

Poetry Series

John Vogel
- poems -

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John Vogel(March 20,1969)

Best Friend

The other day I laid to rest a real good friend
used to hang close like bros - but all that ended
back when he started hangin wid da wrong kinda peeps
yo, I told him 'Bro, you know it's gonna end in tragedy'
did he listen, did he see? No! He told me it was cool
said he's got a new best friend... I told him he's a fool
he soon dropped outta school to spend time with his friend
I told him he was blind, he couldn't see how it would end
he pretended he didn't hear, didn't care what I had to say
his best friend was all he needed, so I just left it that way

That was seven months ago, didn't hear from him at all
Knew the end would come soon, as I waited for a call
then a week ago, it came... we all knew how it would end
they found him in the kitchen, killed by his best friend
Why he wouldn't listen? We tried to warn him bout the lies
to tell him his best friend was his worst enemy in disguise
but no matter how we tried, he turned away from his family
left it all for a fantasy, ignoring the signs of insanity
the vanity of following a 'best friend' who only lied to him
died with his best friend, the needle, lying close beside him

John Vogel

Bum On The Street - An Anacrostic Topical

Bereft and left inconsolate, desolate - without a means or reason to survive
Useless to society, regretfulness inside his dying mind, he bides his time
Memories of by-gone days divide his mind inside he cries for days gone by

Obstinately he clings to life, yet finds no reason to stay alive or why he tries
Nevertheless he walks bereft down darkened alleyways, trying to find the light

The time before the fire took his child and wife, the reason for his very life
He sees within his tortured mind the light that shined within their smiles and eyes
Every day and night he walks the streets remembering, reliving as he waits to die

Sunken red eyes looking out at life... people circumnavigating him to pass him by
There was a time... he sighs.. when he was one of them, a family, he dries his eyes
Remembering leaves him weak, he begs some guy for some money and buys some wine
Even when intoxicated, though, he knows their faces will remain in his anguished mind
Endlessly remembering, in dreams and wakefulness, that day of fate, his hideous crime
Too much to drink, carelessly fell asleep with a cigarette, and ended all their lives...

John Vogel

Defeating Death

It's dark.

The kind of darkness that envelopes the mind and chills you to your very soul
he tries to take control, to breathe to see the enemy, defeat the beast of old
death seizes the moment, body shaking as he feels the steel of anti-lives blade
almost gives in to this 'new awakening' immense peace as darkness to light fades
in spite of this spiritual paradise being waved in front of his eyes, he hesitates
caught in an embrace between death and life, a memory of his sons and wives
face

makes him decide to turn away in his mind, from the light - try to find some way
back to the place his love resides... must survive somehow 'I will not die today! '
the light recedes, darkness returns to fill him with cold emptiness and dread
then he feels his breath in his chest and realizes with delight 'not dead yet! '
as if wrestling with principalities beyond understanding he fights for his life
He must survive, he must return to his child and wife, suddenly with all his might
he wills himself to return to life sees blurred faces looking at him in surprise
hears a voice 'can't believe this, look he's alive, my GOD! he's opened his eyes! !
,

'Somebody get his wife! , it's a miracle, can you hear me? looks like you'll be
okay

we thought death took you away but. looks like you put up a fight and defeated
death today!

John Vogel

Drunk Driving

The party lasted well into the night, much Hennessey had me feeling alright
mind reeling and high but feeling like I was good to get behind the wheel and
drive
assured the people inside, walked a semi straight line, they musta been blind
but I ain't gonna blame it on nobody but I - I made the fateful decision that night

Didn't even make it a block, tried to light a roach somehow crossed over lanes
only thing I remember seeing is two lights baring down on me, hearing the
scream
of sheet metal tearing into me, ripping like paper machet, seeing my body break
up
as if seeing a movie, losing consciousness last thought, God I hope I don't wake
up

But I did wake up, the miracle of medical science saved what was left of me
should of been the death of me, now paralyzed, pray God takes this breath in me
not even the dignity to take my own life, useless and helpless to commit suicide
just this freak left behind, a sign to anyone insane enough to think they okay to
drink and drive

John Vogel

God

Everybody everywhere has asked the question once or twice
some people spend their entire lives seeking answers and advice
some choose to deny, turn a blind eye, claim it's all in the mind
but then we find when we try to define the mind, we still in a bind
because the mind itself is a mysterious thing, to think is a miracle
to delve deep into the root of thought can be very inspirational
no explanation known for the relation shown tween the mind and brain
what causes thought to flow? who chooses what to know and what to think?

the brain's an amazing thing, but the brain can only process information
the mind behind this operation decides cognitively what we're thinking
taking the pieces of life and arranging them to be what we call reality
but really, is reality all it's cracked up to be? the same for you and me?

no! you see, reality is subjectively realized only by your minds eye
relying upon senses defined by deceptive perceptions and blind lies
our mind tries to define right as we proceed to survive and find a way
in a society insane, our minds are deranged by theological games we play
as we try and pray to find a way to understand the plan laid out by God
distracted by religious teachings, reaching us, leading to an empty cross
beseeching us... believing we are lost, we look for any clues by any man
not realizing the plan we can't understand, the truth is only found within
religion seeks to bind again, but in reality religion tends to separate
denigrating the truth a lie created by fools to perpetuate the hate

When you silent the lies, refuse to buy anyone's 'truth' but look inside
you'll find in the silent mind there exists an omniscient eternal light
Heaven, Hell, Sin and Salvation, the truth beyond words that no-one can speak
revealed to the one who seeks, a glorious revelation, the epitome of reality
delve deep and drink of spiritual things, beyond words, beyond brains capacity
for the mind is awesome indeed and you will ALWAYS find exactly what you seek
So seek inside and you will find, knock on the door and it will open wide
Salvation is yours when you realize you are truly a part of the creators mind
Let reality fade away into the light from which all things are born and die
God and I eternally intertwined, as God sees life vicariously through our eyes
...

In The Darkness Of Shadows

In the darkness of shadows I lie, my mind still reeling
the knife still in me, puddle of blood around me congealing
feeling no pain, my brain seeking solace in the grip of death
each breath pulling me closer to the edge of forgetfulness
lying in helplessness, in the darkness of shadows, concealed
try to move, it's useless, i cry, lying there silent and still
filled with regret, as death is imminent, filled with dismay
things i forgot to say, always thinking there'd be one more day
the world is turning a hazy grey, the darkness seems deeper
shadows seem to creep over me like the touch of the grim reaper
feel the cold deep in my soul, consuming me like a hungry beast
lying in shadow, in a ghetto town, victim of the brutal streets
Eluding me, how long I have been lying here, hours or seconds?
every breath an eternity, wondering, will there be a next one?
regetting an expensive lesson learned, the last one I geuss
messin around tryna score some rock, ended up scoring death
but then again, eventually, I kind of knew I'd end up here
bleeding in the darkness of shadow in the middle of nowhere
no fear. no feeling at all as I lie here, eyes not seeing
a feeling of peacefull release, no longer desiring anything
floating away, as if in a dream, my body seperate from me
then suddenly find myself falling, awake now... regretfully
leaning against a wall, shake off the remnants of this dream
find my pipe and screen, this piece of SOS should do nicely
check the scene, hidden from sight, light the hard as it crackles
laugh and sit back, hidden from life, in the darkness of shadows

John Vogel

Kidnapped

Everything was pretty normal, nice day, never thought anything would go awry
Got in my Focus to for for a ride, before I could put it in drive, someone grabs
me from behind
Covers my eyes, felt hands dragging me, started screaming, someone gagging
me
someone braggin bout how easily they bagged me, on my feet now being pushed
and staggering
trying to fight but my hands tied behind me, hear them laughing around me
maniacally
wish i could see, pushing me inside some kind of vehicle, strapping me down
inside a seat
Finally somebody speaks to me 'keep calm and we won't have to blow out your
brains'
Takes the gag out my mouth 'hey this is insane! ' I say, 'there's been some kind
of mistake! '
'No mistake, if your wife don't pay, let me just say - you aint gonna live to regret
it'
'But wait, we barely able to pay the rent, ransom? I don't know what the hell you
expectin...'
'...but you def got the wrong guy, cause you aint gonna get a red cent for me'
'Yea' says the same gruff voice, 'well if that's the case, you gonna soon be very
deceased'
Speed suddenly decreases, as we come to a stop and I feel hands grabbing me
again
'We gonna see the boss' a voice informs me, 'you just better hope that you are
the right man'
then someone says 'You got the wrong guy, gonna have to elimiate him, take off
the blindfold, mister it's time to die...'
Open my eyes expecting to see led flying, instead it's my friends and wife with a
cake screaming happy birthday... SURPRISE! '

John Vogel

Multiple Personality

Carnal minded, twisted inside as I'm listlessly guided through life
by instincts instilled within me in anachronistic times
an animalistic mind defined by social lies as socialization decries
individualistic rights... the right to find my path in life
can't go back in time, it's a fact I'm blind, why do I even try
to find a light, to finalize my final cries, when I finally die...

Spiritually minded, try to remind him, but shut out like an enemy
eventually (i hope) he comprehends the necessity, and lets me free
his destiny, eternity, lies in this side, divided by his carnality
if he opens his eyes and decides to let me shine then perhaps he'll see
denying his true identity and hiding behind the lies of insane society
vainly trying to deny the light that shines the blind keeps leading blindly

Defying the lies, i rise above this fantasy and find myself teetering
on the edge of reality a sense of inner spiritual eternity developing
sense overwhelming, in elation I take hold that part of my personality
enveloping me, a spiritual completion, breaking away from perpetual fallacy
take that leap of faith, embrace the truth within me, open my inner eyes
discard this disguise, depart from the lies, leaving the carnal behind

Once again we are intertwined in the divine, engrams in the creators mind
as we define new designs seeing through eyes of endless times and lives
one mind, endlessly expressed through individuality, limited by carnality
each one thinking they exist separately, resistant to the only true reality
of perfect unity, a single entity's mind endlessly creating and fragmenting
living vicariously through endless lives, the paramount multiple personality

John Vogel

Night Mirror

I'm sitting in an empty field
can't remember how I got here
stunned, I feel a bitter chill
Apprehension mixed with raw fear
I feel an evil presence near
find myself frozen in terror
Suddenly the enemy appears
find myself looking in a mirror

I scream
I wake up from this odd dream
feelings of trepidation on me
get up from the bed yawning stretch
go to the john to take a piss
take a glimpse in the mirror
laughing at these feelings of terror
finish my business and smile
the image smiles back, then laughs
I retreat fast
as the image in the looking glass
attempts to grab me

I scream
shake my head as I wake from this dream
find myself in my parents house alone
I'm 8 years old
something else is here with me
not somebody but something evil here
my fear causes my bladder to leak
shaking, why did they go and leave?
forsaking me to this evil thing
slowly creeping closer to me
I try to close my eyes but still see
misty at first now clearing
the vision near me the mirror me
the evil nearing me ready to devour me
closer now almost overpowering me
as I cower in my bed eyes closed tightly
I awake and find it was just another night thing

a dream
within a dream within a dream
The oddest thing
am I awake? I get up out of bed
the mirror image dances in my head
like an evil twin
taunting me, tempting me to look again
I laugh, a nervous laugh, take nervous steps
toward the bathroom, open the door
turn the light on... turn around and
suddenly I understand the dream

I scream
an endless nightmare of my own doing
i stare in abject fear at the ruin
the body lying there, my body dead
eyes staring at the mirror... in facination
I look and see me look in accusation
looking back at me as if to say
look what you did, you ended it too soon
i hang my head I feel just like a fool
I feel the icy breath and look back up
the mirror image bearing down on me
Another dream? Can't bare it anymore
I feel the hand of evil fill my soul
the evil in the mirror takes a hold

I scream
The dream begins again
I'm sitting in an empty field
can't remember how I got here
stunned, I feel a bitter chill
Apprehension mixed with raw fear...

John Vogel

Prisoner Of War

Locked in this cold dark cell, light is dimly illuminating
illusive shadows of my surroundings, mind infinitely ruminating
accumulated dreams of a life that seems so far away regaling me
assailing me with bygone days memories bombarding me unfailingly
telling me there is a ray of hope in life, another reality
but in this cold dark cell, the voice of doom is telling me
it's only a hopeless dream, no hope of seeing the light of day
eyes gone blind from endlessly perceiving only nights of grey
I tried to stay optimistic, in patient vigil expected rescue
but days turned into months in time my mind accepted the truth
this six by six foot room seals my fate, this is my death tomb
the smell of urine and defecation suffocate, invading breath tubes
what is left to do? I etch these last few words on walls of grey
as slowly i slip into depreciative states of final mortal decay
the images fade away, my mind awaits in stillness the inevitable
as I fulfill my role in war created by insanity seemingly congenital
the sickness grows, gangrene taking hold, diseased body dying
as I lie silently waiting for deaths toll, ceased from even trying
to stay alive what point is there? A final end to this suffering
Etch the last line on this rhyme and lie down for this final sleep

John Vogel

Soldier At War

The acrid smell of burning flesh assaults my nostrils as smoke rises
the stoked fires of hell built on bodies, empty shells of hope dyin
I grope blind in the night, mind divided inside trying to understand
why I fight, why my eyes witness the sight of human lives dying at my hand
then the other side of me reminds me this is for the best, I guess
the president says we must persist in this to eliminate the terrorist
incriminating fear in us that we seem to be the enemy we keep hearin of
killing indiscriminately anyone who dares to oppose us, do we care enough
to stop and share our love, hear the voice of those we're told are enemies?
no, that's insanity... our goal is to eliminate the threat and not to think
not to blink at this act of atrocity, it's all for the better of society
so try to believe the tears I'm crying is just smoke in my eyes you see
cause I got to be this war machine, can't let thoughts get the best of me
never confess to be anything less then infantry, trained to kill, Rest in Peace
never stress that these homicidal acts might actually be insane in any way
my job is not to think, I am a Soldier, my job's to kill for the U.S of A.

John Vogel

Stranded On An Island

Face the day in a wasted state, a taste of hate, bitterness as he
wastes away like patients with aids, chasing pavements in his dreams
so he seems to be on a precipice, as he struggles for expressiveness
he's confessing this, yet he questions if reality's made up of this
eventually he begins to see the futility of revealing truth to these
unwilling 'G's, who seem to be unwillingly lost in life's carnalities
the fallacies of reality astounding him mentally and psychologically
pounding him with logic and rationality, as he fights against society

The soul screams, the lies seem so real, reality seems like a dream
the soul schemes, like a soldier trying to fight a make believe enemy
the soul centered in eternity, but carnality takes the center stage
the mind of man in rage, traps the eternal soul in this limited cage

Within a shell like a jail cell, a soul screaming for release,
to no avail, futile the unheard shouts go unheeded completely
screaming silently, 'release me', blind and deaf to it's pleading
total ignorance of his self, eyes wide open but inner eye not seeing
barely believing in his own being, he sold the truth for ignorant lies
socialized to a degree he believes there's no need to conceptualize
The effects of life cause the man to deny his emotional core defense
the rejected soul alone stranded on an island in an ocean of ignorance

The soul screams, dreams undreamed never to see the light of reality
the soul bleeds, visions of immortality fade away with individuality
the soul lost in temporality, carnality overrides the mind of mankind
less defined, trapped on this desert island, dying, but the soul never dies

John Vogel

The Enemy I Couldn'T Defeat

despair and helplessness in my mind overtaken
feeling forsaken lookin down at my child shaking
my heart breaking, aching to take some of her pain
feeling ashamed, nothing I can do, no words to say
to ease the suffering or take her anguish away
the anger and rage balanced only by fear and dismay
'It's just not fair', I say. but no-one hears my cry
alone, just her and I, waiting for my child to die

Reminiscing in my mind, the day she came into my life
filled with pride, as I looked in her eyes and cried
at this ray of sunshine, surprised at the love I felt
above all else, that day I made a promise to myself
promised till the day I die, I'd be her shining knight
protect her from all enemies, but now the enemy's inside
and I can't fight it, it's not right I can't do anything
to ease her pain, no way to beat this silent enemy

The enemy within eating away at my poor innocent baby
I sit helplessly by, watching her die, hoping and praying
that soon the end will come, the end of her great pain
suffering will cease when death comes and takes her away,
and then I see that day has come, as she stops breathing
grieving for my child, head on her silent chest weeping
no words could express the bitter emptiness within me, deep
'Please forgive daddy for the enemy I just couldn't defeat.'

John Vogel

The Origins Of Intelligence

The origins of intelligence

By,

In the beginning was logos, meaning beyond definition
pure intention from a source unlike any human invention
beyond time and the minds ability to grasp the situation
beyond anything we can think, the original manifestation
manifesting intelligence by devising flickers of photons
illusionary individuality, tiny minds tricked for so long
for a time buying into lies of mortality and separation
devising clever equations to explain the universes creation
yet evading the question of why we feel the need to explain
to define something beyond what we perceive with our brains

seeking in vain ignoring the origin of our investigation
the reason why.. seek to find answers for life's insinuations
the answer lies in the timeless fabric, the mind of the 'God'
Therein lies the reason why try to redefine lies we been taught
Time to open eyes closed and blind for too long, set it straight
fate lies in our own creative mind for we are not really separate
we are not apart from the creative logos that expresses intelligence
in the end, this nonsense we call self redefined as less then relevant
it's all a divisive lie, the truth some can't accept, call it fallacy
but intelligence begins and ends within the mind creating this reality.

John Vogel

The Problem With Society

A mother grieving, warm tears streaming down her dark brown cheek
no words to speak, no consolation, Her son lies bleeding at her feet
another victim of the street, a victim of society, a blind machine
designed to keep us confined to being less than what we should be,
pushing the underclass back on the street, make a living or die trying
grinding daily for a mad society's lies and never asking why we dying
we buying into the lies, societies the bank and we got unlimited credit
to the same organization payin more for war than education, we indebted
the social creature, the beast that feeds on poverty, destroying us
the more we try to fight, the more we realize, society is poisonous
the mother grieving, asking why, the scene's replayed a thousand times
the young man bleeding, see him die for a pocketful of unfounded lies
societies device to keep them down, keep them quiet, keep them dying
they keep on lying we keep on buying it, they selling us our own demise
another needless death, another life lost to this social beast we see
to 'the street', the name we gave to the early grave made by society
a dream they feed us, freedom from the bonds, but only bind us tighter
denying us the right to the pursuit of life liberty and getting higher ;)
as the young man lies there, i walk away, the sad scene unapproachable
thinking to myself, the problem with society, it's too damn anti-social

John Vogel

Tommorrow

Too many days spent in reflecting on unfulfilled dreams
Only now, when it's too late to do anything do I see
Missed opportunities to spend this time constructively
On important things in life, closed eyes blind to reality
Regretful, I spend my days looking back on past mistakes
Remembering the dreams I had, so sad how fast they fade
One by one they fade away, left with sorrow and pain
Waiting on my dreams to start, but tomorrow never came

In quiet contemplation, it suddenly seems clear to me
So much time spent waiting... time wasted needlessly

Joylessly chasing after something I could never catch
Unaware that today is the only day that can ever exist
Senselessly I spent days on end wasting precious time
Thinking 'tomorrow will be the perfect day for me to shine'

After all this time, now I see, too late to change the past

Destiny was in my hands, but I let it slip, it went so fast
Rewind in my mind the time and find myself in yesterday
Endlessly grasping at that elusive tomorrow expectantly
And now it ends, I breathe my last in sorrow now i see
Made the mistake of waiting but... tomorrow is just a dream.

John Vogel

Where Have All The Butterfly's Gone?

'Where have all the butterfly's gone? '
she looks up into his face
the picture of innocence
the question hits him
like a ton of bricks
his mind trips back to the past
as he remembers the time
when flowers would bloom and
butterflies would flutter
when grass grew green and lush
when water flowed free
he thinks how much has changed
in a few short years

How can he explain to to her innocent mind
that greed and pride destroyed
what we had been given
no longer will the butterflies fly
no longer will the grass grow green
no birds to sing in the sky
only the naked sun to burn us away
only a short time left
until the end of all things
but how can he tell her these things?

How can he explain that ignorance
that mankind's utter ignorance
destroyed the sky, the sea, the land
as if... as if we didn't care
as if tomorrow would always be there
he looks down in her innocent eyes
waiting for an answer
waiting for an explanation
he sighs...
'the butterflies have died'

John Vogel

Witnessing Mass Genocide

Sitting in apathy half of me crying other half laughing
at these atrocities, watch them die, huddled and gasping
fascinated by this dastardly deed, passed and deceased
whole families enter chambers of death, gassed and released

ruthlessly thrown in a pile like trash to be pecked by vultures
mangled limbs of infants, men and women, like a twisted sculpture
listen to the screams but exposure over and over has rendered me
almost completely oblivious to anything I hear or anything seen
but then sometimes my conscience gets the best of me in dreams
hearing screams and seeing faces of the ones who tasted death by me
but reality is telling me the necessity is greater than atrocity
survival of society's at stake, no matter what the cost to me
personally or psychologically, i have a job to do, i do it well
the jews must be wiped out, their evil souls sent back to hell
When said and done you'll see the means must justify the end
cleansing of the world, Hail Hitler! Unser Rennen wird berwinden*

*Our race will overcome

John Vogel