

Poetry Series

Brian Rop
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Brian Rop()

Bring Back My Sorrows

I had all this emptiness for me
A gift from my lonely sojourns
And it embraced me and my inner being
You came along and it suddenly dawns
The light of dawn drove the blissful dark
The kind I had learnt to grope my way
And I coped perfectly well

I owned everything just by owning nothing
And you gave me the false of owning something
That I would never really own and I thought
I had the best of you, all the sweetness you got
And you made away with the sorrows
That gave me warmth in times of my solitude
And you gave yours, ours, that appear alien
That sends a cold shiver through me
As I take a hot shower each evening

Bring back my sorrows, the kind I'm used to
Go find your place wherever you came from
Here, wasn't meant to another of yours a home
I am used to my solitude and I'll get through
Many a dreamless night

Brian Rop

I String My Worth

Yours and mine weren't ever meant to be
Hearts had similar incompatible destinies
Mine acts worse than thousand piccaninnies'
From the beginning I hoped you'd see

Against advice I fell head over heels for you
Looking for my worth now among the ruins
Among a myriad of should have beens
Pity engulfs me, but I hope to get through

No one knew the truth better than me
How I went home every evening hating me
I knew one day, not by luck, you'd see
You and me could never be

I string my worth piece by piece
Everything is bleak; no more ease
Knowing yours and mine a path
Weren't meant to cross on earth

Brian Rop

One Day, Perhaps On A Monday

One day, perhaps on a Monday, afternoon,
You'll realize you belong to a silent world.
Where silence lends an ominous embrace
A world where there'll be nothing to face
And you've heard everything to be told
And all about you, hazy shadows of the moon

One day you'll know silence belonged to you
And you belonged to silence; your worth
Measured by long moments of solitude
Like specimen on the table, a sour mood
And you'll spell all that you are not
And you'll be glad perchance, you were true

One day, on a Monday, perhaps in the afternoon
You'll reckon the futility of speaking your mind
And the vanity of aiming way too high
Among human mongrels ever content to lie
Among humans who to your flaws find
Something to talk about, hoping not for change soon

Brian Rop