

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 Didnt 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 didnt Know killed You

You Went To Rinse The Blood  
There was To 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 theives 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 among 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

Cree Stewart

# 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

Cree Stewart

# 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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