

Poetry Series

patrick read
- poems -

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A Broken Hearts Song

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April 2,2014 at 2: 44pm

A broken heart sings its own song.

Like a guitar with a broken string it keeps strumming along,

Like a piano with a broken key,

It plays its own harmony..

Like a drum with the skins busted through..

It relies on its own beat to get it through..

Yes a broken heart,

sings its own song,

has its own beat,

its own rhythm to carry it along..

sometimes..

it needs a shock to get it going again,

Like the shock of realizing someday,

In desperate hope,

that

someday,

may win..

Yes,

a broken heart sings its own tune,

that only the broken hearted understand,

so if you one of us,

wont you join the band? ?

(C) Patrick Read 4/2/14

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Epic Fail

Oh you were in love..
There was not doubt..
Who could have imagined,
How this would turn out?

You worshiped her..
You loved her..
Treated her like she was your queen..
Now the way its ended..
Is just plain obscence..

So..
Now here you are thinkin..
About what you did wrong..
She said she loved you..
But was she just leading you on?

Well..
you are feeling like it was all an epic fail..
And your heart and soul are feeling battered..
Been drug through an emotionally hell..

So you drag yourself on..
A little more each day..
Trying to focus on something else..
Wishing the memories would go away..

But remember..
Chances are she will be lonely too..
So be strong,
My friend..
And keep marching through..
For the player of the game.
Often gets played too..

So it's not really an epic fail you see..
Cause thats what happens with the course of destiny..
When it comes to love..
Will be.. Will be..

And whats not..

Well. won't..

So its not an epic fail..

Cause somethings just don't last..

And some thing are better left in the past..

And when the time comes.

You will find a love that will last..

And she, well.. will be alone again..

(C) Patrick Read 12/26/12

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In Memory They Remain

In memory they remain,
all the kids from my childhood,
most of the time we were up to no good..
hangin out by the railroad tracks,
chaising each other, ,
never looking back., .
All though we have all gone our seperate ways,
They still exist somewhere in the haze of my life.

Maybe some were only friends for awhile,
all of them at one point brought a smile..
shooting at each other with plastic guns,
thats how our wars were done..

We didnt need to belong to gangs,
All of us acted the same,
full of mischief,
our parents would say,
but in me that mischief has never changed..

yeah..
hey you over there..
maybe you are one of those kids.
if not you know where im from..
and you.
have all those memories too..
of kids from your hood,
and all that you would do..

though there probably gone as well..
in words maybe some pissed you off,
you told em to go to hell..
they still exist in memory,
from all those experiences that shaped both you and me..

Patrick Read 11/14/13

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Life Is But A Journey

Life is just a journey

We do not reach the destination

At times we will make the right choice

At times we will be met with frustration

Some times we will choose the right path

Sometimes we will choose wrong

But whatever happens along the way

Live life to it's fullest and stay strong

Don't let the mistakes you make define you

We all have rough times we will go through

Live life to its fullest

And do the best that you can do

Remember above all else

None of us are perfect

We all will make mistakes

We will find love..

and suffer through heartbreaks

All us are human

Full of errors.. bad choices we have made..

Others may judge you

But they dont know what you have been through

Just remember above all else

No one else can live our lives but us

And when we reach our destination

The critics will be left in our trail of dust,

And along the way..

We have to accept the fact that life,

is just a journey

And no one, not even god,

knows the destination

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My Own Path

April 2,2014 at 5: 11pm

Many years ago..

i knew just what i had to do in life..

make my own path,

make my own way,

god knows its a hard one I walk every day

So many steps i've taken alone,

So many journeys,

I would have never known,

had i not chosen my way of life,

its one where i've faced so much hardship, so much strife,

but yet,

I must travel along,

even when any hope of others understanding my journey is gone.

For this path,

is mine and mine alone..

I could have chosen the normal nine to five,

and i've tried it,

but found it was no way for me to stay alive..

Could have settled down, several years ago,

but I had this hunger for journeys,

only a troubadour knows..

so i must travel,

I must write,

trying my damndest to quiet my demons at night..

For only I know,

my own path,

for only I know,

that settling down wouldn't last,

for only i know my own journey,

for only I know my own path..

For this path is mine and mine alone...

Someday,

by gods grace Ill get to where I am supposed to be..

Until then all I can do is live this life god gave to me.

(C) Patrick Read 4/2/14

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On The Upside

On the upside of things,
As the pendulum swings,
Life will twist,
Life will turn,
All in the name of lessons learned..

Some you'll win,
Some you'll lose,
You'll get knocked down,
You'll get bruised..

You'll get respect,
You'll feel used..

As the pendulum swings,
In the course of life,

So many truths,
so many lies,
Sometimes all you have to lean on is your pride..

So find your inner strength inside,
Ride the Waves,
Dance the tide,

On the upside of things,
As the pendulum swings,
In life's cruel game,
Of lessons learned,
From rewards and getting burned..

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Teach Me To Believe

Teach me to believe,
Although my eyes they do deceive,
When everywhere I see,
Urban decay,
A city wasting away,
Children slinging drugs,
More innocents lying in a pool of blood,
Houses,
Where families could live,
Being torn down,
To be replaced by a parking lot,
Where is the sense in all this?
Where is the reasoning?
Where, I ask,
Is the humanity,
The compassion,
Where,
oh where is common sense,
Does it lie in past tense,
Or is there still hope,
Please teach me to to believe,
That there is promise amongst all the rubble,
Homeless under the bridge,
Sharing a bottle,
Please teach me to be believe
That we still as people stand a chance,
Or has humanity,
Taken it's last bow,
Taken it's last dance..

pdr 8/18/15

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The Struggle

I know all about the struggle,
its been following me way to long.
Sometimes I wonder if I have done something wrong,

I've done all I can,
All that I can do
to provide comfort to my children,
The woman in my life,
But damn,
Its always the same,
Sometimes I feel like I am a pawn in the governments game

So tell me,
when the hell does this struggle end.
When I can I finally have a home to call my own
This struggles a bitch when you face it alone.

It's like a rash that won't go away,
Always more money going out than I could ever afford to pay,
Tell me,
give me answer,
For the struggle to go away,
Cause it seems right now it will follow me to judgement day

(C) Patrick Read 8/09/15

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Whisper Of The Wind

Sometimes,
It's no more than a whisper in the wind,
That gets me writing again,
Sometimes it's no more than a thought,
A memory of the past,
Or facing a tomorrow, ,
Coming much too fast,
Sweeping us off of our feet,
Sometimes it is a song from your favorite band,
Your favorite symphony,
Sometimes its created by a stranger you pass,
Walking down the street
No matter how it may come,
It is a beautiful thing,
When inspiration comes
Creation
begins,
The beauty of a new poem to be read,
maybe a song to sing,
Sometimes we truly don't know,
from where it comes,
Even if it is no more
Than from a whisper of the wind, ,
The world gives a collected pause,
When the creation of a new poem begins.

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