

Poetry Series

Cameron Ross Harless
- poems -

Publication Date:
2006

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

Cameron Ross Harless(October 14,1988)

I am a 18 year old and I like to write poerty. I am from Alabama.I write poems out of fun a for a class. I shall get better as time goes on. Enjoy my Simple Amatuer Poems...

Note to readers

I am an Amateur Poet. I am taking a class, and I would like to know the opinions of the people that read these poems. Some of mine are written because I am in a class, but a lot are just from my enjoyment of writing. Please tell me what you think, and tell me how the form/technical stuff is. I'd really like to use this as a means to get better. Some of them may just be works in progress, so you'll have to bear with me...

Paid In Full

A Crumbled Man
A Thousand People
A Thousand Shouts
An Unearned Death
A Saving Grace
An Undying Love

Your Sin Undone
Your Life Ransomed
Your Eternal Redemption
Your Life Refreshed
Your Purpose Anew
Your Price Paid

Cameron Ross Harless

Pawns And Puppets

the word hypocrite drips from your lips
into the ears of your friends
they used to be mine
they used to be ours
but they have now been poisoned
by your slanderous tongue

show me this hypocrisy
show me my fabrications
if not, keep your tongue from dripping
keep your lies from flying free

i am not what you say
no matter how loud you yell it
friends aren't for using
i get it. do you?

keep your libelous tongue
behind your teeth where it belongs
your words mean nothing to me
the truth will stand

the truth is real
and free and thriving
can you feel it?
can you taste it?

i am alive, not dead
and i won't take this lying down
you once said you loved me
did you mean it?

no.

you didn't and I know it
my days as a pawn are over
I am a knight
and I am not afraid to take down the queen

i've been stabbed by your words
one too many times have your utterance pierced my heart
have i ever stabbed you with my words?

no.

and i never will
when i said i loved you i meant it
if i was misguided or not

but now you've dropped your mask
you don't even pretend anymore
you never loved me
i was nothing to you

i was a play thing, a toy
I was the ant
you had a magnifying glass
and you took my crumb

you might have taken the crumb
but the loaf is still mine
you burnt off my feelers
but they just grew back

don't touch my bread
don't try to burn me to death
you'll find that i am stronger
you'll find that i'll fight

but i won't fight unless i'm told
i won't tear into your flesh
but i will not be ran over
not this time.

i am a man
a man after God's own heart
not yours
His love is everything

i thought yours would be sufficient
i was wrong. it's not.

it's fake and i don't want it
i don't miss it

so stop, you can't hurt me
let your words of hypocrisy
drip to the mirror where they belong
go poison someone else

i've clipped your strings.
i am not your puppet
go. be free and leave me alone
i don't need you.

Cameron Ross Harless

Pro Libertate

A Passionate lad, William Wallace was.
Protector of Scotland he was called.
Fought for the freedom he so loved,
but never tasted what he earned.
Hanged, draw, and quartered.
Murdered mercilessly.
In his last moments came out of his mouth,
The words that inspired his mission.
Pro Libertate he yelled in anguish
For Liberty He left this world,
and an everlasting impact.

Cameron Ross Harless

These Moments I Seize

As blue as the sky,
As quick as a whip,
I feel like I can fly,
But I'll probably trip.

Where does it come from?
Why do I feel this way?
It makes me act dumb,
The Stupid things I say.

Weak in the knees,
Strong in the heart,
These Moments I seize,
I wish never to part.

This feeling's electric,
Like lightning to the soul.
The hands they tick,
As they take a toll.

Cameron Ross Harless

Truly

crumpled, depleted, small
I curl into a ball of shame
you've left me here
hating, loathing myself

'what is wrong with me? '
'what does he have that i don't? '
I asked in desperation.

you didn't answer.
you just looked at me.
i turned.
i ran.

i ran into His arms.
His blood-stained hands
pulled me from the ground
from the muck.

'Nothing, ' He answered.
'You are beautiful.
He may have her,
but you have me.
And you always will.'

Tears swelled.
I found love.
love worth dying for!
love worth living for!

and it wasn't yours.
and i'm glad.
I found a perfect love
while you share in your selfish desires.

This heart i offered you.
It's mine.
And it will never be yours.

Never.

I found a perfect love
where my fears are cast away
where i can be held
and not thought weak
where i am truly loved...

Cameron Ross Harless