

Poetry Series

Glaedr the poet
- poems -

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Glaedr the poet(December 1988)

I write whatever comes to me. My favorite things to write are epic dragon poems and poems about horses. I don't like freeverse but I really like rhyme because it gives poetry a nice sound...What do you think? I really enjoy the Inheritance Cycle by Christopher Paolini (aka Eragon, Eldest, Brisingr, Inheritance) . They sparked a love for fantasy within me. As some may have guessed, my name really isn't Glaedr. Glaedr is a name I got from the inheritance cycle. It was the name of an ancient and wise gold dragon. If you haven't read the cycle and you enjoy the magic of Harry Potter or the Adventure of the Lord of the Rings trilogy, I'd strongly suggest checking them out. As for where I inhabit this earth, I live in a town of roughly 17,000 in Missouri. My dad being military, I lived in three different states in a 9 year span. But now he is no longer an 'active member' of the military and we are in Missouri. I have always had a desire to live out in the country. In my free time I enjoy riding horses any chance I get!

A Dream Fulfilled (My First Trail Ride)

Upon the saddle I am mounted
My foot in the stirrup is set
Precious time is happily counted
a kinder horse have I never met
Upon the rocky trail I ride
I enjoy fresh air and tree-given shade
Within this horse my trust I confide
and I new friend I have surely made
Though the hills are steep and the trail is rough
This horse has been well-trained
Through the rugged trail, he proves hardy and tough
He knows the way and needs not to be reined
I hear the water of a running creek
I spot a lone deer in the distance
At the sight of this animal, I am unable to speak
While upon a horse she ignores my existence
Closer to nature I start to feel
Trees on either side I can see
Almost like a dream, yet so real
There has never been a happier me
But the trail has ended, I start to cry
I will have a horse of my own! ...But when?
For now, I depart and heave a big sigh
And look forward to the rocky trail again

Glaedr the poet

A History Of Dragons

The mighty wings of the chosen
The mighty dragons long forgotten
Above all creatures do they tower
There lies within them limitless power
The human race is forever shamed
To tame that which cannot be tamed
Death to a dragon, is an obstacle to overcome
Their spirit lives on, more powerful they become
Dragons and humans had once been friends
But for human actions there are no amends
Dragons do not easily forget past wrongs
Their pain lives on in ballads and songs
Their sadness, their torture, it makes them cry
They fear their end is drawing nigh
The evil of humans has been too great
Their existence lies in the hands of fate
For dragons no longer take part in war
Away from death do they constantly soar
Because dragons had almost destroyed their own race
Their existence from history did they nearly erase
Territory and power struggles soon led to hate
hundreds would die over a single mate
But they overcame their fate; with wisdom
and forever established their eternal kingdom

Glaedr the poet

A Meal At Night

As the sun sets to bring the night
The wise old owl hoots in delight
Spreading his wings in a tired stretch
He searches for a breakfast that'll be quick to fetch
Spotting a mouse that would be such a meal
Swiftly he flies to the life to steal
Thus the wise owl feeds at night
And lets out another hoot of delight

Glaedr the poet

A New Start For My Aching Heart

Though broken and beaten black and blue
Here I still offer my heart up to you
The wounds on my heart from heartbreak gone through,
Is damage I am hoping that you can undo
From your confession of love I already feel new
To your confession of love I confess 'I love you too'

Glaedr the poet

A Poem For Mothers, And Mine

The love of a mother is beyond compare
One who dearly loves and is always there
From scraped knees
To falls from trees
A mother cares for all
From "I told you so"
To "That's a no-no! "
A mother answers the call
Mothers cook, mothers clean, some even work a job
Even with all their strength, a mother still knows how to sob
Mothers should be honored for all they have done
Every day of the year, not just one
There is nothing better than a mother's love
For her time on this earth thank God above
A mother's love endures forever
Its unbreakable bonds no one can sever
No matter how much I have grown
My mother's love is always shown
She has become a mentor and a guide
Within her always I am able to confide
No better payment for her I can find
Then to love her with heart, and with mind
To the one who bore me; I share my emotion
To the one who raised me; Absolute devotion
To this woman I express my joy
You will always be my "mommy" and I your "baby boy"

Glaedr the poet

A Poem Of Hunting, Fishing, And A Truck

I throw my gun in the back of my truck
With it I hope to kill a 12-point buck
While in the woods, BANG! I see the deer fall
I take him home, freeze the meat, and mount his horns on my wall

I grab my pole and tackle box and head to the lake
At this time in the morning, I feel barely awake
There is no school today, I'm glad there is no class
A mighty tug on my line, I hook a large mouth bass

There is nothing like hunting; waiting for the kill
Cutting and cleaning the meat my freezer I'll soon fill
Deer steaks and deer jerky have such a great taste
And with his head on my wall nothing goes to waste

I like fishing, fishing is fun
Fishing underneath the rising sun
I like catching the fish and putting them in a net
Fish is a great dish when the table is set

My truck is unstoppable; it can't beat
I slam the door and strap myself in the seat
I start the engine and press the gas to the floor
My truck takes off and my engine lets out a roar

I wouldn't be able to hunt or fish if it wasn't for my truck
With it I carry poles, guns, and my fallen buck
I pull my boat with my truck in four-wheel-drive
At my destination I always arrive

Glaedr the poet

A Restless Night

My body received rest but my mind was left to wonder
From reality and reason does it continuously falter
The dreams I have dreamt are now long forgotten
They have withered, disappeared, and turned rotten
Vague glimpses of them have left me in a state of confusion
What has been real? What has been delusion?
My head becomes hot, sharp spines within are nailed
My body is sound, but my mind has failed
These types of mornings I always dread
What occurrences could have caused this chaos in my head?
I cannot ask more questions, they make the pain worse
I can only record my experience within this simple verse
Morning is bad, but the day gets better
But what about tomorrow? Or the day after?
Will the morning go well and the day end in distress?
What must I do to avoid this? What must I confess?
One day my conscious I hope to clear
If not, there is no end and limit to my fear

Glaedr the poet

All Love Has Failed Me

Love I cannot have, for it is love that I fear
Never again shall I draw someone ever so near
No longer love will my heart ever hold
For my heart has hardened and turned ice cold
The virginity of my lips and body will never be given
Closer to insanity, and further from love I am driven
I cannot love, I am not destined
And forever a virgin will I be christened
I now beg for you to not seek my heart
For you will find the bitterness and surely depart
It is now that I am beginning to see
That I am alone and always it will be

Glaedr the poet

An Average Soldier

Many have died, many have perished
But this man has yet to fall
Gone for months, time that is cherished
Yet he still answers the call
He is neither the bravest nor the strongest
But for freedom, he fights under the sun
His time spent fighting is not the longest
For at home is where his battles are won
He was given a single gun
Even when old and tired
Never from a battle has he had to run
Never a single shot had to be fired
Though an expert marksman he has proven
And an expert marksman he may be
When that single weapon is given
His ability in battle you will never see
For he is just an average soldier from the Air Force
But to have him in my life, I am glad
Do I love this man? Of course!
For he is none other than my dad

Glaedr the poet

Another Poem For Farewell

I am tired, oh so tired!
Which leaves very little to be desired...except to be inspired
By your presence and your essence
Heart to Heart and friend to friend
We start then have to part, again...and again
Fair thee well until the morrow
For parting does not have to be full of sorrow

Glaedr the poet

Anyone Can Write A Depressing Poem

I've read enough of heartbreaks and tears
Even more so of depressions and fears
I've heard enough of your deaths and rapings
Even more so than your scars and abusings
Give me your joys! Put a grin on my face!
Show me good still exists in our human race
I desire happiness! Please make me smile!
That alone will make it all worth the while
Writing something happy is what'll show 'em
Because anyone can write a depressing poem

Glaedr the poet

Dreams Are Dreams And Nothing More

I am trapped within a population sea
So much my heart desires to be set free
Desire for large buildings, I have none
I want open fields and to see the rising sun
Traffic, cars, and concrete so coarse
I'll have no need of these if mounted upon a horse
To run! to gallop! All across the land
wind in my face, reins within my hand
My faithful companion, I need no other friend
The bond between us, no one can comprehend
This vision brings me great happiness
But I cry because it is simple foolishness
For I know nothing of which I seek
I have never experienced that of which I speak
I am trapped within a population sea
I am trapped, with no way to be set free

Glaedr the poet

Family Comes Together

Family comes together
For always and forever
In sickness and in health
In poverty or in wealth
Family comes together
For always and forever
Without any reason
Anytime or any season
Family comes together
For always and forever
In death or in life
In happiness or in strife
Family comes together
For always and forever
In anger or in kindness
Whether all seeing or in blindness
Family comes together
For always and forever
Whether for work or for play
They somehow find a way
For family to come together
Because families are forever

Glaedr the poet

Hail Dragon!

Hail dragon! Predator of the air
Do not rejoice, do nothing but despair
For you are gone oh dragon, passed into legend
For the merciless warriors of old you could not contend
There is no longer dragon fire or flight
For long ago they had lost the fight
So weep for the dragon, the dragon of old
Weep for the dragon, and his story untold

Glaedr the poet

Homeland (I Do Not Dwell In The Past)

People speak of homeland as the countries that bore their ancestors
They speak of pride, tradition, and origins of predecessors
I have no interest in where I came from, or a family history
The past should stay the past: an unsolved mystery
I look to the future, and what the morrow may bring
A new rising sun, a new day dawns, the new morning
For what is today but yesterday's tomorrow?
Dwelling on the past brings about nothing but sorrow
But by no means should the past be forgot
By learning from past wrongs true wisdom is sought
But my homeland will always be the land in which I reside
Where I will spend my days, live my life, and always confide

Glaedr the poet

I Am (Emotion)

I am tired
tired of the walls closed around me
tired of blindness when I wish to see
I am scared
scared of the love that will never come
scared of where the darkness is from
I am angry
angry at truths that are perceived wrong
angry at the uselessness of a happy song
I am sad
sad for those left behind
sad for the happiness they cannot find
I am confused
confused with the madness of this world
confused with the life into which I'm hurled
I am helpless
helpless to keep my innocence
helpless of it to make any sense
I am dead
dead to the world around me
dead to the people, who refuse see

Glaedr the poet

I Am (Emotion) II

I am happy

Happy with the life I have been living

Happy with the kindness I have been giving

I am thankful

Thankful for a family's love unconditional

Thankful for God and everything spiritual

I am wise

Wise enough to know when something is wrong

Wise enough to be uplifted by a joyous song

I am understanding

Understanding that life is not always fair

Understanding that anger leads to despair

I am brave

Brave enough to right wrongs of late

Brave enough to accept my own fate

I am patient

Patient for my future and what is in store

Patient for love, career, horses, and more

I am alive

Alive in the world that I was meant to be

Alive to everyone whom I make see

Glaedr the poet

I Call My Maiden Home

I am calling my maiden home
For in a distant land does she roam
There is no distance between us too great
For our meeting is bound by undeniable fate
The love within us has long been awoken
And never will that love ever be forsaken
She shall enter my home into love's sweet embrace
And I will finally be able to gaze upon her face
I await this day with an ever burdened heart
Once she is at my side, never shall we part!
So I call thee my sweet maiden, I call thee home
I call thee from the distant land of which you roam

Glaedr the poet

I Don't Like Her, But Can't Help To Love Her

My sister is someone who I cannot comprehend
Never in my wildest dreams could I ever call her "Friend"
I can easily say we do not get along
She argues, she fights, she hates to be wrong
There's not much I can say about this relation to me
Other than of her presence I wish to be set free
But if she would go away, I admit I would miss her
What can I say? After all, she is my sister
There's nothing I can do! I will always be her brother
No matter how much I deny it, there is still no other
Even though she is behind the worst times ever had
All in all, my sister isn't that bad
Admitting this to myself, somewhat gives me joy
But still I wonder, "What if she'd been a boy? "

Glaedr the poet

Just Another Heartbroken Poem

Here I sit lonely and heartbroken
Because of love so freely spoken
I loved her, I think she loved me
But face to face we never did see
I was to visit this princess of mine
Oh to feel her embrace would have been divine!
But she is gone now, a victim of fear
Just too afraid she had drawn so near
You cannot trust what you cannot see
And her parents could not trust me
All we had were our words of devotion
All we had was our shared emotion
But all the same their distrust grew
And in time, her distrust did too
So she left me and never replied
What did I do? I broke down and cried
Couldn't do much else, I'm not a predator
I wanted nothing else but just to love her
But so is the story of my pathetic life
The kind always filled with unfair strife
But I press on anyway, wishing and hoping my love will arrive
'Hey Rachel! it would be nice to know if you were still alive! '

Glaedr the poet

Laments And Longing For A Friend

Where have you gone my dearest friend
It seems it has been forever
My love for you shall never end
A bond of friendship no one can sever
What harm could have befallen
Did you wish to make me weep
My happiness has been stolen
Your absence has struck me deep
If any harm has come to you
I would feel eternal guilt
as a friend, you have been true
upon trust our friendship was built
Your absence has made me grieve
my heart is locked and you have the key
Of this pain, only you can relieve
Where could you be?

Glaedr the poet

Lifetime Animal Center (Aka My Place Of Employment)

Please come in! "Sit! " "Stay! "

Come let us make sure your pet is A-O-K

Dentals? Checkups? We'll do both!

"For the Lifetime of Your Pet" as says our oath

Need something explained? We're really good teachers!

One must know a lot when "Caring for all of God's Creatures"

Is your horse a little hoarse? We do many things for Equine

Going away for the weekend? We'll take-in your Canine!

We'll feed them, water them, and walk them too

And yes, we even pick up their smelly... "MOO! "

Was that a cow? I do believe so

When it comes to Livestock, we never say no

24 hours a day we are accessible to you

To all animal emergencies we'll remain true

Our staff is some of the kindest people you have ever met

Lifetime Animal Center: where you can always trust us with your pet

Glaedr the poet

Love Unchanged

I once asked you to marry me for my love had no end
I thought we'd always be together, then you called me 'friend'
I was called your fiancée, but your brother I became
Yet my endless love for you, has always been the same
Patience I must practice, patience I must get
For maybe just maybe, there is hope for us yet
We are young so young, we have nothing but time
Maybe in the future, you will once again be mine
But until that day has come, as long as we're apart
Know that you always reside within my heart
A friend you started out as, and a friend you'll always be
Even though you've always meant much more to me

Glaedr the poet

My Forbidden Love

I love a girl with hair of red
"Keep your distance" her father said
Our only contact, within the church
More ways to talk we constantly search
Forbidden contact becomes the only way
That we are able to laugh and play
Her father insists it's for her own good
Yet I can see he has severely misunderstood
As he enforces what he believes to be right
His daughter cuts herself in the dead of night
She is four years younger than me, this I cannot deny
Yet my love for her still reaches beyond the highest sky
I want my arms around her, I want her body close
Our lips in kiss embrace, we sail the darkest cosmos
I have more love for her than any girl ever met
My forbidden love: A real life Romeo and Juliet

Glaedr the poet

My Maiden Who Came By Night

For you my heart burns like a dragon's fire!
Fueling all my love, affection, and desire
Eagerly I wait, to be in your embrace
To feel your soft touch, to gaze upon your face
I shall whisper my love softly, put my lips upon yours
Oh how our passion on dragon wings soars!
You are the love of my life, the maiden of my dreams
Never in my life, have been more joyous it seems
No love or relation, has ever felt this right!
Forever my heart is yours, my maiden of the night

Glaedr the poet

Never Truly Been Kissed

I have never been kissed
At least, not in the way I wished
The thought of it is quite depressing
The memory of it is quite revolting
I acted too quickly, I thought I was attracted
It was then I realized how foolishly I had acted
My heart should have never been given
It was naught but a lie I had been livin'
A kiss of deceit I have never even heard of
For I now know a kiss cannot be without love.

Glaedr the poet

Oh Dreary Night

Oh dreary night full of darkness and despair
Perfect night, for pondering what I see as unfair
Cold air breathed, so pure and refreshing
Thus my thoughts come, troublesome and depressing
Cigarette and smoke, hazardous to my health
A law long past broken will hurt my meager wealth
More trouble I face, if they ever were to discover
My love forbidden, that I have for another
It is at this time I feel happiness...and pain
Perfect emotions as the weather turns to rain
As the water begins to wash worries away
I simply feel blessed...just to live another day

Glaedr the poet

Personalities (A Mind In Perfect Balance)

"Darkness"

Darkness has become more frequent in my life
I do not know why, or from where
I struggle through life with difficulty and strife
Into nothingness I constantly stare
I must not let darkness consume me
Because of it, I wish to remain free

"Light"

The Glory, the brightness, of the light within
Has saved me from the shadows
Through it, I am free of my sin
Baptized, renewed from the shallows
This light keeps me forever free
And darkness, loses his hold on me

"Sadness"

Darkness has a friend named Sadness
Her voice a swishing sigh
From sadness arises madness
As I bow my head and cry
Of these two I am mortified
For by them, I am crucified

"Happiness"

Of the darkness, I do not fear!
Happiness keeps me from hell
Its clear voice I love to hear
The beautiful ringing of a bell
I marvel at these talents!
Darkness and Light remain in balance

"Questioning"

As I take in the world
I find myself asking, "Why? "
Into a sea of questions I am hurled
Fighting for answers, like fighting for air; except, I do not die
I have been asking questions from my beginning
So much so, it feels like sinning

"Acceptance"

I now accept things as they are
No more questions do I possess
Answers come from near and far
My mistakes I now confess
I have become strong
By admitting I am wrong

"Revelation"

I embrace Light and Happiness
For they balance Darkness and Sadness
I know questioning will always lead to acceptance

Glaedr the poet

Preserving A Friendship (Not Letting Emotions Get In The Way)

Depart from me not my dearest friend
My feelings for you are to the end
Many boundries broken, much trust gained
has created one of the best friendships ever obtained
Gladness fills my heart when you are near
I express, I confess, and have nothing to fear
My mind becomes open, the dark veils lift
My poetry becomes real, my passion, my gift
I owe it to you, many answers I could not find
Your words have lit a torch to awaken my darkened mind
So much I wish to meet you, to talk face to face
Fear not for our friendship, my heart remains in place
There won't be a day when I will come on to you
Because to our friendship, I wish to remain true
I shall guide you as you shall guide me
and friends forever, we shall always be

Glaedr the poet

The Anger Trapped Within

I do not express my anger
I prefer to be at peace
I go away from present danger
and my problems begin to cease
But I grieve, for it cannot last
My anger refuses to be ignored
Painful memories from the past
Have become a ruler and a lord
They rule over my mind with brute force
I cannot help but to cry
Of actions they cause I have much remorse
Because of these crimes, I deserve to die
Anger trapped within
has become my torture, my sorrow, my sin

Glaedr the poet

The Cadence

As the rain falls, I long for your presence, I cannot bare to be apart
The rain is a cadence, that balms my aching heart.
As I ride in the arena, I think of your horse, friendship like a work of art
The hoof beats are a cadence, that balms my aching heart
As I look upon your face, my chest begins to hurt, I hear the drums start
The drums are a cadence, the sound of my aching heart
As I hear your sweet voice, little angel of mine
It illuminates my soul, a feeling so devine
As you softly say 'I love you' and how our souls will never part
Your voice becomes the music, that cures my aching heart

Glaedr the poet

The Dragon's Warning

Our fires burn with a fearless rage!
They burn at the humans in this cursed age
From friends to hunted the dragons soon became
We are now called 'beast' and by no other name
What paranoia could have spawned their hate?
Was it always to be, dragons doomed to fate?
One thing is for certain, it is not our will!
They will soon find dragons are not so easy to kill
Engulfed in our flames shall be the humans' reward
If ever they should attempt to put dragons to the sword

Glaedr the poet

The Horsewatcher

See that man on top of the hill
See how quiet, see how still
See how he watches keen of eye
See how he blends into the sky
He waits, waits for the horses to come
Hears hoofbeats, then looks where from
There, in the distance, he spots the herd
He watches them gallop, without a word
With awe and amazement upon his face
He watches them pass with all their grace
Yet he does nothing but continue to sit
Gazing at the horses that wear neither bridle nor bit
He hears happy winnies, a horse's freedom song
And to him, nothing about that sounds wrong
He fights for their freedom, for he is a horsewatcher
He continues to watch, never to be a spiritbreaker

Glaedr the poet

The Random Practicing Of A High School Band

As I listen to the noise around me
I arrive at a loss
No order do I see
All around is chaos
I hear drums with booming roar
and flutes with trilling grace
Of this sound I want no more
Confusion and hurt cross my face
No tune or rythem can I find
My thoughts I cannot hear
It has become torture to my mind
and an enemy to my ear
Vibrations run through my head
They strike to the core
Suddenly the sound ends: all is dead
and I hear no more

Glaedr the poet

The Warrior's Pain Of War

War has caused me much pain
By peace only will I abide
Thoughts of battle make me insane
My sword lays forgotten by my side
There stands my faithful steed!
who stood by me to the end
for war, of him, I have no need
He is naught now but my friend
A bag of gold within my hand
What was to be riches untold
plunder from that desolate land
the blood upon it's fields now cold
Much was done to earn this prize
yet at it, I cannot bare to look
I can still hear the bloody cries
of the men whos lives I took
I killed all who stood in my way
I spared not a single one!
After the end of that bloody fray
I felt great sorrow for what I had done
I dump my gold into the river
'I shall have no money for blood! '
The cold spray makes me shiver
as the gold sinks into the mud
I did not fight to protect
for my family had already been killed
out of this came a horrible effect
a desire for revenge that could not be filled
War has caused me so much pain!
War has given me nothing but sadness!
Nothing of war did I gain
except empty and cursed madness
This madness is a balm for my aching heart
for with it, I feel nothing
of this world I do not wish to be a part
for there is naught in it but suffering
I grasp my sword one last time
I touch its cold steel blade
I should end my life because of my crime

A peaceful death in this shady glade
To my heart the sword is brought
as I bring myself to my knees
Suddenly I have another thought
I throw the sword among the trees
'My consious I must free!
I cannot atone of my sin if I am dead
How selfish only to think of me! '
These have been the wisest words I've ever said

Glaedr the poet

To Me What Family Is

Family to me has many meanings
For all are full of diverse feelings
Love and anger, both within a single one
Children who stay and children who run
Can one family be better than another?
It all depends on how they love each other
A family's love should last forever
Bonds of love nothing can sever
For the family I have, I am happy and blessed
And nothing more truthful have I ever confessed
Family has many meanings, but one rises above
The greatest meaning of family, is that of love

Glaedr the poet

Waiting For The End (Patience Is Truly A Virtue)

Patience is a virtue, especially when you wait for death
do not rush to die! cling to every last breath
Your life upon this earth is but your only one
Tomorrow could very well be-your last rising sun
Live life to the fullest! Always do your best!
By doing so, your soul will truly find rest
Do not wish your death to come soon!
Dark and empty is this desire-like the new moon
Do not wish for death! This of you I cry
For only fate can decide-when it is time to die

Glaedr the poet

Watching The Storm

Lightning flashes, I hear the thunder's drum
I stand transfixed by this hypnotic thrum
Dark clouds veil the sky, I feel great fear
The wind whips about me, 'will the sky ever again be clear? '
'when it does, what will have been the cost?
a mighty storm it is! how many lives will be lost? '
I ponder these things, my mind wonders free
Just as the rain begins to fall upon me
I withdraw my gaze and with a gentle stride
turn back to my house, and go inside

Glaedr the poet

What Is This Feeling?

Words cannot describe how I feel
My knees weaken, my heart beats fast
This feeling within me is so real
How much I hope it will last
I feel this everytime you are with me
When I hold you in my arms with gentle embrace
Looking into your eyes this is what I see;
Your beauty within and upon your face
Though we have been seperated by miles apart
We share the same emotion-
we have taken each other's heart
and shown much devotion
What is this feeling? by what name shall I call?
This feeling no one can sever
This feeling that shall never fall
I shall name it love: to last forever

Glaedr the poet

Winter Begins

Darkness descends on this town I'm in
So full of purity, yet so full of sin
Winter begins rearing her ugly face
Soon very soon I'll feel her bitter embrace
Cold damp rain, the sentry of her force
Soon ice shall fall with little to no remorse
The purity of snow still awaits to be seen
With sun shining upon it with brilliant sheen
How purity comes from such evil is unknown
How beauty from such ugliness can be shown
I will take winter's good along with her bad
Welcome the approaching season and be glad
Thankful in heart, I accept what she will bring
And wait, patiently wait, for the coming of spring

Glaedr the poet

Wishing I Was A Dragon

I wish I could be a dragon
winged beast of legend with piercing stare
the power I would have I can only imagine
But for sure it is beyond compare
I would spread my wings and fly
By day and by night
All my enemies I would fry
as I bare my fangs in delight
Oh to experience dragon fire or flight
would simply be devine
but only by doing what is right
could I call those powers mine

Glaedr the poet

Wishing I Was A Horse

I wish I could be a horse
running through endless plain
No trails and no set course
Feeling naught but wind in my mane
From the sunrise in the east
To the sunset in the west
I will run as a noble beast
While heart pounding in my chest
No man or force will ever tame me
No saddle or bridle shall I wear
As a horse I will remain free
Because as a man I feel despair
So I sit and dream about this freedom
of running through the sun and the rain
of being noble yet bound to no kingdom
As a horse with a spirit not slain

Glaedr the poet

Wishing I Was A Songbird

I wish I could be a songbird
but not just to gracefully fly
for in the morning, emotions stirred
I would sing my song to the sky
A beautiful song it would be
A song beyond compare
It is then I would leave my tree
and take off into the air
Flying amongst the sun
with freedom as my song
when hearts of humans are won
as a songbird I cannot go wrong

Glaedr the poet