
yet

Junk yards and nursing homes
people throw out there trash
cant take care of it any more Its a pain in the ass

Junk yards and nursing homes
one and the same
is that not a shame

Junk yards and nursing homes
people sometimes come by
but leave in ten minutes
not even a good by

Junk yards and nursing homes
dont want to be in either one
but a pillow over my face quick get it done

Junk yards and nursing homes
full of the broken and lost souls
so much heart ache in growing old

vincent armone

Jusitce

Justice stands by the calm lake and removes her blind fold
placeing the scales of balance at her feet
she looks at the beautiful blue expanse

Raising her sword she proclaims
with all her might
no longer blind
no longer balanced
no longer powerfull
justice has been defeated
may god help them all

Ripples break the still water
sending pulses of blue lines
towards the dry shores
the lady of the lake has awakend

Arm raised
hand open
she waits for the sword of power
to protect it
to honor it
until it is needed again

Justice tosses
the powerful sword
towards the waiting arm
end over end it flies
sun gleeming of the steel
like a thousand mirrors

Into the hand it goes
and as quick it is gone
to rest along other swords
of legends past

Justice
crying
head down
broken
walks away

Justice
no longer fair
no longer balanced
no longer blind
no longer needed

Justice now just another myth in time

vincent armone

just a dog

There was this dog
with gray and black hair
in dog years he must have been pretty old
and he was begging for food
and the strange thing about it was
that his hands looked human
what was not so strange
was that they were empty
then when leaving for my home
I wondered if he ever had one
oh well would have like to help
like everyone else
but had things to do
and its not like he was human?
he was just a dog

vincent armone

Just Imagine A 9/11 poem

Just imagine it was you and your child sitting next to each other
just imagine the questions, imagine the lies you have to tell
just imagine the horror when little eyes look up at you
just imagine mommy or daddy why is that man flying the plane
just imagine a blue day now turned eternily black
just imagine the cell phone call recieved from love one
just imagine saying I love you for the last time
just imagine that you knew you and your child were dead
just imagine you pray that it would end alright, knowing thats a lie
just imagine a little hand grabing yours as confusion reigns
just imagine you see buildings closer then they should be
just imagine mommy or daddy I have to go to the bathroom
just imagine the smile you give just before you and child are no more

Just imagine what all went through that day
just imagine it was you
just imagine if we ever let it happen again
just imagine if we stop it the next time

Just imagine

vincent armone

Just out of reach

Just out of reach
I almost had her
but like my happiness
she was just out of reach

My hands bound by vows
I struggled to break the chains
unable maybe, unwilling more likely

Love missing behind white picket fences
I seeked comfort in arms of other
but wait not she would
for me to leave luxurys built with first
so she left heart broken shattered and alone

So love was there my one chance
and I blew it for what, the american dream
I the selfish bastered
now like my happiness
she remains

Just out of reach

vincent armone

Kicked and Beaten

Kicked and beaten
now get your ass up
never stay down
let them kill you if they must
be stronger and smarter then them
in you put trust

Life is hard
always someone there
looking to keep you down
but never quit
never surrender
you will be the winner
when judgement abounds

You can pity yourself
let depression be your only sounds
or you rise up from your lonly grounds

Kicked and beaten
now get your ass up
I hope these words
were enough to wake your
wonderess mind up

vincent armone

Kiss the evening

My day done
my body satisfied and clean
I slip beneath the covers of my personal sanctuary

And kiss the evening a sweet goodnight

vincent armone

kissed the forbidden rose

Kissed a forbidden rose, and it pricked me
blood a rich red, never tasted so sweet
months I would return to said rose
pricked again and again, boy how the forbidden captures sprirts
until winter comes, and realitys bring heart broken tears
to grasses that were so greener on other sides

vincent armone

Kitty cats

Kittys little balls of fuzzy warmth
wanting to play with you
live with you
grow with you
love with you

Tickle us we laugh
rub them the purr
hurt us we cry
hurt them they squeal

Kittys little balls of fuzzy warmth
like us
needing
careing
yearning
for soft touches
and kind words

Kittys little balls of fuzzy warmth
not just a cat
a family member

vincent armone

knock on my door

Knock on my door, let youself in.
my world, not to share such a sin.
so much to give, bursting at the seams.
so much love hope and dreams,

knock on my door, let yourself in.
come share my heart, let our healing begin.
so much I willing, to share with all of you.
you the greatest gifts of all.

knock on my door let yourself in.
come laugh with me, let our living begin.
forgiving all of man kinds sins.
sins we all forgive we all win.

knock on my door let yourself in.
come sit with me, let true freindship begin.
embrace each other when all is said and done.
for you and I true life has just begun.

knock on my door let yourself in.
lets all be human, let love win.
love no longer a dirty word.
when love is truly taken in.

knock on my door let yourself in.
in hear evil does not win.
knock on my door let yourself in
in hear evil does not win.

vincent armone

know I no

now I know what life is
happiness
careing
loving
giving
needing
wanting
freinds
family
warmth
comfort

Now I Know
and a hug was all that it took

A hug from the heart
from people like me
needing each other

Now I know
what life truly is

And the reason why we are truly here

Now I know with open eyes

That life is truly beautiful

Now I know

Thank god I now no
why I am

I love life and now I know for sure

Now I know

Forgive me all if this poem dont make sense I am drunk as I write this

vincent armone

laughing and crying

Laughing on the outside
Crying on the inside
So many words to me said
So many times my heart died

I am flesh
I am bone
I am human

Cut me I bleed
Punch me I feel pain
Laugh at me I despair

But I am the joker
The one who makes you laugh
The one who is the butt of jokes
The one who is just weird
but mostly I am

THE ONE WHO IS LAUGHING ON THE OUTSIDE
AND CRYING ON THE INSIDE

vincent armone

least

Down the road least traveled
got to were I was going yes
but was so disapointed when I got there
some times the path of least resitence
is just a path to nowere

vincent armone

lets walk

lets walk
through parks full of autum leaves
by lakes sparkling with clear aqua
and near birds singing majestec solo's

lets walk
hand and hand
by people of all kinds
who like us yearn for others warmth

lets walk
till our feet hurt
and ours backs cry mercy

lets walk and drink in all that the earth has to offer
finally understanding what it means to be alive

LETS WALK

vincent armone

Life transition(a true story)

Light then darkness it was that quick
then light again my mind had a blip

On my back I layed
no feeling on one side
wished I would not have woke up
would have prefered just to die

The emt put oxgen on my face
put me in an ambulence
to the hospital we raced

laying in the tunnel
noises all around my head
never felt so alone
never felt such dread

The doctor flows into my room
with a look of impending doom

Its says here on my chart that your 34 and fairly healthy too
but I am sorry to inform you that you had not one stroke but two

6 months of rehab lost my job too
a year and a half later went to college
graduated too

Now I have a new job
better than before
because life is about transtion
I never relized that before
and when that part of your life is all used up and done
look at it this way a new and better chapter just may have begun.

My true story of surving a stroke at 34

vincent armone

life what a rush

Pet a dog
feed a bird
help an old lady across the street
play with your kids
paint a pitcure
write a poem
read a book
go fishing
laugh with the ones you love
share beers with your freinds
shut the tv off and talk to each other
lay in the grass
plant a tree
run through a sprinkler
hold hands
go for a drive
look at the stars
have a party just because
dont act your age
laugh with and not at
make you time
enjoy a movie
bake a cup cake
do homework with your kids
just take a day off
call an old freind
sleep all day
do rush relax
remember coloring books they were fun
say I love you
hug everyone
enjoy your life

life sad we have forgotten how to live it
so once again try
lifes waiting all you have to do is go get it

life what a rush

vincent armone

Little monsters

In there cribs they lay, perfect today
Bombs outside there windows, part of there day
one day when there older, with things to say
will leave there cribs, jihad they will play
they will cry, they will blame
and they will kill what a dam shame
but today they lay, sirens blaring away
listening to the screaming of another horrid day
no chance to be a kid, in a world of outrage.
little monsters

vincent armone

lonely love

I told her this vision in blond that I loved her
left me to never speak again.
Is love so wrong. so evil
do you know what it feels like
to be utterly rejected, when so close you thought you both were

Yes both connected to others
but love is love, period men and women meant to be together
understand beliefs, but did she have to look at me in horror
when passing in halls
when asked to talk avoid me let me suffer
do you know what that feels like

So I gave up
broken hearted yes
but wiser I became
for men and women are supposed to love
just not when society says its a sin

love wasted is lonely love, and lonely love is a heart broken

vincent armone

lonely road of faith

Want to feel what true emptiness is really like
were you go to a place were you think everyones crazy but you
faces that look at you with burning eyes
voices that speak in false tounges

Among a world that has gone mad
and people who kill for the sake of killing

Yet you still believe
in humanity
love
and forgiveness
Believing in the better good
and then you find it
stopping you in your tracks
the true meaning of emptiness
and the sorrow it brings

As you travel on the lonely road of faith

vincent armone

Look but dont touch

So many choices
why do we sometimes pick one forever
yes we love the one so much that to not commit for life makes no sense
until choices no longer allowed to be pick display all there wonders
so we pass and go home to the one we picked
we even somtimes pick that forbidden fruit
but it boils down to faith in what you now have and happiness and stabillty are the name of the game
as long as

YOU LOOK BUT DONT TOUCH

vincent armone

Look here

look here were my heart used to sit
now just an empty hole
nothing left to break nothing left to hope on
torn from me when I was not looking
should have known love is dangerous
now its too late I dont want it back
no more pain to deal with

So look here were my heart used to sit
and beware this could happen to you
love does hurt I known

Theres a hole in my chest were my heart used to sit
and its forever

vincent armone

lost soul

Snow blankets the landscape
bitter cold stings the losts cheeks
on his death bed a final pray will be whispered
for a lost soul

Days spent for self reasons
months walked through with reckless adandoned
years lived for no one but him self
on his death bed bed a final pray will be whispered
for a lost soul

Wishing he could take it all back
knowing that he can not
on his death bed a final pray will be whispered
for a lost soul

vincent armone

Love and hate

Love grabs hate and presses him to her lips
softly love whispers I cant kill you for I hate know one
to which hate replys that is why you fail.

vincent armone

love letters

A lover loves unconditionally
before him or herself
connecting both emontionaly and phyiscally
doubting not the power of wanting hearts
exitcted by touch and speetch
forgetting not that love reigns eternial
giving all ones soul to other forever
happy and blissful to have found the true one
in both sickness and health
just because in the end love is right
kindness deserved and reservered for lover
loving another so easy when exepted
money matters not when in love
nice things matter not
only each other matters
people just loving all thats needed
quiting on each not even possible when in love
relax in each arms feel true power
simply and perfect such a true high
two people in utter bliss
until fate calls them home
victory is for lovers when love is all that there is
wanting is powerful, and glorious
x will always mark the heart
yet lovers some times part and that the shame
zero in on the heart it will led you to love always

love letters know your alphapet

vincent armone

Love steps

Philia
Sex
Eros
Agape

Two people
four steps
true love relized

Phila
Sex
Eros
Agape

Freindship
heat
Meaning
unwavering commiment

Phila
Sex
Eros
Agape

Two partners
Of one purpose
life truly fullfilled

vincent armone

love story sort of

her breasts spilled from her night gown
they pressed softly against my chest
cuppling then my tounge tasted sweetness
to my lap she lept stiring my already frantic member
pulling it out of its prison
her hand causes shivers of erotica
with a flick her panties are removed
and she whispers oh so softly be mine always enter me
silence as my mind juggles vowed commitment
again she moans my member on the edge of please
be mine always enter me
and I say no
with movement like a whisp she rises
tears in her eyes
go home she says to vowed commitment
and may god forgive both our souls
my a hand under her chin I raise her head up
I do love you always will
she smiles and speaks no you dont
for you cant love me if you dont love yourself
slideing past I walk into the night
thinking one night of cheating just changed my life

vincent armone

Lovers oh yes

No need to hold hands
even touch softly
words need not uttered
kisses can wait
 lovers oh yes

vincent armone

make me sick

Every one slows down to see car wrecks oooh look at that
yet people wont give a dollar to help the hungry
keep driving you selfish basterds thats someones loved one
how would you feel if it was you or your famliy members
on display like a worthless piece of nothing
get your bucket right people and keep driving
focus on what matters and stop enjoying peoples misfortunes
YOU ALL MAKE ME SICK.

vincent armone

Mary had a little lamb haiku

Mary had a little lamb
with mint jelly and a nice salad.

vincent armone

Me and swine

I lay with the wretched swine so foul, yet intoxicating
whisper promises of sweet moros, I believe this beast true tales
Feel its breath on chest my love becomes instant
For when lonlyness is of such being, a swine even I will take

This creature of such ill meaning, this beast of foul, to I a god
out in worlds others call, I the loser, the worthless
In its arms I am everything, its meaning, its life blood
Let others judge thou and swine, for they are my forgotten

Swine dismissed buy hate, has found a kind like self
One who will not judge on apprenences and pre thoughts
So I lay ALONE with so called disgusting swine
For I am ALONE WITH IT, BUT WITH A BETTER CLASS OF PEOPLE

vincent armone

men and women just cant

men and women just cant
no diffrent then any other animal
sleeping needs will always want, hunger
can try, hide each other not, let others know of
but men are men and women are women
lust containted try it and soon will eat each other
men and women just cant
evolution just wont allow it

vincent armone

Micheal jackson

Now he takes his waiting stool.
with all the other greats, on the boulvard of broken dreams.
head down, he now looks up, only to recieve his drink.
his black fedora hides his tear filled eyes.

The others wont bother him.
for it also took them long to accept there place here.
on the boulvard of broken dreams.
a place were large windows show the stricken.

life did beat him, he tried to enjoy its thrills.
but it turned out so bad, and oh how he felt so alone.
went from black to white, shot down like a smooth crimenal.

now here he is, in neverland, with those he so admiered in life
ashamed, frightened, and hurt.
for he new the world could be a better place.
but now he sits a tragic figure. with all the others
in the diner.
on the boulvard of broken dreams

vincent armone

Mind like a top

My mind spins like an out of control top
around and around, faster and faster
until all sense of my control seems lost
my reality just a whizzing blur
my life a chaotic mess

I reach out hopeing against hope
to just grab on to some soild
to slow the ride just a little bit
wanting a normal life
countinuing to spin

Oh the mess I have made at my one chance at life
why did I chose the path
the easy way
the selfess way

Oh my mind spins out of control like a top
and I know I will be crashing very soon

vincent armone

MIster Nobody Likes

I Mister Nobody likes
Would not piss on my head
Would let the flames burn me dead
Invisable as invisable can be
Mister Nobdy likes
Yep thats me

All In my head
That what they say
Why do Kids laugh at me
Why do Parents sneer
Its hard living in fear
Every new day

So trips to the shrink
To set my mind free
How can It be free
Nobody likes me

So I walk alone
so sad and broken
would kill myself
Now you see I am not joking

I am Mister Nobody likes
That is whats become me
I live this way
my God what a tragedy

I Mister Nobody likes
Now devoid of basic human rights
I want to love
I want to live
But I am In my head Mister Nobody likes

Dam what a sin

vincent armone

Mixed up

When people talk I see other meanings behind the words
when people shake my hand I see not the jesture but contempt
when among others I feel left out, although the room is full

Am I human

Or just MIXED UP?

vincent armone

Moms meatballs

The smell of garlic infuses the kicthen
basil envelopes senses long thought gone

Olive oil just about to a sizzle
the meat not one but a three some of flavors
pork, veal, chopmeat
shaped into a ball of expolsive taste.

The meat hits the pan
and the oil dances happy and awakened
the meats shell turns the lightest shade of brown

Drained on a napkin they await there fate
into a vast pot of seasoned red lava
were they will cook with honor along side
such special guests, short ribs and pork loins

Moms meatballs a wonderful treat
and she makes enough of them so that an army can eat
but if you ever have one you will understand why
when they are on my plate the love she makes them with
makes me want to cry.

vincent armone

Monsters

Monsters in the closet
underneath the bed
when your a child
your nights are full of dread.

Mommys always there
in the middle of the night
telling you there is no reason, for the crying and the fright

Becoming a teenager
monsters no longer a concern
hanging with your freinds
the monsters had there turn

Adults we become and the monsters we find out are real
they work and live beside us
so human, so real

We protect our childern from the awfull truth
that the monsters we protected them from, are me and you.

vincent armone

Mother nature

Open arms and open heart
she gives her majestic gifts

Spring flowers
singing birds
blue skys
and forests green and a live

Like childern we test her
not listening we act with out thought
and reap what we sow

Just like a mother always does
she forgives
tells us let lessons be learned
only fools repeat there mistakes

Now like prisoners
we wait in our jail called earth
hopeing that a visit from our mother
is soon coming to once again fix our mistakes
but she hides
not wanting to see her childern
deafeted and broken

Mothers nature
good to us
and we broke her heart

vincent armone

mothers of nature

Oh how the mothers of nature blow there fierce winds
such power the beasts of her earth are no match for her fury
back and forth she gusts slower then faster begging all her creatures
to come and join her in all her bliss and harmony

Mothers of nature
continue to blow your firece winds
for the beasts will be waiting to be swept away
only to come back for more
when you call for our bliss

vincent armone

Mr Bush leaves office

The shelves of the oval office
bare and wiped clean
the office fresh smelling
the windows a gleem

With a tear in his eye
Mr Bush puts the mannlia
envelope on the desk
inside the welcome
for the next president

In comes his wife
george its time to go
have one last look around
and please stop, stop looking so down

He turns to his wife
and she sees a broken man
I did my best the best I can

The people will remember me
as a joke and a bum
for everything thats happened
stuff I have not even done
and the fact is I was the president
and did not get the job done

So I leave this office
and wont look back
because I did not belong here
and thats a fact.

vincent armone

Mr fire

Vision of fire
all that he sees
fire dances for him
like a leaf on a breeze

Oh how he quivers
as he lights the majestic flame
placeing it against matter
fire about to play it game

Smolder then ignition
he watches with glee
knowing time is short
before they come to extinghish thee

But he will watch
as they try to put it out
with a smile on his face
he knows his freind fire will return
without a doubt

For he is the arsonist
and flames are what he his about

vincent armone

Mr Nightmare

Rule from there house of white
there actions have caused the many to lose faith
people divided, an economy stalled, a country in turmoil
oh for eight years the fault of decline has been heaved onto others
but for the open minded the truth lies within 1600

The attacks by an enemy we know go unpunished
we hung a cruel leader, desevered yes
but the real target still sleeps in the moutains and the soilders bleed in a war fought on misinformation

I look to the heavens and thank good his reign is coming to the end
yet I dont blame all on him to be just and civil about things
but with great power comes great responsibilte

so for all that has happened and will happen I know longer call him Mr President to me
he is know as

MR NIGHTMARE

vincent armone

Mr Teasdale

People would stare
at the man in the hat
a man that was diffrent
because his hat was flat

Children would laugh
Childern would giggle
childern would get all exitcted
and they would wiggle

Mr Teasdale
all happy and full of glee
would take off his hat
touch it if you like
its soft go ahead and you will see

Mothers looking all preplexed
at the hat that was flat
it just made no sense

Children would
try and put it on there heads
it would fall off
maybe make a good frisbie instead

Mr Teasdale
would put it back on his dome
get it just right
say to the kids
with this hat my head feels just right

Then he would bow
and be on his way
the man with the flat hat
making people smile every single day

vincent armone

my own snow

Look into my eyes see the blizard in them
so blinding that snow threatens to bury my soul
yet you shovel, dig so deep trying to reach me before to late
yet my storm ebbs not, freezing for me almost here
yet you shovel, and dig, refusing and hopeing
my body, my very being, becomes not buried in my own snow

vincent armone

My addiction

Women are my addiction
resist them I can not
does not matter what shape there in
I think there all hot

There bodies move
and I shiver inside
would be all there slaves
till the day I died

Women are my addiction
so wonderess they are
a gift
from wonderfull and truly great god

vincent armone

My Beloved

My beloved

for richer
for poorer

In good times
and bad

In sickness
and health

Till death
we cross over
hand and hand
with you
my beloved

vincent armone

my best freind a rock

Walking alone there my best freind was
just waiting for someone like me
to come along and embrace all its fantastic wonder
so I took a chance and scooped it up
never has a rock brought me such joy
me and my best freind rock
oh life is grand when you open your eyes to its wonders

vincent armone

my child was gone

Just like that MYchild was gone
dont no if man or women
never saw them
All I know is that MY five year went missing
what kind of animal does that to a child

So once again MY child was gone
never to be seen again

vincent armone

My Diary 5/20/2009

All consuming rage, thats what I awoke to
did my fatherly bussiness, showered and raged
out the door into a day of sure hell, I cursed the birds
not even routine morning subsatnce would cure my hate

To empty lot I arrived, god I wish others would stay home
turn of a key, feet through door, my god I thought i smelled brimstone
5 minutes till, arrival of hells spawn, there cackling horrible
as usual I clasp my hands and pray, god if this is hell I repent lord

Lights bring life to darkness, and familar voices bring vomit
Head up I plunge into my day, there fake hair conceal there horns
I look and and they look back, they cant fool me, I know there evil

comments are said, like the devil verse all lies, they wont cripple me
intentions of pure malicous, they darkness infect all
for them there ignorance is true bliss
with releif I am award a trip out, and I drink this little treasure in
like fine scotch and a cuba cigar

Quite until closing time, hell shuttered for the night
but like a moth to a flame I will return in morn
for my punishment for sins is working in hell
hell the bitches of evil

vincent armone

My Diary 5/20/2009 Vincent Armone

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vincent armone

My first of 10 (haiku)

One idaho potato two dollars
putting in the microwave zero dollars
forgetting to turn in on priceless

vincent armone

My garden

In me lies a garden
a garden of unbloomed
thoughts
feelings
alive with the coming of spring
they await to be unveiled
on fields of white
longing to be enjoyed by others
who garden like I

When fully bloomed
other gardeners will come to see the beautiful
expanse of my thoughts and feelings full relized
to smell there power
to hold it and make it there own

In me lies a garden
a garden of unbloomed
thoughts
feelings
alive with the coming of spring
they wait to be unveiled
on fields of white
longing to be enjoyed by others
who garden like I

vincent armone

My heart

Here is my heart
take it
bite it
taste the very blood
that makes me human

For once
feel how my heart beats
how it aches for love
for freindship
for simple kindness

I will rip it from my own chest
and hold it up high
watch whats its like when a human dies
understand that life is valuble
a gift we get once

Now do you understand emotions
the power inside all of our bodys
for we are more then the way we look
we are human
equal
and alive
with blossoming minds
and beating hearts

Taste mine
and understand
that the thing in my chest
is alive
beating
and yearning just
to be understood

vincent armone

My is name the maniac

This city, Is a sewer, a maggot infested rat, let your guard down
and it will become a nightmare, death lol to easy here, suffring now thats the hard part, but now its time for justice, now its time for someone to stand up and fight the disease that feasts on the souls of this once wonderful city, and thats me, the guy who lost his wife kids and whole world to the beast, the man who was driven from his home by a greed that laughs like a drunk nazi, a man tossed from his job and pissed on by his freinds, but that is behind me, now all I have left is the future, the future who for some is going to be all so dark. I dont care anymore like the city that destroyed me, I am the city and god help the souls who get in my way. some one once said revenge is a dish best served cold, well winters coming and so is hell. so who am I, who is this mad man so torn with rage, I tell you who I am, I was family man and up standing citizen Larry Storch but now you can tell everyone that crazy has a new name and that name is the MANIAC. TO BE CONTINUED.

vincent armone

My Last supper

Take this my body and eat it, taste its foulness.
let it remind you of what evil is.
slit my wrist drink from the blood of this savage animal.
learn from its foulness, become not like I scorned.

No one here betrayed me.
I betrayed myself.
for I gave into the sins of the devil.
will live with him now forever, in darkness.

Now when my soul departs.
do not bury, and morn over.
but burn, and cast my ashes over the sty of pigs.
let the dirty beasts finish me.

Now I leave you all.
trust me the sun will shine briter in morn.
for wickedness has taken its life by its own hand.
let it tragedy. be all your lessons.
peace be with you, always and forever.

vincent armone

My mom sets the table

Night after night my mom sets the table
full of joy she passes her hand over the green fleat
like dishes she lays her chips down
they her finest china carefully stacked
her drink is the insurance bet
night after night 21 meals are servered

6 people share the meal with her
we her family eat alone
yet night after night my mom sets the table
the table of broken dreams and poisoned meals
night after night she countinues to eat
untill is consumed

Night after night my mom sets the table
night after night we her family shallow the bitter meal she makes

Night after night my mom sets the table

vincent armone

My Pen name call me the preacher(Sermun1)

Welcome ladies and gentlemen
Weclome to the path, the path to salvation
Now I am going to tell you a story
A story of a man so lost
so hopeless
that the devil was his only friend

This man
This broken soul
Was sitting on his sofa
And thinking about his sins
His drinking
His adultrys
His gambling
And he cried, oh lord he cried
And when he looked up
Guess who was next to him
Yes my brothers and sisters
its was Jesus

Shocked he wispered
Jesus what you doing here
And Jesus said I have come to save you
The man said with awe but I am a sinner
I have no were else to go but to hell

Jesus looked at him and said
son bring your self to me
and you shall be healed
kneel before me and give your self
to peace and salvation forever

Ladies and Gentlemen
You know who that sinner was
He was me
Yes children it was me
But here I am saved
And ready to bring all of you to the lord
praise be to Jesus

To be continued

vincent armone

My people in my people out

They come
through the revolving door that is my life
and leave through that same door just as fast

People of all kinds
freinds
famliy
the who evers

But why do they come and go
is there part in my life destiny
or just chance

And why do some stay for years
as others come and go like days and nights

I know one thing for sure
I am better for having known than not knowing

So welcome all my door is open
Step in for a chat if you like
and leave when you must
just not that soon I do like the company

vincent armone

My poem like cherry vanilla ice cream

Scoop my poem out from
its white box
and enjoy it
like cherry vanilla ice cream

Its creamy texture
its dark fruit
sliding into your being
and erupting your mind
dazzleing you senses

Eat my poem Quickly
before it melts
gorge on its flavor
like cherry vanilla ice cream

A Poem
frozen on the screen
waiting to be indulged
like cherry vanilla ice cream

vincent armone

My poems

My poems
bleed
cry
hope
dream
sleep
eat
live
die
walk
talk
run
yell
feel
pray
beg
borrow
steal
cheat
lie
my poems
fair
balanced
with out
ignorance
bias
hate
fear
These are my poems
can you say the same thing about your?

vincent armone

My punishment

Flowers that give no scent
people that ignore me like long ago dejvu
dogs that cry at my presence
children who cling to their mothers
birds with muted voices
lovers holding hands
my hands yearning

Walking this world alone

MY PUNISHMENT

vincent armone

My sad eyes

My sad eyes
blurred by tears
heart broken
by the world they now see

My sad eyes
now look down
afraid to look upon
all thats black

My sad eyes
full of aqua blue
the whitest of white
so wonderess
yet so pained

My sad eyes
the all seeing
the all feeling
the all knowing

My sad eyes
one tear holds
a hundred diffrent reasons for there saddness

My sad eyes
please someone wipe away the hurt

vincent armone

My Sad Eyes Part 2

My sad eyes
have been away so long
sleeping, alone
my sad eyes finally went dark

The world know longer seen
my sad eyes thought they could escape harsh reality, s
by ignoring
thought ignorence would be bliss

But life is life
so my sad eyes look apon the world once again
sadden by the mess
but hopeful for a better tomorow

My sad eyes know longer cowards

vincent armone

Mystery women

Every day for a year
she would sit across from me on the train
her perfume always light and dreamy
her dress perfect
her body insane

Like clock work
I would sit just behind her
out of site
drinking in her curves
the very essence of her sight

Wishing to speak to her
fearing the unknown
go talk to her
not sit here all alone

6 months of this
fell in love with a lady I did not know
I final went and sat next to her
asked her if she was alone

She looked at me with eyes
that shimered with light
have a seat here if you like
my stop is next have a good night

Just like that she was gone
not before leaving a piece of paper in my hand

You watched me for a year
and I waited and waited till I could not wait no more
I wish we would have known each other just a little thats all
but now I say good by
leaving I must go
love the mystery women
the one you let go

The paper went in the trash
my heart I took home
sometimes chances
should not be left alone

vincent armone

Never noticed it

A roses only smells wonderess if you take time to notice its there
It will always bloosom and sing even when you are in hurry
its will always dance in the wind even when in the foulest of moods
a rose knows only pleasure
for it is a rose and its job is to invigorate
even if YOU NEVER NOTICE IT

vincent armone

Nipsy Russel(chidrens poem)

No one play, no day, all because of his funny name
alone he watch, threw curtains draw, his face all a morn
balls were tossed, kicked and hit, him they called a dim wit
even in rain, he watch them play, he just watched all a pain
Nipsy Russel so hates him name
Nipsy Russel for a child to much pain

vincent armone

no were

To many miles I have walked
Yet I have gone no were if life
Same day
Same week
Same year

Oh I have things
No were job
No were dreams
No were attitude

Lazy can be addictived and lead quickly

TO NO WERE

vincent armone

Not a poem, but a message

To all fellow poets I have been emailed on this site and was told my poems are lame and I can not write. I am sorry for wasting everyones time here and will not write poems no more, I like to read them so at least I have that.So my message to all of you is keep writing and never let anyone steal your dreams peace always vinnie.

vincent armone

Note on a flower

Drifted from evil created blackness.
someones thoughts, once alive with dreams.
now it flies dead like its owner, also to be lost forever.
blocks from its desk high above it falls.
there againist the sweetness of a gentle flower.
lay the horrors of humanity.
lay the words of a life lost.
lay the ruins of a country.

Lay the note on a flower

NEVER FORGET

vincent armone

Nothing

This poem is about
absolutley
postivetly
with out a doubt
zip
zero
ziltch
na da

There is
uno
here
total
blank

Look
got you
still
empty

5
4
3
2
1
0

L
m
n
o

some times the best poems
are the ones that are the simplist
the ones that are about

Nothing
like this poem

This poem simply
nothing

vincent armone

Ode To Jessica

She is Like the greatest love stories my sweet Jessica
full of passion, full of love thats my sweet Jessica
I anger, I push away, she loves anyway thats my sweet Jessica
Will fight, will cry thousands of tears, For me my sweet Jessica
Wants to hold, forever in arms, wants just me, my sweet Jessica
Poor does not matter, alone does not matter, my sweet Jessica
Will one day wake up and go were I belong, hope she will be waiting
My desitiny, my salvaiton, My chance at True happiness,

MY SWEET JESSICA

vincent armone

Off the soap box

On the soap box
the speaker raised his mighty voice
ranting and raving that you must make a choice

He paused for a minute
sweeping his eyes over the crowd
not a smile any among them know were to be found
but it was not lack of smiles that disturbed him the most
it was there lack of faith it was like speaking to ghosts

So he stepped off his soap
and picked it up off the ground
raised over his head and smashed it down

The wood all a spilnter
the pile now dust
picked up his bible
and looked at the people all stunned and all flushed

I stepped off my soap box
and now i will leave
why because I was only speaking to not you, but me

The look on your faces its says it all
now i depart good by one, good by all
the speaker walked away with a tear in his eye

They finally learned to listen my job is done
and it took me stepping off my soap box to get the job done.

vincent armone

Oh Mother Oh Father

Oh mother oh father
please forgive me for all my dark thoughts
the numbness I have caused
the hurt so deep and profound

Oh mother oh father
my mistakes many
the souls I hurt, all too damaged to be fixed
my addiction always screaming at me
to tempting to ignore, too close for comfort

Oh mother oh father
purge me of this cackling evil
silence the beast at the hour of my judgement
so they I may enter his kingdom
and find eternal peace

Oh mother oh father
I love thee
forever
as my final darkness has engulfed me

Oh mother oh father
my actions are now in the past
let my words be held in your heart
now and forever

Oh mother oh father
I have found peace
unfortunately alone but I have found it

Oh mother oh father

vincent armone

okay to cry

Cry with me its okay
release all that you hold inside
cry with me its okay
hold me put your face next to mine
cry with me its okay

Cry with me its okay
purge our souls of all others sins ours too
cry with me its okay
that to understand madness we must become it
cry with me its okay

Cry with me its okay
show ours selfs that we are human for god sakes
cry with me its okay
relieze we cant fix all worlds messes alone
cry with me its okay

Cry with me its okay
let go look me in the eyes, both dry our tears
we have taken the first step to being truely happy and alive
cry with me its okay
in the end joy will be waiting

Cry with me its truley okay

vincent armone

on my vacation i room with god do you?

on my vacation I room with god
swim, rest, eat, play he is always waiting for my return
never does he want you to forget he is always with you
even in times of frolick, never forget he
so checked in my room, changed for the pool
open my drawers and there he was my mind eased
for on my vacation i room with god, Do You

Dedicated to the davidons thanks for never making me forget

vincent armone

Once apon a kiss

kiss me just once understand you will my soul
even if just on cheek, or forhead with simple jesture comes meaning
kiss me just once and if want leave, this encounter cant be forgot
feel my human skin, be not afraid of diffrence, for moment we are one
kiss not back I will not, if one does not want, pleasure I know

Kiss me just once, open your eyes and look
look into my heart, see what joy we all can bring to each other
for this one time there will be no more war
for this one time there will be no more hate
for this one time color will not exist
for just one kis on the lips
me
you
will become one
A kiss a second on the lips
A life time on the heart
JUST ONE KISS

vincent armone

One kiss

Married to others
they look in each others eyes
a chance to be taken
a path they both promise to follow only once

With eyes closed
they come togther
there lips slowly moving
tasting each others forbidden fruit

Then its done
there once chance taken
there path no longer needed to be followed
married to others
and bonded to each other, forever in secret

vincent armone

Only as good as the last page

Only as good
as my words
thoughts
feelings

Only as good as
My stories
my ideas
my style

Only as good as
my last word
my last sentence
my last period

Only as good as
my last page

vincent armone

Only human

Flesh and bone thats all I am
no diffrent then anyone one else
same arms
same legs
same hair
same ears
same eyes

Then why do people judge me?
are there
thoughts
feelings
and over all way of life truly better then mine

Can they say they have lived sin free
are there actions so much more perfect then mine

I bet not
yet all through the days
and its not only me I bet that feels this way
well maybe thats not true
am I judged
on apperence
on weight
on fatih
on color
on life choices and life styles
why

Am I not human
is my way so diffrent
that it deserves to be mocked

Are my feelings cardboard
do I not bleed the same red blood

I am after all only human and thats why I hurt

EVEN IF I AM THE ONLY ONE WHO SEES THAT FACT

vincent armone

Opens (hakiu)

When a door opens,
its up to you,
to walk through.

vincent armone

opium stew

I see trees of brown dead roses to
I see a big boom for me and you
and I think to myself what happened to this world

sounds of gun shots no were run
people killing what have we become
and think to myself what happened to this world

oil means more then me and you
religion and beliefs the opium stew
and I think to myself what happened to this world

all our children will try to clean the mess
rocks and sticks all that will be left
and they will think to them selves

WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS WORLD

vincent armone

Outside the box

Hard to think outside the box
when the shades are drawn
and your shut out from the world

Hard to think outside the box
when pleasant light
bold choices
so pleasing to the eyes
pull at your subconsious

So when you pull the lever
and your choice is made this november
make sure it is truly what you want

Because it is hard to think outside the box
outside were the true world will deal
with the peoples choice

vincent armone

Pancakes

Light,
fluffy,
golden brown edges,
dancing with fantastic flavors,
waiting,
for syrups,
of multible tastes,
melted butter raining down its flat landscape,
yearning for fruits of reds, blues, yellows.
pancakes
breakfast so sweet
it dazzles

vincent armone

paper rain

From miles above
poured the paper rain

Flooding the streets
whiteing out the clear September day
peoples thoughts floated from the hell fire
like paper rain

First like a mist
then like a monsoon
the paper rain spread across the city
engulfing the running masses below
in a hurricane of paper rain

When the storm stopped
and the clouds of fire ceased
millons of unread words litter the streets
like a sea
of paper rain

Swept into the gutters
went the thoughts of the dead
the paper rain gone

Until the next unpredicted storm arises
and the heavens pour down peoples sorrows

ON PAPER RAIN

GOD BLESS ALL THE VICTIMS AND THERE FAMILYS
OF THE SEPTEMBER 11 TRAGEDY

vincent armone

Passions dog

Feed me, make me beg, roll over for your attention
Touch me, make me obey, submit that thy is master
never betray you, protect you always, give my life for you

For I am truly passions dog

vincent armone

Past fails

Stench
follows me around
everyday reminding me of past fails

In the faces of strangers
even though they judge me not
in the voices of family
they laughing I hear mocking

Try getting over
just move on
but the mind is strong
when stench follows you around
reminding you of past fails

vincent armone

People

:)
: (
happy and sad people
'>
<'
opposite people
@@
<
%
funny looking people
$$
<
rich people
? ?
<
questiable people
Lz
<
lazy people

people diffrent but still people

vincent armone

pepper flavored roses

Love a rose flavored with pepper
vibrant hues blood appendages so hatfully lovely
hard to mature and grow, pick to early they die
75% of earth you can give
talk if you like
but love will always be a rose flavored with pepper
hot, hurtfull and sometimes beautiful

vincent armone

Perfect people

In a world of perfect people
I walk alone, damaged
With fingers always pointed at me
whispers always said about me
looks always judgeing me

I dont throw stones
In houses of glass
like I said I am damaged
In a world filled with perfect people

AND I WALK ALONE

vincent armone

Pick a flower

Walk to a patch
and grab all it has to give
its energy
its life
its rainbow of complex colors

Breath in the many scents
of creations wonders
the soil dark mysterious
the flowers bright almost blinding
the grass so green and lush
it makes your stomach rumble with hunger

Pick one
which one matters not
hold it high
and look
as sun beams sweep through its core
illuminating its essence

Then take it home
and plant it a new
for all others to see
to gaze at its wonder
to infuse there vision
and capture there mind

Pick a flower
a gift from mother earth
to you

vincent armone

picture that lie

Look at you will this picture
of you and I embraced in a kiss
such heat, heat between me and you
but pictures hide the truths
of a couple bonded in lies
look close its in our eyes
the secrets hiding deep inside

So look at you will this picture
see if you dont tremble like I
cause nothing is worse then lieing
to the the lover in front of your eyes
so take if you must your other lover
so will I, and take all the pictures
pictures that just dont lie

vincent armone

Planting seeds with a hammer

This world we nuture
for future generations
to hope live, and prosper in a blue world
make not the same mistakes as us

Planting seeds with a hammer

vincent armone

Please forgive me

Please forgive me
you the readers of my words
honest you are all that I have left

I have sinned deep
On this side of the words
Judgement has been cast
and forgiveness is not an options

So I ask all of you
you who have stuck by me
you who have gave me the reason to keep writing
you I ask for forgiveness

I am just a broken down piece of meat
and I deserve to be alone
I just dont want you to hate me

please forgive me

vincent armone

Please take my eyes

Please take my eyes
pull them from my skull
and do as you want with them
this place, earth
to hard for me took look at
such beauty being destroyed
please take my eyes

I will gladly pull them from sockets
if you like
hold them in my hands and offer them to you
with hope you will see better through them then I did
please take my eyes

I wish not to keep them and go blind
that would leave hope for vision to one day be restored
no I want them gone
to much
horror
suffering and insane hate
please just take them
darkness seems to me
better then this maddness
please take my eyes

When your job is done
show them to others
so that they may relize
that I have shattered the windows
to my soul

Please take my eyes

vincent armone

Please turn out the light

Dear people of earth
when you through killing yourselfs
when your done destroying the planet
when theres nothing left but smoldering citys
and barren oceans
when all the animals have turned to dust
and the skys are black
I ask that if there is anyone left
when you are leaving for new planets to ravage
please turn out the light
because to be honest with you
I can not bare to look at what has happened
to my 6 day creation
thank you all
God

vincent armone

Pleasure unreliezed

One kiss thats all I want
To feel anothers lips
to taste anothers breath
to purge on a lovers soul

Never have I been kissed
my Id so lonely
my emotions unreliezed
my life incomplete

Never have I been kissed
the simplest pleasure
holds for me the worst pain

A kiss sometimes dreams just may come ture

vincent armone

Poems about things

Poems about things
thats what poets write
some of it is very wrong and hurtfull
yet some of it is spot on right

Poems about things
there topics make other poets mad
but some poets embrace the words making them so glad

Poems about things
what else should poets write about
if poets stop writing about things because of fear
like the dinosaurs the poets would die out

Poems about things
please poets continue to type the words out
because your a poet
and words and expressions are what you are all about

vincent armone

Poet -69 coffee

Coffee
up
Winters warm
Summers cool
down

Enjoyed in an instant
****** O
Enjoyed all bubbley and perkey
Enjoyed in drips and drabs
⋮
⋮
⋮

Coffee a world of flavors
A universe of smells
So powerful
So abundent

They enflame the senses
And esnare the soul

Coffee
A dazzling addiction

vincent armone

poet-69

These poems are from the mind of poet-69 and published here on Vincent Armone page enjoy

PLEaSE I AM HuMAN

My SkiN diffrent
my eyeS diffrent
my boDy diffrent
my emOtions dIffrent
my dReams diffrent
My life diffreNt

DIFfRENT dOes NOt eQual HaTE

PLeASE REmEMBER
i Am
hUmAn

vincent armone

Poet-69 IVE

Ive cried tears of blood
IVE b r o k e n my hea r t
IVE sinned just because
IVE done onto others
IVE covted thy neihbors

IVE stopped and smelled the roses
enjoyed company of others
hugged because someone needed it
loved and been loved

In other words like you
Ive
lived life

vincent armone

Poets poets and more poets

Poets poets and more poets
oh how the words flow here
like rivers of shining words
they pass before the eyes of entranced

Poets poets and more poets
writing for the masses or the solist
matters not for ideas are the gift
the feelings are forever
the power unshakeable

Poets poets and more poets
from the solitude they emerge
to spread truths lies and in betweens
once done they hide
under the cover of the net

Poets poets and more poets
let the heavens falls
the oceans boil
the earth crumble
your words unbreakable
living forever
in an inperfect world

Poets poets and more poets
love to us more the a word

Poets poets and so many more poets
better because

vincent armone

Pop went the eightys

Video killed the radio store
Girls learned to have fun
people went nuts with culture
and for a man with white gloves

99 ballons went by
In a hazey shade of winter
went to a white wedding
with a hope for fortune and fame

What a feeling
took your breath away
we are the world ruled the days

Hands across america
lennon image it to
devo whipped it into shape
herbie hand cock tryed to

The eightys went pop
boy what a time
a bunch of mixed up message music that would last for all times

vincent armone

Preacher man/Vincent Armone(serum 2)

Children I now bring to you a special man
A man who is letting me use his site
to spread the lords words
but fear not my flock
for I shall soon be up and running
my own page
but give thanks to this man and helper of
jesus
Vincent Armone lets hear for him
clap like you would for jesus

This man saw my first sermum
and he said Preacher please
you need to get the good word out
please use my site for as long as you need

And I said son
God loves you
because you bring him to the masses

Then this humble man Vincent
he cried and told me
its his honor to be spreading gods words

So thank you Vincent
thank you and god thanks you
for letting me get my start here
praise be my children praise be

To be continued

vincent armone

Predators

You can not see them
but there in your home
lurking
waiting
hunting
for the right moment to strike

Thin membrane is all that seperates them from the innoncent
and the internet new
young eyes looking in wonder at the world on the desk top
full of games
full of knowlege
full of danger

In rooms of the many they search
aware of protecting eyes
Uncaring that they are there
profiles they seek
looking for the young
just the thrill that they might be teens
is for them more than enough

Yet they see the shows
all the guys arrested too
but they still go to meet the kids
thats the danger
thats how sick

There is a danger in your house
please protect your kids
tell them what the internet is about

But safety features on your pc
dont let the predators out
keep them locked behind the screen
keep them from lureing your children out

vincent armone

PRIESTS OF THE NIGHTS

Come my children and recive blessed commiuon
walk to the alter as i slash my wrists and open my vains
drink greedily from my arm as I offer you eternial life
open your maw as I expose my member
take it and swallow my giver of life, join me in total pleasure
embrace the maddness growing inside us all
resitence is pointless you all will fall

Walk from my altar of evil
blood stained, lick your lips, and smile I your father now forever
let not those fools tempt you into goodness for there lies are evil
look to me in times of doubt for I will carry you to greatness
as the navie truly burn in self rightouness

Leaving fear not for I will never leave you
Walk the night with my gift to you
for the world is now yours
and pain never again you will feel

LIFE FOR OTHERS WILL SOON BE JUST A DREAM
AS YOUR GIFTS YOU WILL SPREAD

vincent armone

Psalm 13

How long, O lord will you forget me forever? How long will you hide your face from me?

For I now, pray to thee
now fully reliezed of your greatness
tho not fearfull of thy eternal decesion of my fate
only I ask that you please forgive me and show me a sign
so that on my path to damnation, your teachings fill my mind with ease

Cast me down, but let me go not as a disbeliever
let me plunder to the scroched earth
knowing you have, and never will forget me
as I lay on my death bed, which I gladly made, I seek
as I lay here alone
peace

How long, O lord will you forget me forever? How long will you hide your face from me?

vincent armone

Punching the clock

Walking to the time clock
going to give 8 hours of your day
who ever invented work
should surely have to pay

All the little posters hung on the walls
toilets on the other side in case you have to hurl
taking out you card all the numbers are a blur
put it in the slot you just wont ever learn

Click goes the clock
your theres for the day
may as well do something your here anyway

Punching a clock
its what most of us do
and if you dont
then your the lucky
and the few.

vincent armone

Quarters

Quarters, is lost.
would roll, sit, even stand for a bit.
oh quarters I am sorry I know thy was old.
but to me you were more then just Quarters.
You were and always will be my best freind.
Quarters I love you

vincent armone

Quote the raven

quote the raven terrorist more
killed 3000 people
quote the raven terrorist more
next time kill a million people
quote the raven terrorist more

blow up planes on both shores
quote the raven terrorist more
women and children of usa feel the scorn
quote the raven terrorist more

shopping and laughing in a mall boom
quote the raven terrorist more
ride a bus take a train not going to get there
quote the raven terrorist more

wont stop till the west is like sun
people who are diffrent all done
not our beliefs our way of life
then burn in the fires of hell you live a dammed life
but allah has a surprize for you in your so called after life
that you will be just dead, you dont get to live another life
so go ahead kill all of us if you must
we are all going to heaven that you can trust
quote the raven terrorist more

vincent armone

Rain Falls

Outside my window
the rain falls
in a place I long to be
chained in my vows
I lay powerless to stop the storm

Calls calm down not
the pounding rain
of one so caught in a storm of the heart
helpless long time since I have felt

Outside my window
the rain falls
in a place I long to be
chained in my vows
I lay powerless to stop the storm

vincent armone

Rant

Do you talk about things like sex money poltics war hunger education homelessness ecomony president terrorism gas prices mad cow ecoli extra marital affairs pantyless stars whos on drugs steriods american idol wwe who is gay neihbors freinds family coworkers your boss taxes dancing with the stars reality tv sending our boys home drought gobal warming obiesty academy awards in other words like me

DO YOU RANT

vincent armone

Raptors

live a long with raptors, human is diguise
not known one is being a baby carrying bird
till eyes no more sleep
up turned gowels raptors drag to dens of horror
there puppets now not string less caged in the judges sentence
so careful must the we, to look raptors we see
misery oh loves guests

vincent armone

reaching for the perfect

Reaching for the perfect
so out of reach
tell myself this is life
everyday does it teach

So I walk through this world
takeing whats given
oh what a fools life we all are living

It is what it is
so may times have I heard that
but quess what I cant accept that

So reaching for the perfect
so out of reach
tell myself this is life
everyday does it teach

vincent armone

Reality tv

Mindless violence, couples broken, millions view
greed, obsession, unhappiness, every night
become a star, second place loser headline news

Reality tv
more like just plain reality
sad it is

vincent armone

Recharged

I the poet took sometime off
to recharge my batterys
to recharge my thoughts

Week after week
I wrote what came to mind
then poof I was all of a sudden blind
I sat and I tried to hammer home some
thoughts but all that came to me was
blanks and scrambled nots

But then I woke up
and the words were no longer blind
and rushing to my computor
had to give you all of my new mind

So sit back
the journey is back on
Vincent Armone the poet has returned
from the great beyond

vincent armone

Refusing

Refuse to do it
refuse like never before
because if you sucumb
you wont be able to refuse no more

Refuse the temptaion
refuse the pressure
just refuse to
your life will so much better

Refusing does not make you lame
Refusing does not make you dumb
Refusing drugs just means
you have life won

Refuse please once again I plee
But refuse not and its good by to thee

vincent armone

Returned

I the writer now free from the prison
that held my blocked mind
months of stairing
at black keys
now only a painfull memory
for I have returned

Returned to write about all that is just or injust
to send my words once again to all those hungry souls
waiting for inspreration
waiting to be inspiered

Once again the poet have awaked
and my words are flooing again

Sometimes my kind of block could be a good thing

vincent armone

Riddle dee dum?

Here is a poem/riddle
that you have to figure out
cause I am not going to tell you what its is about
now you can huff and you can puff, you can say that I hate this stuff
but here it is folks
RIDDLE DEE DUM

We all revolve around it
yet we dont dare look it straight in the eye
if we do we could go blind

Sometimes its get covered up
sometimes it hides
but its always there
standing with pride

People use it
in more ways then one
it helps when you go on a picnic
you have so much more fun

Even in the winter
its still around
tho it may be cold
trust me look and it can be found

So you have 24 Hours to figure this poem/riddle out
I know you will do it with any doubt
so are mad at me and I am Bum
well guess what people
RIDDLE DEE DUM

vincent armone

rip mom

This women, who gave me life
lays crumbling in front of my eyes
I powerless to stop the ravages of unwanted host
there mission destroys more than one body
so she lay, beeps replace her voice
tubes take her smile
her time is coming
this women, who gave me life
my heart lays crumbling in front of her unseeing eyes

vincent armone

Roll down your windows

with my windows down I smell the earths morning wonder
open trees of pinks and yellows and whites and reds strike my vision
fog lingers like mother natures intoxicating breath
suchs wonders mystify my being
how could so many hate among such treasures
tresures of birds, and flowers and animals and humans
so vast in there creation they will be forever
so amazing they must be of magic

love is so many things
just roll down your windows and see for yourself

vincent armone

Rolling the dice

Grab the cubes
shake them up
touch them to your soft lips

Close your eyes and toss them hard
its the game of life and you know the odds

Life is not always sevens
and not always two's
life is not craps
but its what you chose

We all play the game holding the dice in our hands
its up to us just how hard they land

So when your ready to roll your dice just remember
the outcome they decide, is the outcome of your life
so make the best roll you possibly can
because you wont get a second chance to roll them again

vincent armone

Rose to a lion

Rose to a lion.
soft wonderess majesticly scented
fierce powerful a king
Humble no more
from rose to a lion

vincent armone

Roses

Roses are
red
white
yelllow
pink
black
orange

Nice right, now stop and smell them

vincent armone

sad is just sad

Sad is walking by flowers and not smelling them
passing a cool clear stream and not drinking from it
seeing only darkness among a sky of dazzling stars
having a family and always eatting alone
working 14 hour days and spending 5 minutes with children
watching tv on a sunny day
listening to hate music and not the birds singing
seeing only two colors black and white
thinking things only happen to others and not you
taking all the food you want but not eatting what you take
wishing for money instead of health and happiness
fooling everyone but yourself
sad is just that sad

vincent armone

sad to happy

In throws of depression
my bedroom window became salvation
such a simple object
held such wonderess images

Sun bright and inviting
grass plush and comforting
flowers colorfull and full of life
a bunny hopping ears long, its stride majestic

My depression on hold
for how can I be so sad
in a world this beautiful

Trees with arms reacing for blue skies
childern with enough energy to light a city
a ice cream truck singing and waiting to dispense it wonders

My smile regained
I turn depressed know more
and head for the world
with hope
and a thirst
for all its glorys

vincent armone

Sad, hurt, humilated

In trust of challenged others
my soul I gave
never judgeing, never mockery
a person is a person

Doing good sometimes not enough
giving all sometimes not enough
meaning full intentions
often misunderstood

So now I lay and wait
suspended in time
for judgement of a crime
thou did or did not commit

Now my second family suffers
for the little comfort they have
the few that visit all gone
asked me after interogation
was sex involed

What a question
an animal I was quickly judged as
SAD HURT AND HUMILATED

THATS WHAT I AM NOW

In trust of others challenged
no more how sad that is

vincent armone

Said by a blind man

Black is bad
white is good
men rule
women belong at home
all for me
none for you
my way
or the highway

All these things are said
by a blind man

vincent armone

sailing in your eyes

Sail with you in your oceans of blue
feel the endless waves of joyful and painful tears on my skin
this journey for me now endless
as I sail with you in your oceans of blue

though the ship may list
water may threaten
drowning of me sometimes your thought

I will sail with you in your oceans of blue
your eyes truly the windows journey to your soul

vincent armone

Salt water taffy tears

My tears like salt water taffy

Red like my anger
yellow like my fear
black like past
green like my envy
blue like my blood
white like skin
brown like my eyes

My tears like salt water taffy

vincent armone

Saw this guy

Saw this guy, he looked tired, young but old
Was carrying these wore out bags, bet they traveled alot of miles
Must have been heavy because he walked slumped over
Guess he must have been about oh late thirtys
But this guy for sure had been through the ringer
And I for reason think I knew him, though first time really seen
as we past we glanced at each other, and nodded
like I been with him in his wars

I saw this guy
really saw him for the first time

vincent armone

Saying good by to yesterday

Its over and I am saying good by
good by to all the hard aches
missed loves
bad blood
wrong choices
long gone freinds
dead family members
the would of should of and could of
shame
low selfesteem
I now live with the future and its wonderful possiblitys
but most all I say good to yesterday
sorry my long time freind
I am finally moving on

vincent armone

Saying yours and my goodbyes

When I leave tomorow
from the comfort of my home
dont no if I will come back
I feel naked out there and alone

So much rage hides
behind locked doors
people just kill
dont need reasons any more

I could be at school
or getting ice cream
at a movie
or watching my favorite baseball team

It does not matter were I am
or what kind of event
if some maniac is crazy enough
and he needs to vent
the nut wont stop
until his clip is all spent

So I say to you all
with a tear in my eye
If I should fall tomorow
I want to just say goodbye

This is the world we live in
and I just dont no why
that I have to write a poem saying my goodbyes

Because I dont know what tomorow brings
If I am going to live or going to die.

We all have to learn
that the world has changed
yes people its gone fucking insane
protect your selfs the best you can
dont let these basterds chose your end
do not hesitate
do not withdraw
its a new country and protect it we must all

Called into duty
we all have been
so say goodbyes to your familys
the war at home is about to begin

vincent armone

Scream

I want to let it all out
the tension
the worry
the what if

Want to lift the weight of this crummy world off my shoulders
and for once and for all just relax

So I am going to do it
and join me if you like

Scream

ahh I fell better even if it is just tempory

vincent armone

Sea food its a matter of taste

Some guys like shrimps
and thats fine to each his own
me I like clams
raw, plump and full flavor

Clams when I open the shell up
not only do I get exitcted about the
tastey treat I am about to recivie
I know the clam like the tastes of my tounge also

I can feel it wiggle ever so slightly
as I attempt to pluck it from its home

But the greatest part about clams
is finding the pearl
round and lumounios
you can feel the clam CUM alive
at you finding
its hidden treasure

Sea food man its great
and weather you like
fish sticks
clams
or both
you can be rest assured
its a treat no matter which way
you cook it.

vincent armone

Seasons of hate

My mind summer
my heart winter
my soul fall
My future snow

My life
seasons of hate

vincent armone

Secret lovers

Secret kisses
Secret touches
Secret meetings
Secret lustings
Secret feelings
Secret partners
Secret spouses
Secret lives
Secret lies
Secret needs
Secret deeds

SECRET LOVERS

vincent armone

Seeing

TO truly know
A heart
a soul
a person
a essence

To truly know
pain
hope
dreams

To truly know
me
you
us

To truly know
you must be

THE SEEING

vincent armone

Seeing light through dark mirrors

So much pain, anger just engulfed.
hate, wanting to smash everything, no self respect.
womanize, cheat, not give a shit.
young kid at home, so what, world sucks

Then glimmers.
a rose.
birds singing.
rain drops cool on tounge.
blue skys of life.

little by little
step by step
one must first learn to walk before they fly
one can not fly to fly
thanks nitze

Seeing the light through dark mirrors

vincent armone

Sent

Why am I here
why was I born

I did not ask to be here
maybe I did not want to be here

Why?
to suffer
to love
to hate
to covent

For what purpose?
to impact some ones life

Why was I

SENT

vincent armone

September 2001

September 2001
gone but never forgotten
soon on this the eight year
the names will be read again
the tears will be shed again
America will morn again
on this the approching eight year

September 2001
gone but never forgotten
God bless America

vincent armone

Shadow walkers

Your town
my town

Your city
my city

Your country
my country

There lives
the shadow walkers

Working with you
working with me

School with your children
school with my children

The shadow walkers
In plain view
one of us
behind closed doors
a shadow walker

Planing our destruction
hateing our values
burning our flag

They wave to you
they wave to me

Shadow walkers
living in freedom
yet wanting to crush it

You sleep
I sleep
there awake
walking in the shadows
ready to strike then return to darkness
Shadow walkers

vincent armone

Sharp

The war is on
the cowboy had to go
called a womens basketball team
a bunch of nabby headed ho's

With his mighty voice
he rises to the task
but its for his agenda
not the girls
who stand next to him
with dignity and class

Outside the studios
he yells
we struck a fatal blow
Imus is gone
thats what he gets for calling them girls ho's

Look behind the words
see what this man has done
been all over tv and radio
were are the girls
sorry there done
no longer about them
never has it been
it has and always will be
about the man called
sharptin

vincent armone

She said no

I waited for just the right moment
to ask her to be me wife
I brought the ring
reserved the restaurant
and picked just the right time

Down on one knee
I took her hand
and slipped the ring on her finger
the place went silent
the waiter stood by with the champane
and then i ask
will you marry me

Her hands went to her face and a tear rolled down her cheek
no she said dont be mad its not you its me

shocked and dismayed I sat back in my seat
for the first time in my life
knowing true defeat.

vincent armone

shocker part 1

My heart a black hole
my mind filled with demons voices
my soul lol dont have one
Who am I you ask?
just what drives me to kill
to eat the eyes of those now lost
to rip out there brains and piss in there empty skulls

I am what you people created
the product of all the hate
destruction
and maddness

Before I was asleep
afraid to walk this earth
locked in my home
waiting for the next attack

Oh but how I have risen
oh how I now lay waste
with out regrets
with simple pleasure

Welcome all to my world
for my name is

THE SHOCKER

AHHHHH LET THE GAMES BEGIN

TO BE CONTINUED

vincent armone

Silence

Silence
alone afraid
yearning to be heard
in a world of multiple voices

Silence
dark unforgiving
yearning to break free
from ignorence

Silence
deafning
yearning to be unafraid
of judgements
from peers unknown

Silence
now you understand
its free
to rise up
to speak
well maybe
tomorow

vincent armone

Silence of the mute

Silence of the mute
among us the live
embracing our ways
betraying us all

That is the real terror

That is
Silence of the mute

vincent armone

Silent words

From my broken thoughts, come broken words.
words no longer able to inspire, and guide.
once poetic, now rambling.
were free flowing, now stuck.
so i bid you all farewell.
may you find whole thoughts.
and whole words, were I once roamed.

silent words all I have left.

vincent armone

Silly flowers

My mood like dark storm cloads
ready to burst and release there fury
on a sunny june day

Walking head down
I spot them
waveing to me
inviteing me to there party

Sullen I approach
and stare at there mulittude
of vibrent colors
back and forth they sway
touching
each other
dancing with each other

My mood less harsh
I move closer
and inhale
sneezing
I quickly straghten
looking at flowers not waving at me
but laughing

My back turned my smile returned
I wisper as I countinue on
dang flowers
you sure a silly

vincent armone

Simple mind

She is beautiful
yet incomplete
mind as simple as a child
heart and smile as big as the moon

With my heart broken
I know I must remain true to my vows of work, to protect and serve her needs, her wants, her dreams
oh but her smile
oh her playful touch on my shoulder
gods angel
my burden

Trusted with my care
against the law my actions would be
for I am the caregiver
and her feelings more important then mine

Oh but how I wish
I could kiss her lips
touch her breasts
and be one with the person I have fallen in love with

Yet I am the care giver
and she of simple mind
and laws keep us apart

God works in strange ways

vincent armone

Sitting in a fox hole

Darkness has nothing on this place
sitting in a fox hole
your eyes useless
the only sound you here is the breath of the wind

Yet I sit, and wait for my countrys ememy
hoping for the best, knowing that only hurt and death awaits

My mind keeps me company, when all I want is to be alone
to finish my job and go home

Yet I sit in this foxhole
and whisper to my self
darkness has nothing on this place.

vincent armone

Sketches on my skin

Sketches on my skin
I have more than a few
all telling storys
powerfull meanings too

The feel of the needle
pinching my skin
the ink being infused
become portraits on my skin

Sketches on my skin
they are of a part of who I am
they will be with me until the very end

People always looked at me
the paintings they would stare
made me feel blue
made me fell bad

Then I began to notice
all the people like me
free to express
what makes we, we

Sketches on my skin
I love every one
and there is more room on my body
to get a few more done

Sketches on my skin
they are a part of I

Sketches on my skin
they are all mine

Infused in my skin
infused in my mind

vincent armone

Sleep with the sun

Warmth touches my skin
as I lay in a vast field of lush green
my mind fading
as I sleep with the sun

Like being kissed on the cheek
and held tight in a wonderess grip
my mind dreams
to birds singing
to trees swaying
to life living
all happening
as I sleep with the sun

Smells abound
as butterflies
cool me with majestic wings
and natures gifts fill my stomach
as I sleep with the sun

Man and nature
in perfect unison
as I sleep with the sun

vincent armone

sleepy sheep

Now I lay me down to sleep
And if those god dam sheep wake me again
I am going to kick them in the head
the end

vincent armone

slippers

They warm on the coldest
of days
fluffy
and
dry
a happy place for my feet
they are my slippers

I shuffle along
my toes nestled
snug as bug
they will never let me down
who are they
my slippers

My true freinds
my all year salvation
they are my slippers
a mans best freind

vincent armone

slots

Slots
blinking
singing
inviting

The sound of falling change
surrounds you
grabs your sweating hand
an escorts to your seat

Insert your card
no need for cash
press the max button
watch the lines dash

20 minutes later
and your down a hundred
aint going to quit until
i go completly under

Walk around the casino
last 50 in your pants
sould you spend the money that was meant for gas

One last 20 thats what I will do
ten minutes later and the 50 is gone too

Slots
so happy when you first arrive
them kick you in the ass when its time to say goodbye
there the only winners and thats the truth
they got your money and thats the proof

vincent armone

Smash my computor

Want to take my computor
smash it up against the wall
whats wrong with you people
dont you see and feel good things
at all

Reading about this hard shit
life really sucks
but come on people its life
its supposed to be tough

There are cutters
the break my heart people too
and I been sucked in
become like the rest of you

So here I sit going to take my p.c
in my hands

Slam it up against the wall
lock my self in my room
and go through internet with drawl

From now on going to use
good old paper and pen
that is of course
until the internet calls me again

vincent armone

smashed deer

The deer layed smashed and dying shock stared through left eye
breathing shallow guts exposed it knows not of death only being a deer
how truly lucky is this animal.
Very I say

vincent armone

Smashed fingers

The pain as I type these hards words
is like writeing with smashed fingers

Every sentence has blood on it
every letter a searing jolt of pain
when you write like me
with smashed fingers

Others poets write with whole digits
alive
there craft flows from these extensions
with reckless abandon
not me
I write with smashed fingers

The words harsh
yet true
the tears I cry endless
because I write like I have
smashed fingers

Dead lifeless stumbs
that like zombies
refuse to die
eating up pages
gorging on all those who dare to read there words

I have embraced my place In this crazy world
and the results are these poems
that are written
with smashed fingers

vincent armone

smell your words

Oh what is that fool stench in thy words here, please bathe them.
bathe them so they are no longer vial, putrid, unturn.
For if you do not believe in the words that you write on this site.
why should anyone else.
false comments welcome.
there all you want anyway.

vincent armone

Smiled did the back stabbers

Laughing with you
crying with you
hopeing with you
being freinds with you
agreeing with you

Sharing your food
sharing your home
sharing your life
sharing your dreams

Wanting the same things
wanting the same goals
wanting the same from each others freindship

SMILEING TO YOUR FACE DOES THE BACK STABBERS

vincent armone

Snow angels

White side walks
untouched by feet

Calling for the waiting childern
in all of us

To lay in its perfection
To make tributes to our
every watching guardians

Becoming one with
nature
a feeling of belonging
in a universe full of mysteries

Look at earths creation
meshed with your own
fused
until shovels
scoop
or spring blooms

Snow angels
more than fun
its life

vincent armone

Snowing in Summer

Snow for me, covers a summers ground, oh time is fleeting.
black birds on white clouds, a signs of things to come
mistakes are supposed to be forgiven, thats what is written
but guess some errors in judgement, just to great for almighty

So I watch as snow falls, on a hot summer day
my uncertain eternity awaits.

vincent armone

So sorry

Weeping tears of blood
kneeling on wounded knees
bowing my head in sorrow
I plead to the unseen masses
I beg for forgiveness and truly I am sorry

Sorry that I am alive
Sorry for all that I have hurt
Sorry for the pain I have caused and will cause
my future
is filled with dark horizens

So I am sorry
So So sorry

For my thoughts are black and masses will suffer
please forgive
please understand
please pray
for me a soulless imp

Thank you and I am sorry

vincent armone

Soon I will rest.

To whiteness I soon walk.
So happy I am, to finally be able to soon rest.
done all I wanted, no regrets do I have.
life either bad, or good, was all worth it.
yet do it again, na had enough.
so to whiteness I soon walk.
proud, at ease, happy.
Finally able soon to truly rest.

vincent armone

South central la represent yo

Welcome to my casa south central la
booze and bullets reign here every day
niggers getting shot over every god dam thing
mother fucker got capped the other day over his cell phone ring

Send my kids out to play with a hope they will come back
just to go play on the swings whats up with that crap
think these kids will go to college I laugh at that
my 8 year old cracked some little mother fucker in the head last week with a baseball bat.

This place is a ghetto no hiding that
we just people trying to survive and thats the sad facts
who wants to hire a guy from the hood
even with out a record still misunderstood

Drugs they part of life
crack dam the high when you light up that pipe
but drugs here they aint no joke
mess with the wrong mother fuckers they will slit your throat

Walk to the liquor store to buy some fortys
one false move and we are dead before thirty
owner will clean up and be reopened by 1.30

Getting caught in a drive by I laugh at that shit
got a bullet proof vest bullets bounce of this shit

Cops, they come by
looking to kill
can you blame them
hell no I would to

But remember you all
we people to
just a little diffrent
because we live in the hood

South central la represent yo

vincent armone

Spaces from death

Death

cool cant wait to meet you

I am on my way

whats with the spaces

bet you people would love to know

Death
you have not a clue
just how close I am now

vincent armone

spare some time

You yes you the one reading this
can you spare some time
I seem to be running out
not much just a little to hold me over
I know you dont have much either
but I am hurting for more

Just a bit
you wont even miss it
i promise when we meet again
your deed will be rewarded

So you yes you
can you spare so time
help a fellow out
because to be honest
I aint got much time left

vincent armone

Speeding nightmare

Trapped in a speeding nightmare
you can not wake up
sleep has got you
this coccon of metal and plastic
your bed

The quicker It moves
The deeper you sleep
unaware
unafraid
of dangers all around

Your mind presses to awaken you
to sense the danger
to halt the nightmare
now closeing in on the end

Then the dream ends
awakened you panic
and halt the nightmare
sweating you pull over and roll down the window
breathing in the cool night air

The nightmare is stopped
but miles you got to go
and sleep is knocking once more

vincent armone

Stage 4 women

Left breast pink
a freckel dots the landscape
nipple stands plump and erect

Right breast, brown
uneven
lumps stand like moutains
nipple flat areola gray lifeless

Stage 4 women

With dignity and honor the women
stand tall
pink abounds
there smiles sharp like knives

Inside alone
they weep
hair gone
black and blue encases
hearts ache, stabs like daggers

Stage 4 women

We give
as much as we can
selling hope and miracles
marching like soilders
cheering survivers

In secret
we pity
not much we can do
we sit still like statues
morning all the lose

Stage 4 women

They talk to others
in first of the stage
you must fight, be brave
let us not die in vain

Death beds
they say goodby
there lose and hers
to heavens of pink
she will walk among the many
looking over the surviving
and the breast cancer new

Stage 4 women

please forget them not
remember to see your doctor
whether you feel sick or not

Stage 1
Stage 2
Stage 3

Stage 4 women

vincent armone

Star wars 2009

Oh han, I am a sadden jedi.
knew not how much I loved thee, till yee frozen in carbonighte.
ignoring all my masters teaching of emotions.
I shall search for thee, through out expansive galaxys.
fear not love, I your luke will once again hold you.
like that wonderess time, on hoth.
endless snow, chilled air, warm bodys.
hold on my true master, let go of your fear
I am on my way, once again not as a jedi.
but your one and only, your true force
luke.

vincent armone

Star wars 2009(the cronicles of vader)

Complete blackness, a heart of sunshine.
through fake eyes, a flower captures darkened side.
tears, for its smell lay outside of muted smell.
with hand of iron, crush said flower, it becomes no more.
and anger and fear and hate all swell once again.
but thoughts betray this figure of black and evil.
for maybe its true, evil has not been completely driven from him.

vincent armone

Step on a flower because

Would a flower step on you, just because
destorying the earth is easy loving it I quess is hard

Think about it?

vincent armone

Sticks and stones

Sticks and stones
may break my bones
yet I give you know reason to hate me
still we kill each other with out a care
and thats the sad truth lately.

vincent armone

Success is scary

Sitting at my desk I write
for the masses
yearning for words
of insperation, hope, life
and with every letter I put down
every sentance I complete
I feel the people coming to hear me
to feel my passion

With this comes feelings
of anxiety and fear
of pleasing all those
who count on me for words
deep in my head

This task that I stared
I will continue on
but believe me
success is very hard

vincent armone

Suicide Note

Now nothing can stop me from fate
not the love of my child or wife
not my house or fancy cars
not my freinds and relitives
nothing and I mean nothing can stop me from fate nothing

A man like myself can have much
as stated above
but when his soul is lost
when the love for himself is truly gone, and his mind is a jumble of fears and misguided thoughts
then nothing can stop that mans fate, MY FATE

So I sit naked typeing, with my tub running with warm water
which will ease the pain and make darkness for me quick
A smile up on my face
this shit hole world and all its pain for me is over.

So as I rise and walk towards the valley of darkness
I am at ease
My son no longer grows up with a loser
my wife no longer puts up with my shit

AND I WALK TO MY FATE AND
NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW

vincent armone

Suicide Solution

Come on down
we are all contestant
on the worlds number one game show
Suicide Solution

Were you the contestant
can give up on life and win fabulous prizes
like pain and the growingly popular death

So forget your loved ones
and chose the easy way out here on the worlds most popular show
Suicide Solution

Suicide Soution is brought to you by
a faltering economy
a growing sense of fear
a hate for those diffrent
and the ever trustworthy terrorism

For tickets our to be a contestant
write your request to
po box civil servent in the after life
or apply on line at www.lifes hard so i will quit dot com

vincent armone

Sun downing

For my father winter brings with it the sun downing.
summers dog days pass and his state goes unchanged.
that is until the dark ANGRY winter once again brings the sun downing.

Brief flashes of the man he used to be sometimes appear.
his family first, his children his life.
then winter comes and snaps him back to present state of thought.
all his sleepless nights and months for this we thank the sun downing.

Us his family suffer from the mystery that is now his mind.
doctors only guess whats wrong, we follow directions.
but the winter winds howl and dad turns to the beast.
we thank the sun downing.

So dads here but in body only.
with age brings this terrible diesese and the sun downing

Takes the rest.

dedicated to all those living with someone with alzheimers
you are not alone

vincent armone

Taking my hands

Society quick to judge
comments
meant not to offend
but to lighten moods
left sour by ignorence and fear

Voices suddenly silent on the air waves
I fear the forces of single purpose
coming to get me

To judge my hands
for the words I write
to not show the good deeds
of there past
but to show the things they say now

Asked for comments on poems
deemed racist and demeaning
my hands are halted and judged
before words can be spoken from them
before truths can be told

In rooms of power
desicons are made
and my hands are taken
never to offend no more

They may take my hands
but my heart will always beat

vincent armone

Talking with the angel

Okay i am ready lets have this talk

are you sure your ready to hear, not pulling punches at all

I know that I am a bad person one the worst of all and i deserve to go to hell wont look for the white light at all

This I see you believe is not a lie
but jesus has plans for you
is that a surprise

Heaven is a place
that I will not get in
to many heart aches far to many sins

If you believe in jesus and atone for all your sins
then heaven is the place were slavation truly begins
so make your choices, do what you must
but the one thing you have to do is earn your own trust
god is waiting and you have to let him in
but if you cant do that then you will pay for your sins

I finally get it after all this time
the choices I make in life are truly mine
thank you my angel you opened my eyes
tell jesus I will meet him on the other side

vincent armone

Tears on my keyboard

I sit and write
spilling tears on my keyboard

Every drop
a new word
every stream
a new sentence

Today flood gates opened
many tears were spilled
many works
delivered

Yet I pushed on
typeing on a wet key board
recharging with every click

Poets from all over
look to my words
to inspire

Just how many know
that tears
have been spilled
on my key board

vincent armone

Thank you fellow poets and goodnight(tribute)

Thank you all
for words that were
truthful
meaning
helpful

I type for you
and put my heart on me sleave for you
I pull no punches and take my shots like a man

So thank you fellow poets
for showing me that life is a wonderful mix of rich imagnations
and vivid dreamers
So
Poets thank you and goodnight

vincent armone

THAT DAY

camera pans up and follows in disbeliving then BOOM
silence them holy SHIT
sky rains glass and fire, then BODIES
new breaks familys rush to phones, Accident to early to know.
the heros board chariots of red and pray nowing not coming back
as the images of carnage now splashed around the world
and evils laughs the mighty have fallen

A priest dies in pray carried form the dust just gone
the BOOM silence holy shit the world is over
and the charred leap explodeing like bombs
the stuned walk like gray zomdies the heros give up the fight
in full retreated the get not the message
and collaspe is relized
street black, silent the nucler fire lay all twisted

From the lifting gray
come a voice, who there any one alive who there any one
and intermissom gives way all rise second in ten

from the break comes a fight
from those who will die on terms not made from others
to inform love ones of plans
to raise a shit storm to go do down with a roar
even if the out come is blackess

Even in tragedy were secure shape is in penitrable
comes confusion
who did
why did
look it was a rocket
but people were dead
and the axis of evil laughed

Then second round it crashed into the other fire pit
and 3000 persihed in less the two hours
and a nation morned
help from across citys
and candles were lit

Hell beat us down
but we rose from the ashes
and we wont be broken

We are strong and life
and hope
and goodness
will prevail

EVEN AS THE EVIL LAUGHS
BUT THE WILL BURN
AND JUSTICE WILL TRULY BE BLIND TO THERE DEEDS

GOOD BLESS AMERICA

vincent armone

Thats why punks

Why do I want to swallow thousands of pills
put a gun in my mouth blow my brains out
slit my wrists and lick the blood from my wounds
hang my self in a closet
why because
thats why

World doesnt give a shit
people killing
hating because of religon and skin
this planet sucks

Dont care about flowers
life
gods green earth
I am just feed up
going to end my life my way
before some faceless punk ends it for me

So go ahead read this
say man he is angry
hate like everyone else including me
I just dont give a shit

So why
thats why

funny ha

Tell that to my family

vincent armone

The American flag

You can burn it
step on it
spit on it
mock it
shit on it

But It will always fly
until the last American is left standing
she will wave in all her red white and blue glory
because you may take our lives but you will never take our freedom

God bless America

vincent armone

The beast

I can not stand the sight
of such horrible fith
such a vile retch
it stinks of a thousand rottening corpses

Ugly and weak
such waste
it walks like it acts
slow and bent
a wounded evil soul
a dog not even love it

Yet look apon with pity
I think not
for a creature as foul as this
deserves not such redemtion
only scorn which it has earned

Night brings no such peace
to the demon
for its dreams are blacker then black
and its reality a waking misery

Thoughts of death bring no hope for it
for in hell he shall suffer
a fate untold

So you ask
who is such a beast
were does he live
so that I shall curse his presence
and ignore its miserble being

The beast is I
and I hide
among the healthy many
living and dreaming a phoney life
hopeing and praying to a god I no not listening

I die inside slowly
as the world laughs and spring bloosoms
I cry with cuts on my arms as long as rivers
tormented by a creature
I can not stand anymore
wanting to rip it apart
hateing what I have become
slowed briefly by pills
the beast always returns

Pounding at my misshapened skull
and screaming at my broken mind
I huddle like a fetus

in the corner of my of doom
weeping for help
to rid me of such a beast of burden
and restore the human underneath

For depression is a monster
and even sucide can not slay this beast
for its suffering will last with those you love

So I am done
and I take my beast with me
a vile mass of unworthy life

vincent armone

The burning car

Two sit in the front seat
me in the back
we were stopped at a red light
simple as that

The driver was a freind I thought that I knew
next to him was my uncle a guy I really knew

The car started smoking a little at first
then came the flames from the engine in a big orange burst

From the front they both ran
away from the car they forgot about me the other man

I pushed at the front seat it would not budge
I started to painic as flames raced above

No one came to help me not a soul
I had to get out all alone

I managed to escape in the nick of time
the third degree burns on my arms would last a life time

I walked to the curb and stared at the two
I quess I never really knew either of you

As I waited for the ambulance to arrive
I was just happy I was alive

I have no quilt
I have no shame
I never spoke to either one of those people ever again.

A true story

vincent armone

The callers

Tho art humbled
to have written words for yearing masses
masses so eager for briteness on cloudy days
that they flock to me the faceless poet

They are THE CALLERS
and I am the Messenger
connected forever

Through a simply thing called hope

Tho art the callers and I shall always be here
ready to answer your needs, hopes, dreams

With my honest words

vincent armone

The cronicles of imus

He we go
not learning from the past
a nut job says something horrible on the radio or tv
the offended want his ass
the tension is building
the justice seekers march on
get ready everyone the war is on

Nabby headed hoe's
called them jiggabo's too

You think this guy is sane
think he means to hurt you
please be smarter than that
use the knowlege the college
gave you

Were does responsbilty begin
when public leaders rally young minds
into a war they wont win

nobody wants to see
anyone get hurt
over a guy in a cowboy hat
who is one loud mouth jerk

Its easy to be mad
enflamed
and enraged
but use your head
nobodys like him his worth the pain

Its easy for me to sit here and write
not in there shoes
I know not there plight
but here is the diffrence why I stand apart
I would laugh at that old fart

Be a thinker not stinker
I like the way the phrase above is said
dont use your knuckles
use your head

In the end justice will be served
He will get fired
no one will hear other word
but dont you think that this is the end
because there are plenty more people out there
who will surely offend

When the fires are doused
and the rampage is done

people ask your self
who was really dumb

The answer might surprise you
alone looking at your insides
was a guy like imus worth it
hey thats for you to decide.

PEACE ALL LET FREEDOM REIGN
AND HOPE BLOSSOM IN A WORLD THAT NEEDS IT

vincent armone

The dancers

Dancing in the deepest parts of the mind
an idea springs into your attention
quickly, you grab it
feeling its creative energy
abosorbing the unequal pleasure
of its glowing essence.

Then as quickly as the danced into your mind
there gone
locked away until
the next performance summons
there presence

Ideas that
dance
are ideas that are fully
and deeply
reliezed

Ideas
minds
ballet

vincent armone

The Dead walk to the fire

The Dead walk to the fire
skinny and souless
broken and heartless
The Dead walk to the fire

Numbers tattooed
on transparent skin
heads shaved
of lifeless skull
The Dead walk to the fire

Familes long gone
sprite since abanded
hope just a myth
The Dead walk to the fire

Ash replaces snow
stench replaces air
horror replaces fear
The Dead walk to the fire

In the chamber
dark replaces light
silence replaces voices
The Dead now in the fire

Smoke rises from hellish chimmeys
Burnt souls fall from the sky on waiting shoulders
The Dead walk to the fire

To all the people who died in the holocust and to all those who survived may good bless your souls and may god bless your hearts
Vincent Armone

vincent armone

The distant me

Some were deep inside my darkened self
lies the distant me
Always fighting to emerge
always pushed back by forces
that roam my unconsious mind

The distant me
happy, hopefull, peacefull

The distant me
A book judged solely by its black cover

vincent armone

The ememy inside

I can not believe my ememy
was the ememy in my inside
this evil tormentor cleverly it did hide
rear its ugly head every now and again
dive back to my insides before I could make it dead.

Walking around this world
all the people I did hate
thought everyone was out to get me
but it was me making doing drugs and making the mistakes

Losing my job was the first step
wife left with the kids
mom and dad would not have me, my life on the skids

checked into a motel room
the battle about to become a war
one of us was dyeing would not take the pain no more

Took about a year to rid my self of the beast
walk into the world a happy man
life now a treat.

vincent armone

The forgotten

With voices mostly silent
and limbs that hardly work
with feelings they can not manage
and human dignty they no longer have
they are hidden away

In group homes they linger
family sometimes come for weekend vists
socitey shuns them
and few souls take care of them

Now called clients
no longer called retarted

But they are
and always will be the
FORGOTTEN

vincent armone

the grip

It got me and it wont let go
a hold so tight
the air is crushed from my lungs
and i drift on a cloud of happiness
to better and glorious days

Out of know were it came
just as I was giving up on it
it took me and looking back for me is over

No commiments of despair
shall I keep no more
for i have felt what the grips true power really is

So I now take it for real and boy how I LOVE it

vincent armone

The hanging game

A rope over a pipe a bucket nice and tall
step right up who wants to take fall
around the room no hands went up
till someone yelled chickens you make me throw up

With fear in his eyes up stepped my freind
I will do it you guys aint men
up on the bucket put rope around neck
closed his eyes and out went the bucket end over end

We watched in horror kids not even ten
as the eyes balls of my freind went white and dead
to his side we rushed and tried get rope off
but it was stuck, the rope to taunt

with panic we lifted tried to ease the slack
as his body went limp we screamed for his dad
with rushed foot steps we heard his old man roar
I told you kids quite dont bother me.....

The dad look on his face he rushed past us terror in his pace
with a mighty snap the rope gave way, his son dead from deadly game
to the ground he lowered him and he yelled out
get an ambluance god dam it now

I lost a freind that day at 10 not what childhood should be about
but learned as lesson that scares me till today no dougt
talk to your children tell them what life and meaning are all about

For all who have lost children to this horrible game
May god bless you all

This is a true story happened to me at age 10

vincent armone

THE HUMAN CYCLE

Up at 5 am
shower by 5.30 am
breakfast maybe if time 6 am
out the door 6.30 am 7 latest
work at 8 am
lunch 12 pm
off work 7 pm
dinner 7.30 pm
play with kids maybe half hour
talk with lwife lol to busy
bed 9 pm
sex yea with self
up 5.00 am
repeat day

WELCOME TO THE HUMAN CYCLE
SAD IS IT NOT

vincent armone

The human mind is like! ! !

The human mind is like
playing checkers without the board
doing a crossword with out any words
eating soup with your hands
sleeping with your eyes open
playing golf with no clubs
baking cookies without dough
throwing a board at the darts
riding a bike with a wheel missing
fishing without a line
putting your contacts in backwards
going on a blind date with yourself
etc
in other words the human mind is crazy
man what a rush

vincent armone

The ignored

Even among a crowd we are alone
eyes of others always foward
we walk through the landscape
like ghosts
searching for the light

Yearing for just a little contact
from people who have gone all to silent
yet we weep at a world that has passed us all by

Feeling like deja vu
we are felt briefly
and dismissed just as quickly

who are we?

WE ARE THE IGNORED

vincent armone

The journey

Snow all around me
the sun up above
my time here is over
my final journey
has begun.

Cold turns to warmth
right before my eyes
whats behind the cloads
my destiny there lies

My journey now over and done
my peace for all eternity
has begun.

vincent armone

THE LIER COMPLETE

False one word, word is thou
Lies become real, when life is tasteless and percived bland
So far fetched journeys are told to others unsupecting
Shock and awe upon which you look, for second makes I worthfull
But in cold winters walks, alone, soul bleeds tears
For fantasy is just that, and life is also just life

Even with eyes dark stars become reachable, touchable, needfull
In this world I become the king, I the wanted
Speak not false words here, for stories true and grand
But with shining lite reality becomes sadness

So I journey in real time telling tales to all who will listen
Fooling only myself, for the ignorent is I
For I am the teller of tales, the jester of lies
THE LIER COMPLETE

vincent armone

The long and winding poem

My life nothing but a struggle, yea I know so is everyone else is, always success and happiness just with in reach and i can not grab it. So I suffer with guilt, feeling like a faluire, a loser, suicide now my only true freind. It hurts when the american dream they breach on tv is nothing but a sham, when marrage is not the bed of roses, or the key to happiness, when other lovers dont equal up to greener grasses. Life is hard yes, but for god sakes does it have to be mean also.There is an old saying you live once and I say thank god if there is one for that.You know the nature of your freinds and so called family when you get hurt or you are about to lose everything, most run for the hills, afraid to catch what you got, but I got news for them, there time will come, and loneliness is not fun.So go ahead smell the roses, I did and I got cut on the torns, bleeding alone no worse feeling, So if your life is good, I am not happy for you, if your life is bad, then screw you, nobody cared about me when I had a stroke at 34, lost my job, and my mom got cancer. So I say to the world I tried to be nice and got shit on, now I join all you unhappy wastes of life, the new me the angry me is coming and may god have mercy on your souls

vincent armone

the magic of loving

Men are powerless against its trance inducing power
women use it to fan the flames of erotic desires longing
present since the two meet in the garden of heated embrace
all have been captured once in its web of pulsating seduction

To escape from it, is of fruitless attempt
to hide from it is of pointless venture
to hate it, one truly is blinded by ignorence

So hard sometimes it is to aquire
but one must know that its waits
that meeting is a desitiny long since planned

Men are powerless against its trance inducing power
Women use it to fan the flames of erotic desires longing
present since to two met in the garden of heated embrace
and all have been captured once by LOVES pulsating embrace

vincent armone

The march of the poets

We all gather
from all corners of the world
to march
our thoughts
on to the net

With pages of text
long enough to reach
mars and back
we assend on the non thinkers
and spread
joy
sorrow
passion
among those brave enough
to join and march with us

We are the marching poets
brave and inspiered
telling storys in a world
with closed ears
fearing not retailation
but hoping for soulitions
to simple
and complex
problems

Darkess is a screen with no words
light is a marching poet

And hope is eternal

vincent armone

The pain of rape

Smashed against a dumpster, bloody, destoryed.
clothes torn, thighs spilling rivers of blood.
cars driving by, screams muted by crushed lungs. hand out stretched
rats nibble spoiled lettuce, around missing shoes.
knees like cooked squash, mind lost.
crawl bit by bit, fear of his return.
people see but dont see.
soon hope death.
will get police, and questions, and doctors, looking between legs
for samples from the animal.
counslers, and advice, husband in rage.
what does he care just go away.
then home, to recover.
alone locking everything,
trusting no one.
going into seclusion.
get divorced.
spend next five years crying.
never trusting another man again.
this is

THE PAIN OF RAPE

vincent armone

The preacher with thousand dollar shoes

Twenty thousand people
hang on to his every word
tells them jesus will save them
they believe every single word.

The choir is singing
there hands they do clap
as the peoples money is counted in the back

So please give as much as you can
its for god
help spread his name you can

Visa
mastercard
American express too
and if you have diners
we take that to

The preacher closes his eyes
raises his hands above
his five thousand dollar suit
fits him like a glove

When the service is over
and the people no more
he will take his thousand dollar shoes
and glide out the back door

Into his benz
with all his bling
he says to himself
thank you god
thanks forever thing.

vincent armone

The reader

I can touch people
no not with my hands
I can touch them with my mind
a reader I sure am

I know what there thinking
I can see there future and there past
I can touch there souls
a reader I sure am

Sometimes I can see the future
and it scares me a lot
because what I see
I should not
a reader I sure am
believe it or not

Sometimes It comes and sometimes it goes
a reader I sure am
my mind slightly off

So if you dont believe me
give me a try
but dont be scared what I tell you
because a reader am I

vincent armone

The response

I wrote a poem about the holocaust
and then I had a dream that I was there
among the broken and the lost

I was watching as they walked to there deaths
but they were smileing and waving at me
like they had no worrys or regrets

My hand out streched
my knees planted in the snow
I grabbed for them
but it was like they wanted to go

The last guy before my dream came to an end
seemed to wisper to me
its okay your our freind

I awoke all frightened and ashamed
about what I had written
did I use there suffering in vain

But I think it was a sign to tell me good
job you did not forget us up here with god

So I thought about what should I write back
I hope its good or I will be getting a response back.

vincent armone

THE ROAD THAT ENDED FOR NOW

Stay one simply word, yet so complex
down on your knees you begged me to just love you
so many nights you cried, wishing on a wishing star for us to be joined
yet I chose to the road to no were, living the american dream
living in a little in a perfect little box, but only on the outside
you asked for me to be your romeo, you my juliet, yet i remained deaf

So many times we laid in each others arms, so at peace
yet so many times we cried after, parting such sweet soorow
you my angel, endured so much, hoping I would see that you
were my true, life partner, make me understand that i would never
never again sleep alone, that kisses were free, that hugs were wanted
but I resisted, I pushed you, not because I did not love,
but because the person I created was utitimently the most
important person in my life, more then myself, even more than god

Did not know what I had till it was gone
Wont forget you, ever
understand why you will hurt forever
we were never just lovers foolish if we thought that

So now I walk the lonely road of fate
hopeong to one day end my journey in the one true place i belong

IN YOUR ARMS

vincent armone

The soul of jesus

Take my soul, find a calm pool of water and toss it in
return it to who it rightfuly belongs
until it is ready to be claimed again
do this for me, for my time here is done
and cry not for me
for when my soul is lifted high again
I shall live once more forever

vincent armone

The subway

Stone steps\ lead thy unfavored, to black transportaion.
No token required and this transportaion is never late.
For this ride, is doom last and thy lifes choice.
Welcome to the subway you earned it.

vincent armone

The summer it snowed

Blue skies
yards of green
flowers of mulitude
among such wonderess gifts
I walk towards my ever nearing
winter

My lungs full of dirty snow
I hear not the singing of birds
but the calling of my black forcast

Summer
kids play
boats sail
I succum
no longer able to shovel
the snow away

Yet in peace in tread
for months are now weeks
and soon weeks will be days

For me spring brought fall
and the summer brought
snow
and the winter will bring
my forever peace

vincent armone

The Sunshine

Seen blood
hate
death
senseless acts of violence
hunger
drought
aids
scorthed forests
melting ice caps

thourgh all those hardships
through every hopeless feeling
every morning that I have woke
I have seen the sunshine
sunshine my angel
the pure giver of life

Sunshine
like hope is a good thing

vincent armone

The Vincent Armone address to the nation

My great nation listen to me
listen to me and understand these words
for I come to you with the hope that one day
just one, your eyes will open and your hearts will be free
my great nation listen to me.

We must all stand together as protectors of the those who can not protect themselves
we must rise above our hate and fear, so that one day all of our childern can truly be free
my great nation listen to me.

My great nation we must never let those who trespass against us
take the essence of who we are
when they knock down buildings
we will build them taller
when they burn our flags
we will make them stronger
my great nation listen to me.

My great nation
Lady liberty must remain tall
arm raised
torch burning bright
the american bald eagle proud and majestic must soar ever higher
symbols that must forever be seared in the minds of all those who oppose us
my great nation listen to me

When the sun finally sets on our great land
and the history books have stopped being writen
we will all then walk to the after life with our heads held high
and our sprites, a beacon of hope, liberty, and justice
my great nation thank you for listening to me
and may god bless America.

vincent armone

There is no i in me

This is the very first poem that i ever wrote.3 years ago after my stroke at the age of 34 and tells of the confusen I felt and the fact that I had no idea who I was.

I am me someone, everyone, no one
I hope one day to be like someone else
I think sometimes I am special but I am just me
me- is that who I really am?
I think I am so therefore I must be
I think so, therefore I am
is there really just me? I dont know
I am for sure after all just me
remember there is no I in me just me, no I
me myself and I that must be it
in the end remember
there is no we in team and there is know I in me
me-thats who I am
I thats me.

vincent armone

There real I saw them

I know there real, because I saw them.
shocked out of my mind, frozen I watched.
first the noise hypnotized, then the image black and white.
like a sleepwalk on a thick cloud. was helpless.
the grandfather slept in the kids room, boy he snored.
he argued not, we recorded, we got it.
tape revealed it was played, there it was.
humming, vibration, and homeowners stares.
what was that? beats me must be the tape.
but I knew because.

Because there real, I saw them

vincent armone

there she stood

Smoke as far as the eye could see.
flames miles high.
falling death.
sirens screaming.
the human race on verge of chaos.
boats now life boats.
priests praying for the dead and dieing also.
satan laughing in a cave thousands of miles away.

but through it all the death and carnage.
when all hope was lost.
and lives shatterd forever.
there she was torched still raised.
a symbol that you may take our lives
but you will never take our freedom

There she stood on that horrific
with liberty and justice for all

There she stood
proud and true
never quitting never surrendering

There she stood
and always will

for you shall one day knock her down
but she will rise again majestic and unwavering

There she stood
god bless America

vincent armone

there she was

Just like that there she was
to give me all that I lack
never judged
never laughed at
home for me
is now just a word

Talk to your other
be a man you made the vow
or part before you step out
its not that hard

when little ones are there
you do what you must
its not there fault
there parents
are messed up

so you stay
and smile to hide the shame
climbing into the arms of your lover
eases all the pain

You always say
I will very stray no matter what
oh yea

just like that there she was

vincent armone

Think about this

Think about this?
more people watch dancing with the stars
more people watch American idol
more people watch bad things on tv news
more people
more people live quick
more people live easier
more people exerisce less
more people work longer
more people have someone else do everthing for them
are we more people or robots
Think about this

vincent armone

this women I love

Glasses not hide her beauty, she radiates women.
clothes matter not on her frame, gorgous is gorgous.
sometimes she needs a push, when doubt her only freind.
to be reassured that she matters.
even in great hardship, and life strains.
this women, this angel.
want to ride on her wings.
for eternity, for each other, for hope

This women I love

vincent armone

Tho art a broken man part 2

In heaven among the yearning masses
thou art a broken man

My sins left on earth
but most certainly not forgotten
judgement at the eternal gates awaits me
thou art a broken man

Not deserving of second chance
deeds thy did unspeakable
my prays for mercy answered
I thank the all mighty
with fractured heart
and painful tears
thou art a broken man

Now at the celestial gate
time for me has come
terrified I enter into eternity
saved
but for ever I will remain
and will remember
thou art a broken man

READ PART 1 OF SAME TITLE TO GET BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF POEM

vincent armone

Thou art a broken man

Thou art a broken man
kneeling, bleeding before the alter of God
a soul naked, and stripped of dignity, I crawl towards a future brought upon by no one but thy self.
Thou art a broken man

I weep longing for the past
to right the wrongs
to heal hearts piereced by thy evil deeds
I bleed red tears for the hurt and sorrows I have caused
Thou art a broken man

Begging for your forgiveness
I pledge my service to you oh holy sprite
for only now in the hour of my judgement
do I see your greatness
and understand thy teachings
Thou art a broken man

If doomed to fate already sealed
I shall accept punishment
for I am no longer afraid
I shall lay before the flames
and suffer for my sins
Thou art a broken man

Unkept
unhonored
I am now silent
waiting
knowing thy fate
for I am doomed and forever I shall be

Tho art a broken man

vincent armone

Thou art a broken man 3(prequel)

So young only fourteen she begs for thy love
No longer able to resist I go to her
thou art a broken man

Her breast press upon thy chest
her lips taste mine
no more I think with rational thoughts
I take her
thou art a broken man

Together we become one
loving
caring
wanting to be together forever
knowing fates await us not in our favor
thou art a broken man

Far away others know of our union
and wait
to save one so young
and punish one so evil
tho art a broken man

vincent armone

Thou art a broken man 4(prequel)

We walk together hand and hand
minds and hearts one
father and mother
looking upon me with vengeful eyes
I beg for there understanding
thou art a broken man

Descisons long since rendered
I here the sirens of my fate
my voice speaks to them of a love
that knows not of age
not of thy needs only
but of two who want only each other
thou art a broken man

Frozen moments in time
his fury is thrust upon me
fists pounding, mind of single purpose
he rages
thou art a broken man

Not with anger I strike to survive
and end a life not deserving of such a fate
looks of horror abound
a wife screams
a daugther shocked
thou art a broken man

Sirens of fate now near
I flea
into darkness forever
thou art a broken man

vincent armone

Thousands

Today I cried thousands of sad hurtful tears
She of wonder
She so gorgous
I the fool let her go

Choose me me live happy
understand I do not
why you chose to be so unhappy
dropp everything I would
listen to these words I did not
break the vows of commiment
coward turned out to be

So today I cried thousands of sad hurtful tears
because I the fool let her go

vincent armone

Throwing away food

Six pounds burgers a pound of fries.
finish it not who cares, that millions starve and die.
make a ton of food dinner much to much to eat.
open up the trash, it also has to eat.
extra large pizzas, right to our thighs.
some were else a child cries.
along the curb a bountys feast.
get arrested if the homeless try to eat.
our wastlines grow, as others fade.
but we dont care, we eat everyday.
so much food, for the world to eat.
but only for those with the means.
its not your problems, why should you care
let them do there share
I am rich, you are poor
my food, not yours
stravation cant take it no more

vincent armone

Throwing the upset apple cart up against the wall

I am my own person
I do what I like
I am a leader
I dont follow others on spite

I were whats clean
I drive what gets me around
I dont need 2 hundred dollar pants
to make me a king of the town

People are always worried
about up setting the apple cart
but those people are lost
there life they forgot

So I am the guy who
picks up the apple cart
smashes it against the wall
because I am happy and smart

So I am diffrent
it is what makes me, me
but I am sorry that strict life is not for thee
I would would rather be alone and free
then have someone control the very essences of me

vincent armone

Thunder bolts and lightning

Thunder bolts, lightning
compared to a women
both striking
both earth shaking
both load

In like a quick storm
they sweep in and emerse men in intensty
rain down apon men in a vicious rage
leaving men soaked with emotions

Behind they leave flowers to smell
grass to lay in
and earthly riches so begging to be enjoyed
until the next storm

Thunder bolts and lighting
compared to a women
both so dam powerful
both wonderess
both

Earths gift

vincent armone

Thunder Storms

Banging with intense anger
flashing it evil lighting
the thunder storms are here

Blankets under you can not hide
ear plugs lessen but help not
the monster is roaring
its fury
chills bones
its power shakes souls
natures beast

thunder storms lead you
to depression
to hurt
to madness
until it breaks you
leaving you
swimming in a babbling pool
of gibberish

Weather men not needed
doctors leave it untreated

Left imobile
in a room of white
with thunder storms
in your head, slowly approching
slowly madding

Normal to many
Abnormal to many
Thunder storms nautures fury
mans punishment

vincent armone

to covet

God says to covet is wrong
If I love another, and I am comminted to another
is it wrong if only I see what I see, feel what I feel
and want what I want?

Yet in his image we are made

And perfect is hard to achive

When God says to covet is wrong

vincent armone

To the poets of poemhunter

Cross cyber space we all toil.
looking for 15 mintues.
on a clock with no hands.
words every one has them.

vincent armone

Tonuge of the Beast

My legs gone
my lungs slowly being crushed
I wait for death
on the tonuge of the beast

Eyes black as coal
its belly white as snow
I wait for death
on the tonuge of the beast

A dead seagull near my shoulder
a hook pierces my eye
I wait for death
on the tonuge of the beast

Water flows in
water flows out
I slip deeper into darkness
and wait for death
on the tonuge of the beast

My tank now empty
my time has come
into darkness
I will now sleep forever
on the tonuge of the beast

vincent armone

took her blood

I took the cup of her blood and drank
I took the bread of her body and ate
I sat and promised to be forever hers
I betrayed her, sent her to death, upon my alter of lies
now I shall be cast down in my final hour
to live with broken commadment
in the flames of damnation

vincent armone

Traffic funny poem

On the highway
cars all a jam
have to take a dump
man you got to go bad

squirming in your seat
you lift up your ass
here comes the shit
flying into your pants

quickly you close up
your spinkter hole
but if the traffic dont move
shits going to roll

The cramps are the worst
the pain is insane
going to run into the woods
bears shit there anyway

The traffic starts moving
just a little at first
then a little faster just
a quick burst

Grinding to a halt
sweat in your eyes
you release
warmness down your thighs

The stench is over powering
the wetness all hot
a chuckle to yourself
thank you traffic thank you alot

vincent armone

Translucent Butterflies

Translucent Butterflies
hydrate
from of a pool
made from lava tears
flight they resume
returning to translucent nests
calls fortcoming

vincent armone

Trapped

Clawing
ripping
fighting
my mind struggles
to break free from chains
of despair
trapped among
voices
and mania
it screams for mercy
in a darkness filled with fury

Pounding at hard bone
it bleeds hopeing for a savior
know of its fate evil
plays its tricks
the demons send visions of flowers
with thorns of steel

Meds only halt insanity
evil sucking the pills juices
makeing sleep a tease
and awakings maddness

Trapped my mind
no longer fights
and light becomes perment darkness
and hope a myth

My mind
trapped in depresstion
lost in its self
gone forever

My mind
Trapped

vincent armone

Trash

Destoryed all that was good
like a piece of trash I discarted my life
selfish acts
have left me without a soul
forget hell
I walk now permently alone

Judgement came quick
one sided
never did blame anything on them self
it was easier to emit hate

Yes I strayed from our bed of vows
yes I thought not of children with futures not set
yes I thought of myself my needs before others
these reasons not excuses

So now a box is my home
my job is survial
and my life is worthless

Discarded like my life
no trash

vincent armone

Triple bypass

I understand the value of life now, point made.
39 years of age, and parties, and not me, yep got it.
and its not the machines, and the breathing tube.
its not the 8 inch scar down my chest.
not even the pain or the tears.
I understand the value of life now because.
when the doctor says we are going to help you relax now.
and you start to drift off.
theres a good chance you wont wake up.
and opening your eyes in the icu.
relizing your alive, is the greatest wake up call.
Triple bypass at 39.
I am back, have slept enough.

vincent armone

true dogs

This dog lay in a gutter of maggot filled filth and grey water
Hair of brown ercursted fieces, leg a bent, eyes blood soaked
This creature of god so sad, so unloved, lay beaten and waiting
Cars pass, people avoid, daily lives need not such waste of time

This wonder of earth who now only ask for mercy
will still lick the face of the true beasts who put were he lay
This dog who will be put in a bag
layed in a pile of others kind
flamed and discared like trash
would never do that to us

Think about that
who are the real dogs them or us
the truth hurts oh yes it does

vincent armone

True freinds

A true freind will hug you
A true freind will kick you in the ass
A true freind will wipe your tears
A true freind will create them
A true freind will make you feel good
A true freind will make you hurt
A true freind will listen
A true freind will answer
A true freind will come often
A true freind will come less often

A true freind will not stab you in the back
then pull the knife out and ask for forgiveness

A true friend will always be true
and ask nothing of you but freindship

Its not the party that matters
its not the food that matters
its not the vacations
its not the valubles
its the people your with
and when thats fully relized
true freindship has been achived

vincent armone

true or false

Birds sing with joyful glee
I here them laughing at the fat man
babies cry for there mothers milk
I believe they are crying because of me

Me the clown prince
a punching bag for other peoples egos
or is it I who only think this way
I who walks with his eyes down
because others eyes are believed to be daggers

How awful I often feel
who knew being what I am
and not being a phoney
would be so hard

Then again these thoughts are all in my mind

OR ARE THEY TRUE

vincent armone

True tales part 4 (my life) My stroke

Darkness, then vibration.
down, all fours to rise.
down again.
roll slowly over.
felt like million needles.
age 34 imagin my surprise.

Mfggrgb sortke.

vincent armone

True tales(my life part 3) Stairs

Everyday they called.
everyday I answered.
hurling myself head first for no reason.
crashing hard, a quick check for damage.
being a teenager is hard.
they were my best and only freinds.
never lied to me.
occasonial hurt me.
but allows there, never well they did let me down.
put allows pulled me up.
they were better then therapy.

Every day they called
everyday I answered

vincent armone

Trues tales part 2 (my life) exposed

Fog, that how it addiction feels.
like trying to break through twenty inch dirty pelxy glass.
did not feel the car, did not feel the seat, did not feel.
just the unstoppable urge to expose.
expose to innocents, they abour there lives.
book, videos, peep shows, fuel.
myself exposed.

My true tale part 2.

vincent armone

TRUST

I have trusted my country
I have trusted my mom and dad
I have trusted my brothers and sisters
I have trusted freinds
I have trusted firemen and police

I have but my trust in a lot of diffrent people

Yet I have never
Trusted my heart
Trusted my mind
Trusted my soul

I put my Trust in others
Because I cant trust my self

SELF CONFIDENCE AND TRUST
TO ME BOTH THE SAME

vincent armone

Tsumani of tears

Like a Tsumani
tears rolled from Americans eyes
broken by deeds
unspeakable
unimagnable

Thousands of people
at deaths door
as million watched in horror
tears like a tsumani pouring from there eyes

Planes crashed
towers fell
buildings burned

And people cried
A tsumani of tears

vincent armone

tub of blood

Come all take a bath with me, in my tub of blood.
pour the hot red water over your face, invigorate your living soul.
savior in my life, now floating for you.
take my hand, feel were my pluse once was.
run your lifeless fingers through my hair.
for you truly are my soul mate. the one you all killed

True and lay with your backs to my chest.
drape my dead arms over your shoulders.
dream of my dead member having you from behind.
you all killed me now you enjoy what you all have done.

lift me from our fuilds.
carry me to our wedding bed.
and consamate our union
become dead with me

when done kiss my forhead and leave
look not back
for there are many more people you can kill with your evil
for your work here is done
AND WHAT A WONDERFULL JOB YOU ALL DID.

vincent armone

Tulips

Underneath rich dark loam
life waits
for springs kiss
yearning to emerge
to rise tall
and open its splendor

Yellow as sunshine
white as dove
the fruits of your seasons labor
dazzle the senses
and infuse pleasure
into your waiting mind

Tulips
wonderess
joyfull
fullfilling
tulips
natures gift
unwrapped once a year

vincent armone

Tumbleing

Like tumbleing
down a flight of never
ending stairs
hitting each one on the way down

I head towards a crash that will never come
because death will seize me way before the last stair

Drugs BANG
Gambling BANG
Drinking BANG
Smoking BANG

As addictions tumble in my body
so does my mind flip

Each stair hurting worse then the next

Job gone BANG
Wife gone BANG
Kids gone BANG

Missing two stairs I fly to highs never before gained
and wake in place unknown
machines now breath for me
fulids now feed me
and straps now hold me

No longer tumbleing
but crashing
as pains of things
WITHDRAWN
enter my mind

Sweats BANG
Screams BANG
Pain BANG

Death I wish for
yet stairs is what I get
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
CRASH

vincent armone

U

I made you fall in love with me, me a question mark?
yet you seeked an answer to this unbreakable mystery
plead with me to unlock the code, you first women to make me cry
resited on that snowy day, if I walked, never walked this earth again
but you knew to let me go, unsolved, meant disater

months of tears and still nothing, you ready to pack it in
thoughts rolled like dice, this man aint a mystery, but a selfish jerk
days would pass and silence hovered over both, who would break first
calls in night bring to relief, but more puzzles, how long before the end

came fate one day. and change you did
to places far down parkways, thought distance mattered not, wrong
1, week,2, week 3, week 4, week closed the deal
yet you still see the godness in this mystery of a man
even when the sands of time are slowly running out

we will be together again, I dont lie to you
but you have every reason not to believe me
but I love who I love
and stuck were I am stuck
its not because of lack of want
its because like me life sucks
and thats the answer to how I am
to bad it took this long for you to find out
sorry is just a word but its all I have left
thank you for loving me
together one day we will be JUST HAVE TO BELIEVE
I LOVE YOU ALWAYS NOW REST YOUR MIND

vincent armone

Unconditonal love

No words need to be spoken
no material posseions requiered
Love is all that matters

Living together
hoping together
dreaming together

Two people
one mind
one spirit
one heart

Hand and hand
till death
then thru eternity forever

Unconditonal love

vincent armone

UNDERSTAND THE WORDS/ BE THE WORDS

1/ 16 15 5 13/ 9 19/ 12 9 11 5/ 1/ 8 21 13 1 14/ 16 21 26 26 12 5.
19 15/ 3 15 13 16 12 5 24/ 1 14 4/ 4 1 18 11.
20 15/ 19 15 12 22 5/ 9 20/ 15 14 5/ 13 21 19 20/ 12 9 22 3/
1 14 4/ 2 5 3 15 13 5/ 20 8 5/ 23 15 18 4 19.

8 21 7/ 20 8 5/ 23 15 18 4 19.
11 9 19 19/ 20 8 5/ 23 15 18 4 19
5 13 2 18 1 3 5/ 20 8 5/ 23 15 18 4 19.
21 14 4 5 18 19 20 1 14 4/ 20 8 5/ 23 15 18 4 19.

6 15 18/ 20 8 5/ 23 15 18 4 19/ 1 18 5/ 20 18 21 20 8.
1 14 4/ 20 8 1 20 19/ 14 15/ 13 25 19 20 5 18 25.

vincent armone

Vickys words

Sitting on the dock of my bay wasting presious time.
My bears at home awaiting my uncertain arrival.
Its loney here, at night I miss mommy.
people come by every now and them, they dont say much.

I dont like wearing my brothers cap.
never understood sports much, now I may never truly understand them.
my fingers hurt, thought being 8 was supossed to be easy.
breakfast soon, yuck I hate it.

Tomorrow is the big day dads says.
I aint afraid, but I think my family is mom cries alot.
she really loves me, its nice.
anyway when I wake tomorrow going to kiss mom.

I just hope she will be okay, I love her and dad.
would hate to leave them, but thats not up to me anymore.
so I sit here on the dock of my bay wasting presious time.
alone, awating god decsion

vincent armone

Victim sounds

If you kill a person
And no one is there to hear the scream
does the victim make a sound
I guess not

vincent armone

Vincent 5

The teacher
this women who is supposed to nuture young minds
the giver of presious knowlege
the one person a kid of 14 can trust
with one act runied a child

A child in a teen body
A child so afraid of changes
a child so freindles
look to her for compassion

On my own parents other dutys
I bathed not
worn clean clothes not
did not know how to not

To think she this teacher would help
reach out get me what I needed
nope as I sat waiting in class for her to arrive horror arrived instead
down the aisle she walked she even smiled
then sat in the row ahead of me, like I was garbage
not even good enough to sit with

A child/teen of 14 has feelings
and mine were shattered in instant
never to return
people hate even a child/teen screaming for help

vincent armone

Vincent Armone

Vincent sat at his key board, and words fell from his eyes like tears
blinded by his own sorrows, his message became distorted
Vincent who day after day spilled his thoughts like blood
felt that his time had come, to stop his misson of the written word
Vincents dream of mattering was over
the words and the world let him down

So Vincent with pain in his blackend soul quit
400 poems now mean nothing
5 years of letting all see who he was, for not
for when you dont believe in what you do its over

Vincent looked at all his work
the poems of death and hope and laughter and beauty and sighed
never did I think that I would become words
yet the words grabbed me, they loved me, they became my freinds
they also let me down, with there lies that they would make a diffrence

Vincent for the last time wrote a poem
gave it a name and signed of into darkess

Vincent Armone no longer a poet
just plain Vincent Armone

vincent armone

vincent armone is a selfish bastered

I watch the weeping women, powerless
For I am truly a cowards coward
excuses Instead of happiness
thats what I give her, results
Get to watch a true heart crumble

Night after night she wonders
if her is enough
to bring me from were ever my mind is
to arms waiting to embrace me

But I dont I fail everyday to deliver
then my ears hear the sobs
my eyes see the pain
whatever soul I have left cracks in two

Yet I Dont walk away, what a selfish basterd that makes me

vincent armone

Vincent its who I am

Vincent its who I am
a messed up 37 year old shell of a man
but I try oh how I try to walk with my head up
but only see my shoes
this is Vincent
its who I am.

I act like a clown to mask my tears
underneath I am screaming
ripping at my own soul
just wanting to be understood
this is Vincent
its who I am

I have made mistakes like everyone else
but I cant let them go
the wreakage of my past keeps slapping me up side the head
it just wont leave me alone
this is Vincent
its who I am

Theres hope I see it not often but I do
I look at my youngest son
my greatest work
and I can smile
this is Vincent
its who I am

I have broken many bones
and run rough shot thorugh life
from adventure after adventure
watched freinds come in and out of my life
like a revoling door and spilled more tears than you can imagen
this is Vincent its who I am

A strange thing happened a few weeks back when
I stop and smelled a flower and was refreshed
life can be beautiful it really can be
we all just have to stop and remember that every once in awhile
I did and I smiled you know why
because this is Vincent
its who I am

vincent armone

Vincent part 1

Walked empty lots, as snow falls like hells rain
hood so close around my head, may as well have been blind
tracks only mine, as buildings dezin long gone, tucked into dreams
too away from witching hour, my brain spent, now on auto
flakes now the size of stone, I grunt learning not worth my time

Lot a now becomes b as the blinding causes my dementia
no one cares of my work, all my efforts, yes I am alone
snow on over heads, like moths to flames swarning, laughing

yet I see salviton in a gray coccon covered in white
door not frozen, this night just may end alright
books tossed in back, I place key in igniton and pray

with a three second delay thought my fears relized
until a spark unleases the beast
wipers not yet frozen, the protest to move, to push such a mass

without warming, I shift, rolling to much deserved rest
if the roads will be nice enough to let me by
14 hours of school in january never seemed so hard
this is the stuff they dont tell you as a child
can see why

vincent armone

Vincent part 2

they laughed and danced like imps on a bender
surrounding there pray, like lions to the feast
looking in her 16 year old eyes. I see pleading yet I do nothing
out comes there members erect and growing

so called girlfreinds watch and laugh, its her time do it
yellow rivers flow as devils cackle and fall bellies heaveing
so horrifed, vomit rises to my tounge

this young girl, with so much life ahead, ruined in one awful night
leaveing I am tempted back by seduction yell to be satisfied
in the corner they ravage, screams of pain as childhood is broken

I a blink I am captured exploding not only in ecsatsy but horror
with a rush i am gone alone into the night
back to home, tears and all

vincent armone

vincent part 3

My eyes she was a brown goddess
so worthy of my devotion, I would die to taste her
the sound of her voice would rock me on my feet
her laugh took me away to pradise

but I pretented I did not love her, acted just a freind
I 22 a clown never would such beauty love me
when she was away, I longed
at home I pleaded for chance to make us unite

Freinds said just ask her out, you may never know
yet I knew my attempt would be for not
thus weeks turned to months
this love buried in my soul

then I felt time was just and I prayed
oh how to god I prayed she would say yes
chest out head up I went to her
her with the skin of brown
her with the dark eyes
her my first tru love
she said no
my heart destroyed
I left her a broken man
who for years never loved again

vincent armone

Vincent part 4

Alone I sat, in a room full of people
cocaine flowed, pot abound, sickened I felt
best freind not alone in room, I the outcast
18 a want freinds so bad, would even takes these

So I sat alone refused to leave, they cant ignore me forever
beer was drunk, girls yelled at boys, I sat alone, in a room full
emerging my freind, my inviter approched

With smile I faked, was she good
yet no smile returned, this was not good
no I am sorry, no dude let me explain, no its not me

To leave its what he said
you or her she made me chose
with silence my eyes said it all
ever back, ever back, no

down steps might has well been going to the gas chamber
as death would have been easier
then the long walk home alone

vincent armone

Vinny, Vinny

Vinny, Vinny whats so wrong
my pants are broken teacher, theres no button its gone
oh my goodness look what you did
there on backwards you silly little vin

There you go Vinny now pants not wrong
but your shirt see here one side to long
I tried to button I really did but was rushing sorry for what I did
dont be silly your a nice kid, we all make mistake even I did

Thank very much for helping, for I am a just a dumb kid
dont you talk like that for mistakes you did
at least you tried did your best you did
now run along and be a kid
because one day you will grow up, and wish you never did

ok now I will leave
thank you again for not being mean

Vinny Vinny you sweet little kid
could never be mean its one of gods sins
now run along being once again just a sweet little kid

Vinny age 5

vincent armone

Virus

It lives in the earth
sucking away at its resources
destroying its vast ecosystems

Like a tumor it grows
infeasting all parts of its celestial body
poisoning its blue blood
blacking its majestic skies
end in tombing the rich earth with its unwanted posseions

fighting back the earth warms
glaciers melt
and hurricanes reap terrible vengence
on a virus now faced with its own mortality

In a panic they try to write the wrongs
giving unwanted gifts of conservation
to a planet no longer listening

Humans earths deadliest virus
and there own worst ememy.

vincent armone

Waiting for the R

Waiting for the r
I exhale my week over
my sanity regained

The light in the tunnel
the happiness it brings
my weekend is here
waiting for the r

Like a speeding bullet
I am shoved into the pit
slammed against the steel
no longer waiting for the r

My body twisted
my head all that is exposed
trapped between
the platform and the r

They bring me a priest
they bring me my wife
they back up the train
and untwist my life
I look to the heavens
no more waiting for r now just waiting
for the all powerful god

vincent armone

Walk with me

I walk towards salvation
want to walk with me?

Want to hold my hand
and look at a life rich with wonder
want to walk with me?

Walk with me
to a better place
free of hate and igronce

Walk with me
were skin matters not
and hope blossoms like spring flowers

Walk with me
were fear is outlawed
and love looms eterenial

Walk with me
to freedom of the mind
from evil inturders

Walk with me
to were we will be human again
always laughing
always smiling
always giving
always caring

Walk with me
and together
we shall over come all of life obstacales
and once again be whole

Come its time

Walk with me

vincent armone

Walking on glass

My life is like
walking on glass barefoot
taking careful steps
not to cut myself along the way

Always looking down
at the shards ready to open my veins
and release my feelings

Feeling the pinch
I stop afraid to move foward
knowing I cant go back

My life is like walking on glass barefoot
and 50 more years of walking I still must do

vincent armone

Walking the line

18 and life to go
my freinds showing me the three lines
that would take me to my salvation

One by one they walked the path
looking so alone
my turn approched
and eyes stared at me from distant places

One last line
mine alone to follow
but i would not
my path, my line of salvation lied else were
and looking at the front door
I relized that the only line, the only door that was truly open, and worth following was that one.

vincent armone

Walking with my fingers

My fingers dance across the alphapet landscape
the black and white boxes noisely announcing my presence
ingrained dust infused in the creases
yearns be freed by man made winds

Eyes foward my fingers search with deadly presion
for targets long since entrenced in there memory
resting to crack the sore joints
they start up again
forever gliding from icon to icon

Some walk through life with there legs
I with my fingers
each strike of the key
leads me to a journey
of hope, happiness and solitude
walking with my fingers
thats what I do
and the words they produce
are all for you.

vincent armone

want to die

I want to die, I really do
just go to sleep and never wake up
for once do something good for me'
instead of bad for everyone else
close my eyes and dropp dead

I really do want to die

vincent armone

We

We- kill
instead of hugging each other

We- destroy
instead of kissing each other

We- hate
instead of loving each other

We- ingnore
instead of talking to each other

We- unlearn
instead of learning from each other

We- animals
instead of being human to each other

We- sad

vincent armone

We have become

Dogs Drinking filthy water.
birds chocking on smog filled skies
electric poles, connected everywere, yet so apart
takers, no longer makers

One for One, divided we fall
one nation under many gods with justice for rich
flowers with out petals
in a garden of hate

This is now all of us

THIS IS WHAT WE
HAVE BECOME

vincent armone

We the dreamers

When the moon was unreachable

We the dreamers

When man looked look at birds in flight and wondered

We the dreamers

When moutain peeks dared us to climb them

We the dreamers

When the bottom of the ocean might as well have been on mars

We the dreamers

When windows were only in your home

We the dreamers

We the dreamers
when said it can not be done
we dreamed the impossible dream

We the dreamers
alone a single idea
together a wonderess reality

We the dreamers
doing what others only dream about

We the dreamers
the fantasy makers

vincent armone

Weeping angels

Down from heaven
to show the way to paradise
for the newly dead
the angels weep

So young
so innocent
so senseless
the angels weep

Eyes down
wings at there sides
words not exchanged
the angels weep

32 new angels
no need to earn there wings
like jesus they died for other peoples sins
in heaven they will weep

In heaven they will be called apon
to one day escort the new to paradise
and they will

With eyes down
wings at there sides
and tears in there eyes
weeping forever

God bless all who lost there lives today
and there familys
America loves you
and your scarfice will not be forgotten

vincent armone

Welcome to my saddness

My door is open
The mood is set
The conversation is ready

Come on in your always welcome

TO MY SADDNESS

vincent armone

Welcome to the machine

Go up to a child
look the kid in the eyes
ask if they read books anymore
the answer will surprise

Nintendo
x box
play station 2
for hours kids sit
dumbing down there IQ

Parents have been replaced
by harry potter
and power rangers tri force blue
slim shady
britney spears
lindsy lohan too

Our kids
be collected by the borg
sent to by shit they can not afford
pressured by there peers to fit in
there minds now just a garbage bin

Welcome to the machine

vincent armone

what it feels like to hate yourself

Pain from head to toe
seeing flowers and hating the site of them
cry in a room full of laughing people
cutting your self and enjoying the blood
enjoying sleep because it reminds you of being dead
enjoying being burned
hope aches and pains are cancer
getting mugged and saying you deserved it
catching your spose fucking some one else and being thankful
watching your family die and feeling nothing

thats what I feel like
THATS WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO HATE YOURSELF

vincent armone

what love should be

she was perfect, a godess, her nude form unresitable. slowly i walked to her undressing piece by piece, my buldge finally release I hoverd above her waiting.with hands like an angel she grabbed me pulling me tight to her mouth. Gasping she place her warm tounge on my member, her lips so soft expolisve juices longing to escape became insant.
pushing her mouth aside I mounted this vision on true love. thursting in minutes we were done but our love will last forever, my eyes shut my desires fullfill she says I love you, and she drifts to sleep, I love you to my sweet and sleep took me.

vincent armone

What people think

You should not care what people say
what they think
what they do
you dont live with them

YOU ONLY LIVE
WITH THERE WORDS

Now try saying that you dont care what people think

vincent armone

What really matters

We care about comments
not even said to our face
but health care in this country
is a dam disgrace
your sick and dieing
we dont care
whats more important
is your dam hair

What really matters

We care about comments
about the blacks and the whites
but its our boys in iraq
who are in the real fight
coming home in pieces
body bags too
think they care about
who said what to who

What really matters

We care about comments
listen hard to whats said
is the comments worth
anyone getting dead

What really matters
should be your family for most
then your country and the freedoms its boasts
care about yourself get healthy inside
dont let know one take your pride

What really matters
differs from me to you
but I dont care about the small stuff
said by the ingnorent few and
wont say another word on this subject
this poet is through.

vincent armone

Whats the matter

Whats
With war
with hate
with silence
with killing
with indiffrence
with destruction
with us

Whats the matter?

vincent armone

When life gets you down

Stand up, never back down, fight till last breath
let others kill each other, let others hurt.
matters to you why, think all thats good and pure in your life.
let people talk, let them laugh, for there judgement lays beaneth waiting.
Think of your family, when evil tries to plant its seed in you.
smile in the face of all those who appose you.
for they will wimper at the altar of satan.

So when life gets you down.
think of your blessings.
for it takes more muscles to frown,
then it does to smile.

vincent armone

When the wind blows

When the wind blows the cradle will fall
fall with a tear filled scream for mercy
screaming to a galaxy no longer listing
ashes to ashes and all thats left is dust
mother nature taught us

When the wind blows the cradle will fall

vincent armone

when you

When you sail on a boat with no ocean.
fly without wings
run standing still
laugh for no reason
you are free

When u

vincent armone

whisper did the whisler

On a sunny day without a care the whisler walks a happy walk
stares from the unhappy, the lost, they all feel not his joy
so on this sunny day the whisler walks a happy walk

Skies of majestic blue for him the worlds wonderess
passing by others with his eyes up, he nods to you know say hello
yet they walk without so much as a nod back, just comtempt
at a man who on this sunny day whisles and walks a happy walk

A park so green he stumbles, the birds sing, the children play, and life blossoms,
turning he whispers to himself
yes the worlds hard and pain we all go through but dam the world can be be beautiful
if only more of us just saw that
turning he countines to stroll
on this sunny day the whisler walks the happy walk

vincent armone

White picket fences

Fields of green
skies the deepest blue
behind white picket fences
lies a horrible truth

Homes so pretty all neat in a row
know one talks outside
protected domes

So much sorrow
so much hate
its pain no one should take

Two little girls one ten one eight
being raped by dad but its them mom hates

Off to live with grandma they will go but there problems wont fade only grow
fields of green
skies the deepest blue
behind white picket fences
lies a horrible truth

vincent armone

Who

I walk by you
you walk by me
who are you?
who are me?

Do you laugh?
do you cry?
do you love?
do you try?
who are you?
who are me?

Pass by each other
onto our lives
never meet again
wont even try
who are you?
who are me?

I would like to know you
would like to try
because people can be beautiful
and that we cant hide
just one last question
who are you?
who am me?

vincent armone

Why I fail.

Why do I always fail, because I want to thats why?
when dogs piss on me, I try to drink there pee.
when people laugh at me in the street, I laugh with them.
when luck comes my way, I punch it in the face.
why do I always fail, because I want to thats why.

So hit me, I will smile smash all my teeth, will help if you like.
curse at me, spit in my face, will rub your saliva on my skin like lotion.
go ahead call me a fat lump of shit, a brainless moron. I wont disagree.
Why do I always fail, because I want to thats why.

When people are so vicous, and pick on the frail.
when freinds are anything but, and your family is just word.
when you choke and fall, and you get stepped over.
when you are left in the back seat of a burning car. and no one helps u.
when you have a stroke, and everyone disappears on you.
when you work hard, and all you are left with is nothing but failure.
when you have operations, and know one visits.
when you have a teacher put gum in your hair. and laugh
when you get kicked in the nose and are bloody.
when you tell consolers you want to die. and they open a window.
when you gamble to fell better, and fell worse when broke
when you marry just because
when you sleep behind the wheel and crash, and the car is important

Why do I fail because I have know choice thats why.
this world sealed my fate.
and I am to tried to fight anymore.
so go ahead do what you like to me.
I am spent.
and thats why i want to fail.

I hope I die, look at my ugly face no more
I way worthless anyway

vincent armone

Wicked eye of the monster

Around a wicked eye swirled the winds of a monster
slowly crushing everything in its path
drowning mother earth with deadly rain
and screaming its horrific winded voice to all who dared to hide from it

Around a wicked eye swirled the winds of a monster
making its way inward it headed straight for the white dome
ripped the roof right off destroying the make shift home
the people still inside watched the rain pour in
saw the steel give way the monster was going to win

Around a wicked eye swirled the winds of a monster
up along the coast we saw the destrucion it had done
citys complete gone
the people all in shock
but the monster was not done
it still had one more shot

Around a wicked eye swirled the winds of a monster
the levees crumpled
the death toll from the floods insane
a guy left his mom in a wheel chair with a blanket on her head
played over and over again on cnn

Around a wicked eye swirled the winds of a monster
It was weeks before help arrived
the damage long since done
the city and the coast line were permently gone
no hope for recovery
the people made that sure, looting every thing in there path
and why not no one cared about them no more

Around a wicked eye swirled the winds of a monster
two years later life just a little had begun
football started
a little fun too
tourist starting to creep back in
mardi grai too
but out in the gulf the wicked monsters waits
and this time when it strikes it will permently seal there fate

vincent armone

Windows

The only windows than can not be replaced
are the windows to your soul
once they are shattered by ignorance
forever will you truly live in darkness

vincent armone

Winks the eye of the Febuary moon

Cold like a thousand knives
wind the devils breath
in the evening ski winks the eye the febuary moon

Snow falls with furious anger
hail pounds the soul
ice encases your very being
in the evening ski winks the eye the febuary moon

Winter laughs outside shaking windows
the season a long journey of despair
spring a dream long since forgotten
in the evening ski winks the eye the febuary moon

The winter moon
floats above us
like a laughing child
daring us to come out and play

Winter
long
hard
cold
unforgiving

And in the evening ski winks the eye of the febuary moon

vincent armone

without arms

Even without arms I wave to the world
Glorious and true
for nothing will hold me back from true meaning
FREEDOM

vincent armone

Woman no more

Speak now only in mind
for my mouth is ruined
see only darkness
my eyes shut by rage
feel not, for arms broken and twisted
legs now a dream
rendered motionless by the beast

Children once such a need for me
now gone, the thrusting of maddess sealed there unborn fate
even the seeds of such a horror are unable to pregnate me
for my life giver now destroyed

So as I lie broken
I feel more like the dumpster I lay with
wishing god to take me to end such horror
for I will never be a trusting women again

For I have truly been RAPED of my dignity

vincent armone

Women

Women gods greatest creation
the giver of life
the source of wonderful pleasures

Hair
eyes
body
emotions
perfect

full of feelings
and increble energy

Women deserving of
joy
wealth
honor
praise

Women gods greatest creation
taste there
lips
there breasts
there soul
Truly taste them
and you will be hooked like me
forever grateful of there presence
Women
thank you god
you are a genius

vincent armone

wonder what this poems means

OK READY HERE GOES
1,2,3,4,5
GOODBYE

vincent armone

Wont people

People wont step in dog shit, but they sure will step on each other.
will throw there left over food out, as millions starve.
will charge there lives away, and not pay it back.
will push there old away into homes, yet keep there old pets.
people wont step in a puddle, but they sure will step on each other.

people wont fight with there familys, but will let family fight in war.
will drive drunk and kill someone, yet wont drive with a drunk driver.
will look at your skin and judge, and blame the judge because of skin.
will bite the hand that feeds you, even if its your own hand.
people wont step on a crack. but they will sure step on each other.

people wont step in cement, but they will sure step on each other.
will pull the plug on the dying, yet wont pull the plug on there tv
will blame others for hardship, yet spend on lottory tickets.
will live for moment, yet wont take a minute to truly live.
people wont step in front of a car, but they will sure step on each other.

people wont step over the line but they will sure step on each other.
will kiss the morning goodbye, yet morn when they have to get up.
will wash there hands clean of it, yet clean up after there own mess.
will drive each other insane, and take the wheel to get were we.
ARE ALL GOING.

PEOPLE WONT,
BUT PEOPLE DO,
SO DAM SAD IS THAT.

vincent armone

Wool over free eyes

Oswald killed JFK
wool over free eyes

Plane hit pentagon on sept 11
wool over free eyes

OJ is innocent
wool over free eyes

Iraq had WMD
wool over free eyes

Bush won presidency In 2000
wool over free eyes

Hinkley shot regan because of jodie foster
wool over free eyes

Monroe killed herself
wool over free eyes

Area 51 is air force base
wool over free eyes

Its easy to believe what people tell you
when you have the wool pulled over your eyes
but we must remember we are americans
and the truth never lies

vincent armone

WoW

Its an awsome morning, full of brillent life.
its a dove cooing, a bee humming.
its a blue sky, rich and dazzling.
its children stomping in a puddle.

The clean smell after the rain.
the bunny hopping in your yard.
the drink from a hose cool and ultra refreashing.
the end of a long day, home and secure.

When the earth roars with magnifence.
when the ceatures amaze.
when people do extrodinary things.
when life is oh so worth living.

All this is amazing
all this is wonderess
all this is so boundless and free

ALL THIS, THIS EARTH OF OURS ITS JUST SO
WOW

vincent armone

Writers like me, Writers like you

We all start with nothing but an idea

Put our thoughts into words
share our pain and our tears
trying to make sense of our long past years

Day after day we sit and we write

Not careing if the words dont rhyme
if peers are yelling your wasteing your time

I am a writer thats what I do
I write poems for the open minded few

Writers like me, writers like you
never let anyone silence what makes you, you

never surrender, never quit
even when someone says whats the point in your shit

Writers like me, writers like you
writing for the greater good

vincent armone

Y do I write

Day after painfull day
Night after horrid night
I punch out these words of sorrow
and poems of pain

Like an imp on my heavy shoulder
I try to stop the maddness
but the beast keeps whispering in my ear

Poem after wasted poem
I have spilled enough blood and sorrow
to fill a thousand pools
yet I linger over the letters
and continue to spew my tears

Oh why am I burdened
oh why has thee bestowed this curse on thy thoughts
why must my punishment be a life time of blacked words

Oh please I ask with humble heart

Y DO I WRITE

vincent armone

year 119

In the year 119 blue sky will sizzle orange
Shape will be broken
grass the greenest of green turned to black
flee will the wrongfully judged

Clouds will fall a fire
enveloping all in darkness
ground will the birds no longer allowed to fly
as over watchers seek answers and shelters

then come the morning
work will commence among the fire
three will raise the symbol of freedom
lives will be sought
country no longer strongest
world changed in a day

vincent armone

Yellow, brown, black

See yet I am blind
dark soul equals dark eyes
see yet I am blind
no other color but black thats all I see
see yet I am blind
hate not for myself because of affiliction
I hate because I see yet I am blind

Dont know yellow
dont now brown
dont know tan
to me they are all equally worthless
see yet i am blind

Quess what I dont want to see
I would still hate
because I see
yet I am still blind

vincent armone

You can! ! ! !

You can
beat me
kill me
destroy me
humilate me
laugh at me
steal from me
rape me
stab me
take every thing from me

But you will never
break me
my sprite
or my pride
dont even think about it
and dont you dare even try.

vincent armone

You cant find love trust me

You cant find love trust me, with a hookers head buried in your lap.
I cant be bought for five dollars, and viewed behind plexiglass.
impossible to achive, when she is easy.

You cant find love trust me, in three bags of chips in front of a tv.
hard to accomplish, when a shower is tabboo.
impossible when so called freinds, are anything but.

You cant find love trust me, when your all alone.
busted leg in three places for six months.
nobody calls, nobody comes, nobody cares.

You cant find love trust me, when left in the back seat of a burning car.
two up front gone, engine a flame.
they watch as you struggle with a stuck front seat

You cant find love trust me, when its vengence
seduced, captured, four kids
was not going to be her easy way out

You cant find love trust me, when you pass out
whole left side paralized, people laughing
shoulder shrug, call 911

You cant find love trust me, when you see your mom not doing dad
yelled at for coming home early
then probed about what you saw

You cant find love trust me, In the ninth at belmont
whole check just about gone, just got payed
skipped work to feel like a complete shit

You cant find love trust me, with no freinds
only puzzles, models, video games
some teen years, yea right real fun

You cant find love trust me, when you really love her
tell her so, but she does not love you back
that hurt, oh my god that really hurt.

You cant find love trust me, sleeping married life alone
snore so what, confined to other room, a deal breaker
Being single in a marriage you try it.

You cant find love trust me, when you dont love yourself
people help oh yes they do, but you got to love you
with out it?

YOU CANT FIND LOVE TRUST ME

vincent armone

you people

No metaphores no secret messages no hidden agendas
this poem is just about pure 100% no doubt about it pain
so deep my bones ache, so heart wreaching my soul begs
when you are humbled as I am now you these words will become
your bible, just like they are mine

Got nothing left
I will not fight no more
this world has beaten the very life from me
all thats left of me are these words
trust just a word
hope just a word
better days just words

Gave so much
wanted to be so liked
it left me open and bleeding
just waiting for the vultures to pick me apart one by one

Even love
tried to find me
even though commited to other
yet still so scared to recive this new gift
i stay alone in a bed gone cold

So I am done
and dont care if I die alone
this world has won
the whiteness now seems
to be my only true freind

Good by
have fun
I am going
to perment sleep

vincent armone

you people won happy

No metaphores no secret messages no hidden agendas
this poem is just about pure 100% no doubt about it pain
so deep my bones ache, so heart wreaching my soul begs
when you are humbled as I am now you these words will become
your bible, just like they are mine

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vincent armone

Your brain on drugs

Mom on the sofa ripped off her ass
dads out trying to score more stash
as there baby climbs out from his crib
and falls on his ass

Looking for his teddy
he walks from the room
down the stairs to mommy
who wispers teddys in the dryer
nice and clean for you

Off to the dryer he looks in
moves some clothes
but cant find him
in he crawls
and moves stuff around
there is his teddy
all safe and sound

In the blink of an eye
he is a sleep
teddy in hand
safe among sheets

Dad comes home
moms now really stoned
he yells to her
stuiped bitch did you do any clothes

To the laundry room
he goes in a huff
pulls out the wet clothes
from the washer
and puts them in dryer
with the other stuff

Takes out a sheet
and places it in
slams home the door
hits the button the drying begins

There baby wakes in a rush
tries to yell
but his mouth is stuffed shut
in comes the heat
as he is tossed all around
teddy still in his arms
safe and sound

Back to the sofa
mom half awake
have you seen the baby

he should be up
its getting late

Dad answers with a crazed look in his eyes
dont care were he is
lets just get high.

vincent armone