

Anthology of Ewee_Eyes

Ewee_Eyes



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

Everything and Everyone to Ever move as a muse.

About the author

I Just Write.

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Happy Mothers Day

My Mother,
My glory I owe you for life,
My story my heart my soul & mind.
You're beautiful, no words can describe
You're caring, loving, you are so kind.
I am but a branch on your beauty tree,
Not a part of my life, my whole life you be.
Always there for me, I did not always see,
Yet still you loved me unconditionally.
Furthermore to belabor all the above,
You are the reason I know the meaning of true love.
I say this today, but rest assured,
I think this the other 364.
God's gift to me in every single way,
With love i wish you...
A Happy Mothers Day.

I'm Coming For You

*I'm not waiting for the stars to align,
I feel written in the stars that your mine.
Time is precious, and you're worth my time
I think we suit, like a, Shirt & Tie.
I think we suit, Blazer, Shirt & Tie,
No word of a lie these are the words of a guy..
Who's wanting the best of you,
Along with the rest of you,
And Not just for now,
I'm thinking perpetual.
Girl I need you in my world.
The world is my oyster,
And I need you as my pearl,
Not just as my girl.
See We live in world where things change,
The truth yesterday can be a lie today.
And people judge you,
who couldn't walk a mile in your shoes,
And yet they do it from a mile away.
You make me wanna get It together,
I'm doing fine
but you make me wanna do better.
I know you don't know but I'm coming for you,
I know what I want and what im wanting is
you.*

It'll Kill You

They say don't smoke,
It'll Kill You.
They say don't drink,
It'll Kill You.
They say don't do drugs,
It'll Kill You..
Well they must be immortal.
They say if you eat right,
You'll Live Longer.
They say if you exercise,
You'll Live Longer.
So as long as you're fit the longer you'll live?
I guess tomorrow is promised.
I must be doing it wrong,
I heard tomorrow isn't promised
I been singing along.
I been drinking and smoking and
I eat what I want.
I know an old aged drug addict who lives by the bong.
Last year they found my blood poisoned,
I was throwing up blood and don't know what caused it.
My body went into shock,
Shortly after I should have died...
Then this crazy thing happened,
I survived.
The results showed 4% blood poison level,
They said if it reaches 3%,
It'll Kill You.
The English was simple yet couldn't do the maths.
Couldn't explain it with science,
So I guess that was that.
I say that to say this,
I don't care what they say.

I was not planning on living forever
In any case.
We are mortal,
And so If they wanted to warn you..
They should say don't be born,
It'll Kill You.

S&D&R&R!

In the grand scheme of things,
How different really are they?
They're like birds of a feather.
I mean sure you can have 1 without the other but these 3 are frequently bought together.
Like a store opening on black Friday,
Or a 9 to 5 commuters morning.
The aforementioned, albeit not verbatim,
3, all come with a rush.
I suppose it doesn't really matter which one's you've tried... a drug is drug.
If it, warped your mind and sent your senses on a trip well then, it done what it does.
Not all trips are fun though i'm sure you know this but the bliss of a good one makes it worth it.
Like sex, sometimes you'll think: that was so shxt..
Other times you can't think you're just like Ohh Shxt!!
Thems the moments we hope for,
Whenever we pop pills, snort lines or smoke draws.
The spinal chills, parting thighs, the slide towards...
The kitty cat with no clue what she's in for.
Making beds rock as you roll around,
A whole new take on the Rock&Roll sound.
So put another dime in the jukebox baby,
Because it's been a while since you got crazy.
We're gonna rock and roll and keep rolling till we crash
It's Rock'n'Roll, something or someones getting smashed!

Ewee Eyes

*Many set off on the road to riches and stall early,
possibly because they don't have the drive.
Which is, essentially just a pedestrian vibe,
While others see life through Ewee Eyes.
It really is what it is.
Know yourself before you know what it is,
If you're going to start Just know you can finish.
Time is...
Unlimited.
Time has no end or beginning,
It Is forever and has always been.
But ours is not,
Au contraire our time is but a teardrop.
In an ocean though despair we should not.
Achilles said;
"Any moment may be our last,
Everything is more beautiful because we're doomed.
You will never be lovelier than you are now.
We will never be here again."
It Is What It Is.*

Best Friend Become Strangers

They started off as strangers.
Then said hi & bye a couple of times,
They made an acquaintance.
Now walk side by side and talk all the time,
They're very acquainted.
A night at the bar they had a few rounds,
Then got a bit faded.

And that was the basis.
See it was when they were conversating,
Then realised it was 10, a.m...
But they started last night.

A lot was said and, more was done
They, found they had a, lot in common.
On top of the obvious insomnia problem
Retrospectively being opposite sex was the problem.

Because it weren't until sex entered the fray,
That their BFF relationship started to stray.
Should it have been a one off or continued this way,
Or would it matter? Was it simply a case of:

It was bound to happen like,
Thunder clapping after lightning striking its,
Kind of frightening how it can come and go so quick.
How best friends become strangers.

It Is What It Is.

Hi

Wow, she's beautiful.

And I just want to tell her she's beautiful.

Beauty is what the sum of my eyes, the space in between us, and she is equal to.

I've never seen her before,

I may never see her again,

I'd like to see her some more even just as a friend.

Maybe more in time.

But for now, how about bridging the gap with a "Hi"

The thought looked both ways before it crossed my mind,

Careful now we don't want to get run down.

Maybe I will give her a "Hi"

Maybe she'll give me one back,

Maybe our "Hi's" can give birth to a little chit chat?

Or maybe not.

Like a priceless painting not for sale,

To be admired not acquired.

Plus I'm shy as well,

So there's that.

It Is What It Is.

"Pray For Amazonia?"

She's on fire!
Unable to put it out.
Smoke filling her lungs,
She can't scream or shout.

Some who can, know but choose not to help,
Maybe they think this does not affect them as well.
It's a crisis, but not enough to make the News?
It's been going on for weeks and somehow not many knew.

Slowly but surely it's now gaining attention,
People are raising awareness,
Some are signing petitions.
World leaders must act, or they're not fit to lead,
We are talking about nearly 400 billion trees.

Are they just going to sit on their wooden chairs?
Reading their paper books?
Drinking their cups of tea?
Enjoying the air they breathe?
While the Earth's garden, home to billions of lives,
Including plants, animals and humans alike,
Just burns away right before our eyes?

For millions of years she has thrived and survived
But the Amazon Rainforest is now on fire.
Burning for weeks at an alarming rate,
You can even see a lot of the smoke from space.
An estimated one million square miles now burnt,
That's bigger than every country but 9, on earth.
She produces 20% of the air we breathe,
That's a fifth of our air gone without those trees.
Whole civilisations, whole species erased.

This may be the biggest crisis of modern day.

Of course many people will now say thoughts and prayers.

But who will take action? Who will lead the way?

Donate to a cause or, sign a petition,

Raise awareness, may seem futile but at least it's something.

This planet belongs to all of us.

Whether you like it or not,

This planet is all we've got.

We need her for life, and she needs us right now,

So #PrayForAmazonia but let's put this fire out.

Erykah

*I've heard a lot of people say her name,
Artists like Drake as well as Lil Wayne.
And I've had a lot of friends speak highly of her
It would seem like everyone feels the same way.*

*But the thing with me is...
How do I even say this.
Before hearing any of her songs or laying eyes
I've said she's one of my favourites probably one of the greatest.*

*Only difference is now is I've seen her and..
Well..... she ain't no J.Lo But..
I don't know there's still something about her..
I'm not sure what it is but there's something there.*

*I like her eyes,
I like her lips.
If all that is all hers...
then I'm feeling the hair.
You know what I don't care,
I don't even want to know why
On paper I don't like much about her
And yet... I think I actually love Erykah.*

Trump's Pet's

*What if Trump was really just a Trap...
Think about It, or let me explain in fact.*

*Since the Trump first started running for president.
A type started creeping out of their residence.
Those redneck types from the slave trade days,
At all his rallies screaming Make Murica Great Again.*

*They follow him like a dog follows it's master,
Though by law cannot bite therefore they just bark up.
They're noise makers really, trombones and trumpets
If ol Donald had a farm they would be Trump's Pets.*

*But imagine this, if you can envision..
Donald Trump, was only acting like a villain.
So certain whites show their true colours like Prisms.
You know how light splits into colours through a Prism?*

*Just Imagine, he was just bait and this...
Whole Trump rally was to find the racist's
You see how they treat non-whites let's face it
I mean they even agree with Adolf Hitler's statements.*

*But to be fair, these are views from the outside,
For all that's known Donald Trump may be a real nice guy.
Maybe this facade was only to create a perspective,
That he forgot to unmask once he got elected.*

Doubt it.

May I?

*Look I hope you don't mind,
But I understand if you do.
If I may, may I,
Just stare at you?*

*I'm in awe of you,
You're an awesome view.
It's like staring at the night sky,
Stars and moons.*

*Then there's you...
And the beauty you exude,
And how without knowing you
I know this to be true.*

*It just has to be,
Such beauty can not just be skin deep.
Like a rose, as pretty as the petals may be
We know it but stems from roots beneath.*

*And as a rose may have thorns,
I'm sure you have yours.
Yet they smell just as sweet
And lose none of their allure.*

*So, may I?
You don't have to look back.
You can stay staring into space,
In fact, I like it like that.*

*I'm no art connoisseur,
But I am pretty sure,
That Mona Lisa's smile*

Has got nothing on yours.

*A smile that I adored,
And sight soon to be no more,
But until then you're all I want to see so...*

May I?

One Nation

*When we label ourselves we often limit ourselves,
I am this, not that, I'm from here, not there,
I'm one of us, not them..
That's how we limit ourselves.
?
You see we live in a world,
Where for generations we've been separating.
Individuation, division within nations,
The vision for one nation has been blinded.
?
Now when people associate something with one race,
If someone else does it they call it appropriation.
Cultural appropriation to be exact,
Basically, if you're not this then you can't do that.
?
But from a distance, however not so distant,
There really isn't much that makes us different.
2 eyes, 1 nose, 2 ears, 10 toes, 2 legs, 2 arms, 1 head... 1 heart...
We have more in common than what sets us apart.
The human race, is the only race, and it's all of ours.*

*If we all saw each of us under X-Ray conditions,
We'd soon see we're all more alike than we are different.
There'd be no need for titles or segregation,
We'd all be united as if just one nation.*

Today/Tuesday/Twosday/Chooseday

*Two two's today is Tuesday but also Two's Day,
I say that since looking at the date I see this;
Two Two oh Two Two oh Two Two,
On a Tuesday too.
Life is like a series of consequences,
Based on choices we make and experiences.
Most out of our control though some within,
Not everything is destiny or fate, or kin.
I say that to say this,
bad choices breed bad experiences.
That should lead to good choices.
Good choices breed good experiences
The choice is yours how you live.
All you have to do is choose
It's up to you.
Or let fate decide everything
That happens to you.
Today's Tuesday as fate decreed
Is also Two's Day.
Though any day if you so wish it
Can be Choose Day.*

How Many More Mornings?

*How many more mornings man?
A familiar thought or feeling if you have a plan.
A desire to be in a situation significantly different, To one you are seemingly mired in.
Slow progress is better than no progress...
Yes we know this.
Rome, was not built in a day...
Yeah, okay.
Success does not come overnight...
Alright!
Nothing worth having comes ea--
Allow meeee! Sheesh.
I actually get it, patience, persistence, trust the process.
If you're the religious type,
Providence.. all in God's time.
It's just, some mornings you know?
You get tired of this "back to the grindstone"
Working iobs where you struggle to find the will,
But have to for reasons like; bills, bills and bills.
But for how long?
How many more mornings must we strive on?
I guess as many mornings that lie between,
This day, and yours.*

Fix Your Face.

First of All, Fix your Face.
I just thought you looked familiar.
Secondly, if you're not me,
Then why are you in my mirror?
Are we going to have a problem here,
Seriously, your face..
If you're feeling froggy then leap
Because seri- no but seriously, wait...
You actually really do look familiar,
And I'm noticing that scowl is actually a scar.

I'm sorry, and thankful I didn't go too far,
Furthermore I think I now know exactly who you are.
I almost didn't recognise you/me, see
I seldom stare in the mirror since depressions defeat.
I've been busy, tryi--.... getting back on my feet,
So you can't be broken if you live through me.
Show me that scar let me show you Kintsugi,
We'll fix your face with a smile as gold as can be.

No Good Deed

*They say no Good Deed goes unpunished,
Meaning if you try do some good for self or anyone else for this you will be punished.
That just seems so cynical,
But then I guess to a pessimist it'd seem cool since negativity and despair is what they're into.
My good deed just backfired,
And someone said "that's what you get for being a nice guy" personally I think it's that warm feeling inside.*

I Heyt You...

I'm sure I hate you.

You face, your voice, your smell, your choice of footwear now every damn step I must hear.

Your hair, your smile, your stupid laugh

That reminds me of all our fun moments from times passed.

I can't stand the way you just walk in the room,

Look at me and say Hi...

Kmt I swear I-- Oh Hey You...

So, Ugly.

You're so ugly you affect my mood,

You're unattractive, unappealing, cold, dull, demeanour could never light up a room only fill it with gloom.

And why would anyone care how you feel?

When all that seems to bother you is making me uncomfortable, these layers are because of you and so are these chills.

But I guess you're just a product of your mother's nature and whether or not mother nature is considered hot, a cold wet gloomy morning is just not.

I Don't Need You Anymore

*I'm sorry but I just don't need you anymore,
And I really don't wanna sound evil but I'm sure.
You are actually more of a demon than a cure
And for that reason we can't be we anymore.
Some people tend to turn to therapy for advice,
Some people don't and tend to turn to a vice.
I could always count on you to quiet the storm
But now the storm is over you just quiet the norm.
Then nothing gets done.
Because of how unproductive I become.
You make the banes of my life a lot easier to manage...
I see now, my livelihood is collateral damage.*

Like... Like Like

*Everytime that we would meet,
There was always a particular way we would greet.
What started off as a simple cheek to cheek,
Before long became a double kiss on the cheeks.
I kind of noticed that these double cheek kisses,
Are getting closer and closer to where your lip is.
It will only take but one minor slippage,
For an innocent gesture to turn into lipsing.
Though first thing we'll do at that point is pretend,
Neither one wanted to, it just... happened.
After all, we're just friends right???
But what if I did like you like, like like?*

Last Times

*What if the last time we met was the last time we'd meet.
What if the last time we spoke was the last time we'd speak.*

*I think from time to time we must remember time,
Waits for no man..... woman or child.*

*"Timing is everything" I've heard this many times,
Like: some things in life we just can't decide.
Some things in life we just can't control,
Unlike: our last time being too long ago...*

That Sacrifice

"I needed to hear that"

"This is the first time I've smiled in days"

"I really need some company right now"

"Can you stay on the phone while I walk down this alley way"

All the above has been said to me

By someone who I could speak freely to as no one

Has a patch to land their jealous thoughts flying around who I spend my time on.

But what if I weren't there when they needed me,

As I knew how upset my other half would be.

Being single means there's one less heart to break,

Given the cause, that sacrifice makes sense to make.

I Refuse

*Times change, people change, I have to change with it...?
If that's what you were going to say then forget it.
We've known each other 10yrs now, maybe more
So is that why things aren't the same anymore?
Growing up doesn't mean we have to grow apart,
We can still grow together like we've done thus far.
I refuse to grow apart, you choose your own path,
If it's not parallel to mine then I'll just love you from far.*

Dear Artist,

Dear Artist,

*It matters less what your art is,
Sharing it is key before you're dearly departed...
For it will live on regardless,
Inspiring and influencing the minds and hearts of;*

*Future generations, even just some strangers
Who when really needed a push yours gave them motivation.
People are often influenced by what they hear or see, and a great deal of art is either heard or seen.*

*You may feel like your dark days diminish your flame,
but sometimes to see the light it takes the darkest of days.
When the only motivation is a testimony,
Your story then becomes the necessity.*

Sincerely,

London Bridge Is Down

Of course I believe it's entirely possible,
Yet in all I kind of thought she would outlive us all.

I cannot fathom her absence she seemed immortal,
Although, I still imagine no tears will fall.

I do feel there'll be a void impossible to fill,
And an almost, silent chaos type of chill.

Like the unburnt threatening to break the wheel,
Except there is a protocol in place, but still.

Those are some extremely high heels to fill,
I really don't think her survivors can climb that hill.

Times are very, very different since her ascension
The necessity for a monarch, was not in contention.

These are certainly some strange times we're living in,
The West is on the brink of war, yet again.

This could be the precipice of a paradigm shift,
Honestly I'm not sure this is the time for this.

But we've been asking him to save her for Decades,
She has lived very long but there must come a day.

Record holder if we're counting she'd be victorious,
Rest assured i'm sure, seemed happy and glorious.

For as long as most know, she did reign over us,
Well, I say that, but you know what I mean.
And though we sing it we cannot realistically

Expect God to forever, Save the Queen.