

Poetry Series

Derrick Clark
- poems -

Publication Date:
2007

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Derrick Clark(04-25-81)

2 Drunken Woman On A Porch...

Chilling outside, enjoying the nice weather with a friend.
We in deep thoughts, im wondering what im going to do.

Using vision with my ears.

I heard aloud sound, I told my friend.I will be back.

As, I took a little walk, around the block.

I seen to drunken woman on a porch.

It was sure was them, making all that noise.

Derrick Clark

21 Century: Of A New-Breed Poet...

All style's of poetry; it sound all good to me.
Im living in the year of 2007. Bless thee.
As, I brewing up new styles, mixing the old with the new.

Rhyming, philosophical, haiku, and even short story telling.
'Ahh-rise Ahh-rise Ahh-rise! '

As, I risen from the ashe's, tranforming into this inter-breed poet.
Creating a intellectual mind, using some un-cut word's.
'Thou shalt recieve'd, this nutrimental lesson's! '
Ain't to many of my kind.I am sure my poem's is a blessing.

Being my craft. That the only way, I will grow.
Im working on my grammar, but my poem's is worth reading.
When the time come; the future of a new-breed has arrive'd.

Derrick Clark

33: Years Out Of Exile

All my life, it felt like I was in a atonement for eternity.
Trap in this mental prison called the system.
As I am the prey, while they is the predator.
Running for dear life, to escape this mental carnage.
Wondering why I, have to experience so much failure and pain.
Coming with a solution, to starve out this beast.
Reaching within myself, to bring out this hidden warrior.
That ready to unleash his fury.
Knowing the key weapon is sacrifice and will.
Finally realize,33 years of my life.
My mind is my ammo, to overcome my darkest hour.

Derrick Clark

A Woman Body And Mind: Can Kill 1000 Men... The Positive Side

36-24-36 long hair, a killer ass walk.

Goal-oriented, business-minded, go-Getta type attitude.

Porsche's driving, in the suburb living, with a superwoman fitt-ed on.

Hair&Nair's done, teeth pearly white, open toe's shoe's on.

Cell-phone chatting, V'8 fruit drinking, snacking on a salad eating.

Credit-card spending, ice-ed out looking, 'You can't touch me Way.'

As, she took a walk toward to the corner,
they was having a men's convention rally.

They was hosting some kind of charity.

She was kinda noisy, as she walk on by, to past them.

All of the 1000 men's was there, they all past-out and fainted...

Derrick Clark

Aggravated

looking in the sky
visualizing a red-dragon
a flame-temper day
mental calmness and cool-down
drench's self with ice-chilled water

Derrick Clark

Alexander The Great: Living In Me...

Great general, King of King's, great wisdom-vision.
First, he moves his small powerful army. His ambition was to conquer.
In addition, using his wisdom, to overcome his adversaries.
With this young upstart vision, he seen himself being King of King's

If I used all of Alexander strategy, Maybe! 'I can be as great as him.'
Only thing I want, is to accomplish all of my dreams.

'I have conquer the World.'

Derrick Clark

Attack Of The Killer Poem's

As it was, a enstrange day.
I was preparing, for open-mic, to display.
Having gut-feelings, something, don't seem right.
In my mind, is this place, going to be dull or bright.

As I collect, afew poem's.
I went outside, to jump in the car.
I put, my my 10 poem's, in the bag.
Ready to ride-off, I heard some noise's.
As I look back, the poem's, start to attack me.

My only word's' why, these poem's, want to kill me! '

Derrick Clark

Baby

Sperm and ovary relation.

Bonding together

Undiscover specie's

Patiently awaiting

Forming into a being

9 month's later, im out of here!

Derrick Clark

Birth Of A Flower...

As I am a seed, planted inside the ground.
Ready to be nurtured, by all type of caretaker.
As the mourning sun rises, gleaming on the other flowers.
While the time past by, im still in my final stage.
Wondering, when is my time I will bloom.
As the afternoon hits, it pouring down rain.
After the sky clear up, the sun peaks out.
Im still asking, when is my time I will bloom.
As I slowly emerge, I started to sprout out of the ground.

Derrick Clark

Blister's Under My Feet..

Tennis shoe wearing, sweaty socks, with no fresh air.
Walking 400 mile, nonstop! with a piss break in between.
You think you a ultra-walker or something!
Don't you suppose to have a neo-bright-light suit on!

Talking to myself, my mind, 'playing tricks on me.'
Now.I need to take a sitdown break are 2.
I been walking for 21 got one more to go.
Is I'm trying to break a world record or something!

Damn! My feet is hurting really-really bad and shit!
As, I sit down to take off my shoe's and sock's.
A little kid ran up to me, and ask!
Mr, Mr, "what are them balloon's on you feet?

I said to the kid! 'They are called: Blister's.'

Derrick Clark

Book

sat at a park
spring air breathing
eye's on pages

Derrick Clark

Botany

'The sciences of plants.' Using biology as a method.
As plant evolved, transpiring it vapor for oxygen.
This element of structure resemble human nature.

Evolution is the creation of form of life.
As I look into this future, human's and plant's.
Going to keep tranforming;
without change, everything going to get stale and died.

Us human eat plant's to survive.
Able are nutrient's is a plant.
So we can't live without each other.

Derrick Clark

Bringing My Heart, Back To Life...

My cold-blooded heart, seem dead and froze.
Going through a condemn relationship, all my life.
As tear's twinkle, down my face.
Praise, that my next soul-mate, will bring my heart to life.

Being patient for awhile, I meet this wonderful lady.
I felt my whole body, start warming up.
The red-river coursing inside me.
Beating romantic music, in my chest.
My heart, it alive, it alive!

My destiny of searching, for the perfect lady.
For the rest of my life, my heart going to live on.

Derrick Clark

Broken

Living in a place, that seem so subdued.
Everywhere I look, shattered thing's all around.
People, place, and thing's, life seem, so rude.
Why, I can't put everything, back together again.
Only one person, can make that possible.
The 'Higher Power.' Im wondering, all this destruction.
I want my life, to be glue together, with some instruction.
As I praise to the lord, help-me father! On this course.
I don't want to be living in a broken-state.
My mind, body, and soul, need to be save, my lord.
As I look toward the sky, I vision a better place.

Derrick Clark

Bum

scourging heat
vagabond looks
coin cup holding

Derrick Clark

Changing Faces

Happy face sad face, which one is you.

Happy is joy

Sad is grief

Fear face anger face, which one is you.

Fear for dread

Anger for enrage

Loss face winner face, which one is you.

Loss is for failure

Winner is for success

Ugly face, pretty face, which one is you.

Ugly for Ugggg! Fearsome

Pretty for beautiful.

Now I have a question, which changing faces is you.

Derrick Clark

Chelate

Is a form of a chemical specie's.

What better know as chemical and biological substance's.

Using this element to created, 'Weapon of Mass Destruction.'

As the American's excuse Saddam, for the horrible weapon.

Bush was just trying to take over the land.'New World Order.'

Capitalism greed is a vicious cycle.

That Chelate element he made up,

was just his way to enter the country.

Derrick Clark

Confinement

Being restrain, in this house of hell.
Counting down, my day's to be release.
Praying, that once I get out, I won't look back.
Living amongst man, like a herd of cattle.

This prison life, ain't no fanasy vocation.
Having the guard's, watching your every move.
This invisible-world, can break a man down.
Only the strong, going to survive.

Preparing myself, that I be determine to set goal's.
I let my mind be free, as my body is confined.
Polishing up on my talent's, thinking someday, I will shine.
When my final hour's come, im free! Never look back again.

Derrick Clark

Crispy Larry: La-La

brown-suaded suit
tan-star feather brim
happy-go-lucky pearl feet's
alway's have a millennium smile for eternity

Derrick Clark

Cutie's With A Booty...

Strolling down the street, enjoying a warm nice glamorous day.
Pop up on three sexy ladies. I ask them all there names?
My name is Shawnda, my name is Co Co, and my name is Lashay.
I see your enjoying this lovely day! Ask they went on to past me by
As I was looking from the back, I said, dammmmmnnnnnnnn!
Those female had heart-shape big, fat booty's

Derrick Clark

Death Of The Silent Warrior...Part 2

The return of the immortal foe has resurrected.
As twice as strong, as he was before.
Seeking upon vengeance, to eliminate the silent warrior.
As, the silent warrior claims his victory.

The warrior didn't realize, what was lying ahead.
As the foe, harness up his new found power.
To much to gain, knothing to lose.

Lurking upon the warrior, as the foe split in three.
The warrior felt a eerie present, all the instant!
The three assassinate the silent warrior....

The Saga continue....

Derrick Clark

Dingy, Dingy, Petey He So Stingy...

Wett mutt wearing, alway's begging for President money.
Everytime you have something, O' selfish not giving brotha.
Having the same cloth; s on for month's, looking funny.
When are you ever going to pay me back! Dingy Petey?
Man, you know you got to catch me on the first of the month.
Man, I been waiting for 10 years for you to pay that dollar you own me.
You trying to tell me! You can't pull out a dollar. You just plain stingy.

Derrick Clark

Drowning

thin ice layer's
accidental fall
no one in sight, i've have drown.

Derrick Clark

Earth In Danger

Brainstorming with superficial reality.
Sphere of life, hanging-on for dear breath.
Raising the inner core, to extreme measure.

Mother Earth is enter a clear, present, danger.
Storm's of hell, rising like the silver sulfur.
8 day's later, total destruction.

Man on this planet, causing earth gravesite.
Green day, is are only hope.
Without life, this planet be a dying breed.

Derrick Clark

Escaping My Past

Rebounding, away from a dark past-tense's.
My soul lit up; as my eyes, twinkle like a star.
Shiny vision, a clear decision,
as I glared at, my failures and life scars.

Healing up, in the process.
Knowing life, is a game of chess.
Using my past, to created a better future.
A surge of creative thought's,
swelling up, to it highest peak.
As I take time, to plan and seek.

Is im becoming, a goal-oriented being.
Believe me or not! My life is rapidly changing.
My past will be destroy; my future is rebuilding.

Derrick Clark

Finding A Soul

Mysterious access, remaking urban legend.
A ancient past, as I enter a enlighting future.
Body and mind disappear, like ghostly form.
Shocking the world, with solid thought's.
Soft as clouds, hard as steel.
Hunter of the land.
Insearch of food of life.
Destiny fullfill, a fresh new soul.

Derrick Clark

Fishe's Relocated

Fishe's soared, in a aqua sky.
Viewing, there destination.
To land safely, in a new habitat.

Derrick Clark

Food

solid form substance's
enter the organism
digest waste material

Derrick Clark

Hair

cool grizzly wind
viking hair style lady
waiting for time go by

Derrick Clark

Hair 2

chocolate man mongol hairsytle
kung- fu looking dude
walking on a warm brezzy day

Derrick Clark

Half Century 1/4 Old Elevator Argument...

As we waited for the elevator to come.
It was 2 elevator. I was there first.
So, when they both came down.
We both jump in the same one.

He got mad at me, tell to get in the other one.
I said, no I was here first.
Then he start to mumble.

Once I got off, I said you must,
want to be on the elevator to play with your little winky.

True story...

Derrick Clark

Half Man Half Beast

As I am man, my other, half nature is brutal.
As I show kindness and love, my other half is mean and ferocious.
How can I tame my other half? You must put manacle on him.
If, beast break loose free from them! What should I do to him?

You can't kill him'he is still apart of you.'
To get rid of him? You got to fight him in your mind.
' I can feel him taking over my body.'
I am beast, you can't control me! Weakling.
I have to fight him; I have to fight him.

As I stand brave, to face my ultimate challenge.
Telling myself! 'If I lose, this beast going to kill.
Hardness up some power, to eliminate this fearsome beast.
I found the solution, how to defeat him.I need to start going to church..

Derrick Clark

He Is Drunk, Writing Some Poem's

A alcohol head! How can you write, while you are drunk!
Don't even front, with your wobbly-leg mind?
I'm still focus! Let me take another drink, with a buzz image.
Slurring with my tougue. I said! La-La-La-La, I kept sipping.

Putting a drunken poem together.
This story, im ready to put it to be submitted.
When this poem get finish.
I have past out, im am drunk.

Derrick Clark

Hey, Hey, Hey Mrs. Gay, Gay, Gay

Hey, hey, hey Mrs. Gay, gay, gay.

How are you doing today?

Im fine! About yourself?

I feel like a wonderful day.

What do you like doing?

I like to chill, and stay out the way.

What you really like doing?

I told you! What I like doing, What you like doing?

Licking on a loli'pop! That real funny.

Derrick Clark

Hooker Dollar Day

Thy harlot's of the 21century.
Shalt' forgive themselve,
from using carnivorous element.

Up for 3 day's, and 3 night's.
Having a appetite, for more substances.
As they enter; the yard, with invisible money.

Now, want some of my toxic-drink.
Asking me, for a sip. No-Way!
Not on them sucky, up all-night lips.

O'er is tranlated: Over.
As, I reach in my pocket, with dead president in hand.
I gave each hooker, one dollar.

In this era, I came up with.
'Today, it is Hooker Dollar Day! '

Derrick Clark

House

The foundation is the beginning of everything yo will build.
Got to keep it strong, and highly maintenance.
That is for you slowly keep building.
You going to come across a few obstacle's

But, don't let that distract you.
Just keep on building, to you get close to finishing.
Check out everything, to make sure you didn't make any mistake.
At the end, it going to be a beautiful scene.
To see you build your life, with this house.

Derrick Clark

I Am A Poem Fiend...

The more and more I started reading.I just got more addicted.
This diabolical force I notice, was enraging inside of me.
As I started to sell everything I got, to get a fix of this poem.

I notice this vision craving, that when I became a language junkie.
All in the book store and librarie' try to get another fix.
I have to say, that im am a poem fiend.

Derrick Clark

I'M In The Movie's

Looking like a star-glazing celeb...
Never thought, about being in this moment.
That I been feature in a movie.

Walking-on the read carpet, with peopel shouting my name.
Photograph-snapping, and a crowd of fan's.
Only thing I can said, im in the movie's.

'Keep your dreams's alive! '

Derrick Clark

Intoxicated Mind

As I elevate my vigorous emotion.
Having a feeling of great happiness.
Viewing nature all around me,
as I speak-out these word's.

'We are dying everyday; it is time to establish as symbol! '

I want to be remember, as a great person.
That have achieve all my goal's in life.

Derrick Clark

Jason Be Hating

Jason why do you be hating!
Everytime I around you; you alway; s faking.
Boy! 'You need a role model.' Get something in life.
If I was you, I be trying to become someone!

Derrick Clark

Knock, Knock, Who Fat?

Knock, knock, who fat?
My name is Oily Jack.
You need a crack-stem diet;
like you on a hunger riot?

No Way, No crack! I need food.
So my stomach can feel good.

Knock, knock, you to skinny!
Why, you looking thin like a penny?
O'kay, Oily want to crack.
I will spack, that plumpness off your back.

Derrick Clark

Lawn-Mowing The Grass

On a sunny clear-blue day. I get out the lawnmower.
To give the grass it hair-cut. As it was long and wild.
As, I started up the clipper on wheels, the sound was very loud.

As, the blade's was spinning like a tornado.
Everything underneath was blowing away.
Pushing the lawnmower toward the grass.
Whacking away, all of it lock's.

Carefully, making sure the grass is perfectly-cut.
After, finishing up.I took a glance of the yard.
Seeing my work of art. My yard had a perfect-cut.

Derrick Clark

Lean Mean Poet Machine

Rise a new breed, of a poet machine.
As mind and body reneerate.
A upstart have risen.
Arm with the tools, to carry out this mission.
As my mind seek out wisdom
my body prepare for competition.
Having sheer focus, on this task I must complete.
Writing these poems
Seem like my greatest challenge.
Deep inside my soul, im am a lean mean poet machine.

Derrick Clark

Living Or Death

Massive height, viewing a mountain shadow.
Overlooking, the surface of life.
Plant's, animal's, and human being.

Survival, is are existence.
Time is ticking,
is death is near...

Sleeping on the edge of a icecap.
Life is life, death is death.
Only I knew, the skies calling my name...

Derrick Clark

Looney Al

Walk's around, with spray-painted shoe's and hair.
Wearing penny-lofters, with gold color painting on.
With his hair slick-back, with gold color painted on the side.

Sporting a black shirt and black pant's.
With the shirt, tied in a knot, showing his belly.
With some dusty black jeans on.

Looney Al is one strange character.
But, I surely give him, all his respect.
Looney Al, is a cool, crazy friend.

Derrick Clark

Lovable Heart Meets: Sinusitis

Hey, Lovable Heart! I am in so much pain.
I have lost my girlfriend, I am feeling so drain.
I am heart-broken, I need a little advice!
Can you tell me, how to get over this and move on?

You got to quit grieving, you ain't marry to her.
Don't get stress out, all ove knothing.
You need to keep your head to stay away from inflammation.
If you don't, you going to have some dull headache.'s

Go to the store and buy some antisamines or decongestants.
Trust me! You will feel much you! Lovable Heart.

Derrick Clark

Mad At Internet

focus on poems
a lady on computer
cussing out

Derrick Clark

Mark The Supervisor

I'm, Mark! The jolly gullible supervisor.

I work around, some crazed, a few clowns, and one gifted talented man.

As I walk around, telling some corny-little horny type jokes.

Mark the supervisor, is a very happy-face, silly- mouth man.

Derrick Clark

Mark! Your Name, Rhyme's With Clark...

Hello, Mark! My name is Mr, Clark.

Did your fart! Mark? Dont even start.

If I didn't! Who else did?

You silly, Mr, Clark! 'You look like box-car Willy.

Okay, clown-face Mark! I will pull out your eyelid-ly silly.

Ha, Ha, Hee, Hee! ' you are so fun-ny.

What you say; what you say-what you sa-yyy.

Don't get to close to the light, MARK! You don't know how to fight.

You are Right, Mr...CLARK! I hit you with my car, !

Derrick Clark

Me Not Crazy, Are You?

Me not crazy, are you?
'What are you thinking? '
I ain't no mental-craze.
I don't run around, foaming out my mouth.
With a 2 year-old brain.

Me not crazy, are you?
Yes, I am crazy!
I need my med...
Please, daddy! I need my med?
I ain't your daddy, you crazy fool.

Derrick Clark

Me, The Lion, And The Missing Flower:

Skipping through the jungle scenery,
as im in some kind of dreamland.
Focusing on to finds this special flower.
As I breeze on by, did'nt see any type of flowers.

Heard this growling noise, that half way scare me to death.
I thought the lion was going to eat me.
The lion said, 'don't you know that you in a dangerous area? '
I complied and said, I did'nt have any clue.
You are surely lucky, that I won't attack you.

The lion ask me, what is you purpose, being in this jungle?
I said, I am in search for this special flower.
What you going to do with this flower?
I said, I'm going to give it to my special love.

Derrick Clark

Mentally-Ill Jill Meets: Silly Willy

As Jill walk down the street.
She approach this man, that had a funny-face.
What is your name funny-face? My name is Willy.
What your name, foaming-out the mouth woman?
It is Jill.I need my medication!
Afterward, im going on a vacation.

Yo! You can come with me, to the nasty Nati.
I live up on Price Hill, bi-polar Jill.
You so funnn-yyyyy. I go with you.

Right now, I don't have any money.
A Jill! You have to turn some trick's.
So we can jump on the bus?
You so funnn-yyyyy, I do-it, I do-it.
I got me a stupid-crazy woman for a hoe!

Derrick Clark

Meets: The Barker's

The kid clark had grew-up in this certain neighborhood.
Me and there nephew, used to play all around the neighborhood.
As time came by, now im grown-up. It all about the Barker's.

But this yard, is my focal point! 'The grown-folk's playground.'
As family, friend; s and even stranger be in the yard.
Enjoying drinking beer, playing horseshoe's, card playing, etc...
It have's it turn of event's, but the yard is still a special place.

So much activity going on, I even created my poem's and story's here.
It certainly, have some odd character, I see in my image.
When im bored at time, I rather be in the yard.
The Barker's call it home; Mr. Clark call it home.

Derrick Clark

My Job, Is A Circus

Today topic: circus-looking worker's.

Where, did we find these character at?

What the hell! Animal-looking, bi-polar, and nomadic people.

May, day, May, day, help me! They might, devour me.

Mr. Mark the supervisor, are worker like, the night of the living dead?

Okay Mr Clark, along, they don't eat your poetic brain.

Got three coming, I throw food, drug's, and some clothe's at them.

Leave me along now! Let me, do my part of my job.

Derrick Clark

My Pet Mosquito's

As I came outside, it was a hot humid day.
It was, too hot outside, for the kid's to play.

As I walk to the store, I was devil pit sweating.
I notice! I forgot my towel, I just keep on stepping.

As the sun start to set, it was getting kinda of dark.
All of a sudden, 'a swarm of mosquito coming! Mr, Clark.

They was like, 'flie's on shit on me'.
Sticking this long proboscis object, they was probing me.

Well folk! 'They became my pet mosquito's'

Derrick Clark

My Time Is Near

Bright with passionate insight.
Brilliantly vision a epoch time.
Developed into a universal poet.
Entering a realm, of great writer's.

Giving tribute, to all the great one.
Using each one writing talent's, to emerge in me.
A splendid idea, becoming the chosenone.
A magnificent mind, clever writing skills.

As the hour glass of time awaits.
Counting down, for the final moment.
Who am I, The New Breed...
What I become, second away to greatness...

Derrick Clark

Near-Future Of A Poet King

Linking together, my past and future.
Dramatically, compressing my present.
This surge of energy, that I kept concealed.
Knowing a little distance, a monarch just arrived.

Some may doubt my skills; but, prominence runs in my veins.
'The wisdom of Alexander the Great, live in me.'
Someday, I will establish a kingdom of poets.
Everyone, that going to be, in my inner-circle.
We will rise as a powerful force.

Each one of us, will rule our own domain.
As, the time is counting down,
for me to take my oath and crown.
I am a breakthrough of a poet king.

Derrick Clark

Part 2: The Greatest Poem, Resurrected From The Ashe's

The ashe's of the greatest poem, was place in a golden-urn.
As it was placed, in a tomb, laying scatter and burn.

Now, one year later. A strange of event, was occurring.
The afterlife, of the greatest poem, was recurring.

This amazing light, was the urn start shaking.
The greatest poem, was regenerating, he back in the making.

Then, this explosion happen, Boom! As the poem started to float.
As it started to drift outside the tomb. It seem like it time for hope.

Afterward, the greatest poem, landed on the ground.
Living once again, while everything was sound.

Someone, happen to see a piece of paper, laying in the grass.
As he approach the paper, he pick it up, and look. At last!

The greatest poem is alive; it is alive!
Being dead for a year, the poem is back, now it had revive.

Derrick Clark

Part 4: The Fish Saves The Worm

The big-mouth fish, snatched the worm.
As the worm was afraid; a small piece of him,
was left, on the sharp object.

The fish cuddle him, in his mouth.
Swimming as fast as he can;
to make it, close to the shore.
The fish, spit him out, on the land.

As the worm landed, he look toward the fish.
And said, ' thank you for not eating me? '
I wish you well, the fish said. Take care!

As the worm grind his way, toward a new place.
Knowing this ain't his home, the ground was moist.
He drilled a hole, and discover a new home.

The End....

Derrick Clark

Please Rain

embracing the wind
red dragon, spitting flames
under a cool shady tree
wishing for the cloud crie

harvesting food of life
as it is a dry-spell
please rain, please rain
if not, death... be near

Derrick Clark

Poem Of The Ironwolverine

Bones as steel, keen sense of beast.
Unleashing this fierce behavior.
As I tear through anything.
Using my iron wielded claws.
Feeling unstoppable, as I glutton for food.
Using the Iron Wolverine as my symbol.
Emulating all my fallen heroes.
Pound for pound, strenght for strenght.
Dont you dare, get in the Iron Wolverine way.

Derrick Clark

Prize

Is it my quest, to be driven.
Striving for perfection.
Using mental concentration.
Focus on becoming a prodigy.
Having extraordinary skills.
Mastering my talents.
To achieve life ultimate prize.

Success, Success, Success.

Derrick Clark

Riding The Greyhound...

My destiny, is to travel to, the city of angel's.
Imagining, all race's, and talented-people.
With my, ' three-dimensional talent's, I fit in well.

As I, aboard the bus, ready to leave my city.
In deep-thought's, ready to pursue my career.
The Lean-Mean the Poet, as well,
fitness, and street-blend martial-art performer.

Wishing someday, that my final hour's is coming.
Knowing this trip, from Ohio to Cali, it a long-ride.
Using my visionary skill's, sometime in my life.
All my dreams, going to come true.

Derrick Clark

Running On Empty

Food, water, and oxygen, is are embody for living.
Take away them, life will just extinct.
Praying for spiritual guidance, that your life don't run on empty.
Mind, body and soul you always need to keep intact.
Because I know one thing, it aint good.
When your body running on empty.

Derrick Clark

Running Toward Greatness...

Positioning my spot, ready for the race of time
As my body temperature keep rising,
im am ready, at the line.

As I bound from the start,
I was moving as fast as speed of light
Zooming past life obstacle,
I ain't going without a fight.

As I enter a new realm,
eager to cross the finish line.
The most rewarding thing in my life,
I have excell to greatness....

Derrick Clark

Scarcity: Is A Mental Serial-Killer

The opposite of wealth, is poverty.

Why, is im trap, in this deficiency undertaker?

It seem like, everywhere I look; I see mental death.

People living in the ghetto's, having hard-times to survive.

You can think of any wicked thing; it happen in my environment.

Only a few make it alive; out of this render-stricken state.

To eliminate this vicious mind assassin?

Is to become a goal-orient being.

Most of the time; sacrifice and patient's, is your only way out.

Hang on to your dreams, 'don't let scarcity devour your brains! '

Derrick Clark

Sexiest Lady

You have a elegant, present about you.
The beauty of 1,000, Miss Universe combine.
With hypnotizing eye's, really, under a spell, my Queen.

Your breath, is like air, with extraordinary effect.
The greatest oxygen, for any human, animal, and even plant.
It like you, keep the whole planet alive.

Derrick Clark

Shoes

3 pair black shoes
3 worn new pair
on a bright day

Derrick Clark

Solo, And The Musty Ranger

Solo, and the wandering kin.
Nickname: Moldy ans Spoiled.
As the two, funking up the land.
Riding there bicycles, on a scorning day.
Approaching Solo, the tarnished one;
the rover's, with nomadic looks.
Like, they live in the prehistoric period.

Moldy and Spoiled, need to come back to the future.
In search of finding, there trash-can looking female.
Moldy ask, Solo my master! Tell me, if you seen Garbage Sue?
Hell-no, I did'nt see her! Youu and Garbage Sue,
need some disinfectant spray, used it; and jump in the lake.

'Why, Moldy can't think for himself! '
Im like Darth Vader: Moldy, im am your father!

As, we rode the bikes, to the library, to cool off.
Spoiled ask me, can he wear my belt?
Hell-ya, you can wear it!
With your seven years straight, sour boxer wearing butt.

'Hanging around these character, would make you kill yourself! '

Derrick Clark

Splash

Bespatter with dirt, add be splash with mud.

Derrick Clark

Split Personality

as I break in-halve
changing to multiple people
I begin to speak
my name is Silly-Willy
ten year old Joe and Sally

Derrick Clark

Starving For Knowledge

As I used my carnal mind.
I am hungry for some answer's.
As I seek for a higher power.
While, im in-search for some wisdom.
As, I develop a few idea's.

I thought about going back to school.
That was, one problem solve.
I still need to accomplish the other one.
As, I think! I know, what the ohter answer is?
It is God.....!

Derrick Clark

Street Holocaust

In these mean street's, don't you get caught sleeping.
Every which way you look, it seem like, someone out there creeping.
Living in this urban combat life style.
Hope that, you don't end up, on a statistic profile.

All on the new's channel and pages, there is another homicide.
I these day's and age's, therefore, you just got to survive.
As I think to myself, wondering why! Why there so much violence's.
At the end of day's, I will be praying for some silence's.

'I HAVE SURVIVE THE STREET HOLOCAUST.'

Derrick Clark

Sub-Zero

Living in this cold-blooded world.
As my body is greatly chilled.
Praying for a higher power to deliver me.
Wondering, 'why this world so evil! '

Thinking with a image's, of a ice age place.
Only a few type of specie's can survive that era.
My only survival; is living in a warm-hearted world.
All these wicked sub-zero minded people.

Raising my body temperature, to overcome this deep-freeze.
As the chilled, started to go away.
My soul was experiencing a new life.
Escaping the treachery, as I live in utopia.

Derrick Clark

Sunday Afternoon

feather's flying
staring at the glaze of sunlight
sipping toxic-drink
using visionary thought's
tomorrow be a blessing

Derrick Clark

Superpower's

As a kid, I always wanted superpower's.
Watching superman as a 5 year old.
He was stronger than a loco-motive.
faster than a speeding bullet.

He, had all of this super abilitie's.
Using my imagination, acting like superman.
Then one day, I had my home-made cape on.

Upstair I went, to the second floor.
As, I open up the window, thinking I can fly.
I jump, I didn't go up, instead I went down and bump my head.
Never again, I found-out, that was make-believe.

Derrick Clark

The Accidental Talent...

How in 33, three decade 3 years.
All of a sudden, im writing poems.
Figuring out life, is base upon poems.
Every poem you read, has to deal with life.
How I came upon, this secret talent.
Unexpectedly I see, I have alot of stories to tell.

Derrick Clark

The Amish: Singing Song's, Im Having A Concert In My Pocket

Feeling like the post-man, with walkie-talkie in hand.
Making my round's, as I look and stand.
Thinking to myself, it a microwave-oven day.
It muggy, sun-blazing, I need some shade, and stay out the way.

All of a sudden, I need to used the restroom.
As I blaze to the corner; to make-it to the church.
As I rush to the restroom, and put the walkie-talkie in my pocket.
What is this bland-singing im hearing?

As I look down, my pocket having a Amish concert.

Derrick Clark

The Bad Juggler

Is life, a game of tricks.
Hocus pocus, we being decieve.
Chasing the wrong image.

Seeking for spiritual guidance.
To erase all my bad habits.
Tired of being toss all around.

The juggler is a imposture.
Follow your heart, stay alert.
If not, you be fraud; to the end of days.

Derrick Clark

The Follower

I am a loner; I am am lonely!
Who out there, I can follow.
No one, I don't think.
I wonder! If I can follow my own shadow...!

Derrick Clark

The Kitty, Held Me Hostage

As I wake up, tired and hungry.
Feeling sluggish, in search for food.
Found something to eat, a sandwich and muffin.

As I chow down, little kitty began to speak.
Meow, meow, sounded with a little anger.
Every move I make, the kitty kept following.

As I sit down, muffin in one hand, sandwich in another.
This angry kitty, jump on the couch.
With little sharp claws, this kitty held me hostage.

Derrick Clark

The Man Love's Motorcycle's

I dream; I dream, of a motorcycle.
Being a kid, I rode on a bicycle.
Wishing, when I grow-up,
I would have a motorcycle.

Using my imagination, pretending im riding a motorcycle.
As year's, and year's went by. The older I got,
the closer, I will be able to have a motorcycle.

Now my dream have came true! I finally got a motorcycle.

Derrick Clark

The Mission

'Taking this envoy, across the sea of enlightenment.
Using my insight, as I drifted around, with sodium thought's.
Seeing(images) of mass water, viewing the red-sun with excitement.
Having a passionate mind-set, letting my past, be a lesson and taught.

With(an) undaunted future, insearch of my destiny.
This journey, im recreating a new indentity, and purity.
My inner-being, transforming me into a visionary.
As I pursue my(three) dimensional talent'ss, martial art's and poetry.

I am, who I am, and what I will become.
As I bow-down on one knee, head down, with right hand on my chest.
Visualize, having a graceful life, and achieving greatness.
All at the end, I will(fulfill) my extraordinary mission.

Derrick Clark

The Monk

Living like a poetic monk, in an abbey.
Developing religious poems, to show and display.
Writing creative story, is my everyday hobbie.

As I pray, to the God of poetry.
Asking him! I want to be, one of the greatest writers.
A light shine upon me, feeling this newfound energy.
My time has come, to write pure word's.
It a blessing, to have the skills, to write about life.

The outside world, need a peaceful place to live.
So much evildoer, destroying the planet.
I wish I can, be able to save the world, with my stories.

Derrick Clark

The Nomad Is Hungry Part 2

As the temperature start to cool down.
Wandering on the streets, as my belly start to hurt.
I'm hungry! Where am I going to get some food at!
Having lent ball's in my 'nt hace any money.

Pasting by, all type of belly kept turning.
For a minute! I thought about going inside.
But, I knew they won't serve me any food.

As I got to the corner.I headed to the alley.
Having eager desire to jump into the trash-can.
As I search for some some you, Lord!
I needed all this ! 'I do surely stink....'

Coming Soon!
'The Nomad need to bathe.'

Derrick Clark

The Nomad Need To Bathe Part 3

Stinky, stinky, I said to myself.
Wondering, where im going to go.
Decided, to wait to darkness near.
I went to the cornerstore.

To try to steal a bar of soap.
Got the soap, and ran-out.
As, I jog up to the park

Then I seen this little creek.
This is a blessing, Thank you God!
After I finish up, now it time to go to sleep.

Derrick Clark

The Parasite

In these days of age. Us living creature,
have a micro-enemy. Is know as a host.
Sometime, the food we eat, the water we drink.
These living organism, is breeding in those element.

As we intake the food and water.
The host has found a new home.
The good, and the bad parasite.
Even, help us, or destroy us.

That the way, I look at life.
Staying away, from the bad.
A human parasite, is the worst kind.
Once, they got you; your whole world start to crumble.

Derrick Clark

The Passage

When I enter the corridor,
the end was dark,
like a dreadful tunnel.
Looking all over to find a switch.
As I touch a undiscover button.
Knothing didn't happen.
My eyes feeling strain.
If I don't used my mind right,
it going all down the drain.
Think, think, think I say!
Touching my invisible pockets
I felt a lump,
it was the object of flames.

Derrick Clark

The Phantom

The apparition force, what the eye's can't see.
A carnivorous-being, is in search for food.
Using radar hearing, to escape and flee.
As the phantom chase me, I ain't ready to die.

This ghostly predator, try to reach out, and grab me.
Using sonorous noise, to distract this creature.
As I happen to see this illusional monster.
I only have one way, to destroy it.

Unleashing this sonic-boom rage, that was inside me.
Double the sound, that have distract it before.
As the phantom was slowly mincing apart.
I have defeated this ghostly predator.

Derrick Clark

The Storm From Hell.

The environment around here, seem eerie and coy.
Lurking at the park, on this mystic afternoon.
Things don't feel right, as I walk across a toy.
Where is the kids, wind blowing a crab apple balloon.

The tree's talking, warning me to leave soon!
Clouds racing, the sky has darken.
It must be a monstrous storm coming, as I breathe.
Im all by myself, as I kept walking.

Looking at electrify bolts, hitting the land.
Feeling big ice balls, hitting me, while I seek for shelter.
Stuff flying everywhere, as I look and stand.
It a demonic force coming, like Helter Skelter.

It seem like this storm is pure evil.
Envision all this destruction it making.
All of a sudden, I hear screaming people.
I wish, I can help them, as my start shaken.

I got to be brave, as I track down the sound.
Dodging flying object, the rain kept pouring down.
The noise got louder, I look, it was two people trap under a tree.
Summon up my inner power, to save these two life force.

I came up to the tree, using every bit of strenght I had.
As the tree, slowly began to rise up, as they crawl out.
I help them off the ground, and we ran for cover.
They thank me, with all their heart, for being a hero.

Derrick Clark

The Suicidal Little Boy

What kind of planet, we living on?
My parent's is so diabolical.
Using mental and physical abuse tactics.

Why me, I didn't do anything wrong.
Screaming and shouting at me; even, some physical torture.
I can't take, anymore of this improper treatment, anymore.

As I ran-way from the house, And I kept running.
To, I got neared the free-way bridge.

I said, God! 'Take me to another place, tire of living on this wicked planet.'

The next thing, I went on and jump.

Derrick Clark

The Talking Animal's

As I become, a fictitious narrative.

Creating a fable story, about a dog, cat and a mice.

The dog name Bog, the cat name Spat, and the mice is Spice.

Bog said to Spat, why are you chasing Spice?

Spat said, because, I want some of that rodent slice's.

So, you want to cut him into piece's.

I am hungry, Bog! Spice come to me, I protect you?

Okay Bog, I hope you really, going to protect me.

Spat get back, please! I don't want to hurt you?

So you think im a cat; I can't beat you?

We going to find out, Spat the big alley cat.

Bog the little mutt; you a bluff Bog.

Spat, end up, chasing the both of them.

Derrick Clark

The Time Traveler

As I go back in the Roman era.
I was sitting in the Colosseum.
Watching the gladiator fight.

Telling myself, this is their entertainment.
How crude people can be.
I took off my garb's, people just stared.
Wondering, where I came from.
I pull-out the portable D.V.D player.

They thought it was strange.
I turn it on to show them, they were very amused.
I told them, I'm from the future.
Then all of a sudden, the guards try to arrest me.
Telling me you are a you going to fight in the dome.

I push my time watch, I end up disappearing into another place...

Derrick Clark

The Two Death Seeker

A unnatural force, with hybrid image.
Splitting into two entity, a predator hunts for lost souls.
Darkness fall, having a taste for flesh.
Living life sources, in the area.
Mysterious creatures, of the night.
Come upon there prey, with swift action.
Clinching with desperate, death touches.
Feasting on the habitat, around them.

Derrick Clark

The Unborn Star

Who am I, the star living as a entity.
Hopeing someday, when is my chance to shine.
Seeking around, while everyone else is bright.
Why as I, feeling disconsolate and dark.
Imagining when my my light will be bright.
Patiently as I emerge, when my time be near.
Only thing I hope, is when my light will be bright.

Derrick Clark

The Upstart Period

A group of undiscovered specimens of poets.
On the brink, of valorous success.
In this inter-breeding stage, of a new age testament.
Using fire-breathing words, as the chosen one process.

Ascend a majestic-being, his name is Mr. Clark.
Living a epoch lifestyle. Mixing up my verses.
5,000 years, a long time. when poetry begins.

The Pre-Homeric Period, The Biblical / Homeric Period,
The Classical Period, Dark and Golden Ages,
The Middle Ages, The Renaissance, The 18th Century,
The 19th Century, The Romantic Period, The Victorian Period,
The 20th Century, The Modern Era, The Postmodern Era,
The Global Era, and now, The Upstart Period.

Eye's of rosy gleam, intellect of mental faculty.
As my poem genetic, form me into an ultra-poet.
The time has come; for all the upstart poets.
To cinch claim, of a new millennium prominence.

Derrick Clark

The Visionary

Perceiving a mental images, of a blight future.
This desolate planet, in the verge of extinction.
Mankind, need to wake-up, and give the earth some nature.
Im the eye, of yet to I, prepare for the present.

All in the news, it always something terrible happening.
Living day for ntrating on my horizon.
I got to be the voice, hope the world will listen.

'Silence I said, there hope, stop the destruction.
The earth need us, as we need it.
If so, are life be blissfull! '

Derrick Clark

The Wealthy Vagabond

These so called: upper-class people, are the true scum's on earth.
Money is there God; with there cold-blooded selve's.
Money-Money-Money, it's all they think about.

Destroying the planet habitat, human's, animal's, and plant's.
Just to keep them, living wealthy.
Global-warming, the system's, drug's and weapon's.
The government, run's that scheming trade.

Im a poor man, living my life to the fullest.
In their view, im a bum.
In my eyesight, they are the vagabond.

Derrick Clark

The Worm, And The Fish Part 3

The giant worm is with other capture worm's.
In there micro-mind, thinking! ' Where are they going.'
As, there captor held them, they said, grab the big one!
He fleshy and firm.

As, one of them, held me in his prick me, with a surgical-tool.

Ouchhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, that hurt's! You stupid fool.

I was dangling on clear-string, on this sharp-piercing object.
I felt this momentum, whoosh, I was fling in the air.
As, I splash into this liquid, I was sinking into this enstrange world.
Is this my final destination! In this wet-feeling place.

Here come this monstrous-fish.
Please don't eat me; please don't eat me!
As the fish open his mouth real wide.....

Derrick Clark

Transformation

memorize my past
it felt like the dark-age years
that was a bleak time
transform myself to a poet
future of the next great hope

Derrick Clark

Trouble Thought's

It a certain element, in my mind, is going wrong.
Confusion, sadness, broken-hearted, and anger.
I really, need some advice, to get rid of this.
Closing my eyes, for 10 second, open them back up,
having miserable sight.

What happening to me, why me!
Life feeling so bleak.
Im going through lifestorm.
It so horrible, that I am the victim.

Wondering, do I need to exit out this world.
Only time, will tell.

Derrick Clark

Virus-Mouth Joey

O'boy-O'boy-O'boy, it was stanking tougue Joey.
You need to brush your tougue, stop eating them chip of ho-ey.

Stay,300 feet away from me, litte, virus mouth.
If you come even closer, im going to scream and shout!

As he came even closer, I had my toothbrush, and paste in hand.
As he was face-to-face up on me, his breathe need to be contraband.

Derrick Clark

Whiskey Timmy Passing Out Flier's

About,6 feet 3 inche's, weighing about 140 pounds.
With a grizzly-bear beard, and long dirty-mop hair.
Wearing his 10 year old son, shirt he looking around.
As, he held out the flier's, people only just stared.

When, these two curious people have approach him.
They ask, what is on these flier's, that you are out passing?
He said, 'this is a essay, it all about whisley Tim.'
It about, me competing with other's drinker, and I be the one out lasting!

So it a drinking contest, you promoting for people to come.
Yep, Yep, that right! Im whiskey Timmy, it that time, gotta run.

Derrick Clark

Wine

crisp star gleaming
man and woman conversate
champagne goblet sip's

Derrick Clark

Yelling!

cool spring day
man shouting!
mr, parking-meter man

Derrick Clark

Yummy, Tummy! rity Guard...

Hamburger, yummy, tummy! Mr, Security guard.
My tummy, yummm-yyyy! 'Won't you let me, have that hamburger? '
No Way, Jose's! 'Loc0-crazy, fat tub of lard.'
I will crack you, with my stupid retard.

O'really! Mr, Security guard.I didn't know you was so hungry.
It look like you, would try to eat me and the hamburg-err.
Little retard, don't mock me fool! Before, I will be a damn purger.

So, So, Mr, Yum Tum! You want to cleanse my flesh and scatter my bones
Before, I let that happen, I dangle hamburger on string, then tied onto my wrist.
Then, I will let you, try to catch , Tummy!

You 633 1/3pounds, three stomach's, pop-stained shirt wearing,
dumb, yum, tum.
I'm kung-fu Louie chanting, you dumb, yum, tum. funky ass...
I would get on the floor, and do a baby crawl, backward using one arm.
With hamburger still, dangling!
And, you would not be able to still not, catch me.

1...2...3...Go! Snail moving , yum, tummy, Mr, Sercurity guard.

Coming soon! Part 2: Mr, Tummy had a heart attack...
Stupid, cupid...Mr, Security guard

Derrick Clark