

Poetry Series

David Wilson
- poems -

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David Wilson(July 11 1991)

so much to say...so little time

A Feeling

Its a feeling im not sure about that sits in my stomach that makes me think twice about messin with other ladies, its a thought that refuses to leave my head, that would normally make me ache, but instead it gives me comfort, its a dream at night of a person i see during the day, its a realization in the morning that im not as alone as i was the day before, its a tingle in my heart as i hear that voice, its a feeling in my body that makes me believe i can do it all, its an emptiness in my heart when shes not around, its look in her eyes that puts me on my knees, its a warmth in her touch that makes feel safe and sound, and its a sound when she speaks that lulls me to sleep on a bed or on the ground....

David Wilson

Arms Wide

man am i sick of this drama comin out so quick
man am i sick of this s**t thats tryna stick
man yeah im sick but i dont care
i said that if you needed a hand id be there
long as you told me when, long as you showed me where
so tell me what its got yo doin now
this sick son of a b***h they call love
tell me where it hurt you and tell me how
this sick son of a b***h they call love
cuz if your an addict, then call me a drug
you can find me on the corner, arms wide wit a hug

David Wilson

By Your Side

yeah well...you cant do a damn thing by yourself sometimes

how many friends did he have?

not 'friends' but friends...

how many people gave him a pat on the back and walked away?

how many looked him in the eyes, said it would all be okay?

then turned around and went on livin like its just another day?

how many really cared, what happend there in his poor young mind?

with no experience, few beliefs, and a death wish signed?

would you hvae remembered the suicide...if it wasnt part of the topic?

and if you had the chance...to save the one you hated..would go forth and stop it?

society doesnt care about who you are...only what you wear, and where you're from

society doesnt care about what you want, only what you say, what you do, and whether you march to the beat of the drum

society doesnt care, if you die, or if you cry, only how you live, and and if you can fly

but im not society, so if you ever need me, by your side, is where ill be

i dont care about our past history, or things you said to me, because ill never wish death upon thee

i know where you've been, and why it hurts, I know where you want to go, and why it works

but the truth is, its so useless, to pull up that knife, and end your life

come talk to me, like the others did, and i promise, ill never sell you away to the
highest bid

David Wilson

Chains

Bound and held back from the world I seek
Few know the destruction I wreak
In the mind of another
My soul is my own
But let it forever be known
I am his guardian in bone
A black shadow, upon the horizon
Waiting for you
To bring your eyes in
And if not him, then who am I
Give me a form
Before I die
Help me child
For your all that can
-A Nameless Shadow

David Wilson

Dont Bleed (Full Song)

Chorus: Don't Bleed....oh noooo...don't bleed; never leave me...here alone...

No voices no sounds, in a grave, under the ground, no one to listen, no one to care (HERE ALONE, ALL ALONE)

NO BODY TO LISTEN TO THE WORDS COMING FROM MY LIPS

the last thing I will ever say, funny that I'm dead, yet I choose to pray, God help those who I have not, let them continue fighting, after I have fought, let my strength become theirs (MY STRENGTH) let my strength become theirs (MY STRENGTH)

let my strength become theirs (MY STRENGTH) (MY STRENGTH) (MY STRENGTH)

Don't Bleed....oh noooo...don't bleed, never leave me...here alone...

keep fighting as long as you can, hold on as long as can, breathe hard as long as you can, let your heart beat as long as you can, outlive me, as long you can(LIVE ON, live on, live on)

Why Oh Why must we LIE and claim strength when we need to CRY, need not to DIE but to live, yet refuse the lives we've been GIVEN, beg for more when were LIVIN, we can breathe and WALK, look feel and TALK, yet its enough to outline bodies in CHALK because we need MORE, TEN THOUSAND REASONS TO LIVE FOR, only need one reason to DIE FOR, it makes my heart SORE, when we have so much, but we cant accept that is SO MUCH, we BELIEVE that its so LITTLE, while the reaper plays the death march on his FIDDLE, holds the scythe above your HEAD, offering to grant your wish to be DEAD, the CHOICE to pick friend, follow my VOICE run from the END you've decided for yourself, allow me to MEND the injury you caused for yourself, allow me to TEACH you the value of life, I don't mean to PREACH here, but this world has so much left to GIVE, so please God, I beg you, give her the strength to LIVE

Chorus

So long to word PLAY, so long to this DAY, say goodbye to all things, say hello to killed dreams, no future, no destiny, for those who are destined to die before me, so I choose not to let them fall, I choose not to let the banshee call, no death is fated or predicted, Death is always caused, chosen one way or another, by the person at the end of the line, influenced by the world around them, listen hard to the voices around them, good and bad, kind and cruel, words of the wise, and words from the fool, what one hears and what one believes can often be two things, I can only hope that what you hear gives you two wings, so that you can

you can fly away, from the birds of prey, and so help me God, if I succeed, you will live to see another Day

Chorus

Another Day, maybe another dollar, who knows who cares? material matters don't help you climb stairs, realize the meaning behind the words, hear what I say, listen carefully, and decipher this word play, hear the simple message I'm trying to send you, this is the one thing that you must do, you must, absolutely CONTINUE, move on with your life, let nothing hold you back, what happens happens, and what's good is good, live life without regrets, and what you'll work for is what you'll get. I refuse to watch the fire of a friend fall into darkness, I refuse to see a fellow lose strength and become lifeless, but it is my goal with this poem to leave you BREATHLESS, stumped, astounded, confounded, by the words I've sounded, I hope that in the end you understand and comprehend, the importance of what you hold in your hands, the reason for releasing the knife, and being relentless, in living out your life

Chorus

So many dreams, so many possibilities, if you only make the move to seize OPPURTUNITY, stand up every time you fall, continue walking even if you trip, try try try again, because I refuse to watch some one die die die again, without me doing my part to help them live again, even if they look me in the eyes and lie lie lie again, because I'm a friend, and there's no way in hell ill let you become a statistic, another drug addict, another teenage trend

Don't bleed (no don't bleed) Don't Bleed (no don't bleed) Don't Bleed, let it go, move on, don't let one thing hold you down, move on, Don't Leave me here all alone, all alone,

Chorus

David Wilson

Dust To Dust

In my heart theres a dream
that all things were good
that there was no poor, there was no hood
there was no crime escalation
no racial descrimination
no pride that kills that unsuspecting passerby
no gun that fills a mans eyes
so that trigger pulls and brings cold cries
i dream that one day, Dust to Dust
ALL MY PROBLEMS WOULD GO AWAY

But this dream would be considered a miracle
which is why i have a talent, skill that is lyrical
or is it poetic?
Who knows its rythm with words of meaning
it stands those up who've been leaning
and gives there lives new capability
it brings them from the edge of suicide
and then its for my cause that they ride
they have the same dream
And work the same goal
so that one day they can have a peaceful soul
DUST TO DUST ALL OUR PROBLEMS GO AWAY

David Wilson

End Of Me

The Shadows That Creep In The Back Of Your Mind Are But A Dream Compared
To The Nightmares That Stalk My Conscience

This is the End for Me

no...the END OF ME

i've become so sick and WEARY

of this love being so EERY

so unknown, like an ENIGMA

I feel as if everything is GONE

i cant think straight, something is WRONG

I've lost what i never HAD

and it hurts me oh so BAD

i dropped my guard for a single SECOND

and thats when my heart BECKONED

it yearned UNEXPECTEDLY

i made the move IRRATIONALLY

without thinking, now im walking around DEJECTED

my mental ability is DEFECTED

my spirt is gone its been EJECTED

and my pain is surely being PROJECTED

to those who wish to see, in my eyes its surely REFLECTED

theres a strong mirror IMAGE
and now i show the VISAGE
of a powerless FOOL
like a vegetable, unmoving i sit and DROOL
uncapable of controling my EMOTIONS
the crash and wave, pulling me under like the OCEANS
come looking for me if you CARE
dive into the waters of my mind if you DARE
i gaurantee ill be THERE
but theres something else you will FIND
hidden passion and a fierce ANIMOSITY
deep within i am an ATROCITY
tred carefully or become consumed by the FURY
eaten alive by the FIRE
they called me a friend, but i found them to be a LIAR

David Wilson

Forgive Me, Forgive And Forget

Dreams and passions lead to misery and depression

Complicated missions fall to pieces

and become lost in the oblivious mind

simpletons fail to comprehend

that which they find

So now as I release that which ails me

Which sadly, is everything

Allow me, to let loose this apology

I'm sorry that you had to meet me

and establish this controversy

the world seems less vicious

without me

so let me

show myself the door

and just leave

you don't need tears because you need not grieve

Smile, And be HAPPY

I'm sorry, I fell upon you so suddenly

Lord knows you weren't ready for me

or me for you

and the things you do to me
the things you do so easily
Just forget this nightmare
while I find a place somewhere elsewhere
To give my heart and soul a home
single and alone
Let me brush it from yours
with the broom of my dreams
and all will be as it seems
I'm sorry, that my world was made by me
and I hoped so passionately
to fit you in it perfectly
I'm Sorry
That for a split second
my eyes opened, and fell again
I'm sorry for the things you do to me
I'm sorry I fell so completely
I'm sorry that You could never take me
Now I ask you to Forsake me
Forgive me, forgive and Forget
Let me become nothing more

Than a hopeless regret

Forgive me, Forgive And Forget

what I did

Forget that I existed

David Wilson

How To Live

Deep inside within me resides the profound ability
To clear the opacity and reveal the Indecency
Of todays society, and its harsh brutality
That sparks insanity, due to cruelty and due to vanity
This calamity of majorities coming down on me
I relinquish control of my mind and body
To find them by me, I live simply, explicitly,
Exclusively for others to understand me
So I can fit in, and similarly live happily
Not necessarily, successfully
But in all hopes the same, without diversity
NO, thats not the life for me.
I learn from antiquity and my peers originality
This what leads me out of Adversity
So if you come to me
I ask simply believe, I am what I am
And i do what i do
I fight for myself and for people like You
Who stand in the dark every Night
Hands to there sides refusing to Fight
Get up on your feet and march to the Beat
The journey is long and its hard
and for those of Feint Heart
I suggest this, don't Start
The fight to succeed is long due to greed
And one must secede from the classes of masses
And become there own person
With Personal Thoughts, with Morals of Dos
and morals of Do Nots
Strength to escape the chains of this world
And the flames of the people
A graceful fire across the cold sea
To unheard voices in a majestic City
with magical words and insightful Theory
Come back to Reality, where we Are what we Are
Not based on who, or what, or how, but on why
Why we come and why we try, to grow and to Fly
Why refuse to relate to the Lies they create
To augment their power and control

Over who? OVER YOU

I believe I believe i can hold in my hand
this pen and this paper
and proceed to become even greater
Stop or Slow down? No, maybe later
As for now i just need to lead
myself through the gloom and the doom of this room
filled to the roof with opinions in mirrors
Where all I can see is a different Me
A thousand ways never the same,
Because of the thousand rays, its so insane
Falling upon the individual during my ritual
Cadence, they'll never Fade Its impossible
The thousands of Eyes will never go Blind
so I will continue to Find
Myself as a Collage of Hatred and Pride

SIGH

And now clearly i see why you continue to flee
In your eyes I appear so crazy
But it doesn't Phase me that you judge me Unfairly
Because of my words and my actions
Or my friends and their Factions
In fact I enjoy your Subtle Reactions
To my continued defiance of your Conventions
Your rules to be cool when you all look like fools
clumped in your corners refusing to grow older
refusing to grow bolder
Now I'm not a rapper, I'm just a guy
with a pen and a paper
Making an Attempt to express the Emotions
Exploding through his mind and Body
AND FOR THOSE WHO KNOW ME
THEY UNDERSTAND COMPLETELY
THE PROFOUND WORDS
THAT I SPEAK SO BRIEFLY

David Wilson

I Climbed To The Top

climbed to the peak peeps, listen to me speak
Know that u can, respect who i am
Know that i show, that im proud to be loud
Let go, let me see, how u can truly, really be
ill give u trust, if i must, but if u bust
ill shred u out, then well Bout
well yell and well scream, but end in a team
i dont hold grudges, i just mark smudges
so if u pack me like luggage, ill toss u like rubble
Listen well, so i can tell
the way i feel, the truth concealed
dont reprimand, if u dont understand
learn then copenhend. ill compensate
for your losses then demonstrate
so many things that make u contemplate
your life and social rings, then i can administer
the thing you need, the super cure
then u can be like me, truly free, from society

David Wilson

I Rhyme For Passion

Livin this life so long day by day
just waitin here to here you say
the wordz thatll free my soul
the wordz thatll make me whole
go ahead and talk that trash
but dont be surprised man when i start ta lash
im not one to play, neva fought but ill leav a 12' gash
posers out in the world, reppin fa the wrong things
there minds are twisted, twirled, they fight for the wrong things
'fine' girls and 'fresh' clothes, green paper and 2 timin hoes
out there flashin there s**t, life aint fair they can do that s**t
its all about chains and diamond rings
fu**ers all excited about material things
i love my life, love my family
love all my friends, and all the peeps that be seein me
love the things i get from hard work
love the things i earn through labor not sellin perk
i aint from the hood, but its all good
i understand the hardship, money is money, just dont trip
keep ya eyes ahead, before ya end up dead
keep ya mind right here, listen to whats beein said
dont ignore the door that opens to the stage floor
that leads to oppurtunity, be like snowman jeezy
look at the clouds, see oppurtunity
rise up from the ground, thats what i did
worked from the bottom of the linez, thats what i did
nobody had respect, no body showed support, but thats what you learn to expect
but now im free from society and my mind is truly free
no more chainz to hold me down
no more thugs to laugh and clown
plenty more friends to hold me up
and a brand new pitcher to fill my cup
but im not greedy, give to the needy
i share my water, whether its cold or hotter, i share my water
so if ya hate me or love me, forget the fashion
just remembah Mainstream, remembah he rhymes fa passion

David Wilson

I Wish

I wish I could wrap her up, and put her away
Lay her softly on a golden tray
And let her sit until another day
I wish I could wrap her up, and put her away
Put her in the closet, or under the bed
Until the dust has settled, and the 'kings' are dead
I wish i could wrap her up and put her away
In the basement where no one ever looks
So she'll collect dust, like vintage books
And I wish that just like those old books

I'll come across her later
And cry out in surprise
I wish i could start over, and read again
So i could see the words with open Eyes
I wish i could go back, and realize
That she's so different, so fragile
I wish that i had known sooner
That behind the cold stare
A heart beats and chokes there
That Behind the Cold Stare
An Incredible mind, rests there
I wish i could wrap her up, and put her away
in the dark until, the dawn of a good day
Where I can bring her out, and she can smile
I wish she could have all her wishes
If only, for just a little while

David Wilson

Insanely Derranged

I am Insanely deranged and up tight in this situation
my arms so heavy and my min is so light in this frustration
I don't understand this, maybe I've gone crazy
I don't know this, maybe I've cracked
my life is all weird, its been out of wakked
someone should help me, help me break free
some one should show me, show me the way
that way I can see, see the light of day
or I'm just mentally lost, a grain of sand, maybe
or could be I'm lost alone, no one to call baby
I need a mike, I need to record,
I need a life, not a fuckin keyboard
come be my savior, set me free
come be my angel, come battle me
its what I need, its what I crave
I need it to release these feelings
things that no one cares about
things that no one listens to
things just push me about
my mind is so clouded, but you don't
of course I do, plz don't go there
if you don't know me show me
say behold, I am what u seek, if you lie then blow me
I'm off subject in this fight, cuz I don't battle
unlike other emcees I write to write
so pass the tape, gimme the mic, let me hit it
let me start this shit off, let me get it
I'm comin with a deal, its my deal to seal
I'm given lyrics if you give props
I'm given bail, to piss off them cops

David Wilson

Little Drummer Girl

Every week she steps daily in army,
Faking that she does it happily,
evenly taps it out constantly
the beat always comes to me
It wakes the family
Who wearily strains their eyes faithfully
hoping that eventually
they'll coming marching orderly across the prairie
And then finally
the end will come and we can rest peacefully
knowingly with the thoughts in our heads
that the young aren't dead
That they're back alive safely
And he dont have to live hatefully
side by side the enemy
that our neighbors can be called a friend to me

But Until then, she marches daily
just evenly taps it out constantly
And fakes that she does it Happily
My Little Drummer Girl

She walks to the rhythm with her face full of optimism
Any second she may break down
From suffocation, or Dehydration
Die in service to her nation
Her hearts racing
She wants to move faster
Before the Rhythm out lasts her
but she can't
it doesnt speed up or fade it's
what you call a cadence
a flow of rhythm measured movements
And May be what happens to my baby
A fall of the voice in speaking
her strength is leaking
A new heart she is seeking
While she's thinking
I can make it

even as she's sinking
Deeper into trouble
I dont mean to burst the bubble
But I keep coming back to the fact
that she may never make it home
that I may spend my life alone
A vision in my head
of her fake smile even while she's dead

My little Drummer Girl
She's marching to the beat
My little Drummer Girl
She's Shuffling her Feet

Today I got a letter
She said she's doin better
and thanked me for her sweater
she said its to big
that she feels like a twig
she looks around at the hollow faces
cheek bones and ribs visible
the situation is despicable
the grief indescribable
she said she feels dead
but they increased the rations
extra soup and another piece of bread
She said the fight is almost over
That she cant wait to see Rover
The German Shephard
The dog that helped us Raise her
it's sad that its older,
but it may live longer
It just makes me madder
that she's falling down the ladder
almost to the bottom
but the country says we're doin GREAT
that we almost got 'em
I cant wait to see my girl again

My little Drummer Girl
She's marching to the beat
My little Drummer Girl

She's Shuffling her Feet

A Man In Uniform came to my door again
Today he said she's dead
It made my heart sore and then
I knew she was still marching
she will be forever more
He said 'God rest her soul, at least we found her whole'
A bullet to her chest made it quick
right through the heart, it makes me sick
She tapped it out on a daily basis
in kinds of horrid places
Now her souls in a stasis
I can hear it tapping
even as im rapping
Im clapping to the metronome of a beat
thats going on and on
even when the song is done
even when the drummer's gone
The war has reached its climax
Falling action resolution
but its no cushion for the broken bones of my heart
Every day I hear it start
she's marching daily
just evenly tappin it out constantly
faking that she does it happily
only now she's there for eternity
My Little Drummer Girl

My little Drummer Girl
She's marching to the beat
My little Drummer Girl
She's Shuffling her Feet

Just evenly taps it out constantly
faking that she does it happily
only now, shes there for eternity
my little drummer girl

David Wilson

Live For Today (Verse 2)

Life is so sweet, it can be so great, so wonderful, so don't wait, to get started, don't sit around or get comfortable, in one spot, all ways work to advance and move forward, and take those who love you with you, leave no man woman or child behind, if they're on your side, then form a bind, because if you forget them you may find, that there memory isn't to fond of the time, as you move on, so will others, your actions can form enemies or brothers, roads or obstacles, level ground or mountains, simple sinks or fountains, what you put into life, is what life puts out in return, so if you choose to light a fire, then you'll end up burned

David Wilson

No Right

You have no right,
to hold me down,
No right, to stop my fight,
you have No right, to end my night,
to lessen my joy,
to change the range
if my insanity to correct my vanity,
no right to take my light,
or to shine a new one,
no right to steal my fun,
or to black my sun,
so you have no right to choose my path,
you'll be lucky if i let you pass
into my past to show you the last
who came before
through the door of my mind,
you have no right, none,
i hold my gun,
in the shape of a pen,
because i SEEM weak,
i will be your END

David Wilson

Not Afraid Man

spick span tip top, clean
top of the game, fresh ass, thats what i mean
im not gonna lie bout the things that i see
neva been hood, always been good
neva been shot, yet i talk a lot
cuz im not afraid, na man, not afraid
point a gun, ill shiver, but neva cry a river
ill stand, not cower, whether for a minute or an hour
not afraid, na man, not afraid
keep my eyes up, and my hands down
less im holdin up a finger, to the punks who wanna linger
i got game, so imma bring her
not afraid man, na man, not afraid
eyes wide, in the middle, not standin on the side
hell no, im in the match, not a spectator
when the girl interrupts, tell her imma holla later
aint sayin im gettin her n the elevator
just sayin imma holla later
dont change the words, dont complicate
just read and understand, dont contemplate
not talkin trash bra, na not talkin trash
just sayin, im not hustlin, but i still got cash
got stuff man, hell yeah, good stuff
neva fought, but i can be rough
ask me anything, ill answer
dont blame me if u get cancer
from this ill shit
just call back, and maybe imma answer
dont blame me if u get lit
im just doin what i do, yeah man, what i do
i aint got a thing against u, na man, not a thing
im not talkin trash man, na not talkin trash
but i aint afraid man, na man, neva scared

David Wilson

Quicksand

No man CAN STAND ALONE in the QUICKSAND of flesh and BONE, the vacuum of SPACE and TIME, the relentless PACE of the RHYME, yet he can still fully APPRECIATE the feeling (so SUBLIME) , and he begins to RETALIATE he begins to SCREAM and suddenly the nightmare becomes a DREAM

He can see his whole life flash BEFORE him THOSE who CHOSE to hate or ADORE him, He who was kind to MANY and cruel to FEW, he who wished for an EMMY, not for him, but for YOU, he put his life on the line to save a child he had never seen nor heard ABOUT, and as he stands alone he begins to SHOUT, why hath God put this death upon ME, why hath he stolen my ABILITY to be FREE, why doth he keep ME here, why can i not FLEE, and yet the man prays, GOD PLEASE SOME ONE HELP ME, and then it strikes him, I help so many, yet refuse to help myself, its to open EYES and REALIZE that theres a time to release the issues of others so you can ASSIST oneself to BLISS so you dont end in a room with a razor and slit WRISTS spending every day so PISSED at the world. you have to release the 'duty' you placed upon yourself to save yourself and become one with PEACE, to find your treasure, your golden FLEECE

David Wilson

Rain

so the sky is blue but the rain is still comin,
the rainbows are out, and the thunders still drummin,
the sun keeps shining but the weather speaks of night,
to the simple minded things arent right,
but with an imagination you can see, t
his is just a part of the beauty, t
hat comes from a mind that is free

David Wilson

Spring Day By G.D.C.W

Not so white banks of snow.
On melting banks, sits several large black crows.
Their interest, underneath the snow.
The Dod finds smells lost till spring.
I walk what a magic day.
A blink in time, a cycle older than the Milky Way.
Walk and sense today when finished can't be retrieved in any way.
Old picture found, now I understand.
Time is now, to be a part of [do]. Don't think, while you're still around.

(march 23/2007)

David Wilson

Stranger

Man i never met, i man i never knew
yet he stands above yelling IM HER TO SAVE YOU
He Stretches out his arm, and opens up his hand
but i can here the song of death, coming from the band
i feel my time has come, as the lights begin to dim
and i suddenly start cry, as i look up at him
with tear stained eyes i realize what i see is lies
there is no man, there is no cliff, im very much alive
i have the strength and the will to live and thrive
now i know, my life is in, the hands of a stranger
i know not who i am, yet in my palm i hold the key
to start the machine, to open the door that is me
for i know not who i am, and my life is my own
i realize, i am the man above me, making sure im not alone

David Wilson

The Bird

his wings that flied
now are tied someone
save him before the bird has died
let it go
and let it see,
how incredible the world can be, I
et it know that it can find,
a place where the people,
seek to help, and not bind...

David Wilson

Time Is All That Matters

Time Time, Time is all that matters

time to SPIT THIS RELENTLESS unseen unknown unheard talent to spread rhyme like the wings of a BIRD, to give WORD to the deaf, and image to the BLIND, and at the bottom of every RHYME its SIGNED, MAINSTREAM, supporter of the TEAM in their goal to reach the one DREAM, the GLEAM, the TRUE GLORY, the happy ending, to my TRUE STORY, and in the end no one will remember but ME, but SEE, thats all I NEED, cuz in my heart there is no GREED, only ASPIRATIONS, filled by INSPIRATIONS and held in hands of DEDICATION, i have no AVARICE, no hatred, only SADNESS countered by joy and supported by MADNESS, so if you read THIS, congrats, you got THROUGH and i thank YOU, good luck, good WILL, work hard and climb the HILL

David Wilson

True Emcee

A true MC holds his ground; he stands strong and preaches the sound. So to those of you who refuse to accept us, leave us to our impossible deeds, the streets is to us, as is history to Thebes, it fulfils us and our needs, to those who claim a change of subject, you've no understanding of the complication of intricacy of flow, and no, that's not contradictory

David Wilson

Truth

we all hate it, we raise eyes and ask why, then chastise
when it is revealed because we can't believe,
what it is were hearing,
he didn't do it,
she doesn't love him
and he's not a playa, we all hate them,
yet we all sin,
we hide behind our masks of reputation
which causes us to live in deprecation
and in the process we become lost in ignorance,
we spill blood and call names,
yet we believe we live in our innocence

David Wilson

Twisted

Facing Faceless enemies

whose features feature anger

Falsely faulting me

for crimes committed not by me

Twisted twirls intertwine

Thinking thoughts that are never mine

Mind confusing contradicting thoughts

Mine is loosing language lost

Random Ramblings have some meaning

Vengeful Reasons Reason Dealing

Out this Painful Punishment

Selfless Searching Searching Self

Slowly Sending Sins So Sought

Now A Crazy Poem Is What I've Got

Wishful wishes wishing within

wanting whatever with-held within

Let loose lingering angers?

or let lose lamented heart?

Fighting Demons from within

Their pressure gives no hope to win

Accuse myself of doing wrong
When I'm the only one who blames myself
in poem and in song
Paths that come together Intertwine
Causing thoughts that normally
wouldn't ever be mine
Loosing words to explain
Even as the words come out so insane
Try to find a place to put the blame
And what I have felt, give them the same
Tell Them what it is that I want and need
It arises here, these poems their humble steed
Wishing for things that are hardly possible
Despite the fact that its within me is plausible
Let my thoughts explode on out?
Or continue on with my saddened shout?

David Wilson

What I Hear

In the darkness of my mind, in the shadows that i bind
the monster begins to grip my heart, his malice is all i find
his love is coverd by his anger, passion smothered by such hatred
his screams come alive, and for his freedom he begins to strive
my patience does conceal, and keeps him in the dark
but intelligence and deep thoughts, are all his mark

without this beast i would have no pen
if he were to leave, i could never write again
his words they come, in a vicous flow
today, tonight and even tommorow
it cant be stopped, only heard
words that kill, it sounds absurd

but if you listen, and if you feel
you will see something oh so real
they always scream, and always yell
for us to return their loved ones, that have fell
we sent them to war, and watched them die
and for all those souls we never cry

but every day, i walk the streets, of this town
and all the people come from all around
ghostly faces, from unknown places, from long ago
crying for their sons and husbands, to come back home

David Wilson

What The Music Gives Me

He closes his eyes
and without a moments notice
it takes over
True Bliss
The sound of his parents arguing falls away
He doesn't understand what is this?
His eyes open wide, in time to see the knife
flying across the room, ready to take a life
the world slows down
things move ever so slightly
the world becomes detailed
ever so highly
the peace quickly takes him slowly
smoothly through his whole body
he can hear the angels sing
and the scars on his soul
slowly cease to sting
and he again feels whole
his open and his parents are done
they're in tears in each others arms
what was the feeling?
what was the sound?

The score is tied up
and the clock ticks down
10,9,8,7,6, he catches the ball
he takes off running, he's almost there
5, the defense steps up, he doesn't care
4, he breaks down and protects the rock,
3, he starts to choke then gets a shock
the clock stops, and then suddenly
a peace starts flowing
2 he can feel his confidence swell
he smiles, he's no longer in hell
time speeds up, his wrist flicks,
the ball is in the air
everyone turns and starts to stare
1 his song comes on, but no one hears
0, the buzzer rings and confirms his fears

to late...but wait
Bounce, the bass hits as the ball strikes the rim
BASS! the ball fails and hits again
Snare! ! , the ball slides through the net
Time comes back, and he's confused in his head
a blank look across his face
as the feeling leaves he returns to pace
what was the feeling?
what was the sound?

the music gives me peace and Joy
no matter where i stand
with the music I'm my ears
i feel that i can
the crowd is music to my ears
the game is music to my ears
it stills and erases my fears

for those who don't understand
let me put it this one way
when we have urges to leave
THE music gives us strength to stay
when the world falls down around us
THE music helps us to focus
when hell opens up and threatens to swallow
THE music makes all our fears Hollow

what does the music give you?

David Wilson

What They Told Me

In my hands i hold a key,
to the door of the heart,
is what they told me,
in my eyes i have the sight,
to see the secrets hiddin in the world
is what they told me
in my mind is the ability to think
past all the problems and puzzles i need to solve
is what they told me
in the palm of my hand all i held was a ball
when it hit the ground it came back to my hand
in my eyes all i saw was hoop and a net
to high to reach cuz the muscles i had weren't quite set
in my mind all thought was i can never reach the rim
its to far to throw and to high to grab
but i persevered past my first years and first fears
YOU CAN NEVER SUCCEED YOU DONT STAND A CHANCE
is what THEY told me
YOUR TO SHORT YOU CANT PLAY YOU DONT HAVE THE SKILL
is what THEY told me
but i fought on till now im in highschool
on my body is a jersey with the name of my highschool
in my hand is a ball and in my mind is a goal
these things combined with my eyes to guide me make me whole
and now i realize, i hold a key to my ability
ill be the best there is F**K THE REST OF EM
i can be what i want not just do what i can
i am the king and i will be the man
THATS WHAT I TOLD ME

David Wilson

Written Insanity

In the vacancy of the mind one can find
The depths of the darkness
Reach just ahead of your hands
The Gloom Is heavy, it pushes, oppresses
Falls upon you, its hard to stand
You looses your legs and Face the Enemy
Your thoughts go Blank
Is This the End of Me?
You look with yourself
You've lost your heart
You want to escape but the car wont start
Your Hands are heavy, your stance unbalanced
Your Hands start moving, but your not willing
You fall back, eyes on the Ceiling
The world blacks out, And You Start To Shout
Your Cries Fall to the Floor Unheard
As your fears Manifest, this is So Ubsurd.
Reality melts into a Nightmare
All the the things you thought were Real
Break apart as you begin to Kneel
Hands on your head you're Screaming
You can't help but hope you're Dreaming
Wake Up Wake Up, But the words have No Meaning
You open your eyes, or at least you think you do
Its all the Same, Its all the Same
We're lost and Insane
You cant see the end, You've Forgotten the Beginning
In the Vacancy of the Mind One Can Find
The Depths go On and On
Until You Find A Door
That rises up from the Floor
Dark and Eery,
Full Of Mystery
Calm and Lonely
You Reach for the Handle
As it creeps open
You know what your Hopin
But instead of a New Thing
You stand Blank Staring

There you are on your knees Screaming
With your hands on your head
Then its all blank again
Are You Dead?
You get up off your knees
And dropp your Hands to your Sides
then theres a strange feeling
Something crawling on your insides
At the same Time
Your pulled back like the Ocean Tide
Your Body Crumples
and your Mind Stumbles into a Dark Pit
Oh My God...Is This It?
NO
In The Vacancy Of The Mind One Can Find
That life has a certain Grind
And you let it,
it Become Repetitive
Like a perscribed drug that was a Sedative
But heres the Incentive
You Will Always No What comes NEXT
In the Vacancy Of The Mind One Can Find
That All Is Lost
We Got What We Want
But At What Cost? ?

David Wilson