

Poetry Series

**william hammond**  
**- poems -**

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## william hammond(12 27 1979)

i see nights full of pain, days are the same.....

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we watch hopes die as time goes on..  
we hurt hopelessly as we sadly mourn..  
thoughts of the end softly lurk..  
we watch pain grow with its hateful smirk..  
the chains of solitude tightly grasp..  
our hearts die with our every aching gasp..  
trapped in our own minds, no wish for freedom..  
the grief grows strong with all four seasons..  
small yearns for love struggle through stains..  
but hatred takes over and more are slain..  
lies become us, we live false dreams..  
the silence echoes with every voicless scream..  
our wishes crumble, then fade to black..  
life is over, my own soul has turned his back..  
we rest in peace and cry thoughtless tears..  
because its not death were scared of, its life we fear..

w.h.2010

william hammond

## ..Is It The End..

Endless wonders of heartless souls,  
flawless blunders as life unfolds..  
Scary dreams so deep and cold,  
careless demons small yet bold..  
Lonely eyes like black coals,  
lifeless lies that pay their tolls..  
Saddened person full of goals,  
perfect visions so full of holes..  
Mindless thoughts as blind as moles,  
fearless cries still fill the bowl..  
Long lost love he wants to hold,  
long lost love she just lets go.....

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# Desolate Temple

resting in ruins, hollow, full of loneliness and  
selfish despair,  
the soul wonders hopeless through emptiness inside  
its fallen lair...  
every room ripped apart by thieves, now torn and  
destroyed by pain,  
once a solid foundation, now softened through  
sadness in vain...  
the memories it holds, now scorn, and through  
sorrow they begin to crash,  
this temple used to hold strong, but now shattered  
from a life's past...  
shadows of torture roam freely, never finding that  
route of escape,  
because the windows are always flooded and freedom  
is often raped...  
the silence it echoes till it fades but never stops  
that eerie cry,  
walls begin to weaken as they stand still and time  
passes by...  
with love out of sight, out of reach, it seems  
there is no hand to hold,  
through bruised agony, stolen dreams, the spirit  
inside grows cold...  
hurt becomes its own burden, trapped in this  
abandoned place,  
just another temple that hears, but stands  
without a face.....

5683

william hammond

# I'M Sorry! ! !

i cant forgive any sins,  
    i cant enforce the law,  
i cant mend a broken heart,  
    i cant pick up everyone who falls...  
i cant take away deceit,  
    i cant tell the truth for all the lies,  
i cant rid all the pain,  
    i cant wipe away all cries...  
i cant explain why we struggle,  
    i cant give courage for all the fear,  
i dont know why we suffer,  
    i cant prolong the years...  
i dont know what brings death,  
    i dont even know why we live,  
i cant stop all the stress,  
    i cant force anyone to give...  
i cant heal all the hurt,  
    i cant take away the shame,  
i cant stop the jelousy,  
    i cant give directions to fame...  
i cant cure all the agony,  
    i cant reverse the time,  
i cant take back regrets,  
    i cant stop all the crime...  
i cant glue shattered dreams,  
    i cant fix all the wrongs,  
i cant lift up the weak,  
    i cant take down the strong...  
i cant apologize for the world,  
    i dont know why some wont lend a hand,  
i cant be someone im not,  
    but i can say im sorry for who i am.....  
                                im sorry.....

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# No One Cares...

my despair is my prison, there is no golden gate,  
my dreams aren't my destiny, i live a forbidden fate..

i run from reality but there is no place to hide,  
every turn it catches me, but it's never by my side..

i'm really not happy, i lie if i smile,  
my mind knows there's no hope but my heart's in denial..

invisible to success, only paths of rejection,  
my shadow never follows me, i'm scared of my own reflection..

sleeping is pointless but it's my only break from solitude,  
weak from my struggles, i walk with the accused..

i reach for love but it's never really there,  
but i guess it doesn't really matter if no one really cares.....

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# Stand Alone..

i really hope theres a heaven  
at the end of this hell,  
because ive struggled and im tired, i refuse  
to waste another coin on this broken well..  
ive touched some with love but its always  
beaten down by sorrow,  
and im fed up with people who say they care  
but im a stranger tomorrow..  
i dont just believe lies, i believe in them because  
they give me a fantasy,  
my own dreams keep out of reach, its like even  
they are ashamed of me..  
to donate anything is nothing, but you cant have  
my heart because you may destroy its beauty,  
but i dont expect anyone to understand because  
noone really knows me..  
mom said to never give up, but ma, i dont have  
anymore fight,  
ive given it my all, but still, im stuck in this  
sorry a\*\* life..  
i fought with flesh and blood till this world ripped  
away my bone,  
i see many people in front of me, but inside  
i stand alone.....

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## The Final Layer...

It's the one just out of reach, the one that hides itself from harm,

It's the one so easy to touch, the one that's filled with love

mixed with just a hint of charm...

Yet it's the one so delicate, so soft and is often tucked away

so scared,

Afraid to feel, afraid to connect, afraid to show the love this

lonely place don't want to share...

Because somehow, someday, something happens and it all gets

lost to shame,

Maybe it's a lie that's told, or maybe it's the hidden truth that's

stored away by flames...

It's a part of us where sorrow fails to succeed, unless someone

special destroys that wall,

And when it's damaged it hurts endlessly, and there is no help

for this fall...

It's that one part of our body that we try to shield with an

honest prayer,

My hearts already broken baby, you've just ripped the final

layer.....

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