

Poetry Series

chad fisher
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

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

chad fisher(Aug 1976)

Who am I? I only wish I knew the answer to that as much as other people believe they know who I am. I like skateboarding, and I currently live in Indiana. I write poetry on and off.

Sorry I do not belong to the Chad Fisher Group. I am not a songwriter, nor a Jazz musician though I wouldn't mind being either of those.

(this Poem Needs A Title) (Or... Lost Soul?)

I am in the bog of despair, the slough of despond,
A place of which I am not too fond,
As I read Pilgrim's Progress, I see the allegory,
Of my own hearts relation to this grand spiritual story!

The message in the bottle is the message in my heart
The message you may never read, the message you may never see
Unless the oceans of my soul from many worlds apart,
Some day roll their waves toward you, and your own heart's sea.

chad fisher

? Enog Uoy Evah Erehw

? enog uoy evah erehw
.rednow netfo I
, tsim ekil dehsinav ev'uoy
Rising in the air toward the setting sun.
And often I ponder,
what if we never kissed.

? tnereffid neeb evah gnihtyreve dluow
, wonk reve ew lliw
? nevaeh hcaer ew neh
Will wisdom to our souls have been sent?
Would life take a new direction, would our paths better flow?
Would joy enter in, rising like yeast filled with leaven?

chad fisher

A Chorus For Piano, A Song For Love Gone Wrong...

C If
D I
E could
D(hold) have
G(hold) loved
A (1/2 beat) be-
G(hold) tter
E I
D would
E(hold) have

G Gi-
A ven
G(hold) you

E All
D of
E(hold) me

C If
D I
E could
D(hold) have
G(hold) loved
A be-
G(hold) tter

E I
D would
E(hold) have

G Gi-
A ven
G(hold) you

E The
D world
D(1/2beat) To

E(hold) see

chad fisher

A Piece Of Me

Something so hard
goes straight to the soul;
it seems impossible to get over
and my heart is left with a big hole.

I'm trying to be happy, wearing a smile;
but I'm dying inside.
The world seems to be fading,
and I just want to run and hide.

Everywhere I go I see your face,
and realize how much I miss you;
and on the day you left
a piece of me left too.

A piece of me gone forever,
For you were my true heart
and I'll never stop loving you;
Richelle, you were my life's strongest part.

*Original Poem 'Dying Inside' by Natalie Fox

chad fisher

A Simple Word

Is it necessary to overdo our gestures or speak in lavish prose?
Do you really think it is better to communicate in a manner in which not one
person knows?
For is more often understood the actions and words that are purely simple and
normal,
Than those called for during elite gatherings of those who pose as formal.
For it hath been said that a man alone with a gentle word
Is more precious than a gathering of a slanderous herd.
The words you use may be a cover up, a deception,
And though I should not hate, I can't await... until I attend your funeral's
reception.
For then people will clearly understand every word you say, and every action you
perform
And now without speaking you'll be performing a certain action for a dead man,
which in a certain lingo is what is known as the 'norm.'

chad fisher

Adhd Gotten Worse...

ADHD gotten worse, but I know if you were here
I'd feel better.

ADHD and depression caving me in, but I know if you were
here I'd feel better.

ADHD gotten worse as I get older, I thought it was supposed to be the other way
around. But I know that if you were here I'd feel better.

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Advice

Some of the best and worst advice in life is free,
But it's up to you to decide which one it will be!

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Another Prose-Try

Getting over you is harder than I thought it would be.
But they say that God doesn't give anything we can't handle.
But now I wonder if that were really true.

chad fisher

Broken Shell

Shorline waters covering
That Broken shell
Broken shell a symbol of my love
Surfers foot steps on
That broken shell, crushing the essence of my heart
That Broken shell, shell, shell, Shell I miss you still as I will always
Broken Shell, doesn't know she is broken.

chad fisher

Crowded Room

In a crowded room, and yet all alone
In a fog of doom, wish I had known
You'd leave so soon, it's me you've outgrown
I don't know where or what I'm looking for,
But I cry tears like I've never cried before...
In this crowded resteraunt, and yet all alone
The stares of people gawking at the pathetic creature I've become
I've gotten used to it.. not being understood by many, but only by some
But the some, is so few,
I just don't know what to do...
Dare I pull the trigger and let it all go away...
No, I won't, because I still have hope for a brighter day.
But I also feel hopeless and barely alive
I tried to breathe, you know... count backwards from five
But I tell you, I'm in a crowded room and yet all alone...
You left my heart hurting, and I just wish I had known
How you felt, so that I'd have appeased your grief,
And sighed the sigh of a gentle relief...
Not many understand what it's like to live this way
In a crowded room, but you're so very far away
I just can't live like this forever... in this dispairing gloom
I wish I had known, I just wish I had known...
In a crowded room, and yet all alone

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Depression

When your depressed you don't want to go anywhere
But what is worse you just simply don't even care
You don't want to brush your teeth or comb your hair
You might shower, but that's just because your bored, not because you want to be clean
You want to stay home all day, eating cereal, and when you go out, you don't want to be seen.
You feel you don't exist, and you feel like if you did, then others wouldn't want to be around you
You're miserable to the bone, and you don't understand way, and you cry and cry until your face turns blue
And you often wonder what you did to make yourself feel this way,
Constantly praying for a happier and a brighter day,
But its the day that no matter how close you get to it, moves one step further down the road,
And you pray for someone or something to take off this depressing load...
You take medication, but your life stays the same...
And all you want to do is move far away and change your name
But even then, even if you did that, you wonder if you'd be truly happy
The ironic thing is this, when your depressed about being depressed that is the fullest misery
You don't want to move on, because you just want to go back
A time when joy was something you held dear and did not lack

chad fisher

Divinity

All of man's symbols and all of man's creeds,
Do man no justice when in comparison to Heavenly deeds
All of man's religions, All of man's written words,
Written in stone, or said to fly away with the birds
I have seen love, I have seen hate...
I have been spit at, and I too have spit,
I have been wise, and I have lost my wit..
Needless to say, man is man, and God is God...
And everyone thinks they know Him, which I find rather odd;
But whether I be Christian, Muslim, or Jew,
Divinity doesn't care about such titles as heavily as me and you..
Therefore, may only the Greatest Spirit of them All judge my fate...
And if He be so inclined, to welcome me into Heaven's Gate...
I take no stock in what you or your book may say...
God knows my heart, and I believe He loves me anyway...
Heaven or Hell, Summerland, Nirvana, Enlightened Sky
God truly knows where my heart doth lie...
These are all but concepts and ideas created by man, or are you too blind to
see...
We fight about Him, because we are fools,
But to see him, we just have to know how to use our tools...
of mind, soul, spirit and our hearts ever so true...
If I took the time to look, I could see the divine in you!
That it is the same Spirit that Created You, Me, The Earth, The Sun, The Wind
and The Sea.
Though I know nothing more than when I began,
I understand now, the purpose of the Land...
Blessed Be...

chad fisher

Do You Snore?

Do you snore when you go to sleep?
I do not snore when I go to sleep.
Would you snore if you fell asleep on a boat?
Would you snore if you fell asleep near a goat?
I would not snore if I fell asleep on a boat.
I would not snore if I fell asleep near a goat.
Would you snore if you napped in a car?
Would you snore if you tired in a bar?
Would you snore if you slept on the moon?
Would you snore if you went to bed soon?
I would not snore if I napped in a car,
I would not snore if I tired in a bar,
I would not snore if I slept on the moon,
I would not snore if I went to bed soon.
Would you snore if you slumbered in an alley?
Would you snore if you rested in a valley?
Would you snore if you slept outside in the rain?
Would you snore if you slept in the state of Maine?
Would you snore, if a dog slept with you on your lap,
Would you snore if you really wanted to nap?
I would not snore not now not ever,
I would not snore, I snore not, meaning I snore never,
I would not snore if I slumbered in an alley!
I would not snore if I rested in a valley.
I would not snore if I slept outside,
These questions are become quite the bore,
I'm telling you I do not snore.
And I want you to hear what is honest and true...

(Yawn)

I'm not listening to your questions anymore tonight
I'll just rest right here, take care, goodbye and goodnight!
No need to stay and try to hear me, go away, go away you!

(Yawn)

chad fisher

Don'T Break Me When I'M Already Broken

Don't break me when I'm already broken,
I'm not falling to pieces, I already fell,
Don't criticize me and say you love me,
Because you don't really care, and I can tell.

Don't break me when I'm already broken
I'm a fragile porcelain doll on a window sill,
Don't criticize me and say you love me,
Because you won't love me, but I will.

chad fisher

Don'T Give Up!

You may try to bring me down, but I don't have to let you win,
God teaches that when a man falls he should rise up in the spirit,
So even though you wish for me to fall down, I won't give up or quit,
But I realize now the same arrogance I used to carry, but I shall try not to judge
you for your sin.

chad fisher

Excommunicated

I fear I have become excommunicated,
By the very ones to whom my heart was dedicated.

I fear I have become a worm in their eyes,
I feel as though they wish for me to self-dehumanize.

I want to show them the way my soul does so feel,
But every time I tried, they thought I was not being real.

They don't want me around any more,
I have apologized, but then again what for?

Does it matter to be sorrowful if the relationships don't revive?
Does it matter to love someone, when you can barely survive?

Of course, these things do matter, but what perplexes me the most,
Is that I cannot express it the way I want to by the blessed powers of the Holy Ghost,
For I am but a mortal man, who repented to those who scorned me again and again,
And I try to look at my own damaged heart, without focusing on their hatred and sin,
But I cannot look away as I wish that I could,
But I do not look away as I wish that I would,
For my sin is to notice their sin of noticing mine, and not forgiving either them nor me,
Though I wish I could, I want all of us to be blind no more, and to plainly see.

I understand that they have been hurt by my own ill deed,
Yet they fear my apologetic prayer, my remorseful creed,
And they believe me to tell a lie when I tell a true thing,
So I cried for a year, hoping one day I will joyfully sing,
Of a time when reconciliation comes into being,
And we all gather hands, and feel ever so freeing!

chad fisher

External Vs. Internal Pressure

Moving into a new existence for myself and for you,
Ever so painful but ever so true,
Lifting weights off my shoulder two by two
Trying too hard, because I don't know what else to do.

(Inspired by Jennifer Unknown.)

chad fisher

Fake Smile... Vs. Real Smile... Who Will Win?

Fighting the world with a wounded heart,
My fake smile, my only shield,
A false cheery disposition my weapon that I wield...
Yet others sense the hidden lies,
When they look within my eyes
When we are sad, we look for happiness, we search for that hidden door,
But I cannot hide my grief from myself, and I don't want to anymore,
Even if I am happy one day, and unhappy the next, I'd rather feel it,
For if I do any other, I deny myself reality, and darkness will steal it.
Feel your feelings, they are true.
This is my advice to you.
I did not say dwell on them as I have done,
Just to feel them, until they all unite as one.
Just because I am unhappy sometimes,
When I write some of my poems, or dismal rhymes,
Doesn't mean that I don't need to be unhappy, once in a while.
I'm not always unhappy, I am a person like you... occasionally I genuinely smile.

chad fisher

Fall Apart Rise Again

Fall apart, rise again
Just sit back and listen
To something others will nay say
But I don't care, I seek the correct way:
So here is something I have come to realize,
This strange information has opened my eyes:
Its okay to fall apart sometimes,
And end up writing depressing rhymes,
As long as you put yourself back together,
And eventually remember how to enjoy pleasant weather.
Its okay to be sad and to cry, for a very long while,
As long as you eventually remember how to genuinely smile.
It's okay to feel invisible, alone, and sad,
As long as you someday remember how to make yourself and others glad.
So fall apart, rise again
Fall apart, rise again,
Let your spirit show,
Let your spirit live and manifest
The reality that is for the best.
Put your mind and energy to the test,
When you fall apart, don't forget to rise again!
And if you fall apart two more times, rise again, and again!

chad fisher

Fill My Soul

My soul shall be filled with joy this very day,
Before the sunset falls; this is my will and the way.
Happiness in my spirit, depression shall cease,
And from this day foreward I live a life of ease.

chad fisher

Forgiving Unforgiveness

i wanted to love you without any condition.
there seems to be no putty to fill our relationship fission.
but there was one condition i forget to even consider,
that you would forgive me; i am not an excellent bidder.
i bet to myself that your heart was pure and true,
and i struggle so hard to love you no matter what you say and do,
but yet i placed a condition wherein it never did belong
in hope of your forgiving nature to be complete and strong.
and now i am faced with a greater task to handle
to forgive your unforgiveness, and light my own heart's candle!

chad fisher

Getting Past The Past

Getting past the past is ever so hard for me...
Because the past was better than the present seems to be...
I'm trying to write until I have nothing left to say
When I can write about something brighter on a happier day
It's therapy, but therapy that keeps me stuck in the past
Because I'm wondering how long does this depression have to last
I'd like to move toward the future, with new friends, new goals and a new plan
A plan where it doesn't matter whether or not I am caring about you, a plan in
which I am a new man
So that if I ever see you again, I could be free to be me again, and perhaps give
you a smile
So that I can warm my heart, just knowing that I am me, and you are you, both
hearts happy all the while
So that I may not care so much whether or not you like me, but only care if I like
myself again.
So that I can just be, just be Chad... so that I can be past this pain I feel deep
within.
Despondency, heartache, pain to bear... future is there waiting for me,
sometime... somewhere...

chad fisher

Give Me You

Give me you...

Your anger, your joy, your love, your hate,
It matters not to me that now we are separate

Give me you...

And not just the time to think of our laughter together
Not just time to explore the nature of my soul's weather,

Give me you...

Your smile, your frown, your body pleasant and joyfully round,
Your crooked teeth, your pleasant sweet voice with a soft sound,

Give me you...

And not merely the passing of your memory,
Or one picture to hold, a trigger for my sorrowful sensory,

Give me you...

chad fisher

Goals

What are your goals, do you have many, or do you have none?

Me, personally... well you see, my dear, though sometimes I fail, I have just one. My goal is to learn how to be a better person today, so that I am an even greater person for tomorrow.

Yet I realize that this is a process, to deal with life and emotions, to sometimes bear sorrow,

But yet, you see, my dear, I also know it is to try to be happy as well, for whatever tomorrow doth bring, who can really tell?

chad fisher

Heartbreak Freeway

I had the road map, I knew our destination,
And tension rose, cars honking, pile up caused my frustration
I got angry at the traffic on the freeway, and took it out on you
Yet you surprised me, you knew you wanted only love that was true,
So you leaped out of the car, while I was switching lanes,
I went back to pick you up, trying hopefully to heal your pains,
But then, you told me in an aggressively harsh tone of voice,
That you'd rather hitchhike home, and that I must respect your choice.
And I drove back to the home in my heart,
But you weren't there, you were many roads apart!
It was then that I screamed and said 'What the heck? '
Take care my love, for things had become a wreck,
When you jumped out of my red automobile, I was utterly in shock,
I tried again to find you, yet I must have looked on the wrong block!
But you moved your heart to a place that I could never enter,
And now, I was trash to you, no more in your soul's center.
Take care my love, and only do the things that make you happy,
For I still love you, even though I feel awefully crappy!

chad fisher

How To Win Your Heart Again

I asked how to win your heart again,
They told me to make you jealous, they told me to sin,
They told me to act happy, but I am really oh so very sad,
They told me to lie, to hide behind a smile appearing to be glad,
Some told me to say sorry, and God knows I tried,
For I can honestly say 'I'm sorry, ' knowing I haven't lied,
Some told me to leave you behind, to even forget your name,
Some told me to seek revenge, but revenge is oh so lame,
I know I've been truthful, even if you didn't agree with me and my feelings, and
wish you'd do the same.
We may not see eye to eye,
But the least we could do for each other is simply try.

chad fisher

How Would You Feel?

Don't walk away, when someone is loving you...

How would you feel, if they did it to you?

Don't snarl rude comments, when someone is hating you..

How would you feel, if they did it to you?

Don't hate others, if they can't forgive you...

How would you feel, if they did it to you?

Don't hurt others, if they hurt you...

How would you feel, if they did it to you?

chad fisher

I Hate My Life

I hate my life, I hate my life, I hate my life
I don't know what to do to turn things around
Wishing away the anger, stress and strife
But there are no blessings anywhere to be found!

chad fisher

I Have Stopped With The Rhyming Words For Just A Moment...

I have stopped with the rhyming words for just a moment,
Because is this a poem? Perhaps not, perhaps so,
Mabe it depends on how you want to percieve it...
I just had something I wanted to share, and please correct me if I am wrong, for
I am not always a vicious vampire, what I mean is that I won't bite...
You see,
All the wonderful wisdom, knowledge and insights I have gained,
But I fear that I have gained nothing, because I have not used any of these...
Is knowledge power? ... no, I think not, knowledge is not power, but power is
using the right knowledge, in the right way, at the right time, to the right person,
for the right purpose.
It goes beyond anything I'll ever fully comprehend, but this much I know is true.
Or at least I think this might be true. Ah the mind how it can go in circles
sometimes.

chad fisher

I Just Want To Die...

There are few who know the urgency...
the pulling, the tearing
the anxious, the fearing
the sweating, the yearning
the twisting, the turning
the soul bitterly burning,
the moaning, the crying
the desperately dying
the hand of peace nowhere near
As I cry, cry each and every tear,
Day after Day, Year after Year.

chad fisher

I Just Want To Know,

I just want to know,
Where did our love go?
I just want to know,
Why didn't it grow?
I just want to know,
because I still love you so.

I just want to know,
Where did our love go?
I just want to know,
Why didn't it flow?
I just want to know,
because I still love you so.

chad fisher

I Miss You Shell

I want to change my life but I don't know how,
I miss you Shell, and I'd cuddle with you right now,
But you're not here, I fear, and I caused it worse for wear,
But if you'd ever let me, I'd drive right over there,
To kiss you on your cheek, and tell you you're pretty,
I'm sorry I made you cry, I'm sorry I hurt you so bad
I'll never do it again, all I want is for us both to be glad!

chad fisher

I Want You Back

I want you back,
I just don't know what to do, I just don't know what to say
To show you how I truly feel
But I want you back
I just don't know what to do, I just don't know what to say,
To show you my love is for real.

chad fisher

I Will Not Let Go Of My Love

I will not ever let go of my love,
It rests inside me, like a sleeping white dove,
Most certainly, I declare this is a promise that I have made,
Which keeps the music grand and majestic, a loving parade,
Proving not to break the memory of our joys we shared,
The memory of those times when we were there and both cared,
I may let go of the relationship somehow,
It is hard for me, but for you, I will try it now,
But my love is going to be here forever and always to stay,
No matter where you've gone, no matter how far away.

chad fisher

I Wish I Would Be Happy Each And Every Day

I wish I would understand how to hold happiness firmly in my palm,
I wish I would take every moment, every day to just be still and calm
I wish that my smile wouldn't sometimes have to be something to pursue,
But I wish that happiness when it came was something I could never undo

Here are my words of advice, though I am sure many will never obey,
When happiness comes don't dropp it, don't let it slip away,
Keep it in your grasp for as long as you can possibly bear,
It can be fleeting, and once its gone in another place, its hard to find out where.

Don't let it slip, don't let it die, only trust and believe
In impossible things that are hopeful, even things you may never achieve
Pretend, have fun, and live a life that builds you up, rather than in dismay,
For I wish I would take every moment to just be happy each and every day!

chad fisher

I Won'T Lie To You

I know you want me to lie to you
To tell you sorry for a thing I didn't do,
But that was already a problem I had
Was lying to you to just make you glad,
□
They say that the truth will set you free,
But I am afraid the truth only binds me,
I don't want a relationship of any dishonesty,
I only want to be forgiven, so that my soul can be free.

chad fisher

I'M Not Writing A Poem Today

I'm not writing a poem today, don't feel like writing,
Instead I'll watch soaps today, while nail-biting.
I'm not writing a poem today, I'm just going to sleep soon,
Instead I'll later wake up and look at the white moon,
I'm not writing a poem today, I'm just going to be sad,
Instead I'm going to search for something else that makes me glad.
So peace be unto anyone that reads the letter here,
For I am not writing a poem today, just going to get a beer.

chad fisher

Invisible

I am not invisible
I am not invisible
How this terrible,
Shelter of being alone,
Made me feel as no-one,
But I am someone, I am me,
And I am not invisible, assuredly
I am not invisible.

You are not invisible,
You are not invisible,
How these terrible,
Things I have done
Made you feel as no-one,
But you are someone, and you are you,
And you are not invisible, you are real through and through
You are not invisible.

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Is This A Sin?

Baby, Baby,
I want to know,
Where did the purity of our hearts go?
I speak of a time when love was undone...
And anger had not been released before the setting of the sun.

Is this a sin?
Is this a sin?

Baby, Baby,
If I am blinded by agony before I clearly see,
And If I don't love you when you hate me,
Is it a sin?
Where have our hearts been?

Baby, Baby,
I want to know,
Where did the purity of our hearts go?
I speak of a time when love was undone...
And anger had not been released before the setting of the sun.

Is this a sin?
Is this a sin?

Baby, baby,
If I don't apologize in a way that is whole and pure,
And your resentment becomes a burden I must endure,
I wonder if this is a truly a sin
When we don't find the love that is deep within.

Is this a sin?
Is this a sin?

Baby, Baby,
Where did the purity of our hearts go?
I speak of a time when love was undone...
And anger had not been released before the setting of the sun.

Is this a sin?

Is this a sin?

chad fisher

It's All Washed Up But It's Never Gone

Its all washed up, but it never will disappear
Pain may lessen, but not the worry or fear,
None can fix the organ that is still dying
Not even the angelic surgeon that is trying
Blood pumps to a place it should not
It's all washed up, but it still bleeds alot
Blood splatters in the depth of me,
But it's never gone, inside I bleed eternally
I am wounded, which is why I cried
For my lover would rather wish I had died.
It's all washed up, but everywhere there is a stain
But its never gone, the showering bloody rain
The screaming pitches of my voice unique
Rising high like the tarot tower, so mystique
Crumbling down into the sea
Blood splatters in the depth of me.

□

chad fisher

Lost Poem...Lost Love..

Lost poem...

Lost words...

Lost feeling..

Lost love...

Nay, these are not lost, it is a deception

Nay, these are not lost, a false perception

Lost poem...

Lost words...

Lost feeling..

Lost love...

Nay, these are not lost, they exist deep in my soul,

Ultimate forgiveness, a high ideal, and yet a worthy goal.

Lost poem...

Lost words...

Lost feeling..

Lost love...

chad fisher

Many Roads

The golden rays, and heatened days.
Memories upon me, nothing but a dream.
This is a cursed time, and yet strangely a time to rejoice.
For there are many roads I could travel through.

Which too choose, overwhelmed, too many ways.
Ah is it but to choose, I must, I must it would seem.
But, dear friend I say, what is the right choice.
What would you tell me? Which way to go? If only I knew.

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Many Ways To Love

She thought I didn't love her, but she couldn't be more wrong,
So I sat weeping, but crying tears never makes a happy song.
There are many ways to love, just like there are many ways to make a rhyme.
There are many ways to cherish heavenly moments of passing time.
And I needed bright holy changes in my soul
To once again cleanse my spirit whole,
But oftentimes I did not find the find the right way to love,
If only I could once again hold her in my heart as delicately as I would a dove.

chad fisher

Martyr In Love

it is alright if you hate me for something I've never done,
for I understand you are under the influence of the evil one,
it has been hard to accept the truth that I am a martyr
i have suffered so that you can try and be filled with joy from above,
a martyr of friendship, a martyr of peace, a martyr in love
you make a list of all my wrongs done, an excellent charter,
but you wrote one down wrong, a greivous error,
for you believed me to be completely impure, a souless terror
yet your joy is false, for inside something still bothers you indeed
your soul wishes the same as mine, only to be freed
i saw it in your eyes during our last meeting afoot
the rage and bitterness swelling up doth uproot
of this: the wrong you have done me, you know, i have my own chart?
but i am tryinge to erase it, so that i might forgive both you and I from a loving
heart.

chad fisher

Mentally Unstable Mentally Unwell

Mentally Unstable Mentally Unwell

This is my living hell...

Never knowing, if I'm coming or going

Or wither thereto, my mind is throwing

All caution to the wind,

And I am stuck therin...

chad fisher

My Life With Tourette Syndrome

The shameless wave of impenetrable disgust
The despair of living with a disease that cannot be forgotten
A happier life, I do rightfully lust,
And my children are but movement beyond my control,
Leaving me to feel nothing but rotten,
So let life take its bewitchery, and let me come forth from my soul.

chad fisher

My True Home

words flowing away from the thoughts of me like dust in the wind
time moving away from my memories of when time would never end
coming nearer to days gone by and days yet to come
i often wonder where is my truest home

chad fisher

No Hope (Prosetry)

There is no hope anymore, yet I strive on, but wonder why?
I know I'd rather live a depressing life than to tell a lie...
And I haven't told a lie, I still love you deep within,
But you know what, you can't see it, because you won't let me in...
You are heartless and unforgiving, and I am living in agony
And I've apologized to you, but for what reason?
It didn't matter to you at all, how badly I felt about hurting you.
And they say I am the cruel one. Nay, I say, what you do is
Even more cruel... for I came to you to apologize, and what did
you do, but eat my heart, chew it up, and spit out.

chad fisher

Nursery Rhyme

Rub a dub dub,
A woman in the tub,
Eating her curds and whey.
Along came a spider,
Sat down beside her,
Until the wind blew it away.

chad fisher

Okay So I Know This Isn'T A Poem...

If I said I was sorry, would you forgive me?
If I said I loved you, would you believe me?
If I was unhappy, would you want to cheer me up?
If I was upset with you, would you apologize?
If I was hurting deep inside, would you know?
If I missed you, would you visit me?
If you missed me, would you call me?
If I wanted to be your friend, would you let me in?
If we had a fight, would we eventually make up, or just let it fester?
If I gave you a rose, or a song would you accept it?
Could we be friends again? Is it possible?

chad fisher

Prayer

Trapped inside of me,
Trying to set myself free,
Cannot do it alone, so I beckon thee,
Dear Lord, I want to live a life of beauty,
Give me truth, love, wisdom and let me see
All that life is and was meant to be.

chad fisher

Presupposition Of Your Own Ambition

Presupposition

Of your own ambition,
Causing another's life to crumble,
Because you couldn't learn to be humble.
I don't want to waste energy trying to clear my name,
Yet I must, for you have placed me in your vicious game.
The lyrics you sing are from a wretched song,
For I admit, and do declare there were things I know I did wrong,
But why am I punnsihed for something that has no evidence,
Trying ever so hard now to walk with faith, hope, love and prudence,
Yet it seems every kind gesture or kind word I make in your direction,
Is automatically painful to you, taken apart by your harsh mental dissection

chad fisher

Q&A With An Angel

I had a dream in which I opened a silver book, inked with golden lettering, and when I read it I saw nothing but questions.

There were so many questions and I turned the page and the next page had far too few answers, to answer the questions before them,

And furthermore, upon closer introspection, some of the answers weren't the right answers to any of the questions asked.

Then an angel came down and handed me a gift. He told me not to open it, and I obeyed.

But then I ventured for just a little peek, and in this peek I saw the answer to all my questions and it was simply this: '....'

chad fisher

Question....?

Is it better to seek to understand or to seek to be understood? I don't know yet, do you?

Is it better to find love deep within or show love forth outward? Is it better to love the old, or to seek the new?

Is it better to find the answer than it is to ask the question?

Is it better to have a picture painted of how things should be for you, or to paint the picture yourself?

Is it better to play sports, or to read a book from the shelf?

Is it not best to seek and understand what is really true,
Than to blindly believe what others have said to you?

This is the difference, and the similarity the paradoxiality of a common bond we share.

The uniqueness in spirit flowing from a place that can be both a blessing and a burden to bear.

I am not you, I am me, I am alone, and I am not alone. And yet we are the same, because we are different, and this is not only how it should be, this is how it is!

chad fisher

Richard Nixon On Hate

I read a quote by Richard Nixon
Even if you hate him, please just listen,
This saying remains ever so true,
He said 'Always remember others may hate you, '
But no he wasn't finished speaking just then
He continued, 'but those who hate you don't win, '
He kept his speech firm and fairly short and trim,
saying 'unless you hate them.'
and this is what I read from a book upon my bookshelf
as he spoke more, saying 'And then you destroy yourself.'
And supposing you couldn't understand, let me declare,
it's a quote of his that speaks the truth, fair and square.

chad fisher

Richelle, Richelle

I am sorry, I am sorry, Richelle, Richelle.
I am sorry, I am sorry for not being there.
I wish there was a way to show I care.
If I had more love...
I'd take you to Heaven, Heaven above.
I'd buy you the crystal sea...
And we'd dance eternally.
I'd buy Heaven too,
If that's what it took to prove my love to you
This is what I want to show to you...

And that...

I am sorry, I am sorry Richelle, Richelle.
I am sorry, I am sorry for not being there.
I wish there was a way to show I care.
I'd buy you the ocean, and a tropical island
And I'd buy the sand
If that's what it took to prove my love for you
Only you, only you
This is what I want to show to you...

And that...

I am sorry, I am sorry Richelle, Richelle.
I am sorry, I am sorry for not being there.
I wish there was a way to show I care.
And I wait and cry
Until I can give you the clouds in the sky
Richelle, Richelle,
I want to bring a smile to your face
Richelle, Richelle,
And take you to your favorite place,
This is what heart wishes to make come true,
For you, only you...

And that...

I am sorry, I am sorry Richelle, Richelle...

chad fisher

Snap Out Of It!

Depressed for a long time, longer than I've ever been depressed before.
Just wishing I knew what to say to them, wishing I wouldn't be a lonely bore.
And still waiting and hoping that I'll figure things out soon.
Someday I might emerged from my self-sabatoging cacoon
Only to live, love, laugh and cry again.
Only to fail, succed, and eventually win.
People looking down on me, because I am confused.
And my anger sets in, and my heart is bruised.
I cannot go on like this, but I don't want to die.
I just wish I knew how to live like I used to do, I won't lie.
I am still depressed. But wish that I weren't any more.
I'm missing those that I love, but hate me now.
If only I could love them, somehow.
Snap out of it, people say the darndest things you know?
If it were that easy I'd have done that long ago.

chad fisher

Something Intriguing (Or Red And Black And Golden)

Can't figure it out, can you?
Red and Black and Golden too,
Something intriguing
And so terribly demeaning
Red and Black and Golden too
Can't figure it out, can you?
Something in a room which darkens
A grueling voice like a ghoul harkens
It is truthfully a room hard to reach,
A lesson too difficult to teach.
It is truthfully a room hard to reach,
A grueling voice like a ghoul harkens
Something in a room which darkens
Can't figure it out, can you?
Red and Black and Golden too
And so terribly demeaning
Something intriguing
Red and Black and Golden too
Can't figure it out, can you?

chad fisher

Stonewall Around Your Heart

You have built a stonewall around your heart
And I know this tears your insides apart
You won't let me love you anymore at all
I can no longer talk to you, write or call
And I hope you know this tears my insides apart
I want you to feel the love that is in my heart
Sometimes, now I just feel so weak and small
I can't find a way to love you that makes us both feel proud and tall
For you have built a stonewall around your heart
And I know this tears your insides apart
You won't let me love you anymore
And yet I love you still, and you I still adore
Even though it is true
That you won't believe me when I say 'I love you.'
Even though you have built a Stonewall around your heart
In my heart of hearts you are my love whether we're together or apart.

chad fisher

Take Care.

A part of me misses a part of you,
Every day through and through,
A part of you misses a part of me,
Yes, hon, I know its there, I can plainly see,
I can readily see it in your eye,
So there is no need for either of us to belie,
The impression we give each other now it seems is lost
For we really both know what's underneath, yet who pays the cost?
Yes, hon, I know its there, I can plainly see
A part of you misses a part of me,
Every day through and through.
And just so that I am fair,
To show I know you care,
A part of me also misses a part of you.
Take care.

chad fisher

The Fight Of Depression

Waves of tears flow from the eyes.
Swallowing my heart as I hear the words of lies.
Truly, the fight of this depression,
Commencing forth with due course aggression.
Has made me weary and even the more faint
Exhaustion covers my soul like colorless paint.

chad fisher

The Frozen Fishing Pond

The wind and the snow fell upon the land,
And a new story began,
A clearer picture moved beyond
The frozen fishing pond
Where the children had skated.
The winter embraced and not hated;
The laughter filled the air,
Innocent joy was there.

chad fisher

The Life Of A Poet

The poem is but a facade, a portrait with no paint,
But the poet puts life behind every page
Words that can only be understood at the end of time
Words that are colorful; Words that never age,
The Bible on the shelf, Psalms comes to mind,
As words are read, the poet dreams of love, true and kind
The poet seeks to understand the poetic nature of the Biblical saint
Even when everything in life is dismal, gray, and faint,
And the ink runs out: this is the life of a poet.
But I suppose you'd say "Sure, I know it! "
But did you know, everything quiets down, the words eloquent and quaint
And it doesn't matter, for the pen has lost its touch,
If there are words to write, they aren't very much
And this is truly the life of an artist, the life of a poet?

chad fisher

The Little Lost Boy

Sometimes I feel like living
Sometimes I feel like dying
I'm tired of all the crying
I want to be thriving.
I walk down the street
Watching my feet
And the air does not bring joy
Nor does a person's smile
Inside I feel like a lost and lonely boy
Crying all the while.

chad fisher

The Lost Jewel

These days, people frown upon me for being so dismal and blue,
If they could just see why I cry so,
Then they would understand, they would know
That my grief is not pitiful, nay instead it is bliss,
For I am in sorrow over something I deeply miss,
My heart is in agony, if only others could see the bruise,
For I have lost the most precious jewel anyone could ever lose;
I have lost your love. And I have lost you.

chad fisher

The Myth And Fact Of Religion

The Myth and Fact of Religion...

Summerland, or Heaven, Or The Glory of God,
In the presence of some day in the future,
Or in the factual state of the present time,
Internal of our hearts,
Or external place of rest for our weary souls,
Much better we create this place here and now with ourselves, our friends and
our family
rather than when we are gone, to some place and time beyond,
For if we wait until then we may find that we are not where we thought we
should be,
But we could be there now, if only we allowed ourselves the freedom to make
such a daring choice.

chad fisher

The Rope Of Forgiveness

I have tossed the rope of forgiveness over a great valley
Awaiting for you to grasp onto it, to bring you closer to me.
This valley separates us from a friendship that may never be,
If you choose not to hold onto it, to build a friendship true and free.

I await your response. You are welcome on my side of the valley any day or night.

Though I am unwelcome on your side, I want to rebuild peace, not a feud or fight!

chad fisher

The Whistle Of A Vesel

'the whistle of a Vesel, she silently sails the sea, and the lads on deck are quite a wreck shouting 'Oh Lord, Oh Lord! ' because the captain is gone overboard. And they rumble and tumble all in a jumble wondering what to do, And one lad dives in as the waves grow strong, but he fights them all along until he comes to the Captain's rescue! Back on board they sit and repeat the tale, as the vessle doth sail, and the lads give a hoop, hollar and bellow, shouting 'jolly good ol' fellow.'

chad fisher

There Are Other Poems I Would Like To Write

There are other poems that I would like to write:

Poems of joy, poems of bliss, poems of great mysterious speech,
Poems of love, poems of wonders, poems of places we'd all like to reach.
There are other poems that I would like to write...

But, please bear with me... for I write what I know in this time;
And I write from the heart...

What happens later, we shall see... the dismal poetry is not all of who I am or
who I will be; just a fracture, a small part.

Pease bear with me... for I write what I know in this time;

There are other poems that I would like to write:

Poems like Shakespear; though I have not his talent or skill;
Poems like Longfellow, or Maya Angelou, or others still.

There are other poems that I would like to write;

But please bear with me... for I write what I know in this time;
And it matters not whether I or you understand every rhyme...
For the truth is the soul is never ending; a spiritual being sublime.
Please bear with me... for I write what I know in this time;

Thank you very much, and God and Goddess bless;
To each of you dear children of poetry; peace, hope and happiness.

chad fisher

Time Passes By

Time passes by and I know not what to say,
Time passes by and I know not to do,
Time passes by and there is but one thing I pray,
That someday you'll remember how much I love you.

chad fisher

Tired

I'm just tired, so let me rest,
I am so tired of trying my best,
And being told that I need to try harder still,
I'm sick and tired of making choices that produce nil,
I repeat to you, that I just need some time to rest,
I don't answers, or advice, I'm already doing my best.

chad fisher

Tourette Syndrome

Rhyming Rhyming Saying Word Word
Haven' you heard, the sound of a clock
There comes a tic without a tock
Jumbled senses shoulder shrug
I feel all numb in bed, never cuddly and snug
Neck twitching
Feels like I've a curse upon me
A terrible bewitching
Trying to think about not moving,
It moves, it moves, arm in the air
And I wonder does anyone care?
Cannot avoid another person's stare!

chad fisher

Tourettes

Tired of the 'nee-haw'
In all honesty, when will this go away?
If not soon, then what day?
Tired of the shoulder tensing
Tired of the pain
In all honesty, when will this go away?
If not soon, then what day?
Tired of the 'nee-haw'
The sound I make
That I don't want to make
In all honesty, when will this go away?
If not soon, then what day?

chad fisher

Unorginal Adaptation Of 'Michael's' Poem

What does it feel like
When your Mother hugs you?
When you have friends to turn to -
When you feel sad and blue?
I wish I knew.

Will someone please tell me
What these things feel like,
And how happy they make you.
They must be good -
I just wish I knew.

What does it feel like
To have someone to run to
When things get tough?
Does it make you feel better?
I just wish I knew.

Will someone please tell me
What real happiness is -
I did see it once,
But I think I've forgot -
It was so long ago.

I know what it feels like
To have a broken heart -
That aches for a wonderful woman I lost -
A woman I never will know again.
I can tell you about that.

chad fisher

What Comes To You

Although I wanted to be,
I can now plainly see,
I wasn't the right man for you;
The one who made you feel loved and true.

And no matter how I tried to become a better man,
I didn't do it soon enough, even though I still know I can,
For now you've gone and think of me no more,
And yet, for you, in my heart lies an open door.

Even if you decide that I am not right for you later on,
I'll try and understand, though I'll still miss you now that your gone.
Take, care, have fun, and don't let life slip away,
For you never know what comes to you on any given day!

chad fisher

Who Are You?

Who are you really?

Who are you...

If I were to take all the external things of this world away (family, friends, homes, jobs, schools, everything?)

Who would be facing God?

Who is it really that you would be looking at,

If you only saw your deep heart inside of you?

Would it be a black and grey heart?

Or would it be sparkling and golden?

Would you have trapped your true nature in agony?

Or would your heart have grown wings free to soar above itself?

Would there only be you in there?

Or will you have caged the memories and resentments of the past within it?

Who is there?

Who are you?

And who do you want to become?

And dare I venture to ask the same of myself?

chad fisher

Who I Am Hates Who I Used To Be

Who I am hates who I used to be,
And yet, ironically I am still me,
I haven't changed much, perhaps not at all
Inside I am me, standing proud and tall,
Inside I am me, on bended knee ashamed, feeling small.

Who I am hates who I used to be,
And yet, ironically I am still me,
I am ashamed of the errors past,
I fought hard to rid myself of them ever so fast,
I am proud that I am morphing into someone new,
All the while, I am still me through and through.

Who I am hates who I used to be,
And yet, ironically I am still me,
And who I am despises who I'd been,
Not yet perfect, but more aware than I was then,

For...

Who I am hates who I used to be,
As I walk along the shoreline, moonlight reflecting upon the sea.

chad fisher

Why My Mother Watches 'The View'

Why My Mother Watches 'The View'

An Emotional Dependency On The Emotion She Never Knew
She Had Her Heartbroken Many Times, Too Much,
She Watches These Woman, Because Better They Can Touch
The Barren Heart Inside Her, That None Of Her Loves Ever Found,
They're Vicious Emotional Predators, She Worships As If They Lived On Holy
Ground.

chad fisher

Yesterday And Today

Yesterday, together they licked lollipops
But today their hearts are hurting
Yesterday an umbrella protected them from rain drops
But today their hearts are hurting
Yesterday their hearts were throbbing,
But today their hearts are hurting
Today their eyes are silently sobbing
But yesterday they were in love
And today, they leave each other,
For a night out with another.

chad fisher

You Exist Now Only In My Heart

You exist now only in my heart...

You exist now only in my heart,
An ode to my internal defeat
A fading memory from an eternal realm,
A time gone by and incomplete.

You exist now only in my heart,
A message which truly proclaims
Your very essence and nature changed,
speaking softly your innumerable true names.

You exist now only in my heart,
As the wind carries my thoughts of you
Toward the angels standing in the clouds,
Innocently fairing me to bid you adieu.

You exist now only in my heart,
In the nature of who you've been,
But now, you are more than I'll ever know,
as I walk along this grassy knoll, ever so green.

You exist now only in my heart...

chad fisher

Your Character

You must first and foremost be concerned about your own character in every situation.

There is no escape from this very spiritual law, ever so supreme.

If you judge a person, no matter who they are, for their character

Then you are no better than the 'evil' actions you have seen.

There is but one person who should concern you the most,

And it is not someone who lives outside of your own body.

No matter what you say and no matter what you do,

Ultimately your character is what forever shines through.

chad fisher