

Poetry Series

Ronald Deuster
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

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

Ronald Deuster(03/02/1948)

Retired army officer first Dutch army then joined the Legion étrangère and started to work after that for the south African SAPS.

At the moment I am retired and living in the Netherlands

Lost In Time

Do not realize what day what time
Looking for a seed of mine
Lost him long ago fifteen years or so
Have been surging hi and low
Where ever i did go
It was not easy no not at all
I can not admit it is hard to say
Now my heart aches of pain
And drives me insane
I found my seed o yes indeed
He's filled with hate and bitterness
For I am lost in time
I am sorry o seed of mine.

Ronald Deuster

Love

Love

Love is a decease
It never let you be in peace
It is an obsession of the mind
It can be cruel it can be kind
It is an addiction
That can course a lot of friction
But love is all I live for
Ever longing for more
Love is to dare
Love is to give your self and care
With an person to share
And always be for here there
And share your live
To make here your wife
That is what live is
Forever a bliss

Ronald Deuster

Merc's

Merc's

I am a man of flesh and blood
But my live is no good
I am an legionair do not care
Do not share
Don't do it for the money
Do it for the trill
Do it for the kill
I am a war machine that lives on adrenaline
We don't go to haven
We go to hell
There is where we are well
We are hated
We are de grated
We are the dirt of the world
That is what people are told
But it isn't us the one's in hell
It is your government that will us tell
You fighting for us, when we tell you to kill.
We dont fight for money, we fight for the trill
And because it is govenments will
The have trained us well
So we can create HELL.

Ronald Deuster

Soldiers Hard

Soldiers heart

I feel cold as ice
Have no feeling no more heart it is not nice
Normal live is not for me
Can't give love, I am not free
Free of my self free of me
I search my heart
All I find is smart
Have seen to many people Dy
On the moment I like to cry
I am still alive, but my heart is cold as ice
This is my feeling this is not nice

Ronald Deuster

Tired

Tired

I am 60 and retired
My life is op no more desired
My love for here is dying
Now I just feel like crying
Ones I had hope
But lately i can't cope
It is love that makes me ill
It is love that makes me chill
For wat am I? In this world to be
I dont care, this is not me
For what is this, Is this live?
No thanks I dont like to survive
I am tired and no more desired.

Ronald Deuster