

Poetry Series

Joshua Poetical King Sovea - poems -

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Joshua Poetical King Sovea(11/3/95)

Im Josh Or People Call me 'Poetical King', write poems I Luv To Write Thats all i do in class writing expression yea i dont mind talking to people thats kool i have my luvly assitants to help me at school get my food even if i ask them to go like twice or so umm got people to wake me for school so my life is sweet dont live with parents dont know them dont want to long story so dont ask.

Fight! ! ! Fight! ! Fight! !

The Light Fills The Air,
The Sky Denses As You Look No Fear,
The Mad Rush Of Adrenilen rushes to your system,
While you look at him Prayfully wishing,
You Try To Invision The Out Come,
And The Stacks,
The Retakes on The Left Plate,
If You Go Right Will He duck,
A Knee Straight To The Gut,
The Lines Of Pleasure, or Posible Pain,
The First Shot The Outcome Is The Stain,
If Yah To The Ground The Dirt You See,
Or Is It The scrammble or The Vision More Blurry..
Take Your Last Breath Before You Go,
The Crowed Stumbles,
People Cheering Like The Horns Blow,
The First Take Is The One With The First Show,
The Instincts Kick In, The Hormones Throw Sin,
But The Final Blow Screams WINN! ! !
Then People Jump In From The Crowed Stomped And Shown How!
! The End Result Is Faital Without a Word,
Who Would Have Thought That One Word, Call 'Turd',
Get Someones Life 'Detured'

Joshua Poetical King Sovea

Me Or You? ?

The Vivad Image Is In My Head,
The Trials That Lay Before Me Make Me Dread,
I Try To Sleep But The Pressure Is In My Mind,
That every Problem Keeps Coming Im Going Blind,
It feels like a Bag Im about to suffocate,
I Dont know how to express or relate,
all i wanna do is retaliate,
All The Pressure The hate,
Would Be Decided By Fate,
Or Would I Have To Make A Date,
That My Life Will Be Gone,
I Cant Do It,
It will be To Long,
Ill Explode And Be,
But Unfortunatly,
Thats not What i See,
Demonstarited By The Minds Of The Young,
The Imprint Of Many,
Yet The Same If Its One,
The Destitute Is The Imprint Of The Mind Of Man,
Yet Security Would Do The Other Hand,
The Organization Is Just A Little Organizum,
But The Heart Is The Worst When You Step,
Because A Little Word Could Make It Upset....

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