

Poetry Series

**Zachary Clark**  
**- poems -**

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## Zachary Clark(3/3/1993)

A 18 year old boy self motivated as a poet. He realized that a poet is unable to make a decent living so he decided to share it to the world. He has gone through some things in the past boosting his descriptive power and personal presence in everything he writes. He wishes someday everyone will be touched by at least one of his works...

# A Heart Forgiven

Freshman year when I was fourteen  
It all felt like a crazy happy dream  
I was the center of all my friends  
I was dressed in all the newest trends  
I didn't dwell on all the little things  
I was in love reaping the rewards of Kings

I fell but knew flesh wounds were temperary  
I held my heart and soul so tenderly  
Had all I ever wanted and asked for  
When she smiled at me I felt my heart soar  
Floating above the Earth like a cloud  
Then, I didn't believe the confusing crowd

My heart felt light in the damp Spring air  
I didn't, I wouldn't, I refused to believe her  
When she moved away from my hometown  
I said, 'Ha, no worries she'll come around'  
Then I didn't know what I saw or I felt  
I didn't even see the hole my heart held

The top of the hole drooping, stretching  
Trying to reach down not quite connecting  
A warped hole of the heart I stare, empty  
In my hands, my heart I held so tenderly  
Now it's sad, hurt, beating slow, weakly  
I fell to my knees, strength running from me

My mind screamed and on my knees I collapsed  
Hands reaching to the heavens, which I was cast  
Never did my heart feel so heavy like stone  
I layed there in the ground rocked and moaned  
As I gripped my legs in a ball I felt utterly alone  
Wings of a angel black as night they had gone

Flesh wounds healed fast from what I could see  
But the pain of a broken heart healed slowly  
It wept and shook, my friends couldn't help me  
I hung my head feeling the darkness of misery

I dressed in black and started to cut daily  
Ignoring the warnings of what would await me

When I died from bloodloss and cutlery  
I just ignored what they said I wanted to see  
Then during one of the endless memories  
My black emptiness formed a new life entirely  
Light shined through the cracks of my heart  
The infected scab over the hole ripped apart

I felt the presence of God and he told me  
'I forgive you and your heart I set you free'  
Free are the endless walkways of heaven  
I saw only light but I believed it was him  
He lent me a hand and I accepted him in  
And I saw my wings begin to slowly whiten

Zachary Clark

# Alone In The Dark

I am walking along slowly, alone  
Not a girl which I can rightly hold  
Shadows around me full of unknown  
My candle flame is growing small, cold

The light around me is slowly fading  
The flame of this candle a faint glow  
As the flame's blaze is fading, I'm waiting  
For someone to hold me in the growing shadow

Zachary Clark

# Anger

Breath, breath

Breath is gone  
I cannot speak  
Hyperventilating  
Tention building

In, out, in, out

Pistivity is a turning point  
A fulcrum to tip on  
To disable intellect  
Run on adreneline

Relax, Breath

Shortened breath  
In a never ending spiral  
Pounding in my head  
A thought to hit someone

Think clearly, in, out

Fingers curving into a ball  
Clenched in emmense pressure  
I have to hit something  
I have to realise this

Count one

Pain, pain limbs on fire  
Power, strength, adreniline  
Breath growing faster  
Thoughts getting shorter

Count two

Muscles tensing  
Coiling like a snake

I want to strike  
Like a king cobra

Count three

Body shaking  
Thoughts hard  
Intentions bad  
Words cruel

Count four

Must remember  
Why am I angry  
I need a reason  
A justification

Count five

Breath I must think  
Why am I so tense  
I must control this  
Or be controlled

Count six

Blood pressure

Subsiding slowly

My fingers

Freezing cold

Count seven, breath, peace

Why am I still angry

What reasons do I have

Who enraged me

Caused this pain

Count eight in, out

Blood pressure is almost gone

Almost subsided from my vanes

Rushing, coursing, flowing

Fast as a whipper boy

Count nine breath, in, out

Still don't know why I was mad

I feel a little tired

Limbs are cold

Warmth is slowly returning

Count ten calm, still



How did I get so angry

Isn't that weird

I don't remember why

Or for what reason

Zachary Clark

# Blank Mocking Paper

I stare at this paper so white  
I just don't know what's so right  
I want to write on it  
I would love to write a sonnet  
I just am alone with the green lines  
The red now just starts to shine  
Blank as my mind is this sheet  
Please can my pen and it just meet  
Instead of me sitting here dumbstruck  
As if I almost got hit by a truck  
Ink blue as the sky not writing  
Instead on its end I keep biting  
I don't want to right about a caper  
So I'll just stare at this Blank Mocking Paper

Zachary Clark

# Bloody Eyes

Eyes red and blood shot  
Draining not tears but blood  
I have been in the face shot  
Blood on my face like mud

I have been shot in the face  
Why am I still breathing and alive  
Why do I sit and linger in this place  
I sit and just barely survive

Why do girls cause so much hurt  
Why do they cause pain  
Why do woman make eyes squirt  
Make our emotions go insane

We sit here wondering 'Why oh why'  
Do they stare in that hoody  
Make us question 'Why oh why'  
Must you make are eyes bloody

Zachary Clark

# Book Of Emotion

When you are a writer you write a good book,  
Sometimes you see the cover you need another look.  
Books pull you in and throw at you there might,  
Some books are just as jumbled as they seem at first sight.  
There are good books that look very plain,  
But there are others filled with pain.  
Some are filled with huge amounts of passion.  
Some building up a new born assassin.  
Some are smart and you must think to read it.  
Some are good read and hard to put down for a bit.  
Some build up and at the end explode.  
Some are good all the way like going down a nature road.  
Some put you at ease and are very relaxing and delicious.  
Some are teasers and just play and make you anxious,  
But there are a few that use all towards a notion.  
There are some the can balance the Book of Emotions.

Zachary Clark

# Bully Victim

Picked on, Ridiculed, Mocked, unwanted kid.  
Goes running and makes his cute face hid.  
Doing drugs to take away the pain.  
He and his mind are starting to go insane.  
So he goes home in rage at his torture day to day.  
Grabs a gun from the hall and wait for time to play.  
He walks up to them crying, angry, and distressed.  
He aims the gun and with his finger the triggers pressed.  
Dropped to the floor with a whole in his chest.  
He started crying as he was put under arrest.  
Picked on for so long put him in a rage.  
Now he's going to be put in a steel cage.  
Even though the bully is dead.  
His beating heart is still filled with dread.  
Why in the world was it him?  
To be picked out as the bullies next victim.

Zachary Clark

# Cheaters

My friend's heart is dying.  
Your love for him was lying.  
How could you do this?  
With that precious little kiss.

He fell in love with you.  
Then you split his heart in two.  
Don't you even care?  
That he ripped out all his hair.

He never leaves his room.  
He doesn't even groom.  
He loved you through and through.  
Your lies to him grew.

He went rushing to your house.  
He wanted you to be his spouse.  
When he saw you with him.  
He was very grim.

Still he lives in agony.  
You were his harmony.  
Buckets he could fill with his tears.  
He might be crying for years.

All the curses he screams.  
Out of his mouth it streams.  
Now you say you want him back.  
You want to get him back on track.

Go run off to him now.  
If you through his door he'll allow.  
After he saw you he's hated your guts.  
He wishes you didn't give him cuts.

Broken down weeping like a Willow.  
He's been sobbing deep in his pillow.  
What's that bellow?  
Why is your belly yellow?

Zachary Clark

# Childrens Rage

I was eight when the twin towers were attacked  
I didn't know what to do or how to act  
So I just sat and watched the hell  
When ol' mother freedom rang her bell  
How the first tower was hit I watched in despair  
Good thing I already sat in a chair  
I cried for our nation and all those poor souls  
I wondered for the cemetery how many holes  
It made me feel for my country on a level unseen  
Now that I sit here it's stronger at sixteen  
Then another got hit and smoke started to rise  
My eyes got bigger in huge surprise  
Next thing I know they say there are more  
Hey many more were hijacked three? Four?  
How can they do this smash so many lives?  
What about at home what about their wives?  
The next plane hit the Pentagon whatever that was  
I cried out when I discovered they missed cause  
They were aiming for the White House and I was freaked out  
Then the towers fell I let out a shout  
Why does everyone have to die?  
I hear they leaped from windows I didn't hear lies  
I knew whoever jumped down from that height no one survives  
The next one to crash was flight 89  
That sent a jolting shock right down my spine  
So many people most innocent dead  
I finally stop crying but my face stayed red  
Then I cried out, 'They gotta pay  
Put a boot in their ass it's the American way! '

Zachary Clark



# Deadly Cost Of Years

Why am I cowering in this ball of metal?  
Why did I grab that open Wiskey bottle?  
I am in so much pain wishing this would go away.  
So I am sitting here thinking for a happier day.  
With no worries, pain, or searing agony.  
I thought I was cool with all my money.  
Now theres a girl hurt, broken, and twisted in her steel cage.  
Sitting down in her room writing poems on her page.  
She was love sought and adored by many.  
Her smarts, grades, and wit so uncanny.  
All I had was shallow meaningless life.  
Now I have this metal stabbed in me like a knife.  
Her beauty splintered, disshaped, and destroyed.  
For her a helicopter has just been deployed.  
I am crying as I feel hands hold me tight.  
Get strapped down as they make sure I am alright.  
I am thinking I don't deserve to live through this.  
I wish I could be home hanging with my sis.  
Why am I here unless to be tortured for what I just did.  
I need to go back and help out though into a ambulance I have just been slid.  
Must I go help the girl who's life I just smashed with my grill?  
To write poems in her place and wear the Shakespear frill?  
Blood is my inspiration and her my humility.  
I will write all for her with the best of my ability.  
Love, tragedy, nature, and most about her.  
I want all to know I'm sorry for what I did and that's what I want them to infer.

Zachary Clark

# Deafening Silence

No whisper or sound no twitch or movement.  
Cars there is none no trains or other humans.  
Animals quiet and insects resting frozen.  
Inside your house in the living room your T.V. isn't blaring.  
Inside your kitchen no water boiling or pots and pans are pounding.  
On the street you can't hear anything at all.  
You know your walls have no sound and the carpet is unruffled.  
In your room your bed is not creaking and cat is laying still.  
Your T.V., Stereo, and computers off and your door is not budging.  
Outside your window there is no wind or planes flying by.  
You yourself are not moving not even batting an eye.  
Don't want to move, twitch, or stir your relaxed calm.  
But then you notice the silence it is deafening at first.  
It is louder than kids screaming or a baby crying at night.  
Louder than a concert or a helicopter starting off to fly.  
Then it starts to dim down as you start to hear more.  
You hear your breath steady, flexing, and flowing to keep you alive.  
Next you hear the clock tick tick ticking away annoyingly on the wall.  
You ignore it and lay there and you start to hear your heart.  
It is rhythmic and repetitive more fragile than spider's silk.  
Then you move on and hear your cats breathing and heartbeat.  
Your feline friend starts purrrring and its stomach starts to growl.  
You think outside then hear a car and the silence disappears.  
You loved the reach but you so know that was so intense.  
You wanna hear again that Deafening Silence.

Zachary Clark

## Dear Dairy,

Dear Diary,

Today is the first day I can go anywhere.  
I hope the scary people with stars aren't still there.

The Happy Girl,

Dear Diary,

The scary people with the stars aren't here anymore.  
But there are even scarier soldiers going door to door.

The Afraid Girl,

Dear Diary,

I left the neighborhood, buildings are in ash and gravel.  
But I still went and sat at the town center bell.

The Displeased Girl,

Dear Diary,

I found a journal it is so very small.  
I found it in the remains of a old burnt wall.

The Curious Girl,

Dear Diary,

The journal is sad and very depressing.  
This girl is sad, lonely, terror is manifesting.

The Sad Girl,

Dear Diary,

Did you know our country hurt people?  
We cut and burned them on church steeples.

The Pained Girl,

Dear Diary,

Oh my what did we do, she is suffering!  
Look at the horror our country can bring!

The Depressed Girl,

Dear Diary,

Pain, she is in pain, in a camp for killing.  
The camp is for torture from the floor to ceiling.

The Angry Girl,

Dear Diary,

She couldn't escape she is dead...  
Why Ann Frank and not me instead...

The Mourning Girl,

Zachary Clark

# Dejavu

I want to know that what I see,  
I believe to have already seen.  
I'm seeing the seen before,  
I wonder where I've been.  
Other lives could I have lived?  
To what instincts was I keen?

To see this memory within a dream,  
An imagination from the past.  
I scream, I scream, again, I scream,  
To know that they won't last.  
Too short to explore or figure out,  
Dreamy mirages that fade too fast.

Thoughts uncaptured, moments not known,  
Fall through the cracks of mind.  
The forceful gail, the roarin' drain,  
The abyss, not one thing can find.  
Once a moment gone, a thought is lost,  
And the darkness and light bind.

Until a graze, a gentle touch,  
A nudge to ignite the senses.  
Brings abit of a distant light,  
Through the distant pretenses.  
We find that our mind tricks itself,  
To believing were reliving these presences

Zachary Clark

# Desire

Love of strong will all through the night  
Show the love of pleasant heat right  
As we all know the kiss is the start  
Of the feeling opposite of tart  
Hades would be jealous of the heat we make  
What you will feel is a need of a double take  
Soft, tender, and arched is a back tensed  
The greatest desire is now senced  
Love and passion go on for hours  
We have no will only passionate desires  
The beat of strong hip is to make us inspire  
That it is not bad to give into desire

Zachary Clark

# Dreamy

I have dreamed the essence of my other half  
Walking hand in hand feeling her skin silky  
The soft delicious chill so teasing it's daft  
Like the Mercury used to make hats see

The very presence thoughts of her in mine  
Sends shockwaves of body heating impulses  
'Causing the temptation of my male mind  
As I cuddle I start to struggle against sex

The damnation of male fantasy and illusion  
To imagine something not yet known to me  
To separate lust, love, desire, and delusions  
That push towards rape and other extreme

Forms of satisfaction that are hungered for  
So I can enjoy the soft sensual stimulations  
That would otherwise be thrown out the door  
I've dreamt of cuddling struggling with temptations

Zachary Clark

# Exams

Exams, exams, exams are coming  
Study, study, keep on studying  
Fill your mind with knowledge  
You need and in mind the info will lodge

Keep it up let it flow  
Your absorbing mind it does glow  
Info, info it will seek  
Absorbing until it's hit it's peek

Overflowing, Overspilling  
Fear, scared, emotion willing  
Need a break but must keep  
Going before tommorow I need sleep

Exams, exams, exams are coming  
Study why didn't I keep studying  
Exams are tommorow I am sleeping  
Exams, exams, exams are creeping

Zachary Clark



# Fate

Slowly, I watch the stars and the heavens  
Turning as the world does, again and again  
As they turn with time, I realize, I'm powerless  
To try to stop their fated rotations, useless

Ghosts haunting the living, I see and touch  
Even talk to them as they bleed, such  
Things I see, slowly evaporating before me  
Before they've gone, I've watched them freely

Murderous revenge, this single thought  
Reminds me of my powerlessness, hot  
My body burns, a rage that grows free  
Until it breaks my sanity, swallowing me

I fight the anger, the inner killer inside  
Knowing it's futile, hopeless, to provide  
A hand to protect, those who I cherish  
Anger at myself I've lost, unless

Grant me a sword, and power to protect  
The ones I love, the ones I respect  
Grant me the only wish I'll make  
Grant me the power to break fate

Zachary Clark

# First Love

We've all had our first love right? We all know it's not fake this is a dedication to all those that didn't last.

Puppy love is as real as can be  
Puppy love is real love and should be held in the highest degree  
Known and expressed is the way it is felt  
When it dies you feel like you got hit with a belt  
You feel happier then all and that your a king  
Against anyones put downs you'd step up and take the ring  
High up in the sky is a hand from above  
Helping you up after you break your first love

Zachary Clark

# Free

In this sky everyday  
A majestic beast comes out to play  
To some it's bald to some it gold  
To others it is godly told

Flying high above the trees so high  
How does it to the land tie  
How close to the earth it be  
How does it feel to be so free

Zachary Clark

# From The Woods To The Sea

We leave the drive and turn to the beach.  
The tune of the tires on the dark hot road.  
Pulling us away from the cold gloom of the woods.  
Being bathed in the sun of the pristine sea.  
In the red Mustang the paint gleams bright and blinding.  
As we leave the forest of the pines tall and shading.  
The sound of small chirping birds hidden in the needles,  
To the screeching and cawing of the white and black seagulls.  
The sauna like steam warm and heavy in the air.  
As we get out and walk barefoot through the wet, soft, sand,  
The grains clumping and squishing in between our toes.  
As a wave crashes against the shore the sea breeze hits our faces.  
As we walk down the beach we pass by a old dock,  
The pylons all old and antique mineralized by the beat of the sea.  
Cliffs coming up to mark our return trip it's now time to get back.  
We turn around nature runs from the woods to the sea.

Zachary Clark

# God's Wizedom Is Great

Nothing in the world matches the wizedom of GOD  
We were put on this Earth to be as wize as our years allow  
Somw of us suceed in completing the corrective measures to our mistakes  
Other beleive GOD put us on Earth because were better  
We are here to learn of him, love him, and spread his glory  
Trees he put down to show to us his wizedom through time  
He will come and show us right for he is almighty  
I just want to be loved by him and don't ask Satan for you'll be dead  
Keep your word and let GOD live in your heart  
For Earth and life is the final key to happiness

Zachary Clark

# Hiding From Society

I don't know the  
real me.  
A shadow.  
A lone cloud.  
An upside-down  
sea.  
That ghost is me.

Changing outside, but  
the same inside.  
My face an illusion.  
What is my life  
worth?

In the closet,  
itching to  
breakout, but  
afraid of the  
fallout.

The truth is  
transcending every  
lie I tell.  
Why lie when the truth  
is the easier  
path?

I feel like I'm  
going, going...  
Too far gone.  
Feeling as though  
the mirror lies,  
but I know  
it can't.

Drip, drop, I cry.  
Tears falling  
relentlessly.  
Hear my

tears.  
Feel my  
pain.

Knowing home  
would hold no  
substance or  
meaning to me.  
Doors would be  
slammed in  
my face.

Nothing but pain  
in my tomorrow.  
Pain cries and I listen.  
It asks, 'why can't  
people care more  
about me? '

Enough for me  
to be free to follow  
what I wish.

I was thinking about why do gay guys stay in the closet? ? ? Then I started thinking because they feel they'll be judged by society, the same society who claims to support and accept them. Sons and Daughters hiding who they are from Mothers and Fathers knowing they be denied for their choice. They probably cry at night knowing they'd be judged just to live the truth. Why is it so hard for people to allow others to pursue what they wish? ? ? Why can't they be allowed to be honest without being persecuted? ? ?

Zachary Clark

# Hopelessly Chasing

I am running hopeless lost in time  
I duck and weave I heard a dog bark  
Only green and gloom I see for it is scary in the dark  
I am running hopeless lost in time

I am falling hopelessly down down below  
Falling in this hole it is scary to the soul  
I don't see any light above from inside this hole  
I am falling hopelessly down down below

Climbing Climbing hopeless there is no light from my drop  
Walls slick and hard to hold onto the moss mass  
Stone polished as diamond and slick as ice on glass  
Climbing Climbing hopeless there is no light from my drop

I made it up and over and now I'm almost there  
To my love on the top of the world waiting heavens above  
Sitting up so delicate and beautiful like a pure white dove  
I made it up and over and now I'm almost there

I am falling now my heart just hit my feet  
You look at me and show disgust  
Now I know coming here was on my heart a bust  
I am falling now my heart just hit my feet

Zachary Clark



# I Never Dreamed

There was this girl,  
We'd been friends for years,  
Thirteen years

She was sitting on a sidewalk,  
Next to her parents house,  
She was thinking,

Her face perfectly smooth,  
Eyes as beautiful as the heavens,  
Her laugh set my heart ablaze

But she looked upset, distraught,  
I asked her what was the matter,  
She was unspeaking

I asked could I lend myself,  
Or if she would care,  
She refused her breath

I asked if she could possible love me,  
Or she wanted to kiss and make love,  
She struggled not to answer

'I guess I am just a friend, goodbye'  
As I turned around she grasped my hand,  
I stopped and froze like a marble statue

She pulled me back around,  
Jumped up from the ground,  
Got close to me

Without pausing even a moment,  
She got up on her toes and kissed me,  
Sending shivers down my spine and limbs

She then uttered,  
With barely a sound,  
'I love you

That is why I was depressed,  
Sitting on this walk,  
I never dreamed we could be...'

Zachary Clark

# If I Could Get You To Say One Word

Babies just don't like to talk do they?

I have talked to you for hours  
Droning on and on about me  
Asked if you like the flowers  
Over next to the willow tree

I have talked about my love  
All about her ultimate glory  
How she caught a pure dove  
About her whole life story

I have told you I love you  
I told you I really do care  
We will be always true  
Be nice equal and fair

Why can't you say one word  
We wish you'd say just one  
Your mime act is absurd  
My one and only son

Can't you say you love me  
Say to us thank you  
Tell us you like these peas  
Say you love you do

I sit here talking to you  
Can't you just say so  
Everything I tell you is true  
Wow you just said, 'No! '

Zachary Clark

# If Mad Is A Hatter Then Mad Am I

If mad is a hatter then mad am I  
We'll riddle a needle to that of an eye  
Make monkeys purple and rabbits fly  
Then when one of the 'sane' asks us why

We'll laugh like two loons and ask why not  
Our minds be long gone we'll fight sane thought  
And invent new words like drot and haggot  
Laughing like Trisels, madness is naught

To befriend a hatter is quite benign  
Especially when you've lost your mind  
And all of your thoughts become entwined  
You yourself then laugh when maligned

I won't ever lie, you must understand  
Or this purple penguin will bite off my hand  
Then I couldn't drink the best tea of the land  
And this tea I tell you is simply quite grand

People think us foolish, demented, disturbed  
But I find it quite moronic and even absurd  
They don't know any of the things that I've heard  
And a hatter can teach you much more than I've leard

And a hatter's knowledge is rather quite open  
And then when you've come fully ready listen  
Careful to leard our knowledge 'cause when  
You come over the hill you can't go back again

Zachary Clark

# I'M Not Insane

I'm bleeding slow and pleasurable  
The way she licks it off my arm is desirable  
I slide my knife accross my arm again  
Then grab a quill and put it in my arm to begin  
Writing with blood on pure white paper  
Then blow lightly on my wound and purr  
I look at her and she likes the blood she drinks  
I lick it off my arm with her as the pool of blood shrinks  
We both start to kiss as I begin to feel the pain  
I love the pain but I'm not insane

Zachary Clark

# In The Meadow

Within is a meadow filled with undying love,  
Having a giant bright beautiful light shining from above.  
Surrounding the clearing is willows galore,  
The grassland trees are the one thing most would adore.  
With wild flowers and grass tall bustling with life,  
It is a good place to hide from a heated knife.  
Within the center is the shadow of your unknown other,  
Singing softly with a voice of a beautiful angel to one another.  
Her eyes glow strong with an almighty beautiful light,  
Look at them for you can still for those gorgeous eyes aren't to bright.  
In her singing is a streaming passion full of a striving beat,  
She sings for a guy to sweep her off her feet.  
She is beautiful beyond spoken words description,  
To all guys that hear her song to there heart is put a incantation.  
Love they fall into immobile love from a weak body,  
Only one is immune to her voice so lovely.  
A warrior a fighter full of turmoil and confusion,  
Walking up and causing a magnificent intrusion.  
Her eyes closed unable to see his masculinity,  
He strides across the meadow and grabs her magnificently.  
Her singing stops dead the flowers pollen burst forth in the air,  
A soft breeze from through the trees ruffles their hair.  
The sun being hidden behind water filled clouds dark embrace,  
Drops of rain start to fall and the men are broken of the spell upon their face.  
Imprints in the grass are left as the leaves of the willows are no longer hearing,  
Forever and a day after she no longer could sing.  
Though she hoped through all just what the next day would bring,  
Her husband buff and fierce couldn't give back the voice of an angel.  
So he sought to give a bargain but it was in a tangle,  
Their after she'd dreamed about the love and joy and the way the sun would  
glow.  
Way deep In the Meadow.

Zachary Clark

# Instruments Wisdom

Twang! Ping! Ping! Zing!  
Zing! Ping! Ping! Twang!  
Lost in endless sand...  
An instrument observing life...  
Played to death again...  
Beginning of the man...  
Sounding in the night...  
Living past great men...  
The instrument cared for...  
I am musical strength...  
Zing! Ping! Ping! Twang!  
Twang! Ping! Ping! Zing!

Zachary Clark

# Irresistable

Look into my eyes  
See what I feel  
See what's a disguise  
See what is real

Know you look at me  
Into my hazel, green  
See what I see  
Know what I've seen

Creeping in your head  
Making you dazed  
Leaving reasoning dead  
As you look through haze

You search for my eyes  
As you crave my kiss  
You look at my disguise  
And fall away in bliss

I grow my hair out  
To hide those beauties  
I just wanna shout  
Let me see them cutie

You crave my touch  
Crave my loving look  
Want my passion so much  
You my my hands I took

You look at my lips  
They are nicely layed  
To your mouth clipped  
This passion I have made

We kiss and you giggle  
See my cute cheeks  
Make my ears wiggle  
So out of my hair they peek



You see my nose  
It is quite big  
I am who you chose  
For you I'll do a jig

I crave you touch  
Just as you crave mine  
Admitting it's too much  
Oh man you're so fine

Zachary Clark

# Lady Of The Clearing

In the woods there's a trail  
The trail is small, thin, and winding  
It runs through the trees a rich dark brown  
Over bumps hills...around huge smooth boulders  
Down hills dipping into valleys  
Through huge flats of trees  
Across creeks, rivers, and streams  
It continues running, winding, and twisting  
It stop at a beautiful...gorgeous view  
A dropp in a valley over looking  
A great span of perfectly leafy green trees  
During a sunset that beautifies the green sheen  
The green grass bends as the wind rolls through  
The sparkling streams in the sun  
The sand on the shores a brilliant perfect white  
The red pink orange and magenta show in the horizon  
As you stare in aw you don't notice a woman walk up  
Standing more beautiful then your deepest imagination  
Her hair a dark seated and deep brunette and blue highlight  
Glow from the sun coming off the water  
Lighting up her brilliantly colored blue dress  
It makes her angel sky blue eyes stand out  
Her eyes send a glowing happiness through you  
But then she vanishes you flies back wards and wake up  
You will never forget the Lady Of The Clearing

Zachary Clark

# Lainy66's Trail

This is Lainy66's trail  
Stray from it if you dare  
The forests are full of betrayal  
You'll be in for a scare

You'll walk ten feet at the most  
Coming up to a freshly dug grave  
As you see the bodies ghost  
To far in the forest for God to save

Walk 10 more you'll find a door  
The opening to the mill  
You'll find a pendulum wanting more  
Innocent victims to kill

In the corner waiting for you  
Is Lainy66 the killer herself  
She will see your death through  
Keep in mind the life of oneself

Follow the trail and do not stray  
For she will see your death  
Don't diddle dally or horse play  
Or it'll be your last breath

Zachary Clark

# Last Kiss

The soft moist embrace  
Makes my heart shake and race

The heavy heated breath  
Sweeping chilling on my neck

A last bonded connection  
Before the separation

A kiss called death  
When the world's deaf

A swift ache of pain  
As her life wains

Dropping off to sleep  
Long, silent I weep

As SHE drops off to sleep  
Long, silent I weep

Her I will miss  
Remembering the last kiss

Zachary Clark

# Laughter

Have you ever laughed?  
I mean truly fully laughed  
I remember when I did  
Laughed so hard the heavens shook  
That day long ago ha ha  
In that meadow we rolled  
Smiled so wide, so openly  
The way the light shined  
The way her face glowed bright  
Oh how I remember that day  
It was like it was yesterday  
Oh wait, it was yesterday  
Maybe I'll do it again today

Zachary Clark

# Loneliness

I feel alone on my small bed  
Cool is this pillow below my head  
Thoughts stirring in my mind  
Wondering what I might just find

The feeling of loneliness  
I am bound in pitch darkness  
Chains grasping my wrists  
As my whole body twists

Wrestling struggling to be free  
Trying to get away from this agony  
Inside my mental prison  
This feeling has finally arisen

Growing strong and uncontrollable  
Now my mind is getting unstable  
Unable to keep all my thoughts in  
My mental gate has broke open

Zachary Clark

# Lost!

Help! Help! Please help me!  
I need help...  
I am alone in a darkened room  
I hear my echoing cries  
I find no wall, no light  
I'm in the dark and it's scary  
My mind lost in a void  
Nobody can help me  
I'm impossible to find  
There is no light guiding my way  
Not a sliver of hope, lost

Help! Help! Please help me!  
Give me hope, find me here  
Oh no, I see two ruby red eyes  
Glowing bright with fear  
I'm not scared of them  
They want to protect me  
He sent them here, their pretty  
They hold and comfort me

Help! Help! Please save me!  
Give me light, just some rays  
Show me what you look like  
I know you are my fears enemy,  
You make me fearless to fear  
Lead guide me through it all  
I see your face as light shines down  
Thanks for saving me from the dark

Help! Help! Please save me!  
From my own greedy heart  
I want eternal happiness  
Thanks; I thought I was lost forever  
That day I was raped so long ago  
Thanks, thank you and your father  
I love you, my guardian angel  
Father, up in heaven  
I'll wait for you

Zachary Clark



# Loveless

Love can be followed through time  
Often seen in its greatest hour  
The sight is always so sublime  
As you see the word's mighty power

It upholds from the darkness  
Allows you to see the light  
I wish I could just impress  
That I won't find love tonight

Zachary Clark

# Loves Power

Love is the feeling in ones stomach of fluttering,  
The butterflies that envelop the pit.  
The heavy stuck rock in the bottom of ones throat.  
Stubborn as a jackass's retarded growth stunted son.  
The muscles of ones mouths moving of there own accord,  
As they look like a buffoon trying to strike a match of laughter.  
The increased pace of a softened heart,  
Getting the blood of a drunken bastards fighting while still as a statue.  
The genius's nervous unrestrained sweat.  
Around women as that of an old greasy rag.  
Making it yet the more impossible to hold a dozen roses,  
Made all the more beautiful by the drink of thy shaking hands.  
Legs turning to that of a parfait in stature,  
Feet and hands as cold as ice and numb as thy jelly legs.  
A sensation of sharpness electric in feeling within there hands,  
Uncontrollable writhing from finger to toe.  
The power of the passion of which ones strength has come,  
Of the simple undeniable instinct and will to make their's.  
Trying to shake predictions of destruction from the soul,  
The horrible feeling of untidiness, ugliness, and bad breath.  
The prickly hair on thee skin stands like a thousand sharp needles,  
Trying to replenish the heat to thee outside of thee chilled body.  
Goosebumps crawling upon thy skin,  
Making to chill almost relaxing to the touch.  
The half tense half relaxed posture putting thee into an awkward state,  
The sweat giving a true feeling of being able to slide out of there skin.  
Clothes fancy getting drenched clinging to there skin,  
Once of great design ruined by the salt water of there skin excreted.  
Slowly sneaking up wishing you wrote a fine letter instead,  
Hoping thee doesn't look up into thy eyes or laugh.  
Clearing the lump in your throat ask thee, 'Will you go out with me? '  
Hoping the other shares thy feelings and says thy heart yearning, 'Yes! '

Zachary Clark

# Manipulative

The poem is about a woman in a abusive relationship.

Push me down  
Cut me up  
Me me frown  
Stand me up

Say your sorry  
Say you love me  
Say you worry  
Say you care baby

You say your scared  
That you'll hurt me  
Say you stared  
Right through thee

You say don't anger  
You for you'll hurt  
Me again I'm in danger  
You rip me shirt

Shove me to the ground  
Punch me in the face  
Knock me around  
Make me a disgrace

Pick me up and kiss me  
Say your sorry  
You set me free  
I can't go I worry

You've made me love you  
You make me mad  
You make me stay true  
I wish what I could've had

If you didn't meet me

Push me down  
Stand in a tree  
And jump down

I am ugly  
Broken twisted  
I am truly  
Completely wicked

I must fix this  
Though I can't  
You call me miss  
Then you rant

I'm sorry bye bye  
No baby I can't  
Go why oh why  
I just can't

Zachary Clark

# Mans Best Friend

Man rules the top of the food chain but who rules beside man?  
Who rules besides man that is both smart and strong?  
Who besides man best friend would stick with him till the end?  
Who does man talk to when no one else will listen?  
Upon listening who shows comfort with face licks and whimpers?  
Upon mans pain runs and signals for help?  
Hunting, who does man protect with his life?  
Upon injury who does man mend up and help?  
Who gives good treats and love to one another?  
Why do some men use them to fight, can they not fight there own battles?  
Though most are kind, why some are mean to man's best friend?  
Use the so selfish who gets a best friends trust?  
Dogs have very long memories though ours is longer.  
Man will be there for pup when he is more then ready to give in.

Zachary Clark

# Mens Search For Love

Are women really abnormally small?  
Or are guys just way too freakishly tall?  
Are we there to be a protector?  
As women sit behind us and be our director.  
We sit and see there emotional side,  
Only one we know could forever be our bride.  
We choose the try and fight to find,  
The one who really sooths are raging mind.  
We sit and run, scream and shout,  
To find the one we know with out doubt.  
When most of us find them we try to be kind.  
Others find that there true love with ropes they must bind.  
When we find them in there elegance we bask,  
To give our life would never ever be a task.  
We men are so greedy that women must see,  
That we would kill ourselves if we ever lost thee.

Zachary Clark

# Moral Chains

My lungs are held, unmoving  
Bound in chains holding  
Me in a distant control  
As insults pour into my whole

My arms, legs clasped by chains  
Insults lash me and pains  
Stakes deep, hear my heart pound  
Body tethered forever, bound

Anger building up so tight  
Craving like a bear to fight  
My body, writhes, and lists  
Adrenaline charged it resists

Raging thoughts roar so loud  
My fogged head they overcrowd  
While stimulants course my veins  
My body defies my hasty brain-

Zachary Clark

# Mother's Love 2010

Gentle arms and gentle soul  
She loves us with all her whole  
She's walked through all battlefields  
Her heart a sword, love a shield  
When we stumble she is there  
To catch us, oh how she cares  
Be only one day of the year  
When those loads she never bears  
She sits down shoulders shifted  
The weight of her love lifted  
Covering like a blanket  
Around her heart warming it  
As the ones she loves help her  
Bear the weight on her shoulders  
That one day of the whole year  
When for us she needn't fear

Zachary Clark



## Mother's Day Love 09

Mothers are loving and sit by our side.  
Their there for you and will catch you at the bottom of the slide.  
They'll play Tag, chase, and Hide and Seek.  
They even make wounds better with a kiss on the cheek.  
Always they understand and clean up your mess,  
Even cooking for you under huge amounts of stress.  
So one day of the year she deserves rest.  
Which that is what we help her with best.

Zachary Clark

# Mountains Fountains

Mountains full of trees peaceful as can be.  
Someone taking pictures what did he see?  
Fire spurt and mountain top blow.  
Shooting in the air rocks that glow.  
Melted fast is all the snow.  
Explosion so strong the trees it did mow.  
Rocks falling down set them ablaze.  
The extreme heat causing a haze.  
Shafts of gold having closed the hole.  
Happy are we that fire fighters patrol.

The 3rd and final one for them ha ha this was fun. =]

Zachary Clark

# My Dad's Cooking

So my Dad was never good at cooking,  
He could turn water pitch black...  
So when he does I'm always looking,  
Watching what is on the rack.

Fixing a truck in record breaking time!  
Easy for him to just do.  
He can always make my mother shine,  
Which makes me happy too!

But he can never cook a biscuit,  
He just makes hockey pucks.  
Too bad he remembered the chocolate chips...  
Burnt cookies just my fuckin' luck!

Zachary Clark

# My Human Explosion

I walked  
out my door  
into the dust  
then I coughed  
it was sunny  
outside  
I think  
I'm allergic  
to the sun  
I sneezed  
aloud  
I sneezed  
and coughed  
it pushed  
the gas  
in my  
intestines  
down out  
and as  
I sneezed  
coughed and  
farted  
I swear  
I felt  
myself  
explode

Zachary Clark

# Old Man Patan Miller's Shell

Drink my blood  
Thick as mud  
Dark as night  
Rich and right

Dark and red  
Is what colors bled  
Coursing through me  
Redder than a ruby

I cut my wrists  
It pours on my fists  
Pouring unnaturally  
Drink it fast and fully

Drink, drink it up  
Drink more than a cup  
Drink me dry  
Don't ask why

Aww keep on drinking  
All my veins are not shrinking  
I am lovable to a vamp  
Cut my wrists with glass lamps

Drink up take you fill  
Oh man I feel ill  
My body is healing  
My outer shell is peeling

Coming off  
Human layer off  
I'm a killer  
Old man Miller

Back from hell  
Can you tell  
Body of a demon spawn  
Afraid of dawn

Eyes of madness  
Mind of sadness  
Being pure evil  
There is never a sequel

Let them live on  
Geeks at coma-con  
Drank them hollow  
Now they follow

Evil is taken  
God is mistaken  
It isn't Satan  
It's me Patan

Zachary Clark

# Our Deciders

Words are words until put together to tell  
Some tell of truth some tell of half  
Some are used to hide the truth  
Some are never ever spoken  
For the truth of the world is feared in and of itself  
Only the lord knows why I am inspired to write  
What within my life is my true destiny  
I don't know why school tells half truths  
Why they hide the parts of meaningful truth  
They tell of hardships they tell of sorrow  
Do they tell of the happy, the great, and the prosperous  
What about when we landed upon the moon  
Did we see greatness for the world or did we see sadness  
Though we had love, hope, frustration, and war  
They don't tell how it was made to happen  
How did we come up with it who showed the truth  
Hidden over our eyes was a new planet a new world  
Yet it took a guy with a dream to make it come true  
Religion Catholics made it seem that GOD was the barrier  
Though now we know they lied for they sin themselves  
They say they understand and they can teach and show  
How can they show other then let us be taken  
Us be conquered, tortured, and turned insane by them  
It was the lies that made up witches, dark magic, and superstitions  
Though not all superstitions are fake for some are of angels  
We have been hidden behind veils of lies  
To be shown what others want to show us  
Why do they lie and give advice and teachings to kings  
For kings are just there royal tools  
While we wither away not knowing who does they world in  
Of all in our minds we know the truth, the meaning in there words  
We know what's truth but we hide behind it  
For we are scared to accept reality for what is real  
Rather then what is not in all our lives  
The Matrix has truth for in a way we are in the Matrix  
We are hidden in comfort but why don't we strive for real answers  
Why do we sit back and let other be our deciders





# Pain And Hurt

Why don't we help and not hurt  
Kids from foreign countries live in dirt  
We spend money on war not love  
Show there's someone looking out from way above

But they live in starvation, Deprivation, and bad water  
They live in trash and there it just gets hotter  
They've no money barely have clothes on  
Not even good enough land to have missiles rained upon

They die of diseases we cure everyday  
But not so much as a penny you'll pay  
Why must they live in death and pain  
They get so relieved when it just rains

Zachary Clark

# Pain And Suffering

I can't eat for my stomach is small,  
I can't move or I'll punch a wall,  
I can't think cause it's all I think about,  
I can't talk for I'll only shout,

The pain tightens my stomach small,  
The rage makes holes appear in my wall,  
They always cause someone to cry without doubt,  
I am so mad at abusers it must be let out,

Rapists hurt sexually,  
Manipulators hurt mentally,  
Killers hurt mortally,  
Abusers hurt ultimately,

So through all this pain and anguish in life,  
Why shouldn't I hollow my heart with this knife,  
It would take away the searing pain,  
Why should I let this mess continue to reign,

If I did stab myself what would it change,  
Words of my death people would exchange,  
Though who would really remember me,  
Drifting along a slowly dieing memory,

In the deepest parts of two hearts,  
Is where sorrow creeps up and starts,  
My parents love forever will remain,  
Inside of my soul and wouldn't wane,

Though even if it is so true,  
Remaining in the minds of two,  
Would be the ever lingering thought,  
Where were we when help was sought,

Zachary Clark

# Pheidippides

The Persians have been thrown down their weapons cast aside  
Shields smashed swords fragmented raise up in pride  
Pheidippides today you witness a miracle in your eyes  
Tilt your head back and stare into the bright blue skies  
Today is the day you start your journey aflight  
Run run like Hades is at your heels and Zeus is casting at you his light  
Run like Hermes has given you his sandals of flight  
Tell the Athenians that we have won the fight  
As I tell you they worry they worry they do  
They worry for what has happened if the Persians we hue  
Run over the rocks in the sky through the crags cutting into hell  
Run up into the giant Pantheon and ring the giant warning bell  
Fly through the woods and burst forth before Athens assembly  
Into their halls and tell them we have won against the Persian army

Zachary Clark

# Pillows

Big, soft like sandbags  
Squishy like a beanie animal  
Forming around my cheeks  
Sinking like liquid land  
Hands brushing through my hair  
Tingling down my relaxed spine  
Two soft pillows to lay on  
Soft, cool, beautiful pillows  
Goodnight, love you pillows

Zachary Clark

# Pink Panties

So, I was given this topic to write about  
Though I don't want to write, but shout  
About just losing my mind and control  
Bekah should make my hard head roll

When she trusted me, she trusted me  
Why did she trust me, what could she  
Ever come to see in me, my hollow head  
Thoughts of adultery, I should be dead

Why did I break her boundless trust  
What was going through my mind, must  
I ruin everything that God gives  
My heart pounding behind my ribs

Why did she trust me, she trusted me  
What in my thick head could she see  
She should be beating me and never  
Want to see the sight of me, ever

Again I made a mistake unforgivable  
Even liquid shouldn't 'cause control  
To be lost, to give into male seduction  
Why did I have to give into tension

Bekah now is crying, I say I'm sorry  
She'll never forgive me, I worry  
She should have reached out and snapped me  
When she found those Pink Panties

Ok, so I know what you're thinking, if you've read my page Bekah is my Fiancé. I was completely drunk and I woke up next to this girl, I was shocked I would've done something like that. Bekah and I are kind of in a long distance relationship and I wanted to be honest. I told her immediately what I had done, she started crying, I couldn't think of anything to say. She said, 'Do you not love me? Do you not care about me?' I was hurting especially because it pains me to see her cry. I let her know what I remember, I will not drink again. I am lucky I have a girl as forgiving as Bekah because any other woman would have dumped me. It

happened about the time I stopped coming on Sharepoetry and it is the reason I stopped. I was depressed and feeling very guilty, I felt I had to share this and express the reason and why I wasn't here with you all.

Zachary Clark

# Power Of Eyes

Eyes stare at you and you can't but not stare  
When someone close to you into your head they glare  
Eyes can make you freaked out and scared for your life  
Cut into you like your butter and it's a hot knife  
Then again they can be of passion of the most that care  
One with eyes of beauty hypnosis can't compare  
They can show you what you want and put you in a daze  
Then make you struggle to get out of the maze  
It can make you weak and think your in love  
With you comparing it to that of a brilliant white dove  
How it floats so gracefully and effortlessly in the skies  
But unbenounced to you it's the Power of Eyes

Zachary Clark

# Promise Me One Thing.

There was this girl,  
We'd been friends for awhile,  
A long while.

She looked upset, distant,  
I asked her what was wrong,  
She was silent

I asked her if I could help,  
I asked her if she cared,  
She was stubborn

I asked her if she loved me,  
I asked her if she wanted to kiss me,  
Her lips barely quivered

As I said, 'Well then I'll be off, '  
She touched my wrist,  
I stood still as a statue

She pulled soft on my arm,  
I turned around,  
She was there

On her tippy toes,  
She then lightly, gently,  
Slowly kissed me

She then said,  
Barely a whisper,  
'What is wrong is,  
I love you

How can you help me  
Is by holding me close,  
Never letting go

Do I care,  
I only care for you,



You alone

Do I love you,  
That is why I am  
forever scared

Do I want to kiss you,  
Everyday there is a rising sun  
Running across the darkness  
bringing a new dawn  
the coming of a new day

I want to kiss you

Every time I see a couple  
Holding each other  
Close, giggling

I want to kiss you

Every time I see my Mom and Dad  
Watching them express  
the the love they have  
for each other

I want to kiss you

Every time I see kitten  
Stretching, sprawled  
Cute, innocent on the floor

I want to kiss you

Every time you say, 'Hi' to me  
I turn my head to blush and think

I want to kiss you

Every time you say  
Your my friend forever

I want to kiss you.

That is what is wrong that is  
why I must ask you one thing'

I was curious,  
I also asked slowly,  
'What would that be? '

She says not more  
than seven words,

'Promise me,  
You'll always love me,  
FOREVER.'

'I promise,  
For I have ALWAYS,  
Wanted to kiss you.'

Zachary Clark

# Questions Without Reason

What is with all the haters?  
I am here pulling off the tatters.

What is with all the fakers?  
They will grow up to be bet takers.

Why do we all have mayors?  
The ruling men and women of the players.

Why do we have nations?  
Most fight for little more than paid taxations.

Why does the nation make us ask for permission?  
None of most peoples requests ever come to fruition.

Who fills up most of our prisons?  
Tons of people put in for nations treasons.

Why do we bother to try to survive?  
We were never greater than a beehive.

Zachary Clark

# Rapist's On My Furies End

Axes on fire raining down from above.  
Ah sweet one just sliced through a dove.  
My soul is tainted and what it feels is real.  
It's innocence just got a chemical peel.  
The girl I like is being raped frequent.  
It's gonna turn me into a bad boy delinquent.  
My face is twisted distorted and scary.  
It's freaking me out more than the Bloody Mary.  
I got a hatchet in one hand a knife in my teeth.  
My right hand is lurching to take the machete from its sheath.  
Get out to my car and hotwire it like always.  
Flying down the street at 200 miles an hour.  
Got a look on my face as if I ate a sour.  
I am now full of rage at this guy I don't know.  
My mind wants to see his face aglow.  
Though deep in my is a horrid darker fear.  
That my murderous thoughts and punishments are too severe.  
I get to the front door and stop myself dead.  
If I kill him now where will it make my life be lead.  
I call the cops have them know the facts.  
My mind is fixed and back intact.  
The police rush in and take him alive.  
For a second I think, 'Why did I let him survive? '  
He goes through court she says her story.  
This guy has absolutely no glory.  
So now he is put in jail for life.  
His misery makes me happy that I held back that knife.

Zachary Clark

# Rivers Shivers

What sparkles in the sun?  
What is outdone by none?  
Blue as the sky in the morning bright.  
Dark as the night in moonlight.  
Shivers in the middle of summer.  
As rhythm set as a drummer.  
Runs as long as time itself flows.  
As to where it heads no one knows.  
During the rain it rises over the rocks.  
Beats over and over against the dock.  
Rivers are endless with waters flow.  
Do rivers really shiver well never know.

Another for 2nd graders I can't dumb it down! =[

Zachary Clark

# Rose Petal

.....I.....  
.....Wrote.....A.....  
.....Poem.. Written..Slow.....  
.....Thought.. ful....I.....  
..... Wrote.. A....Poem.....  
.....On....A... Rose.....  
..... Petal....I.... A.....  
.....Thorn.... It..... Did.....  
.....But.....One..... Small.....  
.....Thorn....That...Pricked.....  
.....My.....Finger.A.....  
.....Pin Prick.... It.....  
Is.....Dripping..Off.....  
My Index.....Finger.....  
.Oozing Slowly..... Out.....  
. Of My Finger.....Red.....  
..Like..A.....Rose.....  
.....Petal.... A.....  
.....Small. So...Small.....  
... Flowering. Rose Bud.....  
...Petal.....Out.....  
...Scarlet....Vivid.....  
...Vibrance....Romantic.....  
...Symbol....Seductive.....  
... Love.... Like.....  
.... A...Red.....  
.....Dress.....  
.....Squeezing.....  
..... Hips.....  
..... In.....  
..... Just.....  
..... The.....  
..... Right.....  
..... Way.....

Zachary Clark

# Rose Petals

Loves not to be  
Loves me for me

Loves not for I  
Loves me 'till I die

Loves not pretty  
Love my beauty

Loves not a rose  
Loves my big nose

I love me not  
Love what I got

My true love  
Wrote this on

R.....  
.o.....  
..s.....  
...e.....

.....P.....  
.....e....  
.....t...  
.....a..  
.....l.  
.....s

Zachary Clark

# Secrecy Is Hurt

It is secret to be victim  
It is wrong to let it seep out  
You can't speak for a human  
Unless they say what they think

Why is it wrong to tell truth  
Wrong to speak of rape  
Not all guys know it's wrong  
Why do why hold back and not tell them no

Girls deserve protection  
So why do you send them away  
Do you realize they need your help  
Girls get raped and are afraid to tell

I should know I get told alot  
People need to understand it is an issue  
It isn't a secret for the dark  
So why do you make it one  
Most girls raped are still in Middle School

That is sad in this day and age  
People speak out don't live in fear  
It is bad I am sincere you see  
Now a days Secrecy Is Hurt

Zachary Clark



# Secret Love

Hidden deep in the night is a passion so strong;  
It gets heated so intense the burns in the cold air.  
The moon so big and bright it's white shining whole;  
It shows the love of the couple so right.  
As he looks lovingly at her she looks up at him;  
You see the unspoken care in the space between there faces.  
As he stands the she gases in awe for her perfect other;  
He looks upon her ultimate perfection the picture he wishes he always could've  
Imagined.  
Seeing how firm but gentle he holds her you see he would sacrifice his life for her  
in a heart beat.  
Her grip on him very strong and rough as in her not wanting to lose him.  
In unison the crickets sing for them in the shadows.  
The dark cold night tingles there skin with Goosebumps;  
The leaves in the trees flutter in the soft cold breeze.  
As they bend down to kiss there parents scream for them,  
They then have to leave again there parents split them again till the night they  
meet again.

Zachary Clark

# Shadows

The night is pressing black, dark  
The time, twelve hours past mid-noon  
Walking slow, this city park  
Street lights flickering under moon

Alone, I watch star lights show  
Sweeping up leaves, as the wind follows  
My boot steps over frost speckled snow  
Into darkness of the growing shadow-

Zachary Clark

# Standing Hopeless

Hm first poem ever wrote by ME. ^\_^

I look at you up in the sky  
It just makes me wanna cry  
For years I would chase after you  
I am body, heart, and soul your through and through  
While I run now the tensions mounting  
I've been crying, running, screaming, and shouting  
Over the highest glaciers I will go  
Through the jagged cutting valleys to and fro  
Standing strong for you like the toughest mountain  
Following your actions like water through a fountain  
All the while I know it's hopeless  
For having me at all in your life you are copeless

Zachary Clark

# The Battle Of Marathon

The Persians have been thrown down their weapons cast aside  
Shields smashed swords fragmented raise up in pride  
Pheidippides today you witness a miracle in your eyes  
Tilt your head back and stare into the bright blue skies  
Today is the day you start your journey a flight  
Run run like Hades is at your heels and Zeus is casting at you his light  
Run like Hermes has given you his sandals of flight  
Tell the Athenians that we have won the fight  
As I tell you they worry they worry they do  
They worry for what has happened of the Persians we fled  
Run over the rocks in the sky through the crags cutting into hell  
Run up into the godly Pantheon and ring the giant warning bell  
Fly through the woods and burst forth before Athen's assembly  
Into the halls and tell them we have won against the Persian army

Zachary Clark

# The Dance

Dancing around and around,  
Swirling, dipping  
Turning, twirling

Seeing nothing,  
Her in my eyes,  
Her deep green eyes  
Holding me close

If I could,  
I would never  
Let her go

She is strong,  
Free as a soaring bird,  
I will always,  
Let her be free

I just am watching  
Bored out of my mind,  
Bored beyond reason  
Bounding after her,

Hoping, waiting  
Then rejoicing,  
As again she turns around  
Comes back to me  
She is my only form of fun,

As she looks and smiles  
I cannot but help smile back,  
She winks and it tingles my spine,

She loves the sounds  
The rhythms the chymes,  
Vibrations of music

As we dance we get lost  
Time just flows,

Fast past us  
We pay no attention,

We just dance on faster,  
We dance

LONGER

HARDER

WIDER

FARTHER

All our free time  
We dance away,

If she got sick  
I would cure her,

If she were sad  
I would make her smile,

If she were bald  
I'd shave my head,

I love her  
So I tell her,

The music plays  
Never stopping,

She steps back  
She slowly walks away,

The music continues,  
The happy music sad,

I can't beg her to stay,  
She is free,  
I can't hold her

She goes where she wants,

The music plays on and on,  
The slow trembling notes,

I slide into darkness  
For she has not come back,

I cry but only for a second  
I hear a voice,

She says,  
'If you miss me,  
Remember the good.  
The fond moments  
They last longer,  
Be there longer  
Be cherished longer,  
When I am gone.'

The darkness crawled away,  
I saw the light again  
It was bright,  
The music still played  
Both happy and sad,  
I felt for the first time,



Calm

For we were dancing  
Swirling, twirling

The rest of the world gone,  
I saw only her eyes  
As she stared right at me,

Again we were dancing  
The time drifting away,  
She was my very first love  
I held her close,

I danced with her  
For as long as I dared,  
Before she came to her senses  
When she would walk away,

I will always remember her  
For she was only good,  
I will always love her  
But I will remember,  
Remember her most for her words,

Those lovely little words,  
The words that gave me

PEACE...

Zachary Clark

# The Evading Light

I see a light in my dreams  
It keeps floating away  
I can't catch it though it seems  
It invades my encroaching grasp  
As I reach out my strudy palm  
Hoping it will follow my day  
With it's always giving calm  
I would give anything to clasp  
That glowingt white light  
As I sleep soundly through the night

Zachary Clark

# The Feeling Of Rain

Ever have a feeling?  
A feeling you can't explain?  
Like when you feel the rain?  
When you notice your alone...

Who do you think about?  
Who is your companion?  
The one you think about.  
Is it me or the boy down the street...

When I am in the rain,  
Who do I think of?  
I think of one girl ever,  
YOU alone in the rain...

Zachary Clark

# The Forbidden Fruit

My love's hurt and crying  
And I leave without even trying  
To help her broken heart

I'm just a road bound warrior  
She's a woman of royal glamor  
Such a love is forbidden fruit

She asks me to leave with her  
In my heart I feel pressure  
I can't betray my honor

So now she cries as I fight  
Try as a road hardened man might  
I want to just give up and die

For to live without my heart  
My head tries to pound apart  
Fighting thinking of her

Zachary Clark

# The Ghetto

Out on the streets they live a hard life;  
When most are broke you must own a knife.  
In the gutter are Homeless and Drugs;  
The homeless has there collections of buttons, scarves, and mugs.  
In these run down houses with tweakers of all kinds;  
They are using drugs that mess with there minds.  
Then you have the rappers that have there own flow;  
When you go to there concert the violence of theres lives are layed in there show.  
The rap about the ghetto and hell they've gone through;  
The gangsters, the drug dealers, pimps, and cops to.  
They just want love;  
They can't afford to move.

Zachary Clark

# The Girl

Cute, adorable, funny, and unkown.  
For this girl on my head I'd glue the dunce cone.  
She is beautiful as a angel fallen from heaven.  
Her skin is smooth as silk and lovely to feel again and again.  
When she touches me my spine tingles and all my hair stands on end.  
I care for her deeply for it not to be love I can't pretend.  
I am around her and my brain is in swirls worse then a whirlwind.  
I fell into blood and blood is from my heart which from her I can't resind.  
Her eyes make my heart pound faster then a beaver's tail.  
I refrain from fantasy and sex but I still set sail.  
Her eyes hit it with viagra but my morals put it to an end.  
When I look at her I wanna make her smile the edges of her lips bend.  
Protect them from all evil in lifes horride leave.  
An evil I can't protect her from is now my pet peeve.  
We know alot about each others like and dislikes.  
I could listen to her for hours still as road spikes.  
When I am away I wanna hang out with her some more.  
It is heart wrenching not to be there at her door.  
I just wanna spend my time with her for as long as I can.  
Over the course of just how long our lives can span.  
My dreams, hopes, ambitions, and hobbies I'd give thm all up for her to stay for  
me.  
I would be willing to pay her money even if it made me longer free.  
She is my work, my thoughts, my inspiration.  
I already tripped and fell in one season.

Zachary Clark



# The Girl's Questions

There was this guy  
And a beautiful girl

For years  
They'd known each other

They always were together,  
Played together,  
Sang together,  
Wrote together,  
Laughed together,  
Pretty much  
They lived together

They even made a pact,  
They would be friends,

ALWAYS,

The girl wanted more,  
Though she kept it,  
It was a close guarded secret,

She want to be  
Together with him,

FOREVER,

Though she was always to scared,  
She wanted to let him know,

She would tell herself,  
'He's too cute,  
Too smart,  
Too strong,  
Too popular  
To like me back, '

They were in the grass

on the hill they loved,  
They were watching the sunset,  
When finally past  
The goats stone  
Logged halfway  
Down her throat,  
She asked,  
'Do you like me,  
As...more then a friend?  
If you do,  
Do you love me,  
Want me?  
Will you hold my hand?  
Never let go?  
If I was to die tomorrow,  
The last words,  
You wanted to say  
What would they be?  
The last question,  
If I grew fat and ugly  
Would you still hold me? '

Immobilized as his nerve broke,  
Holding him there like  
Death was at his side,  
In his grass imprint  
In which his body had made,

She started to cry,  
Tears welled up  
Dots in the triangles  
Of her pretty eyes,  
Tear by tear  
Fell slowly,  
Down her smooth,  
Round cheeks,  
She screamed,  
'Will you

Answer me? ! '

As if the devil himself,  
Had his cold evil fingers  
Around the boys neck,  
He said nothing...

'Fine I understand,  
I will be gone then.'  
He watched in agony,  
She got up and started away,

Suddenly his will  
Could overcome anything,  
He threw off the grip  
In which he was held tight,  
Got up ran to her  
Quicker then a bullet  
He caught her and said,  
'Yes I like you,  
I love you  
With all my heart.  
It was as if,  
My soul itself  
Skipped a beat  
When you asked me.  
Now I can move  
I am filled with such joy,  
I feel as if I could fly  
If I were to try hard enough.  
If I could  
We would be one,  
I feel I want you in me,  
You set me free  
When were together.  
If we were one,  
I would forever  
Have your heart

Never letting go.'

He slow tenderly,  
Held her hands  
As a queen is to  
Have her hands kissed,  
He started to rub  
Massage them,  
Automatically  
A single dewy tear  
Slid down his cheek,  
To his chin hung  
For half of a moment,  
Then it fell on their hands,

'If you died...  
I would bargain  
Your life back using mine.  
If I died I would say  
Remember the good times we had,  
So you can move on.  
Give my soul away,  
So you can love again  
Cause your heart I'll set free.  
If you were fat  
I say your a jolly one,  
That you float like feather  
With every step you took.  
If you were ugly  
I would never notice,  
To me you will always  
ALWAYS be beautiful.'  
He smiled at her.

'Your smart girl,  
Smart then most women I know.  
When I look at you remember,  
You show me the flaws of a rainbow.  
Though I would give it up.'

\*He kissed her lips soft and gentle\*

'To have and love you,  
Even if only for a moment.'

Zachary Clark

# The 'Knockouts'

Within my hurting eyes I see shallowness  
As I look around this room with interviews  
I see the discusted faces their ruthlessness  
Egotistical thoughts 'I'm better than you'

I see what they think on their readable faces  
The outer shell protecting nothing within  
Eyes showin' immature resentment in places  
To those they know not fake smiles hiding

Nothin' but showin' the narcissistic insides  
The incurable closed mindedness that we see  
We all know and have gotten with wispered snide  
Remarks behind our backs what I would give to be

The judge, the ruler of the ending of their  
Tormented, unjust, and impersonal little lives  
I would kill to switch bodies and have them stare  
Into the easy, gold paved path that is their life

To give them the hell of their own selfcenteredness  
The burden they lay on others challenged below them  
Let them feel how it is to become completely penniless  
And show them the selfishness that is their human

Zachary Clark

# The Old Tree

There's a old tree,  
Standing by itself,  
It's bark made soft,  
From wear and age

When it was young,  
A couple of teenagers,  
Deep in love,  
Carved a heart,  
Into the bark

The memory,  
Now worn into it,  
A memory of love,  
Beautiful and ripe

The heart shows,  
In this tree,  
It's constantly,  
Growing wisdoms,

The length of the branches,  
Have had shaded under them,  
Hundreds upon hundreds,  
Of memories from the past,

Upon this tree the scars,  
Imprints of time last,  
Longer than a human's memory,  
Can remember through time

Back when the heart was carved,  
The teens were in the rain,  
They ducked under it for cover,  
The boy expressed he had to move,  
He kissed the girl,  
While tears ran down her face

School children used to venture here



Teacher following them,  
Book in hand lending against the tree,  
Would read to them old stories,  
Of kings and queens

There was a few years past,  
But there came two friends,  
Mad at each other fighting,  
Brawling underneath it

They finally stopped,  
Apologized to each other,  
Of which they finally left,  
They went away

A Convict ran past this tree  
He ran past like a devil was on him,  
A few minutes later,  
A police dog,  
A cop and flashlight,

Trees remain silent,  
Though if they could speak,  
There stories would entertain,

There were a couple kids,  
They were thinking just that,  
Though they couldn't for long,  
For there was a dinner bell

This tree especially,  
Stories of happiness,  
Tell stories of hope,

It could also tell stories,  
Of darkness fear and sadness,  
You would bring upon nightmares,  
For months on end

Around for a long time,  
Tall, wide is the trunk,  
Made from lots of time,

Branches long and full,  
Covered in green leaves

The tree is so old,  
Is must be so wise,  
If I could only listen,  
To the wisdom,  
Of the old old tree

Zachary Clark

# The Pain Of Betrayal

'Hey, what's up? '  
'Not much...'  
'Wanna see something? '  
'See what? '  
'Here, I'll show you.'  
'What are you doing? '  
Pain, pain, falling thoughts...  
Pain, pain, waterfalls of pain...  
Hurt, hurt, scaring, scarring againy...  
Failing mind, pain inside...  
Pysical, emotional ruin...  
Five thrusts and counting...  
Emotional shouts...  
Anger just gone...  
Crying, whining, running...  
Keep crying, till I can no longer...  
Keep whining, till someone hears me...  
Try running, till all strengths gone...  
Hope gone, happiness gone...  
Fear filled, pain filled...  
Deppression, sadness replace all emotion...  
Noone remains in these damaged goods...  
I am a emotionless skin...  
I am just an empty shelll...

Zachary Clark

# The Rain

Rain is beautiful  
Rain is lovely  
Rain is wonderful  
Rain is muddy

Rain is to dance in  
Under which to celebrate  
I sky of major sin  
I time in which to hate

Rain can be sad  
It can add pain  
It can be mad  
Make you go insane

It is to me romantic  
A time for a miss  
To share and be estatic  
A time a kiss

Zachary Clark

# The True King

In a concealed  
Enchanting clearing,  
Is a deep Royal Blue river,  
That shimmers bright  
Refracting crystals, appearing as  
Flawless diamonds in the moonlight

At this clearing's river  
To drink at night,  
When the moon shows  
Bright as well as full  
Walks the King in White,  
Silent though striking,

He is rich in land  
With fur loosely laid  
Glowing almost pure white,  
Contradicted by stripes  
Midnight black in appearance,

Claws, sharp, and deadly,  
His fur soft, his body hard,  
Even around his lustrous eyes  
Brilliant dark mooned blue,  
These eyes reflecting  
Leadership, respect, loyalty  
From all the jungle

He emerges tonight  
Through the hostess  
Of tall glamorously green  
Thicket of trees,  
Tail swishing back in forth,  
In perfect harmony  
With his slow but sure walk,

Dipping his paw in the water,  
He stares in remembrance,  
At the past he sees

Within his reflection,  
One of hardship, pain

He yawns, exposing his white teeth,  
Bright and as glistening  
As the grains of sand  
That mold around his paws

He loosens up his jaw  
Letting out his tongue  
Magnificently pink,  
He lowers his massive head  
Drinking, long, deep, fearless

Then done with his  
Youthful and refreshing drink,  
Slowly stalks off  
Into the tall wide trees,  
From whence he came,

And as he disperses  
The trees, grass, flowers,  
Bow to the mien and aura,

Of the WHITE TIGER

Zachary Clark

# The Wall

It's white it's gold  
It's silver old  
This wall I stare at  
It's sitting flat  
What colors it's been  
Probably over ten  
Theres so many holes  
To small for moles  
Made for pictures, painting  
But the memories fading  
Should it be red or black  
Or have a yellow hat like jack  
I stare at this wall  
11 feet tall

Zachary Clark

# Thriving In Sorrow

I burn with a sorrow  
Burning through my heart  
A tiny little hole  
Black ink drips  
Onto my cavernous stomach  
Drip.....  
.....Drip.....  
.....Drip  
It burns through the top  
A small hole  
The tiny ink drips  
Burn in my acidic skin  
Drip.....  
.....Drip.....  
.....Drip  
My stomach burns  
The deepened sorrow sits  
Slowly I'm eroding away  
My stomach is twisting  
Sinking within itself  
Drip.....  
.....Drip.....  
.....Drip  
I keel over in pain  
My two protective hands  
Clenching into fists  
Unable to cover or fight  
Drip.....  
.....Drip.....  
.....Drip  
My heart continues to leak  
Onto my stomach in burns through  
I start coughing heavy coughing  
Black ink spills to the ground  
Drip.....  
.....Drip.....  
.....Drip  
My eyes leak the blackened ink  
And I write it on the ground



And slowly drip by drip  
My black heart bleeds out  
Drip.....  
.....Drip.....  
.....Drip

Zachary Clark

# Time

Time is and always was  
Long and droning on and on  
Keeps going on and on it does  
Going and going when wre gone

Taking sorrows away, away  
As well as taking tears of joy  
Passing into another day  
To when a child will trash his toy

Growing us up from young  
Stretching are mind with knowing  
Making old men's songs sung  
Making grannies stop sewing

Genocide take over  
Froever taken from behind  
Loss of related lover  
Memories taken away from mind

Lovers together for now  
Ripped apart by a mime  
There seed the couldn't plow  
Forever taken by Father Time

Zachary Clark

# Trees And Bees

Look at this and come see what I see  
We are deep in the woods full pine tree  
In the forest are millions of needles green  
Bee flies by you wonder what he's seen  
Getting food for its family to survive  
Deep in the trees he heads back to his hive  
You want to go so you turn into one  
Then you fly after with your back to the sun  
You see many animals like Bears and Moose  
You get to the bees and go inside in twos  
It's full of honey, bees, eggs, and a hall  
So you leave outside and grow three feet tall  
You think for fun and laugh and run  
But after today for now your done

I made it for a Flat Stanely project going on with our class.  
Keep in mind it's for 2nd graders.

Zachary Clark

# True Beauty

Girls are marvelous they come in many styles.  
Some are tough, tender, slender, and sleek there are so many I could go on and on.  
Girls are pretty in many weays imagined.  
Some are big some are small theres a guy out there for them all.  
Girls are cute especially the faces they make there so adorable to witness.  
There teeth are small but unique in there own way.  
They get guilty and when they love it it is sexaully drawing.  
There hair is cute and lovely as if heaven has made it.  
All breasts on women are made perfect for there body.  
I love there eyes they are awesome beyond words.  
I could stare at them for hours for they give me sexaul desires.  
Women are beautiful and gorgeous beyond speech.  
Don't fuss about weights or looks and size.  
Don't lay around and eat though guys don't like thoughts thighs.  
We that are good for you care about self.  
Apearance though it's not one we shelf.  
All the looks and beauty out there.  
Inside your heart is where you find True Beauty.

Zachary Clark

# Twila The Emotional Tool

I don't know who she is  
I don't know if it's a she  
But I am sick of lies she says  
Just leave us be

She comes in and makes trouble  
Spreads none sence and lies to all  
I guess I bend over on the double  
That way she won't be so small

She acts like she is hurting  
Says she died and so did her baby  
I say lies she should stop spurting  
All of her lies the fake crybaby

Getting people pissed at one another  
Her story is a downright lie  
Stand up for one another  
Be this the last time you cry!

Zachary Clark

# Twisted Absence

I am so happy and I'm floating so high.  
If you look up now you'll see me in the sky.  
If you don't see me it would be bad.  
For thousands of people die when I'm sad.  
You won't here the screams for miles around.  
For when they die they will dropp straight to the ground.  
You will be alone in this world you have lived in.  
You will step out of the door and you will think you are tripping'.  
When you scream in absent agony none will hear.  
When you shout, cry; scream no one will shed a tear.  
You will be the one who survived the apocalypse.  
You might as well start to talk with your hips.  
You will get strange deranged suicidal thoughts.  
You will make the most murderous bots.  
The ones who survived and is lonely is me.  
I don't let it get to me that you will see.

Zachary Clark

# Unkown Friend

Hidden in the shadows is a girl of mystery;  
The short hidden girls name is Baillie.  
We havn't met though we know some of each other;  
She is happy and shows much love for a brother.  
Her feeling is one of love for her guy;  
Her love for him make her feel high.  
So when her love became a cheater;  
Her hearts pain was doomed to defeat her.  
Then I stepped in to help her out;  
In her head she would shout.  
All it took was to test there bond;  
As far as her brains she isn't a blond.  
She loves easy which will make her life hard;  
She has almost all of a deck accept a trump card.  
She will make many friends some good most bad;  
When she grows up she'll think of the life she' had.

Dedicated to Baillie Sherman.

Zachary Clark

# We All Need Love

You called them retarded and specail ed.  
You talk to them like a bother  
Or there completely brain dead

They are humans being like us  
Not a alien from outer space  
Yet they ride a short bus

It's considered unatured and unnatural  
They are not different from you and me  
They are the same the same as us all

So why do you talk to them like there young  
Like they are in kindergarten or preschool  
So why do you make you head so low hung

They are not a nuisance they are just slow learners  
They learn the same as us just give them time  
Put they minds back on turn up there burners

Talk don't ingore what is a beautiful in life  
They are nice they know more then you expect  
They know what is means to be a man or wife

They learn slower but they like the same doves  
Give them a chance let then come in to you life  
Get to know them for we all need love

Zachary Clark



# Weird Pleasure

Take my blood you crazy vampire  
Hurt me, burn me, it is my true desire  
I am not normal like other boys  
At a earlier age I stopped playing with toys  
Punch me, slap me, keep it up  
I can thrust all night send it up  
Pain is love, joy, and hope in me  
Cut me, strach me, send me in ecstasy  
I am diferent I love pain  
Take that back that's insane  
I don't fel pain only love I insist  
I am a blissful masicist  
Pain is love, love is pleasure  
When I was born with this I was sure  
I am weird difer and a outcast  
Hey that might be so but it's past  
Only frowned upon in the Rennaisance Era  
That's when they still believed in the Chimera

Zachary Clark

# Why Do We Go Against The Grain

Upon all that is known about the world  
All of us by the world is known non  
For though we explore and try to explain  
We all know that it still won't all be shown to us  
There are places we can't dream to go  
Places we can't even dream of seeing  
So wide and far are the galaxies of the universe  
Though we still have yet to fully explore earth  
For it upon itself can only tell us how to survive  
Only the world we live on can show us how to strive  
Through all the words in the world we know  
The galaxy is so far and wide we might never know  
Just where the end of the universe is  
Or if the end is a huge black matter sucking abyss  
Could we end up dieing from unknown life forms  
It is doubted for the ruler above us has yet to speak  
He knows and if we are to know we have to explain  
Though to explain we have to understand nature  
We must understand gravity why there are laws  
We want to rush we want to move ahead  
Why do us geniuses and us so wize  
Why do we go against the grain

Zachary Clark

# Writers Block

Blank and open as air  
It is just so very clear  
That I am out of thought  
My body's blood starts to clot  
In my brain there is no flow  
The emptiness just continues to glow  
My pens it in my hand  
It could lead a band  
Though it's flipping in my fingers  
As the writing block just lingers  
I guess I will never know  
How will grow these seeds I sow  
Hey look there at the clock  
It just took away my writing block

Zachary Clark

## Writin Pain

In a dark corner is where I love to be;  
With all my friends we make fun of thee.  
We sit in the dark it's a pleasant place;  
Here with almost no light no one will get in your face.  
All in the dark no one complains;  
We're here when ever the moon wanes.  
We get ready for what we always do;  
We write poetry about girls like you.  
All our sad sorrow and miseries wrote away;  
It is easier always easier to live another day.  
I sit writing away all my stress;  
Girls come in meet, love and leave a mess.  
They think only guys cause such misery and hurt;  
Girl like that act like they don't want your hand in the shirt.  
Guys have feelings it's a proven fact;  
When we're in front of our girl our feelings stay intact.

Zachary Clark

# Young

I am so young I don't know much  
So young am I that such foolish  
Things are greatly spoken by me such  
As when I said, 'Grandpas ghoulish'

Such as he is not I am just a fool  
Writing on and on and being a babbler  
Though to paper refuses nothing with tool  
Ink black and flowing onto paper

Without great write more talkitive I'd be  
My annoying side everybody would hate  
So my annoying side will be locked up so you can't see  
No, I won't show you don't try to bait

It keeps me calm my mind it sedates  
Keeps thoughts simple and clear  
Words locked up behind word gates  
Though not speaking sometimes adds to fear

Zachary Clark