

Poetry Series

NeVada Baker
- poems -

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NeVada Baker()

Fragments Of A Ninth Birthday

Fragments of a red balloon
Hang limp on the rail.
Like the echoes of a birthday tune
They're now remnants of a birthday tale.

The Green Machine sets in park.
Its reverie grows dim.
Like a broken heart, silenced in the dark.
Waiting, waiting, just for him.

Gift boxes and ribbons, ripped apart,
New toys left on the floor,
Like the little boys' lonely heart,
They're now locked behind a closed door.

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I Saw The Holes

I folded his shirt. I saw the holes,
He had nervously chewed the rim.
My heart goes out to him...
It too was left behind.
How could they be so unkind?

I placed the shirt aside,
Much like what they did to him,
Hoping to patch the holes..
Not knowing how to manage
This irreparable damage.

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Oxymoron Of Trigeminal Pain

Just a call, need money
can't work, feel lonely.
Pain acute, everlasting.
Fell from grace

Wife may leave me.
Her burden too tall
because of my fall
I'm losing it all

Pain won't leave.
Encircles its tentacles
of my orbital cavity
distorting my reality

Throbbing, throbbing
stabbing stabbing,
knife-like attack
cutting away my life

Ah the nerve
of trigeminal pain
taking my life
driving me insane

Pushing the pill
tasting the bitter
aftermath of it.
Oxicotin, can't quit

It's the only
relief from pain
but its fall
is greater yet.

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Stop The Abuse

Behind locked doors...
Concrete walls and cement floors...
They created my cell.
I call it jail.

Only because they fail to see
What they have made of me.
This heinous environment I face,
Is an unforgivable disgrace.

Stop the Abuse!
There is No Excuse!

In this foreign school
They treat me cruel.
Five boys kicked me until I fell.
'You are a retard.' They would yell.

But still, with pride,
An ice bag I denied.
For I am already numb.
This unforgivable wound, I've succumbed.

Stop the Abuse!
There is No Excuse!

This parade of life needs a rest.
So, I'll close my eyes and do my best.
Perhaps they will surely see
All I want is a loving family.

Maybe, they'll hear my cries.
Maybe, there will be no more lies.
Maybe, my Mommy will love me
And my Daddy will set me free.

There is No Excuse
For this abuse.

I'm only eight years old. Can't you see?

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