

Poetry Series

Stacy George
- poems -

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Stacy George(April 22,1969)

Few will have the greatness to bend history itself; but each of us can work to change a small portion of events, and in the total of all those acts will be written the history of this generation.

Robert F. Kennedy

My Disabilities they are many, can't you see!

There many types of disabilities physical, learning, traumatic brain injury, and countless others... But mine is a tale of a TBI, the kind where you become one of the forgotten... I incurred my Traumatic Brain Injury on a cold February night on my way to get a pack of smokes', never to realize how true it was, Smoking Can Kill You...

It has cost me dearly; but at the same time given to me wonderfully... Recovery, what a question, one with which I have not an answer... I do believe however life to be a prolonged recovery, just not set within a frame of time, but a ligament life long comment to knowing my deficits and playing to my strength's... I must endeavor to preserve throughout a lifetime of hardships...

No one ever said life was easy, only that difficulties exist within... Without tragedy life would be a dull bore and at these times our character is tenuously tested, such events are not hoisted upon our shoulders unless we are capable... My accident has inspired me to engage life with all its frailties... I would not have missed any of this great journey...

A Disturbance In The Mirror

Tasting the desolation upon the lips,
touching the cold skin,
seeing a chill deep within the darkness of the eyes so cold and hard.
The trust sweet and fragile,
has the mind blinded by the greed of revenge,
as the cries fade to screams within muffled moans
scattered in a child's mind.
Psychosis becomes the minds master
remembering days long since passed,
they pass before your eyes and vanish yet again into thin air.
Where Oh Where Has Life Gone?
As You Look Within At A Life In The Mirror Just A Mere
Flash In The Pan Uncompleted and Never Fulfilled.

Stacy George

Alone I Stand

I walk alone.
Me, my soul, mind, and body.
There is an inferno of turmoil directed
at us for what we have become.
This is neither a wanted change nor a needed response.
Yet therein lies the devil in waiting,
those who are not nor cannot concern themselves us.
It is a burden to be our friend in this hour of need.
Amazing the true colors they only show under such duress.
So here I stand alone just me and my disability.

Stacy George

Hope Abandons Compassion

As we fulfill of our hope, compassion abandons us,
the mind is running and never looking back
as body responses in kind.
But the Heart, now the Heart is always looking back.
Never totally satisfied with the future and always longing
for the abomination of the past,
peering into an uncertain future.
If, when, or ever we stop running
our failure's will be ever present and our
accomplishments hanging on the edge.
As I wrestle with these disability they shall not be a
hindrance in the face of adversity,
Yet Only Will They Be The Hammer To My Forge.

Stacy George

Judgement Day

His word of determination is divine
as outside rages want to rule the mind
invoking compassion shall calm the soul.

Stacy George

Lifetime Of Love

Love of the compassionate heart
invoking desires of the soul for a lifetime.
From their purest of love to there sweetest
of desires is a lifetime of love.

Stacy George

Merely Life

Looking forward we forget to see what it is we have left behind.
Strange as it seems our acts shall carry us into a future of uncertainty as a rising
difficultly will surly follow.
Here within how do we see ourselves for who we are Merely Humans.
Then there is no more we are nothing less the whole of our souls.
We are but merely Humans that is all we are only Humans.

Stacy George

Mind Of A Mad Man

Panic driven thoughts
has the heart raging with intense anger
simply imploding upon their eruptions.

Stacy George

Reflections Of Insanity

Floating upon the consciousness of time
as a chill of the pale wind
caress the mind.

Stacy George

Simpler Time

As heaven gazes
upon the soul
happier times await.

Stacy George

The Agony Of Heaven

As agony baths heaven

the laughter is lingering on winds disdain.

The fiddler emanates in the moons glow of the rapture.

Seeking forgiveness for a crime perpetrated by early generations.

There is disdain in a logic, a quick sand sort.

We are merely humans seeking guidance in the word.

But are we guided by the divine hand or those of mad men?

Many whom have to lead for know other pure reason than the
downfall of our race.

Stacy George

The Vessel

Here I write,
Being a vessel to the word,
Which houses the feelings of my soul.

I am but a slave to its grind,
One with its words,
Beginning to meld in the furnaces of the mind.

I am but a vessel of words,
For the souls which I carry,
So here I write.

Stacy George

Today Will Tomorrow

Disappointments and frustrations are the vessels consuming
every waking thought.
Wrestling with the currents from the gates of Hell.
Swallowing the rusted chewed up memories of the silence as
Monday is speaking from within its tongues is of a hideous truth.
Now the crumbled seclusion of your hidden soul within the
loneliness of depravity.
Moral inequities are no longer justifiable only justice of the
righteous.

Stacy George