

Poetry Series

Owen Smith
- poems -

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Owen Smith(08/19/91)

All the ebb and flow that is the worlds essence. With the most minimal amounts of cruelty, guilt, shame, and despair as I can live with. At times insightful and others oblivious. Not stable or defined by limits.

A Desert Flower In Bloom

I gave you my heart, in death my soul
Once incomplete, but now it is whole
Like a desert flower, my heart had withered
In your shower of love, my heart was delivered

From a tomb, born from hate
Locked and bound, it was my fate
You, the locksmith of my heart
Set it free, and gave it a start

The tomb of hate, sealed with lies
Is not my fate or my demise
The sky the limit, our path unknown
No matter the peril, my heart you'll own.

Owen Smith

Armor Of Love

Love is an armor stronger than steel
A venom more lethal than time
A cadence more fluid than rhyme
A mortal wound that cannot heal

It's the thorn in your side
The flutter of the heart
The pain of it ripped apart
The monarch of emotional suicide

Love's the breeze over a tranquil sea
The night sky in a dream
It's all and more than it seems
Love is what we want it to be

Morality, not its concern
Dealing death at every turn
Indiscriminant in who it destroys
Love is a paradox of sorrow and joy.

Owen Smith

Drowning In Three Inches Of Water

I just want to go home
Where ever that may be
I don't think I've ever felt at home
Whatever that feels like

I'm not sure what love is
I don't know if anyone knows
I do know one thing
If it exists it's what I feel for you

But I don't know if you feel the same
Despite what you said I have my doubts
I guess I'll just take your word for it
That will have to do for tonight

If home is where the heart is I'm at home with you
Even so I fear an eviction
I can't love with conviction
I just don't know if your words are true.

One day peace will find me
Either above or below the ground
Regardless if I've found
How to be set free

Worries are life's centerpiece
And hope its distraction
A struggle that will never cease
Never will I gain traction

I just slide along waiting to stop
As I collide with a wall
A strange mental block
That won't allow me to fall

So I never get back up
I lay helpless drowning
In 3 inches of water
That's what dreams are made of

Just don't go too far down the rabbit hole
Or you won't find your way out.

Owen Smith

Judge Not Lest Ye Be Judged

The judgemental ones, who should judge themselves.
Are more distrought than those they judge.
Their soul implodes with misery.
Just as their words inflict the same.

Pain is all they know, and pain is all they deal.
The only excitement they have is from the happiness they steal.
Slipping into the abyss of doom
Destroying all life that would bloom.

You shall have your judgement one day.
And the sentence will not be as kind.
It doesn't matter how much you pray.
There is no escape from the ties that bind.

You shall be forced to meet your fate.
And pay for you wrongs at the stake.
Mabey that might compensate
For all the souls you loved to take.

Mabey if this were true the world would be a better place.
All would be good, a smile on every face.
In reality the world will be as grim as ever.
Stuck in this gloomy monotony forever.

Owen Smith

Life's Quest

Why do things seem so perfect when you try to escape from reality?
Never does the imagination depict the correct outcome.
forever tangled in your own shortcomings you weep from disappointment
As your fragile world crumbles around you, life drains from your soul
Expectations bring sorrow as clouds bring rain
I cant bring myself to understand such complexities
Or dream of there being an answer to my questions
I am just absent from my own life and exiled from partisipating
Can I expect so much from so little and still retain any sanity?
Am I destined to hurt those I love?
Or love those I hurt?
Happiness may be subjective but is it attainable?
Only for breif snatches of time do I feel that I am free
then time plays its cruel games and sorrow returns
A purpose unrealized and talent untapped
encased and entrapped by forces unknown
destruction of what I thought life was
Creation of what life should not be
short as it may be it is also too long
for it is too short on happiness and too long on sorrow
the time we do have is borrowed
never will i find what I search for if I dont know what to look for
That is my lifes quest

Owen Smith

Lucid Day-Dreams Of Crimson

Mind trapped within itself.
Isolated from all sense of reality.
I ponder the question by myself.
Of life and its duality.

The perpetual motion that is life and death.
Closer we creep with every breath.
Our purpose for existence, if any at all.
Our need for war over the petty and small.

In this world its blood in, blood out.
The flow of blood is time,
And the stars scattered about.
No one will even here you shout.

A little blood never hurt anyone
So give me your arm and we'll have some fun.
Just a little to tickle the tongue.
Trust me its easier when your young.

It won't hurt.
Not the slightest bit.
You won't remember a thing.
Its all just a dream.....

Owen Smith

Metamorphosis

What reflection do I see in the mirror?
The change couldn't be any clearer
My soul died on the day
The day I blew you away

Does the blood really change my appearance?
Or show how I deal with interference
Your days are numbering less and less
Your existence is so useless.

I metamorphosize
Right before your eyes
You didn't realize
I am your demise

Laughing at your tears
I relish your pain
Your soul has disappeared
Couldn't bear the strain

Of my wicked brain
If you have nothing to fear
You must be insane
I right here

Stalking from behind
Coming for my kill
It's all that's on my mind
Just for the thrill

I metamorphosize
Right before your eyes
You didn't realize
I am your demise

As I devour your flesh
While the blood is still fresh
You will squeal
To me just another meal

I don't care
My hunger is my master
Who said Iife was fair
I engorge ever faster

I metamorphosize
Right before your eyes
You didn't realize
I am your demise

Owen Smith

Mixed Signals

Mixed signals leave me wondering
What is real and what is pretense?
My mind is racing my thoughts are intense
Are my choices worth pondering?
You hurt me once, you hurt me twice
The pain enhanced the attraction
My heart is but a fraction
Split into with one quick slice
Yet I can't get enough
Am I a masochist or just insane
With a sirens song so sweet
You lured me to my grave
The venom in your kiss, my destiny now sealed
For eternal seperation of heart and soul
The time has past, the cards were dealt
If my ruin's your aim, you've exceeded your goal
The past ignored, I jump on the train
The train of sorrow and betrayal
Lies burn like fire, and hate falls like rain
Your burning desire was just a potrayal
I've no one to blame, but myself
It's the same game I first played
She's the same girl who cuts herself
It's time we make a trade
You stole my heart, I'll steal yours for spite
Just in hope to set things right
I tear your heart completely into
To show how i felt to you
When you've suffered long enough
When the road begins to get rough
Then maybe we can love again
And from my heart remove the pins
The missing pieces of our hearts
Are no longer needed, the remants will do
Even with a broken heart, I still love you

Owen Smith

Nostalgia

When I think about the life I'm living
I wonder if it's even a life at all
After all the things I've given
And the times I've taken the fall.

Never does futility cease to amaze me.
The countless pies in the sky
That we think we need just to be.
But the worst thing you could do is try.

My 'pursuit of happiness' is what has me down.
I cast what fortune I had to the wind.
And dove into the waters where I would drown.
Just hoping I could ascend,

Above all of the supposed grief.
My perception is a lie.
And my conscienceness a theif.
Leaving me desolate begging to die.

Our choices are what defines us
So why do i complain about who i am?
Because I have no trust
And I just don't give a .

Owen Smith

Only If I Could

When indifference plagues your every waking second
Not giving a shit becomes a past-time.
Your mind drifts to purgatory
While your body turns to ash
Nevermind what I could have been
I piss gasoline on regrets and watch them burn

If I had something to prove, I would
But I don't
If I had something to die for I would
But I don't
There are somethings I will never know
No matter how hard I try
I won't
I hold solace in the fact I may not see tomorrow

Because ignorance is bliss
And I'm ecstatic
Not a martyr, just a drug fanatic
Trying to find clarity in the static
Only if I could

The real question is, 'When will it end? '
Some say peace is for the dead
I say war is for the dead
Peace a futile conflict with reality
Cold steel the only judgement against their crimes against sanity.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Inceneration of the self-righteous and just

If I had something to prove, I would
But I don't
If I had something to die for I would
But I don't
There are somethings I will never know
No matter how hard I try
I won't
Some questions can't be answered
Because some questions need no answer

Because ignorance is bliss
And I'm ecstatic
Not a martyr, just a drug fanatic
Trying to find clarity in the static
Only if I could

This eutopia can never be
Sometimes it's hard to accept
That we're droplets in the sea
Our insignificance equates to misery
Does it really matter what kind of life you lead?
Because in the end we all shall bleed
Bleed the terrors from our dreams
Bleed it out to silence the screams
Gold isn't gold because it gleams.

If I had something to prove, I would
But I don't
If I had something to die for I would
But I don't
There are somethings I will never know
No matter how hard I try
I won't
When will living on hope and good intentions be enough?

Because ignorance is bliss
And I'm ecstatic
Not a martyr, just a drug fanatic
Trying to find a place in the static
Only if I could

Owen Smith

Some Day

In the begining it was great
Our love was strong, it could never die
In the end, it was fate
Our love was gone, it was just a lie

You told me that it was you
None of this was my fault
I agree, it is true
In my wound your words are salt

You said you loved me as a friend
Not as a lover
This is good-bye, this is the end
Cause I caught you undercover

With a guy you said was a friend
Now I turn and walk away
This is finally gonna end
Mabey I'll love again some day.

Owen Smith

The Awakening

As I walk through a land of ice and snow
My eyes burning red, defying the cold
A swelling hatred, my eyes aglow
I march briskly, a sight to behold

Hell bent on vengeance, blinded by rage
My intent is death, blood from your veins
As I watch, you bleed on the grandest stage
A flow of blood to ease my pain

You're not to blame for my actions
It's the product of my insanity
Our love united, split into fractions
Ignited the spark of calamity

The time has come, it'll be brief
I'm sorry love it must be done
I remove my knife from its sheath
Drove by fear, you turn to run

Before you could let out a scream
My knife danced across your skin
A symphony of blood from my dreams
My mind at peace as it has never been

Though your murder was the first
The taste of your blood greatened my thirst
A ruby red flow awakened the beast
Who's ready to kill and ready to feast

Owen Smith

The Harvester

Hate and corruption they are my creed
To create a harvest out of this seed
A harvest of souls is what I need
Because i do enjoy watching you bleed

Building an army from torture and despair
Makes the most empathetic person not care
There is one thing you can share
Something potent that caught you unaware

That is the disgust of the human race
If you look close it's on every face
Because humans are a disgrace
Soon death will put you in your place

You destroy the earth and you chance
To continue life's big dance
I think it's all a circumstance
Of humanities oblivious trance

You must change before it's too late
Or I will bring you to your fate
Stop the destruction, stop the hate
Or you heads will rest on my plate.

Owen Smith

The Real Test

Some things in this life we so cherish
Are nothing but illusions of what we perceive.
Love, happiness, and truth are but fickle apparitions.
Sometimes it is for the best because our ignorance is what makes life worth
living.
The real test is not what you know but what you do with your knowledge.

Owen Smith

The Second Edge

Those assassins in the night
Who slit your throat and are out of sight
Should know that their knife has two edges
And they will be their own victim.

Owen Smith

True Beauty

Of all the things there are to see
From a crimson sunset
To the autumn trees
I've never seen more beauty yet
Than the sparkle of your eyes
As blue as the sky
Than the smile on your face
Every time we embrace
You the only thing worth living for
In a cold dungeon the only door
That opened to greet my heart
Never to be broken apart
Your love has set me free
And that is true beauty

Owen Smith