

Poetry Series

Erik Estabrook
- poems -

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Erik Estabrook(Jan 15th 1984)

I've been studying and writing poetry for the last 12 years. I have my own website .

I write poems for autism awareness and have a bi-weekly show with called Poetic outspoken.

I also currently host a poetry and autism awareness radio show called Poetic Travels on The Autism Highway with Kelly Green as my fellow host.

End Up Blessed

Lend me your passenger ear, for the lonesome clouds are louder here,
Take the forsaken signs of loves vast pool,
And let me know that the cross is in you,
Take my hollow-tree-trunk-eyes for once shape them to make gestures that
match my mind,
Take my limbs and make them powerful and strong, take my voice and make it
ripple through the breaking dawn,

I'm not content with being, I want a better life,
Don't be complacent like the tame lamb who eats the same grass day and night,
Push for more, soul secure, end up blessed

With a bright and gentle nature peace will pass its sinless soul,
And all that we will feel is mountain air and words that are from another world,
Tap your mind to understanding God along who calls on souls,
Like the wildflower or crocus, roots in grounds that aren't its home,
Travel light and swiftly,
Be the bearer of Gods love and may you always see around you those who love
with fullcrum zest,

Use your known ways as logical stands to compare with complex thought,
Be no slave to anothers judgement,
Always help the distraught,

When your full and aged, May you sleep like a sovereign moon,
And when you plant a wildflower may it bloom into a field,
When we cross paths again I see your spirit never fails,
So when you sit down and your eyes shut to earthly boundaries,
I hope your sight never ends,
And your spirit sits in hallowed ground,

Let the paths we choose be wise and heaven sent and my foremost wishes for
you is that you always end up blessed.

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Existence Away From Humanity

You with your heavy burdens, in your high chair,
I do not envy you,
Even if you liken me to terrible things and say I have no soul,
I still do not envy your ways
If my life was a myth with 0 parts bliss and 10 parts destruction
I would still choose mine over yours

I have my soul that conquers more fears and problems daily than you've had to
in your entire life
Yes you the discriminator, the user of profane knowledge at the devil's mercy
Pandora of all ill will, you think that saying retard will heal your dim-witted mind
and your ill-conceived frame,
You make hate a darling word for some but when your sick-ashened corpse eyes
turn to me with the intent to infect, you will not receive the stimuli you need

You will find that my bright mind dodges all hate-relaying fiction and chops it to
bits
So you'll miss your misery fix
You blank mind Hollywood swine who thinks a good cause is the weed you buy
I've eclipsed you, like the flash I've ran around you a hundred times
Most importantly I'm wise enough to not seek flight off weakened minds
May your only comfort be knowing that your time has come to an end and no one
will call your friend, I've got the cure to your downward spiral, it's called
knowledge
Who'll love you tomorrow, You are just a shadow.

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On The Golden Wings Of Angels

Let it not be taken solemnly, the traps and tragedies of this world,
As she stood, every cell and limb diseased,
Her mind never stopped flowing like a crystal stream,
One cannot falter when they channel the hero underneath,

She rose with footsteps light like she was floating on the embered air,
Humming to a pop song,
It was as if she could ignore it all and just fall gently into ambiguity,

I told myself this day is not for Saints, its not for pure-hearts,
and then she took the day again with her pure smile,
The only bright light in my maniacal memory
Is now flying on the golden wings of angels

She fell like the Phoenix,
Only to rise twice as shimmering bright,

Bravery isn't a bold knight,
Or a President giving a speech,
Its a teenage cancer patient,
Who never ever complains,
Who owns her soul and believes in its flight

It takes uncanny bravery to smile when your muscles are crying
To walk when your legs are stone
To laugh when death is imminent
and to love when your love isn't returned.

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The Moral Compass(Villanelle)

May your compass point north and your light true
Keep the cross, his blood as a saving grace
Then the Lord, your spirit he'll renew

He has weaved your very bones and sinew
So we should bow and worship his great name
May your compass point north and your light true

He is in the air, the morning rays, dew
Hold your open heart to the waiting flame
Then the lord, your spirit he'll renew

Recognize Gods love as being one with you
May you feel September wind, his embrace
May your compass point north and your light true

Be mirthful in love and in attitude
Let no divider, divide you from faith
May your compass point north and your light true
Then the Lord, your spirit he'll renew.

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