

Poetry Series

Isaak DeMaio
- poems -

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Isaak DeMaio(September 16,1992 -)

Isaak DeMaio is 19 years old, living in Clarence, New York. He attends Medaille College, studying Adolescent Education in Mathematics.

'...And You Say You'Re Okay? '

The way you dropp your head,
and bend your knees,
gets all too familiar,
(just between you and me.)

Confidence runs away,
every time you're let down,
through these hidden trees,
insecurity snipes you with self-doubt.
Fall gullible to your own shadow,
shame rains down from the clouds,
when that streetlight starts to flicker,
think of it as apathy turning on.
Loneliness awaits your visit,
while sadness eats at your mind,
a theatrical show of drama,
put on by your depressive side.

The way you dropp your head,
and bend your knees,
makes jealousy jealous,
of your award winning social disease.

Isaak DeMaio

'92 Lincoln

Open the door
Into a world of opportunity
Jump into the back
Notice what you'll see.

Next to you on the right,
A poet and his wishful dreams.
Not someone you would think at first sight
But nothing really is what it seems.

Passenger side,
The musician, spilling his guts into song.
Nothing like him to coincide
He's indifferent between what is right and wrong.

Next to the musician,
The driver and her long lost soul.
An un-taken heart condition
Searching for someone with a heart of gold.

The reality is chilling
Of what their dreams are to be
The future is somewhat thrilling
To see what these young lives can guarantee.

Isaak DeMaio

A Broken House

A broken teen
In a divided house
The age of sixteen
Treated like a mouse

There;
She sits and screams
Prepare;
The dropp in self-esteem

She wants out
But she cannot leave
Unbearable to think about
She cries in her sleeve

Trapped in four walls
Hanging lights all around
Awaits her father's call
But only a bickering sound

A broken house
I wish not to see
A broken house
This girl must flee.

Isaak DeMaio

A Dream, A Dream, She Never Dies

Tomorrow:

Respect will be gained,
feelings poured out,
my heart to be tamed,
empty this self doubt.

I hope you remember my words,
'cause I won't let yours subside,
it went a little something like this:
You're beautiful on the inside.

Isaak DeMaio

Afi

Dancing Through Sunday, Silver and Cold,
Death of Seasons start to Bleed Black,
Summer Shudder, Love Like Winter,
and Decemberunderground.

Sing the Sorrow of Crash Love,
Miss Murder's Beautiful Thieves,
The Killing Lights up ahead,
Kill Caustic equip a 37mm machine.

Darling, I Want To Destroy You,
don't be Too Shy To Scream,
warm your Cold Hands,
have The Last Kiss with me.

Find the Morningstar in the Midnight Sun,
Black Sails in the Sunset, Greetings and Goodbyes,
The Lost Souls begin Initiation,
The Art of Drowning begins to cry.

Affliction's Kiss and Control,
The Missing Frame,
... But Home Is Nowhere,
Girl's Not Grey.

Isaak DeMaio

A-L 1

Alone, alone,
man on a mission,
ending transmission,
alone, alone.

Alone, alone,
somber character,
shooting the messenger,
alone, alone.

Alone, alone,
sarcastic response,
miserable nonce,
alone, alone.

Alone, alone,
inevitably the best,
never the worst,
alone, alone.

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Alexander

It goes to say:
'You don't know what you got, til it's gone.'
But you can't fault me,
I was too young.

People to see,
places to go,
things to believe,
information to be known.

You were my figure,
my hero, my idol, my model.
You were my martyr,
for almost half of my life.

I am so grateful,
Thankful;
every moment
of my life.

You taught me:
who to be,
how to be,
even if I didn't understand.

You shaped me well,
got me ready for life.
Gave me the consequences,
even if they were not so nice.

I let moments pass,
they just slipped away,
it happened so fast,
I guess all good things can't stay.

That final day,
will always be sketched in my mind,
'You were his favorite'
Well, yeah... you were mine.

Isaak DeMaio

Anywhere But Here

So I'm passing the time,
as time passes us,
like you passed me by,
and left me to dust,
now you go on,
as I stay in last,
I still follow on,
still waiting for chance,
as indecisiveness,
eats at your mind,
and frustration disrupts,
my only true side,
the one you once knew,
and was all I could be,
but you only saw through,
right through me,
just like everyone else,
you followed their lead,
you left me alone,
to drown in misery,
and it's killing me to know,
what it could be,
just us two alone,
which was all we really need,
yet you still go on,
like it never took place,
now all we try to do,
is to try and save face,
and now we move on,
to anything near,
a new destination,
to anywhere but here.

Isaak DeMaio

Appear Invisible

Life as a shadow,
opposites attract,
the sun rarely sees the moon,
broken hearts stay intact.

Fire rages on water,
we're living in the past,
the utilization of force to make peace,
knowing answers from questions we never asked.

We are alone,
finding the even odds,
love's imperfect perfection,
is easier than finding God.

Isaak DeMaio

Asthenia

I feel alone and tired,
I hear her in the whispering wind,
she silently creeps this road,
waiting for the door to let her in.

I feel the way she touches me,
like that night she held my hand,
I threw everything away like it was nothing special,
but in the end it was a happiness I couldn't withstand.

I feel I should go back to The First,
a spectacular marvelous day,
where I didn't feel a pinch of loneliness,
and I believed everything she had to say.

I feel my pure heart race,
as she embraced me in her arms and felt it race too,
it was that one subtle kiss that no one saw,
where I figured out it was the only instant of love that I knew.

I feel recklessly abandoned,
like she was just gone,
maybe I wasn't who I thought I was,
maybe in my conscience, I was cognitively wrong.

I feel an absent regret,
to the speech I never should have said,
deep down, sinking in my gut, I'm sorry,
I let it all go to my numb skulled head.

I feel if I actively listened,
she'd be by my side everyday,
and I finally truly realized,
I figured myself out for the first time today.

I feel I write imagination,
but I know only she will understand,
if you're this somebody out there,
I hope you have listened to what I have said.

I feel alone and tired,
but should I go back to this accustomed touch?
This time I really don't want to,
I miss you so much.

Isaak DeMaio

Bitter Cold Days

Isn't it a shame
Life cannot take a break
There is too much pain
And it's not that easy to shake.

Time needs to move slow
So things can rearrange
Establish a steady flow
Why do things even change?

Friends going separate ways
Relationships breaking apart
Signs of bitter cold days
Stories of lonely hearts.

Isaak DeMaio

Blink - 182

Not Now, it's Obvious.
You're an Easy Target,
Always Pathetic,
always Down.
A Roller Coaster,
Feeling This: Emo,
never Enthused.
Stay Together For The Kids,
Adam's Lost Without You.
A Family Reunion,
left Recklessly Abandoned,
a Man Overboard, with
All The Small Things.
Every Time I Look For You,
I Miss You,
Please Take Me Home.
Don't Leave Me.
What Went Wrong?
After All of This,
my thoughts send me on a Carousel.

Isaak DeMaio

Blue Crush

Ocean scene,
tambourines,
windy nights,
boardwalk lights.

Firm grasp,
time lapse,
sandy feet,
heart skips a beat.

Waves crash,
lips clash,
ninety-degree heat,
this love feels concrete.

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Bottle Me Empty

This road seems endless,
these steps feel empty,
anyway you look at it,
together they were happy.

We found each other,
at one point in life,
but the bottom of this bottle,
feels like the happiness wasn't quite right.

Awake to realization,
how different she used to be,
these walls are like cookies,
they crumble until she is on her knees.

Emptiness fills the time,
you give it a name,
each minute her heart dies inside,
she wishes that you could have felt the same way.

Isaak DeMaio

Breaking These Addictions

The sign reads 'exit, '
she never intended him to leave,
trust walked out the door,
he's not that easy to believe.

Smoking away the stress,
her broken heart burns,
every flick of the lit cigarette,
a little more she becomes concerned.

Crying endlessly,
an addiction of love,
falling short,
needing a shove,
her lack of hope,
confidence falls apart,
insides choke,
bleeding heart.

Opportunity,
wishes and dreams,
invisibility,
too shy to scream,
all of her emotions,
concealed by walls,
trust in her friends,
I won't let her fall.

Isaak DeMaio

Calvary

Check the ground
Check the enemy

Stand the line
Right up front

Ten feet away
Start the assault

Fight for your country
Die for you country

Isaak DeMaio

Canmerico

Warding off the longest regrets,
(Don't think about this.)
the past never frightens anybody,
(Please don't do this.)
futuristic turmoil exfoliates,
(Why won't you listen?)
welcoming the loneliness she pinned on me.
(You'll always feel alone.)

Creeping sadness from jubilant memories,
(You're dreaming.)
missing, wishing, to calm this hideous heartache,
(This will never be real.)
vanishing the beauty, concealing the emotions,
(Will you listen to me now?)
this sick twisted joke we once called love.
(You'll always live in fear.)

Insomniac transformation,
(You should close your eyes.)
shedding weight uncontrollably,
(Wish everything was gone.)
manic depression, unwanted oppression,
(Listen now.)
maybe one day it will all be the same.
(You'll have to move on.)

Isaak DeMaio

Chew

Why do you cry when you already know the end?
Why do you lie when you know you'll give in?
Why do you continue when you know when to stop?
Why do you self-doubt when your already on top?
Why do you dream when they never come true?
Why do you have feelings when they see you through?
Why do you bend when you know you're about to break?
Why do you try when it's something you can't make?
Why do you care when they act like you don't exist?
Why do you stick around when you know you're on the waiting list?
Why do you believe in something you're not?
Why do you want to be remembered when most people already forgot?
Why do you enter when it says not to come in?
Why do you do all the things you said you never been?
Why do you love me when you said it meant nothing at all?
Why do you still talk to me when all of this was my fault?
Why do you read this when it's something you shouldn't do?
Maybe your resistance is something you bite off more than you can chew.

Isaak DeMaio

Chump

He believes in magic,
something that's not real.
An egocentric plastic man,
a life led to be surreal.

He drowns himself in-
his narcissistic heart,
a cold dark abyss,
where loneliness rips him apart.

An excellent array of apathy,
absentee from all social connection,
a phantom based identity,
he's the ideal imperfection.

Ignorant to universal morals,
he may just be dumb,
though he lives his own life,
all he is, is a chump.

Isaak DeMaio

Cinderella Story

She wants him,
she is done being alone,
she can't take it anymore,
she wants someone she can call her own.

She wants the attention,
the royalty and all,
she wants to be comfortable,
she wants to be caught by open arms to break her fall.

She wants him to love her imperfection,
she wants those tears to be smiles,
the blue days to be heaven,
and him to appreciate all her different styles.

She wants to feel his touch,
she wants to know it's all okay,
she wants the sudden rush,
to say 'I love you' in every single way.

She wants a man with pride,
she wants to know how he feels,
she wants him to open up,
she wants to know that his love is real.

Isaak DeMaio

Consequence

Do you know what it's like to be conquered by fear?
Do you realize how gullible you are to everything you hear?
Do you ever take a second to think of who I am?
Do you finally realize I've never given a damn?
It takes ten seconds to lose a friend,
it takes a lifetime to see what could have been,
it was a mistake i surely don't regret,
I make damn sure I'm not someone who is easy to forget.
Think of all those times I never let you down,
now put it side to side and think of yourself right now,
maybe if you listened you would know the facts,
it is not my fault how hard you took it and how you react.
Hate me for the person everyone was too blind to see,
hate me for insecurities I treated to the third degree,
hate me for the times I took it way too far,
but don't forget that it was I who listened to all of your scars.
Accept the fact of the points I have been made,
I've accepted the consequences that I now have to pay,
you better think fast, you better not blink,
the word 'consequence' is bigger than you think.

Isaak DeMaio

Creativity

It lives in the dark
Moist part of your brain
A journey that it embarks
Such a life that is arcane

Totalitarian power
Invisible to the naked eye
Never been so sour
It cannot tell a lie

Like water in a stream
It flows through the mind
It reaches it's dream
That is one of a kind

Words uniformly spattered
mrof epyt sdrawkcab a nI
Letters awkwardly scattered
mron eht fo tuo nettirw meop A

Isaak DeMaio

Deceiving Reflections

A purple shaded sky sleeps silently
above timid young restless souls,
observing a glossy full moon rise
from out under the glistening ocean.
The moon enhances reflection's of light
upon the mirroring water, as it strikes
back toward the sky, creating stars
amongst the moon, and forming shapes
easily visible to the creative souls.
Aquatic shaded eyes statically acquaint
a moment of suppressed contentment,
sitting upon trampled Chrysanthemums,
grazing fingertips through strands of brunette hair,
gently rubbing down idyllic skin, sinking into
her palm, her touch, her warmth; perfection.
Rapturous echoes from a prolix wind,
producing crashing waves along the
vigorous rocky shore, biting boulders,
ripping chunks of stone from tremendous
rock, digesting the calm in ease.
Swiftly swept to sea, under the silky
beautiful moon, she drowns in silence,
neglected from reality, she never exist.
For she is a dream, a dream never dies.

Isaak DeMaio

Don'T Let Me Down

It went something like...

his kicks were clean,

his hair was slick,

he had his dream,

he had his chick.

She was always there,

she never let him down,

the way they moved,

as if love had a sound.

Best friends just don't call it quits,

he doesn't want you to leave,

what would he be left with,

when he spent years on something he believed?

A couple of friends,

oppression,

nothing to spend his time on,

but manic depression.

Either way you look at it,

you're both going to lose,

just don't go forcing something,

make sure you know what you're about to choose.

So go do what you like,

make sure you do it wise,

you may find out that your self doubt,

may not be that easy to compromise.

Isaak DeMaio

Epitome Social Enemy

It's sick when you know,
that you are out on your own,
and you have been left all alone,
to suffer the cold,
and when it rains,
then it pours,
it lightnings and thunders,
and strikes you the idea,
that your self esteem was-
a lie and you never did know,
quite who you are to be,
but that's when you wake up,
drunk in a car trunk with no-
clothes on and gasping,
for air while everyone stares,
like your a loner and the one,
that no one wants to be,
because what they see is different,
and they wouldn't know what it's like to be me.

Isaak DeMaio

Face Down, Leave Now

'Do you feel like a man
when you push her around?
Do you feel better now,
as she falls to the ground? '

This drunken life that you live,
it needs to come to a halt,
days are getting harder to survive,
none of this will ever be my fault.

You need to leave right now,
I know that you don't care,
not one more day will I ever allow,
these reckless painted actions that I wear.

'Mother, can't you just get rid of him, '
an un-confident child declares,
it's not just a sudden whim,
it's that every night he is drunk, she is scared.

'Well I'll tell you my friend,
one day this world's going to end
as your lies crumble down,
a new life she has found.'

Isaak DeMaio

Fall, Fall, Fall

I push, push, push,
until I fall, fall, fall,
knowing I'm empty,
it's hard to stand tall.
Fighting an enemy,
breaching my walls,
no sight of safety ahead,
I still fall, fall, fall.
Round up the pessimists,
fire at the head,
fill my mind with emptiness,
desperately in need of someone to call a friend.
Emptiness, loneliness,
everything in between,
I must respect these boundaries,
everything is easier in my dreams.
Losing control to
these doubting thoughts,
I'll never be good enough,
sometimes I wish I never fought.
My faith has dried up and run out,
I'm running low on things to say,
there is everything to say to you,
catch me in a better place, on a better day.
This poem I write,
isn't a cry for support
I'm showing you my weakness,
this is how I fall short.
These absent minded thoughts,
the things I thought I heard you say,
over analyzing every little piece,
makes me fade away.
Jumping to conclusions,
building up four walls
creating flawed designs,
I fall, fall, fall.

Isaak DeMaio

First Regret

Most people concur:
regrets are the things you
thought of, but didn't ever do.

Regrets are of the past,
an uninvited concept
that should vanish into mist.
Pardon me while I burst.
Flames arise from a bubbling water
that was boiling without the steam.
Gradually sitting still, feeling the heat,
I never wanted you to change,
please stay along for this ride with me.
Jealousies fate, found you along the way,
obstructing my views from something,
a happiness, that I wanted for so long.

The future has come forward,
this silence relinquishes control,
you may have forgiven, but you
will never forget the fierce,
ruthless regret that I hold.

Isaak DeMaio

Glass Life

Glass shattered
Life tattered
Cracks every which way
Trying to get through each day.

Left in different pieces
Optimism's aspiration decreases
Sharp jagged edges
False claimed pledges.

Transparent glass amongst the floor
An opaque life, not worthwhile anymore
Seven years of bad luck
Living life as a sitting duck.

Isaak DeMaio

Hidden Underneath

In his poet's eyes,
he see's the future.
In their normal eyes,
they see today.

Theoretically reading,
he sounds amazing.
Empirically seeing,
they know he's good for nothing.

Calm and collective,
is what he can be.
Pertinacious attitude,
is all they can see.

Living in secrecy,
he wishes to be unknown.
A perfect cover-up,
is all they will be shown.

Isaak DeMaio

Homestead: Helpless

Jenny wishes she could face it,
'cause overall she just hates it,
her ears go deaf from yelling,
while her brain starts swelling,
and she,
just wants to leave this home,
and she,
just wants somewhere to go,
Jenny can't quite handle it,
'cause she talks but no one hears it,
her tear drops start falling,
while her insides start rotting,
and she,
just wants to leave this home,
and she,
just wants somewhere to go,
Jenny feels faceless,
'cause she knows it's helpless,
her soul starts to release this,
while her heart starts to break in pieces,
and she,
just wants to leave this home,
and she,
just wants to be left alone.

Isaak DeMaio

I Am

I am the sirens,
sounding off when you're too deep,
I am the lost dream,
forgotten when you awaken from sleep.
I am the persistant,
never giving up on the chase,
I am the simplicity,
bringing a sweet smile to your face.
I am the elder,
always covering your tracks,
I am the set of eyes,
behind your head watching your back.
I am the heed,
listening to anger as you burst,
and I am the love,
unconditionally given when you're at your worst.

Isaak DeMaio

I Am The Moon, You Are The Stars

Are you the love of my life? I'd like to think that is true,
will you wait around? Because then I'll stick around too.
Is this the turning in my life, or as far as I can see?
I am the one that you found, or maybe you found me?
It's so hard to commit, I promise I'll follow on through,
the future's not the past, always know that I'll never hurt you.
Is it rejection you fear? Don't worry because I'm scared too,
for as long as we last, we'll always do what we do.
You are a thief, and you swallowed me whole,
it's quite beautiful, all of my breaths you stole.
You swim in my dreams, I hope that I swim in yours,
you keep me up at night, you're too hard to ignore.
I am the velvet moon, and you are the glistening stars,
you dance in my moonlight, while I hide all of your scars.

Isaak DeMaio

I Hope Dreams Come When I Die

I'll close my eyes,
faint into sleep,
lifeless, and numb,
a distraction of dreams.

Dying,
creating my world,
where it's only you and me,
you'll be the one I never forget,
and you can't deny,
this is my town,
where you can't pretend,
now you know how I feel,
because I'll never forget.

Phantom now,
you'll be a ghost,
float through me,
things can't be perfect-
all the time,
this I know.

I don't want to talk right now,
thanks for your concern,
I'm so tired of running,
I'll build this armor for sleep.

Isaak DeMaio

'I Need You Right Now'

She doesn't know,
she doesn't know,
ask how she feels,
she'll tell you she doesn't know.

Loneliness covered conscience,
she hates watching the world,
the feeling of being unloved,
with disconcerted emotions swirled.

She says he is sweet and charming,
someone she can't let go,
when really asked the question,
she doesn't really know.

The one thing she does know,
is what she knows of me.
she realizes I'm different,
she likes everything she sees.

She says I know the right things to say,
it doesn't matter what I feel,
it doesn't matter who you are,
what I think is what you'll hear.

She says I'm always there for her,
something he can't ever do,
he's an unreliable source,
she knows I won't misconstrue.

She says I don't ever bring her down,
she loves the way I feel,
all my deepest thoughts,
a beautiful thief, her heart I steal.

Isaak DeMaio

I Walked Around My Good Intentions And Found That There Were None

The future's sold out,
I've never seen a loser win,
there is no use in screaming,
loneliness: the only sad man who grins.

Happiness is not a dream,
I must sadly confess,
reality is the sickest game,
that leaves you tasteless and unimpressed.

This craved addiction is useless,
I can't remember your name,
every egocentric I've met,
left me sad, obsessed and in vain.

This thief inside my head,
has a narcotized skill,
a numbness i cannot relinquish,
overdosing on pills that kill.

Cold breaches into my blood,
my lungs and ribs collapse within,
passing out for the rest of existence,
silence makes me the best I have ever been.

Isaak DeMaio

Idealist

Nice skin, nice teeth,
not known
but not too alone.

Eyes worth staring at,
hands worth holding,
arms worth grabbing,
that own unique style.

A sense of humor,
a sarcastic touch,
a pinch of bitch
that's all curled up.

Hair's always fresh,
makeup not needed,
nothing too obnoxious
but can get a little excited.

The face: a book,
myself: the pen.
Not just another chapter,
the start of a whole new story.

Not too religious,
hasn't gone around,
not perfect but imperfect,
except for that one little flaw.

Isaak DeMaio

If

If I were a plane, I'd crash down.
If I were a cat, I'd be afraid.
And If I were a good man,
I wouldn't hold in all that I feel.

If I were to lie, I could concede.
If I were gullible, I could follow.
If I were someone I'm not, please,
please just shoot me.

If I were music, I would relieve.
If I were morning, I'd start new.
If I were a good man, I'd value,
Everything you've done for me.

If I were a plane, I'd crash down.
If I were a cat, I'd be afraid.
And if I were a good man,
I'd never let you down.

Isaak DeMaio

I'M First, You'Re Last

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Isaak DeMaio

In A Different Time Or Place This Would Make More Sense

A moment of silence please,
for those who never get the chance,
they're caught up in the violence,
that some may call the past,
they live alone and drink alone,
and have never seemed to be unmasked.

The teenager, the widow,
the one without the soul,
they look out the window,
and know their hearts have been put up for sale.
They follow, they tremble,
they trip over their feet,
it's like a shadow came and left,
and you decided to take a seat;
so you sit and think,
while waiting for the someone you won't ever meet.

How far will you go before you lose it all?
How far along before you finally fall?

They laugh and scream,
they tell you that 'you're nothing,
and you'll never be what you seem, '
you shrug it off and shake it off,
and crawl back into your dreams.

How far will you go before you lose it all?
How far along before you finally fall?

Isaak DeMaio

It's Not Going To Be Easy, I Never Said It Was

Who are you going to call when it all falls down?
Who are you going to depend on when you're about to drown?
Who are you going to be when you learn from your mistakes?
I'll try to be there and I'll do whatever it takes.

What's it to you to feel my pain?
What's it to you if I take the blame?
What's it to you to let me inside?
All I'm trying to do is to not leave you blind.

Where do we go when it is all said and done?
Where do we go when the light goes dark from the sun?
Where do we go when you don't remember me?
I guess it is a matter of what you want me to be.

Why does it matter if I say it like it is?
Why does it matter if you are going to react like this?
Why does it matter what I do?
I'm sorry I don't have the ability to walk in your shoes.

How is it going to be when you don't know me anymore?
How is it going to be when there is no one there when you wake up at four?
How is it going to be when you drop the bomb?
I know I'm the only one who is going to make you remain calm.

When is the silence going to end?
When is the instant you stop playing pretend?
When is the time you drain all self-doubt?
When is the moment you're going to let it all out?

None of this is going to be easy,
I never said it was.

Isaak DeMaio

Just How Much You Hurt Me

I cannot leave here, I cannot stay
Trapped in my mind, doubt begins to prey.
I cannot wait here, I'm wasting away,
dreaming so vividly, the first day of May.

Let me be, I don't want to hear,
sudden movements, you disappear.
Knock on the door, refuse to open my ears,
Are you listening? You're not coming in clear.

I'd show a smile, but it'd be fake,
If I were to speak, I'd make a mistake.
Falling asleep, I may not awake,
vehicle speeding, too late to brake.

Lifeless on the ground, look up to the skies,
hole in my heart, shot down by lies.
Terrified by information, my insides begin to die,
Viscous raptures, defeated by your surmise.

I cannot elude, too many chances you blew,
name of honesty, every truth you skew.
Life lived once, there is no undo,
See how much? Just how much you...

... hurt me.
Just how much you hurt me.

Isaak DeMaio

Keep Your Chin Up Kid

Keep that chin held up,
you were meant to fly,
let those tears fall down,
you're so beautiful in that bright blue sky.

Keep that mind wide open,
show them how you feel,
can't no one ever bring you down,
your pride is too big to steal.

Keep that life straight,
don't let them get in your way,
ain't nobody going to change you,
say everything that you need to say.

Keep that heart open,
don't ever let no one go,
it's so hard to find that fire,
burn that passion right into your soul.

Keep your chin up kid,
you are going to go far,
there is no such thing as yesterday,
live for today, don't live for tomorrow.

Isaak DeMaio

Kind Of Perfect

It's funny how things work out,
letting each other in, whispering emotions in air,
fearing what we cannot see,
listening to these lyrics we share.

We dream to make believe,
laying in this bed, sharing our warmth,
grazing each other's skin,
making this time what it is worth.

Our dashboard is full of confessions,
racing hearts, and self control,
laying happily entwined,
releasing the lust in our souls.

It's kind of perfect,
let us sleep some more.

Isaak DeMaio

Like A Rolling Stone

Waiting for your cup to be poured with fame,
listening for your name to change, yet it's still the same.
People'd say, 'Watch out Doll, you're ready to fall'
But you didn't listen to them.
You thought it was about the laughs,
never thought about the craft, until you asked
and then you finally lost your way.

It's hard to live, when no one hears you yell,
you're not doing so swell, and have no one to tell,
about all the things you dwell, and how you fell,
living inside your little shell, you were never doing well,
but now you want to sell?

You've went to school, made a few friends,
you'd depend on everything they said,
intend to extend everything you attend,
but now you break when you bend.

It must be really hard to feel,
when they steal everything you conceal,
you thought you were made of steel,
but really you're the rubber on a wheel.

Inside your head, your brain went down the drain
left in pain, you had nothing left to gain,
your life's so plain, you're so vain,
but why did you take that lane?

So how does it feel?
To be on your own?
With no direction home?
As a complete unknown?

Isaak DeMaio

Magic Soaking Our Spines

Amongst the full moon,
dazzling stars watch silently,
while water pours over boulders,
joining the current's rush,
leading to the black unknown,
like the blank stare given back,
as she lies gently on his lap,
staring past him into the stars,
while he stares at the moon,
in the reflection of her beautiful eyes.
Motionless and uncommunicative,
lighted by the moon, her face is blank,
as if one million thoughts are running through her head,
racing to collect information to piece everything together.
He steals her attention from stars,
pulling her body in, pulling her hair back,
snapping her meditation with a subtle kiss,
instant bliss producing a thousand smiles,
experiencing the warmth before it disappears,
in his mind he finally declares,
he has found his armor for sleep.

Isaak DeMaio

Make A Difference

I'm like a boxing bag,
not feeling pain,
tears tell a different story,
eyes shedding rain.

My skin doesn't turn black,
though I am bruised,
a broken heart syndrome,
badly abused.

Definition of loneliness,
see me all the time,
guilty by association,
it's your only crime.

'No one should go through that',
if only they knew,
'Wish I were there for him',
well... where were you?

Isaak DeMaio

Make Life A Little More Meaningful

An innocent face shadowed,
by blue eyes of uncharted territories,
rained on by emotion,
flooded by indecisiveness,
and drowned by the unexplainable.
Grasped to the fleece,
cold soft hands clench,
refusing to say 'no, '
refusing to leave,
refusing to let go,
release,
to shutter and shake,
then to attach once more.
A stout stature,
face tilted,
browns eyes raised,
heartbeat decreasing,
waiting...
waiting...
waiting...
for those words that were lost,
those words that need to be heard,
spoken smoothly,
softly,
steadily,
genuinely,
those words that mean the world.

Isaak DeMaio

Me & Mr. Dylan

Me and Mr. Dylan,
spinnin', swingin', laughing
gathered around the campfire,
casting spells in our own parade,
as the evening empire embers to ash.

Me and Mr. Dylan,
singing, tambourines in hand,
disappearing in our minds,
dancing beneath the diamond sky,
heeding the advice:
Forget about today until tomorrow.

Me and Mr. Dylan,
waiting, writing our own script,
sitting on an empty street too dead for dreaming,
while clowns chase their own shadows,
chasing the fantasy of jumping upon a magic swirling ship.

Me and Mr. Dylan,
waiting in the jingle jangle morning,
with all memory and fate driven deep,
with no destination to go,
waiting for the Tambourine Man to play a song.

Isaak DeMaio

Motorcycle Driveby

Five years past and we grew up too fast,
the shadows have changed, but the city's still the same,
as you're trying to escape this world, you still don't fit,
and there is this burning like there has always been.

You flew away below the stars, above the clouds,
escaping Buffalo's evil, feeling so alone,
finding your soul you've always knew, feeling so alive,
while there are things I like to do, but you don't believe in.

While I'm sitting on this couch, the sun is in my eyes,
crashing through the window, I feel so excluded,
listening to your problems, thinking about your future,
I'll tell you I don't believe you, as I get shot from a motorcycle drive by.

You tell me not to be so negative, your axis is on tilt,
feeling guilt-free like I never mattered, as if you can just throw me out,
but I've tasted the salt and I've tasted the pain,
I'm not going to think of you again, as this summer dies.

Even your careening mind seems so serene,
knowing before you did, I am the one that's stupid,
for letting go of this friendship, when I know I'll never let a friend fall,
maybe we'll be friends in the end, and you'll wonder who I am.

I would like to build something, but you'd never see it happen,
because I could never do that, and you'd always see through that,
and as the sun goes down in my eyes, I'm not thinking of you again,
even though I have never felt so alone, but I have never felt so alive.

Just like your old friends in the past, the world is revolving around you,
there is no doubt you both grew apart, but that's beginning to happen here too,
feeling under appreciated is something I can do without,
but as you're changing for the worse, I'm changing for the best.

Isaak DeMaio

Mrs. Buttersworth

Mrs. Buttersworth tried for the third time today,
to get out of her chair, and stand on her own two feet.
She suffered from ill-health, 'cause that's the way things are,
and that's how things changed, we all are born to die,
and that's the thing that's always going to be the same.
You'll die, you'll fear, you'll change, and you'll never be the same,
Mrs. Buttersworth did you know that you were dying?

I talk to her every now and again, she's always asking, 'Where have you been? '
But it's the fear that hides, it's the fear she doesn't see, it's the fear that lives
deep inside of me.
She spends her days sitting, forgetting what she reads,
watching the television pictures, instantly blinded by what she's seen.
I've watched her for eight months like she watches TV, remembering every little
scene,
a short film reminding me of the times we spent, and wondering about the time
that could have been.
But this is the way things are, and it's the things that have changed,
it's the thing that makes things never be the same.

When she tries to talk to me every once in a little while.
she smiles, she laughs, she's fine, she's tough,
she taught me that my life has never been this much.
I'll smile, I'll laugh, I'll live, until the day Mrs. Buttersworth has finally had
enough, and I'll wonder where she could be now.
She'll die, I'll fear, i'll change, and I'll never be the same.
Did she make it up to Heaven, and watching down on me? Or is she right around
the corner, still checking up on me? Is she near me, in me, for me, with me? I
guess I'll never know
I know that this day had to come, but I never really told her she meant more
than the world to me.

Isaak DeMaio

Never Forever

Forever it will last, just like
the memories engraved in their heads,
seeping through their hearts,
poisoning their skins.

From day one, the stakes were high,
alongside his hope, you know the saying:
'happily ever after? '
That's one big joke.

Fierce emotions clash at will,
love versus heartbreak, changes
from complete steadiness to
the end of a long road ruined.

Forever was never enough,
it should never be a word,
for words will never get lost,
never use words you can't afford.

Isaak DeMaio

Never Wear Your Heart On Your Sleeve

Where the fire once lived,
and the heart was worn,
is now just a bitter stage,
that is all cracked and torn.
Acceptance fills the air,
it's just so undone,
what she has longingly feared,
will remain in the days to come.
Mistakes are not unusual,
no matter how deep they may be,
it's a learning experience to overcome,
a new life will come to lead.

Isaak DeMaio

No Remorse

You are the source
of my unlawful outrage
I will feel no remorse
throughout this poem's hateful page.

Vague memories of you,
I could care less to know,
apologies long overdue,
I don't even want to say 'hello.'

Everything you ever say,
are words that are untrue,
every single day,
I wish I was never related to you.

You are a humiliation,
a desperate cheap man,
with no thought of consideration,
I will never, ever be your fan.

Birthday presents; unreceived,
The number of my age; falsely conceived,
Promise of a job; never retrieved,
Your words of 'I love you'; I refuse to believe.

I've come a long way,
I know who you are,
Someone I do not wish to be,
Someone I wish I didn't know at all.

You are a liar,
a smoker, a cheat,
A father that I have no desire,
to never again meet.

I never needed you,
you were never a person to be relied (upon) ,
there are two last things I would like to say to you,
that is 1) **** You. and 2) Goodbye.

Isaak DeMaio

Normal Is A Thing Of The Past

Fixtures of friends,
quietly we pass time,
inches, she sits away,
my confidence: her prime.
She feasts on vibrations,
continually glued to second thoughts,
her friends never seem the same,
normalities refugee's fraught.
Suspensive knowledge,
what does she believe?
What does she truly feel?
Does she believe the love she receives?
Divine friendship,
perfect inception,
forcing the issue,
flaw design: misconception.
Positive outlook,
new life's starting debut,
I am the kick,
deep inside of you.

Isaak DeMaio

Now We'Re Gone

The storm brews,
(I can't hold this in,)
a viscious wind,
(you turn your back,)
these tree's sway,
(I need you now,)
crashing down,
(you don't know how,)
on top of me,
(please help me,)
now I'm gone.
(now she's gone.)

Isaak DeMaio

Oasis

Drift along this Champagne Supernova,
The Nature of Reality lives.
The Masterplan is divinely intact...
I Hope, I Think, I Know.
Awake to the Morning Glory;
Sunday Morning Calls.
Go Let It Out,
sing a Sad Song,
just Stop Crying Your Heart Out.
Stand By Me and you'll be well,
Whatever you want me to be,
I'll act as your Wonderwall.
Little By Little you're fading away.
Don't Go Away,
Don't Look Back In Anger,
don't Slide Away.
Some Might Say,
Up in the Sky,
the Songbird sings,
Let There Be Love,
but it's All in the Mind.
Born on a Different Cloud,
the Better Man sighs,
She Is Love,
Love Like A Bomb.

Isaak DeMaio

Paramnesia

Prepare for the day ahead
Look endlessly up to the skies
Get into bed
Close them tiny blue eyes

Fall quietly asleep
All of your dreams come true
An imagination so deep
A beautiful scene with an eloquent view.

The perfect green hills
The blue, blue sky
The magniloquent wind mills
A place where no one could die

The brown horses roaming free
White fences, that never seem to end
With tall evergreen trees
Not a word needs to be said

For this is only a dream
Nothing that can be reclaimed
Wishes that dreams could be as they seem
The beauty of the mind, it cannot be blamed.

Isaak DeMaio

Piece Us Together

Silence crying for attention,
sitting between you and me,
invisible picket fences,
oh, how beautiful you can be.
Dancing through misery,
you become too shy to scream,
destinies definition,
of everything you could have ever dreamed.
Asphyxiate the angels on your shoulder,
inhale the smoke the cigarette bleeds,
have you ever doubted the scenic beliefs?
Is that the reason you refuse to look at me?
You lay me down strewn by emptiness,
what follows is a puzzle of our faint past,
pieces will be shattered and incomplete,
your life of black and blue amassed.
Could you ever generate the courage,
to pick up the million pieces of shard glass,
to reunite this sick romance of love,
and complete our lives knowing we're always going to last.

Isaak DeMaio

Plight

Leave; please?
Two nights.
See this?
Hard fight.
Believe me;
feels right.
Cannot see?
Bright light.
Need help?
Keen sight.
Waiting room;
quite alright.
Copious indecision;
ignites spite.

Isaak DeMaio

Point Of View

I'm looking through you,
where did you go?
I thought I knew you,
how could you hurt me so?

Confidence deteriorated,
happiness stresses out,
crystal blue fresh water eyes soil,
planting deep inside a beating heart.

Freezing temperatures in veins,
transferred through an air conditioned soul,
fan's blades spew endlessly-terrible apathy,
like dust clogging, standing by, a genuine side may show.

Impossible deciphering of metaphors,
directly depositing two unbiased cents,
too blind to vision what not matters,
a frontal bone that's way too dense.

Dreaming of dreams with secret means,
appropriately lying between the seams,
speaking tall, walking small, ignoring needs,
knowledge in all, empathy enthrall, an imagination bleeds.

Looking through peers with the greatest of ease,
noticing the little details too impossible to see,
watching the stars twinkle in the dark night sky,
bluntly stealing a book's cover and letting it die.

Smashing the paragraphs on each page,
crossing out words that leaves blank space,
expanding imagination in moonlight rays,
creating a universe where only two play.

Pleased to be unpredictably seen,
shaking the hand of fear easily,
contradictorily mistaken in between-
what I am and what you want me to be.

You may be looking through me,
but there is nowhere to go,
assuming what you knew,
only hurts yourself so.

Isaak DeMaio

Realize This

There he thinks
With rain coming down the window
Nothing nobody can link
The fire that begins to kindle

Fresh air that is blown
Directly into his face
Vibration of his phone
Held something he could not embrace

Just like the season previous
It came to an end
Mislead by someone so devious
He had nothing left to defend

Snow came to mislead spring
Her friend had mislead her
But there is one missing thing
He wishes it was left how it were.

Isaak DeMaio

Remember, Remember

Do you remember,
remember,
that damp cold foggy night?
Do you remember,
remember,
when we reminisced out by the light?
She said,
'I think I won't ever forget you,
I know this is too good to be true,
I laid in those flowers you gave to me,
I finally knew that this is where perfection grew.'
And now that I remember,
remember,
that brisk Autumn starlight sky.
And now I remember,
remember,
it was the time you kissed me by surprise.
I said,
'I know I won't ever forget you,
I'll never let you go,
this warmth that you gave to me,
is the only perfect thing I know, I know.'
So remember,
remember,
this was when our love was grown.
So remember,
remember,
if we didn't have each other, we'd be so alone.

Isaak DeMaio

Road Bound

I've been down this road before
All alone, cars passing by
Just not caring anymore
It sucks to be left high and dry.

My head held high
Cynical emotions unseen
Life going all awry
All these people, are all obscene.

Further down that road
It is bound to be
That you will find someone
Whose been left, just like me.

Isaak DeMaio

Rose

Her shuttered head hangs
slightly perched on her palm,
she sits there thinking of what has happened,
she sits there feeling alone.
Her lids pull the curtain
down over her eyes,
that frowned face spills poetry,
announcing the somber glooms rise.
She brings herself down,
depressed, and stressed,
knowing the indecisive fate
marks her lonelineses repressed.
Shut out; ignored,
she says that's how she feels,
the difference of her speech and myself,
is that I'll never let her be alone.

Isaak DeMaio

Run Little Girl Run

You see this door?
It's in her way
Only way out
But she is forced to stay.

She cannot run
For she is weak
In every single way
Physically, beaten up
Mentally, brain washed
Emotionally, depressed

One day
Her break will come

Go to school
Never come back
Binders in her locker
Food in her sack
Clothes layered on
No turning back

Isaak DeMaio

Sacrilege

Stuck on the corner of Love and Lies,
follow them around with your little spies.
Stalk the minuscule truth of passion and lust,
afraid to love someone, been left to dust.

The fear of commitment hinder's your heart,
indecisiveness straight from the start.
Lead with your soul and not your brain,
avoid obsession, can't break the chain.

Loneliness shadows a fake smile,
happiness comes every once in a while.
Rather hurt from honesty than deceit,
an empty feeling from head to feet.

Teenage infatuation is one big joke,
confidence drowns with lack of hope.
Insecurities impregnate the feeble mind,
irrational thoughts of love they easily find.

Isaak DeMaio

Senses Fail

Behind the closed door,
a writer's attempt begins
the continuous story of a-
song that was introduced time and again.
It was a spec of time,
a year or two ago,
where this song was heard;
bliss was followed,
and beauty destroyed.
The sad song was scrapped-
he knows who he longs to be.
The bliss bleeds from the pen;
the only thing he does somewhat right; indeed.
Though the only thing he hasn't done yet,
was to die, in any sort of way.
Glass filled with confidence,
fame isn't his ideal cup of tea -
my face on the cover of Time -
would be an honor filled with glee,
but in recognition and -
not as the face of everyone's misery.

Isaak DeMaio

Stay Together For

It's hard to wake up, when this is all you feel,
the curtains have pulled shut, I feel unreal.
This house creaks, the door slams shut,
your exit echoes, an excruciating cut.
Please take me home, I've ran out of things to say,
this poem uncolored, your vision black and gray.

Enjoy this time, i'll leave you alone,
you'll give it all away, sticks and stones.
It was all mine, but you left me on my own,
Twenty years lost, will you remember what was honed?

'I see them everyday, we get along so why can't they?
If this is what he wants, and it's what she wants, then why is there so much
pain? '
My anger ran you away, we went our separate ways,
we'll never fix our problems, embrace this pain everyday.

Enjoy this time, i'll leave you alone,
you'll give it all away, sticks and stones.
When I'm dead and gone, will you remember those nights,
the nights we loved each other, not the useless fights.

My confusion and frustration, our friendship to rewrite,
none of this was deserved, in the end, what I said wasn't right.

Isaak DeMaio

Streetlight Manifesto

Would You Be Impressed?
If And When We Rise Again?
That'll Be The Day there is
A Moment of Silence on this Sick and Sad Keasbey Night.
Somewhere In The Between,
The Saddest Song and The Big Sleep,
Dear Sergio,
Watch It Crash as We Are The Few Walking Away.
Day In, Day Out there is
A Better Place, A Better Time.
While Failing, Flailing, Down to Mephisto's Cafe
We've been Giving Up, Giving In,
on The Receiving End Of It All.
Before The Blonde Lead The Blind...

Here's To Life that goes On and On and On.

Isaak DeMaio

Sunset

The mood is mellow
Red moves in
Mixed with some yellow
The light gets dim

The orange settles
Purple shades appear
Like steam from kettles
Clouds get in gear

There they sit
As the moon shines
Star light lit
Vital signs

No violence
In the cool summer night
Air filled with silence
Such a serene sight

Boy holds girl
Hand in hand
Let the wind whirl
No one night stand

Eye to eye
Don't dare to miss
To watch the sky
After the sweet, sweet kiss.

Isaak DeMaio

Sunset Pt.2

Darkness crawls out
Sun on the move
Boy's stature stout
With nothing left to prove

Streaks of rays
Glimmer of hope
Love that stays
No reason to mope

Jump start the sunrise
Take it careful, then soar
The eyes on the prize
To do it all over, once more

Girl's getting ready
Has been up since six
Life was all steady
Something that can't be gone to fix

A new day
Beginning the same way as before
Normalcy on display
Friends needed to implore

Change on the inside
Emotions enlarge
The sense of pride
Comes to take charge

Sense of jubilation
In the hearts astuteness
An overwhelming sensation
Can't be argued with acuteness

To lead with the mind
Choose from the heart
Two lovers entwined
That will never be ripped apart

From the sunset kiss
To their very last breaths
Their lives filled with bliss
Quietly to their deaths.

Isaak DeMaio

Take Me

Let me consume their tragedies,
their capabilities overflow,
cancer shouldn't harmonize in life,
ninety-three nor sixteen years old.

I'll trade anything
to take what they have,
may misery possess me,
to let Grandma cook again.
Give her strength to stand,
shall we never see her fall again.
Death is in everyone's fate,
but righteous hearts deserve
to stay warm and shed love.

Bargain my last teens years,
give them to Her to live her life,
I don't need them to enjoy,
a gift of relief, please come her way.
Years gone by, laying in a hospital bed,
knowing not life's experiences,
accustomed to the same four walls.

I'll inhale all this disease,
poison my body, leave me sane,
inhale these foggy clouds,
everyone see the stars shine bright,
I'll always believe in my dreams,
I know they'll never give up this fight.

Isaak DeMaio

Tell & Show

Let me be pertinacious
It's what I'm all about
I'll always be seditious
Never leave out any doubt

Let me give you some succinct
I am not who you are
'Cause everyone's supposed to be distinct
And I don't want to be a celebrity nor a star

Do not criticize my figure, my cognition
But criticize who your are
For not knowing your ambition
On leaving yourself ajar

I know who I am
I know who I'll be
It's time to throw away your sham
For all your worst critics to see.

Isaak DeMaio

'That Wasn'T Me, I Never Want To Go Back To That'

She cuts to break skin,
releasing the rush
of the anger held in,
blood begins to gush.
Fearing her past,
unknown anger builds up,
surroundings move too fast,
stress overflows her cup.
Browns eyes fear what she isn't,
afraid of tomorrow and the next,
hoping to release hostility imprisoned,
she doesn't want to lose self-respect.

Isaak DeMaio

The Breeze

Kneeling on an empty grave,
crying to someone she never forgave,
under the pines he lay,
waiting for the light of day.

Light doesn't shine through the ground,
heart laid to rest, never been found.
Zephyr moves in, as the evening sighs,
as the moon falls, the sun rise.

Under the black oak,
a red novel spoke,
'All the blame you wasted in years,
was never really worth all those tears.'

She walked around good intentions,
realizing sunny days called for attention,
sinking into a box of uncertainty,
their imperfect love came comfortably.

Faucet of tears turns on in her eyes,
dealing with a fact she'll never compromise,
certainly, certainly he'll understand,
holding a cross in his dead hand.

Isaak DeMaio

The Corner

The place that knows me,
the place where I will think,
behind a sign,
through the tree branches,
with a lone pole,
on a street corner,
where only I know my name,
with a flickering street light,
under the trees,
cars passing by,
no one will see,
me talking on the phone,
to a girl that means everything to me.

Isaak DeMaio

The Dish

The flame began to burn,
in Fall 2006,
but the calender years have turned,
man, the time went quick.

Confidence fell short,
shyness at high tide,
feelings unable to abort,
it's far too big to hide inside.

Flood of confusion,
walls are crumbling down,
unwanted intrusion,
hope no where left to be found.

Isaak DeMaio

The Perfect Spoon

Went to bed at three
Woke up at ten
I can barely see
Damnit, why won't this text message send?

I'm a bit crabby
Drag ass out of bed
Movement is all flabby
My legs are filled with lead.

Fruit Loops or Frosted Flakes
Which one to choose
Prize inside: toy snake
Or a shiny car, that's nice and smooth.

Open the drawer
To go get a spoon
Forever to look for
It could take all afternoon

This one:
Too skinny
The next one:
Too big

Why is it so difficult
To find the right sized perfect oval spoon?

The one that doesn't take too much in one swift swoop
The one that looks like the rim of a basket ball hoop
The one that gets the right proportional amount
The one that doesn't have the food dismount.

Isaak DeMaio

The Sky

The sky is a thief
it stole from you.

It was not expected
nothing it takes is.

Yet it remains
a figment of your heart
it will never leave
nor rip you apart.

Locked up
Too big to steal
Moments and memories
that were left here.

Isaak DeMaio

The Suffering

She needs them here,
she wants them here,
anything to get them here,
she wants them anywhere but there.

Brothers and sisters,
a guardian she lead,
a hero is born,
from her hands they feed.

She wants her life back,
she wants them back,
she needs them back,
she'll do anything to get them back.

Isaak DeMaio

The Wanderer's Guild

This is for you and all of your friends,
the one's who laugh when at your worst,
with loose lipped mouths that sink ships,
but too small to sink a beating heart.
Build up these walls that suffocate yourself,
hide in the shadows by your lonesome,
your moment will come in and of itself,
while feelings contained are yours to be released.
And these are the flaws,
entwining emptiness and loneliness,
in manifestation with alienation
fermentating the unrelenting,
awakening the past to light,
as suffering is part of our lives.
But to the bitter knowing end,
we are afraid of our sins,
regretting choices that the mind forgets,
forgiving, as we are all humans,
but losing control of all things dear,
faking friendships until they turn sour,
releasing anger, long overdue,
from all the falsehoods and deceit,
and all the shit that came along with it.
Recharging on exhaled fumes,
consequences fancy unwanted attention,
invisibly creeping and cricketing,
annoying the conscious mind,
swirling guilt behind pupils,
so dilated, becoming blind,
the leader of the Wanderers Guild,
leading the safest path to desolation row.

Isaak DeMaio

The Wrath

The Wrath laces the feeble mind,
of young otiose teenagers to a
sudden tumble of emotional digression,
afar the standpoint they wish to be.
Unexpectedly the Wrath beautifully steals
happiness from the unprotected soul,
slightly to a degree of verbal violence,
that softens the mind into an addled state.
Humbled friendships result like a concussion to the mind,
senses of weariness throughout the body's puzzle pieces,
dryness in the excess covering and dilated pupils,
and a shattered warm heart left disheveled.
Alas, the Wrath vacates the useless embodiment,
but leaves trails of theories and ideas for
the walking paper weight to endure
in their new futuristic mind.

Isaak DeMaio

The Wrath Pt.2

Inside my protective shell,
I build thick massive walls,
I undermine senses of emotions,
and conceal a pure personality.
Flaunting natural abilities
of formulating new persons to be,
like soaped up clean dishes,
I ingeminate a sparkling new appearance,
that I reuse time and again.
Cryptic speech eloquently delivered,
fascinating clueless ignorant's
that sought answers by advice.
Hadn't a clue of deceit,
unworldly grief, and
overzealous emptiness that controls
hearing of logical statements.
Tearing down their walls,
crumbling under skin,
hearts subject to break,
lacking concrete ideas,
confidence, belief in oneself,
they're destined to fall,
from little white lies.
A secret revealed,
to those whom have collapsed
from the Wrath:
Never short change belief in yourself,
never doubt the first thought in your mind,
construct your barriers to an appropriate height,
and choose only those that you want to let in.

Isaak DeMaio

The Wrath Pt.3

The Wrath's four walls sway,
bullet after bullet,
explosions in its heart,
damaging pieces fall,
the dirt collects secrets.
Unknowns,
a possible soul,
unimaginable fear,
as the once bulletproof Wrath becomes victimized,
shut down,
lost,
from fate,
God,
Death,
love.
The Wrath begins to fold,
as the walls begin to crumble,
the Wrath has no words,
as the Wrath begins to stumble.

Isaak DeMaio

They'Re Watching

Being a kid
Is not being a teen
Not about being wild
But knowing you're actually sixteen

It's where love can be found
And where something can be made
Not just going around
Looking to get laid

A responsibility
That's held to others and yourself
Showing much versatility
Is the key to proving one's self

It disturbs the people who actually care
On how much you don't keep clean
Embarrassment which people stop and stare
You're a want-to-be-***** and you think you're unseen

Just stop with the games
Grow up a little bit
There is no one to blame
Stop with all this stupid shit

Why don't you just listen
It really isn't that hard
Yeah, it's your decision
But what I say is in your best regard

Face reality
It won't always be the same
Treat relationships with formality
The way you handle them, you should be put to shame.

Isaak DeMaio

This Nature So Unnatural

Clear baby blue sky,
burning yellow sun,
beautiful trees swaying
from a breezy wind.
Naive innocent children,
bathing in rays of sun,
frolicking through grass,
shirtless and disobediently.
Violently striking one another
across bare skinned backs,
with open soft palms,
faking smiles, laughter,
and the urgent sting of pain.
Adrenaline rushing from
head to feet, while the heart pumps
blood vigorously, abnormally.
Falling and flailing, face first,
eating the ground before him,
shaking from the summer swelter,
cardiac arrest.
Lifeless, face down,
no use, no way in looking up,
pitch black dirt taunting.

Clear baby blue sky,
burning yellow sun,
beautiful trees swaying
from a breezy wind,
naive innocent children,
bathing in rays of sun,
finding out first hand
death of a fellow soul.
They bawl in their hands,
such a tragic misfortunate event,
while one strange little boy,
stares at the lifeless body,
grinning half-heartedly,
motionless, and emotionless.
Grotesquely offering

apathetic looks, turning
his back on death, walking away.

Finally he speaks,
'A clear baby blue sky,
a burning yellow sun,
with beautiful trees swaying
from a breezy wind.
If the world was perfect,
it wouldn't be.'

Isaak DeMaio

This Silence Kills Me

A regret, to the person I was.

A regret, to the the person I don't want to be.

Your defense is strong,
my words are weak,
it has been so long,
that I have no words to speak.

Your shoulder is cold,
it freezes my thoughts,
the silence is bold,
'Never give up', was what I was taught.

A change, that shows the better half of me.
A change, toward the person that I long to be.

Isaak DeMaio

To You: You'Re Dead

Make yourself for you,
don't let anybody fold you down,
make your own choices,
makes your own sounds.
If you let them make you,
they'll break your spine,
fall until your powerless,
be last to the finish line.
They'll stomp all over you,
no one will care,
a heart break waiting to happen,
they're willing to share.
So lead your own life,
'cause you never know what you may miss,
if you let it go by,
it might end up a little like this:
They won't notice you're there,
they won't even care,
watch them ignore you...

Welcome to this tragic affair.
Wipe off your make up,
and show your despair,
find out first hand,
these strings that you wear,
a puppet in the hands-
of adversaries, your friends,
they treat you like garbage,
you follow the trend,
they take control of life,
and throw it away,
they never needed you in the slightest,
they won't even meet you halfway,
your life flies by and,
you just sit there and observe-
a paper maché human,
Is this really what you deserve?

... watch them ignore you,

they didn't care,
see they didn't even notice you were there.

Isaak DeMaio

Too Well, Too Well

White skinned blank face,
I see right through your eyes,
you can't fool me,
I know exactly who you are.

Time rolls along with the waves,
confusion fogs your thought,
hope is in a far away place,
I know exactly where you belong.

You can't change what has come and past,
you can't expect everything to last,
even the most flexible glass is bound to break
I know exactly what you want.

The more you squeeze,
the more it slips away,
is it really worth it?
I know exactly what you're going to say.

The more you want to get away,
the closer I am going to stay,
it's something that you can't change,
I know exactly what you want to hear...
you're going to be okay.

Isaak DeMaio

Train

Metacognition,
inception steps in,
my thought's thought listens,
as I unconsciously decide my conscious thought.
You think I thought my thought's thought thought,
but really my thought's thought inside an unknown real thought.
Thinking about the thought of an unconscious descensional thought,
seems that it ought to be a thought to think about naught.
Thinking about thinking,
beginning it's first step,
I think about my thought,
and meditate to my thought that I chose with a thought.
Very unthoughtful,
this thought that I brought,
this thought that your thinking,
looking to be sought.
Your mind is fraught,
from all these thoughts,
but trust me when I say this:
It's my thought in a thought that an unawaringly thought agreed to decide on the
final thought.

Isaak DeMaio

Truth Is: It's Pointless

But the truth is: it's pointless,
to live in a world I call my own,
to think of these things only I know,
to dream of feats too big to show,
to suffocate and bring an all time low.
But the truth is: it's pointless,
to see you suffering from my pain,
to make you stay here to keep me sane,
to pilot me as if I were a plane,
to think you know what's inside my brain.
But the truth is: it's pointless,
to devise a plan for just you and I,
to understand me when I'm more than meets the eye,
to wait it out when we know we'll never fly,
it's pointless when we know everything must die.

Isaak DeMaio

Turn Your Back

My head met the pavement,
bouncing up and down,
you stood there watching me,
drowning and choking on my blood.
It dripped down my cheeks,
like a rush down a waterfall,
a sweet and sour taste,
infected bacteria on the street.
I couldn't tell if you were crying,
from hysteric laughter of my demise,
or a cry from the fear of what you just saw,
but walking away only meant one thing:
you're always going to turn your back on the ones you loved.

Isaak DeMaio

Twas The Night Before Christmas

Twas the night before Christmas,
and all through my head,
were thoughts of things,
that really should be said.

The guts were not there,
the time was not right,
is it something I fear,
or is it just the night?

Overwhelming sensations,
I wish to believe,
a gut check hesitation,
was all I received.

Love in your tender touch,
all I take is the pain,
I'll be your crutch,
if you will be my cane.

Isaak DeMaio

Unknown Happiness

Creeps in the willows,
phantoms the mind,
decoys acknowledgment,
left dry to find-
robust emotions,
defused jubilation,
back-stabbed facts,
it brings true revelation-
certain priority,
feelings unbreakable,
bounded fate,
life becomes eligible-
reckoned force,
frightening ardentness,
ain't nothing to play with,
simply true happiness.

Isaak DeMaio

Untitled

Eighteen years and
seems like I've begun,
to understand that,
no one's found me.

When I had real friends,
what was their purpose?
They cut me out,
left me empty,
and now I'm alone.

This is my life, these are my dreams,
how did I ever end up here?
Pertinacious, overconfident,
in my thoughts reality disappears.
Absent from rules, marked as impossible,
everyone left me, nobody cares.
To this life that's so dull,
I remain alone.

Eighteen years and,
still writing poems-
unclear and unsung.
Such revelation's,
always known to me,
but unknown to everyone.

When loneliness decides to appear,
how will she understand me so well?
Please Dear, find me,
and show me the way.

This is my poetry, this is how I feel,
how did I ever end up here?
Apathetic, abandoned,
in my writing what-you-thought-you-knew disappears.
Cold blooded heart, colored in black,
love has escaped me, this is what I fear.
To this life that's so dull,

I remain alone.

Help me, see me,
help me, see me,
help me, see me,
help me, see me,
give me something real.

I lay here on the floor,
searching for life that cannot be found,
my insides are rotting,
this puzzle the same for eighteen years.
Another day comes,
another small piece can't be found,
this puzzle is worthless,
the pieces pieced together incomplete and empty.

This is me, and only me,
how did I ever end up like this?
Ripped apart, shattered,
I'd never want to be scene like this.
Trying to change, some things never come,
sometimes time can never really tell.
To this life that's so dull,
I still remain alone.

I remember the dark breeze and blackness in the cemetery,
someone was actually alongside me, holding my hand,
clenching my fingers, fitting that piece of the puzzle that is lost.
Some months later, you fed me a star as our lips sealed together,
marking a day that one of my dreams had finally come true.
I then realized that dreams can never last.

A year past since I lay next to her under the full moon,
her eyes twinkled from the glistening light, with a
reflection of my face in her eyes. My arm around her waste,
gently moving my finger up and down her side.
We connected for a moment, knowing everything was
going to be alright, but since then, she disappeared.

I've walked down this boulevard of broken dreams before,
too many times that I've come to know the person's who

inhabit each house. A street ripped open from broken hearts
that never seem to find the proper needle to be sewn back up,
and insufficient oxygen to pump these hearts properly.
Crippled and disabled, this boulevard has never seen life,
a life that everyone should see. We are the few that won't
say nothing right, and we are the few who put dreams before reality.

Our shadows confess our greater lies that no one ever notices, finding only
stark words that tell our emotional feel. Happiness is not one of them. The
purity of the meaning has never been found, lost sinking at the bottom of
a lake, where recycled hearts constantly get ripped apart by the passing
strangers
that we thought we once knew, and figured out, but found erroneous on all
accounts.

Eighteen years and
sick of playing
this game with no
winner in the end.

Learning from observation,
abstracted from experience,
logic contains no affection,
giving up on something called: soul.

These are my lines, this is eternal,
how did I ever end up here?
Lifeless and preternatural,
signs of weakness overflow.
In the end, this doesn't matter,
I'll never change, even if should.
To this life that is so dull,
I remain alone.

Isaak DeMaio

Utopia

Where the wind mills turn,
black birds go by,
Grey clouds poof,
in the limitless sky.
Green valleys: thick and tall,
cool mist from morning fog,
quick rapids ever so fierce,
diamond on a landmine, ready to burst.
Silky smooth grass,
grazing our skins,
her touch so tender,
my breath taken by the wind.

Isaak DeMaio

Watch The World

Asphyxiate on haze,
bullets rip through flesh,
steaming hearts releasing their dreams,
dying for their country in a war they never invite.
Satisfied souls,
restless fights,
freedom isn't free,
a box with a 'cure, ' buried away in black and white.
Illegal happiness,
abused power,
equal inequalities,
an air everyone is allowed to breathe, but their life may never be right.
Twisted beliefs,
lost in translation,
definitions undefined,
a book filled with words and letters that anyone could write.
Fields of perfection,
memories of disaster,
money that doesn't exist,
another lie everyone is told to believe that was made up overnight.
Bombs exploding,
innocent lives lost,
nothing 'we' can do about it,
all for one and one for all, everyone must reunite.

Isaak DeMaio

What Follows Will Swallow Whole

We held hands at the cliff,
while we got high on the air-
of running water, and blood
circulated our veins,
from our restless hearts,
making our hands warm,
like the fall nights we spent
staring into the eyes of one another,
as we walked like shadows,
quietly, precious, invisible,
to the picnic tables.
We both caressed our faces
with the back of our hands
grazing ever so gently an overcoming urge
of lust to to conquer each other's lips,
with a subtle kiss that meant everything,
but nothing.
This time there was no confusion,
no heartbreak, no miscommunication.
This time our hands were warm
until I let her fall from a gentle push
that overpowered her feelings of forgetting,
letting go, and love.
It didn't matter this time
how many times her heart skipped a beat,
it beats no more...
she speaks no more...
love is no more...
I realized the wounds that binded me,
strangled from emotions,
I became comfortably numb from apathy,
possessed from the attached string like a puppet.
Cut loose from the strings knotted
in my back, a push to break free,
and she could not be saved from falling.
In the back of my jeans,
I pull a train ticket that leaves at dusk,
and I realized, only one could use the ticket.

Why Can'T You Stop Thinking About Yourself?

He wants her hand,
he wants her heart,
he doesn't care how she looks,
he wants her to fill the part.

He wants the endless conversations,
he wants her right by his side,
he wants her to help him through this,
he needs someone to go along this ride.

He wants the laughter,
he wants to smile,
he wants the little things,
he wants to feel he is worthwhile.

He wants those dreams,
where it's only him and her,
facing the entire world,
he wants her to know he cares.

He wants what he can't have,
but to know his effort was put in,
he wants her to realize,
he wants this reborn life to begin.

He wants what seems like a lot,
he wants what he can think,
he wants to be loved,
he knows he cannot blink.

He knows his eyes have to be open,
he knows to take every detail,
he wants to know she knows,
he wants something that cannot fail.

He wants that feeling,
he wants it all,
he wants the sense of knowing,
that someone shall catch him if he falls.

Isaak DeMaio

'You Awake, You Awake? '

Trek along a seven mile journey,
fireflies light up,
cars whiz by,
two kids walk alone,
while the velvet moon lights the sky.
Frightened by the dark,
she grasps for his hand,
too scared to shake her fears,
everything begins to die a little inside.
It's four AM,
he sleeps along the wall,
she's held tightly in his arms,
her only sense of security,
gone after her eyes strike open to a sudden alarm.
Persistent troubling of nightmares,
everyday she dreams of that day,
she screams and yells, screeching for help,
only to get use to this abusive way.
Haunted by her unforgettable past,
she sits against the light blue wall as time stands silently,
and wishes that no child should ever hold this in-
and if they do; to act upon it differently.

Isaak DeMaio

You Can Only Lean On Me For So Long

Burn the evidence,
drown the thoughts,
vanish the foot-steps,
just stop-stop-stop.

Pressure overflows,
balance weighted down,
abundance of dependency,
it's just way too much.

Shun the useless,
empathize the needy,
I got a regret right now...
...I'm not feeling this.

Save this life,
envy what you have,
consequent the past,
terminate the bland.

Groom what is fiction,
shape up for future's fact,
she may be gone in the long run,
suffice what you had, you'll still have that.

Rehabilitate sprightliness,
bear in mind who you were,
you can lean on me for so long,
but what happens if I shall fall?

Isaak DeMaio

'Your Thoughts Here...'

This plain white canvas,
has a story to leave,
letters uniformly formed,
read these words that the pen bleeds.

Fresh smells of ink,
you're just cringing for more,
each line that is left blank,
a dream of a quest that is set out for.

These unwritten dreams,
are fantasies to be unknown,
something people would never believe,
These lines I leave you; you can write on your own.

Isaak DeMaio