

Poetry Series

Brouce Mompremier
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

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

Brouce Mompremier()

As I Look Into You

As I look into you
As my eyes look into yours I see what I need.
I see happiness for both you and me.
As I look into those eyes I see a soul that begs for comfort and love.
Needing commitment and security as tight as a glove.
Those eyes tell a story that I want to hear.
A story I will learn well so I may keep you near.
The look of those eyes brings hope that is so true.
So I keep my eyes open so that you can see my hope is in you.

Brouce Mompremier

I Think I'm In Love

The sound of the rain echo's through the night, out the window I look as the lighting begins to strike.

I scramble through the phone just looking for another name, fatally realizing that somehow they've all become the same.

I look through my memory book trying to forget that face, but they're all full of flaws but I can't find one in your case.

I fantasize of other girls but your memory is too much, none of them are in comparison with your warmth and your touch

Sick of this feeling I make believe I don't care, of this girl whom I'm in LOVE with... oh my goodness I wasn't even aware!

Brouce Mompremier

It Was That Good

You open your eyes not knowing you blacked out, finding me on top of you
clueless if you should shout.

Your vision is still blurry your voice temporally impaired, your body is num and
the reason you're still unaware.

Your heart rate slows and your fingers and toes now move, but yet you look
uncertain not knowing what to do

You garb me and then kiss me and suddenly you realized, because of love
making not sex you've cummed for the first time

Brouce Mompremier

Kiss Me

Kiss me so I can know how you feel so I can know how you taste, kiss my lips
and I'll kiss yours put those lips to use just choose a place
Kiss me lick me so I can feel your tongue, and I'll lick you back not asking where
all this is coming from
Kiss me so I have an excuse to bite you below, a bite both soft and hard telling
this moment I won't let go
That ring shines bright behind a smile that solidifies your face, so I say kiss me
because I'm tired of pleading my case

Brouce Mompremier

New Love

New Love

Is love ever new or is it just a retake beginning from to be continued.

Sure new person, new place, new attitude, new face but its the same arguments stuck in the same case.

Shit love can never be true until we our baggage with the old and bring love to the new.

Brouce Mompremier

Promise

Promise

What is a promise? Is it the insurance company for the world of love? Do we ever keep a promise that we make or are they just said or meant to be fake. Promises give you hope, hope that you can rely on like when night hits there's no worry because day is soon to come. Can I promise you happiness for the rest of your days, one would say yes but how could I if I have a daily struggle to keep myself satisfied. If love is impatient then what is a promise, when do we use them, and when should they be kept or broken. If a promise is a guarantee for the future why do we stress so much over the present, it shouldn't matter because I have a guarantee or insurance that my future is going to be better. But that can't be true because everything that I do from here on out affects that future for the good or bad. So from here on out don't make me promise cause I can't see a beautiful future without a good looking present.

Brouce Mompremier

Your My Color

You're my color

If black is beautiful then what are you. Your beyond black to the point you are blue. And blue tends to calm the most restless souls. A blessing such as you comes but never goes. Blue is my favourite color a statement that is true. A favourite of mine you're becoming the new black is now blue.

Brouce Mompremier