

Poetry Series

**Christopher Biddle**  
**- poems -**

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## Christopher Biddle(April 22,1992)

Well idk wat 2 say, my names chris ima b-boy (breakdancer) but in my spare time i love 2write poetry its a way i can express my self without being judged by ne 1 and it jus helps vent u knw? well want 2 knw ne tin more dont b a stranger peace!

# Am I Alone?

I get a funny feeling,  
It comes from deep inside.  
I get all mad & angry,  
Wanting to go & hide.

My doctor call's it depression,  
Other's say its just me.  
But all the thoughts & feelings  
No one will ever be able to see.

Some say I'm psycho,  
Some say I'm just weird.  
It's like I'm a different person,  
And the old me just disappeared.

I get really edgy  
I want to commit suicide real bad.  
Then I get a headache,  
Followed by feeling real sad.

I wish I could get help,  
I wish it would go away.  
Maybe if I keep praying real hard,  
It will some day....

Christopher Biddle

# Am I Insane?

Exploding thoughts run through my mind  
like journal pages some blank and some lined  
Suicide, Love, and Pain  
A secret life of falling rain  
I think the good things, I think the bad  
And of the knife my poor hand had  
I see the blood and feel no pain  
I think to myself...am I insane?  
What was this life, this life I had?  
All The Sad Things, all the bad?  
All the tears I've cried and shed.  
My Life inside, it's all dead  
I'm thinking through, but Am i thinking  
right?  
I give up...I dont wanna fight  
The blood drips down onto the floor  
Oh no please...no more  
I Feel the pain, the knife seeps through  
All this pain I had no Clue  
My Mind turns to tears, blinks out and dies.  
But no tears shed, no one cries  
I hear voices can It be true...  
All this pain is because of you

Christopher Biddle

# Death Trap

Don't fall too deep  
Into the death trap  
There is nothing to gain  
And everything to lose

You get attached  
To people you don't know  
Only to get hurt  
For their stupid show

Your mind gets boggled  
With thoughts that aren't there  
Your heart gets crushed  
Just so they can snicker

The internet is my trap  
Just like many others  
Do not fall too deep  
Into your death trap

Christopher Biddle

# Don'T Be Talking Shyt!

I ain't like any other  
I'm different in many ways  
People don't see it cuz im smiling everyday  
I keep my head up & don't let nutin get me down  
But inside im cryin, always wearin a frown  
But I play it kool, I wazn't raised a fool  
& once you get me started there is nutin you can do  
I feel neglected; I feel alone  
No one messages me or even calls me on tha phone  
People only want me when they need a friend  
But would you even care if I was dead? ? ?  
& when you see me down & floodin in tears  
They don't really care they just wanna hear.  
So don't listen to da chismes dat run all up in ya ear  
Cuz if you be talkin shyt  
Da next thang you'll meet is true  
FEAR! ! !

Christopher Biddle

# Ever Since I Saw You

Your not just anyone, your special  
Your one in a million &  
Im not leaving her till  
I can be with you.

Im not much of a romantic  
It's just you bring it out of me  
Everytime i see you  
Everytime you walk past me

Your all I ever think about  
It's been that way every  
Since I laid my eye's on you  
& got to know you.

The way you walk  
They way you smile  
I knew I had to do everything  
I could to be with you

& thats why Im here now  
Hoping that you'll be the one  
Who will turn my constant  
Frown upside down.

Christopher Biddle

# Failure

Failure.....  
No Freedom...  
Restrictions, despair...  
True love's lost...  
Throat's cut...  
Franticly useless attempts at the air....

A fight for the words...  
A fight for control....  
Implications...  
Defiance...  
Won't even admit to your soul...

Repeating of blame....  
I'll swallow it whole....  
Heart's betrayed hollow shell...  
End of us was served cold...

Blue skies fade to black through only my eyes...  
Depression's out of style when accustomed to lies...

Aimless in attempts to understand your fake ways...  
Countless contradiction in the games that youve played...

Betrayal of myself with dishonest pain...  
May black angels find you and punish in vain...

Why have I fallen through this sick twisted play...  
Such as the planning of puppets stringed up on a stage...

I'm still snapped in two by the pain brought by you...  
So hard to chew... The fake view that you've brewed...  
Dishonesty, vows broken, straight pain and deceit...  
Realization sets in that love's defeat, is complete...

I realize your true face.... I see with distain...  
No longer I shall stand by you as your swain....



# Givin Up On Love

I'm givin up on you

I'm givin up on me

Cause we can never be

Even though I thought we could be a good thing

But you never wanted to take a chance on me

And hopefully I could be the one you need

You say I ain't your type

And it just blows my mind

The thought of that I can't make you mine

Just kills me inside

You walked outta my life

And you shut the door

You locked it with a key

And now I can't open it any more

You left me here sitting in the dark

Motionless and speechless

Cause you took my heart...

Christopher Biddle

# God's Hand Of Rejection

You vomit of lies; you do as they do.  
I know who you are you know that I do  
You act out my words and your throat now grows tight.  
Unsheathing my sword,  
calmly chanting to fight.

Slashing the words...  
For thought, for height.  
A rise of your soul.  
I threaten, I might...

Get off your knees!  
I push you, I scream.  
I grab hold, teeth sink...  
Then rip you from seams.  
Fall to the floor while you painfully plead.  
Cold stare through your eyes.  
Lick my lips as you bleed.

Only weaklings have given their souls to be sold.  
Your life now escapes you.  
Freezing black hollow and cold.

Traitors will pay the ultimate price.  
Chase synthetic dreams while rolling the dice.  
I catch up to all who take it for granted.  
For I am the saint unto whom all are remanded.  
No mercy, no quarter, no chance for affection.  
I am the end...

Christopher Biddle

# Here We Are Darling

So here we are darling, we've arrived at that day,  
When I stop writing poems and I start writing pain.  
You took my heart, just because you could.  
Even though having it did you no good.  
You gave me a taste, so i'd cling on,  
Something to pin my hopes upon.  
You swallowed my complements, my love and affection,  
And in return you gave me rejection.  
When I came to you, you were battered and bruised.  
You took all I had and left me confused.  
You don't want me here, but you won't let me leave.  
You prevent me from smiling and you won't let me grieve.

So here we are darling we've come to the hour,  
When I forget what you've done and regain my power.  
I don't want to hate you or put blame at your feet,  
I just want to be strong whenever we meet.  
So there's nothing to do but let you go,  
And hope that the future let's you grow.  
So as you go I wish you the best  
And I truly hope your life is blessed  
And maybe one day you'll look back and see  
That all you needed was there with me.

Maybe you'll see what was under my skin,  
And one day you'll wish you'd let me in.  
So we've come to that moment where we part our ways.  
Hopefully we'll look back and see happy days.

Christopher Biddle

# Hip Hop

This is hip hop, lil Goofy's version  
Cause Hip Hop represents me as a person  
My life, My outlook, My essence  
My integrity, My honor, My blessings  
The way I act and the way I look,  
The way I react and the roads I've took.  
It all comes back to the culture I've adopted  
Not co-opted  
This is not an experiment, phase or project  
This is life, at least as I see it  
Too many people jumpin' on bandwagons, talkin' but not bein it  
It's got nothing to do with trying to be cool  
Nothing to do with being new school  
Alot of so-called hip hoppers don't know or care about the history  
And that is the kind of stuff that pisses me off and puts me into misery  
Thinking your 50's and Dips represent the whole picture  
The whole view, and if you do to you  
Then we know who's playin' the fool.

Too many people use it as a ploy, a joke and pretend  
But they don't care what happens to it come day's end  
Trying to steal an image and play the role  
Using parts of it, but never the whole  
They call it the game, but it's a serious thang  
It's not just jewels, fat chains and diamond studded rings  
It's not just slang It's not just fame  
It's not just having a cool sounding rap name  
Its a way of conducting your behaviour, and living your life  
It's the feelings and emotions you convey when you pick up a mic  
Or a pen, a pad, even a notebook  
Writing for enjoyment, not trying to sell a catchy hook  
It's not even about money, honey's or cars  
It's about struggle, and what you can achieve if you willing to try hard  
It's about your code of ethics, the rules you live your life by  
The honor you hope people say you had when you die  
The way you look at things, your entire outlook  
Someone creating poetry even though they grew up without books  
It's why I dress the way I do, it's not about looking like a rapper  
That's not the look I'm after

It's about a type of vibe I'm trying to capture  
I'm not anti-gangsta, but these wannabe thugs look like actors  
Always bandana's and jerseys, standard phony attire  
Please just retire that stuff it's so tired  
Hip Hop's about originality, not being a clone  
That's why I don't care if your rims are chrome  
Why I don't care about the size of your home  
Why I don't believe you when you say you'll stick a gun to the side of my dome  
Seriously tho, the frontin? Let me sum it all up like this:  
It really don't make sense to me  
To be talkin' bout Bentley's when you cruisin' a Buick Century  
So please, don't disrespect this culture that I've taken to heart  
Be a a part of the whole, instead of just playin' a part

I know myself and I stay true/  
But can you say the same for you? /  
This aint a game, ain't nothing new/  
Listen ya'll, this is HIP HOP but is it you?

Peace to the real heads...  
LiL Goofy

Christopher Biddle

# I Am Me

I am a wacky person  
I can't help what you say  
I am who I am  
Maybe I'll be cool someday

I don't really care  
If I'm popular or not  
If I live in a big mansion  
Or have to live in a pot

Will I live a life of luxury  
Or a life of the poor?  
Will I be a nice person?  
Will a million dollars come knocking at my door?

A poem is a poem  
Or so some say  
But I think it's an expression  
To let all your worry's just float away...

Christopher Biddle

# I Can Believe

I miss & want to kiss you  
How I think of you  
You run through my mind  
You make me feel special  
You make me want to fly  
You make me sing  
You make me bleed  
But for you I can believe

Christopher Biddle

# I Thought I Loved You

I've committed no evil  
I've done no sin  
So, when I'm farthest from losing  
Still, I never win.

I'm always the loser  
No matter what  
But I refuse to surrender  
I refuse to cut

I will not cry  
I won't give you that pleasure  
That's sick and that's twisted  
My fake lil treasure

What you did was cruel  
But I'll get over it soon  
I'll sit out in the rain  
& stare at the moon

Go have your fun  
Don't worry about me  
I'm fine, I'll move on  
I don't need your sympathy

Even though you caused this heartache  
And you caused this pain  
Just promise me this...

Don't ever love me again!

Christopher Biddle

# If You Look

If you look beyond my scars  
Far, far away  
You might just see the happy boy  
That's starting to fade away  
If you look back to the past  
And notice who I was  
You'll notice now that who I am  
Isn't really me  
If you look beyond my smile  
Beyond my fading face  
If you look beyond the pain  
You might just feel the same  
If you look past my tears  
And past the fallen blood  
If you pass all of that  
Then you might notice that this life I live is nothing  
But a show that I put on for you  
If you look past my fake smile  
Then you will see what is wrong  
If you go down deep enough  
You might get to my heart  
If you see the crack in it  
You will know what fell apart  
If you travel through my blood  
And look up at my skin  
You might just see the scars  
That show up deep within  
If you look beyond the scars  
Beyond my fading arm  
Maybe then and only then  
Will you understand.

Christopher Biddle

# Im Done Wit You

IM DONE WIT UR GAMES

IM DONE WIT UR LIES

IM DONE WIT ALL DA TIMES U MADE ME CRY

ON MY LIST OF WHAT I GOTTA DO

MY VERY FIRST ONE IS TO FORGET BOUT U

AND U DONT WANT ME SO WHO U TRYIN TO FOOL

IT MAKES IT REALLY HARD WEN I SEE UR FACE

HOW CAN I FOR GET U IF I SEE U EVERY DAY

REMINISCIN ON THE DAYS WE USED TO CHILL AND KIK BACK

I BE YEARNIN FOR U GURL I WANT U SO BAD

I DID ALL THESE LITTLE THINGS JUST TO GET UR ATTENTION

BUT NOW U GOTTA MAN I GUESS I WASNT A SELECTION

I WAS LOOKIN FOR UR AFFECTION

WHILE UR LOOKIN FOR PERFECTION

UR MAN AINT ALL THAT GREAT SO WHY U KEEP PRETENDIN

BUT IM JUS TRYIN TO STAY KOO; I JUST STAY ON MY GRIND

BUT IT MAKES IT REALLY HARD WHEN U RUNNIN THROUGH MY MIND

IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY LIKE ALL THE TIME

FROM EARLY IN THE MORNING TO LATE AT NIGHT



# It's Sad

Its sad to be wished dead  
I know  
Even by those who are close

Do you have nightmares  
Of your death  
Or are they dreams

How many times have you heard I wish you were dead  
Personally, Ive heard that phrase too many times

Even my own family wishes me dead  
They might not say those words  
But the truth lies in their eyes

Its sad I know  
But I wonder why  
What have I done

I thought you loved me  
Or even cared about me  
I guess I was wrong

I understand you want me dead  
If thats true, then why don't you  
Stop denying the truth

Trust me the truth can't hurt me  
But your words can  
They cut deeper than any knife

Hurt harder than any pain known to man kind  
And all because Im me  
Tell me, whats wrong with me

Aye, I love you  
But all family does  
Once I hoped the feeling was mutual

But I was deadly wrong  
So wrong it cost me my life  
My blood pooling in a circle

Around my pale, slowly dying body  
Seeping and flowing to your feet  
You smile in glee

That your deed is finally done  
Can you walk away and leave me  
To slowly bleed and die all alone on  
The cold ground floor

As i lay there, dying  
I wonder how you of could done this  
Put the knife into my heart so easy

And stand there as you watch me fall  
Can you actually be that cold and cruel  
Or is just me

Does it burn your blood, which we share  
Does it turn your heart so cold  
I know its sad

But that is the truth, people don't kill  
Family does  
Understand this Keith, why me

There are thousands of people who should  
Die why choose me, I ask  
And your answers were family.

Christopher Biddle

# Just Too Hard...

Now that you are gone & out of my life

I got to forget all those days you waisted my time

Stayin up late cuz your always on my mind

Bein selfish over someone who ain't even mine

I'm tryin to forget you but it's jus too hard

What can I do if you stole my heart?

You grabbed it, ripped it, & tore it apart.

No matter how many times you made me cry

I still felt like I loved you, but it was all in my mind.

You told me you loved me & I thought it was true,

But bitch tell me one thang, what does love mean to you? ? ?

Christopher Biddle

# Life Like Mine

I WANNA BE HAPPY BUT IT DOESN'T EXIST

IN A LIFE LIKE MINE, I WANNA BE MISSED

I TINK IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I WAS DEAD

EITHER A KNIFE TO MY HEART OR A BULLET TO MY HEAD

IT SADDENS ME TO THINK OF THIS SHYT

BUT WHAT CAN I DO IF IM LIVING LIKE THIS

I THINK OF DYING LIKE ALL THE TIME

AND I ENVY THOSE WHO HAVE A LIFE BETTER THEN MINE...

Christopher Biddle

# Lycan

Looking up at the sky  
Yeilding to the full moon  
Changing into a powerful predator  
Another glorious night of hunting  
Nothing is deemed unworthy

Christopher Biddle

# My Dear Friend...

The rain keeps getting stronger  
and the clouds seem to have no end.  
the days keep getting longer,  
and it seems, i'm left with just a friend.  
you're words, do keep me alive.  
your strength, it helps me smile.  
helps to keep the rain at bay,  
at least for a little while.  
you convince me of brighter days.  
you tell me, wait until after the rain.  
you say it'll get better.  
that there'll be no pain.  
but hope isn't as strong ne more.  
and the pain, just seems to grow.  
there are no more 'highs' to life.  
and all i feel is low.  
but i try as hard as possible  
to keep my promise made.  
to leave the bottle to the side,  
and let go of the blade.  
you, my friend, have helped me  
but my problems are too much.  
and even though you try to save me,  
it seems, we're both outtla luck.  
so thank you for your words,  
thanks for being kind.  
but you have problems of your own.  
i have to learn to deal with mine.

Christopher Biddle

# Reminiscin

Reminiscin on the nights we used to share,

I still have feelings for you that I can't even bare.

Those warm summer nights

Huggin under the moon light.

Those times for me went oh so right.

Reminiscin on the time you held my hand,

You stood there by me when I felt sad.

Now your always gone you never even call.

I've always had a feeling our love would fall.

I miss those times we'd be huggin & kissin,

Now I sit here alone just

Reminiscin....

Christopher Biddle

# Some Days

Some days I just want to kill myself  
But other days I just want to run away from all the pain  
And in some ways I just want to stay so I can feel the pain  
Some times I look in the mirror and say why to I have to pay  
Some days I cant help but pay for the days that made me say  
I wish there was away to take all the pain away

Christopher Biddle

# Suicide Letter

I rush to the bathroom & lock the door,  
I can't stand this pain, I can't stand it any more!

I go to the cabinet for that lethal pill,  
Knowing that this one will help or kill.

My parents recieved my letter of suicide,  
Their now wondering if their son is now dead or alive?

They pounded & pounded & said open the door!  
I said NO you don't have your son any more!

They asked why son are you doing this?  
I said I love you & blew them a kiss.

I took the pill then my life started to dim,  
My chance for survival was very slim.

The door flung open with tremoundous power,  
This was such a horrible hour!

Why did I have to take my life?  
Why did I have to cause them such pain & strife?

Something was wrong inside my head,  
Sorry mom & dad your son is now dead...

Christopher Biddle

# The Last Goodbye

If your all alone with nothing but darkness by your side,

Hoping that everything would stop so you could grab a bit of a brake from all that goes on around you,

Hoping it was all just a dream, that the pain & tears would stop once you woke up.

That everything would be okay but you find your self in lies even from the one person you thought would never say or do anything to hurt you.

Waiting to die & get everything over with, thought you could make a difference in some ones life.

Had hope & trust in the people you loved but they all let you down with nothing but tears.

Sick & tired of it all, just can't get it out of my head

So i pack my things & i say my last goodbye's.

Christopher Biddle

# To My Mother...

mom i love u  
but it hurts me  
when ur like this

u may not be  
perfect but i love u  
u may do wrong but still ill love u

the things u say mom  
it hurts me  
but i believe what u say is true cuz ur my mother

i know u make  
mistakes, ur only human  
and i love u for that

but mom why do u  
say things like that  
why do u hurt me

i realize that  
i was a mistake to u  
but saying things like that it hurts

when u say that  
it makes me feel  
like i want 2 die,  
cuz all i want 2 do is make u happy

if it wasnt for u mom  
i could be on drugs or even dead  
but im not mom i love u  
i need u to stop saying these things

i love u  
i need u  
mom please forgive me  
for the sins that iv done  
just please love me even if just a lil bit

mom i love u  
please forgive me  
for everything ive done  
and everything ive yet to do.

Christopher Biddle

# Toxic

I don't spit fire; I spit toxic!  
My rhymes so sick, make you wanna slit ya wrists!

My poems might be sad, but damn thats too f\$%kin bad!  
Now dont start to pout, cause this is how I get my feelings out.

Some of you may spit fire to fuel your desire,  
Maybe even ice cause you nice.

But NO thats not what I spit,  
What I spit is so venomous, poisonous, even catastrophic!

Thats why I spit Toxic!

Christopher Biddle

# Tragity

The things that seem like I can't control

Are the ones that seem to hurt the most.

When people are mad, it's always my fault

I try to hold back, but thats where I fall.

When people start talking, they mension my name

And I'm always the one that gets the blame.

to make me mad, it's just a game,

To see how long it takes, before I go insane.

Sometimes I wish it could all end.

The only possible way is if I was dead.

It would end all the problems, and all the pain to my head,

And so would the dread of ever getting out of bed.

Christopher Biddle

# Trust

My day has sucked  
So I go to my room  
Im crying all night  
Wanting to die  
I sit in the comer  
Holding my blade  
Not wanting to cut  
But I have to feel the pain  
The pain brings me back to life  
Even though I want to die  
Everyone told me to get help  
But I know I dont need it  
All I need is friends and family who trust me...

Christopher Biddle

# Twisted Dreams

I open my heart & pour out what bleeds,  
My mind f\$%ked up with all these twisted dreams.  
Demons callin me, my soul it fights  
My mind, it separates but my hand still writes.  
Hear me now these words I scream,  
Nothin has changed in my life it seems.

No one cares or even remembers me,  
Until you feel my pain & enter my insanity  
Come to me, children of the nite, I taste the words you feed  
Open your soul, & feel what I bleed  
I'm still alone, & trapped inside, So enter my hell so I'll never die....

Christopher Biddle

# Wolf Change

Corsair of the wood  
discard your skin  
your pallid, wormlike  
vulnerability.

Corsair of the wood  
exchange your skin  
for pelt of dun  
and brindle luxury.

A pentagram is burning  
in your eyes  
and soft, pale twists  
of wolfbane  
squeeze your heart.  
A grinding pain  
is writhing in your thighs  
the crunch of bones  
proclaims the change's start.

Pirate of the flesh  
throw back your head  
and part your jowls  
to sing a lunar song.  
The forest paths are dark  
the night is long.

Christopher Biddle