

Poetry Series

Joseph Pohl
- poems -

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Joseph Pohl()

A Memory

Weaving, placing, putting away.
Mental collages, pictures of today.
Wanting but not having seeing but not there.
Taking, holding, keeping what's mine just air.
Blurred dreaming, capturing a moment in time.
Placing everything together of what is divine.
Standing still yet moving image not lost.
Held together by every thought..of you.
..A Memory...

Joseph Pohl

One By One

One by one they cicle...
gathering, forming..
slowly reaching a goal.

One by one they collide...
discomforting, painfull..
challenging every spot.

One by one they bend and bounce...
endless it seems, unwillingly to stop..
from point to point, destination engraved.
... One by one my tears fall to the floor.

Joseph Pohl

Tears

Tears i shed and keep for you, be still my heart which longs for you.
Tears of pain as diamond drops, indention cut in single spots.
Mental crulety, physical love, tears of passion, tears of blood.
Passionet feeling of sorrow and fear help me let go on coming tears.
Happyness and joy are meant to be, but sorrow and pain is all to be seen.
My eyes are watered down bloodshot to the deepest of my heart. I lost you both
and know not what to do. Though forever in my heart tears for you.
..You are a memorie when you die.. my tears for you will never dry..
Where tears begin and memories rise, Tears that bleed and crystalize.
(In loving Memorie of Juan and Maria Jasso)

Joseph Pohl

What You Want It To Be

Nothing to look forward to
when once I lived here.

Gangster was all I knew, it was like the back of my hand.
my life knew its boundaries, not crazy for me, no. I have nothing to lose,
nothing to hold me here in my nce, drugs, gang is my life.

No time to stop, no time to think, trurly I know how my life once began
and how it will end.

I once had a place to call home, yet i choose other roads and other
treatorious ng fast I figured to get away from it all, I did. Now I stand and
manuever on a new road and new memories for my life. What you want it to be,
thats life. Good or Bad..

Joseph Pohl