

Poetry Series

Thomas Owen Baker
- poems -

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Thomas Owen Baker(8th march 1989)

Thomas Owen Baker was born in Romania, in a little city named Satu Mare. His father name: Ernest his mother name: Mary. Hi's a romanian nationality minority, Who's mother language is hungarian. He finished highscool in the 'Kolcsey Ferenc' national college. Actually he is a student in 'Babes-Bolyai' University

All I Want To Be

Just help me to jazz
up a chance,
after all I have
a bromance

with the craft of sick
tolerance;
just help me to speak,
without acts.

All I want to be
is myself,
for now, this is my
only task.

Thomas Owen Baker

Just Show The Hope

Just show me Hope, unwillingly liar Fate.
Just tell me stories, tell me these are the ones
I've once believed! The happy is past.
Please, do not tell me, this was a wrong choice!

Tales, once adored tales, fight with me, fight the past,
don't let me lose this fray of the day, that comes!
I write the sounds of verdant prospects,
hating the fact that I'm mortal human.

Just show the Hope, don't wait for the doldrums score,
a shadow shields the nerves I still have inside,
I feel the taste of measured passion,
singing the hymn of the better future.

Thomas Owen Baker

Sonnet I.

I render thanks for being like summer wind,
for being waxy, endearing, tender stroke,
when high and low is far because I'm sinned,
when nature is all set to hurt and provoke.
In sombre time of lies, you are too sincere,
too artless soul in this artful trash we do,
like children angels, your lips are elixir,
and a smack, I've never tasted hitherto.
In spoken tongues, powerless in lungs,
I failed to pray your entity's matter when
you needed help from the prodigal sons,
they're dead and done for wrong, to blaspheme.
I'm sorry, winsome, look for fool elsewhere,
just know, no one will serve you well. Beware!

Thomas Owen Baker