

Poetry Series

**Nate Morris**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2014

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

Nate Morris()

# Bradley's Song

Joyful youth, without worry  
Twins in spirit and looks.  
Friends forever we knew early  
A friendship undefined in books.

They say things happen for a reason  
This reason I wish could be undone.  
Forget you, I'll never  
For memories created, I rerun.

In my mind, I'm sorting  
Sorting order in all of this.  
Sorry the pain prevented  
Me from telling you, I miss.

Although your time cut short  
Your legacy lives long.  
Pain dissipated, order I now give you  
For this I name Bradley's Song.

Nate Morris

# Curtain Call Dreamer

Dreams; unpredictable most of the time;  
Others, we attempt to predict our future.  
This daydream, I wish I could stop on a dime.

To relish the thought that I have in mind;  
No stress, just love I will find,  
Less the memories when I found myself in a bind.

Luxuries is all I can dream  
Hard work and focused attention, I see  
My dream, I'm here; reality I scream

Rejoicing I am, at the moment and now.  
My vision and talents discovered;  
Relentless passion I do vow

To make this dream a reality.  
Reality now in sight.  
Careful not to go too far,  
For you might miss the flight.

To destination unknown,  
One thing is for certain.  
The show has just started  
So don't close the curtain.

Nate Morris

# Dream Chaser

Dreams, dreams they come and they go  
Some gone forever  
Others, they intrigue us with their extreme beauty and flow.

Dreams of possibilities, dreams of what's ahead  
No need for worries  
Embrace the ride instead.

Drive with purpose, definite chief aim  
Toward the clues dreams gives us  
Meanings more rich than honor and fame.

For dreams reveal to us what we sometimes fail to see  
Follow these clues with burning desire to the end  
It is then, rewarded one shall be.

Nate Morris

# Father In Time

Ignoring the obvious realities,  
Of where we went off course  
Your selfish ways define you  
The outcome you're to blame as the source.

Forgiven you are, for the decision you made  
For I have no time,  
To dwell on hopeless causes  
I know, it's a shame; a crime.

Fatherhood, I cherish; fatherhood I learned,  
From one who refused to value  
The gifts that come from having so much fun  
Fatherhood, you undervalued.

Forgive, forget; words of different meaning  
Meaning they give when I view the past.  
Failing to be a father, I forgive  
But viewing you as a father of the truest meaning, forget I can at last.

Nate Morris

# Fly

Your words so genuine;  
Your words ran deep.  
Your time on earth limited;  
Your time, rich with memories, I keep.

You're beautiful in ways unspoken.  
You're cherished beyond belief.  
You're duties still not over;  
You're talents, beautiful as a fall leaf.

Your new gifts now will bring relief.  
Your family, in need to see the scene.  
Your new life minus the intense struggles;  
Your new life, fit for a queen.

Fly, for you now have wings.  
Fly, for you're no longer ridden.  
Fly, for you're free to mingle.  
Fly angel, for you're no longer forbidden.

Nate Morris

# Foreverborn

Forever born, potential endless,  
Determination thick,  
Destined for greatness.

My desire, burning,  
Can you see?  
My insides, churning.  
Remembered I will be.

Vision clear,  
Road less traveled.  
As have others,  
Times we've battled.

Excuses none, emotions and muscles worn,  
A long time coming,  
Foreverborn.

Nate Morris

# Granny's Bible

Tape keeping intact,  
Black book of a different kind,  
Words of faith and truth contained,  
Like no other you'll find,

Tape keeping intact,  
Black book with me throughout my journey and time,  
The glue that bonds forever,  
Bonds that is free from hatred and crime,

Tape keeping intact,  
Black book on my table, bedside,  
Outwardly broken in looks,  
However, genuine beauty stored inside,

Tape keeping intact,  
Black book please guide me,  
Your service and value, priceless,  
Thank you black book, more clearly I now see.

Nate Morris

# I Ponder

Segmented is life in its times of splendor;  
Quickly converting into times of rigor.  
I ponder the reasoning for these events,  
As it seems as if life is scripted for balance of mind one would figure.

Often times I ponder how things just work out.  
Work out in regardless of sickness or health.  
No prejudices outwardly existing;  
Not only working out for those with great wealth.

Mother of nature shares with us times of tragedy,  
While also providing Spring beauty.  
Are we to question the resulting fallout?  
Or just have faith in the movie? □

Above me, it is where the answers lie;  
To those questions that time has allowed to grow fonder.  
Questions, I need not have all answers  
For those questions, I still ponder.

Nate Morris

# I Vet

On this day I say  
Thanks to all who paid  
The price for the freedom we cherish  
Vision of battle, they never fade.

Notice we do today, for true sacrifice  
To fight for a greater cause  
Brother's keeper you're taught often  
For purpose, meaning, not just because

Selfless you are so defined  
By your decision to fight  
For this we give thanks on this day  
As we awake to see the light

Of day that is, we reflect  
Your resilience, determination, and sacrifice can never be met  
This day is the day we honor  
Those who make freedom reality; the vets.

Thank You! ! !

Nate Morris

# My Word

In its simplest form, word moves.  
Moves from dark to light, light to dark.  
Circumstances dictate the motivation  
For how word leaves it's mark

My word, sincere  
My word, not always clear  
My word, I promise  
My word, given without fear.

Judgment, I'm not afraid  
My thoughts intended to drive in lieu.  
Away, my intention is not  
Closer, my intention is true

My word, you thrill me  
My word, now due  
My word, I hope to see  
My word to see me through.

Nate Morris

# Ol' Pine Hill

White church in clear view,  
Picnic tables and people,  
Yet, many more than few.

Congregation and family as one, relationships to adore,  
Words serve no justice,  
Bonds that fills one's core.

This gravel road, rich in lore,  
Family owned and operated,  
Wealth of different meaning, and so much more.

Cemetery plots, each rich with stories aligned,  
A wealth of history I speak.  
No sadness on this hill, only pure glory defined.

You see, this hill, as pure and beautiful as I have seen,  
Pine Hill, I love you,  
For your story is one that's truly serene.

Nate Morris

# Over The Yonder

Over there, I clearly see  
That which is a force to be.

Glorious in all of your ways,  
Nature sings, leaves, they lay.

Fall, I now sing your praise,  
Summer gone, I reflect on the joyous days,

Spent together, as we grew fonder,  
Of each other, nature, and it's beauty over the yonder.

Nate Morris

# Park Bench

Breezing by, next stop in mind,  
Halted by a sad city design.

Art this is not, not of any kind.  
The people suffering, self inflicted some, but I still find.

A beauty inside the outward signs,  
For I recognize beauty, amongst the glaring binds;

That these people share, in the chairs they deem divine.  
Park bench, I love you, for your beauty and service combined.

Nate Morris

# River Road Dreamin'

Lost in thought  
Sorting out order  
Today's journey still in question,  
As I travel along the border.

River creates calm,  
River eases my burdens,  
I slow down to admire  
The river moving in ways uncertain.

No need for answers  
No need to explain,  
Peace you give me  
Peace of which I regain.

My destination drawing near, but an answer I request  
Before I fight the corporate mess,  
Confirm my appointment again tomorrow evenin'  
For my next session of River Road Dreamin'.

Nate Morris

# Runnin' Full On Empty

Runnin', runnin', but for what cause  
Purpose, meaning  
All reasons for pause.

Many reflections of what could have been  
Knowingly serving no purpose  
For I'm held captive by moments of zen.

Proud I am of the life I have led  
Trying times a plenty  
Resolved through prayer while laying in bed.

Exhausted I am, but my purpose I now see  
More years of runnin'  
Runnin', full on empty.

Nate Morris

# Sitting There, In That Chair

Sitting there, in that chair  
I can't imagine what you're thinking.  
Period of time gone, sends chills to the bone  
Oh how our world was once sinking.

Sitting there, in that chair  
Gifted with a wealth of stories.  
To this day, I'll have to say  
I'm thankful to be lifted from those worries.

Sitting there, in that chair  
No one could begin to guess,  
On that day, the ground you lay  
My what a mess.

Sitting there, in that chair  
My worries now approaching zero.  
We are astonished, by what you've accomplished,  
It's you that we call our HERO.

Nate Morris

# The Beaches

Eyes innocent, eyes glazed  
Long travels behind us,  
A path, blazed.

Forget the past, an outlook I cast,  
A celebration is in store.  
Minus worries, minus burdens at last,  
Excitement fills our core.

A view of true beauty and wonder.  
With you I grow fonder,  
Of those special times in life  
Where we make no room for strife.

This is it, the moment is now,  
Where together we toast,  
To a coast as pleasant I vow,  
To preserve you.

For I'm speechless,  
Here, I take this stance,  
No promise of another chance,  
So I give one last glance,  
And make a toast to the beaches.

Nate Morris

# The Simple Life

Baseball cards, a block away  
En route with a dear friend  
This is not your typical day  
Careful not to bend.

Forty five cents in hand  
Clinched while thinking  
Bubble gum bonus a plus  
Yet savings is shrinking.

Big wheel races and outdoor events  
No electronic sitters here  
Only interaction amongst all of the young ladies and gents  
In this life, what's to fear?

Dinner at table while, a nightly event  
Sharing the day's story  
No glaring television  
Togetherness withdrew any need for worry.

Days of work with dad  
A privilege, no chore  
Learning the finer things in life  
As sweat releases through pores.

Fine dining a treat  
Road maps only  
Yet all found their way  
Our population lonely.

Only in numbers  
Not of a depressed meaning  
True love for one another  
No such thing as prescreening.

What I would give to revisit those times  
The simple life  
Where love lasted a lifetime.



# The Unknown, Known

Memories of pain  
No reason to dwell  
Memories of gain,  
As I hear the church bells.

What brought us here I sometimes wonder  
Maybe time will tell.  
No answers to this day  
As I hear the church bells.

Once a close family  
A witness while we fell.  
No excuses for failure I'm reminded  
As I hear the church bells.

I'm thankful for your sacrifices  
For your hard work I can tell.  
Your youthful nature, I reflect  
As I hear the church bells.

Although the unknown still exists  
I strive to dispel.  
The known that has left deep scars, I pray for healing  
As I hear the church bells.

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# Time

Time cherished, time spent,  
Reflecting on past events.

Moments of joy, moments of glee,  
Times spent with thee.

Time travels, time speeds,  
For those who sow seeds.

Of desire and focused attention I speak,  
More time we continue to seek.

For life's journey is limited in time,  
For time, it can stop on a dime.

Nate Morris

# Wisdom Reigns

Often times, age is defined,  
Not by ones wisdom,  
But by the wrinkles, in which faces are lined.

True it is of those of past,  
Wise men and women plenty,  
Beneficiaries we are, with knowledge to last.

A lifetime, I speak of teachers of the richest kind,  
No monetary awards visible,  
Just pride for conquering the grind.

Fields of battle, economic depression to name a few,  
Difficulties still present,  
Yet my complaints I withdrew.

For reasons that I reflect on as I view,  
Those wrinkled wise men, I give thanks,  
For all the wisdom witnessed, for which I grew.

So this I give, as a tribute to all of you.

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