

Poetry Series

Mark Wazzy
- poems -

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Mark Wazzy(03/02/1992)

All I am is just a small town kid who has been through a lot of junk most people would cringe at. I was born in New Westminster to a happy family. My parents names are Dorraine Lindstrom-Wassenaar, and William Wassenaar, both whom are now divorced. I have one half brother named Daniel Lindstrom and several other people whom I consider as family. I currently live in the small city of Kelowna BC Canada, and would like to get to know more people.

Awareness

Awareness

By Mark Wazzy

You have to be aware
Of things that might scare
When your classified as another person
Things just might worsen
When your prejudice to another race
Some people don't get a face
Not to be given any rights
After putting up many fights
After losing too much blood
This nuke is just a dud
The way you lay awake
Is just a fake
My brakes are about to fail
I will land you in jail
For discrimination
Against all nations
Discriminators leave now
Discrimination is dog chow

Mark Wazzy

Climbing Destruction

Climbing Destruction

Mark Wazzy

I was once a master
But now lay in ruin
Went through disaster
But didn't even clue in

It was too late
For it was all done
I had taken the bait
And now lay under a tonne

Under all the stressful preventatives
That I can't cast aside
I will be the representative
Or be grimly denied

We all need protection
But no one ever shows
Instead we get rejection
Often from mortal foes

All we ask for
Is some hope
But we're shown the door
So we're left to mope

So in this last note I just must ask
Can we get new introduction
So we can take off deaths mask
And pull through a CLIMBING DESTRUCTION

Written for all the kids out there who need stability in order continue on in a healthy lifestyle before they go down the road less traveled. All that's wanted by these kids is a little love and compassion from their caregivers if they are in a foster home, and some from their parent, grand-parents, extended family, and everyone else involved in their lives. So I encourage you to read a couple phases, then read more if you like, for one day your kids will ask, what this poem was about, then you will say, it was about you children, written by a teen, and

you will say, he was right, or you will say; "I didn't read it. But you kids should."
I hope this gets you thinking, that not all kids are seen, some are invisible, some
like you and me.

Mark Wazzy

Death Is Just The Beginning

Death is Just the Beginning
Mark Wazzy

Death is the beginning
So why live in fear
You keep on living
But you know it's always near

You want it your way
But you already know
What they will all say
What you reap you must sow

So now I write of sorrow
Of which I cannot bare
You must wait till morrow
But will not see me heir

Now we come close
To our tragic end
You will soon see ghosts
Who they alone will mend

So what is the meaning?
When I do say
Death is just the beginning
We all must die some way

Mark Wazzy

Lies

Lies

Mark Wazzy

How do you deal with lies
When all you know in this world is fictitious
You may as well count it as a bag of fries
It makes you feel malicious

Sometimes you must pray
That all will come to bare truth
So many can play
In the years of they're youth

What do we learn
If we are raised on lies
If lied to, we will all burn
And then criminalized

All we like to do is cause trouble
When it all comes down
We will pop like our bubble
So get rid of your crown

The last thing we need is a war
Between body and mind
It's like a block of C4
It will wipe out all of mankind

Keep it up and suffer the wrath
For if you want to die
So take your fire bath
It's time to say goodbye

Mark Wazzy

Life In The Low Class

Life in the low Class

By: Mark Wazzy

Life is a war
All enriched with gore
When you're the lowest of the low
Now I am your foe
Everyone makes you bow
But now I will not allow
This much longer
With this blood I rise much stronger
I will lose no more blood
For my tears are about to flood
It's not about the size and colour of the skin
Look at me I'm native and I'm not thin
I may not be smarter but my life I will barter
I will not lack
With a broken back
Get out of my sight
I WILL put up a fight
Now leave me alone
You racist drone

Mark Wazzy

Painful Words

Painful Words

By Mark K Wassenaar (AKA Wazzy)

Why say such painful words
When nothing likes you not even the birds
Anything that comes out of the mouth
You feel like moving north to south
If you hate someone so much
You might as well be in a crutch
If you just leave me here to die
Let me rise into the sky
When I am dead
All your tears will shed
The body doesn't matter
But the heart will shatter
So why say such painful words?

Mark Wazzy

True Life Of An Outcast

True Life of an Outcast
Mark Kelly Wazzy

What is an outcast
Someone who is often rejected
No one knows about them until they hear the bomb blast
Most think they are disease infected

Being raised as an outcast has brought a lot of this to light
But no one is listening
It should be a human right
Until we go missing

Is it saddening
Or is it making you happy
For us it's maddening
Make it snappy

For we may not be weak
Too much longer
You will SHRIEK! ! !
As we will get stronger

We are all unique
In our own ways
You have your physique
While we have our blaze

We will all go through death
In one way or another
Take a deep breath
For this time you might go to Earth Mother

So consider what you say
And join me to fight
For you may pay
Or this may be your burial site

Unknown Grief

Unknown Grief

Mark Kelly Wassenaar (AKA Wazzy)

You never expect to know the word grief
Until it comes to you
It comes in, like a thief
Then you take a critical review

Who really knows what grief is
It could be you, or me, or your teddy bear
If only we could see his
Come with me, I'll give you a dare

All I ask is that you'll see
What grief does to you and me
Maybe at the end we'll all agree
That it need not be all for thee

Have you seen death of one or more
Have they been of love or worse
Does it cause a whole body war
Does it put you in a hearse

If all these apply to you
Maybe you know what grief may be
All this time you withdrew
It makes you feel like abductees

If you like, you may join my cause
Get together with your bands
To end all grief within our paws
To clear our enemy from our hands

Mark Wazzy

Untamed Love

Untamed Love

Mark Wazzy

What is love

If it is untamed

Could it be a dove

Or can it be blamed

Is it a metal glove

Or is it like a clock

Is it what we write of

Or does it cause writers block

Who does one love you ask

It could be anyone even the unknown

And though we all wear a mask

The only way to know, is to see her on the throne

But when it comes to untamed love

It sometimes comes to the beauty of lust

As for this, it is no dove

Making her a must

There are more ways to tell

Of how love may be untamed

It would end so well

And leave you unashamed

If your love for her

Is unconditional

Then perhaps the transfer

Is UNTAMED LOVE transitional

Mark Wazzy