

Poetry Series

charlie Odds
- poems -

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A Friend Of Mine

After time, night becomes your friend.
A cold empty friend,
that shares all your pain
and melts it away into the stars.
But all good things must end
and morning finds you
a dead man.

You never knew her love.

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House Wife

She waits
with the curtains drawn
just for you.
She waits for you,
waits for the morning,
but it's going to be a long night.
She waits for the light,
flourescent bulb burns bright,
illuminating the shadows of her nightmare.
Steps in the hall
you walk slowly up the stairs.
Drunken stupor,
angered with despair.
You see her face
alone in her desolated fear.
She wears your sorrow
like a badge of your cruel emptiness
one more black eye won't hurt,
only a bloody nose to compensate.
But no matter how hard you try
she will never let you see her cry.
Never let you see her fear.
She only wears your sorrow,
like a badge of your cruel emptiness.

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Raindrop

Rain falls hard
pouring angst and anguish
each raindropp just a widow to her sorrow
as she hits the pavement.
A burst
of life,
as it leaves the little raindrop
and gives it back to the afternoon air.
Such a widow to her own hapiness,
as she watches her sisters
falling hard against the pavement.
Widows of the world.
The tears of mothers and daughters and men
hitting the pavement
in angst and anguish.
One at a time,
giving her life,
in hopes to make the world new again.
And in the end
when life is breathed out from every raindrop,
I myself, we oursleves,
become like a raindropp too.
Free from the sky, free from our sorrows,
as we fall down and hit the pavement
letting out our own angst and anguish,
each of us widows to our sorrow.

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The Body Breaks

The body breaks
and rolls away with the tide.
and it seems like you never have enough time
but the days seem to go
on and on and on.

Your body breaks
and falls to peices with your heart.
say goodbye for the last time
he promised you he would do you no harm
but the pain still seems to go
on and on and on
forever.

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