

Poetry Series

preston barnes
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

preston barnes(08/04/1993)

hmm..... just ask haha... best thing to do is check out my facebook...

my facebook name is Preston Sterling Barnes and for some reason i dont have a photo... well a profile photo anyway

The Noise

The Noise

if your quiet, and don't make a sound
you will hear a lesson quite profound
you can hear the echo's and the void
you can hear a world being destroyed

sshhh... listen with me my friend
and you will never speak again
hear the thunder, hear the roar
hear the devil knock at the door

hear the children down in Mexico
that little girl kidnaped a week ago
she has been recruited into the trade
made a prostitute and forced to obey

I can hear her on the bed she lays
I can hear her cry to God and pray
"please help me, help me please"
she cries as she takes it on her knees

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listen near the house on Hike Street
hear the children the nanny beat
the parents both died in a car crash
leaving the children with this white trash

who locks them in the wine cellar
and beats them with the bank teller
they both torture them everyday
rather they do wrong or they obey

beatings and lashings with a whip
burning their skin with a candle tip
neighbors heard them cry for 5 years
they heard their shouts and their tears

yet they did nothing just merely said
its nothing, its not like their dead
but they were wrong it did all stop
and all the blood cleaned with a mop

-

listen to the family quite handsome
all with the father Charles Manson
hear them all sing around the fire
as they indulge in their desire

and in the fire burning ever hot
is roasting the man Charles Scot
and in the house is Dave Manson
fucking the body of Lisa Jansson

in the parlor is Jessica Manson
torturing her ex Chuck Franson
Cutting and eating his male piece
frying it up in Crisco grease

and good Charles the father
still remains quite the charmer
and it will be still six more years
until we may put away our fears

- -

if your quiet, and don't make a sound
you will hear a lesson quite profound
you can hear the echo's and the void
you can hear a world being destroyed

listen to all the many nations cry
for all their countrymen who die
fighting for freedom and for peace
not yet knowing it will never cease

for rather Adolf or Benito or Stalin
peace will never ever come a-calling
not until all the men around them

find the courage to surround him

for their will was broken long ago
any other world they don't know
only hatred, only death and war
that's all their life has in store

-

I could go on and on of the sounds
and all the hollowing of the hounds
the rapist and cannibals and killers
the murder's, crooks and thrillers

of the dictators, war and violence
no where in the world is silence
everywhere is evil and great pain
rather in daylight, darkness or rain

can you hear it, oh do you hear! ! !
I feel their pain, I feel their fear! ! !
in Africa I hear the hunger about
the people starve as they shout...

this is your world, do you hear! ! !
all this that you have heard here! ! !
this is your world everyday or hour
and the darkness will overpower....

it will overpower your soul..... do you hear..... no where is it quite.... no
where....

this is my promise my dear friend
that this noise will have an end....
I care not what it will take of me
but I will come at your plea...

I will fight off the noise all around
so alas the world will have no sound....
I will kill the killers and the thrillers
murder the Mansons and the Millers

I will save those children in the trade
and cut all those men with a blade
I'll cut off all their genitals, each one
so they will never again have their fun

I will end all war all over the land
tear down armies at our command
and all who cry for help each night
I will come for you... and I will fight

all those who cant grow any stronger
i promise you wont suffer any longer....

oh my rage, oh the noise..... I am growing death from the noise.....

if you have listened here to all
know that I will kill them all.....
I'll kill each murdering whelp
but I will need your help.....

stop the noise..... make it silent..... give men a chance to live free without fear
so that each man may see the beauty of the sunrise or the dawning of the
day..... and not be afraid any more..... give them a chance to find love..... so
they can live in peace here..... become great men and even legends.....like
Lincoln, Noah or Thomas Edison... please help me.....

..... Stop The Noise.....

this will be your world.....

- Preston Barnes -

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