

Poetry Series

Killian Brooks
- poems -

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Killian Brooks(11/06/1996)

A 17 year old girl
Who's still forming mind
Has yet to learn how to deal
With the un-named emotions that
Life bestows on her
wanted or not

A sister and a daughter
A niece, a girlfriend, a cousin,
and a granddaughter

She lives in a biased town with biased teachings
To which she tries to make sense
As they contradict the basis she's raised by
To young to have an opinion
And still too old to play on the jungle-Jim in McDonald's.

A 20 year old
Who's hidden thoughts
Need voiced

Beanstalk

In the distance
A ladder calls to me
One hand reaches to take opportunity's saintly palms
And one to take mine own

Don't meet time as
a slave to the nine-tailed cat
Take instead thy time to time
Rejoicing in the merits of the climb

And who's success redeems my bleaker thoughts
Preventing grayer dreams from consuming
All of me in life

Nether sooner hide thyself from the
Mockingbirds beak
Dear worm, thou art more than the sum -
no sooner rush as such a fool
Afore a hold is held
Past the sky's limit gates

Killian Brooks

Ghost

If you want to date me
I sadly must refuse
I'm tattooed? by a ghost
Was made only for his use
He might not be beside me
At the time I catch your eye
But his image will always blind me
To any person in my sight
No body is as perfect
Nor could ever be as kind
As the ghost of he who haunts me
And who I dream to find
Though lost to me in present
There must surely be a day
Ware I will be in grace again
And no longer have the pain
Of loving and obsessing over one
Who knows me naught
But who's ghost I'll always cling to
Till the day my spirits lost

Killian Brooks

Love For A Lover

The love the hart emits
For a different type of kiss
The heat that rushes through your face
Spreading your body,
coursing your veins
With an icy touch
Wanting to be closer
Your mind leaves you
In its place
All you know is you want
Time to stop
So that you and she or he
Can stay
Entranced awhile longer
The type of love that may cause
Reason and logic to forsake you
For you to forsake the wishes of others
That you love
To burn bridges by accident
And revoke your moral code
Despite your better judgement
Body's holding each other
Steadfast make it all go away
Forgetting the pain of the night
Creating a perfect world
While the one in which you were born
crumbles and comes
crashing down around
You.

Killian Brooks

Of Dogs And Cats

Warm, cool air
Wafting over us.
Who's forms should ne'er touch
Wasting away from pure joy

We forget yesterday's stripes
We forget the coming light
We forget all but the sound
Writhing from our chests

Willingly I forfeit life
Willingly embracing,
flirting with every shadowy pilgrim
Who cross my stride
Was there a time before us?
I think not, for now it's corpse try's to attack
in spite of our naivety
Rolling with the tide

Killian Brooks

Report Card Blues

Falling
Behind
A few
Steps
Past
All help.
Beyond the depths of
Hells fiery tempest
To which in time I must escape
Sophomore,
And freshman years
Were Such a bore
Life is more
Than tests,
and
Scores

Killian Brooks

Sherbet Rambling's Of An Old Soul

Trapped in the cross hairs of my own invention
I know it's a long shot I'll probably regret
But right now
The place that I'm in
I'll carry my goal through the heat and the shame
We're a twisted pair for sure
And something I can't still believe
And how an angel like you
Could ever see a thing like me
With downy eyes
Somehow, we met
Our lives intertwined
Forming a path
I can't imagine walking without you

Killian Brooks

Snowflake

To she, who in life's fatal grip holds -
Fast to pain beyond her years,
She speaks a language, to gray;
Though her eyes glisten with laughter,
And a florescent beauty,
And I try to disarm her darker musings.
With a fiercely, pulling, sympathy.
To steal away its power.
When thoughts turn back to our,
Darkest hours, over thy spirit.
And though bitter, scornful life carries on in thy midst.
In mock of thy stiff agony, taunting veil and grief.
Yet a few latter seconds thou,
The blooming spring.
Blushed quietly at the dew dropped fern,
Noor yet that simple joy be so swiftly brushed away,
By tears I wish thee never taste.
Rather, recall those downy days -
When light still called thee his own,
Why commune with the mirth of trials past?
In his entire course, need you pine for death?
Smile instead.
Enjoy the calm with no thought of the tempest to come,
Cling fast to whose memory thou shalt use to weather it.
Woe's dowry strips don't suit thee and be greaves my mind,
For lack of knowledge.
For all the wisdom pearls can, in turn,
Charm the swells to rest.
My voice falls short,
And who's uneducated words,
Mean nothing.

Killian Brooks

The Olive Tree

Two fragile lives
Intertwine where their frayed paths meet
Gazing at the stars above
Going through they're farewell races
Slowly, slowly, slowly
Falling down
To earth,
To die.
I remember these things,
Of the fires,
Of the people I crushed in anguish
Fathers, mothers, daughters.
In wrath of the crimes of a few
Retching men.
Who's meaty fists and staves
Made a concrete angle
Out of you.
All gone.
Burnt to a crisp.
Who's eyes I dug out, with my own two hands.
And on your hill,
Grows an olive tree.

Killian Brooks

Things I Can Not Say Today

I can not say I love you
It might scare you away
I can not say I miss you
If I want to see the day
That Hades dog will meet with me
In the moonlight clear
Or heavens gate will greet me
Or that god would re appear
I have to wait and be good
Till you invite me to your fold
I have to wait for platinum grace
To earn shiny days of chrome
To return to your castle
And a smile on your face
I'll wait and show my patience
For the morning
For the Dawn
That I can say I love you
And things I can not say today

Killian Brooks

To He Who Fights For Heaven

May the arch angel walk beside me
And may that posion flower bloom
May the morning bells be ringing
May the pairate claim his loot
In my dreams I ride
Shotgun to your plans
Forever past eternity
A partner made of sand
Has become a wary host
Of knowledge of the dark
But has learned to cope
And who's soul rests in dreams
That by his word and fortitude
That I now posses
I'll regain my pristine spot
And destroy all my regrets

Killian Brooks

When The Words Stop

In a crack upon the walk way
A little flower blooms
In silence now was broken
And who's light shall fade quite soon
But at the last second
The rain fell and fed
It's need to be known
Now it was far from death
A rainbow took unto the sky
As a parting gift
The flower now stands strong
And shall never hit the ground
But shuns the scorching sun
In favor of sweet rain

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