Poetry Series

Joe Hadley - poems -

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Joe Hadley(04/01/1992)

To be honest I may be young and not wise but I have a heart and ambition. Most of my poetry is about fighting for what you believe in and who you are, no matter what your race, sex etc... is.

A Million Souls

A million souls, Ascending to the sky.

Standing up until the sun sets, Screaming our hearts out.

I'll be dead before I give in, In this bittersweet dimension.

Fading out all our creations, Forever untold.

Smiling at you, Sorrow surrounds us.

Rancid smiles of glory, Resistance to the peace.

Our pride is broken, Our souls are seperated.

Change

I know it's hard to tell, How mixed up you feel. Hoping what you need is behind the door. Each time you hurt, I don't want you to change. You're human after all. Wishing you was someone else. Feeling as though, you never belong. This feeling is not sadness, nor joy. I understand, please don't cry. Please don't go, don't leave here. I don't want you to hate. For all the hurt you have taken. The world is just an illusion, Trying to change who you are, Being you is something else. This is something else. Who would comprehend? For those who declare divine purpose. For those who have bonded their souls to the afterlife. I know to us the world is different. As we are to the world. But you don't realize this. I don't want you to suffer from this illusion Please don't go I want you to stay. I don't want you to change. This world is just an illusion. Trying to change you.

Community

In my dreams, I see it clear. I have no fears, no boundaries. My purpose will define you. Give me time it will be clear. Given time you will understand, What possesses me to fight for you. I will fight the wars you have suffered. To the darkened skies once more, and beyond. So many years I have stood among, The fears and regrets. I stood alone. All the years I have been unknown. For all the blood that's been shed. I will clear your suffering minds. You fall again, I fall again. Give me time it will be clear. Given time you will understand, For all the suffering we have endured. I end this pain for the peace. There is no faith in which to hide. Doubting angels that walk among the living, I'm in this mood because of the sorrow. I walk to the darkened skies and beyond. Now you understand. I only come here seeking peace. I only come here seeking enlightenment. I only come here seeking happiness.

Impure Anecdote

The darkness is surrounding me; Closing in and hanting me; With the chilling shadows circling me.

I have become a demon of my former self; This torture that tears me apart; Is dividing my hearts true feelings.

I have fallen of the bridge; And my soul has become inferior; The dark night of my being beckons to be awoken.

I felt the inevitable rush of anxiety run it's course; Rendering me unconcious of any true emotions; I am becoming the living dead.

In this reminiscense of a impure anecdote; life sounds so wretched; Beond the capabilities of man.

Stand Our Ground

How does it feel in that puddle of blood? Watching your secrets unfold. I hear cold voices gathering around. Such pride remains unbroken, Such words remain untold, Such people stand in vane.

How does it feel in that puddle of blood? There's no reason to befoul my land It's all clear, resounding its way to earth. Will I call on you to do my will? Will I call on you to dine me well? Will I call on you to fulfil my dreams?

Stand your ground this is what we're fighting for! Let the spirits guide you. I will fight the gods of war. We will not wait for the honour of lies. For heaven or hell, we shall not wait. I will not tolerate lies!

Should I stand here as your stranger? It's now clear that this is my land. On this day I will accept. We'll praise our father.

Stand your ground this is what we're fighting for!Let the spirits guide you.I will fight the gods of war.We will not wait for the honour of lies.For heaven or hell, we shall not wait.Our spirits separate on their way.Give me your hand and we shall stand our ground!