

Poetry Series

Selwot Rylet
- poems -

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I am a student at LSSU university and studying to be an English teacher. I am originally from a small town called Pinckney.

Choices

Choices that we make seem sometimes like mistakes
yet the one thing we forget is that the choices are in our head
they shape us and make us to be who we are
but in the end they matter very little
are choices just lead to our death and that is why the only real choice we have
is cremation or burial

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Cruel Love

Love is nothing but pain
Pain is nothing but sadness
Sadness is nothing but loneliness
Being alone is what we have to look forward to
When we are dead.

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Drugs Or Love

If love is gone but the drug it stays
Kiss love goodbye till better days
Because if its angry it won't come back
So smoke your dope but stay on track
And one day she'll return for better ways

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Flow

Snowing inside
Hot Outside
Up is down
Down is up
Poets dieing
Soldiers singing
Mothers drinking and freaking
Whores living the dream
and nobody remembering where it all ends
except that the end is the beginning
All thats in between is nothing more than lies
End the violence
More will die
Keep it going
Be hated
judges becoming criminals
criminals being saints
Nothing makes sense anymore
Who would want it to...
Death.

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Hearts

Love is horrible
it consumes you and destroys you
nothing good can come from it
only pain in the end
you will never be loved as much
as you want
and you will love nothing

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Lost

Running in circles
going nowhere
wishing someone would pull me from the nightmare
hoping somewhere there is something to stop me from this force
that drives me to keep going
even when i ask to stop
all i get is a screaming silence
wishing someone would join me
for the world is calling
but i keep on running
running in circles
not knowing where I'm going
trying not to be so worried
for the break of dawn is coming
but nobody seems to help me stop
running in circles
I wish that someone was here to help me
because running seems so never ending
and my legs are getting tired
my hearts beating and arms on fire
getting tired wish I could stop
but not until I know why I'm
running in circles
so here i am still running
waiting for someone to stop me
tell me how much they love me
so we can stop this running
and be united for now
and be able to start a path
a path to something

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Loverick

There once was a word named love
It made people feel good and smug
until one day it got angry
and just up and left me
and now all thats left is a drug

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Matt Is Dead

there once was a boy named Matt
he ate so much food he was fat
no women would touch him
so his future was grim
so he shot himself in his hat

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