

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Coping With My Imperfections

Many times i wonder what lyf wld be, if only i was perfect as can be
i make mistakes.....some small, some big...
become a laughin stock for all to see....
But then i look around for one whos so clean....
one whos so perfect that people praise him....
one who stands out of the crowd...
And whos humble perfection shouts out loud.....
till today im still searching hopin i will find....
bt instead of waitin, Ive fashioned my mind....
to work hard to make me a better person.....
so i can hold fort my own anytime or season.....
a person who people look up too and learn some lessons....
and know dat in this lyf.....we can conquer our IMPERFECTIONS.....

francis harrison

Losing Me

Losing hope in a world full of doubts
Losing the will, the desire to succeed;
Losing my faith in a God I once sought;
Losing my grip, my entire well being;
Losing friendships that took years to build;
Losing emotions and beliefs i held dear;
my dreams were so big, my future looked bright;
But now from a distance... I see them in flight;
Used to cherish fellowship, now only hypocrites i find;
Losing my heart, its so cold inside;
A reason to live, got lost with the tide;
Trying to reason, to understand why;
That too is not working, i must have lost it in my stride;
I guess theres really nothing left to lose.. save for the breathe of life;
So i guess this is it... my journey, my fight;
its time I make this over before i lose my mind;
Yes u say ive not lost that, but who says i wont;
Who says by tomorrow, my mind wont go boom;
Instead of waiting im taking a step...
This dream is too real, i think ill wake up instead....

francis harrison

Memoirs Of A Lost Friend

Down by my beside, My room quiet still.
A pen in my hand, a sheet on my knee;
All my thoughts i want to pour into it,
But i still cant let go of what used to be;

U used to be here when i needed to talk;
My life i poured out to you like an overflowing cup;
No doubt u knew the littlest part of me;
No doubt u saw a future and believed in my dream;

I remember the quarrels, remember the fights;
Somehow it seemed that they made us tight;
Dont know if i was a good friend, if i was a bore to you;
And though u had ur flaws, I found a friend so true.

So i channel my thoughts, to the ink in this pen;
As i scribble on this sheet, the things i ought to share;
As i look at what ive written, i cry life's not fair;
Cos the words staring at me are:
I MISS YOU MY FRIEND.....

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The Making Of A Child

It all comes back to me now, the painful times I sought to forget;
The anger that I was not in control of me
The many ills of life my young eyes were made to see;
My life would never be the same, that smile u see will always be phony and fake;

I remember how many times I cried, how I sought love in places they might
never be found;
How I wished I was different, how I wished I was never born;
They say God has a better plan, but what that was for me was kind of hard to
fathom;
Friends to me never existed, just mere figures built up in my imagination

I looked out for help in the wrong places; no one was there to help tie my shoe
laces;
I grew up faster than I was conceived, my mind thinking ahead to the day I'll be
free;
I'd sit and talk out loud to myself, my world and future I created in my head;
I just wanted to grow past that phase, become a real man and forget about
those days;

Now I'm old enough and it's still the same, I realise I lost so much in those years
I thought was vain;
I find myself longing for those days, longing for a childhood in which all I knew
was pain;
I can never run away from it I now see, cos I've tried to and always I find;
The making of a man starts with the making of a child...

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