

Poetry Series

Harold Ivens
- poems -

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Freshman in English and Spanish literature, autodidact musician. I write songs and as a result, I'm deeply interested in poetry, especially about mystical experiences, although recently I found that the less a poet writes about them, the more they can be felt through his writings.

Daylight Milk Cowboy

All in all,
Can you tell me where is God?
Seems like I can only hear him from my iPod.
Is he only sound, or is he more than that?
Will he still be there at the end of the track?
I wonder if he knows, that I'm living this way,
Suffering the metro everyday just to get paid,
Living the same old routine, hoping one day,
Rap God will descend on me and take me away,
This song is a prayer,
These verses are but psalms,
Cause I'm still waiting on
The fall of Babylon,
I turn to daylight like a cow boy on the run,
Milk the cow, neck burning in the sun,
I work hard, I write slow,
But from the heart in order to flow,
Like blood in veins.
I hope it gets you entertained
And you get this refrain,
Cause here in the land of rain,
We act, we don't explain.

(Taken from my work as an MC with Hiphoptronics band St-James)

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The Problem

The problem seems to reside where one can't speak his mind precisely enough for his point to come across.

The problem exists as long as we do not state it. The problem is 'unstatable'. Everyone can feel it though.

The problem wants solution, but the usual formula to success does not find it anywhere.

The problem lies within, And its solution will make everyone an addict when it's found

The problem seems to be all powerful, its dominion is spread upon space and time.

The problem exists as long as you know the worth of your future crime.

The problem wants water, but we all seem to need it as ours for our thirst to be quenched,

The problem lies within the man who sells water to a man living on a bench.

The problem lies within me as well, and I can't tell if it is my own will,
The problem still wants water, but you can hear the jars spill,
The problem exists as long as we are as we are, still,
The problem is bread, humanity is a stomach and it never falls ill.

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