

Poetry Series

demarice stainback
- poems -

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demarice stainback(12-08-1977)

greatest writer on poemhunter and i can prove it!

Darko

As I stray for it is just to this day,
foreshadowing the wisdom, for which I may,
Darko, my friend, I beg you to stay,
asunder, a bliss, a gentle old kiss,
whistling and strolling is all that I miss,
your snaking is craving like that of a hiss,
for the clinch of my fist,
for all the pain you bring, I you couldn't resist
all that be gone
just like that of a song,
I know what we did, was no better than wrong,
I promise you this,
I give you a gift,
as powerful as a prayer for time that had shift,
the poisons of wine.
on its flesh we will dine,
for the essence of darko will cometh in time.
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False Prophet

The warmth against my skin,
the singing of gentle wind,
it happens in all again,
from the beginnings of us until the end,
the touch of an angel, in which we all believe,
though the truth about this fellow he's only here to deceive,
hell has come to earth,
oh when will you believe,
the truth about this world,
oh yes we've been deceived,
the devil has led,
his great disgrace,
you see the darkness within his face,
a shamed we already had took our place,
alongside the prince of the night,
it was our choice it is our right,
I thought we had a chance,
but after so long the same old glance,
the choice was given to me,
the world is over, but don't you see,

there is no good in men,

the devil had known from the beginning he'd win,

there is but only a dream,

I thought people were good they seemed,

the lies in all we do, for the world will prove our lies are the truth.

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Gone The World 'Fallen Angel'

My father I will follow, my soul, my heart,
my tributes to these gifts will tear us apart,
for i love you so dear as my heart will cheer, of all things that you have givin, I
hold are so near.

'My son, my child, my follower, so loyal.
As the tears on your face are as cherished and royal, for the pain i have brought
for the world to claim,
as husband to his lover will stand in shame,
as the poisons of the sin has shown of its buds,
as bees flock to honey and wasp to mud,
as the veil will have lifted, is all but nice and damned my soul to regions of ice.
for i am the head and he is the vice, I strayed,
for it once was my way, for I sin and not pray, as the destiny that was given,
has turned me away,
for never again of the lord, for his mercy, i will pray.'

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Gone The World 'Lady Of The Sea'

The rise of your demise,

for the glare that sparkles within her eyes,

sends me heartfelt of despair,

from this maiden that not care, for she is of the darkness,

but her skin is of the fair, in her eyes, again, for she will rise,

as her heart blackens the skies, for scorn is her name and for all that despise,
from the blood and lies,

as this story will live on after all that dies, for all she means of berries and
creams, for as pleaseant as she seams, did turn nightmares into dreams,

for all i have lost that will pay of the cost, for as the wickedest of hearts are
chilled with a frost, for my life is the cost,

tis all that we wish is as clear as day and as broken as her body in secret where
she lay.

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Gone The World 'revelations'

Oh but rider he has come,

as pale as the wishes and prayers of the some,

a will of he to break,

a soul for he shall make,

a poison to his mind for maggots left to take,

a burrow in the sand,

a plague across the lands,

a fate that was yet but taken, where a prayer used to stand,

an rejoice it once again, for it is not a man,

so beg onto your knees the gospel if you can,

as for certain i will sye, the words in which you cry,

the testament of his glory, is in the cradle in which we lie.

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Hell On Earth

The screams and pain, from the worlds insain, a call of grace,

from this dreaded place, , , ,

a spiritless chill, may his heart beat still,

As water turns to blood, and sweat into tears, as dreams turn to

nightmares,

and love is to fears,

the natures divine, will fall in time, to the world so chilling to

wish it was mine.

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Man

Flesh of all flesh, blood of all cold,

His words are of poison, as stories that have told,

His eyes are, but empty,

of sin and his shame,

In the bible we turn the pages that speak of his fame,

for all is to blame,

For the ends of the glory has fell in his flame,

to be forever, but damned in his name.

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My Divine

Do you believe in folklore,
do you believe in me,
a timid little fellow, as nice that a man can be,
but what have you really missed,
only the eyes can see,
Have you asked him for forgiveness,
or have you asked of me,
for I have tapped the waters,
but he has parted the sea,
who is it that you worship,
It is in the scripture you see,
Who is it that you hold your faith,
is it in him or me?
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Of Those We Endure

I would like to give this blessing to you,
,
to send this message to all that is true.

In all that you believe,

in all that is right.

In all that has cometh from which we fight,

and given this wisdom in the diming of light.

An feel my body in all that I fear,

to believe in this place when holy was hear,

to perish the world of those who feel,

to return the gospel to the hands that heal,

as that of the blessing the he has made real,

for damn those who has taken for time has stood still,

the day will shine and the pages shall open,

for he will confront thee as shame will be hopen,

as the same man that should teach me will bow at his feet.

To feast on his soul as the savior must eat.

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Oh Glorious

For the chains that bind the hands of time,

From trees falls sweet of natures wine,

we drink and be merry and all seems fine,

and swing from glory on heavens vine, he call.

As darkness whispers and the oceans fall,

Please take my soul but overall and take me my father,

for my spirit calls, for i have ask of all,

through sorrow and shame, for we will be sentenced for all in his name,

for the book of vain, is his hunger pain, that striped us from the glory, in which we came.

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Ordinary

Is there any good left in the world.

I know I don't want to say,

is there any remorse for the spirits left broken,

and bodies were left to lay,

is there any forgiving for the sins we commit,

or is it a roll in the hay,

is there any light left in this world,

or is it my place to say,

I hope you are ready for the judge when he comes, believe this if you may.

I feel it is time to close my hands and kneel to my father and pray.

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Origins

These spirits, that had fly, to the heavens, but let die,

for a serpent that sings, for the angel with no wings,

So set sail, his skin so pale, my hope is so broken, my bones are so frail.

This time will send, had fallen and when, the judge that has come, for all that has sin.

For the savior was sought,

that fester and rot,

as the days will end, with the hell sent hot,

and again I have not, prayed,

but plot,

as the dying of creations, brings life that is not.

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Primevil

Blood, sweat, tears,
the sum of my fears,
the stinch made death famous,
for the living of all years,
may death be the teaching,
a history so bold,
may life be the precious, more valued than gold
may living be the gift,
that's earned, as is spent,
may demons be the masters that darkness has sent.
for walls are yet clustered,
with bricks and of mud,
as maggots be the rulers,
of flesh and of blood,
the waters have risen,
I dreamed of this day,
the thief of the children, has taken them away,
pray if you wish,
It will help you not.
for life is a haven, destined to rot.

my friend, if you've known, that hell is but hot.

judge he the beginning. you've chosen your spot.

for it will ride to us swiftly, so tasteless, so bland.

as paradise is a dream, toes full of sand,

for we are the plague, cursed on this land,

wish but not weep,

for death is the essence for in time we shall sleep.

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Ruins

As standing, is he that is my sight,
had broken my spirit in the blackest of light,
was done,
for the words I speak turn preachers to shame,
and damned the words of heavens name, will break,
for i must script it and go,
to continue to shield the word of the last, an at will fall, without his call,
an berries so poison the children will fall, to night, for
there is sight, beg his case by heavens light and so.
was this day, as rain is to come,
for thirst as we lay,
as nite is to day,
may the ending of this saying bring this judgement to pray,
an i am to keep,
for this hour we weep,
come the clock that was broken,
is the end that we sleep
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The Fake

Of flesh and bone,
but of a throne,
my words are like fine wine, that's written in stone,
we share a bond, that's tall as your tale,
I see the temptations, but under the veil,
My poisonous taste, to your lips would swell,
an in the end my words will sell,
I am the one, you see in your dreams,
to the precious and in secret your berries and creams,
is your word the truth or is that what it seems,
I am the vice,
to squeeze your temptations and put you on ice,
I know you take me lightly, from yet afar
a masked phantom, burnt by a star,
your words belong, but in a jar,
I take you my friend for what you are.
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Unearthly Revealing

When stars began to fall,
the Earth will shatter, for the nights will call,
as the hour begins to past,
the story will cease for all that hath last.

As fire will walk the earth,
The savior will return to quench his thirst,
for it is the choosen of hours and rider that will thief,
his coming will shame the world so brief,
without a sound,
as the trampling of thunder will beat the ground.

As the existence of man will wish to be found.

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