

Poetry Series

**aiden murdock**  
**- poems -**

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## aiden murdock(Feburary 16,1992)

Well theres not really much for me to say... except that feel free to critique my work if you can, i always open minded to new suggestions and ideas. In terms of music i like pretty much most types of music, mostly metal =D

# A Flock

steal their idea, but create your lyric

A philosophy overdone

A hope forgotten

A touch just another

painful reminiscence

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# A Gift

Every privilege has a consequence  
For something that permits you  
As well as restrict you  
If the perpgative admits your pride  
Yourself will swell into self assurance  
So chose your privilege  
For a gift of burden  
awaits your apprehensive fingers

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# A Shade Of Blue

Perspectives differ from the eyes  
of the beholder

If the eyes are the windows  
to the soul....

Why do we let illustrators paint  
a perfect meet?

To be vindicated by  
such ponder on how  
our society, oh so  
selfish

depicts our visions  
instead of us create our own  
Pacassico of babble

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# Allies With Self

Alligance to one  
to the prophesied  
to myself in dew  
I must pay if falter  
May u consult my swollen head for luck?

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# Assumed

My ancestors sold to their white masters.  
And soon their bodies become trees of tainted fruit.  
A shame that Porcelain skin taught to scorn darken flesh  
and generalize that all were danger, scum.

Once their were unity among my people.  
Now divison, based on shades of the same flesh  
men of shade impregnate their woes and leave their mistake behind.  
The ideal gangstas  
The diamond platted teeth  
When will we rise?  
From the televised riches  
When will we rise?  
From our uproarious attitude  
When will we rise?  
From the chromed wheels  
When will we rise?  
From the mentions of an oreo  
Maybe these broad shoulders  
hold hurt and disappointment of these men

aiden murdock

# Be Quiet And Drive

Caressing your dark brown hair,  
our hands were merged as one  
I felt at ease and that I was of some worth

Now I've come to be your past  
All we had was gone into a  
fragment of memories  
What we were came to be  
so fleeting  
You've moved to another love, or so  
Here I stand with my lonely hand  
we were all a whisper

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# Canopy Of Closure

a world must become numb  
as society's social chain  
advances through our empty  
windows

Its espionage  
we are the stolen

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# Chaos

God's wrath, ruins of ancient  
cities brewing and men in uproar  
open mouths of hunger  
open legs of Mabs  
slaughter of one's friend and self

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# Curiosity

The sense of  
uncertainty  
and abstruse  
thought  
the luring of fools to  
their mishaps

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# Deadly Sin

\*I dedicate this poem to Shane, thanks for being my inspiration\*

Pride is always the fall for those  
who exceed in it too much  
A swollen center is full when  
a sycophant adds to self proclaimed  
greatness

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# Ethereal's Keep

A flower's nectar of sweet  
A bee's stinger of defiance  
A kiss welcome to hurt  
An eye's sheds a tear  
A razor's edge  
A wrist left with trails of stolen  
A friend's stealth enage  
An old woo bitsets your flesh  
A soliquy to her  
why does one bleed today?

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# Flattered Her Angel

a message she sends  
to her friend  
conversation begins  
as she mentions her devil  
Her friend must blind thy eyes  
from the hurt  
But no way to evade this endless hurt  
For it will rise again  
She must smile and forget  
The forgetting of such hurt  
is a quagmire  
Her feelings have killed her  
She must become what she has  
such contempt for  
A sycophant of bliss to her  
enemies and disguised devils

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# Flight

The secret silence is more than i bestow  
forgive me, the fool  
for I mistaken your grace  
of dew's of loose lips  
fall upon return  
i do  
i must reside in discomfort  
my forsaken exile  
Now i understand : with the birds  
share  
is a lonely view  
with the birds i share  
is a lonely view  
with the birds i share  
is a lonely view  
with the birds i share  
is a lonely view

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# Glutton

Subside self  
A suffocating conception  
we must fill  
the quite demise plan  
of own voiced  
Spews of days passing  
Growing impatient with this silent suffering  
A quite sound numb  
As ridiculous as  
I may smile present pleasure  
upon this matisse  
lurks the wepts at  
nightfall  
As you fool, that I'm in satisfy  
Speak humor, I may  
But as i wish to lay on this sphere  
and intake the last inhale  
The throne, of aloof  
i reside  
i must want to forever  
buriede beneath these warm colors  
My dark fantasy, i must confide in stealth  
Have i grown more cynical through the seasons?  
Have i seeked my end,  
mistakened for at peace?  
Have i already died  
just that a zombified creature resumes?  
I fault to answer these questions i ponder  
But a subside self  
i presume  
i am the demise of my own

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# Heavenly Kept

Blink, and all have left  
the dove in dome  
Speak and all has worshiped  
a false heaven  
Hear, the genocide's bliss  
of nazi  
splendor away the rude  
of many to respect a  
voice of own  
But digest the wrong's dew and you choke on once, soon grasp

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# Minding

If let them  
create me, they'll  
deterime my tongue  
If i let them touch me  
they'll rape me  
If I let them resemble  
me  
they'll resemble a fall

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# Night

O'Brute, who marches  
in unison of Hitler's slanders  
He comes as The Aryan  
who's witty smiles impress Us

Those witty smiles murder Us  
one by one  
Witty smiles spun lies and murder us  
We prayed for His hands to deliver us  
He has forsaken us, he has not spared us mercy

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# Ode To An Enemy

O' Brute one, i've praise you  
for you and your troubled ways  
brought me contempt in me  
But no, i have not shown it, you gave me strength  
now that you sit highly elevated in your throne, it will  
not last, so i will rise, rise  
thy time is nigh; it will be  
victorious  
bow down to mine feet, that has  
sailed between the worlds  
and crushed the backs of angels

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# Plurals Of Sigh

how simple worlds  
can magnify into dews of strife  
combust the flower's hearts  
strip it from its petals  
An ash of remains  
lies before my feet  
I step over the flame  
Over the once life  
Its own petal's destroyed

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## Point Of View

My ancestors sold to their white masters.  
And soon their bodies become trees of tainted fruit.  
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and generalize that all were danger, scum.

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# Repetition Of Life

Hands of the skilled will mold  
you to the typical  
For once, resist another repeat  
another releaspe  
another same  
another blonde  
another stereotype  
another trend  
another loose  
another life

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# Revelations

By the Almighty tacit approval of skies guardians,  
the sevens angels of the seven plagues  
poured their merciless misfortuans into the sea  
one by one  
they knew of The coming  
Without clemency in their hearts;  
the seventh angel of the seventh plague  
poured his bowl and stood there in the tumult of  
the end, of the last of His creation

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# Solace

my own sanity of self is  
slipping away  
became a transient fragment of dreams  
drawing back its foundations;  
it has collapsed into this chaotic debris  
of self contained thoughts

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# Spiral

Do i dare, lie beneath  
thine inclined enemy?  
I, should not room with  
mischief  
But this sinful urge  
to call foe  
When will my resistance  
come into play?

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# Tainted Juice

I've forgiven a betrayl  
Yet it burdens my soul  
She truly loves the presence of this devil  
As I bestow my kindess of her  
I walk solemnly back to my fool throne  
I hear this devil  
speak hurt  
as my ears absorb  
contempt  
I must swallow the  
sour pill  
For he will get his own revenge  
But for me to not be burden  
by his actions of wrong  
I must forgive to cess these  
incessant tears  
Having heart to forgive  
means to let go of  
contempt  
Will i rise and sing melodies  
OR acoustic abrasive guitars  
plays my fate

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# The Fallen And Grace

When his great white wing fell  
so did his pride descend into ashes

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# Tomorrow

As we wander about the coming  
We take pride in today  
As succeeding in the present  
but let us not set too high  
standards in tomorrow  
for those fools take pride  
in what hasnt expelled the plan  
Take no pride in the becoming  
for the failure may avenge

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# Untitled

all i ever wanted  
was an accepting eye  
from thee  
No more  
all i ever wanted was no more  
aloof that abounds my heart  
greatly  
excessive burdens upon thoughts  
are hard to digest especially that your  
no more mine  
was i fool to let u go?  
A shameful snake, ive grown  
Wishing ill will to her  
and one selfish  
rendezvous of thee

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## Untitled 2

the essence of a fleeting time  
that flutters in thoughts and minds  
of dreamers  
whose concepts of reality's  
standards manifest in  
insubordination  
and dissolve  
he who taste stars  
is the fire of  
Macbeth's blind beauty

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