

Poetry Series

Gary Manning
- poems -

Publication Date:
2011

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

Gary Manning(3.27.78)

I love to wright.. I never took classes or nothing for ppoems or nothing.. If I'm good then its cuz I I teach myself how to do as I pleaz...

A Hero Is Born.

A hero is born out of the gutter he comes. The rich plot his death and kingdoms want him gone. A hero is born; out of oppression he came the spark of a change is what he brings. A hero is born; into hate is where he lives, yet he smiles and says I am the way. A hero is born and now the wealthy will cry, for he is a lord in disguise. A hero was born to be a champion of the poor but first he must die so he can be reborn. A hero has come and soon you will cry no more for this hero is the truth and freedom he brings. no matter who or where, you can be free. for the hero I speak of is the one who made me. at all truth I cry and strive in pain but the hero has many names. So my loved ones and all! The little heroes in the sea. Remember he is with you and me. So take heart and war with me fight the good fight and one day we will be one with three.

Gary Manning

Have You Ever Met Love? ?

Have you ever met love? Her embrace is true. her warmth can carry you through the darkness and make all things new. she is soft like a cherry blossom, yet sharp as a guillotine. love is like unto you a dream. That may never come true. she can be met. but first she must test and sadness is all in, but you must overcome this before you take her hand. open up young book and let her read! !
! Only the truth will set you free.. ggm

Gary Manning

Last Gasp Of A Fallen Star

I miss you..... and love you... the light that I shined on you was the joy that made my day.... but i've fallen so hard... only now I will ever see is pain and misery... the love I had is gone.. turned to dust from witch I was made. I was your light but you was my day. and now all is lost to the cold and gray. I still see darkness every day yet I can't move nor breath what a way to be' yet in the event of my life that I will rise to be' the most brilliant star that ever ascended back out off the void. Only to shine more! ; even though darkness is all I see. Never forget that I am light and mighty is the truth in me. Ggm

Gary Manning

Love Is Like A Good Fight.

Boy meets girl' and the fights is on. Only one left standing in the end round one now begins. She puts on her war paint and he is confused for just a second he did not know that was you. He starts to look deep in her eyes smiles and says let's go play and I will find what you got inside. To make a long fight end in a flash' just tell her you love her and you will be flat on your back and as the lid on the coffin closes you in. All you can think of is how did it all come to this? For what is as it seems is what a man just can't love is a fight! And if you win, you will see that love is not just a fight. Its a war within..

Gary Manning

My Sweet.

My sweet.. You are like a soft rose petal that is a reminder of a beautiful future that is to come.. You are the hope of a hardened heart.. You are the sail to my ship.. :) I see an inner flame in your eyes that can bring darkness to light... You are a sweet smell in the morning and a deep kiss in the night under the moonlight... You are a dream of mine that is of long ago.... Your love is more brilliant than all of the stars in the heavens.. You are the passion in the heat of trying times. You are the tear dropp that my soul unleashes in joy and sadness.. Come unto me my love, that I may drown you in mine.. Without you I walk this world with a sadness in my chest and a ache in my soul. My sweet I only wish to hold you in the storms. Like a wasp stinging at me, it is the equivalent of my life without your kiss... My sweet you are my wonderful joy that I would die for. I walk in this world with a keen eye and see its beast. My sweet you are the beauty in this beast..ggm

Gary Manning

My Tears Are Strong..

I still remember it like it was a hour away' the death of my love that most hated. I use to drink alone and smoke lots of weed' my how I loved to lust over woman and cash moreover then my last bag of hash. My cold hart was dead and my feelings was ruff like a piece of sand paper' my life was death' and misery was my lover. For what have I done in my life? I was just alone and I knew that know one cared. One night as I was sick of life and just about to give up' I heard I thought that was not my owen' Perhaps you should call on god' Now I never believed in such lies' god? This thought is not mine. Yet as I was at the end of my rope' I said fine why not. So I said a prayer that went like this. Whoever god is for their are so much to choose. I know that their must only be one god' so plez show me who you are. I know I sin and do wrong' yet I know that all men do. Then I began to get loud. Why aren't you in my life! As I pored out my hart and began to cry' a power rushed inside me and I felt as if for the first time I was alive. My tears became strong from that day on' and the voice that I heard was the father of the son and now the spirit live with me. Ggm

Gary Manning

Prince Charming Is A Crook! !

Far away in a town you live in prince charming has come' and offer you some rum so he can make you dumb. O how he smiles and winks makes your knees shake soon he will open your legs and make your world quake. You will feel like you are in love and can fly like a dove' yet he will be off with another women and she will be stuck like a glove and sinking in love. O how he gets around and spreads his seed' soon all of the women will begin to grow like trees. Now your baby is born and the prince done stole more cookies then a fat kid on a diet. And you will have a child who grows up without his father cuz you slept with a cowered who is knot nor will ever be a dad. Just a sick guy who only wants what's between your legs... Ggm

Gary Manning

The Art Of Cowards..

in the heart I grow like a vine. in the soul the truth is often cold. power is in the reach of the bold! cowards are born every day. only the blind lead astray. the rock doesn't think just smashed only' the strong will lead who is it going to be? history is full of lost opportunity. cold blooded murder of men that was fit to lead. secret societies survey. yet the sea just sits still and that's evil at the 10th degree.

Gary Manning

The Cold Inbrace Of Solitude

The past is like a scar it never go's away, good or bad it will always remain. Nothing helps when your all alone. Time passes yet it stands still, seclusion is all you know. Like a seed, the tear falls down your cheek' replenish into shame and blossoms into hate. The tragedy of it is one will in brace it after so long. like a vivid dream you wake and think its all real. but in the end happiness is just a fairy tale. Perhaps one day you will be free but for now the cold in brace of solitude is all you know and to you that is what makes you free... Ggm

Gary Manning

The Great Divide.

Have you ever been at war within? If not you must wage it one day. Can't you feel the pull? Or do you choose to ignore it? How many lies have you told? How many sins do you harbor? Perhaps you just don't care. but one day you will. How many people you pass by who you seen cry? One day you will die! The one that you pass will be your great divide. for the truth is god and with god a war must be waged. inside ones heart is the fight of all fights. blessed is the ones who suffer and strive for they fight the good fight. And cursed is the ones walk with great arrogance and no conviction. For they will suffer the darkness' of the great divide. Ggm

Gary Manning

The Layers Of A Mans Hart.

words' whispers' and lies' voices shatter when my enemies try. point blank' I see it in ther eyes' wishing me to die. most look and wonder who is inside. what you can't see is what is really in me. yet when you can see you see what ya want to see. who are you? without all 3 spirit soul and mind. most think they only are 1 and missing all 3. god save what is lost and ordain what is close to be. Ggm

Gary Manning

The Temple That You Neglected.

My resolve is weak and my faith has depleted. Yet all I can do is hold you up so you don't fall to pieces I know that now I'm weak you will never survive but I cry because I'm going to crumble and you will be crushed beneath me. Funny how life is that the one thing I protect is what I will smash to pieces. I am broken yet if you will only help me now I may one day be strong. But that will never be for you have forsaken me and now we both will come to a end. Ohh how I pray that you will love me again...ggm

Gary Manning

The World Hates My Soul

What is it with my fellow man? They hate me and do not care. One side curses me and the other side wishes me to die! O how heavy my cross is yet it is apart of me till the day I die. The truth I speak is love and o how they despise. My only joy in the struggle I must bear. Is the truth that holds me when know one else cares.. Ggm

Gary Manning

They Tell Me Your Dead? ? ?

They tell me your dead yet I hear your voice. They tell me your dead yet I feel your love. They tell me your dead yet you comfort me when I cry. They tell me your dead and I don't know y. My flesh cannot see or feel you but my soul is alive because of you. It is you that keep me when all left me behind. It is you who loved me when they all turned on me. It is you who held me up as I began to fall. It is you who loved me when most didn't care whether I lived or died. Yet they tell me your dead I know you are alive. A mighty god lives in me yet they can't see. But every time they say you are dead it is as they say I'm not alive...

Gary Manning

Wartime! ! !

Do they not see? All the war and envy? Do they not see all the pain inside me? Do they not see that I'm just a child and war is all around me. In the morning I wake up to the smell of blood and gunpowder. I wake up and hope has forsaken me. I cry but they just keep dieing nobody can hear me! I live with hunger and poverty and the world can't see or they just don't care nothing about me. I am but a piece of meat in the worlds eyes its sad that they don't love me. I wish they could live like me for a little bit. Then they will feel my sorrows. This wartime that the world worships is what's killing me. Ohh god plez come and take me. Because my leaders don't care nor want me and my parents are dead and I'm sick of eating out of this trash can. I go to school and its a wonderful place to be' ohh look at the tank rounds in the outside walls what a sight to see. Why dose this world hate me? Why dose this world worship a piece of paper and kill babys? Ohh god why am I hear and what a evil place it is. Ohh god you say that I am the kingdom of heaven. Yet the world wish me die and tell me that they love me? I look around and fear is all I see' maybe one day you will come and save me... The next day as the child wakes up she hears a voice that is so loving she hears it over the war.. My child you are the kingdom let no man tell you lies. I am coming and I will wipe them tears from your eyes. My child man has become nothing more then a beast' I give them time to chang yet they continue to hate me. My child in the event of your demise you will rise and never be sad a gen. My child their are some of my people left in this world' yet they are asleep thinking that I will make it all go away. My child I love you and will never forsake you' I am the one who made you. You are hear as light in a fallen world' never think that I don't care' I have servants but most just sit in a char. Look to me as you see pain and sorrows. My child the world hates me too so know that I love you. Ggm

Gary Manning

What She Means To Me

she is the morning to my day.. and the wind in my hair. she is the ice in my drink. she is the keys to my truck. she is what I'm not and that is y we must not part. in the event of my life when I whether and die' all I want is you by my side... ggm

Gary Manning

Who Will Keep Me? ? ? ?

I am withering from the venom of injustice. O lord how long will it be before you avenge me? O lord I have no doubt of you. Its just a hard time to be still. O lord who will keep me if knot you? You kept me when I was knot true. You kept me when I was weak and confused. O lord my god it is you who I love most. For you keep me in the best company. o lord nothing in my hart is worthy of you. O lord you are the coolness of a hot summers day and the father of all things. You shatter me into pieces only to make my hart anew.. O lord nothing is more to my soul then you.. My lord my god my savior my redeemer and my only true love who will keep me if not you? Ggm

Gary Manning