

Poetry Series

**Giovanni Lupetto**  
**- poems -**

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# Giovanni Lupetto()

# Apocalypse

Apocalypse

I feel the darkness, sinking into my metamorphic soul,  
The fight between good and evil, my body the battleground for the story to  
unfold.

I cant be redeemed, im a sinner to my dying breath,  
On the devils right arm, I shall stand, as I meet my death.

He makes me his warrior, a demon against purity and light,  
Hunting angels, on a black winged dragon, I ride into the night.

His weapon entrusted, to his faithful servant,  
A three pronged trident, embossed with a fiery serpent.

I clash with the guardians of heaven and earth, above the blue swelling tide,  
I call upon the powers, only my true master can provide.

The dark lords army I begin to rally, beast and goals alike,  
And Implore to them to carry on the righteous fight.

We are the army of the indecent and the sinning world, I call in my dark magical  
roar,  
I command you to Battle our way, to the lord of Eden's door.

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'The rank of 'Arc' I have been adorned, in this army of light,  
An outsourced contractor, a mercenary to the fight,

Employed by your god, to help battle the dark,  
My twin blade sword, wheeling, shall leave its mark,

The militia of evil, has found edens gate,  
I shall lead god's army and determine heaven and earths fate,

Through the mist of the hollow courtyard space,  
I see those dark eyes, I recognise the face,

' Forward ' I screech with my loyal steed in tow,  
A force of strength and of resilience, I want to show,

The army's collide with an almighty force,  
This war is about to run its predetermined course,

For who ever stands, the victorious side,  
Shall rule heaven and earth, far and wide,

The battle about to commence, my heart pounding inside,  
The anticipation, over powering me, like the moon over the tide.

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500 soldiers cast a polluted shadow over the battlefield,  
Swords, maces, axes and golden trimmed shields,

Good versus evil, the eternal battle about to end,  
Put your trust in no one, not even your blood soaked friend,

An 'Arc' wielding a double edged sword, ventures between the bodies amassed  
on the ground,  
Arrows aloft, bows pulled back, the dark hearted archymen aim, the 'Arc' they  
hound,

Little bi-winged angles, attacking ghouls in double teamed moves,  
Black winged horses, with iron clad hooves, galloping forward, leaving grooves,

Wings of heavenly creatures, spikes of devilish fiends,  
Exploding together, as if in some atomic bomb scene,

The 'Arc' scrambles to the ground and crawls behind a granite type boulder,  
Scraping the elf woven armour, attached to his shoulder,

The 'Arc' is battle scared and blood soaked through,  
But still he stands apposed to the dark lards coo,

With patience and skill, a well timed arrow he prepares to send,  
Into the heart of a vamp, who has no life to end,

This is our saviour, the mercenary 'Arc',  
Bold and cunning, sure to leave his mark,

This non believer, fighting for a believers cause,  
His contract of death without a get out clause,

Again he streams past beasts, large and small,  
Running to an enemy who is destined to fall,

Just as he strikes with his glinting sword,  
Out came the servant on the fiery lord,

Eyes of pure evil, human in race,  
In front of our 'Arc' he takes his place,

The two empire leaders, to which their respective lords do entrust,  
The power to rule, is their human lust,

A double edged sword, and a serpent embossed blade,  
Glinting in the night fell sun dusk shade,

Circling movements around the gladiatory ring,  
The victor will be rewarded, handing the spoils to his king,

Fear is not present, in either hero's eyes,  
No strings to this mortal world, no family ties,

The 'Arc' strikes first, with a thrust to the dark demons chest,  
Glancing off his metal chain mail vest,

The demon strikes with his lords dark powers,  
Turning the sky dark, with thunder and showers,

Lightening struck down upon the angels gold gilded shield,  
The flash could be seen from across the field,

The demon saw his chance, and decided to raid,  
The angel saw it coming and managed to avoid,

They both struck together, their blades rippling the air,  
A powerful blast they both did share,

There two swords have the same historic story,  
They same path to a righteous glory,

The weapons are twinned, forged in the elf guarded mountains,  
Cooled in the lakes and the sacred blessed fountains,

The swords are unwilling to meet their brother in a duel,  
Not wanting to risk their polished jewels,

The heroes call upon the magic once again,  
To cause so much anguish, terror and pain,

A red beam emits from the dark demons finger tips,  
A curse he mumbles through his dry, parched lips,

The 'Arc' shatters the air with a bubble of light,  
That protects him against the dark soldiers might,

With a flick of the wrist and a muttered spell,  
The dark demon doubled over and to the floor he fell,

The battle did stop, there leader was gone,  
Down came the light of god, upon the 'Arc' it shone,

For saving this world, my heaven your Eden,  
For suffering the torments for which your still bleeding,

I offer to you, this heavenly deed,  
For eternity my army's yours to lead,

For you are now christened, 'Arc' angel Gable,  
For men on this earth shall want to hear your fable,

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Years have past since the battle of battles,  
The dark lord, the devil, still in his shackles,

But I bet you know of the angel I speak,  
The story was ours, a millennia to leak,

Through the generations the name has altered,  
Yet the legend has rarely faltered,

Ive told the story, can you yet not tell?  
The 'Arc' I speak, is of Gabrielle!

Giovanni Lupetto

# Beaconing Light

You call to me, like a beaconing light  
I strive to resist, with all my might  
The attraction to you, I just cant fight  
I run to you, my chests all tight,  
Running to you, my feet are alight,  
Pity me please, for im in this darkest plight,  
I give up, I give in.... Wisk me away into this dusk set night

Giovanni Lupetto

# Gods Will

This world is choking me, stifling my aurora,  
I want to be an actor, be the gentleman caller,  
For this poem will get darker still,  
Until I make your insides shrill,  
With the painful thoughts circling through my mind,  
Ive lost my way, unable to find,  
The path of righteous truth, to which my soul defines,  
This life I have made, unable to read between the lines,  
Of the script which determines our god forsaken fate,  
Of which I have no control, and this, I hate,  
As the blackness shoots through my cold unforgiving veins,  
My heart beats no more, unable to feel the pains,  
For I am the lord, of darkness, of fury,  
I threaten and bully this biased jury,  
And beat the charges, for which god has placed,  
Arc angles I hunt, Ive captured, ive chased,  
I am the mercenary against the light,  
As god has abandoned me, left me in this plight

Giovanni Lupetto

# pudding

Pudding

Pudding, pudding your ever so sweet  
Pudding, pudding, your so good to eat  
Pudding pudding for an after meal treat  
You make me tingle, from my head to my feet

Crumbles of apple, rubarb and plum, a quick put-to-gether for a hardworking mum,  
A suger free marange made of an egg white base, heaped with cream, and red licorish lase,

Pudding, pudding your ever so sweet  
Pudding, pudding, your so good to eat  
Pudding pudding for an after meal treat  
You make me tingle, from my head to my feet

Assorted fruits sprinkled in dark chocolate flakes,  
Old victoria sponges and butterfly cakes

Dig in deep, to mums lemon merang pie,  
Use a big spoon, no need to be shy,

Pudding, pudding your ever so sweet  
Pudding, pudding, your so good to eat  
Pudding pudding for an after meal treat  
You make me tingle, from my head to my feet

Ice cream and jelly  
To sooth a full belly

And a cream filled gateaux  
Shared in a family chateaux

Pudding, pudding your ever so sweet  
Pudding, pudding, your so good to eat  
Pudding pudding for an after meal treat  
You make me tingle, from my head to my feet

