

Anthology of G84



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

Dedication

To life and living

About the author

A lad from the north east of England who's seen
and experienced things that have strengthened his
character and made him appreciate all that's
beautiful in life!

summary

Social suicide

I Implore You

Winter

Limitless

Sea Therapy

Half ...

Theft

I Got Wood

Mondays

Nature

Ramblings

Piece by Piece

Understand

Pride & Ego

Decisions decisions

Counting On You

The strength of Woman

Live

The working class man

Entrapment

Ego

Working Class Ponder

Smiling Inside

Smartphone?

Hangover

Mondays part 2

THIS ISNT MY WORK...

Paint

Rise

Nightshift

Depth

Rain

See

The Climb

Child of Mine

Silence

The Abyss

I Held Your Hand

Patiently Impatient

How do i explain?

Awoke

Reborn

Bear

The Golden Season

Poisoned World

Disconnection

I Cant Fix You

Star Dust

I Have Failed

Social suicide

What happens when conversation dies,
Communication continues just no longer eye to eye.

Finger tapping approval from piers becomes the nessesity,
Here is what im about, im fun, please accept me.

Photos and images, screaming this is who i am,
Please like them and comment, Follow me on instagram.

Hashtags and screen grabs, Storys, videos and Memes,
But look beyond the filter0,s all is not as it seems.

But maybe im unique, an anomaly in the hive,
I prefer contact and interaction, feeling human and alive.

I care not for public approval, love or hate it, its just me,
Social media, consuming social lives, helped by technology.

The issue doesnt lie, in social media communication,
It actually provides a medium, of contact, worldwide, and across nations.

Overseas familys, sharing photos and memories,
Good news and announcements, marriages and pregnancies.

So much powerful potential, yet people tend to choose,
to chase popularity, and social media gets abused.

Personally i believe these people, arent truly satisfied,
with themselves, how they look, or their actual social lives.

But these are just my thoughts, im the minority in this case,
I prefer the old fashioned method, of communication face to face.

Seeing people smile and laugh, instead of emoji's and L.O.L,
Creating priceless memories, that you can touch, taste and smell.

Being that shoulder to cry on, instead of an inspirational quote,
That wasn't yours to start with, but still felt the need to post.

Telling someone you love them, instead of love heart followed by BAE,
Holding hands and kisses on lips, going on dates and duvet days.

But expression is your freedom, communicate how you choose,
live your life how you see fit, Your own time is yours to lose!

I Implore You

I despise negativity it will be the demise of humanity.

Selfishness thrives in the hive, people seeking fame and popularity.

But at what cost?

Is human kind so infected?

Are the true values of people, no longer respected?

But I forget this, my opinion is selected, over years of experience, of moments reflected.

You have the right to choose which fight you lose, the end is inevitably equal, unless there's a sequel? insight is yours, ignite your cause, learn from events shown in the prequel.

Please don't neglect the powerfully positive effect of which you are Capable.

Popularity comes naturally when you attract people magnetically effortlessly, by being who you are meant to be.

I see so many unique people sacrificing qualities to feel equal, now they're one of the sheep too.

I must implore you please just ignore the activities of the heard before you become a statistic too.

Be the anomaly, the prophecy, then you will inevitably be successfully happy.

Winter

Winds begin to blow
Breezes evolve
Leaves falling yellow
As the heat dissolves
Radiators creaking
Cracking to life
Snow starts creeping
Cold cuts like a knife
The low hanging sun,
Lazy in the sky.
Winter has begun,
Summer waving goodbye.
Steaming hot drinks,
Log fires alight.
Daylight shrinks,
Introducing long nights.
This season is mine,
My favourite of four.
One quarter of time,
Winters here once more.

Limitless

What if I told you, that you are limitless?
You'd likely ask for some proof, to witness.
Think back to every obstacle, life has presented.
Never Invited, they're meant to be contested.
Sometimes you'll fall, and your heart will be broken.
Sometimes you'll hurt, wounds fresh, and open.
These are the things, that we don't request,
Yet they still arrive, life presents us a test.
But you are limitless, you have an ability to deal,
With the challenges of life, no matter how down you feel.
You're born and equipped, with everything you need.
To choose qualities in yourself, that you'd like to see.
Just open your eyes, and be truly awake,
See the world for what's real, ignoring what's fake.

Sea Therapy

I ponder on a beach of yonder,
Amongst the crashing waves.
Reflecting on the moments fonder,
A life I deeply crave.
An audience of waves, my council,
The sand provides a pew.
No response, they hear me out still,
Problems dissolve in blue.
The tide retreats, a sea of tears.
My worries are washed away.
My council heard my cries and fears,
I'll return with more someday.

Half ...

A glass of water, symbolically seen,
Separating negative and positive beings.
It's water level, as it currently sits,
Was it full at the start or empty of it?
I propose this, a lateral view,
Why look at its past, have a sip or two!
How it arrived, was there more or less?
Quenching ones thirst, is what it does best.
The past has occurred, Future en route,
The moment is now, take aim and shoot!

Theft

I would like to report a theft,
It was stolen right in front of me!
Self control, left bereft,
a crime, I didn't see.
Her weapon was disguised,
She smiled, she aimed her sights.
Pulled the trigger, to my surprise,
I felt no pain, didn't try to fight.
Something was removed, from mine,
Yet it makes me feel complete.
No warning, threat, or any other sign,
But it swept me, from my feet.
I should've hit the floor, but i fly,
As I soar, I love this feeling.
A crime you wonder? But what? And why?
it was my heart, that she was stealing!

I Got Wood

There she was, shining beautifully.
I grabbed her by the neck,
pulling her close to me.
Her body touched my own,
My hand hovered over her hole,
I need to hear her moan,
Within this moment we have stolen.
I run my hand over her nut,
Then up towards her head,
Opening my ears, my eyes shut,
I pluck her strings, as she said.
Take me to the til, and pay to here me sing
Make me yours to keep, we can play anything.

Mondays

Freedom, a word that incites feelings of liberation.
We live in a free world they say,
so why does it feel like incarceration?
Dragging yourself out of bed before your body is rested,
Driving to work, roads overly congested.
Nothing feels natural, spending hours of your day,
working for a 'Boss', and doing what they say.
Performing a mundane routine, a cog in the Motor,
Just relentlessly turning, an aging rotor.
Passion-less destruction of an ambitious soul,
Slipping and sliding into the blackest of holes.
God i hate mondays!

Nature

As I stare at the sky, blessed are my eyes,
It's a beautiful world we live in.
Mixing purples and blues, pale pink morning hues,
A gift Mother Nature has given.

Ramblings

What you haven't got,
this is all about what you haven't got.

ironically what you haven't, you don't understand,
appreciate your blessings, place heart under hand.

it beats and pulses, I know you can feel it,
so why on earth, does your mind refuse to hear it.

You're alive, you have an opportunity to smile,
but you eye the successful, envious all the while.

truth is, you don't know how your blessed,
dont know what you truly want, constantly stressed.

the answer you seek, lies in the depths of your ego,
rid yourself of self destruction, he goes or we go.

Piece by Piece

Feel like a carcass, rotting in the open air,
You like a vulture, tearing meat from my bones.

your words, toxic stripping bones bare,
simply spewing venom, just leave me alone.

Understand

You read me words and see the ramblings of a mad man.
This is because you do not understand.

You believe I overthink life and that there is no more to it than your eyes can see.
This is because you do not understand.

You think that within me there is instability because my feelings are different to yours,
This is because you do not understand.

Ironically the experience you have, allowing you to confidently make these judgements, is all down to how you, yourself, believe a person feels and thinks inside.
This is why you completely understand!

Do you Understand?

Pride & Ego

Pride and Ego, Can be dangerous,
Selfishness can grow, hate in us.
Nothing is gained, from these mindsets,
They produce nothing, but blindness.
Eyes shut, to the beauty of humanity,
Nothing but, loathing and impending insanity.
Losing your mind, and you dont understand why,
Understand your true-self, open your eyes.
You are more, than your teachings,
Aim for the sky, and keep reaching, and reaching.
You limit yourself, and emotional behaviour,
You kick and you scream, hoping someone will save ya.
But it is you, who has the ability, to grow.
It is you, that has all of the knowledge, you need to know.
So relax, take a moment, grab your life hold it, and own it,
Show the universe, your not done, its your life just control it.

Decisions decisions

Everything is a decision, a choice, on some level you chose.

Not necessarily in the sense of what happened, but you reacted.

You decided how to handle the problem presented, and now this is your reality.

Learn in the moments where crucial decisions lie, and take back control.

You can be or do whatever you like in this life, but you limit yourself by what life has taught you so far.

If your bitten by a dog, you fear the animal and not the being.

You live your life with boxes and boundaries, so everything is black and white.

You believe this is the simplest method, but your restricting yourself.

You won't jump unless you know you can fly, you have wings you've never used.

You want someone else to try them out for you, so you can be sure a decision to jump is the right one.

If we knew the outcome of all decisions before they were made, we would be irrelevant and we wouldn't grow.

Choose your life.

Counting On You

I fell in love with you, because I knew,
I knew you were that 1, the other half of 'us',
that makes 2.

Now we're soon to be 3,
one half of you the other half me.

This is my declaration of love 4 you,
Don't ever forget, that I am me, because of you!

The strength of Woman

Seeing you at the mercy of pain,
Yet still fighting nothing in vane.

A power comes forth, older than time.
Instinctive strength, performing as designed.

In complete awe, I finally understand,
The strength of a woman, lies not in her hands.

It is in every fibre, of her soul and being,
She is already equipped, for this miracle I am seeing.

Life writhes in her womb, our daughter fights too.
Never in my life, have I been so in love with you.

Live

A question...

Is life everything you thought it would be?

Or everything you were taught it would be?

The past has passed, teach yourself what life really is.

Simply because it's never too late!

The working class man

I find myself consumed,
Sat in an empty room.

Life just spins around me,
I am tired and weary.

But I can't stop, can't rest,
I must continue to do what's best.

I must finish my coffee and head to work,
To provide for my family, they come first.

But when does it all stop?
When can I stop?

When can I enjoy the gift of life?
Be with my family day and night?

See my daughter growing up,
Be with my wife like a husband should.

I guess when the government say it's ok,
You can stop working now you've paid your way?

Am I the only one that thinks this is incorrect?
That society dictates life, take a moment to reflect?

What other options do we have?

Entrapment

Entrapment

Why do you somehow, see the things that don't happen, but ignore the things that do?
You can give me the details, of all I haven't done, but not what I have done for you!

You don't want, a partner in crime, you want a goon, to control.
You see a problem, you want me to solve, but don't actually consider me at all.

Am I to you, a bee in a hive, where you have somehow, nominated yourself queen?
Am I merely a droid, a working pair of hands? If I'm not then please help me see?

It should be easy to tell you, but somehow I know, that the blame will deflect back to me!
Inside I'm frustrated, I'm down and annoyed, when I should feel alive, loved and free.

I live and hope, for the day that you reflect, and understand that the faults not all mine.
That you realise your obsessed, with unnecessary things, and maybe the issue was yours all this time!

But unlike you, I won't beat you down, and make you feel less, of a person.
Because I'll understand, just how it feels, and what it's like, when you're constantly hurting.

Ego

Hiding behind Self imagery,
"If i look ok they'll leave me be".
"I'll blend myself in with society",
"I wont stand out, they wont notice me".
"Ill poke and prod, and ill joke around".
"Everyone loves humour, they'll think me 'Sound'".
"Ill be invited to all nights out drinking",
"The guy to invite, thats what they'll be thinking".
What he doesnt realise, Is i see beyond the 'Banter'.
I see beyond the ego, The jokes and the laughter.
I see the insecurities, he harbours within,
I see the fear he holds, of not fitting in.
He deflects his insecurities, onto his piers,
So he can burry deep, his insecure fears.
I dont feel resentment, or hatred as such,
I just hope he grows up, before sacrificing too much.

Working Class Ponder

Routine is blinding me, covering eyes, the worlds beauty is masked, in this bubble I dwell.
The clock is timing me, deadlines arise, no time to stop, no flowers to smell.

If only to wander, among forests and fields,.
cross flowing streams, see sunlight through trees.

To ignore, the concept of time, of minutes and seconds.
Man made calculations, now my freedom - it beckons.

People in prison, have more time to ponder,
Than the working class man, without a second to wander.

Smiling Inside

That place is out there,
Beyond the mundane.
You don't need no train fair,
Or motorway lane.

The journey is internal,
True heaven presides.
For happiness eternal.
Look deeply inside.

Smartphone?

I heard something today,
that made me question humanity.
Apparently a smart-phone exists,
That will make you look younger, automatically.
At what point did we reach,
When a device makes the decision.
To amend your appearance,
So all wrinkles and creases are hidden?
The scariest point of all,
is that this feature was likely requested.
And as long as profits are increased,
The Manufacturer wont contest it.
Maybe it just gets to me,
A little bit too much.
But why are people so obsessed,
With their image and how they look.
It ruins peoples confidence,
Destroys their self esteem.
People actually start to believe,
This is how they must be seen!
What kind of message,
Is it they're sending to my daughter?
"You're not 'perfect' enough,
Take a picture i will show ya!"
But its my Fatherly Duty,
To make sure she that she sees,
That she's a natural beauty,
And she means everything to me.

Hangover

Tired and weary,
Can't see clearly,
I can't decide what's real or fake.

Head feels lighter,
Lights seem brighter,
How long will this hangover take.

Mondays part 2

Monday's bloody Monday's,
I'll escape the, rinse-repeat, someday.

This carousel of office hell,
Will make way for a more fun day... someday.

Time is precious, but has its price,
A man must earn and sacrifice.

Hours and hours, spent working to provide.
Boxed up in an office while the sun shines outside.

God I hate Monday's.

THIS ISNT MY WORK...

T'WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS,
HE LIVED ALL ALONE,
IN A ONE BEDROOM HOUSE,
MADE OF PLASTER AND STONE.
I HAD COME DOWN THE CHIMNEY,
WITH PRESENTS TO GIVE,
AND TO SEE JUST WHO,
IN THIS HOME, DID LIVE.
I LOOKED ALL ABOUT,
A STRANGE SIGHT I DID SEE,
NO TINSEL, NO PRESENTS,
NOT EVEN A TREE.
NO STOCKING BY MANTLE,
JUST BOOTS FILLED WITH SAND,
ON THE WALL HUNG PICTURES,
OF FAR DISTANT LANDS.
WITH MEDALS AND BADGES,
AWARDS OF ALL KINDS,
A SOBER THOUGHT,
CAME THROUGH MY MIND.
FOR THIS HOUSE WAS DIFFERENT,
IT WAS DARK AND DREARY,
I FOUND THE HOME OF A SOLDIER,
ONCE I COULD SEE CLEARLY.
THE SOLDIER LAY SLEEPING,
SILENT, ALONE,
CURLED UP ON THE FLOOR,
IN THIS ONE BEDROOM HOME.
THE FACE WAS SO GENTLE,
THE ROOM IN DISORDER,
NOT HOW I PICTURED,
A TRUE BRITISH SOLDIER.
WAS THIS THE HERO,

OF WHOM I'D JUST READ?
CURLED UP ON A PONCHO,
THE FLOOR FOR A BED?
I REALISED THE FAMILIES,
THAT I SAW THIS NIGHT,
OWED THEIR LIVES TO THESE SOLDIERS,
WHO WERE WILLING TO FIGHT.
SOON ROUND THE WORLD,
THE CHILDREN WOULD PLAY,
AND GROWNUPS WOULD CELEBRATE,
A BRIGHT CHRISTMAS DAY.
THEY ALL ENJOYED FREEDOM,
EACH MONTH OF THE YEAR,
BECAUSE OF THE SOLDIERS,
LIKE THE ONE LYING HERE.
I COULDN'T HELP WONDER,
HOW MANY LAY ALONE,
ON A COLD CHRISTMAS EVE,
IN A LAND FAR FROM HOME.
THE VERY THOUGHT BROUGHT,
A TEAR TO MY EYE,
I DROPPED TO MY KNEES,
AND STARTED TO CRY.
THE SOLDIER AWAKENED,
AND I HEARD A ROUGH VOICE,
"SANTA DON'T CRY,
THIS LIFE IS MY CHOICE;
I FIGHT FOR FREEDOM,
I DON'T ASK FOR MORE,
MY LIFE IS MY GOD,
MY COUNTRY, MY CORPS..
THE SOLDIER ROLLED OVER,
AND DRIFTED TO SLEEP,
I COULDN'T CONTROL IT,
I CONTINUED TO WEEP.
I KEPT WATCH FOR HOURS,

SO SILENT AND STILL,
AND WE BOTH SHIVERED,
FROM THE COLD NIGHT'S CHILL.
I DID NOT WANT TO LEAVE,
ON THAT COLD, DARK, NIGHT,
THIS GUARDIAN OF HONOR,
SO WILLING TO FIGHT.
THEN THE SOLDIER ROLLED OVER,
WITH A VOICE SOFT AND PURE,
WHISPERED, "CARRY ON SANTA,
IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY, ALL IS SECURE."
ONE LOOK AT MY WATCH,
AND I KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.
"MERRY CHRISTMAS MY FRIEND,
AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT."

This poem was written by a Peacekeeping soldier stationed overseas.

Paint

I once was lost but now am found,
Amazed by graciousness, a familiar sound.

The path is dark, and filled with doubt,
When you're feeling lost, there's always a way out.

The world you see, through eyes of your own.
Is a painted scene, by the brush you hold.

Decide in your mind, the scene you will portray.
Leave sadness behind, paint a brighter day.

Rise

I rose like a phoenix, Leaving ashes behind.
Remnants of a life, the unfulfilled kind.

I soared through the clouds, eyed the world below.
A herding of sheep, no where to go.

I wish upon them wings, I wish them take flight.
I pray for them and hope, that they conquer their plight.

When you're amongst the herd, blindness ensues.
Your sight is fixated, on other people's views.

Just understand, the potential you hold, what will your memories be filled with, when you're grey and old?

Nightshift

Dreary eyed, a cold world arrives,
Beyond the door, the frost awaits.

Twilight hours, the nocturnal thrives,
Daylight no more, the moon awakes.

Depth

What is depth, an ocean is deep, it hides so many secrets and places un-touched by times tide?
Or is depth a void, a hole, a vast space filled by nothing, if I'm deep, am I empty inside?

Explain to me this depth, you associate me with, do you see something I don't or nothing at all?
Is my depth like the abyss, of horrors untold, when you stand on the edge do you fear you'll fall?

Am I deep like a well, do I hold water, does this mean I support life and the living?
Or am I deep like a grave, carved in the earth, is it peaceful rest for the dead I am giving?

Or does deep mean I am not shallow, that there is more to me, than your eyes see?
Do you see in me comfort, a friend, kindness, do you have love and respect for me?

Am i deep like a darkness, a shroud void of light, are there parts of me you cant comprehend?
Does this depth of sorts scare you, do you run away or fight, why don't you dive deeper ... my friend?

Rain

*Dark clouds push forth, leaving the horizon behind,
A Storm heading North, A Southern Departure of kind.
Humans find shelter, scurrying through streets,
Observing them scatter, Water saturating feet.
Still as i stand, i look up to the sky,
opening my hands, my face casts a smile.
For i understand life, through happiness and pain,
You cant have flowers, without a little rain!*

See

See the bird, and how it flies,
See the wolf, and hear its cries.
See the tree, with leaves of gold,
See its trunk, twisted and old.
Smell the dew, in morning light,
Hear the Crickets, sing at night.
Smell the salt, in coastal air,
Feel the breeze, flow through your hair.
See the world, in all its glory,
Listen, to mother natures story.
This is all that will ever matter,
you are the world!

The Climb

A foothold finds, my weary legs,
A crevice, finds my grip.
Gravity pulls, but still I rise,
For I refuse, to slip.

No summit in sight, a mist does hang,
Around, the mountain top.
But here I fight, a determined man,
A climb, I'll never stop.

Child of Mine

Oh little child of mine, May the world, be kind to thee.
Swiftly tick, the hands of time,
Taking mine, from me.

The day will pass, when I must leave,
Know you'll never, be alone.
Although my lungs, will cease to breathe,
And flesh, will rot from bone.

You'll always hold, a part of me,
Our bloodline, is one we share.
So when you're feeling, lonely,
Remember, Dad, is always there.

Silence

'I don't know', these words seldom do i mutter,
Because i give up, there is no answer... it seems.
Im letting go, you'll notice i didn't stutter,
I've had enough, chasing this elusive dream.
There is that of you, that knows what i don't,
My freedom lies, in the secrets you Keep.
Im an infatuated fool, but pursue you? ..i wont,
Keep your tongue tied, what you've sewn you will reap!

The Abyss

Scarred and battered,
beaten and bruised.
Dreams once shattered,
naive and confused.
Hurt and bleeding,
Heart in pain.
Bent and broken,
Trapped and restrained.
This was once me,
Captor and victim.
Begging to be freed,
But lacking the wisdom.
Into the Abyss i stared,
It returned my gaze.
At each other we glared,
I snapped out of my Haze.
The time has come,
My soul needs to heal.
A heart once numb,
Again begins to feel.
What has happened is done,
The Past is behind me.
This battle i won,
It has not defined me.

I Held Your Hand

Ill meet you, by the sandy bay,
Where once, i held your hand.
Sun set approached, a windy day,
As we walked, the edge of land.

Step by step, a heart to heart,
Together, we bared our souls.
This new journey, about to start,
Falling deeper, the further we strolled.

Time has passed, Together we've grown,
The two of us, have now, become three.
Dreams surpassed, True love has shown,
What really matters, and that's Family.

But when we're lost, and cant find our way,
Life gets tough, with events unplanned.
Ill meet you both, by the sandy bay,
Where once, i held your hand.

Patiently Impatient

Communicate with me,
All I ever requested,
If there's an issue you see,
Speak up and let's rest it.

A lot of the time,
I'm left none the wiser.
I think everything's fine,
Yet somethings left to decipher.

It's the silence speaking volumes,
The snapping and the stressing.
Creating an atmospheric commune.
I'm growing weary I must confess.

I hope you open up,
Before these doors close for good.
Patiently, I await the moment.
But there are times, I'm not sure I should?

How do i explain?

How does a man,
explain in words,
the immense attraction,
he feels for his wife,
even after 10 years?
How do i tell her,
that everytime i see more of her skin,
my heart pounds, rushing adrenaline,
as im plagued, with thoughts,
of where id like my hands to be?
Ho do i express, that even though,
her body has been stressed,
from the birth of my perfect child,
that she phyiscally,
still drives me wild for her?
How do i say "i wake up as you sleep,
i see your curves beneath the sheets,
and something ingnites inside?
for that moment, i'd like my morals to be defied!".
It's impossible to communicate,
or even verbally articulate,
just how crazy, this woman makes me feel.
Its not just her body,
its her heart,
its her character,
that sets her apart,
and its only she,
that can make me feel this way!

Awoke

Whats it all about?
A question we all ask, no doubt.
Relentlessly searching for meaning,
Infected, with conflicting thoughts, and feelings.
There must be a reason, a purpose to life.
What is mine for me, a house, a child, a wife?
Internal turmoil, confusing decisions,
Expectations, plans and visions.
Days pass to weeks, months and years,
Death pulls closer, increasing distance from birth.
Desperation grows, anxiety follows,
Once childish dreams, now seem so hollow.
Darkness shrouds, like a thick choking mist,
Light dissipates, and i simply exist.
Then an internal voice spoke, and i truly awoke,
and now i really SEE!

Reborn

Reborn

Relentlessly I search, for the meaning of myself,
To succeed, and to conquer, and acquire inner wealth.

Cautiously I tread, through the dark land, that is me,
Hoping to see light, through the twisted, and rotten trees.

Each branch an open wound, scarlet sap through the gape,
Corpses of agony entwined, locked in a contorted shape.
A darkness dwells here, manifested from fear,
It breaths, and it lives, and of my joy it does rape.

Its silhouette through the growth, no shape has been known,
To burn dry a mans hope, instilling self destruction to the bone.

A birth of pitiful ignorance, its reluctance to unhand,
Shatters to pieces a mans spirit, through its refusal to understand.

But its breathing stench, has expired, and nevermore it shall dwell,
It will be torn from the branches, it will relieve me, of my hell.

A beam breaks the canopy, a new day starts to pour,
The beast nowhere to thrive, its heart beating no more.

Once withered branches, now flower, darkness awash in the light,
A greeting smile to the dawn, a scowl goodbye to the night.

Lifeless as it lays, a scar branded in time.
Pooling around feet, on reclaimed land, again mine.

Leaning over I peer, into its heart, I now see,
That staring, right back, is an estranged reflection, of me!

Bear

Bare with me, theres a bear with me,
Not animal nor toy, a bear within me!

It wasn't my request, it's unfortunate at best.
I didn't ask, for the pressure nor test.

Frustration keeps racing, no sign of elation,
Cornered and weary, awaiting delegation.

A request an instruction, a stress level reduction.
Many years have been spent, now I'm the deduction?

But don't worry, just...

Bare with me theres a bear within me.

The Golden Season

The sun takes an early night,
The moon takes an early morn.

More punctual are streetlights,
As darkness takes early form.

A breeze performs a cooling dance,
In the absence of warming sun.

Autumn brings a new romance,
A new season has begun.

Poisoned World

The world is poisoned.

Hatred pours from the sores,
That were inflicted,
by those who came before us.

Leaders create cause,
as blood pours,
to capitalise on you and yours,
using funds to start wars.

We protest... and once more they ignore us.

Disconnection

A Shadow, bound heart,
lips meet, tongue still.
between cheeks, a smile starts,
Silence sweet, heart filled.
Peace grips, a still mind.
Eyes close, I inhale.
The world slips, thoughts unwind.
Times froze, time to sail!

I Cant Fix You

I cannot fix you,
Or all you've been through.

What he did or didn't do,
I've processed, I didn't choose,
As didn't you.

The line was drawn for me,
By my own hand, I scored it.
What has passed will be,
I've moved on, I ensured it.

You're rooted in past issues,
Clinging to memories of abuse.
If I go back with you,
I'll sacrifice my future too.

The Sun has risen,
Then its fallen, many times.
Our wounds have been patched,
At least have my brothers, and mine.

The tears have dried,
We've re-learned, how to trust.
Memories unforgotten.
We've just learned to adjust.

We were told far too much,
Too young to understand.
If you couldn't figure it out,
What chance did we stand?

I have to look forward,

I have kids of my own.
I wasn't always shown love,
But that is all they will know.

Star Dust

You said something, so beautiful today,
As speckles of dust, danced on a ray.

You pointed, surprised, said "daddy look there!"
I said I know little sweetheart, it's just dust in the air.

Then you called mammy, she Said "it's just dust floating by."
Then came perfect words, "But It looks like stars in the sky!"

Reminding me, as an adult, as my thoughts turned reflective,
It's not what we experience, it's about our perspective.

I Have Failed

For i have failed, i look over my shoulder,
Back to days i prevailed, i grow old and colder.
I want to understand, when it changed,
Why did my mind turn bitter, i jittered, its strange.
I was happy go lucky, plucky, i smiled more,
Laughed and danced, what am i crying for?!
Its like i entered, a maze, dazed.
A labrynth of chains, bound by their weight!
The only comfort, is the exit, it exists!
Im expected, to navigate, this death pit of existance.
One foot steps forward, although awkward and twisted.
I know i must keep fighting, in my minds forefront.
I must seek the source of, this awful exhaustion.
Unravel the mystery, retrace my own history.
Its time to change.