

Poetry Series

Marcus Nunnally
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

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

Marcus Nunnally(12/28/1977)

'A Battle Of One'

Never too young
to learn how life's done
yet bound in a home
never left out to roam.

Now that I'm grown
and building my home
setting lyrics to tones
to make this my own.

A force fed mentality
stark lack of privacy
they tried to protect me
I believe that it scarred me.

Under lock and a key
had to fight to be free
they couldn't relate to me
I finally had to flee.

Thus the time came
to break open the chain
& see what remained
after all of the games.

Guess I was insane
to place all of the blame
for all of the pain
before taking the reigns.

God knows I tried
to find rhythm & rhyme
while I did my time
still having to hide.

I wish they'd been blind
while I tried to find
my peace of mind
and those of my kind,

but I'm glad that I had
a strong mom and dad
that no matter how bad
they'd someday be glad,

and though we were loud
after all of the bouts
through all of their doubts
they've earned a right to be proud!

...I love ya mom and dad!

Marcus Nunnally

'A Little Love'

What little bit of love you need,
hard to imagine a world with no peace.
Wrought with famine; can't get a new lease,
looks like we've succumbed to war and disease.

Could most of the hatred be put to ease?
I mean, every religion has their own priests.
Every morning our 'new presses' release,
drugs, guns, & murder 1's; are on the increase.

Despite the cup running over, amazement's never cease,
we're taking things for granted, still controlled by the beast.
Love does exist though found piece by piece,
but if you want to see it, you must still believe.

Marcus Nunnally

'All Can Never Be Lost'

Where do You hide, when I am fit-to-be-tide, and I truly know not what to do.
I wish I could see, all of Your deeds, and the marvelous works that You do,
but where can I find, enough precious time, to allow this dream to come true?
I do miss the days where we'd sing Your praise, with a camfire all aglow,
a candle in hand, a guitar lead the band, and I didn't care that anyone knew.
On sun shiny days, it is easy to praise, all through the afternoons.
Yet, when there are clouds, and lingering doubts, can I still claim that's all of
You?

Why does it start, to rip us apart, at the mention of Your cross?
In such a sweet move, You sent Him to prove, that all can never be lost.
So again today, I try not to stray, but help those to find Your light.
I will not bend, until they comprehend, or it is time to give up my fight

Marcus Nunnally

'All In The View'

No matter where it is you look, there will be another way to see it.
No matter where it is you start from, There will be several ways to end it.
No matter how many times you've lost one, there are many ways to beat it.
No matter how often you come home, you'll find a way to leave it.

Perception is the key to almost anything,
Especially when we seek to follow greater dreams.
No matter what you see, we perceive it differently.
That's subtle variety, which has saved societies.

I'm glad you may have noticed, all these views that I hold true.
If I ever got a chance, I'd share them all with you.
I do not hate the country, I'm proud of red, white, & blue
I just hope we find it soon, or I'll sail the ocean blue.

This is only my perception, you may not yet believe
I just think we're standing wrong, in all eyes overseas
Simplify and look behind to the shade beneath the trees
Fresh cut grass, enough sun to last, and time to find our knees.

No matter how much money that you took, there's one safe you didn't crack
No matter how many times you've borrowed stuff, you can always pay it back
No matter how many ways you say it, the world is under attack
It's time to find our moral code, to get us back on track.

Marcus Nunnally

Amazing You

I hold tight to the fact that You're guiding this ship,
through this life on which I must sail.

It's amazing to see, that You don't turn your back,
You just listen through my every wail.

I kick, and I scream, I delight and I gleam,
I whine, and then dine in Your grace.
In the ups and the downs, when I am turned all around,
I look up and I still see Your face!

I sure don't deserve it, there is no way to earn it,
so I am content just to come through the door.
So, from morning 'til night, I seek to love You; not fight.
I'll be happy to crash on Your floor!

Marcus Nunnally

'Beginning'

When you wake from a dream, which has seemed your reality,
your eyes blinded by a gleam, from a long and distant galaxy.
You recall it as close, much as a friend,
so lost in this cloud, without beginning or end.

Though time ticked by, yet seemed a mere night,
how did we manage to stray from the light?
Said the grass may be greener on that side of the fence,
& knowing no better, I followed them hence.

...I have to admit that the sheep were all grinnin'...
...and lo and behold, we started the dance...

In what seemed like a moment, a blink of an eye,
soon turned to forever, and we lost one; why?
Now, if it was better why would it end?
Not that I was alone, but that he was my friend.
I thought to open his eyes and share in my wealth,
never to notice it was taking his health.

Caught a glimpse of a manger, a long gone stranger,
a sense of reality, but not that of danger.
This pasture appears just like any other,
dry & brittle, desperately needing water.

Having gone from paradise; heaven in a day,
to turn and watch burn, as another fell astray.
Thus, the time had come to pack and return,
and accept I'd come back to where I'd begun.

Marcus Nunnally

Bridges

I have burned too many,
and walked over plenty,
enough to last a century,
but I'm saved.

Cruised the devil's alleys,
crossed mountains and valley's,
haven't reached the finale,
but I'm saved.

Marcus Nunnally

Claim

I will not claim, Oh, whoa is me.
I know, I do not deserve to be.

Circled around me is death and pain,
though, to say I have suffered would be in vain.

I know the One who shed His blood,
has already done, all that He should.

So, no matter what these days will bring,
I'll lift my head to praise and sing!

Marcus Nunnally

'Clarity'

Welcome me back,
to the place I was before.
Never had to choose,
so many open doors.
Even though, to my surprise,
I see clearly, as if with new eyes
I notice that, among the others
this one requires yet another struggle.
To carefully decide
where next to ride,
and to leave behind
any desires to sigh.
To establish my place
on earth at this time
it's time to face up
to the world that's outside.
For me to find stability
I must become stable
For us to understand 'reality'
we must first become able.

Marcus Nunnally

Day Turns To Night

I'd really hate to imagine that I've let them all down.
Those gone before, at rest beyond clouds.
Though there are many who wouldn't actually care.
There are still many more that would roll in despair.
A wish for a glimpse; a crystal ball to see.
Just a mere hint of what's expected of me.
I am lost in this cycle; a lifestyle of sorts.
It's not the design, it's blurred smoky quartz.
They had a strong will, their plan for our time.
Am I the only who sees that we've fallen behind?
Now that I've pondered, it would be wrong to just lie.
We've actually gone backwards, erasing their lines.
We claim we know better because we've come so far since.
calling it 'Times that are changing' though it costs family and friends.
Watching it all fly out the window leaves me contrite.
Brad, Bob, and Jesus would stand and unite.
I stand under pressure of knowing they're right.
I long to find peace before the day turns to night.

Marcus Nunnally

'Fall'

Brisk, chilly air brings in a whole different feel,
I've never seen so many shades of grey.
Retreat from the shore to begin climbing hills,
finding new ways of facing the days.

The leaves all abound though they are finding the ground,
so my dad makes me break out the rake.
The days are so short when the suns not around,
many days it's so hard to wake.

Halloween gives scares, Thanksgiving less cares,
and Santa's almost on his way.
Winter is near so the trees become bare,
I hope I can make it to May.

The mountains pass by, as the family laughs nigh, and the leaves turn ooh's into
ahh's.
This is the time of the year, we need to be near, so we take time and pause for
the cause.

Marcus Nunnally

'Faux'

Sounds
get down
uptown
all around.

Play
today
no say
come what may.

Irie
to me
can't you see
let it be.

No
gotta go
people are faux
yeah, it shows.

MCDN 06-13-05

Marcus Nunnally

'Grandma...'

I would not be alive
if you hadn't strived,
to make me all that I am.

Taught me to drive,
& saw through my lies,
you lead me to be a man.

There's no one else,
on a higher shelf,
than the one where I've placed you.

Everyday that goes by,
I conscientiously try,
to uphold what you showed me to do.

Though it may not show,
I need you to know,
my prayers consistently thank you.

Marcus Nunnally

'Grown'

I miss you when you are not around,
though when you are close, I feel put down.
Now that I am older, you should ease on the control.
Stop trying to direct me and accept that I am grown.

When I speak my own mind no one will take heed.
I am borderlined on genius but understanding is what I need.
Why do you prevent me from revealing who I am?
It is by your direction I have come to be a man.

I do not wish to break this place, that you all call your 'home.'
Please remember this refers to me and the fact that I have grown.
I dream of being welcomed into this house, your home,
but because of subconscious treatment, I guess that's why I roam.

Marcus Nunnally

Haiku Set

Multicolored dreams
A journey; this kaliedescope
Darkness will not gleam.

Tick tock the boats bend
Each wake a badger builds more
Leaves surfing the wind.

Warm I stand and look
Sun shone dancing on the waves
Life's an open book.

Crisp chill in the air
Dark hue of orange glowing
Smoke lift away our cares.

Marcus Nunnally

'Hypocrisy Is Me'

I need to dissolve
this battle's resolve,
of destroying all that I am.

To try and find
my soul deep inside,
that kind and compassionate man.

For I am not mean
though I am pretty keen,
on becoming all that I seem.

My biggest pet-peeve,
this hypocrisy
and such as with thee,
it's still inevitably me.

Marcus Nunnally

I Love The Way

I love the way you comfort me, when all else seems to fail.
I love the way you look at me, when I look like I've been through hell.
I love the way you smile with me, when you hear stories I often tell.
I love the way you've accepted me, with so many needles in the bale.

I love the way the air will move, as you walk into the room.
I love the sounds that flow with you, a magnificent sonic boom.
I love the thought of seeing you, when ever my day is through.
I love the fact when I am blue, you know exactly what to do.

I definitely love the littlest things, when there's much not heard or seen.
I definitely love the hope you bring, you make me feel like I'm a king.
I definitely love to give you things, I'll suffer to achieve your dreams.
I'd definitely love to sit and swing, to watch birds bathe in the spring.

I love the way you trust in me, though a lot you may not know.
I love the way you don't act for me, always putting on some show.
I love the way you believe in me, even when my own faith runs low.
I love the way you're you today, and I just thought to let you know.

Marcus Nunnally

'It Is I Your Son'

Why is it when I see,
I don't see clearly?
Why do they hurt,
these things I love dearly?

When life takes a turn,
on the road of it's choice.
No options are mine,
No one's hearing my voice.

I try to survive,
this day to the next.
Wishing it normal,
a life not so complex.

Many signs I do see,
through the course of mankind.
Is it this way or that?
The right road's hard to find.

I've cleared all of my hopes,
even refined all of my goals.
So, not to be on the verge,
of getting stuck in the cold.

For many years I've waited,
standing so strong and so bold.
To find the right woman,
to come home with and hold.

The price of reality,
a high price to pay.
I've stumbled through darkness,
I've fallen astray.

Please send me someone,
to help and to guide.
So I'm no longer lonely,
no more swallowing pride.

So, climbing this mountain,
I hope there is one.
Help us and protect us,
Father, I am your son.

Marcus Nunnally

Life For Life

Those who know my family well,
know for now, I stand in hell...

...but those who may have just met me,
may take for granted, what they see.

No strength to stand in this life of strife,
but it's not 'just me' who stands to fight.

I proclaim the gifts I can not earn.
I've gained my faith through lessons learned.

Those I love, still in the dark,
to light a candle, just takes the spark.

I step out of fear with this to say,
it is not for me, but you, I pray.

I would stand in a gap, or better yet die.
If I could know that instant, you would try.

Open your eyes and see mortality.
Surrender your life, that is your destiny.

We all know, I will not preach,
but my outstretched arms, for you I reach.

If now, more than ever, you still do not see,
just pick up your phones, call, and ask me.

What greater love has one for another,
than to lay down one's life, for a sister or brother.

You lay claim, that some, just can not know...
You seem to forget, I was with you, yo...

You asked for a miracle, and one has been given.
Please take this moment, review how you're livin'.

It's ok to be sad, I too am still grievin'.
Yet, you have not earned this moment even!

To keep your life, you'll have to lose it,
but to gain what's Right, you have to choose it!

Marcus Nunnally

Lost Little Soul

There once was a lost little soul.
Who'd tried everything once to grow.
To his own surprise, he was already wise.
The rest just was part of a show.

Marcus Nunnally

Mom

Mom, I must tell you, that you were the one
that gave me the confidence to take this world on.
No matter the day, or what others would say,
I'd still be found worthy, because I was your son.

You never could doubt me, you were always there helping,
willing to correct me as I went astray.
You had made a decree of how you'd view me,
it never mattered, what I'd throw your way.

You set the example of how I should live,
how I should see others, and how I should give.
You gave them your all, to anyone who called,
and still somehow found strength to forgive.

Now that you're gone and I still must go on
I must find a new place to lean.
I'll try to hold on, and help your work carry on
just know I still trust in our King...

Marcus Nunnally

Moments

Nobody before the moment can tell you who to be in that moment.
The time is now, but now it's too late.
Here we are again, whoops, missed that one too.
Live for now or you have missed your chance.
Say hi again, in a minute they won't remember you.
You can remember yesterday in the blink of an eye,
but tomorrow is still too huge.

Marcus Nunnally

'Pain Removal'

Darkness though I run to thee
Still love sunlight, though not good for me
Low tide draws back to reveal the sea
All have cures for ailing needs.

Drama has had it's privilege revoked
Stress when it's left alone will choke
Conflict; sailing away on a boat
In their absence I am filled with hope.

Through mixed emotions I try to obtain
a sense of selfworth to fight the disdain
The more that I try, the more I am drained
joy only rises through removal of pain.

Marcus Nunnally

'Roadtrip'

Given recognition as the roadtrip king,
it was so hard to stay in one place.
Some tried to prevent these accomplishing feats,
but my ego would flare in their face.

I remember alot though I gained so much more,
I've been witness to many a thing.
If not for the drugs or a drink from the store,
most of life would still be in dreams.

The few things wilder than us were the women,
some were straight crazed to their core.
Realizing this was not a way to be livin',
I turned and ran towards the door.

Many folks may differ on the course of my life,
but it revealed to me myself in omnipotent light.

Marcus Nunnally

'Same Ole Story'

Have you noticed that I am here?
Am I hidden by my beer?
Even though I'll bring you cheer.
Smack! The bug is now a smear.

Am I too silent for your taste?
Is it my music that you hate?
We should all believe in fate.
FYI, it's not too late.

Why look the other way?
When you've heard all that he can say?
Today will not be the new day.
You'll have to face it anyway.

So,

When all the games are through.
You still can't find the one that's true.
Remember, once I searched for you;
but you said I wouldn't do...

Marcus Nunnally

'Smells Of Summer'

Some of the truly great things about summer,
the fresh grass can be smelled for miles.
For most of my family the winter's a bummer.
It sure has it's share of trials.

I love to get up and rhomp through the dew,
seeing the morning glories out in full bloom.
Gather some knowledge of life and of truth.
It's dark before I return to my room.

To look out at the garden and see with such care,
our lunch grow from planting through harvest.
The aunts, the uncles, and the family all there,
to show me that hard work is best.

From the smells of the food, the grass, and the dew, it's a
trip down memory lane that can sure cure the blues.

Marcus Nunnally

'Spring'

Such marvelous dreams when the birds doth sing
breaking silence with breath from above.
The beauty they bring, they're the first signs of spring
knowing no hatred, they all sing of love.

The dawn seems moist with the dew on the fields
while the tip of each leaf gleams green.
Ole farmers out early to seek higher yields
endless work to some it may seem.

It seems such a simple story, that of a morning glory
whose life span is merely today.
The chance to live free o' regret and of worry
and just absorb e'ry ounce of sun rays.

With such sounds, and smells, and varied songs that abound;
signals a fun time, the springtime, and warmth have come round.

Marcus Nunnally

Stand Up And Dance

To stand up tall, and to walk in the light,
makes it too hard for me to hide.
To turn my back on it all, and to continue the fight,
Takes everything, even more, from inside.

It just takes one day, or a rough circumstance,
To stop believing, and take focus from You, but
if I'll stop and just pray...I can stand up and dance,
dropp the reigns, and let God pull me through.

Marcus Nunnally

'Summer'

Now we have time to socialize and dine,
blending families with mass barbeques.
The smell of burnt charcoal makes all the men whine,
but you know he'll just point & blame you.

Daily life full of action leaves no time for bad news,
though stiff drinks will always make waves.
You cannot even fathom removing boat shoes,
until the sun's tucked safely away.

Watching the fireworks fall and reflect on the lake,
momentarily brings us some peace.
The pressures of work; only so much you can take,
then it's time to relax and break free.

With all of the cheer, the laughter, and beer; gives the holidays a run for their
money.
Surely summer's my favorite time of the year, sun up or sun down, I hit the door
running.

Marcus Nunnally

That Feeling

For the longest of time, I found no reason or rhyme,
but it seems like it's soon going to change.
No longer wasting my dime, or waking up with a sigh,
I'm looking forward to face the new days.

Don't wanna get too caught up, by handing over the trump,
so I gotta maintain some control.
I don't like the word love, but I want out of the slump.
I'm just riding the wave as it rolls.

I sure didn't seek what is happening to me,
but I like to get the good with the bad.
Above all other things, I now can believe,
this may be the best thing I've had.

The more I keep my distance, and the more I let it slide
The more I can't deny that growing feeling deep inside

Marcus Nunnally

Time

Time is time. Continuing to unwind. At times hard to find. Forever on your mind.
When you stop it goes. When you're fast it slows. Its intent juxtaposed. Where it
ends who knows?

Marcus Nunnally

'Unity'

Conversate with strangers just to pass the time,
state your own opinion, is where they draw their line.
Gather up around you, begin to throw their darts,
make every statement personal, and get you in the heart.
No wonder we are sinking into little tiny groups,
if everyone had been this way, there'd be no me or you.
We may not even be here, though if we made it through,
We'd still have 13 colonies with nothing left to prove.
What released us in the beginnings has now become our vice,
If you don't want my opinion, then don't seek my advice.

Marcus Nunnally

'When My Guitar Sings'

What a wonderful sound when my guitar sings,
the vibe can be felt for miles.
The joy and the hope as professed from it's strings,
means everyone will leave wearing smiles.

Throughout many years it has collected it's dust,
and some even thought it was dead.
I added new strings, and cleared out some rust,
it's now therapy for my head.

Sometimes it is hard to read music from sheets,
but I have been known to try.
I learned the most from just hearing the beats,
concentration while closing mine eye.

Not rockstar material, more of a campground king,
takes just a few strums to make everything sing!

Marcus Nunnally

'Winter'

There is nothing more pure than the little snowflake
each one's unique splendor is new.

Peer out the window, watching ducks cross the lake
just remembering in that which is truth.

The hope of snowdays were all the kid's rage
which made for sweet dreams; if not a day off.
Sometimes we would wake to hear the news say,
'School's closed, all busses have stopped.'

Rolling balls made of snow and a few 'wings' here and there
The whole world, to us, had just gone.
Ice sculptures were formed, more icicles in hair,
just in time we'd find our way home.

Though the least on the list, winter always exists, it's up to me if I need to stay
warm.

Though the pros and the cons can seem neck and neck, I don't see much
permanent harm.

Marcus Nunnally

'Youth'

I think it was at Thanksgiving back in 1995,
when things started warming, and the party came alive.
The crew found its groove at the end of the road,
many empty bottles, and some sunk a boat...

Learning the best, and the worst, with the quickness of time,
trippin' with the 'Frye' guy while camping on the 'knob.'
Nothing like grilled cheese slightly burnt over flames.
Drag raced used cars that made Scooter's uncle insane.

It was at a PJ party, where the kisses left scars,
by no means were we poor, but too far to the bars,
Bakin' 'Cry Baby' Bridge parked on Love Rd.
Christening new cars right under Yarborough's nose.

Gasoline flavored sandwiches and margaritas hit the spot,
gotta get 'em while they're hot, or they'll be hard as a rock.
We were accepted as outcasts. 'Far out' enough to blend.
High enough to be sober; back where life couldn't end.

Never really got addicted, it was all in good fun,
But I'm glad I didn't miss it, wouldn't trade it for the sun.

My peeps opened homes, there was never a question.
Even moms and dads allowed it; to them I'm indebted.
I was lost in a cycle with many ups and downs, &
spent most of life searching for some kind of common ground.

Though I was not welcome, I got to lay my head.
Finding love with strangers, family may as well have been dead.
You may not understand all the struggles of this man
Bonds never to be broken; you had to see it all firsthand.

Marcus Nunnally