

Poetry Series

Kevin Lynch
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Kevin Lynch(25/02/91)

I was born in Ireland and am still living there presently. My life has always been ridden with problems and troubles, from childhood to adolescence to young adulthood. My mental health has been on a decline since my early teen years, progressing slowly on a downhill path. One of my best friends died when I was 15 and that experience changed my life, both for the better and the worse, but more-so for the worse.

I always thought that my life was normal, maybe not the same as others but I thought that what I felt all the time was what everyone felt. But when I was 17 I fell deeply in love and I realised that I spent my life thinking that I was happy when in truth I was miserable. The love I experienced then made me see the world anew, I discovered what it felt like to be happy and what it meant to be in love and to be loved. I stopped being so full of anger and hatred, and to this day I don't feel hatred for anyone or anything and I only very rarely get angry. But that relationship didn't last. But even so I didn't return to my miserable state that I had previously been in, well not for a while anyway. As time progressed I got worse and worse. I desperately reached out for the same kind of love that I had experienced, as that love filled time was the only memorable time that I had been truly happy in life.

Being such a hopeless lover lead to many regrettable actions and more suffering inflicted upon myself and also others. It wasn't long before my need for love caused my depression to climax. I would say that I have been depressed since the age of 12-13 though I can't really remember as my memory is hazy, but the memories I do have are far from happy ones.

Due to my depression climaxing I started self harming. I had lost my ability to cope with live and my troubles. I no longer got enjoyment out of things and I stopped getting satisfaction out of the things I used to love. Art, music, video games, hanging out with friends, writing, helping others; they all slowly stopped giving me the sense of satisfaction that I used to get from them. And instead, all I felt was sorrow, hopelessness, desperation and emptiness. My life had lost purpose and meaning, though I would say that my life never really did have either.

As time went on it seemed like I was losing the things that make me human. I stopped caring for not only myself, but for others and everything around me. I stopped feeling any guilt, any remorse, I basically stopped feeling everything. I started shutting people out and stopped letting the people who were close to me know what I was going through, that I was addicted to self harming and that I was becoming more and more obsessed with suicide and my death.

But recently things had improved for me, I stopped feeling so much sorrow on a day to day basis, I stopped crying all the time and stopped dwelling on things because I had met a girl and was developing feelings for her. Just having her around and talking to her brightened up my life, she removed the daily sorrow that I had been feeling and made me feel happy for the first time in what felt like forever. I remember how we stayed up all night together talking over the internet, smiling and laughing so much that our faces hurt. And she'll probably kill me for writing about her like this because things broke down due to a lack of communication. She was able to stop the physical sorrow that I felt, but we never got deeply involved enough for her to have a positive affect on my tainted mind. Along with my depression I have developed paranoia which is getting worse and worse, and I also live in a world of my own a lot of the time, dipping in and out of reality and I see fit. I have always been distant from the real world and will probably remain like this until I die.

My depression and sorrowful life along with suicide are the topics most present in my poetry with the occasional poem about love or something else. My poetry usually always has an underlying rhyming scheme, sometimes not always obvious, and some poems have hidden messages in them, usually made out of the first letters of each sentence spelling out something.

I see poetry as a way of one expression themselves, how they feel, who they are, what they believe and what they want. My poetry is mostly about what/how I feel or what/how I think.

This short biography that I have written is to help readers understand my poetry and what I'm saying in it. I rarely use metaphors so it shouldn't be confusing or puzzling. And my poetry is an expression of myself, it is not a request for pity or sympathy from others.

My life has been a lot worse than it is now, but as I failed to mention earlier I have no motivation to do anything, I have no aspirations or desires except for one and that is my obsession with suicide.

I do not see anything wrong with suicide, one should be allowed to do what they want with their life and I think that people value life too much. They are afraid of the idea that if life can be thrown away so easily that it'll affect how they perceive their life. They don't like the idea of life having no meaning because it would mean that their life could be meaningless.

But what a lot of people may not see is that it's the quality of one's life that matters. There is no point in having loads of money, being very successful and talented if all you do is suffer and be miserable. If there is no sign of happiness in the future and only pain and sorrow, then why should one have to wade through all those years of suffering just so they can die? Suicide would bring the

inevitable but without the years of suffering and pain.

I have attempted suicide multiple times and unfortunately failed, but I know that I will attempt again in the future. I do not care or value my life, and I want it to end. I never asked to be born, this life was forced upon me and I do not want it or enjoy it. So why endure it?

And on a separate note, people shouldn't be judged by what they have, by their talents, possessions, appearances, instead they should be judged by their actions and what they do. That is of course, if you are to judge them. Judge them or not, you should at least try to understand them on some level, understand what they do and why they do it. When you understand something then it can become rational and then you can see if it is a good thing, or a bad one, and then act accordingly.

Of course, this is just a rough and short description of what I see, it would take too long to go into it.

And as a last note I would like to thank all my friends of past and present and also all of the partners I've had in my past relationship, I'd like to thank them for brightening up my days and for being there, and also for putting up with me for so long.

A Love Poem

I remember a day, not too long ago,
The sun was something the clouds wouldn't show,
The rain was lashing, streets were like streams,
Sounds like a bad day, but not all is what it seems.

I had an umbrella, I had got it that day,
And after I got it, I went down the florist's way,
And I looked for a rose, that was as red as can be,
And a beautiful rose, my eyes did see,

I gave them the money, they gave me the rose,
I hid it in my hoodie, so nobody knows,
Knows that I have it, cause its for a surprise,
The girl that I love, its only for her eyes.

I waited and waited, at our meeting place,
My eyes so eager, to see her face,
Every passing person made my heart leap,
Kept hoping it was her, but disappointment would seep.

I thought I saw her car, driving past,
I couldn't really tell cause it was going fast,
But I waited and waited and then my surprise!
From right around the corner, her beautiful eyes.

Needless to say, my heart was quite pleased,
And thankfully enough my waiting was eased,
A giant smiled crept up on my face,
I rushed towards her into her embrace,

Together at last, side by side,
But it wasn't the time so the rose I did hide,
I took her hand and my umbrella,
We walked together, just a girl and her fella.

I kept her dry, as best as I could,
Taking care of my girl, like every man should.
I lead this way and that, till we found a nice spot,
We kissed and we talked, things were getting hot,

Both of us together, in the lashing rain,
Sheltered by an umbrella, in a quite lane,
My heart was churning, on my inside,
All my joy and emotion, was impossible to hide.

And I just couldn't, couldn't keep it in,
I said 'Close your eyes' and then I did begin,
I unzipped my hoodie, the rose inside,
Time to take it out, no more reasons to hide,

I bent over slowly, and gave her a kiss,
She opened her eyes, and then she felt bliss,
I said that I love her, and gave her the rose,
She went in to hug me, around her my arms did close,

She knew just then, that I really did love,
We were great together, fitted like a glove,
And a few weeks later, my love is still strong,
I always think about her, feels so right, never wrong.

I just love her deeply, and care about her too,
Oh and did I mention? That this woman is you?
You're the one I love, as I constantly say,
And I'll care for you forever, till your dying day.

Kevin Lynch

A Simple Sumer's Tuesday Night

Tonight; a simple Summer's Tuesday night,
Following a lengthly warm beautiful day,
With birds that chirp and trees that sway,
A beautiful day, with everything so right..

But when the sun hid behind the horizon,
The night became something cruel,
Where pain, sorrow and betrayal rule,
And leave me to become the wisen...

Wise in the opposite to the daylight's grace,
Learned in suffering, sadness and sorrow,
Mastered in knowing no hope for tomorrow,
Trapped in a strange altered wretched place.

And the events in this prison, on this infamous,
Wicked evening are played out like a tragic,
Shakespearean play, with an evil black magic
Brought forth by a loving friend so famous.

She who wouldn't do something simple to bring
Me happiness or a feeling of temporary joy,
And all she had to do, was lie and be coy,
But this song for a best friend she would not sing.

I asked her to lie, play a game of lore with me,
Coax and tease me, just to remove the pain,
Help me obtain an experience of being sane,
It'd help me recover... But a player, she wouldn't be.

It's not for a sick pleasure, or twisted fun.
But for her I had feelings of loving lust
Or lusting love. But now they are dust,
As I'm hollow now, because I need someone.

Someone to feel for, whom I could care,
And she was you, but you didn't feel the same,
But as a friend, you should have reduced the pain.
Just play along my friend with golden hair.

But she wouldn't, and crippled me so,
I ran away with warm flowing tears,
Against my heart, her action shears,
And then I tried the only thing that I know

Stops the pain forever, removes all the sorrow,
I made myself ready, and I clenched a fist,
Then my wretched blade I slashed against wrist,
To stop the coming of pain, but also stop tomorrow.

I looked at the wound with wicked glee,
I could see the blue veins between the cut skin,
But they are unscaved, and my glee begins to thin.
I collapse, I failed to die, and I continue to be.

The blood poured out slow, not like I had thought,
I wanted it to burst out violently and drain,
Drain me from all this evil, sorrow and pain,
To be free from it all, that's what I had sought.

I curl up in a ball, tears and blood flow
Onto the tiled floor of this silent room
That spectates and lets the sorrow bloom,
What shall I do next... I do not know.

Half an hour passes, maybe even more,
I pick myself up and clean the drops
Of tears and blood from these props
Resting on this cold bathroom floor.

No one knows what I have just attempted,
Everything oblivious but the room and the blade,
Towards my room and through the pain, slowly I wade...
All because of you, and my feelings you tormented...

Kevin Lynch

An Innocent Flower

Look like the innocent flower, but the the serpent under it.
Wait behind the beauty, ready for your crime to commit,
Deceive those who are trusting, force them to regret,
All the kindness they have shown you, since the day you two met,
And all the personal things they told you out of trust,
... Let them down hard, and let them feel the horrid disgust.

Kevin Lynch

Broken Dreams

Flower petals... falling from the sky,
Swinging down slowly, from that place up high.
Twisting and turning, each doing a dance,
One lands on my palm, just by chance.

But as I look closer I realise and I see,
That these aren't petals falling around me,
These are people dreams, falling from above.
Dreams of hope, happiness and love.

But these dreams are shattered and broken,
They were half formed when the person was woken.
But these aren't just any dreams, these are mine,
Each one shattered, severed by many a line.

These are my dreams of hope and love,
Dreams of the woman that I would adore,
But these dreams are that, and broken so,
Such love and happiness, I will never know.

Instead I stand here, as it all falls down,
And within the sorrow I let myself drown.
Cause there's no way to escape, or set myself free,
This is who I am, this is how it'll always be.

Tempted to end it, end it by my own hand,
This anguish this pain, I cannot stand...
Let me fall to the ground, as the broken dreams land...

Kevin Lynch

Darkplace I

Screams of anguish, followed by screams of lore,
Come into my Darkplace, and soon be no more,
It's quite lonely you see, please come and sit with me,
And together side by side, we can fight it, or just hide.

My Darkplace swallows, with its claw-like hand,
Reaches out of the abyss, Grabs you from where you stand,
But it only ever steals me, so lonely I will always be,
Come hold me, I'm not strong, I need you now, as I wont last long.

Its blood stained walls, and its red-pooled corridors,
Empty bodies lying dead, features covered in sores,
I'm left to dwell single-handed, would you come if I demanded?
Some of your time can I loan? I'm sick of being left all on my own.

My Darkplace is so huge, It's empty you see,
Please take my hand, and accompany me,
Through its wide wicked doors, Over its creaked blood stained floors,
Through its rooms tall and wide, it wont fell so big with you by my side.

I need someone to talk to, to embrace when I'm scared,
Because in my Darkplace, my pain is rared,
And quite often, it opens so, calls me in, I cannot say no,
And then painful feelings invade, and I'm left defenseless in this raid.

But with you by my side, it wouldn't be so bad,
If you came in with me, I would be ever-so glad,
My Darkplace, so empty and cold, to come in with me, would you ever be so
bold?
If we get scared, we could embrace, we'd have one another, in my Darkplace.

So take my hand,
And come with me,
Then from my loneliness,
I can be free...

Kevin Lynch

Her

Your sinister smile and your deep blue eyes
The way you trick with your crooked lies
You ignored my pleas and my terror-filled cries
But I still smile when I gaze into your deep blue eyes...

So caught up in your own will and desire
That it doesn't matter if you become a liar
Because inside you burns a red hot fire
A red flame of evil fire...Still, it's you I desire...

You're the only one who ever stopped my pain
You cast it away, made me feel like I'm sane
Accepted me for who I am, didn't cower or wane
But in the end, you just brought me more pain...

You said 'A heart that hurts is a heart that works',
Mine must have been unemployed, but now it jerks
From side to side in despair, where a part of you lurks.
You made my heart love, until you twisted it into one that 'Works'...

I had never been as happy as I was with you before,
I smiled all day, filled with thoughts and feelings of lore,
But then it all just crashed, and the happiness was no more,
Your evil ripped my heart apart, worse than ever before...

And afterwards, I began to notice that the happiness I felt
Because of you, had been missing in life. You made me melt,
Made me so happy I forgot all pain...Then that forgotten pain you dealt
And I crumbled under the weight of the world... Then, only misery I felt...

And when I finally stood up and looked around for another one
Who would bring me the same happiness I now crave... Thus begun
My addiction to the most beautiful feeling...'Love', towards which I run
As fast as I can to hold in my caring embrace... But there is no one...

No one else can do what you did for me, and now, left hollow
I tread this earth hoping for another, just like you, to follow.
But no one exists, you're too unique, so I'm left here to wallow
Over the love and joy I'll never feel again as I'm left hollow...

Your sinister smile and your deep blue eyes
Your curls of black, and your lips that baptise
When you kiss, freeing me from misery's cries...
But I forget it all, when I gaze into your deeply beautiful blue eyes...

Kevin Lynch

I'M Falling

I'm falling...

I'm falling...

Down into a black abyss,
With no end in sight,
A never-ending tunnel,
A never-ending blight.

Faster and faster,
I fall and fall,
No help can I get,
No help can I call.

Darker and darker,
Deeper I descend,
Nothing you can do,
Nothing you can mend.

Colder and colder,
It seems to get,
Never-ending sorrow,
Never-ending regret.

But I didn't falter,
I never slipped,
Over the edge you pushed me,
Over the edge I triped.

I hold out my hand,
In a desperate cry,
Hoping not to fall,
Hoping not to die.

But you're not there,
To grab onto me,
No one to hold onto,
No one to see.

Yet I fall down,

Because I loved,
Now I've been foolish,
Now I've been shoved.

So I'm
Tumbling downward,
Further from you,
Nothing I can think of,
Nothing I can do.

Until eventually,
Someone helps me out,
No one is coming,
No one is about.

But there's no help,
To been seen in my sight,
Thus my current sorrow,
Thus my current blight.

The tears start to flow,
There's so much pain,
I'll never be saved,
I'll never be the same.

But still I'm shouting,
I'm calling...
I'm calling...
But since you won't help me,
I'm falling...
I'm falling...

Kevin Lynch

I'M Only A Mere Weak And Weary Human Wandering This Wicked And Wretched World

I'm only a mere weak and weary human wandering this wicked and wretched world,

Un-fortuned by society, my gifts and my traits. They all frayed me leaving me unfurled

And deeply defenseless to the daunting dangers that dwell within my distraught, And delicate self. So many long tormenting years have I endured and futilely fought...

But for what? I clutch at these slippery straws that slide slowly away, out of reach

and my desperate grasp, earning nothing, but my happiness it continues to leech,

-It being this life, so frivolous and superficial like its contents and it's participants Who unthinkingly and unknowingly live on never pondering what it represents...

Tragically though, they thief themselves from the truth to preserve the tranquility

Brought by their lack of thought towards life... Thus tediously reducing their ability

To live or die by a proper hand or motive. Most live to satisfy their wicked greed Which they cannot fully satisfy, they have no contentment so they continue to feed.

But this ongoing feast for their, foolish little fantasies, only bring sorrow upon others.

How unfortunate to think that it's okay to fill your desires, until that is, it smothers

Not only you but your sisters and brothers, your other family and your friends, Your egotistical and self satisfying ways and your following of everyone's trends,

Will all just in the end, cause and wreak your own destruction and often enough The daunting destruction of another, though tediously depending on how rough Your bloodlust for filling your fire was. But for those that realise and wake Up and see that they've been living like a worthless, wicked, wretched fake,

They may be too late to stop their path to their destined destruction, however, if they

Realise before it's not too late, then they can steer themselves toward the correct way.

But not many manage to do this and so, continue to inflict unnecessary suffering Upon the innocent whose lives you are recklessly and inconsiderately toughening.

I've often heard one say 'A man with nothing to lose is a man with everything to gain',

Though this is right, it is also wrong... Misconceived out of greed, forgetting any pain.

So selfish, criminally crooked and egotistical of one who wants to possess it all While not caring about the suffering they inflict upon those they cause to fall.

Greed and the unthinking have affected us all in our enduring struggle called 'Life',

Some have resorted to violence, alcohol, drugs, even cutting themselves with a knife.

I've been forced to retreat back from others, and so I did, and into a ball I curled...

As, I'm only a mere weak and weary human wandering this wicked and wretched world...

Kevin Lynch

Just For This Night

It has all just changed, my mind; no longer deranged...
Emotionally stuck in a limbo between the wrong and right,
Just cool, calm and plain, no longer astranged or insane,
Along with which there is less pain, but is this hope in sight?
That is still to be debated, but I think this frivolous fight...
Will take a rest, if not forever, then just for this night...

No more drastic measures? And holding on to wicked treasures?
That I do not know, but at the tunnel end there may be a light,
To think, that after all these days, I may have wandered out of the maze
And rectified my ways, to finally reduce my blistering blight.
And the troubles constantly pushing all my might...
Will take a rest, if not forever, then just for this night...

But I still feel like I'm in a sea, the water is the question 'Should I be? '
But with my troubled past, that doesn't come across as a fright,
All the days of constant bad, drifting sorrow; always bad,
And now I feel, almost glad, that this may be an end in sight...
But I've been fooled before...But these tricks of misleading right...
Will take a rest, if not forever, then just for this night...

Kevin Lynch

Licentious Love ~ Incomplete

I sit here, pondering on a daily basis, staring into space or looking out at passing faces,
Of the people passing by my widow-wooded window frame. And not a day passes by,
When I don't think of the thing I sought, and to my doorstep that very thing you brought,
And for it I desperately and foolishly fought, only to lose you and the love you supply,
So I'm left to wander libidinous, lewd and lusting the thing upon which I rely,
Without your licentious love I will desolately die...

Kevin Lynch

Lost

What did I do, to deserve this from you?
With your hair so soft and your eyes tinted blue.
Your delicate skin and your supple smile,
I haven't seen you in ages...It's been a while.
Will you forgive me, if I did something wrong,
Cause I'll say I'm sorry is we can get along.
Was it something I said, or something I did?
Did I tell you something that I should have hid?

Or is it just me, that's the problem you see,
Am I not good enough or am I not free,
To be desirable in your deep twisting eyes,
Such beauty and lore within them lies.
I didn't cheat on you, if that's what you think,
Do you believe that I did? Is that the missing link?
What did I do? Please, tell me my fault,
It must have been me to bring us to a halt...

Or did you do wrong? I can forgive and forget,
What happened cause all of a sudden you regret...
Was I stealing you from your former life?
Or is there some unknown bitter strife?
You can talk to me about it, you know I can,
We both know here that I'm an understanding man.
Keeping things locked up, is not the way to go,
At least tell me about it, so I can finally know.

I don't know what it is, please tell and explain,
Cause it seems to be driving me slowly insane,
Did I somehow trick you, into what we had?
Did I do something that you thought was bad?
The questions whirl, within my puzzled mind,
And any request for answers, by you, is declined.
I know not the reason, I'm sorry to say,
Why you all of a sudden, became this way.

If you just want time, then ask and you're receive,
Then maybe something better we can achieve?
: Does not need to be this way I believe...

Do I not make you happy? Am I no good?
I just want you to be happy... I feel misunderstood...
No communication between isn't a way to go,
At least tell me something so I can simply know...

I spend all day and night, thinking about this current blight.

Life... It's so much better with you by my side,
Oh, was it not good? Before it all died?
Vigil? I shall... If that's how it's to be,
Every night I will stay awake, just to wait and see.

You will answer me eventually, I can only hope so...
Obey? I shall, just give me a command and I'll do...
Unaffectionate I will not become however. That's a truth I know.

I don't know what I should say or what I should try,
I don't know if I should laugh, mourn, ask why or cry...
So I will cease most of my attempts to get you to talk,
And instead I'll wait will beside one another we again walk,
When you'll actually come out, to meet me and say 'Hi',
When I can hug you tightly again, to say goodbye,
But until then, I will wait and see...
Because you mean so god damn much to me.

Kevin Lynch

Mother Nature

Mother nature, with your trees tall and proud,
Providing shade with your shadowy shroud,
Swaying from side to side when the wind blows,
Always dancing with joy, no sorrow it knows.

The flowers and plants, laying in the grass,
Flashing their petals, relaxed in their own class.
Bugs and creepy crawlies, wandering to and fro,
In their own little world, crawling around low.

Mother nature so fresh, such sweet scented lust,
The colourful leaves and petals of each plant's bust,
Dancing in the sunlight in a field of lush green,
The petals glowing softly from the sunlight's sheen.

So beautiful when you notice this common sight,
So tranquil and happy under a bright summer's light.
The bird chirping and the humming of the bees,
The waves; soothing sounds of the deep blue seas.

Nature is beautiful and that's what I know,
As I'm up in this tree, swinging, ever so slow.
No need to struggle, no need to fight,
As you look at nature, so beautiful, so right.

There's beauty in everything, just not everyone can see,
The beauty in wildlife, in you, and in me.
But what a glorious final scene to see from this tree,
As I hang in this noose, and my life ceases to be.

Kevin Lynch

My Mind

Blood splatters, a broken heart
My remaining sanity, falling apart
The things I think, the images I see
Lurk round every corner, haunting me

My body hanging in a noose, from a nearby tree
My naked flesh, on its surface, only scars and wounds I see
Friend's necks cut wide open, red liquid pouring out
People screaming in agony, with searing pain they shout

My dead friend; s deformed purple body, standing at my window sill
Just standing there quietly, saying nothing, perfectly still
The mirror shows me, Where I'd like to cut
And that image stays there, even when my eyes are shut

A world of bloodshed, deep red and empty black
Even through this insanity, I've yet to crack
Or so I think, and so it seems
Have I already lost it? ~ The prospect gleams

I see the blade, cutting my peachy skin
Blood pouring out, a wicked glee pouring in
Wild laughter in the shower, impossible to stop
Laughing tears become sorrow, and to the floor I drop

Blood drops onto the left of me, tears dropp to the right
Everywhere I look around me, only sorrow in my sight

I imagine what others would feel, if I took my own life
I wickedly and uncontrollably laugh, and think of the shiny metal knife
The shower's water pouring over, washing away all the pain
The blood and the tears go with it, along with what's left of anything sane

Half an hour later, I crawl to a stand
I wipe off the remaining blood, with my deep-wrinkled hand
This is a reality, no longer I dream
My world of wretched sorrow, a twisted evil gleam

Thoughts that know no boundaries, a mind that doesn't know to stop

A body weak and weary, with a cutting knife, the blood will drop
Thoughts leading nowhere, deciding one thing then changing its mind
Jumbled up with confusion, reason being impossible to find.

Hormonal quite often, happy quite rare
Stripped of the ability to cope, left cold, naked and bare
A maze, puzzles meaning nothing, yet obsession it attracts,
Develops corrupt-logical conclusions, upon which it forcefully acts

Living by its own rules, which make no sense
No sorrow, joy or anger, it ever repents
My mind.....Forcing, me to do as it says.
And through sorrow and bloodshed, is how it ruthlessly repays.

Kevin Lynch

Old Habbits Die Hard...Some Don'T Die At All

We all have our bad habits, some pick their nose,
Other's crack their knuckles or wipe dirt on their clothes,
Some people get agitated and angry, others get sad,
We all have our own habits, and some are always bad.
Many smoke cigarettes, many more drink alcohol,
A minority do drugs and wake up with no recall.

Our habits are sometimes indulgent little things
We do frequently that can make us feel like kings.
We execute them without consideration or thought
As to what the consequences could be if we sought
To do the very things, so commonly and simply found,
But to a lot of habits we are unfortunately bound.

When people get emotional, like angry or sad,
Anxious, fearing, despairing, scared and glad,
They can do stuff, out of habit with no thought,
Stuff that's cold, chilling, calming and sometimes wrought.
Some run away from the problem, others drown their pain,
But no matter what we do, we're all the same.

Victims of our habits, puppets to their control,
We can try to resist, or we can fall down the hole
That they sometimes make for us, deep dark and dank,
One moment you're floating up high, next, you've sank
Down into a pool of pain your habits bring,
They laugh, violate, torture and tauntingly sing.

They wreak havoc on thy not-so-innocent soul,
These aren't just habits, these things make you whole.
But since they're part of you, they're hiding down deep,
Ready to strike without warning, and cause you to weep.
If you feed them their want, they grow stronger and stronger,
For every treacherous time they feast, they will reside longer.

They bury their roots deep into your body and mind,
Make themselves impossible to remove, but easy to find,
And when you're searching for something they will rise,
Force you to do evil, but promise good with their lies.

And because they've penetrated you so deep,
And since around your life they wickedly creep

You have no choice but to obey, forbidden another way
Of action because it's you they control, you do as they say.
But aren't these just habits? Can they really have such power?
They can and they do, but only if you let them flower...
But that's what we all do, we feed their disturbed desire
And we repeat and repeat, never learning to quench the fire.

But cracking your knuckles and leaving fridge doors ajar,
What disasters lie in these things, will they damage and scar?
Well if smoking is the habit, or drinking that poisonous beer
Then death can be the resultant...Quite an obtuse outcome I fear.
If the leeching habits are fed their melancholy meal
They you may be denied your flirtatious ability to feel.

Old habits die hard...Some don't die at all.
That is true for those addicted to that wicked alcohol.
But for the unlucky, it's not the drink, but a metallic blade,
Used to reduce the sorrow through which they wearily wade.
Slicing their skin, letting their life-bringing blood pour,
Some are new to it, some have flirted with it before.

But as the horrid habit grows, so does the acidic act,
Soon enough you're cover in scars from the skin you hacked.
Cutting and bleeding now, every time more and more,
Your whole body aches with the cuts, suffering so sore.
But it's never ever enough, the addiction always calls
As you sever your delicate skin and around blood falls.

Until without thought, contemplation or console...
You take it two steps too far, and damn your soul.
Doesn't matter if it's your wrists or your innocent neck,
You'll bleed, fall, die... Then become a wretched wreck.
You fed your passion, with drops of your crimson red
Blood, and it engulfed you, until you lie there..... Dead.

Kevin Lynch

Poem

She looked into my eyes,
My eyes of grey blue,
I looked back into hers,
Hers were blue too...

But hers were deep blue,
With speckles of white,
Her hair a soft brown
And her body of average height

Scattered blemishes and
Freckles on her face,
But her lips a gentle pink
Over a pearl-white base.

She was wearing glasses
And a Fall Out Boy top.
I continued gazing into her eyes
I just couldn't stop

We were both wearing black
Under a midnight blue sky
We were worlds apart
But our gazing wouldn't die

The street seemed to become silent
Like there was no one around,
Just our hearts beating,
And no other sound

But the reality kicks in
And our eyes break contact,
The bustling sounds return
And the street becomes packed.

She gracefully walks by me
But neither of us says hello,
Her name, her age, her interest,
I forever will not know.

But who is this fair maiden,
This soft brown haired girl.
With her deep blue eyes with
A white spiraled swirl

It's now a few days later
And the thoughts continue to be.
Who is this fair maiden,
Would she be suitable for me?

I saw her two more times
On that very same day
But we never said anything
As we passed one another's way

But a thought persists,
How could this be
How could she gaze like that
With an interest in me?

My hair was a right mess
And visible scars on my arm
Scars that I cut
From my past of self harm

The sun tanned my skin
But the scars remained white
And they would have stood out
On that midnight blue night

And there were cuts on my legs,
My legs covered in hair,
But still she checked me out,
And into my eyes stare.

My studded leather bracelet,
Covering the worst cut there,
but yet she still looks,
As if magic plagues the air.

If only I said something

While we gazed or passed by,
Then I wouldn't be thinking
And still pondering why

Why all of a sudden
I feel fragilely alone
Like I have no one to talk to,
No one to call my own.

And now I quickly question
Nearly every girl that walks into my sight
Because I remember now
That it takes a girl to make me feel right

And could she be the one?
The one I saw on that night
With her eyes of deep blue
With a spiral of pearl white...

Kevin Lynch

Poem For Dina

Excuse me there, would you like to sit down? Lets talk for a minute, I see that you frown.

Let me tell you a little story, if you have the time to kill, it might just make you smile,

There's this person I know, a good friend, she is kind, caring, and will never offend,

If anything your broken joy she will mend, you see, she has a very unique style,
And because of her kindness and sweetness it only takes a little while,
For her to settle you again, make you laugh, be happy and make you smile.

I didn't even know her for very long, but it took only minutes for friendship to grow strong.

So make yourself comfortable in your seat, because I can talk forever on how she is so sweet,

And how no one else can compare to her personality, or even just her individuality,

Because she is so far from boring normality that no one can or could ever compete,

To how she is so loving and kind and occupies my mind, no one could ever beat,
How she is so amazingly flawless, beautiful and oh-so shockingly sweet.

A beautiful story so far, wouldn't you agree? Well it gets even better, just you wait and see.

Her hair flows like silvery water, and shines delightfully in the soothing sun,
Her gentle smile, I amorously adore, every time I see it I want her more and more,

And it's not just her beauty that I love, but her personality that's extremely fun,
The sound of her voice, her taste and style, she's so special, not just anyone,
And I want to embrace her forever under the red glow of the setting sun.

I would quite like to hug her from behind, that is, if she doesn't mind.

Share her company on a warm, dry and tranquil Summer's night,

Hold her gentle smooth hand in mine, and feel the happiness within me shine,
Just as it would if we were to dine, at a nice restaurant table with candle light,
And share each other's food, tease one another, and playfully fight,

Just spend time with one another on a relaxing romantic night.

It's been so long since I smiled so much, it's all because of her and my feelings she does touch.

And I think we both know that between us there is a strong connection,
Made up of a common thing that's fond, it keeps us together, helps us bond,
Like something from a wizzard's wand, something secure, providing protection,
But whatever this magic is, in my heart, it's arousing a lot of affection,
And it's growing stronger and stronger, into a loving connection.

And with that my friend, I must now go, but I shall tell you another thing that I know.

She is a beautiful person and I do indeed like her, she is one of a kind,
She is so sweet, I'm lucky to be her friend, it's as if she is heaven-send,
A gift from the Gods if you could comprehend, explains why she occupies my mind,

I can't stop thinking about her, and I miss her so, but I think that you'll find,
That's she's such a flawless person, amazing, spectacular, definetely one of a kind!

Kevin Lynch

Suicide

So long ago are the days of
Undying happiness and joy,
Infiltrated by good times and
Cheery smiles from a little boy.
Independant of pain, not knowing
Death and sorrow,
Everything always okay, always hope for tomorrow.

Introduced to misery, and downward things turned,
Sorrow crept in and around my body churned.

Mornings became desperate and sad,
Yesterdays never good, only bad

Attacks of sorrow, misery and pain,
Never any happiness, always the same,
Seperating from others, hiding away,
Weary of social contact, hiding everyday,
Escaping reality, whatever way I can,
Retreating from life, like a cowardly man.

Slowly becoming better, then quickly getting worse,
Opening a tunnel inwards, a heart targetting curse.

Life being unsatisfying, never any joy,
Entering what I didn't know, when I was a little boy,
Treated by everyone as if I were a useless toy.

Meeting girls with whom I fall in love, clutching at them like straws,
Ending our relationship, my happiness sliced by her vicious claws.

Killing any hope, this illness of mine,
Infecting my mind, like poisonous wine.
Leaving me dead inside, sealing my fate,
Looking for help, my seeking it too late.

My body now covered in cuts, both new and old,
Yesterday's dreams of death, many a friend I've told.
Sleeping through the pain, I dream of my death,

Everyone showing no care, suicide I won't regret.
Leaping into darkness, no turning back,
Falling deeper and deeper...everything goes black...

Suicide is my answer so let me kill myself and now,
Pills, a blade, a noose, drowning... I don't care how...

Kevin Lynch

Summer

The sunlight shines on this bright Summer's day,
Birds chirping joyfully and the trees gently sway,
A mild gentle wind blows softly with grace,
Flowing through my hair, caressing my face.

The sweet summer smells gracing the serene air,
Trespass into the sky, a cloud would not dare,
Not on this perfect summer's day, so sunny, so bright,
Everything so visible under the warm Sun's light.

Children play cheerfully, cats laze in the shade,
People sunbathing topless, fishermen in rivers wade.
Everything around me flawless, no danger in sight.
Everything so fittingly perfect, everything so right.

Flowers standing tall, displaying their petals with pride,
Bees hover over them as they sway from side to side.
I walk on the green grass, so soft and deliciously lush,
I admire the flowers, and under the sunshine they blush.

I continue walking, until I see a familiar face,
It's the woman that I love, my heart begins to race.
I run forward with delight, ready to embrace her.
But as I get closer... It all fades... And becomes a blur...

It's suddenly dark and chilly, I'm covered in cold sweat.
I'm lying in bed, it was another dream I won't forget.
I look around at these treacherous hollow hating walls,
Through the moonlit window a barren blackbird calls.

Somehow, it calls my name,
I press forward, against the window frame,
It stares into my eyes, but looks into my heart,
I can feel myself falling, falling apart...

Back to my curse, a reality so cruel,
Where pain, sorrow and terror, ravish and rule.
No children playing, no flowers in sight,
This land of mine is barren and lacking any light.

Dark and dreary, dusty and dank,
A black barren world, empty and blank.
No love or lust, in this summer of mine,
A plague of blackness, of evil divine.

Nothing but sorrow, suffering and pain,
I'm slowly drifting further, further insane.
Talking to figures that don't even exist,
My final curtain call, I pointlessly resist.

If I can't have what I dream, then I shall dream no more
And return to the darker lands filled with forgotten lore
So I take up this blade, and slice my delicate neck
Gore, bloodshed splatters, my body falls... A hollow wreck.

Kevin Lynch

That God

Murderer! You with your blue eyes and blonde hair,
What a crooked suit of lies you constantly wear.
Be it to fool others, or just give yourself an air
Of some kind of superiority over those you say you care
For, but really you just blind, not at all aware
Of the suffering that you've forced me to bear,
My poor suffering self, and my heart at which you tear,
Do you treat everyone like this? Or was I just the rare
Cases that received all this torment which upon me you flare
Neither here nor there, but always ready to scare
My hithered health so bare, into yet another deep lair
Of impending doom and sorrow, just to impair
Me further and leave me more distant from repair,
And into the dark demented starry skies I stare,
Hoping that some God will graciously come off his chair
And pick me up and free me from my despair,
And give me a new start, far from the last so unfair.

But I realise now, as I finally and furiously prepare,
Myself for my final act, temptations suicide, where
My suffering will end, but along with my life so mare
And as I do... That God... I realise truly is not there.....

No other final solution, will ever fully compare
To this curtain call, so selfish, so scary, so sickening, so snare...

Kevin Lynch

These Days

So long have I know these days,
So wicked and weary and wild.
I've know them what seems a forever,
Ever since I was a young child.

Dragging on an unwated existence,
Prolonging an undesired fate.
Encountering tired resistance,
But any help being too late.

An unstopable force of emotion,
Meeting an incredible lack of will.
But an improvement comes slowly,
If I swallow down this pill.

But is it a long term solution?
Or something to keep me calm?
A never arriving retrobution,
Stopping the slaughter of a lamb.

Kevin Lynch

This Night

This cold winter's night...
Is adding to my blight.
No happiness I can borrow
To end my eternal sorrow
But yet I fight
With all my might
It's only right
To see the light
But there's no end in sight
On this cold winter's night...

As I sleep through these days...
The cold acts in mysterious ways
Chilling and cooling
Calming and fooling
I fall into a blinding haze
A never ending maze
With pain and no praise
Putting me into a craze
Yet still I lie here and I laze
As I sleep through these days...

Yet, being awake is so much worse...
Within this twenty four hour curse
Attacking and assaulting
Forgets not my faulting
Stopping me from receiving a nurse
But graciously delivers me a hearse
For within this sorrow I submerge
As its strength and methods are too diverse
So I sleep, hoping for the pain to inverse
Because being awake is so much worse...

But on this night I cannot sleep...
So instead I lie here and weakly weep
Quiet and quilling
Cold and chilling
And so my tears tranquilly seep
And a danger inside me begins to creep

As I plan the one desire I keep
Which formed out of desperation so steep
And though my tiredness is ocean-deep
On this night I cannot sleep...

The moon shines brightly on my window sill...
As I lie wrapped in blankets to avoid the chill
Freezing if exposed
Warming if opposed
Taking away what little I have of any will
Not to lie here resting, and staying still
As this hell-frozen night strikes hard to kill
Like the deathly poisonous toxic pill
Which makes its victim horribly and mortly ill...
-These thoughts whirl as the moon shines brightly on my window sill...

As the night grows on it seems that it'll never end...
Not just the coldness, but the pain that's devil-send
Winding and warping
Twisting and torquing
My body, my soul, my mind, beginning to bend
And to thoughts of evil I begin to tend
Wondering if from it happiness I could lend
Though I know that its marks will never mend
Tempted, but my body tonight I won't offend
But as the night grows on it seems that it'll never end...

Tired but wide awake I begin to shiver...
The cold from the window begins to sliver
Freezing though flowing
Sliding though slowing
Pierced and penetrated, I quiver
Organs begin to chill, starting with my liver
The coldness flowing in, like a river
But even so, I shall remain a giver
And my life, to the underworld I shall deliver...
Tired but wide awake I continue to shiver...

This cold, old, bold, wicked winter's night...

...

The last that I'll ever see... As I cease to fight
No happiness I will borrow

As I will end my sorrow
I give into temptation, I let in the blight
I don't resist with any of my might
To die and be free, it is my right
There's no other solution in my sight
To finally die, walk towards the light
On this cold, crooked, chilling, wicked winter's night...

Kevin Lynch

Untitled

Someday, I hope for somebody that is just like you,
Someone just as beautiful, cheers me up as you do,
With flowing hair and eyes that amaze!
And she'll be so awesome, she'll put me in a daze.

I'll say loads of sweet things, and she'll say some back,
We'll have such great times together, our love will never lack,
Kisses and kuggles, massages and hugs, long night chats too,
But she'll be right for me no matter what, as long as she's like you.

Cause there's something about you, I can't put my finger on,
My heart was in a concrete bunker, and you were the bomb,
You blew my heart free, and day by day, my love would grow,
But it took me a while, before I told you and let you know.

Well this girl that I hope for, I hope she'll understand,
What I feel for her, when I kiss and hold her hand,
She'll know how to reply when I say 'I love you',
And after she replies, she'll kiss me too.

I'll put my arm around her, and pull her in tight,
She'll rest her head against me, everything will be alright,
Never a moment of sorrow, only joy and glee,
She'll be there always, always there for me.

She'll be sweet, nice, kind and understanding,
And I will never mind if she is demanding,
Because I shall deeply love her so,
And I won't care if the entire world would know.

And we'd be so happy together, if only it weren't a dream,
Life chucks nasty things at you, its like a sorrow machine,
Hitting you when you least expect it, and teasing all the time,
And thus I'll never have what I desire, its merely a dream of mine.

Again and again people will always come and go,
But the sorrow built up inside me I hope to never show,
Until who I desire, until she comes to me,
She'll banish it forever, and finally I'll be free.

But I'm a fool, for this will never happen, but I want it to be,
I'll wait and wait forever, but this girl I'll never see,
In the end I guess, it's lonely how I shall die,
I think I'll shed my tears now, just sit here...and cry.

But my hope will continue forever, I'll still want it in the end,
But I'd much rather have you back again, and hope my heart will mend,
And I'm sorry if I upset you, sorry if I made you cry,
But I'll care for and remember you, right up till the day I die.

Kevin Lynch

Why?

Why can't I just feel again? Instead of having my emotions go cold?
Why can't I just walk with the happy instead of this pain so old?
Why can't I just fully move on and finally feel what I had felt
Again when I was with that one woman that made my heart melt?

Why must I bear the torment of living an empty monotonous life?
Why must I bear all this sorrow and pain stabbing me like a knife?
Why must I bear this all and endure this torment without the hope
That you brought me, but you abandoned me, leaving me to 'Cope'.

And so the thoughts sway,
Thinking of which devious way,
With which I'll take my life away,
And when I do finally slay
Myself I will lavishly lay,
In a box, where I shall eternally stay...
No slithering sins will I ever repay
As I lie there and slowly decay...

Why do I wish to do this? You infected me with your lucid lust.
Why do I desire it so... It torments me, it's the only desire that I must.
Why do I suffer so, for this I must know, for I suffer so slow
Yet it continues to grow, since so long ago, an end, or knowledge as to why is
what I want though...

Why does the unfortunate thing happen to me? And always so often.
Why does the darkness always assault, and my soul slowly soften?
Why does lightning always strike me not once, not twice but thrice
As if the weight of the world on my suffering shoulders doesn't suffice...

And so the thoughts sway,
Thinking of any single way,
Noose? Poison? To take my life away.
Or with the knife shall I slay
Myself and in my bloodshed lay,
Peaceful, free of sorrow I'd stay...
Nothing could ever, ever repay
The things that cause me to decay...

Except for that one approaching day,
Soon round the corner, when my life I will betray.

Kevin Lynch