

Poetry Series

O.S. Brooks
- poems -

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O.S. Brooks(02-29-1980)

Poet, War Veteran, O.S. Brooks was born in Washington, Pennsylvania on 02/29/1980 to a mother who is christian, and a father who is muslim. His older brother and sister were key to inspiring him to write, love life, and to enjoy entertaining others. He started writing when he was eleven after spending the summer with his older sister who was working on poetry and short stories. He often wrote on the same old typewriter his sister had in her kitchen when she went away to work. He often studied Langston Hughes and Gwendolyn Brooks. He believes that poetry can help an individual's mind, body, and soul. Proceeds from his books go to charity or his next writing venture. He writes about life, death, pain, pleasure, love, and the persuet of happiness.

2012 Chemical Daydreams

(Part one) Starry night

After all had settled
There was nothing left
Love and I where shaken
To walk about the mess

The starry night line gave us
A world that opened up
Not a soul it left to live
Only Love and us

Life was still inside my Love
Pleased I smile relieved
Born he looked as angels do
Love started to bleed

She did pass a fading dream
As drifting sands blew in
Summer came on harsh that year
And took away my friend

In the end beneath the sky
We were left to see
All the world was not a stage
We were blessed to be

Less than blessed I fell in pain
Asking God to take
Away my breath and every step
If not for me Life's sake...

(Part 2) Darkness

Time not love was needed
Least of all in fact
Distant how I pleaded
Just to get her back

When the night took my heart
I could not relax
Felt betrayed and on my own
to raised a life from scratch
If all fails, it's written
to reach within your soul
take the time to notice
you are not alone
Nature gave me courage
nutrient to feed
Life and Life's long partner
who learned about my plea
I cried until my eyes ran dry
needed time alone
found a spot that's safe and warm
called the den our home
That was when the wind was pleasant
Braced against a hill
Is the life that passed like many
Caught amongst the chill
Winter, such a dreaded thought
Life is put on hold
Hard to find a fowl or fox
Hard to keep control
Out my peering window
Distant with a glow
Winter's almost over
Blissful when it goes

In the spring life drifted
On an ocean boat
Bellies filled by fishing
I was dinner to

(Part 3) The wind...

I sit, quiescent on the shoulders of time
Looking in the directional distance of freedom

The sun, peering over the indistinct horizon
Holds the pulse of life in it's condescend illumination.

The earth, at peace never makes a statement
Sounds of hope whisper with the wind

I hear, how a change has come
Like the loss of our democracy
Come
Like the weathering breeze
Come

I teach each new life about the old ones who have past
And, how the ocean grew too large for us to embrace

The world, sleeping daily
Waits for the sun to warm up the sky over Mansfield

The day, new like an infant's first cry for understanding
Brings hope for the last pair left.

I, believing my thoughts run parallel with faith,
Craft warmth in the narrows of my mind

The insurmountable long road ahead
Stretches on past the limits of my watch

Beyond the great sun, we, my dead wife and I
Celebrate the birth of our son and the child we had found

They grow as time takes life from me
They know little about the earth's expectations for them

They sing songs of yesterday taught by a father who has since gone

I watch them from a ghostly distance as their phenomenon extends toward light

They understand...
They believe just as the sun has learned to trust in them

Together they grow with the aging wind
That whispers 'all is not lost my son, be strong'

5: 21 Am

Up late...

My parents are a sleep

Nightmares left along with dreams

There's nothing left to see

Televisions broadcast infomercials

Snores, typing, a siren in the distance

Somebody's up with me

O.S. Brooks

A Dream Called Yesterday

Dear God,

Well, I shook my father's hand for the first time
In a still breath called yesterday
Where vivid dreams last passed the memory
and that moment is real.

So real in fact, that I held his hand in wonder.
-Such a strong Muslim,
dedicated to singing caged-bird harmonies,
where street-mixed philosophies hold melancholy sit-ins,
in a world without light.

-and the dream rolls on
-and the clock won't stop
-and the day lays dead
-and all love is gone

You can't take moments back.
I remind the boy in me.
You can't take seven steps passed the front door,
without asking seven questions of why,
seven answers un-replied,
where shaky palms grasp tightly,
around bars that house crowds of fallen brothers,
who try desperately to hold on to fading thoughts of lovers
before visiting hours are up.

-and the dream rolls on
-and the clock won't stop
-and the day lays dead
-and all love is gone

Our eagle image promise holds nothing,
So, give my regard to transformation.
Seen none, just young nations misusing the proclamation,
that all men are created equal,
poor people need representation,
But who speaks for freedom?

My ears hear no song nor note on hope,
just the late screams of deferred dreams in the pale-moon light.

-and the dream rolls on
-and the clock won't stop
-and the day lays dead
-and all love is gone

My dream of tomorrow ends with such sorrow.
As america's eagle chants 'Victory'
Flying over my fathers concrete nest.
I am saddened at best, to say the least
'Victory' if not now,
Then when will our dream be complete?

-and the dream rolls on
-and the clock won't stop
-and the day lays dead
-and all love is gone

Some rob, cheat, or steal,
My choice to borrow time.
Where the danger is real.
Where the city has died.

-and the dream rolls on
-and the clock won't stop
-and the day lays dead
-and all love is gone

How many soldiers have been lost in the system
where religion saves some but not all
If only that sentence meant,
More than words,
My verbs would insight my subjects to move, fight back, or rise.
Yet, our two hands mended together create a heavy gulf-war silence.
A silence that slices through cookie cut outs and birthday cake goodbyes.
Until, a seven year old son is left wishing,
He could take back the cake and keep the father.
While candles house the seven sins I repented,
My dreams of tomorrow hold pronoun rallies much longer then admitted.
The rich were a-quitted,

The poor were sentenced to bide their time.
During these dreams I wonder.
Will we ever truly shine?
Through pain, my eyes, should be silenced.
Heavenly savior be kind.

-and the dream rolls on
-and the clock won't stop
-and the day lays dead
-and all love is gone

Dear Father,
Fight age and come home to momma
Her walk isn't the same
Plus we deal with such drama.

Tell me what's right,
A man facing twenty-five to life.
Behind the chains, the bars, and the dirty cop madness.
My sadness is deep, we weep forty blessings just to save our transgressions.
Hope the lord gets the messege, cause baby sis is stressin, and we finally learned
our lesson,
Please answer all our questions, cause the family's sick of
guessing,
sick of stepping in and out the prison, in and out of religion, in and out the
system, hoping soon we'll get the wisdom.

Please say I'm still in slumber, for my eyes are wiry from saying
hello to a stranger.
The clear and present danger's increased.
-Code Red-
The stranger is me,
Behind the wrinkles of age, large hands, and sharp whit.

O' Say can you see
the reflection of time?
passed on from father to son
in the pits of my eyes

Or say it's all in my mind.
Where thoughts race to corrupt,
an image with that twenty-year smile in the rough.

Please say my father is home
folding his favorite pages in the Koran,
The refrigerator is full,
And our time is not up.

-and the dream rolls on
-and the clock won't stop
-and the day lays dead
-and all love is gone

O.S. Brooks

A Razor-Line Twilight

Her heart must feel heavy
Like granite
On the wings of a caged-bird
Fighting for freedom
And I
I wonder how the world must feel
Pain and Sorrow
Hunger and Dread
Draining her energy
Killing her soft spirit

Her song must move mountains
High as the eagle flies
With it's bleak sadness
And I
Listen as she sleeps
While her sons
Are locked down for the night
Facing dreams I'll never know
And time I can't imagine

She's all that I've got
In this get rich or die trying world
Where vision is clouded by greed
And wisdom is purchased on-line
And I
Pace the four corners of my room
Wondering how
The world
Must cope
With such pain
Such dread
And such sorrow

Her heart must feel heavy
Like granite
As the sun awakens
Throwing light into the visiting room
Bringing dried up tears on make-up to life

An embrace
A last goodbye
And I
Sing along to caged-bird trageties
Sung low in my ear

Her song must move mountains
High as the eagle flies
And when I hear her sing
I am reminded of a brighter yesterday
The paths that I choose
To get here
The life that I created
To live mine
Still I
Wonder How
The world
Must rise
Knowing
Each new day
Carries such strong regret

I watch the chemical skyline
Hoping
A few will make it
Out of the 'razor-line' system
But many return
I want to do more
But I have not enough strength
To carry any other soul but my own
I sit up
Watching the clock
Filled with a certain sadness
That follows me to bed
I
can
not
sleep

O.S. Brooks

A Shot In The Dark

As if shot from a canon
I pressed against the wind
And my heart stopped in flight
For I was taken again
By memories of love lost and the pleasures she brought
As if shot from a canon
I charished lessons she taught
And before I fell-she was gone...I fell,
I fell hard like rain on windsheilds through Washington
and tears from lovers unjoined
I fell, thinking of her
missing her touch, her kiss, and the moments between our sexual-silence
I fell, For she was all I ever wanted
Yet, I couldn't handle the truth
'She was the best thing that ever came in to my life'
Now my soul has turned blue
I don't know why it's the wrong women I chose'
'I don't know why it's the wrong women I chose'
'-As if shot from a canonI pressed against the
wind
Letting it's cool calm breeze get under my skin
I'm under my pen
It's words press continuous-sometimes strenuous letters of love pain
O' is lost in a realm where he's gone insane
That fact crammed my eyelids with an unbearable stain till tears fell thick like ink
notes over a five bar scale and poetry off of my lips spoken over the rain
Now, I'm getting over the pain
Over being shot from a canon
Pressed against the wind
I long to be shot toward Balad
For I'm missing her again

O.S. Brooks

A Vertical Stanza

You questioned me on the authenticity of my love through this placid storm
I recall the times when you would crack your spine and walk up walls for me
You reply the times have changed as weather near the ocean
And hands are folded best when they are warmed
Could I in my own blank ignorance have misjudged you
Scorned you with my anger once again
I kill the ocean chill with gulps of justice
In hope that heavy salt will wash my sin
I wait for death to come but she is busy
Killing other dreams along the sea
You say that I am blind as bats in Dormont
The way I tend to life as night breaks in
And love is just a simple admiration
Qued to spread a virus within me

O.S. Brooks

Against Time (Pulse Poetry)

I hear God
when I work on this art
He whispers love
so, I speak from the heart

He shouts 'Go! '
so I get 'em
with my sharp wit
or wisdom
I'm known
to rock the boat
so hold on and listen

Don't need a quick seven
to send my words back to heaven
All I need is three minutes
and I'll show you how to spend it

I spit fire when the higher father agrees
to send me words to inspire
the image in me
Lord, give me two strong minutes
I show the world how to spend it.

I'm simply a gift
Simply a rock
Here to up lift
The negative on my block

I shout 'Go! '

So, I need not stop,
till my heart pace drops off the planet
and I'm the last soul standing,
and the drill won't press,
and these skills aren't demanded,
and we are up in the heavens
next to love and we landed
close to Left Eye, Tupac, Big and The Man it's-

Another day under stress
while dealing with the mess
I shoot words at your complex
as if my time is next

This is more for my brothers
Plus my mothers in the struggle
Three jobs to pay the rent
Since the gas prices doubled

As if trapped in a bouble
I beat fear to the floor
Beat regret to the wall
And try to escape the allure.

But I'm no Jay-z, Mos Def, Common, or Pun
I am just another brother
Trying to shine like the sun
Trying to make freedom speak
From the pits of my palms
While answering the call
I send my prayers back to mom
Send my fears back to God
Send my pain back to Jah
Plus my joy to Allah

Father Muslim.
Mother Christian.

Both explained life to me
Between the two old religions
And my spirituality
I'm just caught in the moment
Just trying to find me

-Give me one strong minute
And I'll show you how to spend it

O.S. Brooks

Alien

There are people
Please understand
That go through life
Without being
Shakin

These people
usually
far from my own dimension
Live
to the fullest
of their capabilities
They travel freely
worry not about money
broken-bottled relationships
nor limitless advances
in their own personal discoveries

These people
Please understand
leave painless
when there time is up
But, they never truely die
There work
lives on
as mine dies
like the sun's warm
in my palms

I am
not of their world
They are not of mine
I am
the remarkable
opposite
I watch them shine as stars
and fade still brighter
than I could ever dream

For they are the extent
of the better parts of us

Alien
In deed

O.S. Brooks

All In Time(Written In Ireland)

Within the clouds
I see her face
Beyond the storm
Above the ground.

-Guiding my wings
Soft gentle light
Through dismal air
Here gifts are bright.

-All I fear
Is more than normal pain this year
After loss of love and loss of friend
Since no one else has let me in
To talk or walk in space to share
The simple pleasures once we're here
To smile and like this atmosphere
Above the world below
Alone and on my own
Missing....All I knew of love
Wanting...All I felt of life
Knowing...All will heal with time

O.S. Brooks

An Echo Of Hope(I Dream Of Yesterday)

Let's dream until we get there,
And carry hope with us,
We'll kiss the skyline after,
We taught the world to trust.

Let's believe until we get there,
And play out freedom's song,
Till mornings cradle laughter,
While faith and love hold strong.

Let's rise until we wake the day,
With cheers of how we've came,
To call this land we've always loved,
Our dream of yesterday.

Let's reach until we get there,
For passionate we've made,
A stand as pure as symphonies,
As warm as heaven's rays.

Let's love until we get there,
Holding faith within our hands,
We'll reach and teach each other,
To help God heal this land.

Let's rise until we wake the day,
With cheers of how we've came,
To call this land we've always loved,
Our dream of yesterday.

Let's hope until we get there,
That time will place with care,
A chance to make a difference,
A difference while we're here.

Let's trust until we get there,
Let's together learn to shine,
And caress the moment after,
We've reached our goals in mind.

Let's rise until we wake the day,
With cheers of how we've came,
To call this land we've always loved.
Our dream of yesterday.

O.S. Brooks

And I Do Not Care Much For The World

Running long distance...
I notice signs of winter coming
The
creek
bed
slows
its
motion
toward
the river
The wind chills the skin on my face
It's raining
somewhere in the valley
over wine grapes
where men take time
to enjoy
the song of life
Well,
There is no such joy here
in a man panting
trying to sweat out sin
like it's under his skin

And, I do not care for the world
I've grown cold and stale
with time
like grandma
Aged and ready to see
what else is left
after running
Pacing ourselves
toward an invisible finish line

So, I Run
long distance
I notice signs of an election
One house disagrees with another
The world seems divided on this Monday
Two cars have gathered behind me

Honking their horns in an angry rage
And they throw there words at the back of my feet

And I don't care for them
And they don't care for me
For they are part of the world
Caught in a rush without a care
For loss of earth or life without fear

So I am Running, LONG DISTANCE..
A line of cars now wonder 'what's the hold up? '
Cars swerve around me
Nearly hitting others coming from the opposite direction
Poem
Practice patience
Try it works, but every now and then it hurts
To love and lose and keep the faith
While trusting God will keep us safe

I remember you before the talk shows stole your brain
Now, you laugh, and cry, and eat
And buy false food to feed your emotions

Now, I can't care for you
And you don't care for me
For we are part of a system
And may never get free

So, I am jogging to work today
Not to save gas
But because I'm going insane
You like me this way
Slowing traffic, pissing off the masses
Say it's convenient
I'm out of your life
While out of my mind-while running at night

While I'm gone
Try not eating so much
Stick a pretzel to your brain and pull it
What ever will kill the monster
Who devoured my lover

The person I cared for
The reason I cared at all

O.S. Brooks

As Often As None

So we met
Small town outside of mason
Quaint room for two
Satin sheets, the color red
Bottle of mellow mood

So we met
Small town outside of mason
Curtains closed to looking eyes
Music slowly spinning vibes
Silent slumber till sunrise

So we met
Small town outside of mason
Waking in eachothers arms
Sun-kissed, soft lips
Drifting through each others hearts

O.S. Brooks

Back To The 50 Cal.

You wake
Stretch
try to shake the funk off
It's early
But later than
you wanted to get up
The mirror reflects a sort of
washed-out has-been

It can't be you

Your buried within
A three day old beard
Stale demon-breath
and an entire night
coming out of your pores

Morning

Your late for something
and you can't remember
if the person beside you
is dead or alive

Marriage

It's raining some where in Pittsburgh
The chat rooms, full
The conversations, naughty
Some one is
showing off a tatoo
A married woman is flirting
with a man from Denver
He's lost his pants
And the cyber world
Doesn't mind

Go! Dancing Plumber Go!

It's a crying shame
The way
Life has turned out
A voice inside your alarm clock screams
making you want to throw it out on the lawn
with a few other things

There's movement from under your sheets
There's a brush fire somewhere on the western coast
And you don't care

You walk to the kitchen
pour a cup of salvation
your standard
sugar or creme
and wait for the zombie to ask for a cup

A mutated bird
is dancing outside your window
Taunting your lazy feline
To try to at least act like a cat
and not a piss-stained rug

You say
'Good morning'
In your best attempt at cat language
It knows you by now
Knows
When a sharp lie is approaching

It has learned
to die inside
and not listen to promises
of a better life this year

There's a roach
riding it's back rodeo style
Whispering something
in it's over-grown ear

the
cat

smiles

This Can't Be Life

You lizard crawl
back into bed
And wait for a missile
to strike your entire neighborhood

But,
It never comes

So you must get ready

Work

You are a four letter word
And the bishop is out to take you

You look
For a reason to slit your wrist
with a twist tie from the bread bag
But the coffee talks you out of it

Tells you;
Get going
Tells you;
keep chipping away
at what ever the hell
your trying to do
In This Crazy World
you've come
to count on

And
the world
is
coursing
through your viens
and it's a two day detox

you

want
death
to jump out the closet
scare you to sleep
the longest of dreams
but
the bills
won't get paid that way
They'll just get
passed down
like cloths
to your
younger brother

Your thirty something
Not old
but not fashionably young
The world looks like a mystic waste land
through the blades of your ceiling fan
The world is changing
You can not catch up

It's raining
Somewhere in Pittsburgh
and you
feel it
under your skin

O.S. Brooks

Ba-Mid-Dele(African Poem Translated In English About Hunger)

Feed my struggle
Where I sleep tonight
Under a star-lit sky
Where my spirit crumbles

If dreams could fly
Love would carry all
Above the hardship
Beyond this wall

The earth, our mother
She'd never cast a side
My people torn with hunger
Or let our daughters die

Just know that I
-Home-
Am a well of wisdom
-Home-
I set fears a side
-Home-
My courage brings love
-Home-

We cry hope and wisdom
Sometimes it's not enough
I've prayed for rain
While I've wished for love

This wall has spirit
It keeps out cold
We huddle near it
Its wisdom's, old

Our unsung story
Shows the world our pain

I'd build life up
With the prayers that came

But prayers are answered
Far and few between
My pride and I
Are but one great team

It takes us places
Far beyond the smile
It fills us up
With a meal once while

We eat when morning
Brings us food, first light
The little we have
We share with plight

The pail is empty
My tears have dried
The days are simply
Hard to bare at times

Just know that I
-Home-
Am a well of wisdom
-Home-
I set fears a side
-Home-
My courage brings love
-Home-

O.S. Brooks

Because The Fly Wins...

I lumber along the woods
swatting away a horsefly
It's trying to eat through my shirt
Something about my flesh
-Maybe its warmth-
Is sending the bug into a frenzy
So much so
that it can't fly straight

It bites me
Sticks an empty straw right through my back
And relaxes
as if it my blood
my pain
is a drug
that sends it into a dream
where it is king over the aphids

It dies there
Fat and full of pride
crushed beneath my palm
'It's salty'
it must have thought
'A lot like the blood of retarded rats'
'Amazingly like chicken'
To it I was just a meal
A rest stop on its way to the farm

I wonder how the cow must feel
Thousands dance along it's spine
incamping themselves till death
and it has no palms
nothing to pray with
and the beast dies
a horrible death
without honor
being life blood for others
a source of food
for over-sized humans

a target for vampire insects
Like this one
stained upon me
Smiling somewhere in fly heaven
because it got the last laugh
within the final moments of it's life
for vomiting piss in to my veins

I wonder
often when the silence kills the day
how God can let this be
Life...
-a numb existance-
to move forward
as if we deserve it
where men kill one another
for freedom
or sport
or insanity
where friends die
before 30
and drugs
take over
Canonsburg

So-be-it
I'm walking
carefully
trying not to inhale a cloud of insects
who are attracted
to my heavy fragranced lotion
It is hot
The field is alive with ill temper
my car is with the repair man
something about the brakes again
he will not over charge me this time

I get it...
Everything costs
With every action
comes a reward and or punishment
I will pay some how for this some how

most likely in the solice of my dreams
I get it...
No matter how rich I reach to be
I will die alone
Like a wasp stuck in a bottle
fighting for freedom
Knowing the inevitable

O.S. Brooks

Bright Star

Your smile still holds the essence
Of everything I once loved and knew.
Your walk, your cool persona's quite remarkable too.

Between the hours of sunrise till sunset
I want to spend those remarkable hours with you.
Feels like i'm fighting against time
So sad, your leaving me so soon.

But hopefully,
I hope to see you every chance I get.
But hopes to me
Never seem to make it past my breath.

-Bright star-

I wonder where your are
Because life's hard,
But you warm my heart.

-Your my bright star-

Through all the hate I've seen
Your all the love a brother needs.

O.S. Brooks

Brotherhood (Pvt Kennedy)

Reaching for his freedom
with that new car smell
My brother and I
left Army ways behind
watched them salute us off
in the rear view mirror
dissappear in the distance
like memories
aged like fallen grapes
into concrete wine
Back then...
I rode shotgun
down Rancier Ave
adjusting the music
to concur our demons
That was the last time
I saw him
flaunting that thing around
like it was magic
slowing up
walking prom queens
just so they would notice
I wanted to be like him
my brother
forged from soldier plight
simply because he knew
how to rock
his freedom
his metal of honor
that magic mobile
turned two
without light
into kings
I patched up holes in my car
w duck tape
vacuumed it out spotless
and tripled washed the engine
as if it mattered
as if

a car
could bring
integrity
personal courage
values
A car can't kill friendship
I thought
can't take away instinct
or the bond of two soldiers
chasing after righteous notions
My rusty car threw bolts toward the ground
while stopping for smoke breaks
every so often
I used to
laugh
like it didn't matter
pray
like the world was ending
and ride in that magic car
knowing God was there
From then on
hurt couldn't penetrate
my cabin
couldn't leave
me feeling empty
I sat facing my destiny
looking inward for strength
Strength
doesn't come in a bottle
I'd buy it if it did
But, I was a kid
racing after man hood
in a broke down box
near Harker Heights
I was humbled
when a man walking
asked me
why sorrow
followed constant
in the narrows of my mind
as if it had packed itself
like groceries

in my back seat
as if my demon bought
grapes, cheese, and eggs
my passion had a passion
for relaxing those days away
I didn't care
much for
the world
back then
When life
was as simple
as following orders
I was trained
to give them
and molded men
like clay
into killers
I was great
at my job
at believing
the world
was enough
Pvt Kennedy taught me different
taught me
to laugh
maybe smile
for once
and shared with me
the greatest gift
I've ever known
Brotherhood

O.S. Brooks

Burn Me Up(Written In Kuwait)

-take my last breath, and when i'm gone
Do not wish ill on me,
For while I lived, I tried to give you,
All that I could see.

-take my limbs-then bury me,
Or put my ashes out to sea,
For while I lived I tried to give you,
All that I could see.

-take my heart-so I can rest,
Pin no metals on my chest,
For all I've done your days with me,
Was tried to give you all I've seen.

-take my writings-look in close,
Read between the lines,
For while I'm gone, I'll still live on,
A testament through time.

-take my belongings-burn them up,
Do not think those of me,
Only know, that while I lived,
I tried to give,
You all that I could see.

O.S. Brooks

Cocaine Blues

A little boy cries
His father is gone
His mother has died
Their stuff on the lawn

He's trying to see
If his life is un just
He has only me
There is no one to trust

In his little boy world
Where it all seems so cruel
Since his father spins money
That is needed for school

So his little boy cloths
Are scratched and worn thin
Seems that everyone knows
What a life their waster

But his little boy smile
Shines so bright I could cry
For he's independantly strong
A remarkable guy

But the world is so harsh
In his little boy life
That he listens to screams
A break-up through the night

The morning brings shame
Since the toys went away
For the well has dried up
And the house couldn't stay

In his little boy mind
By a forest of trees
He leaves hate behind
And starts walking with me

Yet, this is a dream
For he's home with his folks
Where the kitchen's not clean
Where the drugs steal his hope

And the little boy tries
But he can not find food
For all that is left
Despair...cocaine blues

O.S. Brooks

Cold (Pulse Poetry)

I Just got back in from walking in the rain
Thinking of how my life will never be the same
In some ways though, I can never complain
Just last night...I saw it all before it happened

-I'm cold...I'm not doing so well
-I'm cold...I'm not used to the silence
-I'm cold...I'm not used to farewells

Sitting here remembering all that we've done
Especially the moments we were close to the sun
In some ways pain can kill hope and wisdom
I moved before I thought...I loved before I lost

-I'm cold...Not doing so well
-I'm cold...Not used to the silence
-I'm cold...Getting used to farewells

So, with this last blog I write to tell the world
-There's so much to see when your chasing a dream-
Hold fast to your destiny, work on love consistantly
And never give up, I'd swallow tears from a cup
If it would bring back yesterday, but only the joy
Cause yesterday the pain left so many annoyed

I'm cold...I ain't doing so well
I'm cold...I ain't used to the silence
I'm cold...I ain't used to farewells

I tried, but in the end lost a soul-mate and friend
Since hearts grow cold when your out-of-control
I freeze now thinking bout the pleasure and pain
Resting on my dreams, how they won't be the same
In some ways though, I can never complain
For ten lucid years... showed the world we were here
We'd laugh and try to cope with the thought of our fears
Hoping that they never, in a million come clear
But things fall apart like the novel my dear
I moved before I thought...I loved before I lost

I'm cold...I'm not doing so well...
I'm cold...I ain't used to the silence
I'm cold...I'm not used to farewells

O.S. Brooks

Constricted Valley Of Dreams

Waiting,
Death and her have a purpose.
They sit skipping flat stones
off the murky waters surface

She feels sorry for herself

When the river rises
And breaks up their game of surrender
She'll be looking for her next destination
Hoping its away from the the harsh climb of winter

She's not confident

'Someday' Death proclaims
'You will find your self alone
Waist deep in pitch black river
Trying to catch missed opportunity like craw-fish
Lifting each un-turned stone with a plop'

'Death! ' She cries tears in the wash out

It will not answer
It will not help
It will not listen to her most secret regrets
She's cheated on her lover
And wants it to listen

Yet, it's kind of selfish that way
Only concerned with the here, and the now
Not the pressure of us knowing
That his time awaits around the river's bend

She knows it all too well
Like her father,
That concrete time is a figmented design
And, that the only thing evident in her life was meeting him

Death taught her as a child,

When her aunt committed suicide
That a final farewell is just one unfinished breath away

So, she sits by a bridge carrying souls to the other side
Swinging legs by the twilight shore line
Looking up at a constant familiar
Waiting for constellations to die in her mind

Together, they count each new day like shards of broken glass
Struck like a child under tranquil stars
Wondering if life was supposed to be like this
Where time sends life down creeks like rocky boats made of paper
Near the constricted valley of her dream

The bird dies
The clouds fade
The wind chills
It's winter

O.S. Brooks

Crooked Little Pill

Stuck on an interstate
Traffic is moving
as slow as conversations in Texas
From my view
I watch
4 cars in an accident
One man gets out angry
He's cursing in broken english
fist raised at his God
Another man, holding his neck, is looking for a law suit
A small child is crying as if someone stole her nose and won't give it back
Her screams echo off each foreign model directly into my ear
I try to block it out with the small of my palms

And I take three pills from a dealer on the street
That I bought for my back and my worn down feet
And the pills go down with a slid and a PLOP
And the pain dies down but the pills won't stop

The police in our small town are all idiots
They parade their badges round with some nerve and some wit
And misdirect traffic into a winding river
Traffic follows there orders, some drowned, some shiver

One still has his shirt un tucked what a mess
From a house called widow with a bright orange dress
And he tries not to show all his sin on his face
But the sun shines bright on a stain in one place

A larger one, shaped like a penguin,
twirls his baton like a school girl
He's looking for trouble
He's headed straight back
No life in his stare
He's eyes are pitch black

They are all part of the small town task force
Mob-paid-junkies
Full of buffet bribes

And snorted up pride

A dog barks in the back of a police SUV

And I stare him down

And I am late for work

And I hate this town

Where my small life hurts

And the penguin shaped cop taps on my glass

And the pill kicks in

And it kicks in fast

And my legs won't move

And the cars can't pass

And my arms stay pinned

And the door stays glued

And the cop gets mad

And the others get rude

And they pull me out

And kick my ass

And they throw me in with four others into a cattle car

And they rush me off to where the other crooked cattle are

And the room is cramped

And the smell is strong

And the ceiling's grand

And the day seems long

And my friends are few

So there is no bail

And my piss feels warm

In my crooked little cell

O.S. Brooks

Dead And Awake(Written In Iraq)

If I had a chance
To right these wrongs
To walk in faith
With her along
These broken walls
No longer strong
I'd hold her close me

If I had a chance to say hello
To conversate with her below
To smile, to laugh, to hear her tone
To lay awake again,
I'd hold her close and next to me
And hope she would remember we
Were everything before these deeds
Had taken her with them

If I had a chance
To let her know
I'll never ever let her go
I'd hold her close and next to me
But love's so far away

O.S. Brooks

Death Of A Star

My ancient tongue won't let me lie
so shining star before i die
let me share this truth with you
your still part of all i do

So, when I wake and your not close
I'll miss the joy that you brought most
In time as fading stars give up
I'll still hold on to you my love

Just before the sun awakes
Let's form a bound that never breaks
For moments when the darkness clears
And your my light, always bright near

I hear you in that song tonight
those words of words that sealed the night
the dance we held in memory
that night our souls were truely free

to walk about the atmosphere
and bless the moments we hold dear
goodbye my love, so long July
when weather clears for you and i
if not by night will you arrive
then lead me through your soultry sky
to fly away a troubled heart
and take the pain that stole our start
just in case your not alone
and I too live without a home

If home is where the heart should be
then you were always home with me
I died the day my star lost hope
and never found away to cope
so, when i finish nothing more
it's all because of my amore

Smile, stay as though you own the night

and keep with you a chance for flight
just in case i do not run
and love at last is truly sprung

I hear you in that song tonight
those words of words that sealed the night
the dance we held in memory
that night our souls were truly free

If home is where the heart should be
then, you are always home with me

O.S. Brooks

Death, She And I Have Danced Before(Pulse Poetry)

Where as...
this moment
this unsettled breath we call time
can not be captured
I stand inhaling the heavy notion against it

So I,
the Poet,
the unsettled soul within the sun,
declare this exhale wasted

And Yet,
it's cleaning up my lungs
clearing and creating room for freedom
I breath over joyed
for freedom and her sisters to ring
Liberty, I sing the songs of my father's ghost
welcoming change and knowing she rarely ripens
this time it's stenciled on my heart
the words spell L.O.V.E
meaning mother, meaning son,
meaningless days multiply together
creating depression
I sink so deep into the idea of progression
that an ant step forward
was worth my moving back
Time
We waste minutes
as if we'll live forever
Yet,
We've got an expiration date Indented on our vessel
Thus,
The space between life, death
pleasure, pain, ignorance, and wisdom
Holds us,
while death is watching,
I feel her presence.
Her cool breath on the back of my neck
reminds me she hasn't gone

She waits with a fist full of ambition
Waiting
To collect my soul
Waiting, tapping her finger on my door while running out of patience
Yet, I say
I shall live after my death forever
through my good works
deeds and the people I've changed
I shall remain
planted a seed
unchanged by the wind
For now,
I stand ready for death to come
In the narrow wake of my morning
COME
In shadows of my stressful afternoon
COME
While I'm dreaming on empty
COME
I shall not run
She and I have danced before
yet, during war were interrupted
She danced that night with many others
but, never came back for me
Thus,
I've excepted this
Time, this breath, this daunting notion
This space between heaven and hell
Where only one thing is set sure
Time will run up and death will prevail
Still, I never
stop dreaming, breathing, and succeeding
She hates the unbearable fact that I create with God
It keeps her pacing out side my kitchen door
waiting for my spiritual sun to set
Until she, death and her advocates, takes me
leaving my words published, burned, cast aside, and unread
I'll be looking out the pane of my window
wanting to save the world
knowing she's out there
pushing my dreams aside
While I,

the unsettled soul within the sun
craft ways to lift the poet till my kingdom come
using time, each breath, to get there

O.S. Brooks

Death, We Have Danced

I ran the other day
Breathing heavy out of shape
Like I had half a lung to go on
When my time in the army popped into my head
I tried within myself to recapture the moment
The moment is gone
I died in side when I left
So yes, Death, she and I have danced before

I was a sergeant back then
Telling others when to shoot
move-
communicate-
Training the next batch of killers
When my own brainwash ran off
I died the day I couldn't pretend
So yes, Death, she and I are friends

I hate being this way
So dark
So dismal
My thoughts run like burnt colors on a canvas
I drank water from a river and filled my canteen
hoping my sacrofice was worth it
hoping that my return was perfect
but it was defective
I died when I had no friend to rely on
My mother was there for me
And always will be
That's what mothers do
She alone has stood the test
So yes, in my time, I've met death...
Besides family
Everyone else
Can meet her too

O.S. Brooks

Deer In The Park(Homeless And Insane)

There is a deer in the park
By the duck pond
Who eats as well as I
Some feed it scraps of fast food
He really likes the fries
We talk of life as daylight
Fades beneath the sky
Summer keeps him company
He lives a lonely life
When ever school is out
I walk to greet him there
We learn what love's about
I let him know I care
Winter isn't nice for Deer
It's cold, it's wet, it's cruel
Blankets keep it warm at night
Away from brezzzy air
By the duck pond daily
Frozen in the snow
He misses his companions
He hates it when they go
I gave him silver monies
To buy a lunch or two
People think it's funny
I watch them all be rude
Deer was once a father
Now his nights are spent alone
He sleeps along the duck pond
Since workers took his home

O.S. Brooks

Dog Tag Blues

Lord
I've been traveling
Weary with stress
from the long daunting day
Down
This bumpy old road
where men have died
and boys become men
And
I feel
Like the sun has fallen

I have found light
in the awkward still moments where dreams
take me away from the pain
And you
Search for yourself
Till gloom
circles your soul
I'll be
here
my heaven on earth
my moon lit star kiss
I loved
till skys weren't enough

So
I walk
through the storm
facing rain clouds again
till my worn shoulders hurt
and the chill dies away
as if life is enough
and our message will bloom
that war isn't worth
my losing of you

I'm a king in the sun
till the mind goes blank

till the day grows old
till the memories fade
I get up
too early
before the wake of the day
just to get things done
hoping joy comes my way

With a slow steady pulse in my hand
I bring change to a bullet torn land
till my worn shoulders hurt
searching for truth on this earth
Cause
this life
is a race till death
and I ran mine
wasted in tune
I
thought
music
would save my soul
but it only
brought me
the blues
There must be
something
beyond the grave
where we will not
lose attitude
Cause we
fall and we fight the wrong
but sometimes the right
kills us to
So
Just teach us to dream
but more so
to believe
and to open our wings
and to fly
and to soar
and prosper
and leave

righteously
like you
built us
of storms from the sea
I take time
to kill blues
when I do
I am free
Got dog tags
to prove my rank
but you do not ask them of me
You just
open
your loving arms
and ask me to
live by my deeds
And
I wake
and I help
and I hurt
but it's good
when the earth
comes alive
with the love
that I shared
over time
when I could
I just sung
and believed
that my time
was approaching
and you would
do one more for me

O.S. Brooks

Egyptian-Eyed Life Line

As night forms above my industrial horizon
and the last sign of light fades away
I, your broken king, am missing a part of me
You...

I miss passionate kisses where all else dies,
being together while our hearts cry
where mountains crumble in the presence of you
and the tallest of dreams come un-done.

I will not run...

Completed by you, I stand in silence
as quiet falls over this noisy space
and thoughts are sent toward Saturn
I, your broken king, LOST, missing part of me
You...

Till grace returns my spiritual queen
I'll be...

Playing forever my spirit song
holding to love until it's wrong
Keeping my dreams between my eyes
Till my destiny arrives

Dear God,

My faith is strong

It fades at times

I've dreamed on empty half my life

And all I ever wanted true

Was grace enough to get me through

So, as the morning comes un-done

And inner victories are won

I'll keep with me the faith you gave

And never let your memory fade

My sign of hope

My life line

O.S. Brooks

Fall In Line

In memory I count constellations
Throwing star-light God-bless-you's toward Iraq
My lover is there...
With the smell of ammunition and perfume,
She throws memories of love toward the ground
And tends to make-shift guns fight
Where back alley street lights no longer shine toward prayer
My lover is there...
Braving heat un-imaginable
 Sleeping with less comfort than most
 So, we can boast our brave new world
We stay in touch sending distant rock-a-byes through lines of ink
 Where love does cost a thing,
 And mail is her greatest joy
She fears I'm cheating
I feel her stress.
With every meeting
 We both feel blessed
She whispers "end this drama now" melodies in my left ear
 That sends my emotions back to Bragg
At night when the moon caresses our thoughts
 We miss one another like fall misses her leaves in the summer
 Like sand misses the rain over Egypt
 And a soldier longs for battle once at peace
Our continental love stretches its imaginary arms out toward peace
 Yet, peace never hugs back
Love is a battle field over seas in Iraq
 She claims lives like no other
I miss my sweet, deep, staff sergeant October
She's on my mind as if the rest of my dreams are over
My lover is there...

 Standing toward God facing hopeless fate
 Where men hurry fast, to fall in line, and wait

O.S. Brooks

Final Forward Home

If life is yet a lasting dream,
And memories stay clasped to me
Then worrying is all I see
If life is ever lasting

My love we stood the test of time
At least we shared each other's lives
And truly if it's meant to be
We'll meet again eternally

I exist born free from Earth
By God, he formed me clay and dirt
To be the man I planned against
To live a life that heaven meant

Yet, in these times where lasting dreams
Take away those close to thee
We are forced to be alone
In our final farewell home

Where as,
Drifting sands in time grow strength
I gather mine and build my faith
To be the man you wanted wholly
The man whom lets God's will control me

Where as,
Dreams deferred light roads ahead
With messages I sometimes dread
Telling hope to stay its' course
To take ones life with no remorse

If life is yet a lasting dream,
And memories stay clasped to me
Then worrying is all I see
If life is ever lasting

My love there were such joyful times
That had us proud to be alive

The moments where we laughed a loud
With loved ones gone distant from now

I existed for your heart
And hoped our worlds would never part
But, life had plans that took your breath
And left me empty while I wept

Yet, in these times where lasting dreams
Take away those close to thee
We are forced to walk alone
In our final farewell home

O.S. Brooks

Floating In A Bottle

i am a bruised-up chess piece
working-no profit-no gain
i live a life
that no one wants
and can not find my way
but just beyond tomorrow
hope
awaits for me
to bring me joy
to clear my soul
to truly set me free
i am a tarnished river
looking for yesterday
where dreams were sure
at least till four
through work
i seized the day
i am a battered lover
lost in a storm arise
watching for better weather
hope
for me
can not
die
Just beyond tomorrow
waiting by the shore
liberty keeps her promise
and sets me on my course
but
i am a torn down sunset
colored with denial
coping with life's lessons
bitter with a smile

O.S. Brooks

Fuerza Y Valor

(written for a friend, a strong lady with much on her mind)

I have felt agony of the heart
enough so, that I've learned to trust
quietly in the corners of my soul
because life teaches you to be still
to hold on to every moment
as if it is your last
and only let go when you reach love

Love

Is

A

Battlefield

I have felt pain one thousand times my age
restless in my honesty
patient in my pursuit of happiness

Trusting...

I trust till the walls come crumbling down
till the spider stops spinning life
till the world is not enough

But...

That is my song

That is what built me this strong

I am a survivor of agony
felt it in the narrows of my heart
in the beat of my pulse
in the rythm of my walk

Still I strive...

I move forward numb with progression
wanting nothing

but more time with my new life
and less moments in doubt

I have seen enough to build mountains
on the heels of my sorrow

And still I survive...

Because I am strong enough to say never

To never do less

To never give in

I
AM
Woman

O.S. Brooks

Ghost Walk

These Halls
Shake the very soul of me
And I am left alone
Looking over my shoulder
As if the walls are watching
Darkness
A blinking thing in the distance
Chills
Awareness of no light
There was nothing after all my worry
Just this empty hall and I
And I'm shaking
Scared for this is new to me
This emptiness
This low feeling of depressed regret
Hollow
Something is buzzing over my head
An air conditioner kicks on
Power flickers in an upcoming room
There's no one else I see
Quarantined
I recall bits and pieces of fleeting memory
But not enough
To make sense of it all
The abandoned hospital
has been empty for years
Why
Am
I
Here

O.S. Brooks

Grave Yard Shift

My mother works the grave yard shift
Says "overtime will help pay the bills"
I hope she's right
Because behind her eyes
This shift, this trap, is killing her smile
She laughs and remembers her yesterdays
Where her children were children and didn't have to visit
In high school, I once threw a party
And invited the neighborhood
She came home and kicked me out the house
I lived off the streets
Where I learned to write poetry
My brother had a rap group
My older sister got a divorce
My younger sister discovered boyfriends
I moved around with the army
I later went to war
She sent pictures of life still moving forward
I missed home as soldiers do
With a canteen and a smile
She took on extra hours
Her daughter became a minister
That year
She was the proudest mother on the planet
Said "the blessing is coming"
She prays her children will come close to Christ
Where their bright smiles can never dim
I hope religion is not a waste
I hope religion works for them
I send my kids and stay at home
Hoping they get enough to form their own opinions

Poem

My mother works the grave yard shift
Her cup is always filled with coffee
Her ash jumps off her cigarettes
My Life...
I hope it's worth her pain

H.S. Confidential

I fell in love that winter
with the tall girl in the corner of the classroom
We traded the occasional look
but other than that, I never existed
In her world, where material possessions held more importance
I couldn't compete...
Couldn't keep up with the latest fads
I couldn't speak...
the ever changing language of the streets
Where young men drove fast cars to school
or threw parties to show off their parent's success
I was a mess...
Joined drama club just to get close to her
She never spoke to me

O.S. Brooks

Heart Of The Rock(Written For The 3rd Infantry Division In Baghdad)

My eyes have seen battle.
My mind has felt war.
Here I stand A fighting man
Much different than before.

My heart pumps courage daily.
My country stands behind me.
Here I am A Fighting man
With God's love all around me.

My soul is ready for the worst
And after all is done
I let loose to let life take course
Because the battles won.

I've done my piece-and stayed alive
Yet there are those who've died
Who gave their all for freedoms call
The ultimate sacrifice.

My eyes have seen battle.
My mind has felt war.
Here I stand A Fighting man
Much stronger than before.

O.S. Brooks

Hung-Over

Uneasy feeling of regret
Stirs low within my being
Unbalanced sense of direction
Heave - Dry memories of yesterday
It's warm in the room
And It's spinning
Kind of wish-washy like a match stick boat
Set amongst stormy waves
Where I temp God to extract the pain
With promises to never drink again
Perhaps, It's better than being dead,
Being caught out at sea,
Spinning toward an unknown certainty of time.

O.S. Brooks

Hurry Up, And Wait(More Thoughts Than Poetry)

We used to just sit there
Sweat beading down our foreheads
Walking like penguins in chemical gear

I used to...

Sit on my cot and read or write

I used to...

Work out a lot to keep in shape

I used to...

Hope that my wife was being true
Pray as if time was against me
And keep writing letters from Kuwait

Heard stories about soldiers
Whose wives were unfaithful?
And made the stars promise me
That I'd come home to better
I tried, with the butt of my rifle
To stay awake for three days straight
Sand everywhere
In places sand shouldn't be
We got used to it
Didn't mind food with the extras

We...

Beat the hell out of each other to pass the time

We...

Tried to pretend the war had a purpose

We...

Wrote letters as if our hands were possessed
My life was unsteady
My mind was a mess

I wrote to my family
They wrote back
There letters shortened after a while
But they were enough□

There's nothing more important to a soldier
Than receiving mail from home to keep spirits up
My motivation died and so did I
So, when the plane landed in Savannah, Ga
And let off all it had taken to Kuwait
Just note...
A few minds were still left over there
And as I slept beside my spouse something was different
I missed the burning sands
I missed the threat of war
I couldn't think of any other way to live
One night I crawled in to my sleeping bag just to fall asleep
In the kitchen with the oven on

I dreamed...

Love could start over

I dreamed...

Rumors weren't true

I dreamed...

I was back over there
At least then, I knew where the enemy was

O.S. Brooks

I Am Not An Anchor

Forever isn't long enough
I hope that in my dreams
I get the chance to feel as whole
As when your close to me

I am not an anchor
Time has shifted me
A shattered glass
A broken past
A life left to the breeze

But if there is a method
To mend this fractured heart
I'd travel down that broken road
And make a pain-free start

Since I have seen one thousand days
And days have never changed
I walk much sure for I adore
The change that comes my way

Forever isn't twice as bad
As living with denial
A second light
A distant hope
An angel gone for now

I am not an anchor
Time has shifted me
A shattered glass
A broken past
A life left to the breeze

Some say there is a method
To mend a fractured heart
To travel down that broken road
To make a pain-free start

Since I have seen one thousand days

And days have never changed
I walk much sure for I adore
The change that comes my way

You Are Life...
To me

O.S. Brooks

I Love Through A Paper Bag...Full With Shards Of Broken Glass

She said that I am messed up for not coming home last night
I know in my heart that it was because I was passed out,
waste deep in tequilla,
dreaming of making it there.

I thought 'No excuse. Excuses equals no results.'
I know...that excuses got me this far.
There was no woman next to me last night
No foreign tongue on my lips
No reason for being ashamed of loosing track of time

I sliced through memories on a video game
While downing alcohol to loose track of mine
There was no self-proclaimed answer in the bottle
Just my stale-stank breath on a pillow come morning
I write to make up the difference
Wronged for wanting space, a taste of life, love

Well...

My love shifts through a paper bag
Full with shards of broken glass

We work quit well in teams
Her and I
Keeping ourselves busy with multiplicity
I've seen summer pass in our kiss,
winter die in our embrace,
a woman smile,
a woman scorned

Hate

Why do relationships have to be this way?
Pleasure, Pain, or the bullet
I walk a tight rope, as men do in long testiments
Wiping the seat off after faulty piss aim
Covering lies with sugar grin smiles

Or simply trying to maintain the passionate dwindling flame

I
Know
Time
Kills
The
Mocking Bird
Like
All things
It
Will
Kill
Me

No...
I'll love till my heart beat stops
Till the sun jumps out of my coffee cup
Impossibly - Forever

Like a child with a fist full of candy
I've learned that life is as sweet as you make it
Bitter/Sweet - Unusually -Bitter/Sweet
Love, hate, pleasure, pain, joy
But never-the-less we try

And
I
Understand
Now
Why
The
Bird's
Song
Dies
With
Age

So, we fight time and try

Yet...
Our love shifts through a paper bag

Full with shards of broken glass.

O.S. Brooks

I Reach...For Love

I never learned to guard myself
And love battles
Throws itself right at you
So one has to be careful

Love is a blessing
Others may say
the road to perfection
begins with today

I reach...for love

As it comes and goes
Asked life for a message
But, It won't let me know

I'm a fool!

For sometimes loving too soon
I felt your blues
Felt connected to you

Lead me home baby
Where my heart will be yours
Cause with you by my side
I won't have to reach anymore

Silence pain on my face
Heart beats taking my breath
But won't take that blame
Or kill my regret

I give it all when I reach
For my love is so strong
I'm a fool is fool means
trusting love for too long

I can't color your hopes or
Catch your emotions

I'd give you the world
Love you in waves like the ocean

Until the end,
I'll still be a fool
if fool means loving
everything about you

I reach...for love

True
love goes thru that soul
I learned baby
Thats been me who wanted to know

So, God have mercy on me
I'm gonna need you
I'm gonna love you forever.....
We both must be fools
If fool means reaching
After
all
we've
been
through

O.S. Brooks

I Sing Liberty

I am as free as I can stretch my unbent wings from side to side

I am as tall as I can Dream

I sing of liberty

I am america

It is me

O.S. Brooks

I Wonder How The Rose Must Feel

Each year... I marveled at how tall she had grown
like a flower, sun soaked with a smile
Seemed as if she was reaching toward the heavens
she had an angelic essence in her walk
From school, she drifted away like seeds from a dandelion
Friends, emotions, and popularity begot her
And I grew old watching her learn to craft her own life out of the scraps I could
give her
watched her create magic
as little girls do with their time

Out in the field she danced as if the world were her stage
I watched as if time had slowed the wind against the soft grasses just for her
encore
She was the most beautiful flower in the meadow
I wonder how the rose must feel
To be out shined in beauty, virtue, and grace
By some one who learned to laugh so strong
Get her way with a sad expression
And melt my heart like chocolate in the sun

O.S. Brooks

If Not Tomorrow...Gentle Night

If not tomorrow...gentle night,
when the snow melts
and my struggles return
then when, will I learn
to make the most of life
and let all else go
letting forever find it's self in my soul

O.S. Brooks

If Only For The Moment

During times beneath the heavens
Few are seldom blessed to see
Angels move away the stone
To grant a star its will to be
Through belief he made a difference
In our hearts to some degree
Held thy glory in an instance
To become a friend indeed
Heaven gave our star its twinkle
If only for the moment we'd
Kiss the moon goodbye my love
In hope to feel more free
So, when the nightline stained with darkness
Cast a brilliant shining star
We'll remember God is watching
Next to you, our love, not far

(This poem is for a friend that passed away.)

O.S. Brooks

In Time As Fading Thoughts Move On...

I closed my eyes and cried as if the world is not enough
Then asked the stars that shine at night to heal us from above
Yet, in these dreams, we get to see if time can heal all wounds
For now, a friend is gone-my heart is missing pieces too

We reached toward dreams
Then, hoped to see your smile had met us there
Yet, times are hard so we'll held on to memories we shared

I wrote down all the times we talked and chased this crazy dream
You spoke of better days ahead
Then worked to make them be

In time as fading thoughts move on
And life takes breath from us
We'll still hold on since love is strong
And you taught us to love.

If laughing heals the mortal soul
Then, we were blessed to be
A friend with whom angels too
Would call a friend indeed

I closed my eyes and tried to find my strength from deep within
Then asked the stars that shine above to carry back my friend
Yet, in these dreams, we get to see if time can heal all wounds
For now, a friend is gone-my heart is missing pieces too
For now, my friend is gone-My heart
Is missing pieces too...

O.S. Brooks

Kissing Heaven

To my star beneath your sky,
Do not just shine for me,
For I believe your light was meant,
So, all the world could see.
I captivated all your warmth,
And held it near my soul.
Then told the moon, 'my thoughts are true,
I'll never let her go.'
'I dared to dream, your days with me,
And held you in my memories,
Of time where we stood, standing still,
In love with all the simply things.'
Like,
Life.
Like,
Love.
To my star,
Your never far,
As long as heaven's close..
For saintly prayers keep your love near,

And drifting dreams a float.
I captivated all you are,
And held you with a kiss.
Then told the moon, 'my thoughts are true,
I'm learning what love is.'
'I dared to dream, your days with me,
And held you in my memories,
Of time where we stood, standing still,
In love with all the simply things.'
Like,
Life.
Like,
Love.
To my star,
As time moves on,
It presses you from me,
Just recall our morning bliss
And precious memories.
I captivated hope and found,
That hope is not enough.
For while I wait for your return,

I'm missing you my love.

'I dared to dream, your days with me,

And held you in my memories,

Of time where we stood, standing still,

In love with all the simply things.'

Like,

Life.

Like,

Love..

To my star beneath your sky,

Do not just shine for me.

For I believe your light was meant,

So, all the world could see.

But, missing you is so much pain,

I try to gain my strength.

But, what I find down deep inside,

'Without you my world breaks'

I tried to captivate your glow,

And hold it in my palms,

But, what I found that time around,

'Is I could not hold on'

I dared to dream, your days with me,
And held you in my memories,
Of time where we stood, standing still,
In love with all the simply things.

Like,

Life,

Like,

Love...

O.S. Brooks

Last Will And Testament(Omar Shakur Brooks)

I'd rather be LOVED than feared or respected
I'd rather be left by the shore
In all of my life, I've been tried and tested
But God kept me safe for some more

Through pleasure and pain and all that I've gained
There's one thing I've learned through it all
I'd rather be LOVED than feared or respected
I'd rather men answer their call

Yet, being alone is where I found home
It's calmer than living a lie
I'd rather be true than live like a sinner
It's harder to look at the sky

So, deep in my day dream, while most are at work
I sit on a wall and rejoice
For I have had the time to build up my pride
A far more meaningful choice

For men without pride are lions that whisper
And whispering lions are dead
I'd rather be king, at least for a day
You were always a queen in my head

I'd rather be LOVED than feared or respected
I'd rather be buried at sea
For ashes spread far, at least with the current
I'm hoping they help carry me

Carry a dream on the strength of your words
Let courage compel you to save
For souls are as fish, be fishers of men
I'll bring them to you through my waves

O.S. Brooks

Letters From Kuwait

We've been through far to many days apart,
Yet through them all,
You've stayed within,
The center of my heart.

Your smile still means the world to me.
Your love still drives me crazy.
Your strength still gives me purpose.
Your eyes are still amazing.

I would give up all I own,
To get home next to you.
Within the lives of two in love,
There's nothing we can't do.

Four years of marriage and a baby,
We've been very blessed.
Thank you for supporting me,
When no one else was left.

I would give up all I own,
To get home next to you.
Within the lives of two in love,
There's nothing we can't do.

O.S. Brooks

Life's Made Up Of Little Things

Life's made yet of little things
Not large or grand designs
A testament of how it brings
Us joy from time to time
And
I
Will
Die
Alone
And
Know
That
There
Was
Much
More
Left
To see
The world
So vast
Yet, I
was held down by a kiss
As if
By wonder
She composed
A life for me more free
Then love would be my ocean
Its waves would carry me
Yet, life is made of simple things
I keep this truth in mind
And testify
of how it brings
Me joy
from time
to time

O.S. Brooks

Light

The bedroom light is still on
Music is still playing
Clothes litter the floor in protest
A ceiling fan awaits command
The television has died

A mother works the grave yard shift
A teenage girl recalls her first kiss, first shot at love
Small stones are thrown at a bedroom window
Lights in the room illuminate an apple tree
Dead leaves pad a warm embrace
Winter approaches from a tree line
The music dies
A flashlight interrupts hidden flesh
The leaves try to hide their sin

O.S. Brooks

Love Is A Woman

They say that love is a woman
The way she changes our agendas
The way she chases her ambition
Even worst than a man does
They say she lives within the soul
Deep surrounded by a wall
With remote she can control
The emotional state in all
They say that hate is her arch rival
The way both feud over the heart
Some think her strength comes from the Bible
Helping people play their part
They say her powers are unknown
The way that men can't understand
The way they feel when they're alone
Holding her soft, gentle hand
They say she hurts you from within
Bringing true what most have felt
The way she makes your problems melt
They say that love is a woman
I have shared her space before
I know that love is a woman
Because, I'm missing her once more

O.S. Brooks

Love...For The Birds

For the birds...
This life
I know
much about the stirrings
of love, hate, and happiness
I saw
a crooked little thing
an injured bird
sing
so bright
one frost laden morning
While trying
to please a blue jay
The robin
injured in spirit
sang until
it lost it's voice

The blue jay
ignoring the robin
finished
swiping
the ground
of it's seeds
flew away

And this...
is my unusual thought on love

Let it be for the birds
Whom
neither
whether
dead
nor alive
commit such sins
as we try

And for the wind

which doesn't care
if it is admired
It simply
does it's job
what ever
the description may be

This I tried to practice in my own life
Loving another with out wanting anything in return

And I blew kisses in her direction
And I smothered her
so much I went crazy
And she left my side
for another

I went insane
trying to put my finger
on what happened

Then
the blue jay
returned
to the singing bird
and rubbed against it
with desire
the
kind
i
used
to
know

I took this as a sign
called my distant lover
let the phone ring
till she called back

She said
she was thinking about me
after watching something wonderful
outside her window

We met
under the old oak
where the birds meet
gather seeds
and laugh at us

I asked her
what she thought of love
She pointed
to the blue jay
told me her thoughts
She said
everyday
the blue jay returned
home
to a half-baked nest
full of baby birds
abandoned
by their robin mother
She said
to her
that was
true love

And that she tried to practice it in her life and relationships
She said
she loves someone
even when it hurts
Even when things
start falling apart
She'd love
leave
and come back round

As if
like the birds
she was vested in something special
Something
beyond the scope of spoken words

We went insane

trying
to please one other
to keep
it interesting
at least a bit conversational
and failed before God
a broken promise
a
three strand cord
left
in pieces
along the interstate

O.S. Brooks

Marriage

I learned
how to love
before
I learned
love's true heartache
after

O.S. Brooks

Mr. Evens 2

The road full of pot holes
will freeze over this winter

The field now dying
carries a burden so great

The leaves on the sycamore have left
They will never return

The clouds rise
The chill grows
The wife cheats

This is new

O.S. Brooks

Mr. Evers

He remembers...

Before the frost ate his tomatoes

Before old age took his sight

Before the storm swept away his basement

Running with an every lasting source of energy

After the sun

Full of invincible youth

O.S. Brooks

Murky River Blues

Somehow, I threw away all the pain that had been bottling up inside me
Threw that shit right down in the murky river
Where fishers hung bait for chemical trout
And the sun set sent mosquitoes into a frenzy

Cars passed and stared at what appeared to be high heels in mid air
And we froze like a deer under the spotlight of a hunter
As if to say, here I am
You caught me frozen in an uncomfortable position
Waste deep in someone elses rose garden
Now...Just shoot me
I am better off displayed than continuing my days

I watched the sun die as you drove off
Looked down at the marine life try to jump out the river to save themselves
Watched an old lady light a cigarette for her Italian lover
Heard traffic buzz along a near by bridge
Listened to an ensemble of nightlife come alive by the water front
And my angel was pleased
Pleased that I took the time to cherish life
To smile at what God had put in front of me
I was thankful for once

I sat on the hood of my car wondering how the river must feel
Polluted with trash and stained with the memories of parked lovers
Who drive down in hopes that no ones there
But fishers await
With their lines, and their nets, and their beer
I watched a trail of cans continue on down the river
They lazily rocked with the current then disappeared

Cars came and went as the sky painted itself pitch black
My sorrow crawled back toward me once again
This time, I drove away leaving it behind in my rearview mirror
It ran after me, then jumped in the river
Where the muddy rapids pulled it back to the bottom
Where sun-heated trash was beautiful to me
Where lovers unite to re-ignite passion
And the chemical wildlife was a pure sight to see

O.S. Brooks

Near The Karbala Gap

The day killed my inertia with sweltering heat
The sun sat on my shoulders
I wished for winter to come rescue me
Letters from home shielded my soul
We grew my gunner and I
Death has a funny way of making life happen
I wonder what he's doing now
Soldiering far off in another man's war
Wishing he'd brought along his harmonica

O.S. Brooks

Never Do Less(Rewritten In Germany)

She took me from hell to heaven,
In less than seven days.
I felt extacy with her next to me,
And couldn't get away.
T'was perfect how we stood together,
Facing the stormiest weather,
We became love clouds,
Till, it rained forever.
A word to the wise,
I found love in her eyes,
We didn't have much time,
I didn't waste hers,
And, she didn't waste mine.
She taught me to never do less.
A gift of the divine,
Her subtle kiss, left me a mess,
Under her wraps,
I felt weak at my best.
These thoughts I learned,
Where just an echo of hope.
A word to the wise,
Men stood still when she spoke.
My heart,
Stood ready,
To love.

O.S. Brooks

Od To Neruda

Heave and row
Steady your will
Against tremulous waves
Watch sound migrate past the billowing deep
Upward
You still see hope
Dead, the calm fish wade the water
Sank, the vessel that carried our crew
Prowling, under ocean predators await our distress
Flares into the night sky
Disrupt the stars
Busy waves knock
Forward
A sign on the horizon
Adrenaline
Rush toward a shore line
Salty, the sea welcomes us
Dry, the sun stains the sand white
And we are stranded
Together
The couple and the boat

O.S. Brooks

Of Yesterday

I was in to you then
When the air pressed time against fallen sycamore leaves
Wondering as children do with nature
If tomorrow would bring the stars
A hint of luck perhaps
Or you

I was just that niece
When school grades were most of my worries
And love was blinding my judgement
Where I, your parents worst nightmare
Moved mountains at your beckoning

I am remembering
You as a lasting beam of light
This day
Our anniversary brings back old feelings of joy
Of innocent laughter
Secret dates at local parks
Hiding our feelings to go to the prom
Dancing past elders who couldn't believe
That two different worlds could unit

I had fallen for you
Before we put on graduation gowns
Before we went our seperate ways
You became the reason I woke
Each day, like a sun masking starry skys
And I was your epitaph
Not just your yesterday

O.S. Brooks

On My Nerves, She Sleeps(Darker Rewrite Inspired By Poe)

Centrally from my slumbering lover,
The sound that sleeping dreams whisper,
Breaks my heart, my soul, my back.
She dreams passionately about her affair
While pretending to sleep
I, count the memories of such imperfection
Then, cotton my ears to muffle the sound

Whispered names are not
Suppressed are these at night
Not a clue to as of who
Is sleeping with...

Her secrets never speak
Our blankets never lie
On my nerves, she sleeps
I barely dream at night

My lover's dreams are killing me
They press me to thyne edge
I Lay awake and see if moans
Will grant me some knowledge
Yet, ignorance is how time's spent
At least to ease our pact
We lost our bond seems now it's gone
and not returning back
So, restless I commit to lay awake
and mend my wounds
the cuts that came that summer's day
while arguing last June

Her secrets never speak
Our blankets never lie
On my nerves, she sleeps
I barely dream at night

Hatred lays beneath our sheets

And stays there once it acts
I tried to leave, yet lack of proof
Convinced me to come back
If proof enough is not my bluff
Then let the notion be
The fact that I would act in vain
If justice were with me
Yet, law and I are not a pair
We rarely see one's eye
In fact, the fact is fact is enough
That time is on her side
So, distant as her deed may seem
It causes me such pain
I'd end my pulse for more results
And let my blood form rain
To drown her in a lasting dream
Our be sane once again

Her secrets never speak
Our blankets never lie
On my nerves, she sleeps
I dare not dream at night

O.S. Brooks

Radiant Grandma, Mother, And Child

How long has it been since you've looked at the stars?
For days I've gazed in wonder
Questioning life
Getting no answers
Yet, remained satisfied
I try, with my out stretched arms
 to grasp divinity
Grandma said...divinity is with in me
I remember her smile like yesterday
Eyes yellow with age
Skin telling her story
Each wrinkle representing a struggle
Her church song sung with wisdom
She stopped going later in life
Yet, always remained close to God
Some how, even angels have trouble in Pittsburgh
 where city lights cast shadows on the souls of the fallen.
I looked at my aged hands and swayed
 letting the wind, like grandma, kiss me.
Hearing her voice amongst the stars,
 she shines for us to remember
 to keep on with our dreams
 and continue to do right by God, mother, and family
And I shine for her
I shine for all to see
So, when the night line dims to an even glow
 the world will know,
 that divinity and her mystic wisdom is radiant with in me.

O.S. Brooks

Sand-Filled Relationships

You kiss...

Try to rekindle a burnt out flame
Like starting a match under water
It all falls apart
Tomorrow you will try again
On the corpse you call tranquility

The sun falls out of the sky
Belly flops right down in to the river
Where boats carry trash upstream
A worker looks for a matching shoe
A swarm of flies are assisting him

Its dark and your not home
You've found someone else to consider
A door with a mouth not as wide
You've been up all night running marathons
On a wine stained carpet
And there's perfume on your collar
Money on the floor

Morning arrives and your late for something
A cup of coffee is waiting for you
The car starts with a sort of violent cough
You head down the street toward Forbes Avenue
It's raining inside your briefcase
You gather your thoughts like bottled water
Then remember to put on your forever ring

The sidewalks are filled with dark suits
The city is alive and its getting angry
The sound of her anguish comes to life
Rush hour
A slow drag behind some one from out of state
You wish you could rocket blast forward in time
Or rewind your life back ten years
Press play around the time you meet lover number one
Think it over
Believe there's a chance encounter behind her smile

Believe her jealousy will dissapear with age

You pull in to a parking garage

Twist the key and turn off your life

Your cigarette lighter is missing something

You examine the hole as you do relationships

Wondering

O.S. Brooks

Say...You'll Love Me

Today before one thousand gathering souls
we'll stand together and pledge our love.

As I speak, I'll remember our first dance, our first kiss,
and all that happened that joy est night in Pomeroy
when the moon shined for just us two
where I asked you to be mine forever

We've been through ups, downs, triumphs and tragedies, yet still have made it to
this point

You'll look beautiful

As angels should

You'll smile and grasp my hand tightly, feeling nervous
and I, knowing your world
will kiss away your worries

I'll say...with all the words I can manage
that you mean so much to me

I'll say...with all the emotion with in me I can manage
that time will never take your beauty

Say...with you eyes
you believe in me
with all your heart uncontrollably so
and I, feeling the same way
will give you the world, my heart, my soul.

Say...with your smile
you care for me
as I care undoubtably about you
and I, feeling the same way
will lend you my life forever
and never ask for it back

Say...with your kiss
you'll be the one
to whom I'll call a friend
from now until the end of time
and I, feeling the same way
will kiss you passionately
the same each and every day

giving you something dreams are made of
with my every caress of your soft gentle skin
I'll say...I do
Forever...

O.S. Brooks

Searching For Freedom Through You

Underneath your chemical skyline
Briefly
I remember
Dreaming
Vineyards pressing time from seedlings
Laughing
Learning to love out loud
Wishing
You were nearer still
A loft my moon lit boat
Bound
By wind and sea and air
Drifting
Be got by salty waves
Wanting
To give back the sun
Or undo what's done
Nightly
Searching for freedom
And you

O.S. Brooks

Secretary

She sits there
squeezing the last dropp of time
out of the clock
shifting between internet games
and excel spreadsheets
the phones are screaming
the entire world is calling at once
the day is almost over
A computer technician
is attempting to hang himself
The office tramp
is flirting with her outfit
with a paper salesman
There's a layoff on the horizon
and none of us know it
Files are piling up on her desk
she'll be the last one out
have to cancel plans
with her daughter
and a husband who's cheating
it's been the worst day of her life
a flu has driven
several managers home sick
they left early
after lunch
headed directly to the golf course
to get better
where a horse-faced client
will attempt to kiss four asses at once
it's friday
and possible
I watch her
answer calls
complaints
wives of plant workers
a yelling voice
needing an invoice
is causing her to want a drink
wishing

she got paid
for doing everyone else's job
or life paid money for suffering.
Her boss...
the talking head a-top the cubicle
was unhappy with our performance all week
'It's Friday, '
I say to the ink stain on his shirt.
...Get over it,
go back to your loss profit suffering
Next week
when the sun rises
again
over your incompetence
She'll be
typing poems on her computer
playing internet board games
and wishing you'd choke on your tongue
while you pay her to make you think she's busy
I'll be...
handing in the report on time
no sooner
taking cigarette breaks
when I don't smoke
and updating my resume on your dime
while you...
pit stained from perspiration
run around over worked, and under paid,
feeling sorry -someone save me- for yourself
She'll be...
looking unhappy just to fit in
leaving calls to get your coffee
with a smile
while stirring something foreign
in your cup
and the day won't kill us all
and a laugh will break the mood
after all
it's pay day
watch us collect our pay checks
one by one
surviving another week

with a smile
for we no not
of tomorrow

O.S. Brooks

Sergeant rs

Why
For any reason
Would he
Close his fist
And aim his rage
At the entrance to her soul
I have
Never
In all my years
Been torned
To such
Aggression

Believe my fingers
when they push these words together
The sound of nagging,
Myself and Her worst
Has never brought me
To such a time
A
breaking
point

I
never
in a million flared arguments
thought
of attempting
to play
giant
in
a human sized world
where sun stained beings
act as God's
and there is
no going back

So,
why

Why in all his military training
Would he grade her face
with
the wall
even
if
she
fell
into
the
arms
of
another
That was standard
war
twisted trust
and
broken families
at Fort Stewart

O.S. Brooks

Sleep As Though Your Dreams Are Wings

I love the way you move my heart
It's stronger when your near
I'd give up nearly everything
To be with you my dear

I'd ask a thousand times or more
Just to hear your tone
If love was on your mind like mine
When you are far from home

Summer isn't warm enough
Without you by my side
I miss your smile when you are gone
As if my soul has died

I long to see your face again
For now I'm left empty
So, sleep well love, as if your dreams
Will bring you close to me

O.S. Brooks

Soul Food

I remember...

Yesterday

Prayer

Church songs

Aged clapping hands

A smile as wide as Texas

Steam rising from a pot

a smell that welcomed you
to sit

grab an old wooden stool

and listen

old stories were told by a whispering angel

about how life had changed

respect, morals, and love

were not the same

our revolution had died

like a dream deferred

But...

Grandma

Wise in every sense of the word

could create magic

she'd stir that pot full of nothing

and feed one hundred starving listeners

around an old shaky table

I remember...

eating endless bowls of warmth

soup made of scraps she could throw together

commotion

card playing

laughter in another other room

children dancing to a broken radio

and mother trying to hide worries about bills

behind the song in her voice

But...

Grandma

had a way with that magical pot

a way of pushing negative clouds off the horizon

a way of keeping us together
As children...
we slept
as the adults carried on through the night
dancing off their concerns
with a bellies full of imagination
waking to the sound of bacon crying in a cast iron skillet

I remember...
My sister and I
twins of one spirit
too young back then
to listen and learn
to take time out from climbing up a miseable apple tree
and simply get her ailing message

I remember...
Yesterday
Prayer
Church songs
Aged clapping hands

Grandma
left this world
as most do
alone
with only the moon
to listen to her last request
And
Life
Is
Unfair
That way
The way a queen
can go through so much
and not ask for anything in return
except a smile and conversation
She said folks didn't talk anymore
families yell at one another through walls
and wonder why relationships crack
like aging plaster along an old brick oven

But...

Hopefully we are making her proud
together
around that old mystical pot
chasing memories of yesterday
when life was as simple a miracle soup

O.S. Brooks

Speak Easy

Tell the wind I loved you
With every breath I owned
Let her know how I missed you
When you were far from home
Tell the wind I loved your
Soft caress at dawn
Tell her how I missed you
When ever you were gone
Tell the wind I love the
Simple things you do
Tell her how I was changed
The day that I met you
Tell the wind that I meant well
With ever word I spoke
Tell her how it all was yours
With ever word I wrote
If by chance in morning
You are somehow here
Do not say one single word
My kiss will show I care
Ask the wind for patience
For time to slowly heal
Our mixed interpretations
The reason hearts grew ill
Speak easy of day dreams
Where struggle finds us room
To cast aside the worst things
And let our romance bloom

O.S. Brooks

Star To The East

Her eyes, as bright as galaxies under God's watchful gaze,
brought me- a humble man- to rubble.
As if my limbs were made of ancient stone,
I collapsed,
under her wraps and began to fade.
As if, day held no promise for more time
and less soft kisses then hoped
we kissed passionate like clovers to meadow green
and were open like clams to hot stem,
the weather seemed, to provoke a madness
of never sleeping till morning, and never resting once horny.
Her waist twisted like vines aged in the villa,
where grapes grow romance on tap,
and love has no essence but to exist,
She wore a see-through sun dress with no slip
And walked as the wind exposed her pure tips.
We dared to dream as children,
fearing decent amongst the darkest night,
Little moments-just and all-became our song
And for that union
I fell
Hard like the Rain over Hinesville
I fell
Hard like the sun over Georgia,
She's on my mind like,
That sweet october peach cobbler,
before consumption.
When our love session was over,
We parted ways and spoke the never-slept-together lingo

Where closed lips speak the never-lie-to-her-face secrets that capsule regret
buried deep beneath the quick signs of remorse, where our second course
became uneasy, believe me, love dies, as the crow flies, straight, as the stars
above watch our fate, unfold, before the story's even told, on my space.

I miss my Georgia peach-sweet-star-to the east-Goodnight.
Good night, sleep, and dare to dream with me,
the poet that held you down here,
Where you were finally free,

Free, from rock-a-bye blessings,
an strange love less unique.

(written in Iraq)

O.S. Brooks

Street Walker

She reeks of winter
Tall mother
Heels under pale white Brooklyn
Cold confusion
Cars pass
The night falls heavy
like paint on a silk canvas

She lost a son
Somewhere within the department of corrections
He's confined behind barb-wired dreams
where men are like lions
there's worry in her wait
a shake in her hollow ghost walk

For the wind does not hold back
fierce is the bright late lights through the night
and she doesn't want to press charges
the world would not agree
that cops could be so mid-evil
crushing her flower within their palms
leaving her silent to the streets
empty
her soul washed away
when spring came
crashing
through her morning
distant yet alive
this mother of time
who can't wait to see the reason for Adam

O.S. Brooks

The City And The River Were Best Friends

The city and the river were best friends.
Growing up as best friends do
Summer kept them warm at night
Winter kept them icy blue
50 years of smiles and tears
Half their time was spent
Looking back on childhood days
Wondering where they went.
All was well within their bond
Until the sun was gone
Then it began to rain for weeks
The river deep-moved on.
When the clouds above let up
And flood waters could sink
The river returned back to her home
The city stayed to weep.
All her thoughts were foriegn plots
To stop the rivers rince.
They crept along eachothers walls
And have'nt spoken since.

O.S. Brooks

The Egyptian, Song Of Sorrow

I sense my heart is fleeting
Along the water's edge
I'd let go if my being
Could clear my weary head

My mind is such an ocean
Troubled with regret
I learned as much as fishers do
When wishing for a net

But weight am I accustomed
To carrying the load
Of yesterday's shattered pieces
Along life's rocky road

My love was just a notion
A chance to wake the dead
The soul inside, that cost the lives
So many gone instead

Instead I walk alone now
Gathering my strength
There are many like me
Trying to lift the weight

But weight am I accustomed
To carrying the load
Of yesterday's shattered pieces
Along life's rocky road

Could I have been more careful
True, my eyes were blind
When tested by the devil
In lady form and kind

My mind is such an ocean
Wading with denial
I learned I am a sunset
Deferred beside the Nile

But weight am I accustomed
To carrying the load
Of yesterday's shattered pieces
Along life's rocky road

O.S. Brooks

The Last Thoughts Of Bob Gray

The young boy that once lived within the old coma patient remembers Go-go gadget Saturday's where he'd sit for hours until his ass stuck to the plastic on his mother's sofa.-Momma's favorite-He'd only get up for a glass of grape drink that displayed his favorite Cobra Commander, then go back to the very same spot, - you know- the one that got the best reception. He remembers tinfoil on the antenna that connected to the television-on top of the floor model-that didn't work. He remembers surround sound before Toshiba, and Atari before Sony. He remembers penny store candy, and curfews before the street lights came on.

He remembers double dutch played by the girls, as the boys watched wearing high three-striped socks and thigh-high shorts playing smear the queer, before the word became marginalized by CNN, ABC, and the satellite radio system. He remembers religion. He remembers mornings waking up in hand-me-down sleep wear to momma dancing to Jesus Is A Rock on vinyl before Kwanya West's Jesus Walks. He remembers his first kiss, his first crush, and his first diss. He recalls trying to keep up with the latest fads-like- pegging your pants until the bottoms were just right-(too tight) -remembers cross color jeans, nights at the skating ring, and the pump, remembers the first time he saw a rap video on MTV, before The Real World, TRL, and Road Rules, remembers asking girls out just by passing notes with please circle Yes or No, remembers his first no, a tall lighted skinned girl from South Central Elementary. He remembers being care-free, young and full of all the answers without knowing all the questions.

He remembers the Flint Stones, Speed Racer, Captain Caveman, Good Times, Charles in Charge, Alf, Small Wonder, and how Tuty taught him The Facts of Life long before reality T.V. He remembers Breakin', Crush Groove, The Warriors, Saturday Night Fever, afros, protest, and his last fire fight in Vietnam. Remembers pop rock and Nerd's candy, remembers Paula Abdul dancing with a cartoon character, remembers New Kids On The Block, Bobby Brown-before Whitney, Michael Jackson before Child molestation, Run DMC in a video with AeroSmith, (they taught him how to walk this way) but most of all he remembers going to war(fighting other poor people) for nothing-And the regret he felt after giving'The Order'(place selector switch from safe to semi) 'Fire! '

As the boy walks through life in his mind trying to make up for lost time, he remembers the best teacher he ever had, the best friend he ever knew, the first time he got laid, went down, or forgot to pull out. He remembers life, as he watches his children play in the backyard. Life. As he watches them smile in the corner of his mind. Life. As the world spins back toward Mercy Hospital, and

death around it's white-washed walls.

He remembers how good it felt to run, jump, and roll care-free before life took hold of him and began it's course toward death. As light echoed rays behind his memories, he twitched his finger, stopped remembering, and smiled...

O.S. Brooks

The Pheonix-Skyline-Consequence

Existing between heaven and hell

I...am here.

Dear Star,

my hell was simply leaving

your great horizon

leaving...

my brand new day

leaving...

un finished visions

dreams less complete

love left unanswered

a soul incomplete

so, the chosen two danced

until Pheonix kissed dawn

where goodbyes cry 'sorry'

before the sun and the poet moved on

I existed with you

-you-

have gotten under my skin

Dear Star,

I am here

existing between heaven and hell

missing your orange skyline

and your mountains as well

I visioned a better day

to chase the pain away

and when it came

-I caught something-

-you-

under my skin

where sin shows the meaning of life

seen twice before the end of my night

seen Christ and the devil

both made times better

with the decision of forever

my weather would change

-I caught something-

-you-

under my skin

Dear Star over Pheonix
whether I'm dead or alive,
I'd die to see you better,
almost give up my life
taking chances, like what ever
two pledged upon the night
that if the moon never shined
love would still be alright
As we wake
in different weather
if the sun falls out the sky
again, I promise I,
would live life like I'm alive
before I caught you
-your star light-
under my skin

O.S. Brooks

The Sun And I

As I walk throughout my heart,
The space is still quite empty.
There is something not apart,
Those feelings not within me.

To fill the void,
I caress dreams,
And hug my daughters plenty.
Yet, when night ends and days begin
I ask the lord to simply,
Bless the child who holds my pulse.
A beat as pure as symphonies.

So, when the music of my soul,
Plays a loud I'm instantly,
Taken by the moment still,
While time, she waits against me.

The sun and I are still alive,
We share each others memories.
Yet, that is hope,
I wrote above,
The words I'd kill to see,
For when I spoke,
My thoughts to you,
My breath was not as free.

I held my own,
While you were home,
And loved to see your smile.
Your sunny days were just the same,
Yet, you are gone for now.
I walked along my memories,
In hope to meet you there,
But, you were gone,
My faded dawn,
And I felt much disappear.

Felt such pain, while losing you,

The tears ran from my eyes.
And I began to feel the strain,
Insane how time has died.

With each new breath I take one step,
and gather strength to be,
A better man,
I firmly stand, The best that I believe,
Is yet to come my shining sun,
So, shine if not I'll be,
Underneath your brilliant sky,
In love with all I see.

Underneath your brilliant sky,
In love with all I see.

O.S. Brooks

There Is A Stranger In Her Bed

There is a stranger in her bed
Breathing-
Sleeping-
Dreaming-
What ever lovers dream
-Arm along her side
-Legs in line with mine
-Hearts beating strong as one
A pulse of union under the sun
The smell of sweat, perfume, and sex
The feel of guilt washed down with drink
We find relief, on weekends, we friends
No longer walk in public places
Where familiar faces can name us
None religious, but fear the-
End of days
Where God will come down
To heal our earthly ways
-Hopefully
-Wishing
-We pray
For better tomorrows
But sorrow walks through boroughs like thieves
Stealing ambition and dreams
The kind that lovers dream
What ever it is that lovers dream...

O.S. Brooks

Thrown Pennies In A Well

It is late
Tomorrow
The alarm clock will scream my name
And I won't want to wake
I haven't written a poem in a while
Just some jotted notes on a stale stone cobble wall
Maybe
Tonight
I'll die in my sleep
Give
the roster
something to talk about

O.S. Brooks

Till Winter Comes Knocking

I spent all night
Dreaming mystical ways
Thinking I miss all the beautiful days
The truth is I'm sure
I've been lost in a maze
Like trying to re-bound
but lost in a haze

There's a reason I travel
Three reasons I stay
But, I do not love you
My heart bled away
with bitterness
anguish
from toiling years
Losing what's left
is the one thing I fear
When all has re-settled
and things are quite clear
I do not love you
is all I can hear
It plays in my head
When I wake in my bed
And lost other chances
is something I dread
My emotions have emptied
My soul for you fled
No, I do not love you
So, this means the end

Till winter comes knocking
I'll wait by the door
Expecting she knows
What I've been waiting for
True love is a blessing
I'm longing for more
But, I do not love you
Its safe to report
It rests in my being

Down deep in my core
This feeling that left me
And will not restore

There's a reason I travel
Three reasons I stay
But, I do not love you
My heart bled away

O.S. Brooks

To...

I am the reason you fell
Took that large heart of yours
and crushed it beneath my words

You deserved better

So, now I'll watch the sun jump into the ocean
knowing
you were the best of my universe
hands down
the greatest

I tried
a thousand times
to create love from the torn pieces
we left behind

Yet
Love battles
Throws everything it's got at you
Takes casualties
Doesn't follow order

I wasn't ready for war back then
just folded up my heart and retreated
lost everything we'd worked for
lost every bit of you

That's when the earth died in my eyes
That's when nothing else mattered

I am the reason you fell
Now, you will not trust again
Took that bright Italian smile
and broke it beneath my whim

You deserved better

Now, I understand

In the beginning
when love was as new
there was one that got away
some one that reminds me of my youth
when love was as simple as a hand-written letter

So, I'll listen to the sound of night come alive
knowing
you were the best of my universe
hands down
the greatest

O.S. Brooks

Trinity South

I miss you more than words can express
I will not try
My soul is a mess
I'll simply fold my excitement into a little square
and wait to see your smiling face again
I am a lost ship without you
The night is hard to call a night at all
without the gentle purity within your eyes
without the song of your embrace
I wonder what tomorrow brings
Cause nothing else is real to me
as mornings when you wake with joy
full with life my morning spring
So, I
saddened by this space apart
look for ways to fill my heart
In hope that we will laugh again
While learning life will somehow end
In time as we all fade with doubt
I pray, we learn what life's about
I miss you more than words tonight
That soft hello
That warm delight
I have
as always missed you dear
Goodnight my love
Sweet dreams from here

O.S. Brooks

Unbroken(For My Ancestors)

We are but one storm festering
Gathering strength,
brewing up a fight.
We come with fist fills of mud clay proclaiming freedom.
Our day is near.

We the unimaginable, lost hopefuls,
Are powerful as one.
We spin joy around the tip of our fingers proclaiming 'break time'.
Our backs are broke.
Our souls are weary.
Our day is near.

We, the shadow populace, in an effort to craft time
declare our courage,
Honor our fathers,
and pray for our unborn dream.
For our storm is rising.
With a fist full of ambition-Rising,
with the faith of a nation-Rising,
We stand.
We fall.
We get back up.
We smile.
We cry.
We dry our eyes.
Our song is strong;
it keeps us young
our day is near.
It's almost here.

We the star-light promise for a better tomorrow,
Send moonlight kisses over crowded slave quarters
where sun light barely breaks,
where grandma heals our blisters with a kiss,
and winter kills the weak.
We pass time by counting stars that are watching us,
and crash into love like waves to shore.
We dream as wide as we can stretch our minds.

Dreaming what days may come ahead
our spirits strong.
It keeps us young,
our time is near.
It's almost here.

The earth comes alive with laughter harvest time
Working.
Hurting.
Tending wounds.
Our minds are on the rain clouds
for rain drops cease the day
we move them closer with our minds
then dance.
And sing.
And feel the breeze against our sun soaked skin.
We taste each salty dropp that hits our lips.
Remembering yesterday's promise for tomorrow,
And how that unbroken promise keeps us alive.
Our thoughts are strong.
They keep us young,
our time is near.
It's almost here.

O.S. Brooks

Vision Quest (I Dream Africa)

I dream of having her breath whisper softly
'Welcome home', we'd claim a quiet hill
I'd listen for sounds of drums as lions lay resting
their bellies full as balloons after a kill

I'd stretch from side to side
just to embrace her
As if the time had been so long indeed
I'd kiss the moment
until the daylight wakes her
all in dreams that seem so real to me

The sun would paint the sky line orange in nature
As trees would shed their shadows in the breeze
I'd dream Grandma was right there counting blessings
I'd hold her close so she can live through me

Rain would fall and bring some vegetation
Just enough to feed my dreams and I
I'd hold fast and try to calm a nation
In unrest before the heat would die

Famine nearly takes away my sisters
On our hill it all seems clear to see
Thirty million hungry in the valley
And not one holds a grain so we can eat

I dream of having smiled before it's over
I dream of mother Africa's freedom
I dream so deep I nearly pass much lower
To God-Sincerely O', your poet son

O.S. Brooks

Waiting By Shores In Concord

Love,
The reason I would die for you
Lives,
Gentle heart of mine don't break
Time,
Best if shared by you and I
Love,
The reason I'm alive

If you ever meet me
I will still be here
Waiting till the sunsets
Hoping you come near

If by chance you enter
My whole heart again
I will guard the memories
And let your light back in

Love,
The reason I would die for you
Lives,
Gentle heart of mine don't break
Time,
Best if shared by you and I
Love,
The reason I'm alive

O.S. Brooks

Watching Ships Fall From Sight

Still, another one fades off in the distance,
Till her sails are seen no longer.
Where she'll go on her gentle push north,
I can't say,
But know this,
The world with all it's curvatures,
Imperfections, and short-comings,
Seems quite quaint,
From my spot,
Where the ship sank.

O.S. Brooks

What Of Life?

What of life my precious child,
causes you to push your little palms toward heaven
in hope to create freedom.

I've Seen freedom.

She threw kisses at the morning and caressed the moments after
while spitting bullets at steel structures and envoking heaven's rapture
We wrote poems on peace
Yet, peace didn't wonder the streets
with m16's atleast, we got rid of the beast
and created monsters

I've Seen peace.

She held pronoun rallies with bullet belts over left shoulders
while her soldiers 'Right Faced' toward East Street
marching proud toward Winston Ave
until the change made verbs seek action.

My actions spoke louder than words,
The night my world changed on this earth
My words grew stronger than hers
Her soul faced a world full of hurt

We sparked long awaited connections
and got to life's source where time seemed twisted around the finger of an
infant.
The land was changed in an instant
My goodbyes where human-sized and all my love demenished.

Six hundred neighbors stepped forth meditating alter prayers while we held
strong to Jesus.
Their protest grew deadly with anger.
We knew no one would believe us

So pictures framed the danger, as bullets burned through air, the night fell fast upon the unit, the last time they were here. So trumpets sound at funerals, while wives cry loud in pain, and we stand still to salute those, who died the violent way.

The poet within me asked why,
Why do you push so hard forward
Toward the storm clouds forming over Jordan
If we can't change the weather
If we can't save a life
If we can't please our father
If our wrongs can't bring right

I've Seen Right

She dragged me over Kobal mountains
Till I wanted nothing more.

Till my back was broke and my hands were war torn

We sang fifty songs in that direction five times daily
And nothing ever came of it.

They sat in their one room hut and struggled
They struggled as if the weather was against them
And the cold was her cousin
They froze that winter without father
He left as fathers do
Taken while standing for his own personal freedom

I slept with the empty feelings of regret, neglect, and disappointment for giving the order.

Sunlight crept through their dessert palmed walls and added heat to their shelter

They hated the american soldier
For shutting down their temple
For making times grow colder
For tank trails over sacred symbols

Now, I too press my own version of palmed papyrus toward adversities knowing...

there is more to life
there is more than death

O.S. Brooks

What The Spider Saw

We were
young
back then
Threw ourselves in a frenzy
Made the world
tremble
with our embrace
As stars do
when they collide
in space

I held on to you
Kissed your lips
as if they'd change
Told the earth
to stay the same
I
wasn't
use
to
love

Your apart of me
Even though your miles away
In my heart your still the same
A beauty pure defined

What
the
spi-der
saw

Two new lights beneath the sky
Burning bright through-out the night
A flare as-deep-as dreams that rise
When lovers dare to reach for life
If ever there was chance for hope
It left the day you had to go
Never came back for fate's goodbye

As if our radiance had died

But,
We were
young
back then
Threw ourselves in a frenzy
Made the world
tremble
with our embrace
As stars do
when they collide
in space

I
wasn't
use
to
love

O.S. Brooks

Where The River Ends

A dream has died
Where has it gone
A used up heart am I

I used to cry
But pain was worst
When teardrops couldn't fall

Without a prayer
I'm lost in you
The reason why I'm ill

I used to dream
But dreams are dead
As mornings with out light

But hope...
I know she waits for me
A lover torn with time

I never meant to let her go
Without her
My world breaks

I used to dream
What fun we had
Along the river's edge

O.S. Brooks

With You...Last Night I Died

With you...
My bronze sunset
Life is joy-set once more
Smiles fill the day like sun rays
And I...
A spectacle of light
Glow
Shining for you
As if love, the reason I suffered
Has made good once again with my soul
And all the past has faded in the distant memory of yesterday
I love...
Till clouds fold still in the corners of my pocket
And nights hold time in the gentle moments of our embrace
I love...
Till mountains crumble from the passion of my speech
And morning caresses thoughts of daydreams
Where I...
A sand grain thus moved
Fall from grace till morning toward you
My everything
My more now, than ever, needed awakening
My strength
With you...
Last night
I died

O.S. Brooks

You Were Not My Choice For Love

As time moves on, a fading dawn
is all that's left of me
For I am captured by your rapture
waiting to be freed

But freedom comes at such a cost
some die before their time
I sat upon my mystic thoughts
and nearly wasted mine

A budding flower, every hour
I watched you lure them in
Then I got close to smell your rose
and I was stuck within

You were not my choice for love
By far
I'd be in Spain
Traveling my crazy world
fighting through the pain

Such perfect hips, a deadly pitch
you let me sink right in
Love should have changed my mind
last night, you welcomed me to sin

Venus, how you live your life
trapping souls with lust
Venus, how you feed your void
getting men to trust

A budding flower, every hour
I watched you lure them in
Then I got brave, and learned your named
A lovely grave, I'll spend
My days
until my light goes out
My nights
whispering hope

That my true love is not upset
That both our dreams are broke

You were not my choice for love
but love was not enough
to keep me true, atleast from you
I'll watch the stars above

For only they, complete me now
And time, not on my side
Venus, why'd you trap her too
My source of warmth, my pride

But dying dreams are all that seem
to wake us once a while
Temptation traps the souls of men
and does it with a smile

Where many try but seldom win
against the odds of lust
Where many fail as lovers do
when they run out of trust

You were not my choice for love
By far,
I'd be in France
Calming down my crazy world
learning true romance

O.S. Brooks