

Poetry Series

**Hnt var**  
**- poems -**

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# A Moment From Time

To steal a moment from time.  
Like the moon steals the night.  
Free from the worries of the here and now.  
To only catch a glimpse of what it would be.  
To steal a moment from time.

Being lost and not seeing the way.  
Held by the chains of fear.  
Crying with the tear of life.  
Forgiven only by time.  
Yet I wonder what it would be.  
To steal a moment from time.

Will it remain a dream or could it be?

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# Awakening

The morning glance I stood before  
Clouds that made music you would not abhor

One and all, a universe of mind.  
Gentle heavens and feeling no more.  
To be brought here - oh you poor soul.

Define the one and have the second  
As if it were my choice to be with you.

For no more is the hu-man chained to body.

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# Dear Stranger

You, my precious have left us.  
In the coldest nights I feel no warmth.  
It's like the light has left us.  
I want to find you, yet I am lost.  
Given no love from the frost.  
Why did you become a stranger to me.

There was sorrow in my heart as you flew away.  
My time with you was stolen when you left.  
I heard the tunes in my head playing like you did.  
Yet I cannot picture you in front of me.  
For you have become a stranger to me.

I pray you read my words as I write them to you.  
The angels whisper to me and I listen.  
They whisper your words, 'I am here'.  
I cry when you talk and I smile when I see you walk.  
My dear stranger, you are so far yet so close as I write.  
I finish with your words, 'I am here'.

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# Good And Bad

As dark as the night gets.  
It cannot get any darker than a human.  
As angry as a lion gets.  
It cannot get angrier than a human.

As beautiful as an instrument sounds.  
It does not sound more beautiful than a human.  
As beautiful as nature is.  
It is not more beautiful than a human.

And as good, good itself is.  
It does not get better than a human.

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# He Dreams

He dreams his hopes when he sleeps.  
They come not by themselves, but he chooses to dream them.  
His dreams are the reality in another world.  
A world filled with possibilities.  
Awakened, he finds his dreams gone again.

He lives his reality; one filled with despair.  
This life comes to him; he does not choose it.  
Belief is what he calls it; forsaken by his dreams.  
Asleep, his chosen dreams reveal themselves once again.

He feels no sadness.  
He lives within those dreams.

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# My Heart Is Dark

Filled with anger, my heart is dark.  
Darkness is around me, from the people that surround me.  
Another day has gone, and my heart is still dark.

Why does the sun not rise in my heart  
and set the darkness to light.  
Another day has gone, and my heart is still dark.

I cannot remember a day when my life was light.  
Yet life cannot be filled with only darkness.  
For darkness is death and i'm still alive.  
Another day has gone, and my heart is still dark.

Now I end this story and I see a light in the dark.  
Another day has gone, and the light in my heart has been turned on.

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# Our Choices

You seek the truth  
yet you tell the lies.

You seek for justice,  
yet you do wrong.

You seek for love  
yet you love to hate.

You seek for peace,  
yet you create war.

You seek for the lord,  
but who are you fooling?

You will always make wrong choices no matter how hard you try.  
Remember the right choices and forget the wrong ones.

So you can move on and do it all again..

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# Simple Life

A tender word; a decent hello.  
My pardon has not brought a smile or so.

An all seeing eye; across the globe.  
The birds fly; messages from orb to orb.

A heart so strong; the life so long.  
Death from above can silence the dove.

A closed mind to be freed.  
Fly, mind, and feel the heart that you so long to be.

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# The Black Cat

As it stood there, majestically with its dark tail.  
It grabbed its tail, and it would play the hidden tunes.  
Light from the moon would shine upon the gracious one.  
Still it would not reveal its blood covered blue eyes.

As the moon, effortlessly, would shine and shine.  
The blood covered blue eyed one, kept on playing.  
As the tunes would amplify, its tail would darken.  
Dance, would the moon, to the tunes of the cat.

The darkened cat, with its tail, its blood covered blue eyes.  
The shining moon, now danced by the tunes of the black one.

This is what I saw.

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# The Conscious Soul.

Branded by birth, but freed by life.  
Looms but the shadow of the made truth.  
By reason, by logics, by heart.  
It is the concious soul.

When the ocean bades in the sun.  
It is the bird that gives life in the tree.  
And the human that mixes peace with war.  
It is but the concious soul.

A sense of loneliness and a tear of happiness.  
It is the fearless yet also the heartless.  
The dream you dream with eyes wide open.  
It is nothing but the concious soul.

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# The Dying Flower

There was love in the room.  
It was the laughter in the rain.

With nearly broken legs, it kept its pride.  
And bloomed and walked towards the heights.

With petals of white and its invisible crown  
My flower flew in the night of blissful hopes.

Oh I wish time was my friend.  
So I could rewrite the story in the end.  
But sadly 't was my ignorance that I met.

To travel back in time and space.  
Only to face my flower dying again.

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# The Empty Will

In life, I died.  
In death, I wandered.

In wandering, I had mastered the finding.  
In finding, I had conquered.  
Yet conquered and lost once again.

I held on to the forces that deprived me of my victory,  
and saw them smile as I no longer had the will to stand strong.

So here, brought down to my knees and left in the abyss of depression.  
Yet never has the moment of destruction hit me, never has time taken my will  
from me.

And never shall surrender enter my empty will.

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# The Journey To The Stars

A room I stood in, filled with machinery of light and doom.  
There stood the screen - in all its beauty and its evil means.  
The sound was that of a piano; the greatest genius, it seems.  
I waved and remembered the lighted cure it brought me and my two close mind-  
friends;  
or multiple if I may.

They were the stars I longed for; 't was the dark I wished for -  
born here that brought me, but stolen from my home I long for.  
Sadly but gladly I did not know and even though I knew that I knew,  
I wished it to be gone and so to be departed once more.  
I could portray even more the sound of my beautiful shore; my home and more

As the night of painful feelings were at an end, it became clearer to my friend.  
He was as the wolf howling with the cats of inner peace;  
't was his shouting they fouled at. He stood there as the master of arts,  
his sword spit the fire from within.

I had the peaceful mind and the calmness of the sea,  
and I polluted their freedom as a bee pollutes the flower and leaves in free.  
How could it be, my friend not mad at me.  
The cats; they stood there and smiled as if I were the one they waited for.  
It became clear to me, it was my mind playing tricks with my mind;  
it sounded crazy to me.

But it was the truth I never wanted.  
It was the hope I fought for and never been granted.  
Ultimately, it was my life I longed for and the paradox it brought,  
for I had wanted the one and the other at my forgotten time.

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# The Place With No Name

This beautiful place with no name.  
Through the eyes of a child.  
Within a heart of a man.  
I see this place that is not named.  
The blue sky is just blue.  
The green grass is just green.  
Love is love and hate is not seen.  
And yet still this place has no name.  
But then again, how can it be named if it is not the truth.

It may not be the truth but I believe in it and shall name it:  
The place with no name.

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# The Soft Yet

The soft yet painful feeling of this beautiful feather  
Gently touching the marmer stones with wet hands

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# The Story

Gazing in the burning field, telling the story he saw.

Gunshots flying from roof to roof; the rain is sad.  
Under the beds they go; the heat is among them.

In the open field there is love; so tiny, yet so strong.

The forbidden song, played; a smile upon them.

The death of a friend; the loss of a soul.

Run little boy; the story is not lost.

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# The Truth

Where is the way how is it seen.  
Could it be in the things we create?  
Look towards you and see the truth.  
Yet still knowing the lies are behind you.

I shall open the doors to my mind, how much more guilt?  
Feeling like you have felt in the past, growing with this pain.  
Have i become a slave to the guilt and lies, is this truth?  
Can i honestly say where I am from and where I shall die?

The truth shall reveal itself in this life.  
For I am born in the lies and shall die in the truth.

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# The War In My Mind

The ocean stretches out to an eternity in my mind.  
I see fire in this ocean, where water should claim it.  
I try to end this fire, yet I have nothing to make it possible.

Could it be that there is a war raging inside of me,  
where I have no control over. Maybe it has a meaning,  
maybe someone is trying to tell me something.

I try hard to understand why I keep seeing all of this,  
one reason comes to mind. I am dying and seeing  
my life flash before me.

I feel sad to have lived a life that has to end this way.  
Yet I feel a joy when I hear these words:

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

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# This Light

I see a light, with colours so bright.  
Red, green and blue, are the colours of this light.  
A glance and the light is gone.  
Where could it be from?

I look in my heart and realize,  
this light is but a shadow in my heart.  
It's easy to see, hard to find yet beautiful when .....

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# Universal Kindness

In the lighted but crowded room.  
Speaking on private dooms.

A sigh, a praise, a loud voice.  
Hypocrisy with an intriguing tongue.  
The beautiful dark is here.

Do good and help others.  
A false bottom indeed.  
Beautiful showmanship.

Talk and talk. Act and fake.  
Moving lips distract and break

Sanctimonious good; universal and forever embraced.

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# When Will They Be Free.

When life will unbound  
so will they free themselves from the fear.  
As might grows  
so will they embrace it with the lust of greed.

The heavens will shut their doors  
as death's appetite will grow for them.  
Waiting for the message to arrive  
yet not knowing it has flown all too soon.

Who will be there to defend them,  
when they stand before the reality to where the light forever shines.

When will they be free, not in mind but in heart...

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# Your Journey

Do not let me lead you.  
Do not let me control you.

Rather let me inspire you.  
Let me teach you.  
So you may teach and inspire others.

Do not walk the path I walk.  
Take a sideway and make it your own.  
So you can one day free the path for another soul.

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