

Poetry Series

Damian Patterson
- poems -

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Damian Patterson(2/19/81)

4am At Work

Half Hearted

Half conscience

Lurking in the dark

I grasp at the feathers on sleep's wings.

I have to chase the hunter, sleep, away.

Now is not the time to dream & imagine.

Sugar & caffeine are the milk I nurse.

Ever vigilant I am the sentry of my

Destiny is the gazelle that runs from me.

Gentle breezes from a summers day kiss

My face as its near a vision

Beauty, the girl that I barely remember

From that place. Was I ever there?

Did she even exist? Wasn't she a

Fever that I had when I was a teen?

Didn't she have a friend? Didn't I know

Them intimately? Were we lovers, the three of us?

Do they exist?

Things seem temporary, flimsy.

I've fallen asleep but I'm still awake.

Damian Patterson

Bitter Words With Myself

I sit across myself in the diner
The smugness that radiates from my face
Sickens me.
Do I feel the same about me?
I wonder to myself.
We both
Dip our lit cigarettes in the ashtray
Like they were pieces of food that we
Had rejected.

"Who do you think you are? " I
Ask myself. "I'm you." I answer.
"Well how did it happen? "
"Simple, he died? "
The burst of empathy that would bleed out
had
apparently died as well in
this fellow that is me.
"He had a daughter who is
your sister, a wife
who is your mother.
How could you not care? "
"I never said I didn't care
but what could I have done? "

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Children Of The Gods

Long ago while the mortals slept
Gods of old, scared of destiny
Mingled themselves to children.
Destiny's wing passed them
Her eyes shielded from their forms.
That was then this is now.
Upwards they climb from the landfill
That is mankind.
Who can stop them?
Who would hinder them?
From a fable they manifest
Their souls daring Destiny.

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Poor Henry

Sorrow swept across her face
As the reality sets in that he will not be hers
Death has robbed her silently.
As he slept he slipped into
The void, uncaring & restless
Never ending, never stopping to say.
An animal that consumes the soul and leaves
The cold remains that are forever still.
The tattoos that decorate his flesh seem to fade
As the life had vacated.
Slowly weeping, she wishes to join him
As the pain of loss burrows deep inside.
My heart feels but just a sip of the anguish.
She loved him, I only liked him in comparison.

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Sons & Fathers

As he sleeps I stare into his face.
So much like my own except the absence.
Missing the years of guilt and pain
Minus wear & tear that my face parades
With the lackluster of fallen pride.
Void of sorrows & trials, missing the scars.
His face is that of an angels
Mine might have been the same
Some years past before life had hindered it.
He needs to be better than me
Stronger, brighter & improved.
Ever climbing higher, surpassing
Me, his Mother, & all those he holds dear.
Is it fair to have high expectations?
Is it wrong to wish for your child
To live the life you wanted?

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