

Poetry Series

Ricky Owen
- poems -

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Ricky Owen(10/5/1992)

A Day At The Countryside

I sit silenced
on a long, green, grassy field,
staring at the countryside`s beautiful scenery,
taking in the sound
of birds humming,
so quiet and tender,
I could faintly
hear my heart drumming.

The day is so lovely,
the sun is shining with light,
birds in beautiful voice
made my day at the countryside...

Amazing and bright.

Ricky Owen

A Dear John

Reading a Dear John with blurry, red eyes,
letters swimming, with shock 'n' surprise,
pains in my head right down to my toes,
shaking in my now sweating, wet clothes.

walking around shedding many, hurtful tears,
thinking about all those wonderful years,
the good, the bad...the happy, the sad,
does it now make her gratefully glad? .

But,

I will admit, she was beautiful, she shone,
I now have to sadly accept...shes gone! .

Ricky Owen

A Thumping Headache

A thumping headache
always beating
and a banging,
crashing, sharp pains,
leave my eye lids hanging.
Tablets I swallow
like no tommorow
Please just leave me
to my lonely sorrow.

Ricky Owen

Alone In The Dark.

All alone in the pitch, black, frightening dark,
hearing fade, quiet whispers, back starts to ark,
walking quicker and faster, heart starts pumping,
with the knees and arms fail to stop thumping.

The nervousness kicks in with the taste of fear,
collapsing with a heart attack...is next to appear.

Ricky Owen

Downer Of The Day.

Its a downer of a day
all miserable, angry
no other way,
weathers so dreary,
clouds so grey,
tucked in a grizzly bed
that`s were we stay,
hoping that goodness... comes are way.

Ricky Owen

Dreaming Time

I always wonder why time
races to the tape.
My emotions look for
a way of escape.
My time edges closer
as I murmur and sigh,
with thoughts in my head
I remember goodbye.
Constantly consider
in a day-dream bed
I move closer along
the path of life...

dream of a lovely baby,
born of a beautiful wife

Ricky Owen

Facing Your Fears

When facing your horrible, nervous, tense fears,
clench the emotion, don` t grab those dreadful tears.
Take a deep breath, stand straight, stay strong,
keep your head up, don` t encounter the wrong.

Face the mad, sad fear, get yourself involved,
till you overcome it...an the problems solved.

Ricky Owen

Going Away From Home.

I will soon be sadly departing away from home
to see many places, faces, Paris maybe even Rome
the age of sweet 16... I`ll be tearfully all alone
marching to the Royal Navy...nervously on my own

When it finally come`s down to that madness of a day
will I have second thought`s...of will i go or will i stay
going away isn`t as simple as it`s sounds
not so many high`s, plenty of miserable downs

But

Unfortunately,

Everybody has to leave home at some kind of stage
make a fresh start...turn to a eventful, different page.

Ricky Owen

How Come The Good Times Never Ever Last?

How come the good times never last?
When your having an bomb, having a blast
bad times go slow, good times go fast,
future comes next, remembering the past.

The good times gone in an instant, quick flash,
burning great memories...melting to ash.

Ricky Owen

I Remember Primary School, Do You?

I still remember primary school all those brilliant games,
kiss chase, bulldog...I remember the names,
and when we wasn't aloud out in the soggy, wet rain,
us 20 mad, moaning kids were quick to complain.

All we wanted to do is cheerfully play
not learn...but play madly all day! .

Ricky Owen

It`s The Time Of Year.

It`s the time of year
when all of the lovers hit top gear,
it`s a valentines cheer,
but for the singles
it`s a valentines fear,
and guess what? ...

it`s almost here! .

Ricky Owen

Jealousy Leads To Attacking.

The poetry I know is not made for attacking
people jealous of others 'cause there truly slacking
the content in front just keeps on lacking
to much jealousy will send you packing

but

why hate on others, (just concentrate on yourself)
fix up your content... don` t ruin your health
attacking, will just leave you a name
if you get hated on... you got yourself to blame! .

Ricky Owen

Life Without Money

Life without the joyfulness of money,
would be somewhat, far removed from funny.

All miserable, crazy, feeling down,
nothing less than a moody frown.

Having no style, or street cred. trend...

without lovely money to madly spend.

Ricky Owen

My Life, Imaged In A Mirror.

Looking into the daunting glass,
of a reflecting mirror,
my life flashed
in speedy images,
at the clear picture
of myriad years.

Like a prism,
the experience of life
shot in bright colours
and blinded my mood.

The images in the mirror,
unlighted my day,
i was tearfully shocked...
with nothing to say.

Ricky Owen

The Expectation`s Of The First Date.

I`m waiting for the date to arrive at mine
smartly dressed, teeth that shine
expectation`s are truely high,
loads of wine the date should fly
hopefully,
she is one of a kind, a beautiful, lovely
that stay`s on my mind

Fills the room with loads of passion
smartly dressed in a ordinary fashion,
end`s the night with a magical kiss
hopefully,
the date...matches all this

Ricky Owen

Ricky Owen

Typical English Summers Day.

We English-look forward to our summer
with thoughts of brown sun tanning our skin
just lay back relax & burn & grin
with a light refreshment in one hand
a bite to eat in the other
you know your having a good time
with cheery smiles from mother to brother

but
unfortunately, its never like this
English summer-taking the hiss
infact,
we are in doors...unable to complain
impossible to go outside & turn off the rain
we just stay bored-out of our brain
listening to pitter patter going insane.

Ricky Owen

What Will Happen When We Move Forward In Time?

I wonder what will happen
When we move forward in time?
Will tomorrows poetry still contain
Free verse and rhyme? ,
Will the sun still have
That glorious shine?
Will the starving start getting
More of our time?
Will these roads still
Have yellow 'n' white lines?
Will our vineyards still produce
The sweetest of wines?

I wonder! ! !

Ricky Owen

What Will The Year Of 2008 Bring? .

What will the year of 2008 bring
a shining, gold crown on a new king
a gangster with new fresh, stylish bling
a baby robin ready to hum, tweet, sing
a piece of white snow ready to fall
having no cold, rain drawling at all
new crying, wet babies ready to crawl
no drunken pub fights after a sprawl
different types of race about to be born
last faces...people may sadly mourn
young hearts being broken, snapped, torn
old, amazing legends on the brink - reborn
a girl with a smooth, wet, lovely kiss
will the year of 2008...bring all of this? ! .

Ricky Owen

When I Saw Her.

A boiling, hot summers day was when I saw her
she had lovely, straight, blonde hair
i couldn` t help but gaze a stare
her beautiful blue eyes lit up brightly in the sun
i knew from a glimmer of a second she was the one

she is still in my dreams to this lonely day
having her in my life, i plead and pray.

Ricky Owen

Why Relate To Drink And Drugs?

Why do people relate to drink 'n' drugs
becoming criminals 'n' street cred thugs? ,
why not just get a standard education...

stand up tall, don` t ruin the nation! .

Ricky Owen