

Poetry Series

Nick Zacarias
- poems -

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Nick Zacarias(Nov.7th 1979)

Starting writing at the age of 14 and has written short stories, poetry and song lyrics. I love the performing as a vocalist and being on stage is my first love.

Beneath The Black

Beneath this black garb, there is a man.
A human being full of life.
A smile is my gift.
I bleed when poked, I laugh just as fast as I can cry.
I am a parent to my wonderful spawn. They constantly
Remind me that I'm but a child myself.
Things are the way they should be and each and every day
I am growing spiritually.

I don't use chemicals to mask the pain, and living life is a gift I. Didn't create.
I'll get on my knees every day and pray to god for shedding away, these
problems I used to live with every day.

I can breathe again
I can love.
I can appreciate what never was.
I am spontaneous and full of courage.
I am not the tough guy I lead on to be
I'm just a man, living solely for this day.

Nick Zacarias

Industroyers

In an industry of whores and liars, we are the unspoken.
The unsung heroes of a solid foundation.
Remove your masks and stand about face.
Your illegitimate motives have proven your disgrace.
They'll smile with blackened teeth and hardened hearts.
This is what artistry has succumbed to, and its failing hard.

Stand up for your desires no matter what the cost.
Your image doesn't mean a thing, with this non-speaking part.
Remove those diamonds from your eyes and clean your ears.
The stars are still human beings, not gods peering from the clouds.
Why settle for good enough, when that's not what u want?

Half attempts will prove half results. Is that worth the effort?
Put your heart before anything else and great things will happen.
Honesty in artistry is rarely put forth anymore. Maybe I'm speaking, quite biastly
but its all I've got in his world.
A lifes work that will make me proud, who cares about the rest. But these
INDUSTROYERS must be stopped before its called the industry standard.

Nick Zacarias

Life On Life's Terms

Life on Life's terms, is not an easy thing
Life on life's terms is never guaranteed.
Pull up your socks its about to get deep.
The road ahead is rocky and these cliffs are steep.

Life on life's terms is all about survival.
It is not looking to the future falsely praising idols.
Life on life's terms is not valued by the dollar
Life on life's terms is NOT! The color of your collar.

The dreamers are so few and far in between.
While lovers love and spit shine their souls clean.
Life breathed in and life breathed out.
I am not my brothers keeper, there is no doubt.

I'm looking down to the bottom of this endless well.
How far and deep? only life can tell.
I'll admit my faults to any human being.
Because life on life's terms is facing what's unseen.

Nick Zacarias

Recovery

While I know I've made mistakes, I m only human.
And living isn't easy, with a head full of demons.
I've wandered thru this life on an un natural crash course.
Wrecking my vehicle over and over. Never learning to avoid the obstacles.
I'm tired of jumping through hoops. My insanity pleas for a better solution.

I've tried scraping the scabs on this concrete rail. Only the symptoms benathe
are what seem to prevail. For I. Am diseased, searching for a cure. And my heart
beats black, sad and insecure.

But today is different, its hopeful with promise. And the sky isn't grey anymore
its blue, pure and honest.
I've found my wave in this ocean to ride, so I swam with the sharks now I'm
ready to die. I can move forward knowing its all ok. I thank god each and every
day. I've found my cure, but I'm still diseased. Its just a step away. This is my
recovery.

Nick Zacarias

The Stage

This stage is an airplane ready to take flight.
The crowd has emerged and looking to fight.
I'll scream till they're ears bleed. I can see them now.
The low end crashes like a 747 as the break down is approaching.

I am at home, I am primitive, I am humbled.
The smell of the bar breeds good times and the metal is
Numbing as it blares thru the PA.

All of us are together as one.
This is our bond, our church, our neighborhood watch.
We'll never forget these times.
They are real and true.

The stage is my heart and its beating to the sound of war drums.
Marching to the cadence left, right, left.

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This Room, These Walls, These People

There is strength in numbers, in this room.
We are all in this together in between these walls.
We are all strangers with a common ground with these people.

We have all loved and lost together.
We have fought many battles in this war.
But the courage, hope and strength is ever present.
In this room, these walls and with these people.
We once were victims pounding and clawing at the ground.
Searching for any way out of this skin writhing in this cruel bloom.

The pieces are forming our puzzle.
These tears are solid and concrete.
Our hearts are beating for the day at hand and
our lives have been saved by the experience of other fallen victims.

Tell us your story, we are eager to hear you.
We will embrace you like a mother to her young.
Its a give and take relationship.
We are all aboard this ship, navigating this vessel hand in hand.
The waters are ridgid and at times unforgiving.
Count your blessings one at a time.
We all belong here with in this Room,
within these walls and with these people.

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