

Poetry Series

Jeremy Peterson
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Jeremy Peterson()

Acrostic

Peace

Entertained

Agile

Creative

Energetic

Jeremy Peterson

God And Heaven

Thunder fills the air
Lightning hits the sky
Pummeling down onto a tree
Flashes of red and orange appear between the winds

Rain starts to fall
Harder
And Harder
Dripping drops drip down the window
Streaking bright red and orange inside the drops

Screeching reaches my ears
Headaches starts to seep through my brain
In the midst of my staring at the rain-drops
Tears start to run all along my face
More and more pour down me

Soaking in my tears,
My hands start to shake
Wishing this was a dream
And soon, that I'd wake

But I knew,
I knew I was goner

Feeling the hate that god gave to me,
I let my hands feel the pain
That was given to me

Shock ran down my arm
Desperation ran through my mind,
Desperation to be able to be pain-free,
Desperation that I could be able to ask for forgiveness
But I knew it was too late
And I knew that I was not going to be part of Heaven

Sad I thought,
To have thought this would not happen to me

So I did what I thought was going to win this forgiveness
I kneeled down
And Prayed to god to forgive me

I whispered it,
I voiced it,
I yelled it,
I screamed it,

Silence filled the air
Devils swarmed my surroundings
The house I was just in,
Vanished

Thousands,
Millions,
Billions of devils surrounded me

Light poured over them
The pain I had was instantly gone

I checked to see if my arms were gone
Or to see if I was surrounded by fire
To see if devils still swarmed around me

But nothing of that type caught my eye

Instead, I glimpsed light in the distance
Light so scintillating, that it didn't even hurt my eyes

Running towards the light, I caught sight of a horse,
Just standing there, staring at me,
It already had a saddle on it
Walking past it, it began to follow me

I stopped, dead, in the middle of the road
Trying to wake
But when I found out I couldn't,
I started to go hell-bent for leather

Glancing back, the horse was right beside me,
I knew I couldn't get away from it

So I stopped, and stared as it got closer

It bent its head in front of me
Indicating that I should get on

So I did, and it ran on and on through the tunnels,
Across the bridges,
Passing angels sitting inside their rich-like houses.

Then it came,
Streaking through the light,
Glimpses of angels hit my eyes

Starting to pick up speed,
I began to feel myself start to lift off the ground,
I noticed wings on my horse,
And instantly knew,
It was a pegasus.

Gardens floating in the air,
Angels soaring around,
I came to a wise, and heart-warming man,
Instantly, I knew who it was,
It was the person who I prayed forgiveness too.

He forgave me forever and told me I had full access to heaven.

And there I knew,
That murdering 160,000 people,
Was bad.

Jeremy Peterson

Hero Saves The Day

Thunderous clouds covered the night,
Lightning struck down in the depth,
Trees swayed furiously everywhere I looked.
Blood-covered sky shone above,
Making idiosyncratic designs where the light did show.
Rain spattered the ground,
Turning the dirt into mud.
My pristine shoes turned from a polished silver to a dirty brown.
Moonlight bathed my path to the serial killers house.
Grass rocked back and forth as I made my way.
Loud cries reached my ears,
Sending enough information to my brain to know
The killer has made it's next victim.
Sprinting as fast as I could,
I made it to the killers house in a couple minutes.
The victims screech split the silence once more,
Showing that I should make my kill quickly before it's too late.
Opening the door, I ran to the room only to see the killer
Was only sharpening his blade.
Pulling out my Angel-of-Doom, As I like to call it, I bolted around The door and
sliced past the rubbish to slice the neck of the killer.

He dropped dead instantly,
Sending a smile to the lady,
That, surprisingly, wasn't too hurt.
She smiled back.

Jeremy Peterson

Live And Learn

Listening to the people around me
Watching the things they do
Hearing the things they say
Wondering about the driving force
That makes them act this way

I need not focus on the whys
And the hows are not important
All I need to know is that I tried-
And that I strayed from the path that couldn't

Live and learn, and take the knowledge with you
For the trials and errors, and the wisdom from life
Is a gift, just for making it through.

Jeremy Peterson

Pain

The sun was rising once more
between the teeth of the mountains
Yet, I could not feel the warmth
that usually fills the air

The bitterness and coldness,
resting inside the house
suddenly gets warmer
of each passing second

Heat begins to seep
down beneath my skin
For seconds,
For seconds that turn into minutes
And minutes that turn into hours
Hours that turn into days
Days that turn into weeks
Weeks that turn into months
Months that turn into years
Years that turn into decades
Decades that turn into centuries
For Centuries of never ending agony

Of never ending pain
The kind of pain that can never be banished
The kind of banish that never leaves a mean person
The kind of person that will never know love

Jeremy Peterson

Things

The box makes me cry
The demons feel me lie
Vicious dogs takes it toll
to find the dangerous pole
Negativity carries me
so far I can only see

Positivity is just beyond the road
where there is one, but tiny toad
The man behind the walls
hold flowers for the wife
But this one, but lovely life
is just enough to live
For there is one deed
that I must concede
Listening and Learning was the hard part for me
But caring for you is just enough the see

Jeremy Peterson