

Poetry Series

David Bunnell
- poems -

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David Bunnell()

I'm a weird guy in an even crazier world. I like to live life outside of the box.

I read the Bible and study ancient history.

I saw Bigfoot back in 2011 and I believe the late Kenneth Christiansen was D.B. Cooper (Dan Cooper) .

On a final note, I enjoy " people watching" in my spare time.

A Journey To The Unknown

The wind blows across the land,
Thoughts turn in his head,
Across the oceans into the sand,
The man makes his bed.
A journey to the unknown,
An adventure to be seen,
Yet he is alone.
A great burden he is to see,
A victory not to be,
Troubled times lie in wait,
But all he has is hate,
Will there be salvation?
Will he have a reputation?
The story has just begun.
Till then he'll have some fun.

David Bunnell

Again

I ask myself everyday
Who am I
People ask me everyday
Where are you going
I ask you everyday
Where does my life lead me
This road has been broken
The scenery has been confusing
The faces have been distant
The words are jumbled
My dreams are disturbing
I wake up disoriented
I start another day
Breaking my chains
Pushing through the walls
Another day

David Bunnell

Darkness

In this darkness I'm alone
The fire comes and goes
I look ahead into the unknown
The tunnel ending glows
The loneliness calls me back
The void creeps up quickly
A huge mass of black
I am not yet empty
I see her beautiful smile
Tempting me some more
She teases me for awhile
Why does she ignore
The darkness fills the void
The confusion lies in wait
What was enjoyed
Clouds me with hate

David Bunnell

Dream

I stepped upon a midnight sun dead,
Dreamt pity upon a dawn with dullness,
Stuck as I thought falling over with weak dread,
Pondered minds afloat gave dreary fullness,
I never sought the light of their names,
Forsake those wondering about the earth,
Early weary light broke through midnight flames,
Down the weary falling stairs upon search,
With blind eyes eerie wonders gone blank,
Never spoke a word but uncertain shame,
Like words of spoken wisdom midnight sank,
Never called to say the very same,
I wandered lonely in the weary shade,
I might give up and let it just fade.

David Bunnell

Excitement

I dream of the day our lips touch
My warm breath down your neck
Your body shivering beneath my touch
My hand cuffs your waist.
You want this and more
The heat from your body draws me closer
Your bosom against my chest.
My whisper sings in your ear
Your anxious hands on my clothes
Pulling my shirt off
My hands rip yours away
Pushed against the wall
You moan in excitement
You reach between my legs
Passion and vigor
Lustful worship
Body on body
Flesh on flesh
Sweat on sweat
We become one.

David Bunnell

Father

Father, you were one of a kind.
Father, you were my inspiration and my guide.
Father, you are missed very much.
Father, this world these days is just not the same without you.
The world is strange to me with you gone.
Men are spending more on clothes and fashion.
Less money on their own bills and kids.
Relationships don't mean what they use to anymore.
Infidelity is rampant with lies and unfaithfulness.
The true blue-collar working man is fading away from today's society.
Peoples morals are filled with more evil as everyday passes by.
Your words of wisdom always made sense of things.
Your smile and humor could make anybody feel at ease.
You were a great man.
You were my hero.
You will be missed Father.

David Bunnell

Follow Me

Look in my eyes.

Listen to my words.

Read my mind.

Feel my pulse.

See my face.

Observe what I hear.

Stand back and watch where my feet will one day take me.

David Bunnell

Hello And Goodbye

Staring at the sea
I am making a wish
Lost in a dream
Free as the fish
Swimming out of the stream
I walk along the beach
In search of peace
Pulled away like a leach
Drowning in the tide
Misery will cease
And hate will hide
I have found my joy
Only to leave again

David Bunnell

Jibberish

What to do
What to say
What to know
What to leave out
What to bring in
What to imagine
How to control it
Or let my mind free
To write on these pages
So many thoughts
So few words
So little time
So little effort.

David Bunnell

Light At The End Of The Tunnel

The days are getting harder
And the nights are getting longer
There are obstacles on every path
Making this road harder
Trust of so many
The pain in my soul
The manipulations
Against my very own eyes
The rage I feel
The anger inside
Will only lead into fear
Strength from within
Will break these binds
With courage and dedication
I will strive
As each day passes
I pick myself up a little more
I'm thankful to be loved
As hard as it may be
I hold onto that
And soon we'll see
The future looks bright
Beyond the long dark tunnel
But I still have to fight
I will not stumble

David Bunnell

My Tears

As the years go by
I loose yet another woman
Too many times I try
Still the blossom never blooms

I give my heart away
Only to have it black once more
Returned to me aflame
It usually ends up on the floor

One after another won't be true
Lies and cheating
Always getting me blue
It makes my heart stop beating.

I shy from getting close again
Please no more pain
I wonder if my soul will ever mend
Still I wonder if I'm to blame

I'll catch a beautiful smile
Only to turn away
It may be awhile
Before I can speak what I have to say

On the bright side of it all
I have grown more and more
No troubles or trips to make me fall
I pick myself off the floor

The wiser I am
The lonelier I get
More of a man
Better with my wit.

I want to thank you
Thanks for the lessons
Thanks for being you
Thanks for the blessings

David Bunnell

Satisfaction

You're a wise one they say,
I think your dull,
You talk the talk,
But you don't walk the walk.
Everyday I hear your voice,
The anger rises,
Almost out of control,
Your face planted on my fist,
The thoughts are often,
Your blood on my hands,
The smile on my face,
Push me too far,
I loose everything,
But at I smile in satisfaction.
Do I take the price?
Do I get my revenge?
Do I get my sanity back?
I think about these things,
For I am lost,
I need help,
They want to ruin me,
I'll just accept it,
No peace in my soul,
Take the brunt of it and go,
That's what I will do,
Slowly slipping,
Slipping into the abyss,
That I'll do,
I'll stay for awhile.

David Bunnell

The Soldiers Winter

The winter blows colder each day
I'm shivering to the bone
Yet I've still got it made
I get to call the USA my home.

We go out to the unknown
That is our life
We make what we can our home
We know no strife.

Days turn to weeks
We don't get much sleep
We're red in the cheeks
And some days our future looks bleak.

I've found myself alone
Lost and confused
No place I can call my home
I can't even feel the feet in my shoes.

The winter cold has gotten its grip
Gotta keep moving
Can't let myself slip
I gotta keep going.

I'm running for what seems like days
But it's only been hours
At home my family prays
While my friends are sending flowers.

Today is my viewing
Folks come from all over
This was not my choosing
I have a feeling you won't be sober.

They honor a hero
But they are wrong
It makes me weary
Yet they sing a song

Their grief turns to cheer
A roar is heard in the air
They get together for a beer
I will always hold them near

They close the lid
The earth covers the top
I look back on what I did
I don't want it to stop.

David Bunnell

The Stranger

I look around and see strangers,
Those I think I know are different to me,
I'm confused more each day,
I try to meet others,
I don't find a bond,
I feel alien,
A stranger in a new world,
A brick among stones,
A traveling man,
New faces soon forgotten,
Wandering among the cities,
Learning new ways,
I am a stranger.

David Bunnell

The Train

Here I come
No passengers
Fixed on my way
The tracks are bumpy
Breaking through
Your standing by waiting
I pass on by
I'm not stopping
You won't wait
When I'm back
The station is empty
I turn around
Back down that lonely line.

David Bunnell

Thorns

Would my death be of great honor to you
Is my pain a conquest for you
Is suffering seen as a victory in your eyes
Do you laugh behind closed doors
Do you love
Do you believe
Do you smile
Do you cry
Do you hope
Do you think
Do you dream
Everything you attempt and say
It's killing us slowly
Not only those you plan to hate
But those you mean to love
In your quest to conquer
The ones you step on
Will turn to thorns
Do you have shoes?

David Bunnell

Upside Down

Here I lay in bed
Staring at the stars
The waves are breaking
And the rocks are marching
To the sound of quilting
Lots of quilting in the trees
Ladybugs are screaming
Cursing the names of poets
Ripping wings of themselves
And eating roaches
The ground is moving
Changing colors
I think I'm getting sick
Too much wine
Or a head full of shit
This path is frightening
But attractive at times
I just wish the clowns would shut up.

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