

**Classic Poetry Series**

**James Baker**  
**- poems -**

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**James Baker(10/06/1988)**

# Incredulous

They ask 'where is the love? '  
But they still do drugs,  
It doesn't make it right  
Bombing for peace,  
Is like eating for diet,  
It doesn't stop the fight.  
Steps on a land mine,  
Like a nursery rhyme,  
a thousand men start to fall.  
A year in a hostile place,  
The whole entire human race,  
they hear their faces start to call.  
Ring out from a bruised postcard  
In the shooting yard,  
Looking through the tears.  
Out of a black slate time,  
They move in line,  
And once face their fears.  
Sons and daughters,  
Gather round,  
Ashes to ashes, ground to ground.  
Your fathers walking,  
In a giant grave,  
he's not making a sound.  
And if you think  
That the worlds been losing it's way  
That's because it's slightly blinded  
And if you think  
That it doesn't make sense  
That's because they're broken minded.

James Baker

# Like An Opened Box

Does This Space Really Need To Be Filled?  
Theres Something About Emptiness That I Can't Quite Explain.  
Like A Box A Box Full OF Nothing,  
Life Without Pain,  
It's Only Filled When The Emptiness Is Gone,  
Does It Being Alive To Be Killed?  
And Is Living Emptiness Until Death Becomes Us,  
Like A Box Full Of Nothing,  
Life Without Pain,  
It's An Existance Wasted With Everything To Gain,  
If You Stare At The Sun,  
You Still See A Shadow When You Close Your Eyes,  
Is This Natural Light Empty Like Me,  
Is There Some Shadows Through Darkening Skies,  
Do You Know How To Think nothing?  
Sit And Stare At The World With A Clear Mind,  
Can You Forget Everything And Anything?  
Believe Me You Will With Time,  
So Empty, So Hollow,  
Sick Of Today And I Can't Face Tomorrow,  
Theres One Thing, That Will Change This,  
That Look Of Comfort, But In My Thoughts With Bliss,  
I'm Waiting, Convince me.  
I'm worth something more than just a jaded memory,  
Theres One Thing, That Will Change This,  
That Look Of Comfort, But In My Thoughts With Bliss,  
But Its Over, And I Feel Safe,  
I Opened This Box And I Fill It With Hate.

James Baker

# True Colours

You Look So Innocent,  
Like You Are Heaven Sent,  
Not Like You Wouldn't Lie,  
You Couldn't, Your Surprised,  
But Theres A Part Of You,  
That I Never Knew,  
Until The Darkness Unclears The Night,  
When You Showed Your True Colours Last Night.  
I Hope That You Are Proud,  
Of Being So Damn Loud,  
You're Always Starting The Fight,  
And You Know That You Werent Right,  
Stop Crying So Much,  
You've Fucked Up Your Make Up,  
Staring Out Of My Skull A Stained Pillow,  
The Only Clue That Lets You Know.  
And Now You Tears Have Dried,  
And You Are Thinking Straight,  
Please Could You Tell Me Why,  
You Are So Full Of Hate?  
It's Only Because I Care That I Ask You To Stay,  
I Think It's So Unfair, You Choose To Treat Me This Way,  
Only Because I Care That I Ask You To Stay,  
And Hide! Inside!  
Till It Decides To Rise Up To The Surface,  
Showin Your Face! Your A Disgrace!  
Can't Control Your Emotions, Your Losin It,  
I'll Shout! Scream And Shout!  
Forget About What You Did When You Wake Up,  
Psyco-Slut! Your Too Much!  
And I Can't Take Anymore...

James Baker