

Poetry Series

# **Wade Blade**

## **- poems -**

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## Wade Blade(1/24/1995)

Hey all you people

I write some poems about what ever comes to mind please comment on my poems and rate them love to get feed back too

I do put some song lyrics that i think make a great poem too, I also as do many people, post others work as well

I would love to hear your reactions to my poems

Hope you enjoy

# A Father

He took the strength of a mountain,  
The majesty of a tree,  
The warmth of a summer sun,  
The calm of a quiet sea,  
The generous soul of nature,  
The comforting arm of night,  
The wisdom of the ages,  
The power of the eagle's flight,  
The joy of a morning in spring,  
The faith of a mustard seed,  
The patience of eternity,  
The depth of a family need,  
Then he combined these qualities,  
When there was nothing more to add,  
He knew his masterpiece was complete  
And so, He called it...Dad

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE\*

Wade Blade

# Ah What Love

"Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another! for the world, which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS\*

Wade Blade

# Asked And Given

I asked for strength, that i might achieve  
I was made weak, that I might learn humbly to obey.

I asked for health, that I might do greater things  
I was given infirmity, that I might do better things.

I asked for riches, that I might be happy  
I was given poverty, that I might be wise.

I asked for power, that I might have the praise of men  
I was given weaknes, that I might feel the need of God.

I got nothing that I asked for, but everything I had hoped for.

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS\*

Wade Blade

# Beach Memory

I remember the day at the beach  
I remember the hot sand burning my feet  
I remember how cold the ocean felt  
and how my skin seemed to sizzle in the heat

I remember the boardwalk clamor  
I remember how I wanted to eat everything in sight  
I remember walking and baking in the hot sun  
Even though now it's still February and gloomy

I remember savoring that summer day  
But my favorite memory's yet to come

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS\*

Wade Blade

# Bond Of Love

Love one another, but make not a bond of love:  
Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.

Fill each other's cup but drink not from one cup.  
Give one another of your bread but eat not of the same loaf.

Sing and dance together and be joyous, but let each  
one of you be alone. Even as the strings of a lute are  
alone though they quiver with the same music.

Wade Blade

# Brothers

What fun we have  
The time we share  
The memories we make  
Laughs we create  
Smiles we bring  
To people we meet  
Challenges we faced  
Together we ached  
My brother and my friend  
Brothers 'til the very end

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade



# Closed Eyes

I have walk  
The line which you stand on  
But do you realize it  
I have dreamed  
A world much like yours  
But do you know it

I have made  
The very same mistakes as do you  
But have you learned from them  
I have spoken to you  
The knowledge that I have embraced  
But have you listened

I have taught you many things  
From experiences of my own  
But have you absorbed any of it  
I have done many things for you  
But your eyes are a door  
Yet to be opened

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS\*

Wade Blade

# Do Not Weep, Maiden, For War Is Kind

Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.  
Because your lover threw wild hands toward the sky  
And the affrighted steed ran on alone,  
Do not weep.  
War is kind.

Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment,  
Little souls who thirst for fight,  
These men were born to drill and die.  
The unexplained glory flies above them,  
Great is the Battle-God, great, and his Kingdom-  
A field where a thousand corpses lie.

Do not weep, babe, for war is kind.  
Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches,  
Raged at his breast, gulped and died,  
Do not weep.  
War is kind.

Swift blazing flag of the regiment,  
Eagle with crest of red and gold,  
These men were born to drill and die.  
Point for them the virtue of slaughter,  
Make plain to them the excellence of killing  
And a field where a thousand corpses lie.

Mother whose heart hung humble as a button  
On the bright splendid shroud of your son,  
Do not weep.  
War is kind.

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS\*

Wade Blade

# Emotional Weather

Late night and early morning low clouds  
with a chance of fog;  
Chance of showers into the afternoon  
with variable high cloudiness and gusty winds, gusy winds...  
Things are tough all over  
when the thunderstorms start;  
Increasing over the southeast and south central portions  
of my apartment.  
I get upset and a line of thunderstorms  
was developing in the early morning,  
ahead of a slow moving cold front.  
Cold blooded, with tornado watches issued  
shortly before noon Sunday  
for the areas including the western region  
of my mental health and the northern portions of my  
abilit to deal rationally with my  
disconcerted precarious emotional situation.

Wade Blade

# Forever Friend

Accepts you as you are  
Believes in you  
Calls you just to say "hi"  
Doesn't give up on you  
Envisions the whole of you  
Forgives your mistakes  
Gives unconditionally  
Helps you  
Invites you over  
Just to be with you  
Keeps you close at heart  
Loves you for who you are  
Makes a difference in your life  
Never judges  
Offers support  
Picks you up  
Quiets your fears  
Raises your spirits  
Says nice things about you  
Tells the truth  
Understands you  
Values you  
Walks beside you  
X-plains things  
Yells when you won't listen  
Zaps you back to reality

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS\*

Wade Blade

# Graduation Day

Graduation Day  
sweat and mothballs  
grass so green

graduation  
where green banners wave  
grass grows long

graduation night  
the owl printed on a balloon  
seems the wisest

\*Please comment and vote on poems\*

Wade Blade

# I Didn'T Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier

Ten million soldiers to the war have gone,  
Who may never return again.  
Ten million mothers' hearts must break,  
For the ones who died in vain.  
Head bowed down in sorrow in her lonely years,  
I heard a mother's murmur thro' her tears.

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,  
I brought him up to be my pride and joy.  
Who dares to put a musket on his shoulder,  
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?  
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles,  
It's time to lay the sword and gun away,  
There'd be no war today,  
If mothers all would say,  
I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

What victory can cheer a mother's heart,  
When she looks at her blighted home?  
What victory can bring her back,  
All she cared to call her own?  
Let each mother answer in the years to be,  
Remember that my boy belongs to me!

Wade Blade

# I Have Not Forgotten

We agreed to forget each other.  
But I deceived you, I have never forgotten.  
I don't think you've forgotten either.  
We're just deceiving each other,  
hiding our misery.

I haven't deceived you deliberately, though;  
I did my best to carry out our agreement.  
I often stay far away from Beijing,  
hoping time and distance will help me to forget you.  
But on my return, as the train pulls into the station,  
my head reels.  
I stand on the platform looking around intently,  
as if someone were waiting for me.

Of course there is not one.  
I realize then that I have forgotten nothing.  
Everything is unchanged.  
My love is like a tree the roots of which strike deeper your after year  
I have no way to uproot it.

At the end of every day,  
I feel as if I've forgotten something important.  
I may wake with a start from my dreams wondering what had happened.  
Nothing.

Then it comes home to me that you are missing!  
So everything seems lacking, incomplete, and there is nothing to fill up the  
blank.  
We are nearing the ends of our lives,  
why should we be carried away by emotion like children?  
Why should life submit people to such ordeals,  
then unfold before you your lifelong dream?

Because I started off blindly,  
I took the wrong turning,  
and now there are insuperable obstacles between me and my dream.

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS\*

Wade Blade



# If You'Re My Friend

If you are my friend why have you not spoken the words?  
If you are my friend why have you turned and walked away?  
If you are my friend why have you taken the other side?  
If you are my friend why have you insulted me?  
If I am your friend treat me with some respect.

If you are my friend then don't ignore me.  
If you are my friend then don't laugh at my falls.  
If you are my friend then don't humiliate me.  
If I am your friend, I can't be your stupid pet!

If I am your friend show it!  
If you're my friend state it,  
With all of the warmth, and meaning  
Like a true friend of mine would.

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS\*

Wade Blade

# Let's Stand Together, Workers

We leave our home in the morning,  
We kiss our children goodbye,  
While we slave for the bosses,  
Our children scream and cry.

And when we draw our money  
Our grocery bills to pay,  
Not a cent to spend for clothing,  
Not a cent to lay away.

And on that very evening,  
Our little son will say:  
'I need some shoes, dear mother,  
And so does sister May.'  
How it grieves the heart of a mother  
You every one must know  
But we can't buy for our children  
Our wages are too low

It is for your little children  
That seem to us so dear  
but for us nor them, dear workers  
The bosses do not care

But understand, all workers  
Our union they do fear,  
Let's stand together, workers,  
And have a union here.

\*\*Dedicated poem to my grandmother and other mother's who lived in these times! \*\*

Wade Blade

# Looking Out Looking In

He stripped  
the dark circles  
of my mystery off  
revealed his eyes  
and thus  
he waited  
exposed  
and i  
did sing the song  
around  
until i found  
the corus  
that speaks of windows  
looking out means looking in  
my friend

Wade Blade

# Love

Love is patient  
Love is kind  
It does not envy  
It does not boast  
It is not proud  
It is not rude  
It is not self-seeking  
It is not easily angered  
It keeps no record of wrongs  
Love does not delight in evil  
But rejoices with the truth  
It always protects  
Always trusts  
Always hopes  
Always perseveres  
Love never fails

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS\*

Wade Blade

# Memorial Day

Memorial Day  
so many flowers broken off  
on the ground

Memorial Day  
wild flowers overpower  
the flags

cloudy  
a crowded sky  
Memorial Day

Memorial Day  
the passion flower opens  
wholeheartedly

Memorial Day  
the honored guests slept  
through the parade

Wade Blade

# Midnight

Cold winter winds blown from the north  
sending chills down their backs  
Leaves of reds, and yellows  
covering the earth's ground with its self

Lake of clear glass  
absorbing the colors of a glowing moon  
Smoothest grey clouds  
dancing gracefully across the blackened sky

Stars of blue and white  
filling the sky full of light  
making the night oh so bright  
Twelve o'clock  
struck the grandfather clock.

The night turned still  
and all was dark.

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS\*

Wade Blade

# Oklahoma

Suitcase packed with all his things  
Car pulls up, the doorbell rings  
He don't want to go  
He thought he'd found his home  
But with circumstances he can't change  
Waves goodbye as they pull away  
From the life he's known  
For the last seven months or so

She said we found the man who looks like you  
Who cried and said he never knew  
About the boy in pictures that we showed him  
A rambler in his younger days  
He knew he made a few mistakes  
But he swore he would have been there  
Had he known it  
Son we think we found your dad in Oklahoma

A million thoughts raced through his mind  
What's his name, what's he like and will he be  
Anything like the man in his dreams  
She could see the questions in his eyes  
Whispered 'don't be scared my child  
I'll let you know, what we know

About the man we found, he looks like you  
And cried and said he never knew  
About the boy in pictures that we showed him  
A rambler in his younger days He knew he'd made a few mistakes  
But he swore he would've been there Had he known it  
Son it's time to meet your Dad in Oklahoma

One last turn he held his breath  
'Til they reached the fifth house on the left  
And all at once the tears came rolling in  
And as they pulled into the drive  
A man was waiting there outside  
Who wiped the worry from his eyes Smiled and took his hand

And he said I'm the man who looks like you  
Who cried because I never knew  
About the boy in pictures that they showed me  
A rambler in my younger days I knew I made a few mistakes  
But I swear I would have been there had I known it  
Never again will you ever be alone  
Son welcome to your home in Oklahoma

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS\*

Wade Blade



# One Voice

Some kids have, and some kids don't,  
And some of us are wondering why  
Mom won't watch the news at night  
There's too much stuff that's making her cry

We need some help  
Down here on earth  
A thousand prayers, a million words  
But one voice was heard

A house, a yard, a neighborhood  
Where you can ride your new bike to school  
A kinda world where mom and dad  
Still believe the golden rule

Life's not that simple  
Down here on earth  
A thousand prayers, a million words  
But one voice was heard

One voice  
One simple word  
Hearts know what to say  
One dream can change the world  
Keep believing till you find a way

Yesterday while walking home  
I saw some kid on Newbury Road  
He pulled a pistol from his bag  
And tossed it in the river below

Thanks for the help, down here on earth  
A thousand prayers, a million words  
But one voice was heard

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS\*



# Only If

If my lips could sing as many songs,  
as there are waves in the sea:

if my tongue could sing as many hymns  
as there are ocean billows:

if my mouth filled the whole firmament with praise:

if my face shone like the sun and moon together:

if my hands were to hover in the sky like powerful eagles  
and my feet ran across mountains as swiftly as the deer;  
all that would not be enough.

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS\*

Wade Blade

# Power Of True Love

We have never spoken  
but yet we know so much about each other  
We have never seen one another  
but yet we can draw every fine detail in each face

We have never met  
but yet we know the names in which we are called by  
One who has not spoken words, nor layed eyes upon ones face,  
nor greeted by ones name,

The true power of love at first sight,  
is knowing everything about ones true love,  
but has yet to meet that one love

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS\*

Wade Blade

# Teach Me To Listen

How often do I not,  
as if I were listening,  
to words I cannot hear,  
because I'm thinking about something else,  
because I'm planning what I intend to say.

Yet there are those who are good listeners:  
a good conversationalist listens,  
a good counsellor or adviser listens,  
a good doctor listens, a good judge,  
a good friend.

Teach me to listen

Wade Blade

# The Sun

Have you ever seen  
anything  
in your life  
more wonderful

than the way the sun,  
every evening,  
relaxed and easy,  
floats toward the horizon

and into the clouds or the hills,  
or the rumpled sea,  
and is gone  
and how it slides again

out of the blackness,  
every morning,  
on the other side of the world,  
like a red flower

streaming upward on its heavenly oils,  
say, on a morning in early summer,  
at its perfect imperial distance  
and have you ever felt for anything

such wild love  
do you think there is anywhere, in any language,  
a word billowing enough  
for the pleasure

that fills you,  
as the sun  
reaches out,  
as it warms you

as you stand there,  
empty-handed  
or have you too  
turned from this world

or have you too  
gone crazy  
for power,  
for things?

Wade Blade

# There's A Hero

There's a flower,  
In the smallest garden,  
Reaching for the light,  
There's candle,  
In the darkest corner,  
Congquering the night,

There is amazing strength,  
In a willing hand,  
There are victories,  
That you've never planned,

There's a hero,  
In everybody's heart,

There's a fire,  
Inside of everybody,  
Burning clear and bright,  
There's a power,  
In the faintest heartbeat,  
That cannot be denied,

Go on and trust yourself,  
You can ride the wind,  
Your gonna take your dreams  
Where they've never been,

Go on and trust yourself,  
You can ride the wind,  
Your gonna take your dreams  
Where they've never been,

There's a hero  
In everybody's heart!

Wade Blade



# Trash Throwing

You never seemed to care  
About what I had to say  
You never asked what I thought or even how I felt

Passed me on the streets but never said a word  
I thought you were different  
But your no different from anyone else

You could have said "I don't want to be friends"  
But instead you just threw me away  
Now you have no words to say  
Cats got your tongue

Now how does it feel to be treated this way?  
Stinks doesn't it, well now you know how I felt  
Day after day

So that's all I have to tell you at the moment  
Now I'm taking the trash out to throw you a way just like you did all those days

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS\*

Wade Blade

# Waiting Love

I am a materialist,  
yet I wish there were a Heaven.  
For then, I know,  
I would find you there waiting for me.

I am going there to join you,  
to be together for eternity.  
We need never be parted again or keep at a distance  
for fear of spoiling someone else's life.  
Wait for me, dearest, I am coming

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS\*

Wade Blade

# We Alone Can See

In a bud,  
there is a flower;

In the seed,  
an apple tree;

In cocoons a hidden promise,  
butterflies will soon be free;

In the cold and snow of winter,  
there's a spring that waits to be;

Unrevealed until its season,  
something we alone can see.

There's a song in every silence,  
seeking word and melody;

There's a dawn in every darkness,  
bringing hope to you and me;

From the past will come the future,  
what it holds a mystery;

Unrevealed until its season,  
something we alone can see.

In our end,  
is our beginning;

In our time,  
infinity;

In our doubt,  
there is believing;

In our life,  
eternity;

Unrevealed until its season,  
something we alone can see.

\*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS\*

Wade Blade

# Weaker Than Water

Nothing is weaker than water;  
Yet, for attacking what is hard and tough,  
Nothing surpasses it, nothing equals it.  
The principle, that what is weak overcomes what is  
strong,  
And what is yielding conquers what is resistant, is known to everyone.  
Yet few utilize it profitably in practice...

Wade Blade