

Poetry Series

**Timothy Weiermann**  
**- poems -**

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## Timothy Weiermann(Friday, August 13th,1993)

umm, i've been writing poetry since 7th grade and i started with couplets and worked my way up from that to my current poetry

.....um, not much else for me to say i suppose...i'm a sophomore in Empire High School (Home Of The Ravens) .....

....umm....i suppose there's not much else to say except that my poems on here span from when i began to currently so the stuff that's dark and depressed (cinders of a lost life and dark souls with blood stains) are from my 3 year depression. There is more recent works with sparks of hope within them from my relationships, and now there is another decline towards not quite macabre yet but just gloom and dusk, or as my father describes them 'Emo.'

I am an avid follower of Japanese culture and am even learning the language (it's quite... troublesome or as they would say mendoksai or mendokse) I am fascinated by other cultures and as such if you tell me something about one i'll look into it.

# A Blind Man Weeps

Eyes so clear, like a wells' water's deep  
Beauty so profound it'd make a blind man weep

Long for your kind love I've sought to seek  
Yet unprepared I was, as it's made me meek

It's calmed my fire, and quenched my thirst  
In front of a bullet I'd put myself first

All of this was done by a few simple words,  
You've fulfilled my world  
By saying you're my girl

Love in the darkness, I've struggled to find  
Stumbling around fighting with an unsound mind

Yet you've stilled my waters,  
You've stalled my tears  
You're all that matters  
For the next hundred years

All of this was done by a few simple words,  
You've fulfilled my world  
By saying you're my girl

Timothy Weiermann

# A Lifetime

A smile across your face  
A minute in your embrace  
A lifetime by your side  
A lifetime with my bride

A flush on your cheeks  
A warmth in your hand  
A lifetime by your side  
A lifetime with my bride

A sparkle in your eye  
When told you're mine  
A glimmer in your mind  
At what others now hope to find

The warmth in your hand  
The flush on your cheeks  
Days pale to weeks,  
And weeks further still  
A lifetime as your man  
Because of a love already instilled

Timothy Weiermann

## A Part Of Two

The sun is sinking,  
While her mind is thinking  
My skies are blinking,  
Blinking from dark to bright  
It all depends upon the light  
The light in her eyes  
They control my skies

What must I sew?  
Where can I sew us together?  
However can we survive the weather,  
The weather that tears others apart  
When all we have is a single heart

Where do we go?  
Where can I go?  
Where?  
When I'm only a part of two

Timothy Weiermann

# Always

I have always loved the sun  
Light caress on skin  
I have always loved the sun  
Leaves float soft on wind

I always loved her  
Light caress on my skin  
I always loved her  
Hair flowing soft in wind

But I'll never see her shine  
Because she'll never be mine

I always loved her,  
I always loved her

Timothy Weiermann

# Beginning To Forget

As I lay beneath the trees  
Remembering what was you and me  
The welling tears caress my face  
As I begin to forget a lover's embrace

Timothy Weiermann

# Black Petals

A petal as black as night can be  
In it's petals nothing you'll see  
With thorns sharp,  
Your blood melds with the land  
The pain of love  
Is now known to man

(one of my earlier poems written in my 1st year of poetry)

Timothy Weiermann



# Cinders Of A Lost Life

Nerves burnt to the point of no healing  
The light slowly fades from dull black eyes  
Nerves scorched to no feeling  
Watch as all the surrounding life dies  
Slowly raging as inner turmoil tears minds apart  
Shredded thoughts slit from anchors weighted of thought

Scorched minds, cinders left of a personality  
Living slightly, deathly, no longer lavishly  
Deprived of its needed nourishment it withers  
Withers unto smoke rises from the scattered ashes,  
Scattered ashes of a once lively idea  
The un-cried tears stinging those capable of them

Smoke slowly drifting until it mixes,  
Mixes with a mess of blood and sluggish lives

No longer worthy of a host body we are stripped  
Stripped of our humanity until only the bare,  
The vulnerable flesh remains  
No longer capable of ailments or pains  
In tempest infernos little survives  
The bare essence of a worthless life is denied,  
Denied even a host in which to grieve

No grieving we are left to harden,  
Harden until the remains of what we were erodes  
It erodes and begins the cycle of the cinders of a lost life

Timothy Weiermann

# Coruscation

The lights flare, bright on the horizon  
Dreams float softly through the air,

Float softly to each room, to a sleeping figure  
To fill the night until the light of the sun

Float through the sky, softly drift down  
Fulfill the beholders eye,  
Nighttime beauty across town

Coruscating lights, flashing with warmth  
Lights above the clouds, high towards the north

Red, blue, green the colors of joy  
Those not sleeping, the amused girl and boy  
Lights above the clouds, high towards the north  
Coruscating lights, flashing their warmth

Offering kinship,  
Something more than just light  
Offering euphoria's sip  
Spreading joy through the night

Float through the sky, softly drift down  
Fulfill the beholders eye,  
Nighttime beauty across town

It's something more than just light...  
It spreads it's joy through the night

Timothy Weiermann

# Coup De Foudre

A bolt of lightening,  
Straight from the heavens  
I don't know the reason it was sent  
Nor do I wish to  
All I know is I am happy

My body scorches at your caressing  
Your yearning stronger than mine through the events  
We both know what I've meant  
What I've meant when I say "No" to you  
All I know is that I am happy

All I know,  
Is that when you found me  
The sky was parted from the sea  
The stars no longer a reflection in a basin  
Yet for all this love, we've no need to hasten  
We both know what I mean  
When I say we're not to make a scene

Yet you persist  
Hoping to find one day  
That I will not resist  
And we know the only thing I'll say

All I'll say is...  
All I know is that I'm happy

Timothy Weiermann

# Cracks

I'm a crack in the glass  
An error along unblemished pane  
I find myself growing each day  
As my edges are caressed with rain

Caressed by a beautiful perfection  
As my pain reaches out stretching me thin  
But I'll never reach their happiness  
And if I did, what even would I do then?

Would this crack in pane celebrate?  
Or would it crumble from sudden completeness

I'm a crack in the glass  
An error in unblemished pane  
I'll grow more each day  
Until I crumble from the pain

Timothy Weiermann

# Dark Souls With Blood Stains

My soul dyed dark with blood stains,  
My eyes mask a hidden pain

My soul soaked with others death  
The sands of time prevent their final breath

My life lives with hidden lies  
My world is soaked with crimson skies

Blood splash red, the cries of the dead  
Lying on the brink of death,  
Love for my self, never another

Blood splash red, crying in my bed  
Dark eyes crying to see their final breath  
Going as far as to threaten a life

Scum you are, trash I said  
After my defeat, I remember crying in my bed

Explosions so close I could feel the heat  
With every one dieing, my heart completes the beat  
With souls released every battle, and capture their souls forever  
With dieing cries of madness, the soulless bodies are incapable of life

I filled their last moments with thought of strife

Timothy Weiermann

# Fire And Dark

Fire and dark, circling the sky  
Fighting all night, unwilling to die  
Crushing darkness  
Burning flames

Both are unruly  
Unable to be tamed

Flames licking singeing wounds  
Darkness cringing, hiding within tombs

Darkness will pass,  
Flames will grow  
Destroying all in the way  
Nothing will last

A phoenix's fury  
A demon's wrath  
Both set upon you

Nothing will last

(one of my earlier poems written in my 1st year of poetry)

Timothy Weiermann

# For You

For you my skies no longer stand dark,  
Long into the hours of day  
For you my heart has sung right from our start  
And 'I love you' I long to say

With you my mind stands clear  
Glimpsing no longer through the haze  
As long as I can call you my dear  
Love no longer seems a maze

With you my rapids slow to a calm  
Love's no longer a flowing river  
You fix my wounds with loving balm  
It no longer stands, joyfully bitter

Confusion breaks, clearing the way  
Making to form a brighter day

Timothy Weiermann

# Forsaking Fate

The spark of flame lives forever  
Across a pathway it completes it's sever

Extinguished by one it roars back to life  
Burning embers across the night

A phoenix burns forever alive  
Immeasurable power and it will not die

A spark put out flies to another,  
Embodying fate,  
Forsaking no other

(one of my earlier poems written in my 1st year of poetry)

Timothy Weiermann



# Golden Hue

The skies are blue  
The world is young  
Love's a golden hue  
The corona caresses the sun,

I hold her in my arms  
Warm, safe, tight  
I protect her from harm  
With love and might,

The oceans are deep  
The seas so bright  
The skies weep  
Blocking the golden suns light,

Yet between the tears  
The skies are so blue  
And the world is young  
Our love's a golden hue  
The corona caresses the sun,

I hold her close, for she's so dear  
I hold her so close, to feel her so near  
For if she was ever gone  
I know not what I'd do  
For if she was ever gone  
She'd lose her golden hue,

The skies are so blue  
The world is young  
Our love's a golden hue  
The corona caresses the sun,

If she was ever gone  
I know not what I'd do  
If she was ever gone  
She'd lose her golden hue

Timothy Weiermann

# However I've Hurt

However i've hurt you  
It has made my days cold  
I only wished it to go away  
But it's only deepened my days

However i've hurt us  
It's was only to heal the cuts  
But together we die  
And it's only darkened my skies

However i've hurt you  
It has made my days cold  
However i've hurt us  
It was only to heal the cuts  
But apart all it's done,  
It's only destroyed a bond of trust

Timothy Weiermann

# I Am Lost

She lays on a beach  
Toes buried in the soft sand  
Her heart's out of reach  
No one's worthy of her hand

The moon drowns this night  
Beneath the somber blue sea  
And I lose my soul  
And the tempted heart in me

The waves caress against her shore  
And I am lost forever more

The tides crash, ever dark  
The deep holds only gloomed light  
For her eyes are closed  
And the moon drowns this dark night

The waves caress against her shore  
And I am lost forever more

Timothy Weiermann

## Kaze Aoi

Somber torrents of death-laden wind  
Carry the sad news of those that sinned  
The inescapable currents hold those that the reaper may choose  
And for those left dieing they have nothing to lose

Timothy Weiermann

# Lazy Ambition

Lazy ambition  
Eyes half closed, watching the clouds  
Life escaping me

Loveless mind, blank light  
Effort expended not worth  
Not worth the effort

Shadow of a soul  
I leave myself behind with  
With nobody near

Lifeless dead shadows  
Nearing the death of my life  
Lazy ambition

Timothy Weiermann

# Life Is Bleak

Life is bleak and barrenly cold  
The world is no place for sickly old  
The sun is dim and sky grey  
The moon wanes and man loses day  
Pools of blood reflecting the night  
No living thing stands in sight

Timothy Weiermann

# Losing Freedom

Sweet light fading, sinking the sun  
When the stars come to play  
You know day's job is done

Soft air stirring, caressing the tree  
When the leaves start to fall  
Life's dusk is what you see

Hard iron steeled, preventing a run  
When the cold fences rise  
You know your time has come

Future dreams dispelled, we've forgotten what was free  
As dreams turn to memory  
We lose whatever we see

Timothy Weiermann



# Losing Their Love

Watching the clouds  
Drifting, careless  
Watching the clouds  
Shifting, loveless

Flexible freedom, no longer tightly bound  
Higher life, never lost but never quite found

Without a purpose  
Living loveless  
Without a purpose  
Living lifeless

Missing stability, hardly supporting myself  
Yearning for a love, but unable where I dwell

Watching the moon  
Fixed, pulsing  
Watching the moon  
Immobile, loving

Unable to feel the light caress  
Unable to embrace all but death's kiss

Eternal darkness  
Forever and dark  
Eternal darkness  
Impending, and hard

Watching their lives  
Slowly fade to nothing  
Watching their loves  
Slowly grow to everything

Flexible freedom, no longer tightly bound  
Higher life, never lost but never quite found

Watching the clouds  
Drifting, careless

Watching the clouds  
Shifting loveless

Timothy Weiermann

# Melancholia

Somber winds carrying the news  
Of who through the night we've had to lose  
Shallow graves dug in the rock laden soil

Tear soaked grounds with a wooden post  
Laying to rest, the one we've loves most  
And out of the sorrow, we tend to what we grow

The name of the loved one, scribed in stone  
Of this melancholia, we erase what is known

\*\*\*\*\*

Dedicated to the memory of Max Von Baren  
My loyal Belgium Shepherd

Timothy Weiermann

# Moonbeam Romance

The airy garden's views  
The moonlight on the pews  
The static in the air  
The honey in your hair

The flush on your cheeks  
Our love has peaked  
The satin on your skin  
Surrounded by our kin

If they had ever known  
About the love now being shown  
Would they have let it be?  
Would they let you be with me?

Flowered scents in the sky  
As with hope you threaten a cry  
A steadily droning, familiar tune  
Accent the beams from a romantic moon

The white on your dress  
The black on the terrace  
Escorted by a man  
Who'll give me your hand

Then allow us to run  
Onward to a morning sun  
A steadily droning, familiar tune  
Accent the beams from a romantic moon

As out called are our names  
As you exchange yours for mine  
Together we're joined tightly twined  
Tightly by love

A steadily droning and familiar tune  
Accent the beams from our romantic moon  
As I carry us forward  
Into our new life

Me as your husband  
And you as my wife

Timothy Weiermann

# Rarest Of Things

The rarest of things  
A true friend is  
Of false ones i've had  
I could make a list

Old friends have gone by  
Of them I truly miss

Influencing your life  
Helping you to strive  
A true friend is rare  
This I hope you know

(one of my earlier poems written in my 1st year of poetry)

Timothy Weiermann

# Redefined

Rapid rivers slow to a halt  
And are slowly infected with beds of salt  
Turning that which brought life  
To something that withers and brings strife

Dry, deep-set eyes empty of love or tears  
Look into them; see my soul in the darkest mirror

Taste the loathing, the pain, the wraith  
Expect my forgiveness, and hope to sate  
Broken limbs, twisted minds  
Redefined mistrust, I stray from the kind

I rip through hearts, tear through tendons  
Waiting for the light, the rising sun  
In this eternal madness, I find no rest  
I only live to fight, to prove I'm the best

Flesh dangles from my nails, blood streaking my mane  
I kill what I see, and call myself 'loves-bane'  
I maim that which I cared about  
Who else can walk carnage's route?

Dry, deep-set eyes empty of love or tears  
Will you look into them?  
And see my corrupted soul in the mirror

Timothy Weiermann

## Seany's Poem

chances for love are given to few  
of happy ones i know i list only you  
long for love i have sought to seek  
with a mere touch you render me weak  
enraptured by you with but a single sight  
i lay content in your loving light  
chances for love are given to few  
of happy ones i know i now list two

Timothy Weiermann



# Shattered

Shards of heart span the floor,  
Scattered, carelessly lain  
Splinters piercing from the door  
They personalize my pain

Violent and harsh  
Like a drought tears at the parched

I'd say my soul's been torn in two  
But my soul still lies with you

You'll stay close, taunting to tease  
Hoping to hear me plea

But a soulless body,  
Absent of a heart  
Can be cruel and haughty  
After he's been torn apart

I'd say my soul's been shred through  
But its remnants lie with you  
And you'll stay close, taunting to tease  
Hoping to hear my pleas  
You'll hope to hear my pleas

Shards of heart span the floor,  
Scattered, carelessly lain  
Splinters piercing from the door  
They personalize my pain

Timothy Weiermann

# Soiled Secrets

Dirty, soiled secrets  
Years of half-told truths  
Memories of happiness  
Spread throughout our youth

Selfish, unjust acts  
Quenching lustful sin  
Can you hear my prayers?  
Can you hear through the din?

Pledging faithful love  
Sharing warmth and arms  
Joyous moments we've sung  
Protecting each others from harms

Who would have known?  
The greatest harm was here  
He holds dirty, soiled secrets  
Of selfish unjust acts  
Who would have known?  
The greatest danger,  
Was in your arms

He claims to love you truly  
Claims to live for you  
Yet he lusts in ways unruly  
You see what he will do

Can he hear your prayers?  
Can he hear through the din?  
It's up to him to know  
That the harm's come from his sin

Who would have known?  
The greatest harm was here  
He holds dirty, soiled secrets  
Of selfish unjust acts  
Who would have known?  
The greatest danger,

Was in your arms,

Who would have known?

The greatest danger,

Has left your arms

Timothy Weiermann

# Starlit Nights

Sunset skies,  
Unshed tears  
Quietly I cry  
And run from untold fears

From starlit nights  
And blind flights

Weeping love  
Passion to sate  
Fluttering like a dove  
My heart cannot escape

From starlit nights  
And blind flights

Sunset skies  
Passion to sate  
Quietly I cry  
My heart cannot escape

Timothy Weiermann

# Stolen From The Sun

The light in our hearts,  
Is stolen from the moon  
Scarred thorough with the marks  
Of failing attempts to woo

Seeking for love,  
Rising again  
Fleeing like a dove  
Yet returning like a friend

Stolen from the sun  
Our joyous days are  
But for eternal light  
You'll have to seek far

Seeking that peace,  
The bliss given to few  
All the pain would cease,  
Without me giving it to you

Stealing from the stars  
Stealing their eternal light  
Hiding our scars  
Praying for what might

Praying for what might be  
Praying for what we've sought to seek

The light in our hearts,  
Is stolen like the moon  
Scarred thorough with the marks  
Of failed attempts to woo

Timothy Weiermann

# Suicidal Loneliness

Spanning the bridge between life and death  
Deciding to take a final breath  
Barrel in mouth  
Trigger in hand  
Choosing to take your final stand

Lonely once more  
My forever long bane  
Without the comfort of her  
How shall I stay sane

It spans the bridge between life and death  
While we take our final breaths

Timothy Weiermann

# The Same Moon

The sweet sun fading over the silent horizon,  
The same moon slowly showing to them each

The secrecy was gone, and the light began to fade  
Sliding over us, beyond the others reach,

Quietly rising, through air thick with silent melodies  
Full moonlight, only able to please

Suffering the insomnia, the sleepless night  
Staring only at the stolen light

On two sides of the world, both can see  
The fluid poetry that moves the sea

The luminous orb, floating in air  
From both places, they see the other there

Together, separate, single apart  
They have but a single heart

Timothy Weiermann

# Three Seconds Between Joy Or Pain

My heart is racing  
My nerves breaking  
Tension's heavy in the air

Euphoria's waking  
My body shaking  
Tensed for a scare

Numbing joy  
Or shattering pain  
One is inevitable,  
Like the coming rain

Three seconds  
Free of both pain and joy  
Three seconds to wait  
Feeling like the smallest boy

Timothy Weiermann



# Three Simple Words

The chance to succeed  
If given to few  
The chances wasted  
Trying to ask you

The feelings I feel  
For you i yearn  
What i'll say to you  
I have yet to learn

Three simple words  
Not hard at all  
Yet for this man's fate  
It may doom us all

(one of my earlier poems written in my 1st year of poetry)

Timothy Weiermann

# Untitled

Here I stand, hidden in the shadows  
Dieing within the painful hallows  
Mocked by most, treasured by few  
I fall into darkness, lost to you

Words of hope are spread  
Yet to me they fall, coldly ringing dead

There I lay, covered by the sky  
Motionless, not showing how hard I try  
Being myself, treasuring you  
Smiling at the thought of something new

Smelling the bouquet,  
Resisting the wine  
Nothing more to say  
Save that you will not be mine

Timothy Weiermann

## Untitled~

I miss you love,  
I wish I was with you  
How I'd hold you in my arms  
And softly kiss you

Caressing your form  
Showing you a loving storm

A flood of passion  
A torrent of pain  
A severe lack of action  
As I stand alone in the rain

Oh how I miss you  
And long to kiss you  
To hold you in my arms  
And protect you from loneliness' harms

With your voice near my own  
I assure you everything is fine  
But when it's silent  
I miss it not being with mine

As I stand alone in the rain  
Suffering the torrent of pain  
All I can do is endure  
Love's tests of time  
To see if I'm worthy to have you mine

Timothy Weiermann

# Welcome

Welcome to my hell,  
Enjoy your stay  
You won't live long here  
Or at least you won't live well

Welcome, enjoy my love  
Or what's left of it  
After the scars have faded  
And I've torn away to roam

Welcome to my pain  
Do you enjoy it?  
Enjoy what you see now  
Enjoy seeing how I'm maimed

Welcome, Welcome  
Come right in, enjoy the sight  
Because you can't see my blood  
When you're standing in the night

You can't see my blood,  
When you're standing in the night

Timothy Weiermann

# Who Would Have Thought?

Who would have thought?  
That we'd share a kiss  
A moment together  
A moment of bliss

You are my angel  
My savior divine  
Who would have thought?  
That you might be mine

Who would have thought?  
Who would have guessed?  
That I'd hold you in my arms  
And you know the rest

Timothy Weiermann

# Winds Of Time

The winds of time blow a cloud of dust  
As scattered ashes of an unborn lust  
As those ashes are churned through time  
Those left affected are unsound of mind

Timothy Weiermann

# Without Comfort

The world has faded into an eclipse  
As someone steals the breath from her lips  
The nectar that was us can no longer be  
As what was her has now been set free  
The night has deepened to a somber dusk  
As we no longer know of the bond called trust  
The forbidden tears well in my eyes  
As the heavens melt to starlit skies

Lonely once more,  
My forever-long bane  
Without the comfort of her,  
How shall I stay sane?

Timothy Weiermann

# You'LI Never Know

If I'm sorry you'll never know  
Cause from your life you've severed me so  
Severed me so I may never harm again  
Severed me so I may never be a friend

If the point was to hurt me back  
Then of pain there is no lack  
There is no lack or pain in my eyes  
There is no lack of pain to darken my skies

From your life you've severed me  
And from our life I'm haunted  
Happy couples I only see  
And from them I'm daunted

The memory of starlit days  
Paints the world of grey  
As the colors of a memory age  
And the painting starts to fade

If I'm sorry you'll never know  
Cause from your life you've severed me so

Timothy Weiermann