

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Joseph Wraithbone()

(the Words In Parentheses Are Not Seen)

Why do we always want something we can never have?
Something so impossible...
Something you can only dream...

What is written will not be read
She'll never see this
Why do I write it this?
To know it's there, deep down...

I look at her...
I see beauty beyond words,
I see the fun in life,
I see the azure sky,
I see the fresh flowers,
I see everything so perfect!

I see her...
Never even looking this way...
Never even knowing I'm there...
Never wanting anyone like me...
Never considering who I am...
Never even knowing my name...

So I can dream of her...
Of the times that never will be,
And the fun of it all...
Me and her...

Why do we always want Something we can never have?
Something so impossible...
Something you can only dream...

Joseph Wraithbone

A Reflection At The Falls

The greenish rainbow of colour shines in the pools of water
The sound of the wind and falling water fills my ears
I hear the whispers of an unheard voice
I feel the presence of the Lord all around

This is His earth and His world
I am but His tool, His vessel
His might is higher than the tallest tree
His mercy flows faster than the waterfall
His love is more than the number of stones on the ground
He is awesome, He is glory, He is truth

He is God
Yahweh, Jehovah, Emmanuel, the Risen King
The Giver of Life, the Son of God
The Christ, Jesus

And He is here
He abides with me
Even now today
In my mind
In my soul
And in my heart ever so

Joseph Wraithbone

How Do You Find A Poet?

How can you see a poet
Through the disguise of an everyday man?
How does the little girl in the corner
Write with the perspective of a grown woman?

Can you find them by the callouses on their fingers?
By the quills in their houses?
By the ink that stains their hands?

How can you find a poet
Within the crowd of moving life?
How can you sense their presence
That feels like a tender touch
But can sting like the back of a hand?

How do you find a poet
Deep down within the chambers of one's heart?
How do the words flow out
Like air rushing to and fro inside one's lungs?

How can you see the poet
Through the disguise of an everyday man?
How do you find the poet
That always lurks within?

Joseph Wraithbone

I'LI Sit There Speechless

I look straight into your eyes
And I see the ring of green.
I dance 'round in it
As if it were a meadow's grass coated with dew.

I look about you.
Your rosy red cheeks.
They light up the room
With a consuming fire, like a burning inferno.

My eyes move to that russet hair
That the cool breeze blows in the wind.
It is soft like ashes that coat the ground
And coloured like the bark of the scorched trees.

I take you in, your full form of wonder.
It's like a white rose at the prime of it's life.
The smooth white petals
And the gentle graces of each movement it makes by the wind.

I look at you in all the splendor of who you are,
And I know I'll never even bask in the scent of your being.
You'll be gone like the breath within me,
So very quickly out of my life,
And I'll sit there speechless...

Joseph Wraithbone

No One Has Give Me A Flower

Countless petals, in jars, bowls, drawers
From past lovers, placed in odd spots around their lives
A myriad of colors: red, pink, yellow, even blue
I remember picking out each set of flowers

There standing in the isle
Noting the ridiculous prices,
Yet I never stopped to consider putting them back
Instead I would comb through each bundle
Looking to find the perfect floral display of affection

I would snatch the best of the best up
And proudly stroll towards the checkout counter
A smile plastered widely on my naive face
A beep, a display of the screen, a clinking of change and cash

I'd be there, at a front door: the great wall of defense
Between that wall stood the one I loved
The one this sporadic gift was meant for
I always had butterflies just as I heard footsteps from within

The door would open to a smiling face
Or maybe a gasp of surprise and excitement
I'd flash that trademark smile, as I often found myself doing
And tack on some witty comment, 'I was just in town, so I thought I'd drop by.'

I bet the felt superb
As if the only person in my world
Someone I would go out of my way for
If only just to get some flowers

No one, not one, has given me a flower
Not a rose, or a tulip, nor tigerlily
No, not even a dandelion
Never a single one

Somedays I need a flower
Somedays I need only one

Joseph Wraithbone

Pocketwatch At My Nightstand

I only hear the sound of one clock ticking in the midnight.

Tick, tick, tick...

Over and over again.

Listening, in the darkness, to the sound of my life fading away.

Tick, tick, tick...

Knowing I'll never relive those moments again.

My eyes grow weary but I cannot sleep.

Tick, tick, tick...

I want to embrace sleep but it eludes me.

Now my thoughts are whirling inside my head.

Tick, tick, tick...

I am tortured by this loneliness all through the night

I lay back and ponder, while my mind wanders away.

Tick, tick, tick

Wanders away into the deep darkness underneath the surface...

Tick, tick, tick

Why am I haunted by sleeplessness so?

Joseph Wraithbone

Reflections By The Seashore

The pebbles on the shore are black as the soot on a miner's face,
The the dark gritty sand shuffles into the ground like a dancing couple,
The sky above is a patchwork quilt,
Aqua, smooth stone grey, parchment tan and turquoise green,
The ocean waves sway back and forth, like a swing set on a cold winter day.
The icy wind send chills down my back, almost as if you're standing there beside me.

I brush my hair back into place and wipe a tear from my eye all the same motion,

I look down, my mind burns with sad memories and longful thoughts.

Then I look out across the shore, to the small boats on still water,

Wishing to be in that vast expanse...

Not having to worry about the stress and struggles of life,

I snap back to the present at the sound of my shoes crunching on the rocks and sand.

I look into the water to see a tired man staring back at me,

Thinking to himself, 'Where has the time gone? '

I turn and clutch my coat tight as the wind picks up,

I turn and walk away...

Back to life, to the world I know, to reality,

I leave because I have to... Not choose to, I just hope you knew,

All I wanted was for someone...

To Love Me...

Joseph Wraithbone

Silence

Silence is deafening,
When no one is listening.

Joseph Wraithbone

The Descent Of The Dark Days

The lone black cloud shuffled in,
It was the start of the darkness on the wind.
The people were indifferent about the shadows above,
But the lone black cloud was getting bigger each day.

People started to walk silently in a crowd on the streets,
No words to passing friends, no faces to greet.
They put on a solemn blank face of emotion,
And went throughout their day, going through the motions.

And all the while that their hearts grew cold,
The lone black cloud kept on unfolding.
It reached the edges of the city's limits,
And started to brush the ground within it.

The people now we filled with hatred of a dangerous kind,
With blood in the streets once filled without crime.
Their young had to fend for what ever was left,
And the old died bitter choking on their final breath.

The city grew numb of its inhuman ways,
And the lone black cloud was now a misty haze.
It cover it each window on every last block,
Like smoke in a battlefield that would never stop.

The people grew sick as the fighting endured,
Corpses littered the walkways,
As men fought their hopeless wars,
For food or for money, what difference did it make,
They were after another's life,
What else should they take?

The black mist seeped in through chimney and doors,
And filled every corner with darkness like none other before.
For days it was night and night again,
With no stop to the dark days the worst set in.

People hung from their rafters by their own hand,
Others stole from the beggars and went rampant through the land.

Some burned down the houses in hopes that the light
Would break this deep darkness and the death it had brought.

Nothing seem to phase the mass of black cloud,
And then one day it shuffled right on along.
In its wake was a city so ruined and charred,
No one was left living,
And so the black cloud shuffled on...

Joseph Wraithbone

The Hurting Healer

He's not invincible you know...

Not like some superhero from the comic books

Inside he's only human like me and you

Hurting. Longing for answers to his problems in life...

He's hurting now but you'll never know it

He's the man you see with the big smile on his face

Giving a big hug or a slight but warm laugh

We all hurt just as much as he does...

But deep down he is crying tears that are never seen

Tears for his wife... His wife with cancer

Sometimes you just don't understand why things like this happen to the world's greatest people

He has God but even then he will miss her so much

The congregation gather beside the man that talks to them every Sunday

The man that prays for the family of the person that has cancer

That person should have never been her, but it is

And even now he's just getting by on the surface,

While inside he's crying out to our God above...

How much hurt does it take a group of people to understand his pain?

How can you be a preacher while your wife is in bed slowly slipping away?

You simply can't alone...

I pray that we pray for the strength that he needs

Joseph Wraithbone

The Notebook Aisle

I'm here to find some paper for graphing,
Just looking around being curious.
Then all the sudden you walk around the corner,
And I am filled with a new curiosity.

With your long brown hair and thin pale yellow jacket and your big white
headphones,
You embody a beauty that is hard to resist.
The moment is prolonged by our awkward innocence,
And for a moment is just stop and stare at you,
But quickly look away feeling foolish.

We turn backs looking to our own sides of the aisle,
And a briefly catch another glance at you.
I then scurry away with a teenage crush in my pocket and paper in my hand.
Only after making my rounds of the store do I realize what I've found,
But it's to late because you are gone,
A mystery to me still...

Joseph Wraithbone

The Poet Of Heart

The poet of heart writes not what is,
But rather what is always dreamed of.
He does not boast his talent,
Lest word of his want get out.

He stays in the shadows of fear and doubt;
He lurks by the door of love and lust,
Only hoping to catch the sweet scents of their mystery.

He is an average man, with an average life,
But everyday he wishes for it to change.
He wants to step into water so deep
That surely he would be over his own head.

He dreams of a girl that is not just a fantasy,
Though she seems to be in a tower too tall for his bravery.
He can say all he wants of his ideas and imaginings,
But with these paper wings, he'll never fly.

He is the poet of heart, he who writes not what is,
But rather what is always dreamed of.
Maybe there is a reason to keep it inside...

Joseph Wraithbone

The Shadow Dreamt

She was a pretty girl
With black hair and reddish-pink tips
Those deep brown eyes like the sea
So big and mysterious and beautiful

Your pale slightly freckled skin in the moonlight
Was so soft to the touch
Your body pressed against mine
It was as if heaven met earth
In that one dark lustrous kiss

The skies fell in and I held you closer
Your hips swayed with my arms around them
You look at me so innocent and wild
Those black irises set in diamond white
Like an eclipse of the sun and moon

The rush of emotion like a tidal wave
Feelings crash, one after another
Like a sweet rolling wave of your body on mine

The sweat rolled down us both in a moment of passion
A pause of our heavy breath
Then the sounds of our fast beating heart next to each other

Your subtle slim curves dripping with perspiration
Your lips cherry red in the sliver light
Your soft breast rest against my chest
You slowly ease a breath in, than out
I run my fingers through you short straight hair

I kiss you one last time
And then suddenly I'm awake
Gasping for air as if drowning
With a missing space between my arms

You are just a shadow of my lust
A shadow dreamt in sleep
A deep dark part of me

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