

Poetry Series

Cree Stewart
- poems -

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Cree Stewart(8-15-89)

I publish these poems, based on how i feel... i only use ideas from other poets... but it all comes from my heart, or my experiences... i love to write, draw, and read.. oh and listen to music...

Already Dead

Scratches and Scrapes
Bandages Wrapt with Tape
Muscle Cramps and Headaches
and Still No Medic

The Room Starts to Spin
You Took That Pin
and Stabbed it in Your Skin
Just to Feel More Pain

Blood Ran Down Your Hand
You Didn't notice the puddle on the Floor
Still You Stabbed Moving Down Your Arm
and Around Your Hand

Forgetting the Main Vein
You Pierce it, It begins to Twitch
It stopped and You Started Up Again
Thinking That Felt Cool, You Pierce it Again

You Felt Faint and Cold
You Thought You Were Gonna Pass out
So You Stopped for a while
but What you didn't know killed You

You Went To Rinse The Blood
There was Too Much to Wash
It Kept Draining From Your Wrist
You Look In The Mirror, Your Pale

You Begin To hurt,
You Wish You Could Go Back

You Run to the Cabinet
And Wrap Mounds of Paper Towel Around It
It Does No Good, Blood Only Seeps Through
You Panic

You Call 911,

No Answer, You hang up and Call Again
but As Soon As She Answers
Your Already Dead

Cree Stewart

Dead

You find yourself in a corner
drawn away from the world
backed down from sorrow and pain
the love you once had has left

you used to spend nights daydreaming
and now you fear the empty hole in your heart
you once had faith in your filled heart
now its lost in the hands of the demons

you want to cry but its been so long
you forgot how so you sit in fear,
vultures and thieves stole your soul

now its only easier not to believe
to give up to back down once again
this isnt you, once strong and fearless
and now you are completely weak and worthless

BAM! ! what was left of your soul is now...
DEAD! ! !

Cree Stewart

Foe

The memories of you two together keep lappin'
You thought it'd never happen
You'd never stoop that low
He treated you good, and you played him like a foe

Maybe he'll give me another chance, you say
buy why should he, you've already made him pay
pay the price with out reason
You should be tried for Treason

He gave you laughter and pride
but its all been washed away by the lonely tide
He gave you love and hope
Now you turn to dope.

Cree Stewart

I Looked, And There Before Me Was A Pale Horse. Its Riders Name Was Death And Hades Following Behind Him

I see the pale horse coming my way
It passes one person each day
It takes each mans life
and somedays his unhealthy wife

The children cry at night
hoping the Germans dont take their life
Their religion is wrong
so their days turned long

They have no strength to fight
so they pray with all their might
they havent had food in weeks
and still they seek that mountain peak

They seek a life away from barbed wire
and fear the devastating fire
I look at the ashes amoung the ground
and i fear what my daughter has found

They picked people that were illiterate
so the Germans could be inconsiderate
they yelled and they cursed
all because two women gave birth

I see the pale horse coming my way
it passes one person each day
It took my husbands life
and now, i am his unhealthy wife

Cree Stewart

Journey

I'd lay in bed at night, and hear my sister fight
As she fought with my parents bout friends all night
I'd wish for a new beginning, for her to see some light
her heart was a dark tunnel, with no end in sight

Her soft brown eyes filled with anger and pain
we hardly got along but those memories have become faint
only one i can remember, when she came to my birthday late
she was so high, i dont think she could see strait

That night, i sat in my room and cried and cried
While hearing her say to mom, You know ive tried
that's when my feelings would start to hide
Most nights when i was alone, They'd wash over me like the ocean tide

There have been trips to the hospital many times
i used to cry, thinking she was soon gonna die
not for drugs, but for medication she never liked
i thought she was taking it, but it was just another lie

Although we hardly got along, she was my care kit
I remember when my cat bit my lip
i didnt get after him, but she would have brought out a whip
She never hurt the cat, but she sure helped fix my upper lip

As we grew older and the times had changed
She barely did, She was still always enraged
She would tell me she felt like she was caged
and one day break free, but she's still the same

I however, have seen her expierences in life
and seeing those made me not choose the Knife
I am stronger than when i was in my younger times
now, grown up, i feel like im walking on cloud nine

Cree Stewart

Living Without You

I keep looking in all the places
Where you are supposed to be
But I never seem to find you
And your all I long to see
I just cant seem to understand
What it is that made up your mind
I thought I knew you
When really I was blind
But know that I do not hate you
And know I never will
Because I cared about you then
And I care about you still
Even though you hurt me
I cant seem to let you go
But I will go on without you
And I want to make sure you know
It will take some time to mend
The damage that you have done
But broken hearts do heal
That's where strength comes from
For now the tears may be falling
And my thoughts keep circling you
But soon things will get better
If you have hope, then they always do

Cree Stewart

Modern 20's

THIS IS HOOEY
ALL THE FLOUR-LOVERS
ALL THE FLYBOYS
CAN CHASE YOURSELF!

NO ONE CARES
YOURS A HIGH-HAT
A GOLD DIGGER
AND A FOUR-FLUSHER

YOU GO AND GET FRIED
BUT ALL YOU DO IS LOOSE PRIDE
YOU WALK AROUND IN YOUR GLAD-RAGS
AND JACK IN YOUR POCKET

YOUR MANACLES IN YOUR PURSE
SO YOU WONT BE ICY-MITT
YOU THINK YOUR TIGHT
BUT I THINK YOUR A PIKER! ! !

Cree Stewart

Pain And Sorrow

As I look down this old road
holding onto the memories that have fold
I think of all the good times we shared
and how we once could never be compared
I say to myself that it will be better tommorow
when it will only be filled with pain and sorrow

Cree Stewart

Pitch Black

You awake from a nightmare
and find the room pitch black
You notice your not on a bed
instead, a cold slab of concrete

Where am I you think
you try to move your legs
But their chained to the concrete
you begin to panic

Outside, you hear children laughing
you think of your own, and start to cry
You hear footsteps pounding up stairs
you yank the chain, hoping it would break

Something hard hits what could be a door
you stop yanking the chain to listen
You hear two voices behind the assumed door, Males
their planning something but you cant understand

Your hear a squeak, sounds like a door knob
you wait and see a line of light
A dark figure stands in the light
but his shadow blocks his face

Your heart beats faster, the room gets hotter
you feel your hands about to shake
He mumbles something as he drags in an unkown figure
the light turns on, and you see what it is

Cree Stewart

Ranchers Ghost

Hands once made out of steel
and the skin that used to peel
It cracked on a cold winters day
when he didn't wear gloves to throw the hay
It loosely blew though the air
as he thinks it isnt fair
To stand out in the freezing cold
and find the hay full of mold
The day has gone so slowly now
as he starts the tractor, getting ready to plow
Plow the over grown pastures
that he once used to master.....
The weeds have grown over the hot wire
and the ditches havent been burned with fire
for a while, the garbage now, has piled
and his will has just been filed

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Torn Pages

What is it like to be lost within yourself?
To be torn from a world and
be placed in one in which no one knew existed?
Its like a brand new book with torn pages,
and you read it, and you cant understand it,
for the pages that are torn, are incomplete,
so does this mean, you are incomplete?
You cant fill in the torn pages,
so does this mean you can not fill in the rest of you?
That your never going to know the whole you,
and neither will any one else?
The torn pages confuse you, you dont understand it.
so does this mean, you confuse everyone else?
and you dont understand anything at all?
or is it just you thinking you are confusing others?
and you thinking your not understanding everything?
When you try to finish the book,
and you try to fill in the blanks,
and are unsuccessful, does this mean
that every thing you do is unsuccessful,
for you can not fill in the torn pages?
so you cant fill in you, and if you are not whole then what are you?

Cree Stewart

When I Am Feeling Low

When I am feeling low and sad and blue
I sit alone and sigh and think of you
And gaze up at the lonely midnight moon
But I see your handsome face all to soon
Wanting your lonesome memory to fade
Wishing you would have stayed
Desiring your gentle hand upon my face
Contented least with your leaving pace
Yet you called and said you loved me today
Suddenly all those memories went astray
Then you took my hand and led me away
Like the night we played in the grassy hay
For remembering the night you knelt
That then my heart began to melt

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You Can

You can see the pain in his eyes,
when you tell him
You can feel his heart breaking,
though you are not touching him
All you have built together
torn down like a worthless building
you begin to think, why did I have to do it?

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