

Poems

By keera_punked_out

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Yeah. Just a clutter of old and new poems of mine. =^.^=

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1 - Bleh

flowing, ember hair
empty, crimson eyes
searching through souls
overseeing lies

such a heartless creature
he doesn't even feel
no care for human life
while searching for a meal

ready to pierce her soft flesh
with killer porcelain jaws
but not wanting to get caught
he hides from the law

know that his existence
is more than a lie
she has seen him before
as he slowly glided by

but no one ever lived
all his victims gone
they all disappear
all but one

small and young
soul, a burning fire
many men tried to own her
her heart surrendered to desire

C.R. Monahan

2 - Lust's Poem

My vision is vague,
And blurred with tears;
Why is life so cruel,
I've lost contact over the years.
I can't feel the pain,
That once was devastating in the past;
I have to say life was fun,
It was a blast.
But finally it's my time to leave,
Depart from this cruel earth;
I love you so,
Keep my ashes upon the hearth.
I hate to leave,
You in the dust;
But you know my past,
And you know I must.
I'm a lost cause,
Just a waste of space;
I've thought about leaving,
It just wasn't my time or place.
I haven't left before,
Because I've felt the pain;
I haven't left before,
That would leave you with too much strain.
I still don't want to,
But I'm no longer strong;
But I'll stay by your side,
So you can live on.

3 - Nine Bees

In the park while I was catching some ZZZ's,
I was stung by nine bees.
One stung me on the ear,
The next got my nose.
Then one got me on the knee,
The fourth got me on my toes.
The next one got me on the heel,
Sixth got my thigh.
Lucky bee seven stung my mouth,
Bee number eight got my eye.
Wait!
That's only eight!
I was stung ny nine,
Oh yea.
The last one got me where the sun doesn't shine!!!

4 - Anger

anger why do we get angry?
how do we help the frustration,
depression.
tears of anger.
we can't live with anger.
it makes us sad,
and without anger,
we would be too happy.

5 - Disasters

My farm just fail and my dog just died;
I stepped on a rake and it poked me in the eye.
My girlfrined's got fine teeth, oh yea;
One pointing north, two pointing south!
I have a cow named Mitsy;
And a pig named Jim.
I got a fish too, but it don't know how to swin;
I think it might be DEEEAAD!!!!

6 - Akito's Poem

The horrid thoughts fill my mind,
one again.
The pain of life,
devours me.
I have no release from this pain.
this torture.
Please, pull me away,
out of all of this.
I need freedom,
air to breath.
But one one cares,
not a soul.
So I just sit and rot,
in a dark, cold room.
No one will rescue me,
not even my family.
I must depend on only myself,
but even I ain't always reliable.

7 - Friendship

Friendship is like a rock;
when you got a good one you keep it forever.

Friendship is like a pool;
waiting to be filled.

Friendship is like a tree;
waiting to be climbed.

Friendship is like a bike;
waiting to be rode.

Friendship is like ours.
It's life.

8 - Love

Love is friendship taken to the next level;
love is a stone sanded down by time but still as strong.
Love is an animal;
so unpredictable.
Love is an old tree;
strond and free.
Love is oxygen;
without it we wouldn't be here.
Love lifts us above all that's bad;
love is all every one needs.
We san't live without love.

9 - Why

Why so birds fly;
why are trees so high?
Why are mountians so tall;
why are mice so small?
Why is ice so cool;
why is water put in a pool?
I don't know why;
WHY?

10 - Freedom

They sit in the darkness,
Waiting for freedom.
The dark room,
Scares them.
Many try to escape,
But none prevail.
Some kill,
Others and themselves,
But that doesn't,
Set them free.
As they look,
Out the barred window,
The dream,
Of a better life,
But they're trapped,
Within the walls,
Of their cement home.
They watch,
Quietly,
As some people,
Are carried away,
To their death,
Or to freedom.
All everyone else can do,
In their cell,
As they sit,
Silently,
Is wish,
Hope,
And pray,
For freedom.

11 - Broken Love

His heart beats,
Rabidly in his chest,
As he watches his love,
Slowly bleed to death.
The red liquid drips,
From her wrists,
As he sputters, "Why?"
He grasps her in his arms,
As her blood drips on him,
And the cops drive in....

12 - Choices

She walks,
Calling for someone,
But the only reply,
Is the whispering wind.
She wanders the roads,
Wondering which path,
She should take,
Because her future,
Could be decides,
Right this moment.
She takes the first path,
The easier path,
Hoping her choice,
Was correct.
The path gets darker,
And scarier,
As she goes along.
She sees people,
Calling her closer,
As they hold out their mistakes,
And say...
"Take this,
You'll love it."
She runs,
Quickly,
In the other direction.
She gets back,
To the fork in the road,
And walks down,
To the next opportunity.