

Poetry Series

Ryan Collins
- poems -

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Ryan Collins()

I, funnily enough, do not have a book published. I actually am not going into the field of writing poetry. I'm actually studying to be a police officer. I write poems once in a while to get the creative thoughts out of my head. This helps me think more clearly and it is a fascinating hobby. Not only do I write poetry but I enjoy writing a few short stories. If you ever see my name on a published work one day, then just skim it over and see if you like it. If not, well its no skin off my bones. So enjoy the poems I hope you can relate or understand to what I wrote.

A New Breed

Lies sweep across the plains of life
they soar causing mischief and grief.
The wind can't move them,
no force can stop them.
They move at their choosing.
Their life cycle starts from a small white egg
they grow as it moves over each person.
Growing and changing size and shape
until it is a monstrous bird of prey.
It will nest in your ears.
Feed on the truth
and shit out deceit.
Damn these devils I have listened to.
Too many for too long

Written: February 24,2010

Ryan Collins

A New Dream I Never Had: Revised

When the clock strikes 11: 11 I wish
When the clock strikes 12 I dream
At 1 I'm in love.
At 1 were together
Miles apart and yet together in our dreams
Beyond the highest cloud
Past the sun and the stars itself
In a world all of our own
We hold each other and dance
The beats go fast and slow as her voice goes high and low.
I never want this to end, just to dance forever
Staring straight into those lovely eyes
To have the touch of her soft lips on mine
To have the scent of her hair all around us
And the smile I want to lose myself in
She will never frown because she knows that I might die
But we notice our last moments and must end the night well
As our clocks strikes 6 and the must dream end
I fly back to my home
And she to hers
I don't worry though
I'll see her at 10 again

At 10 I'll be lost in her smile
Wishing for the touch of her soft lips
And forever staring into those lovely eyes
Will I be able to hold her?
Will she dance with me?
We will have no music
Everyone will watch as she holds her hands inside mine
Now at 11: 11 I don't need to wish
Now at 12 I don't have to dream
At 1 we'll be together
But for right now I'll live in the moment
Because I'm holding her tightly
And never letting go
As she sings her song that plays high and low

The moon is our light
The trees our witness
The grass the dance floor
As I hold her she may not yet know
I am there for her
If she calls for me I will come running
She has not yet learned no matter what
Broken or dying
I will always come back
This is my promise
This is my swear
I shall be her sword and shield
Only if she needs me there
Katie my girl
Katie my sweet
I typed this poem
After dancing off my feet
The dream I had was beyond compare
You were beautiful
And I was there
You only laughed at me once
When I tripped on a leaf
I grimaced only once but I found relief
Because I saw that smile
The only smile that can save a life
It healed my leg and I jumped up back on my feet
And we continued to dance to a very gentle beat
This poem may seem corny
And you're probably tired of hearing this line
But "honey I love you, if you love me will
You please smile for me"
So I can see your face and you can see mine.

Written: November 7,2009

Ryan Collins

A New Life

This place,
left alone after the fight.
Quiet, desolate,
far away where no one else can reach.
Proud buildings remain tall over the brave structures that stood
in front of gun fire.
This town is perfect for us
the battles have ended
the war has changed fights.
No one left,
except us.
I don't need anyone except for you.
If I feel alone I have you,
if I need a shoulder to lean on I have you,
if I need someone to laugh with,
if I need someone to nurse me back,
if I need share my love,
if the world ends I have you.
This place is a ghost town of memories.
History took place in this town,
but I could never prove it.
All of the rubble amounts to nothing.
Only to prove a war strode through.
Its getting dark!
let me start a fire and shelter
for this is now our home.

Written: February 24,2010

Ryan Collins

A Papers Width

It's been contemplated
Its been planned and thought out
There's no one home
No one to see
No one to hear
No one to know
Sense
Detect
No one to stop me
I close the blinds
Turn off the lights
I draw the gun from my pocket
And press it to my head
The barrel is cool as it touches
My finger is on the trigger about to break glass
"Do it, it will all be over soon"
"No! Don't listen! Do not be tempted so easily"
"Its OK just squeeze it, you won't feel a thing"
"It's a lie, it might be quick but you'll feel it! "
"But you'll escape, show them the pain they caused you"
"You'll only hurt more people if you do.
you're holding the gun! Decide now! "
I have the gun
I have to decide
Please someone stop me I don't want to do it
My hand begins to tighten
Someone help me
The hammer drops
The bullet will fly through me
It will soon be the last thing in my mind
What happened?
The gun stopped!
The hammer stopped just before striking the bullet
The space was small only a papers width
As was my mind to do it or not
With my plan foiled I hide the gun
I sit by the door and think about what I almost had done.

Written: September 8,2006

Ryan Collins

A Poem For Antony From Johanna

I'm sitting at my window
Staring at the world that never changes
Gray skies, with no birds
blank streets down below with faces full of hopes lost
Dreams forgotten
Ambitions that got away
At least they look better than the sky line
Black smoke from old houses and flats
This is my only scenery
My room is filled with light but no pictures or paintings
Only lamps, a bed, and a locked door
That door
The one of my three escapes that will never happen
Besides the 17 foot dropp or death
I remain hopeful that my life will change

Wait...who's that?
The man with brown hair looking at me through my window
Most men do this
But this is different
He must stop
Stop looking before he sees
How can I get him to stop
I can't tempt him; I must get out of sight
Is he still there?
He must've left
Please have him leave
No he's still there
Stop calling my name
He will hear
Stop, Please!
Where are you going?
No don't come inside?
Run!
How can I warn you without him knowing?

Did you escape?
Are you alright?
He beat you

I hear you in the alleyway
What's that?
He wants to be with me
He speaks of something that cannot be
He can never have
Not without...
The Key!
Please come back tomorrow
Sneak past quietly and I'll give you the key
Don't Forget
Remember me in your thoughts
Remember you must save Johanna
Please
Save me

Written: February 24,2010

Ryan Collins

A Poem For The Everyday Routine College Student

Days roll by with endless work here
I know it is not much as it appears
But if you were sitting here, if you were me
With this clock ticking by you would see
That it truly isn't easy
"All work and no play makes jack a dull boy"
Same here goes for me; where there's no company or joy
Alone with a desk and a notebook filled with paper
And it's true, the silence makes it harder
Music should fill the air
Laughter should break out everywhere
There should be dancing all around
Not this room, empty of all sound
Only a couple more days left
Although this work is committing theft
So now I think it's time to close the book
And end the work that has always been the crook
Let me enjoy the next few days
I'll go outside and enjoy the sun's rays
Goodbye chair, notebook, and boredom
Hello to a new day with its new freedom

Written: November 18,2010

Ryan Collins

A Poet's Rant

Each page, A blank canvas
The pen, The linking brush
My hand and arm, The creators
My mind, The imaginative dreamer
The issue is the bringing about of a colorful picture
Due to my chosen art my stroking motions of pen mean nothing in poetry
The story and language of my broken thoughts
Are to converge and stick to make one solitary piece
The issue is they never stay constant or stick
Always changing by the hour of thought and emotion
The thoughts of an elusive rhyme scheme never fulfilled
So I'll try to do the best I can with increasing practice
Practice in reading a Thesaurus perhaps?
Although for now I shall try to write elegant whimsical words
That the world seems to have forgotten n'less it is heard in a work of
Shakespeare
Or in a Medieval movie
Similar to a conjured phrase such as,
My aforethought words drip from a scaly desert of a tongue of whose reading can
be found in the unlockable cave known to that of this poet.
Despite its attractiveness to the eyes of a skimmer or wandering reader
Some may appreciate the sentimental phrase I made

Ryan Collins

A Travels End

Its almost at an end.
The life I had, the life I led.
It comes to me on a train, snow falling light and swift.
The hard day's are over, its all over.
The path forward, toward home is closer.
The pain that ached my back, shoes that have lost tread;
will be soothed and taken off by day's end.
My eyes are weary, for traveling takes its toll,
but I will miss these days of adventure.
The unknowing mystery of it all.
I do not know who will replace me, for this is to change.
They'll sit where I sat, walk where I walked.
Their time to wander, wonder, and explore where I too have gone before.
Their day is soon approaches as my time closes.
Maybe they'll hear my tale.
Without body and voiceless.
To conclude because my hand is rather unsteady.
I am home with those I love and I am ready.
Good luck now new traveler, please tell your tale better.
For I wish to read it one day, in more suitable weather.

Ryan Collins

A Wedding Vow

To think of how much I love you
and put them in simple lines for everyone to hear.
To be before you and thinking of how to say it,
to say it in any other way is the hardest thing I ever had to do.
Loving you is easy, living with you is easy, being your friend is easy.
To put my actions into words and add in all my feelings about you;
it would take forever to describe.
I will try now, and know it still won't do it justice.
I fell in love with you almost instantaneously when we met,
and that love has grown exponentially as the days passed.
It brought me closer to who you are and showed me who I am.
I thank you for everything, for being by my side on the worst days.
On the hardest
On the saddest
On the best
You've been by my side
I'll be by yours forever
That is what I promise you
To be by your side to love and support you on and after death
I will never leave you without the intention of returning.
Or, its basically what I've been doing this whole time.
So, I love you!

Written: March 26,2012

Sir Ryan C. The First

Ryan Collins

Back To My Work

It's time for me to write again
The poems were on pause
So as to ease my mind
Now I see it only took my emotions away
It was locked with the thoughts of new poems
Now I'm back and filled to the brim
Here come the poems
For so long tried to escape to paper
Blocked by procrastination and laziness
Welcome to the world new poems
May the paper caress you for years to come

Written January 31,2011

Ryan Collins

Bleeds Through

My 'Bleeds Through' poems are of emotions that enter or escape as you read
If you feel a call to action, sadness, happiness, relative tingling
Or anything
Then something in those words bleed through into you
How the emotions contribute is the bleeding out
Bleeding is not of only blood
It is strictly the slow oozing of feeling
Until it eventually clots and stops
Read these with a open mind and heart
Let the words soak in and leave as they came
Slowly

March 14,2012

Ryan Collins

Bleeds Through: Bringer Of Modern Clarity

What has the world come to today?
Gas is four dollars a gallon
Inflation is on the increase
Housing markets down
The war continues
And teachers are suffering job loss!
In grade school,
I thought my teachers were evil
They slept inside coffins in the schools basement
Only to rise when they heard my name called
It was a hell for me
When I turned sixteen
I realized how hard it was to be a teacher
With several students under them, three-hundred or more
Makes you wonder why governments are making it harder for them
The classes I suffered through in college taught me the skills I needed
I learned how to apply them later while observing
I admit, I wasn't perfect my first year of teaching
But I learned quick
Why ruin education?
Harder classes for students and less teachers to help
Sure make the classes harder, challenge the students!
Why challenge the teachers?
Twenty-five was my size of classes all my years of learning
Thirty plus is too much to handle effectively
To watch the progress of each through grades in elementary school is unrealistic
It conflicts with my psychology courses with watching only grades
A dying profession the teacher is
Optimism is my muse and savior
To teach the future leaders and core of the worlds work force
Is the only thing keeping me going
Thank you my students
'Good morning class, lets turn to page twenty-four in our math books! '

March 14,2012

Ryan Collins

Bleeds Through: Sleeplessness Of A Warrior

As dark and vibrant as always
There is not a moment that goes by when you're not on my mind
Because of that I wonder why I'm still here
I watched you all run and play
You two play so good together
Your father is slowing down now
It's funny watching him try to catch you
If he could I bet he would hold you in his arms
And never let you go
Just like me
When I would hold you, I never wanted to let you go
So soft sweet tender you both are
I brought you into a world like this one
Now I remember
I remember why I wear this uniform
And sleep on this hard cot
I remember why I'm here
I promised you, you both
Cradled in front of me I said I would protect you
There are people still who might try and hurt us
I can't let that happen
Trust your father when I'm not there
Don't hate me for leaving, I'm doing it for us
As goofy as ever, your father is a good one
We'll keep him for now
As to you my sweet husband
I still clearly see that silly smile and bed head of hair
How your hands so rough and dry grip my mine each morning
As you whisper I love you in the sunrise
As you whisper I love you as sleep drifts
When I rest my head down on you
Heart beating so fast like when we met
Your cuteness as a teenager still remains
I'll be home soon my loves, my best decisions, my priceless treasures
As the moon shines light, let it shine over you
And of my return from this desert soon

March 14,2012

Bleeds Through: The Truth Will Not Be Silenced

Strength and fortitude is my message friends
Tonight we have gathered in this stuffy inn to wage war
Ironic though it be we are practitioners of peace
Our enemies have lived for too long
Our corrupted government has run its course
Now us, The Middle
Comprised of apprentices, journeymen, artisans, and masters
We will not let the Bushwahzee and pious government to reign
Now we fight
Fight as well by our trade
Grab your tools, paper, canvas
Let the arts sing of our heroism
Shall the paper show our retribution to the corners of Europe
Be that all constructs wage revenge and ill tidings
Strength and fortitude amongst us friends
If we divide an hold personal dwellings that linger dear,
Our conquest is forfeit
Bravery my countrymen, our people call for saviors
A New Regime
Lead by the middle to save all lower and equal
Go now all of you time is short and needed
By this time soon can we all rise as equal French
Go now and save all that can be saved
Strength and fortitude
Strength and fortitude
May God help us all

March 14,2012

Ryan Collins

Blocked

Stuck again
The block is back
Stopping the flow of imagination
And ideas
"The writers block"
Solid and thick as lead
Heavy as a planet
Just landed and is up to its old tricks
My thoughts crash into it and can't be set free
Why now, when it is crucial must you block me
Come back in an hour or two
You'll be appreciated more then
These stories are good
The poems aren't dead
Come on you must see them inside my head
You're making my pen run out of ink
Having to cross out thoughts and feelings on this page
I guess I'll be stuck with the block until it leaves
Chuckling with glee
Knowing I couldn't finish the work in time
That was supposed to be about me

Written: November 18,2010

Ryan Collins

Came To My Aid

A morning with no sleep
School looming a few hours away
A face of depression realizing the day before me
Today was a struggle
A struggle to wake up
To go to school
To stay awake
To make it home safe
While on the train I slipped into my world
Blackest night lit by only a few street lamps
Snow blankets the houses making them cozy and snug
In the middle of a lane scanning the scene in front of me
A face appears in the darkness
A face belonging to a woman

Snow blustered and flew between us
The woman was too far to see clearly as the snow swirled around us
She wore white in a form of a ball room gown
And moved as if not connected to the world
Her grace and unsurpassed beauty made me quake and shiver
First came voice calling my name
Then her arms outstretched and searching for my embrace
A face with a large smile and blue eyes sparkling their star pattern
Her hair in long curls brushing her shoulders
Atop which sat a tiara
My girl
The girl
The only girl
Was there in my world
Rushing to her
Running into her embrace and holding her in mine
Gripping tightly as the snow slowed and flowed lazily in the air
Time slowed to let us be together for longer
I took her hand in mine and bowed
"May I have this dance" i asked
Curtsying and saying, "I'd be delighted"
Our hands intertwined
And her hand on my shoulder, mine on her waist
We began to twist and turn as music softly played in the night

Her smiling face was the last I saw

The train shook to a sudden stop

Here I was, home at last

Checking my phone I saw the time

And that my girl called me

She thought of me too as I slept

"Don't worry beautiful" I whispered

"I'm home"

Ryan Collins

Can It Be Memory, Inspiration, Or Figment Causing This?

The poems I write are a story of my life
They are a foreseeable future, a regret filled past
In this they stain, in my poems they stain
The dreams, my ideals, life lessons, and hopes
Flood on to the page waiting to be read
Stranger they become
Stranger to be in my mind
How they come to be there
That bolt of lines that swirl and toil in my mind
They say for my allure, they sway for my attention
'Take me', they cry, 'Take me for your own'
'Release us from here, bring us to life and capture us in
your work! '
'Immortalize us in history on that page! '
They sway faster in an angry tempo
Chanting now on how to be used
Begging, pleading to be used
I grasp the pen and paper
Pull my laptop closer
I write and type as fast as my hands can go
The tempo soothes, and the swaying stops
All is quiet
All is empty
They are released, glorified on this magnificent page.

Written: January 21,2012

Ryan Collins

Collision

Space, made of the pulsing endless vastness of the human imagination
Stars glow, comets fly, rocks drift all of this is silent as it happens in each galaxy
Quite soundless work taking it's time
Everything must be perfect, efficient
When something foreign or new touches this space all of the workers
Must now create harmony and must accommodate the friend or intruder
If this foreign friend feels right like it must belong space will keep it
If it is an intruder planning to destroy comets fly to battle and attack
The white comets must protect its red rocks and absent sun
Then one faithful day space began to pulse faster as a foreign
Friend came into contact
The friend felt warm, soft, new, and inviting
It was another galaxy
It began pulsing as they became closer and closer
We fly away from these pink and red galaxies into the bodies of two people
Then further and further until we see them begin their new journey
A touch
A kiss
In the night
As the stars glow, comets fly, and rocks drift soundlessly and forever

Written: January 21,2010

Ryan Collins

Coming Or Going

It's becoming more and more real
These visions, these dreams
They're taking more and more likeness of the people here
Waking up in a drenched with sweat shirt
Thinking that you are here
It's becoming more and more real
Is this the reality?
The page I write this on to the air I breathe
Is this actually here?
Or am I about to awake?
It's becoming more and more real
I don't control either outcome if it is only the two worlds
One does have to be a reality and the other has to be the dream
But which can I say is real
It's becoming more and more real
There is a difference that I have found
And it does keep my body bound
However, before I state my convincing notion
I came up with a suitable proposition
Whether awake or asleep, here or there
I must and accordingly maintain normalcy
It's becoming more and more real
Digressing back, the difference is where I sleep and memories remembered
My arrogance allows me the insight to know where I sleep, I wake
I keep this as remembrance, reference
Because as in my dreams
It's becoming more and more real
Good Night

Sir Ryan C. The First
March 3,2012

Ryan Collins

Going Back Or Staying Here

I can't fall back
I won't go back
If there's one thing I must do
It is to stay here
I've got to hold on
Hold out
I can't fall back
Never go back
I might not escape next time
I can't go back

Seeping through the cracks
Moving slowly, creeping to me
It wants me
"Come back", it calls
"You were happy here, you could do anything here"
"We made you who you are"
"Come back", it calls

Tempting
So unbelievably tempting
I could fall back
It's just so easy to go back
I'll let it envelope me
Let it course through my veins
To my brain and heart
Let it fill me up
And explode through me
"Bring me back", I call
"Bring me back"

Moving faster, sliding on the floor
It screams, "YES! Yes, yes, yes! "
A foot away it leaps
"Here I come", I say
Swallow me back into my darkened world
"I'm coming home"
Just close my eyes
"I'm coming home"

Standing still
Nothing moves
Looking the darkness is gone
But something is here
Her arms are around my neck
"I'm home", she says
I wrap my arms around her
"Yes, you're home", I say
Again she saves me
Saves me from going back

She is my light
A little that will never go out
She will never know the darkness in me
But she'll always guide me home
Because home is only where she is
And the only place I can be safe
Safe next to her
My light, my love

Written: November 18,2010

Ryan Collins

How It Is

How it is

A templed pool of water

Mirrored deep, blue, and calm

Silence surrounds and hushes all things

The canopy extends to the sky above

to which only stars shine

The room is warm in the air

rising beyond its reaches

having no wind best it.

Delicate strands hold this in place

Fresh not tampered, unchanged

Cannot be touched by mortal man

Saintly, angelic, and pure

Never to be tainted;

a child's dream.

Written November 29,2012

Ryan Collins

I Have Always Wanted To Write You One, Sorry It Took So Long To Find My Inspiration...Hey That Rhymes!

Written: October 12,2011

Since we were born, I think we were meant to be
The best of friends we were and are, nothing ever came between
Sharing came easy to us, for our parents to see
To be honest, you were never evil or mad and definitely not mean

As the years went past, taller and taller we grew
You were taller for a while then, but I won as we always knew
Our competitions became more elaborate, you were smart I athletic
Although, I think my writing skills are better but my handwriting still pathetic

Look at our accomplishments now, past President of HICAP and me an ex-Captain
Both black belts and teachers in the makin'
We have shown courage, endurance, tolerance, and loyalty
Which is seen in our friends to whom we never forsaken

I know in the future, with no doubt in my mind
No matter what happens we will be at each others side
We have seen each other struggle and fought through with out rest
For me it was to be like you who always was clearly the best

I never told you who my heros are, especially who they are today
It is you, Mom, and Dad. And Mike Piazza, when the field was called Shea
I have always looked up to you, literally and metaphorically
And I have never want to leave you, or have you go away

In the best way that I can
In the best way like no other
Happy Birthday Meg
from your Little Brother

Ryan Collins

I'M Always With You

The love that I have for you
I never fully expressed it, have I?
Usually I say that there isn't enough time to tell you
I have said, "I love you" to you
But now you'll know what I mean.
When I say, "I love you" it means:
Those days that you're gone away and I don't see you
I feel so alone
I miss you every second your gone
And I feel as if I was swallowed by something dark
But I will wait for your return.
When I do see you and I look into your eyes
I see the person that I would do anything for
I will easily die for you
and come back if you wanted
Then if on any day someone tries to hurt you
They will have the misfortune of meeting me
I know you never want me hurt
But what is that compared to you hurt
I will fight through the dark
I will endure the pain
I will fight the loneliness
I won't give into sorrow
You will always see me again
I will hold you in my arms
I will hold you close and tight
In this world of ours I may not be superman
But I will go further than he could to keep you safe
If you call my name I will come running
I'll protect you
I will keep you safe
I'll do whatever it takes
To put it simply, I love you

Written August 16,2010

Ryan Collins

In My Hands

I don't feel pain
I want to feel pain
But I feel the pain
Of the world
Each cry of help
I hear
Every hit
I feel
Every dream crushed
Crushes me
Every death
Takes away my soul
The world is on my shoulders
I have lost my feelings
Love
Laughter
Compassion
Caring
Understanding
I have no hate
I feel
Sad for the sad
Depressed for the depressed
Bored of tired
When the worlds on your shoulders you feel nothing
You are a empty shell
Wanting
And not wanting
To be picked up
I am that shell
I care for others and not myself
I swore I'd die fighting for what I believe in
And that is
The happiness of others
And their safety
I want nothing more
And nothing less of that dream
Dream that most think crazy
But in the end I am a little crazy

Written: November 26,2005

Ryan Collins

In Wait!

Your arms are warm wrapped around my body
Your breath, sweet, lazily it wafts over my face
I can feel your chest rise and fall next to mine
Your hair and eyes shine brightly in the dark
As I close my eyes to dream off
I wake in this dark room to find I left the dream behind
The cold air from the window swings its fanged head and bites at my exposures
To think, you were just here
Not a memory but a dream, a wish, my wish
To have that dream in reality
Given two or four years time
That dream will be real
For now I live in a real nightmare until the sun comes
Due to the darkness and lone dreamer
It is hard to find comfort and return to a calm sleep
As thoughts of you press hard on my mind and sway thus
It only deepens the wounded thought that I must wait hours to see you
Hours to hold and years to fulfill that dream
For now I shall dream and dwell upon them
Because dreams give me insight to the future
Let it be a De'javu.

Ryan Collins

Journey 1. To The Hollow Divine

I can not follow
I can not find
Of this hollow
Which is said to be divine

Through the maw of the Dragons Mouth
Past the high risen tress head south
Listen for water
Find the moss
Search for the statue embossed with an Albatross

Continue westward as directed
Find the stone where the sword was embedded
Bring light to this stone
and it will show you to the back bone
To the back bone of stone must go
Because this is where you find the hollow

When you see the door covered with vines
You must ask politely to enter in a rhyme
If done correctly you shall enter the hollow divine
Step carefully though, your life is hanging on twine

Reaching the stone, I say, 'Stone anyone home'?
'I have come a long way and without further delay.
would enjoy to go through and venture this hollow'
As the directions did spake, there came an earthquake
And cracked the stone in two
Timidly and cautiously and looking about
I tip toed silently through

A wondrous light and marvelous sight
Was beheld before my very eyes
Nothing was here that I detest or despise
Only the dreams I had the wishes I made
As if crafted by God and was gently laid
They were real, they were living
And in most cases breathing

I ran to them quick
I ran to them with glee
Although I sensed that I must flee
After three steps, my dreams turned on me
They became nightmares, evil ghosts and spirits
I must leave now I have forsaken my visit

I ran to the door
Which did not stretch evermore
Back to the forest through hole I see
I could feel the nightmares breath trailing behind me
With a jump I leapt
Through the whole where dreams are kept

I slid on the ground and quickly turned round
To see the stone with vines wrapped around
I looked to the stone and sank to the ground
Realizing the mistake that was bound to occur
I asked to come in, that was not obscure
But I did not thank the hollow for that I am sure
Thats why my dreams turned on me, with thoughts of murder

This quest is over, the next shall begin
But back to the inn, where tonight I shall din
I don't know where after I shall go
Though definitely not here, back to the hollow

Written: October 13,2011

by Ryan Collins

Ryan Collins

Just To Get You Out And Away

The poem is stuck on my tongue, and is between the gears in my head.
It changes from a love poem then to a deep, dark, and depressing one again.
Well it did match the weather outside.
Why is it that, staring at this piece of blank paper, can't my poem be on it.
It is a figment! No, a fragmented thought that needs to be complete.
Where's the inspiration to draw you out?
The elegant and superfluous words need you; they call you.
They call out as did Romeo called out to fair Juliet.
Actually, the poem doesn't want fancy word play.
Could be, maybe it should be a poem that can rhyme...with time!
Thinking about that, I don't think so.
This poem is stubborn to bring forth.
Screw you undetermined poem ever changing in my head!
Here I'll write one for you.
In this, I expel you from clogging my thoughts.
Go now, drift into someone else's mind.
Stop there concentration until they rid of you.

Written: November 18,2010

Ryan Collins

Meeting Of Seasons

A Summer's dancing epitaph
Spins and reels the photograph
Of which, Spring, melts the snow away
Fall blossoms colors unknown and unseen
When tress go thin and skeletal from wean
The winds of Winter in the cold white blankets
Warm the hearts of on lookers and seasons alike
Summer looks on this in despair
No sun can shine with clouds in the air

Ryan Collins

My Love Renewed

Everyday I see you where you go
Every step every move I notice
I can't get you off my mind
Your face is on the ceiling above me
And the ground below me

You tempt me in my deepest dreams
Emotions fly past in a world of color
Is this dream telling me something?
What is it telling me?
What are you trying to tell me, I call
The answer I receive is my fast
And heavy breath in my cold room in the dark
With my brain spinning around in circles

I think I get how you make me feel
I finally get what my heart already knew
And what my mind was telling me
That I must tell you
Share my inner most feelings about you
And hopefully by some chance you feel the same

I can tell by that smile and the stare in your
Eye that you must feel the same
Can you give a nod or say yes?
Something more obvious that doesn't make
Me quiver in front of you
It has been a long while of this silence
Please give me a sign or symbol of how you feel

It has been a month now and I am
Laughing and singing in my sleep
I wake each morning with a smile on my face
I am happy once more that my
Fondness of you was accepted
And has multiplied by two

I wrote this poem out of recent events that have passed
And are looking out toward the new ones that we may see

We shall make milestones and celebrate each one
With either a hug, high five, a kiss, or sticking out our tongues
Because we are the one that like to have fun

Written: June 7,2010

Ryan Collins

My Side

Black emptiness is where I travel
Casting shadow where ever I go
Someone must play this part
There must be balance to make this world work
There needs to be darkness
May I bring despair, hate, and jealousy
into the lives of others
I despise myself
I despise the thought of being alone on the hated side
I am revolted even though I didn't choose this life
But as I said there needs to be a balance
And she is on the other side

There's always a ray of light in the darkness
She is that light I wish to have stabbed in me
She is my light, the guide of my love
I can feel her deep in my heart
But the darkness covers her in my eyes
Though she is always with me
Because as she casts light there must always be a shadow

I sit near a blackened pool on the opposite side of the world
and I look at the closest reflection I have of you
The moon shines on as I'm wishing you were here
I look into the pool and think of the time we have spent
Those brief few moments when light met dark

'This is a love to fight for'
That's what I said the last time we met
You shook your head and said
'In the end we'll both lose'
Time fades fast
I must convince her here and now
'Look at me' I said in her ear
She looks and her eyes twinkle
'If at anything my dream came true
I brush back her hair
'I got to meet a girl like you'
Gentle lips meet

Sometimes a kiss is all you need to do

That day was the last time I saw her
As time hit the right mark we were forced to pull away
Me into darkness
She into light
I grab her hand and try not to let go
But I was being pulled back
I yell so she could hear
'I'll come back to you I promise'
She nods
'I know you will'
And we break
I am swallowed in the darkness again
Alone and again on the other side of the world
I will wait again for the next day
When light and the dark can meet once more

Written: February 16,2010

Ryan Collins

No Mater What

We know where I'm going
I'm leaving to do right for this world
Leaving to make a mark
Keep all those I see safe
To stand strong as a symbol for the world to recognize
I am your protector and savior
I shall be your hero and do what must be done

With this, I do promise to my loved ones
You shall never hear code 10-00
Sirens will not sound
The black-purple banners will not be hung
And Amazing Grace will not cry over us

The bagpipes will not be needed
The march will never happen
There will not be 21 shots in my name
There will be no box to sleep in
And no flag to drape over me

But if it did, tell all who loved me
Tell the ones that cared about me
I stood as their guardian
I stood to be the one to fight and protect
I stood for courage and strength
I stood to keep all of you safe

And it is my choice to be New York's Finest
I will be the best of the best
So as to keep my family
My loved ones
Safe from harm

Ryan Collins

Over Indulgence

Whisked away in a summers wind
Flying higher, still higher than any cloud before
Now falling, falling gracefully
Falling in front of Pleasures door

As opened with the gentlest touch
Warm air, sweet and fruitful
Swarms and pulls
It comes and consumes you in a rush

Lush vegetation all around
Fruit rains from trees, bushes, and vines
These who gather are from a licentious dream
Sporting all their goods they could bear

Hauled in by opened grasping hands
Soft as silk, warm as blankets
Inviting were all the gripping bands
They pulled harder and the doors closed

Lost in the amorous world
Dancing, music, laughter in the day
The sharing of bed and body at night
Lost in it all; their, they're Tender Kisses!

'Lost, lost in the deranged world
Time is routine, done by 12
Struck, as with Calypso
Shall seven years be my time'?

Pleasure is pleasure as pleasure be done
Gluttony of pleasure, breaker of chastity
Sinned, loss of purity amongst many
Sinned, of no restraint; release and forgive

'Pleasures door has opened, if by my prayer
Sea salt and cold wind is before me there
Leaping through the door, gaining my last chance ever
I watch the people to envy sleep forever

As Pleasure closes it's door.'

Ryan Collins

Parting Party

Bring, bring, bring about
Let all the worries all run out
Set your emotions free about
Take a stand, spin around
Spin, spin, spin about
Before time clocks out
Laugh, laugh scream and shout
Have the goers party round
Eat, eat before the crowd
Gluttony it all before all is out

Ryan Collins

Parting Thoughts

When I was young and no one to love
I lost my way from the skies above
Pain I felt everywhere I went
I wish I could die and have my life spent
I thought to myself to give up on it all
And I wish I could
But I can not, not yet
The friends I have to hold still dear
Are people to remember for the rest of my years
If the demons do return back into my head
I will remember the swear that I have said
To keep and protect, to help and to do what is right
Even in the darkest scariest of nights
To keep them happy no matter the cost
To bring them home if they are lost
To give up the knowledge of knowing that I have done good
Because I know that is what anyone should
To fight back evil even at it's best
Check that it's safe before laying to rest
I will never share this information
Not even with my wife
Because she must not know that I have given up my life
My body must become sword and shield
To make all who oppose knell down and yield
I know that I did decide to put my life on the line
That's why I thought of this poem in my last 7 breaths time
I don't have a lot left for this poem
Now some people may claim I look at peace
Because last night we were attacked and I died
At least I kept her safe, at least, at least...

Written: February 15,2010

Ryan Collins

Plainest Of Plain

No matter how many poems I write
I can't impress you
The love that I write
The love I express
The love I try to show you
You just don't see it
So let me tell you
In the plainest of words
No metaphors
No similes
Rhymes
Or complex descriptions
Only the plainest of plain
It's been you
From the day we collided
You been in the depths of my heart
Pumping your love through me
I know it's you I want
You I need
You I love
The only other way to prove this to you without words
Would be to slowly kill myself
Only to show you how much it hurts to be without you
I may not be your first crush
I may not be that vampire you like so much
Or the werewolf
But I'm something they're not
I'm real and here for you
You won't find anyone else like me
So now you can see what I feel
Hopefully now you truly understand
So now when I see you next (and to quote the Beatles)
Maybe "You'll let me hold your hand"

Written: March 24,2010

And to any Twilight fans yes I referred to Edward and Jake.

Ryan Collins

Retreat To Whom?

Brought around the day
The fight bleeds to the bay
Stepping back, Running fo'ward
Many facing death as no coward
Death waits, as the bay draws near
The day closes and we're in Death's gear

Ryan Collins

Revelation Definition

'Love' Not one word in the dictionary can be so hollow.
The word itself is fake and we know it
although we try and not show it.
We use this word to express a feeling of compassion
an undying feeling that can last a life time.
But do you really feel that way?
Can you feel that 'love' you say you have?
No! We all know we don't
The word love is a lie.
Say it to your parents do you feel anything?
Say it once to your lover and you feel something.
But keep on saying it
and it loses its value.
That Gold heart known as 'love' will soon be pure silicon
after its first uses.
So why say it, why speak it, why need it, why not lose it...
To express it, to express 'love' is something more than the word.
It is indescribable thing that we feel.
'Love' is a cast off teddy bear.
Let us lose the word but keep the definition
for the expression is the true Diamond heart that
we must keep and should remember.
Remember this, write it down and not say 'love' again.

Written: April 11,2009

Ryan Collins

Saying Our Final Goodbye

Get your one last look
Your final goodbye
For this is the place where memory will live and then die
It will go with us, following wherever we go
It is the place that we've met and have come to know
You can return one day, with me or alone
But this place will be someone else's
Someone making their own memory here
They will stand here too one day thinking
Thinking of that day
That magical day
It came so fast
Left fast
and lingers on
Forever
Goodbye for now
If I come back too soon it will be in my mind
The place we met
Where our love was set
And your heart mingled with mine

April 10,2012

Ryan Collins

The Dilemma

Sleepless soundless night
Nightmares now we do fight
Given state of our rapturous plight
Can god's grace shed upon us light?
Fire, lightning bolt, mist
Animals in contrite!
Sign! Send please Maker
Give us insight
For if no help aids us
The Snake's head will rear and bite

Ryan Collins

The Fisherman

At night

A man sat there drenched in the dull candle light
He sat there rod in hand
He wished that he might
Be able to catch a fish this night
He liked the pull the thrill the fight
How the fish thrashes on sensing death in sight

On this island so small there is no need for pity
A fisherman knows that killing is not pretty
But to keep money in the pocket
And a belly full of fish
A fisherman must cast out his line
So that someone can have there next dish

It was easy for him
The fisherman I mean
He always enjoyed this scene
Sitting at the edge of the dock
With his bucket, candle, rod, and radio clock

All he has to do is reel in from time to time
Just to check on his bait
And some people are impatient
But he liked the wait
The sea breeze on his face
The sound of crashing waves all over the place
His quiet canopy has fallen around him
The white noise of the ocean could always be broken on a whim

I think he heard us
Because he just shuddered as you caused all the fuss
"You! You think I am lonely, I thank you for your concern"
Turning and smiling his beard looking like a fern
He gnarls his teeth as if he just ate a leaf
"I am happy in this quiet, you can join me if you wish. Just keep quiet!"
"Or you'll scare away all of my fish"

Written: November 30,2010

Ryan Collins

The Invisible

The rain makes me invisible
It invisible
The wind blows and thunder roars
Everything is more noticeable today
Except for me, invisible in the rain
Why did you make my heart cry
How did you make a strong man a weak one
I guess these feelings I can't fight
Although made invisible by the rain
It has been an hour or two since you left
And yet I miss you immensely
It's due to the thoughts running through
When will I see you again
Or even if that's a possibility
Now as you're looking down, I know I am not invisible.
And neither are these tears, I thought were hidden in the rain.

Written: November 18,2010

Ryan Collins

The New Dream I Never Had

When the clock strikes 11: 11 I wish
When the clock strikes 12 I dream
At 1 I'm in love.
At 1 were together
Miles apart and yet together in our dreams
Beyond the highest cloud
Past the sun and the stars itself
In a world all of our own
We hold each other and dance
The beats go fast and slow as her voice goes high and low.
I never want this to end, just to dance forever
Staring straight into those lovely eyes
To have the touch of her soft lips on mine
To have the scent of her hair all around us
And the smile I want to lose myself in
She will never frown because she knows that I might die
But we notice our last moments and must end the night well
As our clocks strikes 6 and the must dream end
I fly back to my home
And she to hers
I don't worry though
I'll see her at 10 again

At 10 I'll be lost in her smile
Wishing for the touch of her soft lips
And forever staring into those lovely eyes
Will I be able to hold her?
Will she dance with me?
We will have no music
Everyone will watch as she holds her hands inside mine
The emotions flicker causing me pain
But as long as I am with her
She shall keep me sane
Now at 11: 11 I don't need to wish
Now at 12 I don't have to dream
At 1 we'll be together
But for right now I'll live in the moment
Because I'm holding her tightly
And never letting go

As she sings her song that plays high and low

The moon is our light
The trees our witness
The grass the dance floor
As I hold her she may not yet know
I am there for her
If she calls for me I will come running
She has not yet learned no matter what
I will always come back
This is my promise
This is my swear
I shall be her sword and shield
Only if she needs me there
Katie my love
Honey my sweet
I typed this poem
After dancing off my feet
The dream I had was beyond compare
You were beautiful
And I was there
You only laughed at me once
When I tripped on a leaf
I grimaced only once but I found relief
Because I saw that smile
The only smile that can save a life
It healed my leg and I jumped up back on my feet
And we continued to dance to a very gentle beat
This poem may seem corny
And you're probably tired of hearing this line
But "honey I love you, if you love me will
You please smile for me"
So I can see your smiling face and you can see mine

Written: November 5,2009

Ryan Collins

The Way That Honor Is

Honor, gold and praised
highlight of life
given to those raised
Honor struts about with the chest puffed out.
All of the achievements won
these past memories recalled and sway
Honor remembers what fun.
How fun it was to win the cause
to beat the challenge.

Ryan Collins

There Are Things We Miss

There are things we miss
by some strike of misfortune
time slips through our feeble grasp.
I am still young and finding
new things in my life.
But they are not what I want
I want...
Passion
Compassion
To have my heart race without making it
and to sweat and have my mind grow blank.
To go numb and feel weightless
even though my feet are planted to the ground.
To have the full knowledge of knowing that I'm wanted.
I have been losing this sense for a while now
I feel untouched and alone
as everyone moves around me.

Like a stone on a beach I was placed
among many others all different shapes, sizes and colors.
I was placed with a thought, with a dream that
I might have a purpose.
I will sit and wait like the other stones
until opportunity comes.
I found my opportunity,
but it's moving slowly.
Towards me or away I can't tell,
but I can't wait
No longer will I wait
I need to move
I need to act.
Time will not be merciful just for me
only because I decided to change the preset course.
There is a girl waiting for me
She must know how I feel.
May the sea guide me.
Or someone throw me.
Just get me close enough so I can let her know

I want to hold her.
Squeeze her tight,
keep her safe and warm.
Either on a couch on a cold autumn's night.
Or in a meadow with the sun warming our skin.
It doesn't matter
I want to experience being known
being found.
To fully know that I'm cared about.
To have a sense of being where I belong.
It could be in those simple seconds,
or stretched periods that equal a life time.
I want the feeling that I never had
only ever imagined in the deepest, strongest
place in my mind.

Written: June 24,2009

Ryan Collins

Today's Enlightening Rain

My head is numb
This headache growing
The wrist movements in my writing
is ever slowing

I wish to move this block aside
and with that space can a poem reside
I want it to be about you, of your everlasting beauty
If I concentrate hard enough that poem will come out smoothly

It will be about your skin, your hair, your eyes
About how you walk, sleep and rise
Your beauty far exceeds any other without compare
How I love and long to be in your arms right now, nestled in your hair

To see you smile, to hear you laugh, to feel you breathing in my ear
to lose all that and so much more, is something that I dread and fear

Where did the time go? Shall it end? I something I constantly guess
But with our love I do believe that our God did truly bless

I don't like to write these poems like this
Because my rhymes seem to miss
But today the rain rained down on me
and gave my writer bliss

Written: September 6,2011

Ryan Collins

Watch For The Crazy

You're gone
The thought just hit me
It waltzed right in through my front door
The same one you just walked out of
And slapped me in the face
Just the way like you did
It burns and strings
But the hole in my heart is deepening rapidly
On the verge of breaking
Shattering in the millions of pieces you helped me make
It breaks over one mistake
A mistake that has an illusive remedy
One that you're not willing to see
It was not me who did the wrongdoing
It was She

She, she that whore
My ex
My ex who found me after all these years
The crazy one who nearly stabbed me in our last fight
I had enough I was frustrated
She tried to kill me that one time when I was sedated
I tried to show her the light but I ran in a fright
She was after my life
She's found me after all this time
Time did not heal I suppose
It only deepens the wound

But trust me when I say I didn't cheat
Those emails were not mine
Because baby I would not be leading you blind
I have loved you
I have done more for you
I thought I had your trust
But She came back
She's come back for her final attack
Her revenge

Honey,

I need to go settle this now and try to save us.
As I write this, I scared to know how it will
turn out. But know that I'm going to talk to
her to put this right. Know that I have alwa-
ys loved you and only you. And....call the p-
olice if you don't hear from me in the next
few hours.

Love yours truely

April 10,2012

Ryan Collins

What I Take Down

My back is against the wall.
No backers, no friends.
I'm exhausted and can't go on.
They want the game to continue,
The people who want my future for themselves.
I've been running away from those who haunt and hover,
With needs of despair to be quenched
As vultures they fly waiting for my surrender
Who will it be among the pack to end it for me?
Call me Yeller and drag me to be done.
It will be her, the strongest one who understands the most.
When she hears the truth its over and I'll be gone.
When her anger comes let its ferocity be that of a lightning bolt
The rage be her shotgun
Which punched its holes in my heart
And I bleed out my life
I give back to the earth and let flowers sprout
Incarnated knowing of my mistakes and how to evade

Ryan Collins

What Is She To Me Really?

What Is She to Me Really?

She didn't lock the door...
How the world crashed upon her
The pain and suffering
She couldn't stop it
Couldn't hide from it
It was insurmountable
It was everywhere
As her heart beat
And tears crawled down
The only option was clear
And I forgotten as she nearly fell

□

Ryan Collins

Why I Run

1. Almost everyday I am able to see you
If for an hour or less
Or three hours or four
To have you in my life is lucky enough
But to see you so frequently
Is truly a gift from above
I cannot wait to get that that call from you
To see your two shadows cross the door
Or when your keys jangle in the lock
As the dog barks from the floor
I love all three of you and each love is new and old
But it is immense in power and strength
And shall never grow cold

Why do I run
I run for you
One of my two safest places
I run swift and fast
Quiet as a hunter
Fast as a car
I run to you
I run to you, my love
One of my two safest places is you

We are safe in each others arms
Although it will be I
Who will protect you from harm
Please do not worry, save it for a different day
I got you in my arms
Let's keep it that way
Let me hear of your classes, friends, and school
And if anything troubles you
I will act like a fool
This will make you smile, I guarantee
If it doesn't make you laugh however
You will be sorry
I will strive at anything to keep you happy
Even where I say a dirty joke
And you try to slap me

Now you are smiling let us talk of anything
Our love, our future, our luckiness, our loyalty, and dreams
For you console my nightmares, and I bring forth your sleep

Anywhere we go these arms will keep you safe

Let them be the blanket around you

They will keep you in place

They will block the cold from your body,

From the evil trying to make headway

I will rest my head next to yours

And say,

"Do you have enough room where you are"

"Yes"

"O.k."

I will whisper in your ear, trying to give you tranquil thoughts

Although my eye is on the time,

To be ready to leave as taught

For now...

"Sleep soundly my love you are safe, I will keep your nightmares away"

Now again I run

I run to the safest place

To where I am always welcome

To where I have spent the majority of my life

My home

1054 Maple Lane

Between the thorns and lilacs

With the giant oak tree in back

I run to my family

Always happy to see me

On this Friday evening, everyone is home

My Mother, my Father, and Sister

Make sure I never am alone

Unfortunately my Mother is tired from school, my Sister getting ready for bed

My Dad is in the chair, drowsy, bobbing his head

Twilight, my dog jumps for me in glee

"Come take me out Ry-Ry" so I believe she thinks

"I have to go and pee"

Thunder, my cat's rancorous mowing goes and floods the room

Even though it is annoying

I don't think I would hit her with a broom

Sleepiness is on to us, time to get in bed
Now I will think about Caitlin and I inside my head
Weariness comes quick, and school looms after dawn
Tomorrow's afternoon will be terrible
My parents want me to work on the lawn

Now I know I'm not good with rhyme schemes
But I am a poet be it at that
I am definitely no Dr. Seuss who wrote Cat in the Hat
His book Oh the Places You Will Go is better than this poem
Showing the places you are the safest
And knowing where to find them
To summarize this poem
I will make it simple as fact
I love Caitlin and My Family
And this is my way of showing that

Written: October 26,2010

Ryan Collins