

Poetry Series

Theodore Foster
- poems -

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Theodore Foster(August 21,1999)

I am an 8th grader who took a liking to poetry.

Black

It is the cheetah,
Racing after its prey,
Then catching up,
And ripping it to shreds,
It is the gladiator,
Who yells 'no mercy, '
And fights to his own death,
It is like a viper,
Curling up,
And getting ready to strike,
It is a hurricane
Barreling forward,
Until something succeeds,
In slowing it down,
It is like a disease,
Turning everything it comes in contact with,
Into nothing,
It is like a star,
Burning with great strength,
Until it burns itself out,
It is the darkness,
That covers everything,
It is the monster under the bed,
Constantly messing with the thoughts,
Up in your head,
It is the sorrow,
That slithers up your back and into your ears,
As you cry and try to push it all away,
It is the one to draw first blood,
It is courage,
Shoving you back onto your feet and making you stand up straight,
To prepare for what's next,
It is the shadows,
Mimicking everyone and everything,
It is the sea,
Wrapping itself around you,
It is tragedy,
Striking quickly and silently,
It is evil,

Smiling at your failures,
It is like a ghost,
Feasting on your soul,
It is reckless greed,
Making you pursue your pleasures at all costs,
It is a black hole,
Slowly sucking you in,
It is depression,
Forcing you down,
And not to talk,
Black is a power that only few can control,
Can you?

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Danger

There is a danger in us,
In him,
In her,
In us,
We cannot fight the power,
We cannot control it either,
We can only sit and watch,
It's stuck between us,
It stays in us,
It creeps around us,
It stalks us,
Danger is the enemy,
In some of us it is hidden,
It transforms us,
We become a beast of immense proportions,
It rips us apart,
It is total oblivion,
It is our last stand,
It is anger's strongest hand.

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Death

I can feel it coming for me,
Death is beckoning my soul,
I have flash backs,
Of the pity and sorrow throughout my life,
So here I am hitting my head on a wall,
Smash!
Now the pain is gone.

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Don'T

Don't fool around,
Don't fight with others,
Don't be rude to your freinds,
Don't play video games before homework,
Don't talk back,
Don't get bad grades,
Don't point airsoft guns at others,
Don't shoot near others,
Don't shoot at living beings,
Don't swear,
Don't yell at others,
Don't diobey your parents,
Don't do drugs,
Don't smoke,
Don't steal,
Don't break things,
So many rules to follow,
I wonder wich ones I should

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Fear

It is a disease spreading from person to person,
Infecting them all,
It is death,
Carrying you screaming away,
It follows you,
Watching and waiting,
Until you believe,
It is no longer there,
It is a parasite,
Imbedding itself into your skin,
Sucking your energy away,
It is a full moon,
Bringing life
To the creatures of the night,
It is a war,
Fighting its way,
To everyone,
It is black,
As the night sky,
It is as painful,
As a million cuts,
Fear.

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Invasion

We have watched them,
They are blind to us,
Under constant fear of invasion they lived,
Then it happens,
Invasion,
Fear,
Corruption,
We are peaceful,
Under a great utopia,
We still invade though,
We take their lives,
Their possessions,
Their homes,
We are a plague,
We go from place to place,
Leaving nothing but dust,
Our planet runs out of resources,
We take theirs,
To their race we were aliens,
But all of that has changed,
They may not remain but the human race still stands.

Theodore Foster

Mistaken

The Giver

Burning Up

Powers

Don't Tell Anyone

Nightmare

Torn

The Monster In Me

Here Today

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Sadness

It was a shadowy night,
The wind pushing and snapping trees,
The lightning like a silent torch,
The thunder bellowing sadness,
Finally it reaches me,
It grabs me and doesn't let go,
It is now my prison,
I cannot escape,
Sadness controls me now,
The emotion burrowing deep inside of me,
It blinds me of the joys of life,
It confines me to only darkness,
Then again the lightning burns the sky,
The thunder bellows nothing but sadness,
Stronger this time,
I have to fight this,
I must,
I can,
I try,
I do not succeed,
The bonds are too strong,
I struggle,
I wriggle,
I writhe,
But nothing seems to be able to free me,
Nothing.

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The Enemy

Running,
Foot steps loud behind me,
Doors locked,
No way out,
But I hear them coming,
The relentless pounding of foot steps on the floor,
Screams and the screeching of rusty metal,
There is only one explanation,
The enemy is here,
I must not think though,
I must get out,
I must find my way,
I turn the corner,
Stuck,
Stuck in the room,
Stuck in the corridor,
Stuck in this maze,
But most importantly,
Stuck between the enemy,
I cannot think,
I cannot yell,
I cannot breathe,
But I must continue running,
Foot steps loud behind me.

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Utopia

The sky a diamond,
Not a problem in sight,
The breeze crisp as an apple,
Everything under our control,
No famine,
No work,
No death,
But at the same time,
There is no real life,
No purpose at least,
We are immune,
To all disease,
But yet we are still sick with power,
Our little perfect world,
Our perfect dome,
Our perfect life,
But yet every single day,
Our world is still falling.

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War

Is it really necessary,
To purge our neighbors of there land with guns,
To send our brothers to the cemetery,
And still think of these sins as acts of valor,

We are not simply better,
Because we can stomp everyone into the ground,
And put people through our manmade shredder,
As we paint the world red,

People come to know fear,
Not when death nocks on there door,
But when war draws near,
It is supposed to protect us,

But dose it protect the women and children,
That get caught,
In its spinning blade,
Of death?

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