Michael Thygesen
- poems -

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Michael Thygesen(2/1/1989)

I'm just a college student who uses poetry, music and other art forms as a vent.

A Friends Word On Love

"Dear boy, why do you cry in the window? "
"Well sir, I cry over my fair lady."
"Yes, but why look down at the river flow
Whilst you do this, you look awfully shady."
"The dark, deep bottom tell again of her.
I loved her, yet she did not love me back."
"Your heart she did break, for this I am sure.
She sounds horrible; but grace she does lack."
"How dare you refer my lady as bad
She is astounding, you stay out of it."
"Some thing was wrong with what you two had had.
I can help you but you must use your wit.
Find a person, who'll make you untroubled,
Satisfy her, your gifts will be doubled."

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A Sonnet Of My Life 1919 - 1998; A Story Of My Grandfather, The War Hero.

I wonder, 'Have I lived well? ' As they call?
I asked myself on a brisk, early morn
I have no famous name to show to all,
My love has been lost; you may see me mourn.

But I found another to love and share,
As I wait above she finally came.
I have flown like an eagle in the air,
All these skies and heavens cannot be tamed.

Many of my crew-mates owe me their life,
Yet I will stay strait, I ask for no praise.
I have always loved all of wildlife,
Saved two men from a plane that was ablaze

Yes, I've lived to see beautiful years,
I couldn't without love, laughter, and tears.

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Helping Doesn'T Always Help. Hiaku

Well, did I do well
Have I really helped that girl
Does she not know me

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Living Unknown

I can be one person with someone,
Or I can be someone with another person.
I can be a completely different person.

Does that make me fake
Or does it all fill into one person?

Do all of these 'Me's' mix to make one difinitive Me?

Do others feel this way
Or is it just me?

If that is the case
Then do I really know anybody
And does anybody really know me?

Maybe there is no 'knowing' or people
If people don't know themselves.
And if no one knows me,
Then can I really have any friends?
Is it even possible to love someone?
Or can anyone really love me?

This thought depresses me.

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Man's True Flight

Weaving in and out of these clouds of white
Ever flying and flying, keep searching till night.
Wind hits these wings and try as I might
I cannot go down, I'm as high as a kite.

Soaring, dipping and carresed by sun light
Up here I'm untouchable, as I'm up at such hights.
Yes, no one can touch me after I take flight
I leave everyone behind, to avoid your fight.

Honestly this isn't completly true
And I can't fly up high, up into the blue

No, I can't really go up high in the sky
I can't touch the heavens, I can't even fly.
And I can't travel through the skies to be free
I'm just a normal human being, trying to just be.

Sometimes in my head I have to go away
To tell myself everything will end up okay.
I leave to think what each day will lend
Taking the stings in my head and tying up loose ends.

Oh, if it were possible to escape it all
Just every once in a while, so I don't have to fall.
With destractions it's difficult, but God knows I try.
I just want a piece of heaven before I die.

First you must know and love yourself, in good and bad weather,
Then and only then can we, in peace, live together

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Mirrors

While looking in the mirrors
I notice my many reflections looking back at me.
It was then that I noticed,
Their are many images of Michael Thygesen,
But the real Michael,
The original Michael
Is the only one I can't truely see.

Michael Thygesen

Prospective Haiku

I watch them pass by
Some conversing, some are not
I watch from my bowl.

Michael Thygesen

Stars

I can't see them anymore,
Not while in the city.
These artificial lights act as a shield,
Blocking out the real light,
That we all desperately need to see.

Most of us have forgotten about them.
So caught up in our own lives,
We lose the direction we were going in the first place.
Though if we keep our eyes on them,
We can find our way back.

Just don't forget they are there.

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