

Poetry Series

**Alex J Davis**  
**- poems -**

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# Alex J Davis()

Young Ambitious poet trying to leave a legacy behind.

# A Questioned Unforeseen Future

Is this exam to me a crystal ball,

That shows me my rise or fall

Many men have stared into its eye,

Fearlessly trying to set their fate,

Like hour hands rigged to make time fly□

Some saw that their efforts were too late.

But what happens to men, who wish not to stare,

Are they damned and doomed by the book,

Is their lives filled with monotony and despair,

Or do they too set their fate like the ones who happened to look□

How can I be sure that with effort my fate is sealed,

And my future success is revealed.

Sigh, all I can do is hope and pray

That an exam, will change my life someday.

Alex J Davis

# Actions Speak Louder Than Words

Actions speak louder than words

I do hear what you are saying

There is no need for verbal confirmation

I got the message.

Its funny how words can throw

Balls of emotions, be-friending your

Dopamines causing you to feel

A certain way

And if these words are like charismatic

Politicians trying to win elections then

These words have a lot to say

By passing all your alarms systems,

Firewalls and passwords

Logging on to your mind like desktops

Computers installing programs

That makes you believe

What ever you perceive from these words

But these words are all tricks

And like chick flicks they

Only appeal to your emotions  
Concocting potions that cast spells  
Wishing you well but really they  
Are only wishing themselves  
Because these words that roll off  
The tongues of those who initiate them  
Fail to connect they actions like roads to rails  
But they words might as well been  
Unheard like silent letters  
Because they actions contradict  
What they are trying to say  
But like an AK they actions spray  
The truth though  
So yes  
  
Actions speak louder than words  
I do hear what you are saying  
There is no need for verbal confirmation  
I got the message.  
  
Alex J Davis

# I Hate Love

Stupes, I hate love!

You know when you realize

That you starting to visualize

A life with another human being,

Saying things like we babies would be so cute

You tell yourself, oh boy.

Love done stuck again like a hurricane

I don't know why cupid keep

Aiming at me, he needs to change

His trajectory.

I'm tired of being shot

And I don't mean no cap gun shot

I mean the kind of shots

That hit you like big rocks

Make you stop and hold your chest

Like cardiac arrest.

Sigh boy, when the stress and misery

Surface their faces like plastic bags

On the sea,

When the one that gives you

Butterflies isn't around.

You start to feel like you`re

Going to drown when you

Don't hear the sound of their voices

In the morning.

But love, it don't start out so

Love be like a con man trying

To sell perfume

When it consume you, it make you feel good

It make you smile, you look at

The sunset and say wait, I never

Realize its beauty

This reminds me of my shorty, my cutie

But after 6 months, pathetic fallacy

Becomes your favorite way

Of describing the world.

You tell your friends, you having girl problems

And you don't know how to solve them

But you don't want to leave,

Cause you believe you could work out things

So you try and try

And as time fly

Some men might even cry,

Not me though

And that's when you sit down

On your bed and utter these words...

Stupes, I hate love!

Alex J Davis