

Poetry Series

Daniel Chapman

- poems -



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Daniel Chapman(AUG 04 1982)

This is the best way I feel I can Get the feelings in feeling off my chest I dont claim to be a real poet or anything but atleast someone can hear my thoughts. I'm young with an old soul I've been through so much and I'm sure alot of people have. Im new to this poetry thing but so much on my mind and this sort of ease's everything just a little to make my time go by a little better. I hope that made since.....



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Hourglass

The older I get,
the louder this truth gets—
none of us knows how much sand we were given.
Not a warning.
Not a number.
Just a slow leak we pretend we can't hear.

So we take chances that scare us,
make mistakes we swear won't matter,
walk on faith even when our legs are shaking.
Sometimes we choose what's wrong
because it's the only thing that makes us feel something.

Time doesn't move—
it hunts.
Quiet, patient, undefeated.
Every second slipping past faster than I can understand,
so I'm learning the hard way
that slowing down isn't weakness—
it's survival.

Life is fragile.
Not poetic fragile—
break-in-your-hands fragile.
And nobody has time left to waste pretending they don't care.
That's why I'm writing this now,
before regret gets a louder voice than love.

Truth is...
watching time fly hurts.
I've spent so long holding other people's dreams together
that mine learned how to live without me.
Maybe I love too hard.
Maybe I give until there's nothing left.
Or maybe I'm just tired of being strong in silence.

We don't get practice runs.
No rewind.
One breath after another

until there aren't any left.

So when I say "I love you, "

I say it like it could be the last thing they remember hearing—
because one day, it will be.

Every clock mocks me—

tick...

tock...

counting down moments I'll never get back.

But until my time runs dry,

I'll keep moving,

keep loving without armor,

keep bleeding honesty into the days—

until my hourglass empties

and the world finally tells me...

stop.

Daniel Chapman

Last Letter To My Best Friend....

We've written each other a lot of letters over the years,
Especially back in our military days—when distance was easier than this.
But this one... this one is the hardest I've ever had to write.
Because if I don't say these words now, the silence will haunt me forever.

The day your Maker called you home caught all of us off guard.
And unless somebody's got a real plan to bring you back,
Please spare me the rumors, the theories, the stories—
None of them change the truth that my brother is gone.

Not long after you passed, your family held a candlelight vigil—jr approved.
You already know how chaotic my life gets,
So yeah... I was late.
Same as always.
But not because I didn't care—
Because some losses are so heavy they slow time itself.

Even though your time here was shorter than it should've been,
You left behind memories strong enough to carry generations.
Your laugh, your presence, your way of making people feel seen—
That's not something death can erase.

I picture you now, ascending to a place better than this world ever was to you,
Welcomed with open arms, laughter, and celebration.
I see you dancing through the pearly gates,
That grin stretched wide as you meet all the greats before you.

My prayers stay with your mother—
No timeline prepares a heart for losing a son.
I hope she finds peace in knowing how deeply you were loved,
And how many lives still echo your name.

I hold tight to our memories, tucked safely away,
And I believe—no, I know—we'll see you again one day.
Because bonds like ours don't end... they just change locations.

It still doesn't feel real saying the president of MPI is gone.
Wow.
And you know I was always the better dancer—

If you disagree, speak up now. I'll wait.

Your impact was massive.

There are people who will forever miss those early-morning calls,
Your unannounced pull-ups at their house like you owned the place.
You were the only man alive bold enough to flirt with my spouse
And somehow still be loved for it.

We talked about everything—plans, dreams, wild “what ifs.”
We just never planned for a version of life
Where I'm standing here, writing to you instead of with you.

So rest easy, my brother.
My best friend.
My buddy.

Save me a spot.
I'll see you soon.

MATRIX

Daniel Chapman

Prisoner In My Own Mind

I AM THE FORGOTTEN PRISONER

I am a prisoner
in my own mind.
Not saying that for sympathy—
I don't need pity.
This is just a sentence
handed down
by the things I've done,
the things I've seen.
That's how I learned
freedom
ain't
free.
I laugh with my friends.
I joke.
I keep up with the times.
Smile when it's expected.
Nod when it's easier.
All while wearing chains
no one else can see.
Hate—
that's not what keeps me moving.
It's the love in my heart
that keeps me flowing.
But love doesn't unlock the cell.
It just reminds me
what I'm missing.
There's a skill to hiding pain—
few master it,
most never notice it.
Because simple conversations,
harmless words,
can rip old memories
straight through my ears.
I know you didn't mean it.
I know you're innocent.
You weren't playing on my fears.
So understand this—

the face I show you
isn't fake.
It's armor.
Because my head
is crowded.
Memories floating like dead leaves,
season after season,
and I'm the one stuck raking the past
with bare hands.
They tell me to take pills.
Lots of them.
Like silence is healing.
Like numbing the ground
will pull the roots out.
And I know—
there are millions out there
who've had it worse.
I'm not trying to be a martyr.
But pain doesn't compete.
It stacks.
And theirs piled on mine
only makes the weight heavier.
So when I watch the government play games,
I feel shame creep in.
Like a slap to the face.
Like everything I gave
was for nothing.
They say they take care of their vets—
political bluffing.
Empty promises in tailored suits.
I trusted a system
that handed me five dollars
and asked me
to put my life on the line.
Back then,
I was just a walking future victim,
caught in a money-driven machine
that feeds on belief.
Time sharpens vision.
And the clearer things get,
the more fear I see
staring back at me.

Whatever happened to
"for the people, by the people"?
Guess it's just a myth
we repeat
until it sounds patriotic enough
to swallow.
It hurts when you zoom out.
When you finally see
the bigger picture.
So like a message in a bottle,
I seal my pain shut.
And the only time I let it spill
is when it rains.
I'm not lying when I say
I'm a prisoner in my own mind.
I know I shouldn't let it all get to me—
But some days,
I feel like
a walking
penitentiary.
I'm not perfect.
Never claimed to be.
But I'll keep laughing.
Keep breathing.
Keep smiling—
Until R.I.P.
when I'm finally
free.

Daniel Chapman

Last Letter To Granny

I'm writing you this letter because missing you won't let me sleep.
The words are coming through tears, not planning—just my heart spilling.
I wasn't even trying to write... I was just thinking of you,
And suddenly everything I never said came rushing through.

You left us on December 30th, 2012,
We knew the day was coming, but knowing didn't make it easier to live through.
Nothing could've prepared us for the moment you were really gone,
For how quiet the world felt the second you moved on.

Your funeral was beautiful, Granny—truly.
I stood as strong as I could because the family needed strength in me.
I carried my tears in my chest, held my pain out of sight,
Because sometimes love means staying upright while breaking inside.

I know I said my final words to you a week before you passed,
But there's so much more I wish I could've asked.
So many little things I never got to say,
So I'm saying them now, hoping heaven hears my way.

DJ is getting so big now—happy, bright, and strong.
As I'm sure you know from watching over me, I'm married now and expecting a
new little girl addition to the family, Looking forward to this new addition still
working on names right now.
And I swear, Granny, I wish so badly you could come meet all your great grand
babies.
You'd know exactly what to do—
Probably spoil them and love them straight through.

Me and Desiree are doing good, standing side by side.
She wishes she could've come to say goodbye.
Life keeps moving forward, even when hearts aren't ready to let go,
We're learning how to live with the space you left in our home.

The family's trying to find a new kind of "normal," day by day,
Laughing again, but missing you in every way.
Tommy could use one of your prayers right now if you can,
I don't know what he's facing, but you always understand.

Thank you, Granny... for raising me, for shaping my life.
Without you, I honestly don't know who I'd be inside.
You gave me love, you gave me roots, you gave me direction,
You gave me a foundation built on patience and protection.

This letter hurts more than I thought it would to write,
But I needed to talk to you one more time tonight.
Rest easy, Granny. I carry you every day.
Until we meet again—
I love you. Always.

RIP Granny Gran.

Love danny

Daniel Chapman

Stop Telling Me Its Ok

I get out of the military and I feel great,
Proud of my service, proud of the life I helped create.
But then reality hits—no job, no call,
And suddenly I feel small, almost invisible, after it all.

Everybody I know says I'd be great,
A good employee, dependable, first-rate.
But those are just friends and family,
Not the strangers behind the desk who won't even see me.

What is it they find when they glance at my resume?
Do they fear my past, afraid of what I might say?
Could it be my combat experience, the stories I hold,
Or the weight of the battles that shaped my soul?

Maybe it's my height, my strength, my stride,
Intimidating to some, causing them to slide.
Another day, another "we'll call you, "
But nothing comes, and it cuts through.

I really don't know what it is,
All I know is I'm ready, I'm willing, I'm driven.
I've led, I've fought, I've persevered, I've grown—
I've given my life for something bigger than my own.

So here I stand, proud and prepared,
Not asking for pity, only a fair share.
A chance to prove my worth, to show my skill,
To work with my hands, my heart, and my will.

Give me a shot—just one chance to shine,
To show that a soldier can excel in peace time.
I bring discipline, loyalty, courage, and more,
And I'm ready to give it all, to open every door.

I just need someone to see beyond the page,
To understand the story of a warrior off the stage.
I'm more than my uniform, more than my past,
I'm a man who's ready—let me make this chance last.

Daniel Chapman

Love Is Not Blind

How can this earth, so beautiful and wide,
Look so broken when you stand close beside?
We treat her with carelessness, with disdain,
And love, I think, can no longer bear the pain.

Now all you hear is people say,
“Love is blind”—and maybe that's true today.
But I feel love has chosen to close its eyes,
Not out of weakness, but to survive the lies.

Love longs to see only what is pure and bright,
But the world has filled its home with shadows and blight.
So love moves softly, hidden, unseen,
Looking for moments where hearts are clean.

Love is everywhere, though it must tiptoe,
Through a world weighed heavy with anger and woe.
That's why when it finds you, it often sneaks in,
A quiet arrival, a gentle, unexpected grin.

So is love blind? I say no.
Love simply refuses to watch the hate grow.
It shields its heart, it guards its grace,
Waiting for the spaces where kindness can take place.

Because even in a world that sometimes seems cruel,
Love remembers its truth—it will always be the jewel.

Which is my Mothers name Jewell love you

Daniel Chapman

I Lied And Said 'i Love You Too'

As I was leaving, she pulled me close,
a quiet hug, a soft kiss,
then the words—
I love you.

I froze for half a breath,
unsure how honesty fits
when a heart is wide open.
My mouth answered before my courage did—
I love you too.

The truth is more complicated than a lie.
I do feel something—
warm, sincere, growing—
just not fully formed yet.
Not the forever kind,
not the kind you rush into
just because it's spoken first.

I didn't want to bruise her tenderness,
didn't want to turn a sweet moment sharp.
So I chose kindness over clarity,
even though it weighs heavier now.

I like her.
I want us to have a chance,
a real one,
not built on pressure or borrowed words.
But love shouldn't be rushed into language
before it's ready to live there.

I don't want to be dishonest—
that's not who I am.
Yet I'm afraid the truth, said too early,
would sound like rejection
instead of patience.

So I carry this quietly,
hoping time will finish the sentence

my heart hasn't learned yet.
Not pretending—
just waiting—
for the words to become real
when I say them again.

Daniel Chapman

More Than A 'bad Day'

I woke up today with a feeling I couldn't name,
The kind that settles in your chest before the pain.
I knew—before my feet hit the floor—
Today wasn't just hard... it was something more.

Deep in my stomach, where fear likes to hide,
Something was wrong, and I couldn't outrun the tide.
It's a feeling that visits only a few times in life,
The kind that cuts quiet, sharp as a knife.

I wonder if my emotions talk to the stars at night,
If the universe whispers when something isn't right.
There has to be a reason my heart feels this scared,
Like I'm bracing for loss before it's even declared.

My body burns, but my soul feels numb,
Like warmth left first... and left me undone.
Why today? Why this heaviness now?
Why does breathing feel like making a vow?

I want to quit this life, just set it down,
Disappear quietly, no noise, no sound.
But who do you run to when you're grown and alone?
When help feels distant, and pride feels like stone.

I start questioning everything life handed to me,
Every choice, every turn, every "this is meant to be."
My struggles don't feel seasonal—they feel engraved,
Like storms that were meant to stay, not just pass through my days.

Maybe I'm bleeding onto this paper for nothing at all,
Maybe these words won't catch me if I fall.
But honestly... who am I trying to please?
Everyone's already decided what they see.

I can't call my mama to save me this time,
No gentle voice saying, "Baby, you'll be fine."
I'm a grown man now—I swallow my pride,
Smile through the hurt, keep the truth inside.

I paint my life in peaches and cream,
So nobody questions the cracks they don't see.
But behind closed doors, behind practiced smiles,
I've been barely holding it together for miles.

So hear me when I say—
This isn't weakness.
This isn't a phase.

This is more than exhaustion.
More than a bad mood.
More than just another bad day.

This is a soul asking how much more it can take...
Before it finally breaks.

Daniel Chapman

A Romantic Night

You enter and settle in, eyes wandering, curious, unsure.
I smile and whisper, don't be afraid—
tonight was designed for you.
Hours folded into this moment:
low music humming like a promise,
wine breathing in crystal,
candles teaching the shadows how to dance.

We taste, we sip, we laugh—only the prelude.
Then I'm lost in your eyes,
those stolen stars that pull me under,
and you rest against me, surprised
by how easily you belong there.

I lift you gently, guide you down the hall,
each step slowing the world behind us.
In my room, time loosens its grip.
I undress you patiently, reverently,
piece by precious piece,
while the air itself conspires to calm you.

I ask you to lie still, face down,
and your thoughts begin to betray you—
fantasies stretching, waking,
while I remind myself to savor, not rush.
Desire sharpens when it waits.

My hands learn you slowly,
not a massage but a devotion,
curves memorized through touch alone.
Tonight, I exist to please.
Your hair carries a warmth I breathe in,
and my lips find your neck,
soft, lingering, deliberate.
I travel your body without hurry,
leaving no place untouched, no breath unclaimed.

Your voice tells me everything.
The sheets answer with movement.

I turn you over, smiling at your anticipation.

For a moment I simply look—
every line, every imperfection made holy.
Then I begin again, mirroring the same worship,
my attention drifting where words don't belong,
your body responding in shivers and surrender.
I feel the change in you before you speak it,
and I stay right there,
until your pleasure refuses to be quiet.

Your pulse races beneath my skin as I rise,
and you whisper that you're ready.
So am I.
The heat, the closeness, the perfect fit—
we meet and the world dissolves.
Our bodies speak a language older than thought,
minds slipping somewhere private and endless,
moving, exploring, laughing breathlessly
at how lost we've become.

Skin slick, hearts pounding,
time marked only by your climaxes,
until you pull me closer and ask for mine.
I resist, but only briefly—
and when we finally fall together,
it feels like completion, not an ending.

I hold you as the room grows quiet again,
your breathing syncing with mine.
In the dark, I kiss your temple,
whisper I love you,
and let sleep take us both.

Daniel Chapman

Time Passing Me

I'm not sure if I'm coming or going,
Some days I feel proud of the life I've built,
Other days I stare at the ceiling wondering
How something can feel so full and so empty at the same time.

I've done a lot in such a short span,
Lived hard, learned fast, carried weight early.
I'm still young, yet time whispers in my ear
Like it's already slipping through my hands.

This is the age they say you should have answers,
A direction, a plan, a clear "next step."
At least know where you're headed,
Or where you want to end up.
But I stand here unsure,
Knowing my life isn't broken—
Just not aligned.

It's not the worst life...
But it's not the one I want to keep repeating.
And that truth sits heavy in my chest.

I'm not sure if I'm coming or going,
I feel like I'm watching time walk past me
While I stand still, nodding as years wave goodbye.
I ask myself, as days blur into each other,
What have I truly accomplished?
What have I avoided?
What have I been afraid to become?

Every day I catch myself asking why—
Why am I so unsure of what I want to do,
When my heart is full of ideas and unfinished dreams?
Why does it feel like I've wasted moments
I can't get back,
While still wanting so much more from life?

So what do I do
When everything feels possible

And impossible at the same time?
When motivation comes in waves
But direction never stays long enough to follow?

I know this isn't a lost cause.
I know this confusion isn't the end of me.
Maybe this moment isn't about moving faster,
Or choosing everything all at once.

Maybe it's about stopping.
Breathing.
Listening.

Letting the noise settle.
Letting the pressure ease.
Pausing long enough
To hear my own voice again.

Because maybe I'm not lost at all—
Maybe I'm just standing at the beginning
Of something I haven't named yet.

Daniel Chapman

Daniel Chapman

Poetic Motion

Words pass—then echo past themselves,
dreams dreaming harder than sleep allows.

Verbs spill loose, thick on the tongue,
gifted speech sharpened by hunger and heat.

Vision chased, then suddenly caught—
an image blinking alive in the dark.
A story heard in the marrow,
felt before it's ever told.

Words break free, shedding their chains,
invisible messages burning into sight.

Hearts split open, no longer frozen,
beating loud with cultured dreams reborn.

We move forward while standing still,
eyes locked beyond the edge of the ocean,
where thought meets eternity.

The ground beneath us shifts, climbs backward,
gravity confused by intention.

Look into my eyes—
this isn't language,
this is poetry in motion.

Daniel Chapman

Sorry I'm Troubled

You tell me it's okay, tell me to be strong,
Tell me you understand, say I won't be alone.
You tell me to keep my head up, say I'll be fine,
Tell me not to quit, tell me it's just a matter of time.

But I'm not okay—and I'm tired of pretending,
I don't feel strong, I feel like I'm bending.
Your words fall soft, but they can't reach inside,
Because even surrounded by voices, I'm alone when I cry.

I can't lift my head—the weight is crushing my chest,
Each breath feels like a test I keep failing at best.
You say 'don't give up, ' but you don't feel this pain,
You don't wake up every day feeling empty and drained.

Don't pat me on the back, don't say 'you're brave, '
This doesn't feel like courage—it feels like a grave.
It's like someone dropped a boulder straight through my heart,
And no one noticed the moment it tore me apart.

I hate this life, and it feels like it hates me too,
Like I was never meant to survive what I've been through.
I look at the world and wonder if I belong,
Or if I've been fighting a battle that's gone on too long.

I don't need fixing, I don't need a speech,
I need someone to sit with me where I can't reach.
I need someone to say, 'I see your hurt, '
Not rush me past it when everything still burns.

I don't want to be told this will all fade away,
Some days I just need permission to say—
'I'm breaking. I'm tired. I don't know what to do.'
And still be loved for telling the truth.

So if I ask for space, it's not because I don't care,
It's because I'm learning how to breathe in despair.
I don't want to be hurt—I just don't know how to heal,
And today, this pain is the only thing I feel.

But maybe... just maybe... if someone stays,
If someone listens instead of pushing me away,
I won't have to carry this weight by myself,
And wanting rest won't mean wanting to disappear.

Daniel Chapman

Hommie Lover Friend

She's always right there whenever I call,
and if she needed it, yeah—I'd give her my all.
She's got a way with words, always something smooth to say,
got me smiling reckless, every single day.

She listens close when I just need to vent,
stands beside me strong when my legs feel spent.
I never thought I'd find someone who cared like this,
now even the thought of her absence I can't dismiss.

She's my homie, my lover, my favorite friend—
the kind of connection that don't pretend.
The type you don't chase, don't replace, don't bend...
yeah, I'm keeping her close
from now
until the end ??

Daniel Chapman



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Mystery Girl (Part II)

Am I lonely... or just learning myself?
Are these the cards I was meant to be dealt?
Maybe love isn't lost—just waiting somewhere
For the moment my heart is ready to feel.

I still believe in that spark, that gentle flame,
The kind that warms you without needing a name.
And maybe cloud nine isn't something you chase,
Maybe it finds you when you finally slow your pace.

I used to ask when my turn would arrive,
When I'd find the one and call her "my life."
She still drifts through my thoughts from time to time,
Not as a wound now—more like a sign.

I'm no longer searching every face in the crowd,
No longer shouting my hope out loud.
If love is unconditional, I trust it will be,
Not forced, not chased—but meant for me.

I used to call out and hear only my echo,
Now I listen in silence and let the answers grow.
When love comes, I won't grip it in fear,
I'll hold it with trust, knowing it's here.

I sit in this quiet place, pen in my hand,
Finding small joys in the life I didn't plan.
Happiness still visits, even dressed in sadness,
Teaching me peace inside the mess of it.

I thought I'd be married by now, wealthy and set,
But dreams evolve—and I'm not done yet.
Fairy tales bend in this imperfect land,
But purpose still meets you where you stand.

So I won't give up, and I won't pretend,
I'll keep becoming the man love deserves in the end.
Until that day comes—soft, true, and won—
I'll keep my heart open...

And let life finish what it's begun.

Daniel Chapman

Daniel Chapman

Miss You (Rip Kondor, Martin Oif 29apr04)

I miss you, my buddy, I miss you, my friend,
I stood beside you, right until the end.

I watched you pay that priceless cost,
The day you left, I felt utterly lost.

You were my brother through so many years,
Now I walk alone, drowning in tears.

I will strive to keep your memory alive,
So the world will always know why you died.

You gave your life so that others could be free,
But you didn't fight alone—you fought with me.

Today the pain feels too hard to bear,
Your memory falls on me like invisible air.

So many lives you left behind,
I can only imagine the ache in their minds.

There are words I wish I could say,
But they stick in my throat, at least today.

I remember your smile, so big, so bright,
The way you could make me laugh day or night.

You were an angel, sent here on earth,
A blessing to us all from the day of your birth.

I'll stop for now—my eyes are wet, I cannot see,
But I will continue to pray for your family, as I know they pray for me.

Rest easy, SPC Martin Kondor,
Your courage and heart will live forever.

RIP OIF

Daniel Chapman

Daniel Chapman

Lets Make Love

Let's make love like the very first time,
No past, no rush—just you and I.
Come closer, let my silence speak,
Let me show you the thoughts I don't say, but feel this deep.

I pull you in, my arms your shelter,
Holding you close, like time knows better
Than to interrupt what we're creating now—
I feel your breath change, feel your body respond.

Your skin trembles under the gentlest touch,
Like every nerve has been waiting for this much.
Your breathing deepens, soft but unsteady,
And I move slower... because I want you ready.

Sweet words melt between our whispered air,
I promise you this—while I'm here, you're safe here.
The world fades out, it's just our heat,
Two hearts syncing to the same slow beat.

Our bodies glow, a quiet flame,
Sweat like proof we're not the same
As we were before this moment began—
Fogging the room with want and skin.

The scent of us lingers, thick and warm,
And if the walls hear, let them learn.
Lights low, shadows dance on your frame,
You warm beneath me, glowing like flame.

I love the rhythm when we finally align,
If I could keep one second in time—
This would be it, no second thought,
The way your body answers mine without being taught.

Your hands move slow across my back,
Unrushed, intentional, no holding back.
Just let it pour, don't restrain the flow,
Your touch already tells me what you know.

My lucky clover, my quiet high,
Our bodies tremble as the moment climbs.
My heart races, losing control,
So let's pause right here... feel it all.

There's no need to hurry, nowhere to be,
Tonight is ours, completely.
I want to spoil every inch of you—
Don't say a word...
I already know what you want me to do.

Daniel Chapman

Look At That Guy

Just look at that guy, He seem so happy

Look at that guy, He seem so free
Look at that guy, Just looking at me

Look at that guy, I wish I looked as good as him

Just look at that guy, Man he dress so good

Look at that guy, I bet all the girls like him
Look at that guy, How can I be more like him

Look at that guy, He's the real hero
Just look at that guy, probably thinks im a zero

Look at that guy, I hope he's not judging me
Look at that guy, being all he can be

Look at that guy, fighting for a cause
Just look at that guy, making me pause

Look at that guy, He probably thinks im stupid
Look at that guy, His friend must be cupid

Look at that guy, looking like a thug
Just look at that guy, he looks full of love

Look at that guy, He needs no correction
Look at that guy, do we have any connection
Oh my god, that guy I see Is my own reflection....

Daniel Chapman

Me And Love Is Blind

I can never find love,
And love never finds me.
If only we could see
The beauty in love... and me.

I've searched high, I've searched low,
Every place a heart might go.
I swear love is searching too—
Don't ask how, I just know it's true.

I thought love found me long ago,
I held it close, or so I thought so.
But when I looked with honest eyes,
It was only a symbol, a well-dressed lie.

I had love resting in my hand,
Once upon a fragile time,
But it slipped away like borrowed sand,
Because it was never truly mine.

A message for love—Cupid must be blind,
He loosed the arrow, missed your heart and mine.
Or maybe I was born without the sight,
Or maybe I choose darkness over light.

What if love's been closer than I knew,
Right beneath my feet, right breaking through?
If only I could lift this veil,
I might finally end this lonely tale.

I'm not trying to sound bitter or be mean,
But love, if you're near... please make yourself seen.
I'm tired of hoping, tired of trust,
So close to quitting, so close to "just."

Is this my fate, or a streak of bad luck?
Or am I standing still while love's unstuck?
Oh love, oh love—where could you be?
I'll keep searching until my heart can see.

And maybe the truth I've been scared to find
Is love was never blind at all...
Maybe it was just waiting for me
To open my eyes—
And stop calling myself invisible.

Daniel Chapman

Daniel Chapman

Honor And Sacrifice

For your tomorrow to stand tall and free,
Some of us step forward into places most fear to be.
Some make the hardest choice when comfort feels safe,
While others sleep soundly, trusting in our watchful faith.

If not for our service members, what would our streets be today?
Could children laugh freely in parks where they run and play?
Would the backyard grill still smoke under red, white, and blue,
Would holidays still feel holy, the way they always knew?

Let us never forget, nor grow complacent with time,
The honor earned in sacrifice—both yours and mine.
Past and present stand united, a bond strong and true,
Freedom's cost was paid by many, for the few and the new.

See a veteran—thank a veteran.
Lift a veteran—stand beside a veteran.
Honor is paid through remembrance,
Sacrifice is the duty we live.

So rest easy tonight, beneath a guarded sky,
The military stands watch—every hour, every eye.
Hats off to the fallen, who gave their last full measure,
Hats off to those yet to serve, answering freedom's call with valor.

God bless America.
God bless the United States.

Daniel Chapman

Daniel Chapman

My Mother

When I was a baby, she wrapped me in blankets,
Safe and warm, her arms my first home.
When I was a boy, she draped me in coats,
Shielding me from the cold, protecting me from the world.

Now that I'm grown, she still covers me—
Not with cloth, but with prayer,
Her love a force that never questions,
A love unstoppable, unshakable.

A mother's love is the wind beneath your wings,
The steady air that pushes you forward
Even when you can't see the path ahead.
She tells the truth, even when it hurts,
Feels the pain you hide from the world,
Knows your fears before you speak them aloud.

Mothers are God's greatest gifts to Earth,
The fresh air you breathe on a crisp winter morning,
The quiet warmth in a world that can feel so cold.
Jewell's love is an envelope of comfort,
A hidden blanket that soothes and shields your heart.

Love your mothers, for their days are too short,
And their hearts are too deep to measure.
She forgives so fully because she knows the fate we cannot yet see,
And still loves without limit, without pause.

Mother, I love every moment with you,
Even when I don't come around as much as you wish.
Know that your children love you beyond measure,
Beyond words, beyond time, beyond the stars.

If I could, I would give you the world—and more.
Momma, until your last day, rest assured
You have a son whose heart is bound to yours
By more than strings... by love eternal.

Hats off to all the mothers

Who love their children unconditionally,
Who give without pause, who shield without question.

Jewell, you are loved...
Always, forever, deeply.

To My Mother I'll For Ever Love You

Daniel Chapman

Jesus

He dreams. He plans. He rises, he overcomes.
His voice echoes loud, like the rolling of drums.

He struggles so we might breathe a little easier,
His quiet sacrifice flows, steadfast and sincere.

He judges not, only wishes the best,
He lifts up the weary, and prays for the rest.

Honor him, give him the glory he's earned,
For his love and his service are lessons well-learned.

Through silent nights and battles unseen,
He carries the weight so our world can be clean.

Courage his compass, compassion his guide,
A hero whose heart beats with nothing to hide.

Let us remember, let gratitude burn,
For his sacrifice teaches the love we must return.

Daniel Chapman

Daniel Chapman

It's Not That Bad

Just when it feels like you've given your last breath,
When life keeps swinging and leaves you bruised to death.
When every step feels heavy, every road feels steep,
And the nights grow long because your heart won't sleep.

These moments cut deep, they test your will to stand,
You're tired of fighting storms you don't understand.
You clench your jaw, you breathe through the pain,
Wondering if holding on is worth the strain.

But stay.
Even when the wind won't let you see.

This storm was never meant to be your eternity.
It's a chapter, not the whole story you'll read,
A season that breaks you just enough to help you heal and believe.

What would joy even mean if sorrow never came?
How would sunshine matter without knowing the rain?
After the ache, after the fall, after the sad—
Hold on one second longer... here comes your glad.

No matter who you are—son, daughter, mother, or dad,
You're stronger than the voice that says it's all bad.
You've survived every hard day you've ever had,
So breathe... remind yourself—
It's not the end. It's not that bad.

Daniel Chapman

Im Living My Life

Part of my life is ink and iron,
tattoos etched like chapters into skin,
lessons learned behind walls and rules—
where loose mouths draw the line
between wisdom and foolishness.

Part of my life smells like gunpowder,
bullets, blood, sweat, and tears—
a reality I didn't visit,
but survived for years.

Part of my life still dreams—
quiet wishes, stubborn hope,
moments where happiness exists
without the weight of the world pressing close.

Part of my life knows lies by name,
has shaken hands with deceit,
watched greed, envy, and hate
get dressed up as leadership
and called 'great.'

Part of my life is all of it combined—
because every day I witness sorrow
and love shows up late, if at all.

Part of my life carries too much love to give,
yet I feel death breathing closer
with every risk I live.

My life isn't clean enough to be right
or broken enough to be wrong.
I ask for no sympathy—
this is my truth,
and I'm still standing,
still living my life.

Daniel Chapman

Thank You

Not sure if I'm deserving of a thank you,
Not sure what words could ever be true.
A "thank you" here, a "thank you" there,
And yet inside, I feel stripped bare.

Please, don't thank me—because I'm not happy here,
Even while I smile, even while I appear
Calm and collected, steady, composed,
Inside, there's a storm that nobody knows.

I'm not trying to be cold, not trying to be mean,
Just a little confused by what's in between.
The gratitude I hear, the praise I receive,
It doesn't always match what I believe.

Sometimes I wonder if my efforts are enough,
If I'm seen for who I am when the world gets tough.
I give, I care, I try to stand tall,
But sometimes I feel invisible through it all.

So when you say "thank you," please understand,
I'm not rejecting your words—they touch me, they land.
But inside, I wrestle with feelings I can't show,
A quiet ache, a longing, a sorrow you'll never know.

If you think I take it lightly, please don't be amused,
This is not a joke, no humor to be used.
I treasure your gratitude, it warms me in part,
But it cannot fill the quiet hollows of my heart.

I hope one day I can feel what I give,
Not just for others, but in the life I live.
Until then, know that I see your care,
Even if my own happiness feels so rare.

Daniel Chapman

Crazy Man

A man came at me the other day, mouth full of venom and views,
said he hated what I do, what I stand for—
Lord knows biting my tongue took strength I had to use.

I wondered why so many never step outside their own boots,
never crack a spine on history,
never read about these American roots.

The things people say—reckless, lazy, loud,
they never see the pride I carry
for the soldiers standing beside me now.

Out here where I'm at, it's simple—
we're all we've got.
Yeah, we know America back home supports us,
but out here?
Trust is all we've brought.

I wish that man could've seen what I've seen with my own eyes—
a little Iraqi boy holding a flower,
braver than most grown men twice his size.

He said, "Thank you, America,"
his English cracked, barely whole,
but gratitude needs no translation
when it's coming from the soul.

Because of us, that child gets daylight again,
gets laughter instead of sirens,
gets to play with his friends.

At my level, we ain't chasing medals or saving the globe—
we're just carving out a future
for some little girl, some little boy, some fragile hope.

So think twice before you step to me with ignorance and rage,
I fight for more than headlines,
more than talking points you read on a page.

Tonight, lay your head down, sleep calm, sleep tight,
because while you dream in peace,
American soldiers stand watch through the night.

Daniel Chapman

I Dream, Do You

Do you have dreams?

I do.

I dream in colors not yet named,
of moments still unfolding,
of hopes some call foolish
only because they've forgotten how to hope.

I dream of love—
not the word,
not the promise,
but the kind that stays when it's tested.

I dream of a world that doesn't feed on war,
of an honest answer
to what we keep fighting for.

I dream of drifting through clouds,
weightless, untouched by worry,
and of leaders brave enough
to admit when they've been wrong.

I dream of opening a book that begins with,
What is hate?
and ends with it never being needed.

I dream of a country made whole,
not perfect,
but trying.

I dream of life beyond this one,
of days where children's only job
is learning and playing,
not surviving.

Then morning finds me.
Reality taps my shoulder.
I was happy in that dream,
now I'm upset I had to wake myself.

This world is loud, complicated, exhausting.
Sometimes I wish I were still small enough
to believe everything would be okay
just because someone said so.

Maybe not all my dreams will come true—
we both know that.
But I'll keep believing anyway,
because that dream was beautiful.

And beautiful things deserve to be shared.

So I shared it with you.

Daniel Chapman

War

War—sometimes I wonder what we're fighting for,
But one thing I know: I want war no more.

We march, we fight, we endure through it all,
Through hell and rain, through snow and squall.
Day turns to night, and night into day,
Yet we carry on, for freedom's way.

I've seen mothers weep, sisters cry,
Fathers, brothers, waving goodbye.
Aunts, uncles, cousins—so many stand tall,
Sent to distant lands at their country's call.

They do not fight for fortune or fame,
Not for medals, not for name.
They fight for the flag, for the home we hold dear,
For liberty, for justice, for those not here.

All they ask is a small sign you care,
A thank you whispered, a pat here and there.
For the sacrifices, the courage, the pain,
For standing in the storm, again and again.

So remember them—each soldier, each fight,
Each soul who stays ready through the long, lonely night.
For freedom is fragile, and peace is a prize,
Protected by those who never disguise their sacrifice.

Honor the brave, the hearts strong and true,
For the red, white, and blue is kept alive by you.

Daniel Chapman

Pain

It hurts so much, Doc...
Please... make it stop.

A fire in my chest,
A weight I cannot lift.
Maybe if I rest,
It will fade...

But what is this feeling?
It bends me to my knees,
Shakes me from the inside,
Makes my eyes overflow.

My throat is dry,
My heart too full,
Doc... please... some water,
Some relief from this ache.

Tell me... what is this?
No... I don't want to sit.
No... you can't be serious.

I can't believe what I'm hearing,
Couldn't you have warned me?
Couldn't someone have told me
How it feels
To have a broken heart?

Daniel Chapman

Love To Give

Love upon every street,
Love in every heartbeat,
Love so pure, so sweet,
The kind of love no storm could ever defeat.

Someone come get this love, I'm ready to give,
Searching for connection—this is the life I live.
Through crowded streets and quiet nights,
I'm calling for a soul to meet my light.

That's why I wear my heart upon my sleeve,
A chest full of love so big, it's hard to breathe.
It aches to hold it in, it longs to share,
A warmth that waits for someone who cares.

I'm ready to love, to truly feel,
To let someone in, to let someone heal.
To laugh in the sunlight, to hold through the rain,
To find a love that washes away all pain.

Come on, sweet one, won't you see?
I'm here, I'm waiting, I'm endlessly free.
Take my hand, take my heart, take my soul,
Together we could be beautifully whole.

Love in quiet glances, love in a touch,
Love that speaks without saying too much.
Love that lifts, love that stays,
Love that colors even the darkest days.

Someone come get this love I bear,
I'm ready to give it, ready to share.
Come, sweet one, and let our hearts sway,
Take my hand, take my love, and take my breath away.

Daniel Chapman

Mystery Girl

Why do I feel this way,
A quiet ache I can't explain away.
Maybe it's jealousy, maybe it's fear,
Maybe it's just loving someone who isn't here.

I'm a grown man, yet I feel close to tears,
Surprised by the weight of these feelings I carry.
Each day without her feels heavier than the last,
Like I'm grieving something that hasn't fully passed.

It still hurts, deep and true,
Because loving her was never something I could undo.
I try to hide it, but my heart won't pretend,
Some loves don't end... they just bend.

She still finds me in my dreams at night,
Soft reminders of something that once felt right.
How can something complicated feel so pure?
How can something uncertain feel so sure?

She says so much with the simplest embrace,
A quiet comfort, a familiar place.
She made me believe love could be real,
That connection could be something you actually feel.

This isn't a feeling I can sweep aside,
It lives too deep, it's part of my stride.
Sometimes I wonder if her love came from above,
Gentle and rare, like untouched doves.

I know my heart may be too open now,
Still hoping, though I don't know how.
I wonder if she ever feels this too,
Or if this love only lives in me and you.

If I can't love her the way my heart demands,
Then who do I give these feelings to, who understands?
I don't want to claim, or force, or command—
I just want her to know...

I love her the best way I know how.

Daniel Chapman

Tell Me

Tell me I wasn't true...
Tell me I didn't believe in you.
Tell me of a moment I didn't share,
A time I acted like I didn't care.

Tell me when being with me was too hard to bear,
When my words or my silence left you in despair.
Tell me I was ever fake,
Or that the time we spent together wasn't enough to make
A memory worth keeping, a bond worth the ache.

Tell me I wasn't a good friend,
That I wouldn't have your back until the very end.
Tell me I treated you like a child,
Or that I ever failed to make you smile.

Tell me of a day I didn't miss you,
Or a moment I didn't want to kiss you.
Tell me I used you, or that I abused you,
That all of this love and care was untrue.

Tell me you're not all I have,
That my voice didn't rise when I stood for your behalf.
Tell me I didn't fight to have your back,
Tell me I failed...

Because right now,
What I feel in this silence,
In the spaces between your words,
Feels like you're telling me all of that.

But I hope you see...
Even when the world doubts us,
Even when fear or pain creeps in,
I've tried, I've fought, I've been here...
For you, with every beat of my heart.

Daniel Chapman

I Want A Woman

I can't wait to meet the woman meant for me—
I know she's out there somewhere,
a question mark shaped like a heartbeat.
I wonder where she is,
what laugh she carries,
what night she's staring into right now.

I've searched in faces and places,
across miles and moments,
in this endless orbit
around the idea of her.

I can already feel how our love would unfold—
slow at first, then all at once.
I want a woman who makes me smile
before she even says a word,
someone no doubt could ever replace.

I want a kiss that lingers like warmth,
the kind you feel before it happens.
Arms that hold steady
even when the storm rolls in heavy.

I want her to know that when she's with me,
the world quiets,
options fade,
and being anywhere else
just wouldn't make sense.

I want a woman who carries her own fire—
a flame that doesn't flicker out,
doesn't need rescuing,
only honoring.
A love that deepens,
never dwindles.

I want silly moments, inside jokes,
laughter that sneaks up on us.
Someone who sees the humor in me

and adds her own spark to it.

And when I finally find her—
however I act, however it begins—
none of that will matter.
Because the searching will be over,
and the curiosity
will finally have a name.

Daniel Chapman

Love Is

What is love?

Love can't be seen, yet it lights up everything.

Love is quiet, and love is loud,

Love slips in softly, yet it moves the crowd.

Love can hurt, and love can heal,

Love can shatter hearts, or teach them to feel.

Love can arrive like sunrise in May,

Or leave like the sunset, quietly slipping away.

Love has lost, and love has won,

It can weigh a ton, or feel like none.

Love can lift you, or let you fall,

Love can be tiny, and it can be tall.

Love is patient, and love is wild,

Love can be gentle, or untamed and riled.

Love can shine, and love can frown,

It can dress in smiles, or wear a crown of doubt.

Love can whisper, and love can roar,

It can be simple, or so much more.

Love can be a word, or love can be a ring,

Love can be nothing, or love can be everything.

So where is this thing we call love?

I search, I wonder, I reach above...

Because the truest love we ever know,

Is the love from above, the love that shows.

Daniel Chapman

Why I Fight

From one battle to the next, it feels like nothing ever changes,
Yet we stand our ground, carrying hope through the ages.
America keeps fighting until freedom can breathe,
Until every child is born knowing what it means to believe.

I fight for those who cannot, or choose not to stand,
So they can live freely in this promised land.
I fight so a voice can rise without fear,
So rights aren't a privilege, but something held dear.

You ask what we gain in return for the pain,
For the nights without sleep, for the loss, for the strain.
I fight for a future I may never see,
For my children, their children—so they get a fair chance at being free.

From the comfort of couches, through the glow of a screen,
Some say this war's just a money machine.
But out here where dirt meets blood and sweat,
We see a different truth most will never get.

So please don't judge us for answering the call,
For standing when it's easier to do nothing at all.
Instead of boos, lend your prayers and your thanks,
Because courage survives on more than just ranks.

I fight because quitting was never my plan,
Win or lose, I'll stand like a man.
And no, this life isn't all glory and pride,
It's fear, it's loss, it's tears we hide.

But still we fight until the last battle's won,
Until peace finally rises like the morning sun.
So ask me again why I fight with this might—
I'll look you dead in the eyes and say:
It's my God-given right.

Daniel Chapman

When I'm Dead And Gone

When I'm dead and gone,
Please don't drown the room in another sad song.
Let the music be soft, let the memories be loud,
Let laughter break through the tears in the crowd.

I don't want sorrow to be all that remains,
I want smiles to rise through the heartache and pain.
Remember this moment—how quickly it flies,
Today turns to yesterday right before our eyes.

Celebrate my ending the way you did my start,
With candles, with stories, with love in your heart.
Remember the good I tried hard to give,
Forget the worst parts—remember how I lived.

Remember the love we held when things fell apart,
Because sometimes love was the only thing we had.
When I'm dead and gone, who will miss me then?
I hope my name still brings warmth now and then.

I hope the thought of me softens your day,
Like a familiar song that won't fade away.
To those I hurt—I carry that weight,
I'm sorry I learned some lessons too late.

And to those who loved me when I felt unseen,
Thank you for standing where few would have been.
I need to say this while my voice is still strong,
Before I'm just a memory... before I'm gone.

Some may wonder why I'm writing this now,
Why I'm speaking like I've already taken a bow.
Maybe it's fear, or maybe it's truth,
That storms feel heavier the longer you move.

I'm not ready for death, not asking it near,
I just don't want silence to speak for me here.
I'd rather you know what my heart wants to say,
Than guess at my meaning some far-off day.

So if you remember me, remember me kind,
As someone who tried, who loved, who was human in time.
And if you ever miss me when I'm dead and gone,
Let it be gentle—like the echo of a song.

Daniel Chapman

This Girl

I want so badly to be part of her world,
She's more precious to me than an ocean pearl.

I wish I could tell her what's in my chest,
Wish I could let her know she's the best.
If only we had time—just to sit, just to rest,
To share a moment, to laugh, to invest.

Where did this girl come from, out of the blue?
And they say nothing good happens at Fort Drum too.
If they can't see the wonder I see in her eyes,
Then they're blind to her magic, blind to her skies.

What is it about her that pulls me in?
Is it the warmth of her smile, or the light on her skin?
The way she talks, the way she walks,
Every little movement, the attitude she talks.

A girl like this doesn't come around twice,
Even if you were blind, you could feel her light.
Man, she blows my mind in ways I can't define,
I don't just want her near—I want her to be mine.

She leaves me guessing, wondering, caught,
Every glance, every word, every little thought.
I feel like she's a blessing, sent from above,
And all I want is to show her my love.

So badly I want her to step into my world,
To let me in, to let our story unfurl.
Yet I keep asking, quietly, in my heart's swirl:
Why her? Why this girl?

Daniel Chapman

Iraq

I grew up in the ghetto, thought I knew what "hard" meant,
Concrete dreams, sirens singing every night I was bent.
Then I landed in Baghdad, where history bleeds through the sand,
And pain ain't a chapter in a book—it's the language of the land.

This soil is soaked in centuries of broken promises and graves,
Bombs write headlines, bullets teach children how to be brave.
Faces stay tense, like smiles cost too much to afford,
Every corner got a story, every prayer ignored.

I hear rounds fly up and down range like the world lost control,
And I ask myself quietly—can this place ever be whole?
Peace feels foreign here, like a word mispronounced,
Hope walks in whispers, fear speaks loud when it counts.

Ain't one finger you can point, no single soul to blame,
Just pawns on a board in a political game.
My country, their country—different flags, same scars,
Same mothers crying under the same cold stars.

They call it peace through violence, but that math never adds,
You bury sons for power, then wave them off as "collateral damage."
When the smoke finally clears and the rifles go quiet,
What's the prize we're left with—and was it worth the riot?

Every day that passes pulls me further from home,
Nights don't last long, but the days drag on alone.
Some moments feel righteous, others feel wrong,
But weakness ain't an option—I force myself strong.

Because somewhere back home, there's a little girl who waits,
Counting days on her fingers, trusting daddy beats fate.
So I carry this weight, every fear, every zone,
Just to make one promise true—
Daddy's coming home.

Daniel Chapman

War And News

Brothers and sisters all over here fighting
Got me thinking so much now im writing
Why is there so much hate in the world
Seeing all this killing makes my stomach curl
We all need to pause and ask ourself, what are we really doing
We are turning our world into ruin
And what are we really proving
Who's the weaker or stronger human
I think were fighting for a hidden goal
But I'm being told so many lies it troubles my soul
So much he say she say dont know which side to choose
Times have gotten so bad I can't even believe what I hear in the news
At times I just want to bust my TV with a bat
Listening to all this the congress said this, but the media said that
You wish you could say it was better in the old days
But its pretty much the same thing just a new phase
War is never a good thing
But a world without war is still only a Dream.

Daniel Chapman



PoemHunter.com