

Poetry Series

Midnight Writer
- poems -

Publication Date:
2011

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

Midnight Writer(08/25/1985)

Midnight Writer has been an avid writer since the age of ten years old. Born 08/25/1985 as a Virgo you will find a young man with an aged soul. Hobbies that he enjoys include Martial Arts, Weight Lifting, Dating, Reading, Modeling, and of course writing. His poems are unique just like every person in this world.

No poem is identical, but the reader will get an uncanny feeling of some sort of underlying theme. The period of time his poetry was written spans the course of about six years. That period of time was very trying, as you will read. His struggle between God and man appear throughout. The spiritual world is very real and revealing to Midnight Writer. His sixth sense seems to be very in tune with everything around him and life.

Midnight Writer tends to write using analogies and story telling. He is known as a hopeless romantic. Very minimal interpretation needs to be used to understand the subject matters of this collection. With that being said, enjoy the writings of poetry writer Midnight Writer.

A Monster Inside

Torn apart inside but the world is blinded by my mask, it's all they see.
Hidden under is a raging monster growing rapidly.
I love the hate, it gives me the power I need, to be everything I want to be.

Her touch goes void, her voice goes mute, nothing can penetrate me anymore.
From one to another, each one just a whore.
I wish life was simple, like a fairy tale. At least I would know a happy ending.

I run through the night, covered in darkness, yet I can't find enough places to
hide. I walk through the crowd with a smile on my face. But blood is all I want to
taste. Knock, knock on my door, welcome to my home...there is a monster
inside.

Midnight Writer

Comfortable Complacency

And I've found myself in this comfortable complacency. Never fear what might be, or what could be, nor shall I commit to how it should be. I live my life like a eagle's feather in the wind.

I simply let the force of nature slip stream right through my already delicate broken life. The freedom to wander and be anything I want. You can't tie me down, for what good will one feather do. If I fall upon your nest, I can barely keep you warm, because there is only one of me. I'm enough for the moment, but the moment quickly comes to an end.

The breeze of life lifts me up higher and far away. You look into the sky wondering if I was ever even there. Not a trace can be found of me, yet you still remember how safe and secure you felt in the moment with me. You and I found our security and comfort within my complacency.

Midnight Writer

Eternal Love I'LI Never Know

Your body lays in the coffin stiff as a board. I only knew you for a glimmer of time.

I heard you passed away the other day, my heart sank, like the day you left me. Before you were gone from my life, now you are gone from this world.

I sit here and wonder where your spirit is floating now. I hope it will be pleasant and in a place I would recognize. A place where I could maybe wander and find you someday.

Your beautiful white face, that use to be caressed by the love of our Sun, is expressionless.

Just like the day you crushed my hopes and dreams of being with you.

Sometimes I feel like I've let those days go, and some days I don't feel alone.

Today I'm with someone new, years have passed us by, but I feel dead to her and life on the inside.

Maybe it's in my mind, so determined to be with you, the only one I let myself love.

Or maybe it's just a simple fear and I don't have enough courage to just let go.

This bond I feel for you is beautiful yet so sadistic. It has controlled me ever since that day, and I'm not sure how to help myself. Everything I look at now lacks color and is seen in black and white.

The angels are flying over my head, I'm lying here thinking of you in bed.

Your dark brown hair is spread through my finger tips, I can feel every crevice in your lips as I lean in to mend them with mine.

And now your dead...I don't know where you have gone, but search for me okay? Like I have searched for you. I'll know when you return, I'll know when you are there. If I could breathe the breath of life back into your lungs, I would. If I could give life back to what we had I would try. Because is those short moments, I've felt more alive then all these twenty five years.

You'll never find someone like me again, not ever. I know everyone says that when they are left standing in the dust, but this time it is true. I never had a human choice, but as if a puppet master above my head pulled a string, and my heart loved you.

But be still now my love, be at peace and rest because I have done all the

wandering and anguish for the both of us for so long. I look forward to the day I see you, and my heart skips a beat one more time.
Because in that moment I'm jolted back to life, and I know everything is going to be fine.
And in that instant it's gone, it hurts me to feel eternal love I'll never know.

Midnight Writer

Even My Angels Couldn'T Save Me

This safe haven has now become my prison. I'm trapped in the destitute you left me in.

I've done everything possible in order to move on, yet it seems I become more connected to the memories of you. How is it I fell into a love so unbreakable that not even seven women could pull me away from you.

My soul is heavy, taking on water, watch me sink below. My hand outstretched for the light, but this sea of darkness is pulling me under. My lungs fill and my mind at last finds its peace. Now I'm living in a numbing bliss. Nothing and no one can reach me and neither can I. The first time in my life I've given up hope, so what then is left, my final destruction?

As I lay in my bed I pray for the angels to take me away. Their golden bodies so beautiful, and peaceful wings shelter me from my own demons. Her face is pasted upon each one. They float above me just inches away. I'm so laden with this grief and broken heart, that even my angels couldn't save me.

Midnight Writer

Fish Bait

Check me out as I'm dangling from the string of life.
I'm still young and of course I've got it all figured out.
We all want a lover, but we don't want the wife.

We are all swimming after things to catch.
Not knowing who we are or what we are doing.
We are simply like dogs playing robotic fetch.

Can you see through these murky waters, do you know your fate?
Because I'm blind as I helplessly wiggle and squirm.
For I'm no fish, only fish bait.

Midnight Writer

Forgive Each Others Mistakes

I elevated you so high, and allowed myself to free fall.
I wouldn't believe what I chose to become, as I hit life's brick wall.
Do you remember looking into my eyes as we promised each other it all?
Feel nothing, as you watch me fall, and you stood there looking so tall.

But through my heartache I forgot that we can all make mistakes.
And even though you were the perfect girl in my eyes.
And even though I love what love creates.
In the end we are only human, and even humans can keep making the same mistakes.

So I'm pulling my last rip chord, and I'm saving myself from certain death.
I will hit the ground running, and moving forward with my every breath.

Now through the scattered pieces of my heart, I remembered that we can all make mistakes.
And even though I'm not fully fixed, this broken heart forgives an imperfect girl.
And even though I love what love creates.
In the end you were only human, and even humans can forgive each others mistakes.

Midnight Writer

Freedom To The People, Or Death. America's Decline.

Can you smell the smoke? Do you even see the signs? The burning flames? No, you only look away and pretend it will go away. This world we live in is burning up, burning through resources that were created for all, not just the rich, greedy few.

Are you feeling helpless? Are you afraid to move? Will you stand up and shout out for freedom...freedom from a government that demands efficiency, but is fatter than an un-milked cow. We are weak by ourselves, but if we come together, we can lean upon one another.

Do you fear losing it all? Americans are not comfortable without their over mortgaged homes above their heads. Americans are not content unless they are driving a more expensive piece of plastic. The funny thing is, you have already lost everything, even before you began to seek these material possessions. Now the things you desired most, actually control you.

And this is how the big man upstairs, controls the country, no...even the entire earth. Like a puppet on strings, we dance around thinking we have rights, but what rights can a puppet ever have?

Do you question what you are told? Can you find that inner strength to be bold? Even when you are standing all alone. And the rest of the world is shaking their heads at you. They shake their heads...but if you listen closely you can hear the rattle of chains wrapped around their necks.

Welcome to the New America. The land of over spending and greedy indulgences. I don't know about you, but I'm starting to fall out of love with this land that I use to love.

Is it too late to change? Does anyone even want to bring back a land filled with character? Maybe being accountable is too hard? Or maybe being accountable actually exposes what evil lies in this land, over shadowing the people.

So where do the men of integrity sit? Where do they partake in their daily meals? They are nowhere to be found. Look beneath the earth, their bones rot like the diseases that crawl the skin of our people lacking medical attention. They are starved, behind bars, and made examples of, and demonstrated to the public that they are the enemy.

This isn't how it was suppose to end up? The fire that consumed Rome, as the senators fumbled naked in affairs with anything that would satisfy their ungodly lust. Do you really think those fires won't consume us? So I boldly say, 'Freedom to the people, or death.' What do you say?

Midnight Writer

Give Me A Sign

The whole world has been brought to its knees, and I still have these nervous shakes.

Don't be fooled you push me too far and I will kill you, no matter what it takes.

Leave me alone, then pull me closer then ever before because I'm insane.
I lost my mind to you two years ago, do something to rid me of this pain.

We burned through the summer so fast. I wish each of those days were years.
No matter how strong I will you back, this emptiness still brings me to tears.

Was all of my love a waste? Because I can't command it back into my heart.
Help me I scream at anyone passing by, or finish me and completely rip me apart.

I'm barely hanging on, nothing to hope for, no light waiting for me on the distant shore.

Your long brown hair and eyes gave me inspiration you still are the only one I adore.

Now this music is playing in my head, give me a sign, just give me a sign.
Do something, do anything, but give me a sign that shows me you're still mine!

Midnight Writer

Hit That Freedom Bell, Let It Ring

Watch this trick, as the pricks pull the wool over our eyes.
Fool me all the time it seems, can't make no progress.
Aim the gun at you? Aim the gun at me? Pull the triggers and say our goodbyes.

I just keep flushing money down the toilet trying to get ahead.
Made the mistake of bringing too many women into my bed.
Now I'm working hard to stay fed.

You may not like my little rhymes and that is fine.
I'll tell you to stay home, watch the clock and its chimes, drinking that whole
bottle of wine.

Let's let life pass us by, would it even matter. Maybe life comes around while we
are standing still.
If the world has passed us, but the next train is still coming around, then who is
left holding this expensive bill?

A young generation with a new heavy weight on our backs.
Expected to carry the corruption without a whisper of complaint, but they keep
raising our taxes.

No longer giving the people what they want, I choose to speak out.
While other people may choose to sulk, ignore, or pout.
Grab your balls if you have any left, and shout.

Yell for your freedom before there is no more freedom bell to ring.

Camera eyes on our freeways, buildings, and bridges, watching us all the way.
9 digit number stamped to your head, checking for what you earned today.
Hand to mouth, bringing up air, where is the food you say?
It's being crapped out of the rich man Governor who enslaved you this way.

Take back your rights, your land, your independence.
Bring your hammer, or the butt of your gun and hit that freedom bell, let it ring,
let it ring.

Midnight Writer

How Can You Do This To Me

All these images in my head drive me over the mental edge. How did you do this to me?

I opened up completely and let you in, loved you all the way, and then you pulled away.

Why did you do this to me? I could read your mind, and I felt your soul, but I never saw that demon hiding in the shadow. I walked into the trap with no guard up, and now I can't get up from your heavy blow.

I can't find any relief from the bottle, or other women, nothing will take away this pain.

It's the baggage you've left with me. Tell me why did you do this to me?

I wish you would scream at me. I wish you would hit me, but in the end I wish you'd tell me you love me.

Walk away, run from me, and talk about me, but in the end come back to me.

Life doesn't seem so interesting anymore, and everyone has become a bore. That light has faded once again and I've let you have the control over me. So once again I ask how can you do this to me?

Midnight Writer

Loose My Mind

Oh, it's so sad, and oh it's depressing me. I can't stop remembering as you began to kiss my cares away. Simply step in and out my life, and leave me in all of my strife.

Everywhere we go we made a memory, but now I hate that you're lost in my memories.

So now I'll do my best to loose my mind.

Midnight Writer

Mankind's Brewing Storm

I see everything clearly now. My tainted soul, saved only by grace has allowed me to see through the fog of lies. Men have conspired and won, or so it would seem. There is a terrible storm brewing overhead and will sweep many lives away. We had a select few giving warning to change our course before it becomes too late, but the masses didn't hear. Blind, deaf, and dumb like zombies walking over a thousand foot cliff, falling...falling...falling to a brutal death.

I write these things as if I were a spectator witnessing the greatest play performed of all time, recorded forever in history. I am powerless now to help stop the storm's course. I can only try to save myself and ones I love.

Devised by men, straight from the pits of hell, God has allowed my murky soul to see things many men do not. I dearly love my fellow man, I love human kind, and I wish the children afar did not cry from their stomach pains. This expression of love is foreign to me, but from the nature of God divine.

If God should not return after the storm has cleared, I pray the remaining victims would become vigilant and never allow such a tragedy for all human kind to ever occur again. Death is for old age, but lives cut short is the work of Satan.

I am unsure of what will become of me, or the ones I love. I think about everyone that has ever entered my life, my parents, my friends, lovers, and even the people I've passed on the street corner making eye contact for only a brief moment. What will become of them? Will they ever smile again? Will I ever hear the sounds of their voice anymore?

My strength is limited, my resources few. Of this lack, I am not sure if it can carry me through. However, my spirits are confident knowing that God will give me the wisdom to navigate this terrible catastrophe.

And in the end, when the clouds clear, our faces will look to the skies with tears. The sun will return and shine upon us, and its rays will wipe away every tear, and heal our sorrows. Hope will be restored once again into our hearts. We will go on, and birth a new generation. We will teach them the ways of our folly and arrogance. The only requirement we instill into our children is to never...never...never...repeat our mistakes ever again, but only leave our past as our history forever.

Midnight Writer

Memories Engrained In My Walls

Memories engrained in the Walls:

You were my first love, and my only love, the love I wanted to make last with you forever. I gave you my soul and everything within it. I held nothing back from you.

The joy we shared for so short of a time, why did you take it all away from me?

The ring I gave you matched the sparkle in my eyes, and each kiss I bestowed meant forever. But in one instant all of this you severed.

Now I sit here still a year later, and your ghost haunts the memories of my mind. I see you move to a wall, and that wall opens up like a Broadway stage. The scene replays in my head with you and me flirting for the first time, and me sitting on the bench desperately wanting to kiss you. And your ghost moves to the bedroom, where you and I made love.

Each time I tried to kiss your soul, and each time you engulfed me more. How could you walk away from me so fast, when I did everything on my end to ensure it would last?

I could take an array of bullets with a smile on my face, as long as I could look into your eyes. I knew they would make the pain go away. There is nothing I wouldn't do for you, and I'm ashamed that there is nothing I still wouldn't do for you. Because this was my first experience of true love, and I pray it is not my last.

For if it were my last, then these days are long and will be hard to pass, especially when everywhere I look there are memories of you engrained in my walls.

Midnight Writer

Mouse Trap

Little mice running all around looking for a bite to eat.

Claw each other, hiss angrily, beg with squeaks, and listen to your small fading heartbeat.

Blind, blind, silly little mice. Smell the food, it's plentiful in the distance, within the real world.

However, you stayed put as the mouse trap was built, all around you.

Content with the meager meals they threw to you.

Now, watch your families starve. See the laughing venomous head of the snake, as it eats you one by one...until you're all gone.

Midnight Writer

Panic Attack

Pressure building in my head, moving down to my heart and stomach as I crash onto my bed.

I'm panicking feeling like I'm almost dead. The doctors tell me it's in my head and because I haven't gotten fed.

What's going on with me. I let all the pressures get to me. The anxieties all creep up on me.

So let me free fall away from everything, letting go, I need to be free.

I'm a grown man, but I'm cowering on the floor. These dark shadows playing games with my mind.

I'm rushing to the hospital, but they are telling me everything is fine. Pop some pills I think they are called Lorazepam, and my body is already their biggest fan.

Nerves relaxing now, heart is slowing, mind is focusing, I can breathe again.

It's my first big panic attack, didn't know the power these had, hope I can check it before it begins again.

Midnight Writer

Pyramid Master

Watch all that you've saved rise to the top as they burn it all into the air.
Glowing red eyes as master looks down on you demanding more.
Sacrifice your children's future give them up as debt slaves.

Fear the invisible iron fist coming down on you.
Afraid to see the truth covering your faces with all the lies.
Cry out for mercy but it won't find you until all of you dies.

Midnight Writer

Soul Searching

I wish I had it in me to give you everything you need.
But the last girl sucked it all out, and now I'm risking making your heart bleed.

It seems like this evil deed keeps going round and round in circles, leveling everyone in the way.

I sleep most nights, but I spend the time thinking of how I use to be back in the day.

When nothing really mattered, and I didn't have very many cares.
Somewhere I lost myself and one by one they left me in tears.

I live for the day when I can make her smile for the last time, then my work would be done.

In my hands I hold her heart, guarding it prudently, because it's a prize rarely won.

A human heart rarely won because it is almost never given.

Souls skimming the sand, longing to dive into the cold waters being called to the peace where we all belong.

Follow me as we try to change the world, and try to only sing love songs.
Cupid's love arrows feel so good as they finally pierce and go inside.
But god forbid you ever have to pull it out, because you will bleed out.

Now, let's slow the pace down, take a moment to see the entire world's frown.
I walk slowly through this old, hidden, and abandoned town.
How did it ever make it into a city? This city is so small, yet somehow your hiding from me.
I'm still searching, wanting to bump into you, to see your eyes, is anything left there, I want to see.

Summer is finally here. The ground is opening back up, but my heart is frozen back in time.
I stand in the full glory of the Sun, inside begging to burn me up, do something to make me fine.

The light is blinding my eyes, but I don't care, I need it to burn your face from my mind.
There is nothing left of me, nothing left to find.

It seems I am left to a life searching for a soul, and longing for your soul to still
be searching for me.

Midnight Writer

Stories

Everyone has a story, even the homeless man on the street, but do we care?
How did your life begin, and what were your dreams?

Maybe you'd have a beach home, with a boat floating next to the dock.
Your life would be good in the sun, but now that dream is smashed on the ocean
rocks.

Dumpster diving for your next meal, where did all the country's wealth go?
Hookers getting younger, no parents to hold them, everyday someone different
to blow.

Now the weather is getting colder, and Christmas is coming around.
Rich families gathering around their big pretty white trees.
A man who lost it all on the street, with nothing to eat, looking into their perfect
life, his body full of fleas.

Fake laughs inside that gorgeous home, everyone pretending love is in the air.
Grandpa sitting in the corner, 401k gone, lost it all as the market crashed, life
isn't fair.

Screaming woman in the hospital, pushing out her fifth illegitimate baby. Young
eyes looking up at a mother he'll never know. His life story is gonna be the next
slim shady.

Everyone has their stories, read them as you look into a stranger's eyes. Through
the pain, we share laughter, a united body of beings.
Lastly, see the aged man dying, eyes dimming. He is going to make new stories
now, as his soul begins to fly.

Midnight Writer

Tearing The World Apart

We smile because we are told. They say it makes us attractive, stand out and even bold.

Read all those books learning how, when the authors don't even believe the things being told.

How does society function from this facade, vain things, and empty words? It runs in circles on lies, how things should be done, when we don't know why. It's all a thin wall of plaster, put your hand on the wall, and break through it all.

We release things of worth to the air, burning it in the fires from the ground. We build temples to vanity, hate, envy and let pride abound. Where do the young look for courage, role models there are barely none.

You may turn aside from my banter and keep your life's canter. Gallop like a horse to the things you desire, but in the end you will watch them evaporate with fire.

What do we love? Will we ever love each other, instead of all these things that possess our hearts?
I am not able to see the way out for man kind, instead all I see is everyone tearing the world apart.

Midnight Writer

When Hope Comes Around

Dreams are like a farmer who throws seeds into the wind on a dark gloomy day. Results don't happen, and weeks turn into months, but then one day...he looks down at the green little buds, and that is when he realizes that hope still comes around.

Midnight Writer