

Life Poetry

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Presented by

My poetic side 

summary

The Reckoning

Can I protect her from me?

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Protect Her from Me

The Reckoning

The Duckling and Gosling Debutants
March along with heads held high
The bear cubs flail with playful taunts
As children laugh 'neath pure blue sky

The cold dead world, soon melts off death
The fruits and flowers dare to grow
The creatures breathe an easy breath
As ice yields to the sun's warm glow

Then, once upon a minute's past
The ducks and geese make their escape
Though feelings still endure and last
The snowflakes freeze the green landscape

It's then that skies begin to churn
And those that breathe can watch their breath
The breathing ones to earth return
And those who don't all mimic death

It's then that frost begins its fight
And waters finally yield to cold
The snow falls silent through the night
As father time pursues the old

The brooks freeze from their bubbling
The weak begin a mournful cry
And tree boughs bend for reckoning
As one by one the old ones die

A lonely shiver in the cold
A blinding mist hides warming light
And all that's left before the bold

Is the dark and chill of night

Memories fade and laughter dies
The sun sinks deeper and less bright
The twinkle leaves the tired eyes
And hopeful beings lose their sight

There is no place to hide or run
No voices dare a song to sing
The world chokes from it's lack of sun
And nightmares bring the reckoning

All Joy is bound as if by rope
And still the belfries fail to ring
The cracks show in the glass of hope
When nightfall calls the reckoning

Then in the distance something stirs
The sun sings promise of return
Nature claims what once was hers
And souls wait longing yet to burn

Some will see a world atoned
Others long for sleep of death
Me, I sit here all alone
Still alive, but choked of breath

Can I protect her from me?

I'd walk straight through hell with no flinching from pain
I'd burn down the world and set fire to rain
I'd pull down the heavens,
rip the roof off of hell
Make molehills of mountains
'Til the best of them fell
And only one doubt, in my consciousness be,
Is it possible I can protect her from me?
I'd catch lightning and make it retreat to the clouds
Take every last life form and wrap it in shrouds
I'd fight every demon, make satan take flight
And demand that the heavens still shone through the night
And only one doubt, in my consciousness be,
Is it possible I can protect her from me?

I knew from the moment I saw her, she'd win
I'd fight any devil and shirk any sin
But, how could I know of my darkness inside?
That black that my ignorant soul chose to hide.

And only one doubt, in my consciousness be,
Is it possible I can protect her from me?
When each foe is conquered and daylight streaks through,
When angels remember the hymns they once knew,
When hope is in sight and the fear out of view
Why do I wonder if I'm safe for you?

Still only one doubt, in my consciousness be,
Is it possible I can protect her from me?
Courage may conquer
Rage may strike fear
Chivalry writes its own poetry dear
Death may beat drums and make the ground shake

But, it's the ones that we love who have power to break
And only one doubt, in my consciousness be,
Is it possible I can protect her from me?
If E'er I were granted a wish sure to be,
I would wish I could simply protect her from me

A Place That is Not so Far

*There is a place that is not so far; with trail well worn and path always trod.
Sought by some and found by most.
A beacon of refuge for the weary traveler, is this place that is not so far.*

*There is a place that is not so far; where the land is quiet and still,
it is warm on the face but sprinkled with shade and filled with grass that beckons the tired
soul.
An oasis of peace in a world of pain, is this place that is not so far.*

*There is a place that is not so far; where grows in abundance, rest and relief.
It welcomes the fatigued with fruit of mediocrity and flowers of leisure.*

Absent the weeds of work and toil, is this place that is not so far.

*There is a place that is not so far; Without a clock or concern for time.
Minutes become hours, hours turn to days, the sand softly sprinkling through the hourglass
of life.
None but distraction interrupt the routine and only Inertia tend to the grounds of this place
that is not so far.*

*There is a place that is not so far; with prison walls that are built from within;
with chains that bind the hands that made them;
with shackles that hold the heart and mind.*

Gladly they come, but seldom they leave, from this place that is not so far.

*There is a place that is not so far; where family and lovers gather and meet.
With smiles and laughter they congregate,
sitting together in close isolation,*

***Numb from the glow of the glass that they love.
Immoderately they watch,
intensely they stare,
silent they remain,
in this place that is not so far.***

***There is a place that is not so far; where connections and relationships yearn to go.
Each, is devoured quietly,
peacefully,
without resistance
or signs of distress.***

There is a place love goes to die and it is a place that is not so far.

Demons

Those demon voices rage within,
Never gone when they go away.
Those demons who followed me long before sin,
Who hooked to my soul before I could pray.
Demonic drive for violence and pain.
I cannot recall the silence before.

Before the violence fell like rain
And power consumed to my very core.
The power was welcomed to banish the fear.
I still do not miss that feeling today.
Yet, the bargain came with a cost so dear.
A cost that all those around me must pay.
Still, nobody sees the demons inside.
I've cleverly hid them deep, deep within.
They eat at the soul in which they abide.
Patiently waiting for the fight to begin.

and then...

The less than

Here's to all those who are less than!
Here's to the ones that don't measure up
The unstable, the weak, and the broken
We are beaten to the ground but we stand back up

Nobody cares about our hurting
Not from the throne that they stole with our pain
And nobody cares if we deserve it
They judge from their lofty heights with disdain

So Fuck all you pretentious Masters!
You act like you earned that spot that you hold
But you don't know shit about disasters
Bereft of the hand you were dealt you would fold.

We were born to this world as the rejects.
You tell us that we'll never do shit on our own.
You were born to this world as a pretext
Pretending you're reaping the crop that you've sown

But we see through fallacious bullshit
You're convincing yourself that you've conquered with ease
But you're just posing as a pundit
A sophistic bitch that still needs our disease

So, here's to all those who are less than!
Here's to the ones that don't measure up

The unstable, the weak, and the broken
We get beat to the ground but we stand back up
Don't try to teach us how to fix it
Don't ever think you have value to us

The fact is you don't really know shit!
You just give your advice to feel better than us

So, don't breathe a word about your progress
With your winnings attached to your ticket to earth.
The time will come for us to redress.
And you won't stand a chance with your plush life from birth
Here I stand as a less than
This is the place that I'm not giving up
And here I stand as the broken
And here I'll stay till you don't measure up
Yes, I'm not as weak as you imagine
I have more fight than the sage could portend
I've fought back my share of demons
And I will rage with my might in the fight till the end.
So, here's to all those who are less than!
Here's to the ones that don't measure up
The unstable, the weak, and the broken
We get beat to the ground but we stand back up

And Fuck you who think that you are more than!
Fuck you who think that we don't measure up!
And Fuck you for thinking we are broken!
We may start from the ground but we stand back up
Always from the ground do we stand back up!

A Lie of Love

"A Lie of Love"

by Charlie Martineau

I was born a demon and will die a demon.

My purpose in life is to inflict pain on people who don't deserve pain.

The attribute that fuels my insidious and effective nature, is quite simple.

I'm able to convince myself that I can actually save those who I love from the pain that I feel.

It's a lie.

It's a lie that is born with me each morning.

A lie that dies with me each night,

A lie that is always resurrected in 8 hours time.

I live a lie of love

and I live it perfectly.

Checkmate

Fear, guilt, pain and despair,
All feelings my conscience adeptly provides.
Action, inaction, scrap or repair,
All choices that end with guilt on all sides.

There is no protection from my wrecking-ball soul, It eagerly breaks every person I love.
I can't drop the shovel that's digging this hole. It digs until quenching all light from above.

But, I promise myself and all those around,
"Of course I'll do better, just give me a shot!"
Then, no searching needed, the demon is found
And he grins as he kills each every dream that I've got.
Except for the nightmares,
He would never take those.
They spread like a parasite seeking those free.
The demon would use them to strengthen the blows. Destroy every shred of what's precious to me.

No ears could imagine the tormenting cries. Removing my eyes couldn't stop what I see. A
Children's story is, "Lord of the Flies" when compared to the cautionary tale of me.

I cannot move forward, diagonal or straight, Nor can I hold still,
In a word:
CHECKMATE

Time for Atonement

It's time to repair the walls that I built.
It's time to restore the fortress of steel,
To fill in the cracks with the mortar of guilt
and destroy the last piece that still wants me to feel.
It's time to protect the ones that I love
To cut off their bindings that tie them to me.
It's time to set free everyone that I love
And pray that my demons won't stalk them once free.
It's time to atone for the fact I exist
Karma has spoken and the verdict's been judged.
With the gnashing of teeth and the clenching of fist.
With spirit destroyed and thinking begrudged,
Now is the moment where sadness begins
Now is the final atoning of sins.

Of Guilt and Despair

Live in the past to escape the future
Burn the future to illuminate the past
Sell your present for what's yet to come
and enslave the future by the deeds of long last.

One Wish

I'd walk straight through hell with no flinching from pain
I'd burn down the world and set fire to rain
I'd pull down the heavens,
rip the roof off of hell
Make molehills of mountains
'Til the best of them fell
And only one doubt, in my consciousness be,
Is it possible I can protect her from me?
I'd catch lightning and make it retreat to the clouds
Take every last life form and wrap it in shrouds
I'd fight every demon, make satan take flight
And demand that the heavens still shone through the night
And only one doubt, in my consciousness be,
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I knew from the moment I saw her, she'd win
I'd fight any devil and shirk any sin
But, how could I know of my darkness inside?
That black that my ignorant soul chose to hide.

And only one doubt, in my consciousness be,
Is it possible I can protect her from me?
When each foe is conquered and daylight streaks through,
When angels remember the hymns they once knew,
When hope is in sight and the fear out of view,
Why do I wonder if I'm safe for you?
Still only one doubt, in my consciousness be,
Is it possible I can protect her from me?
Courage may conquer

Rage may strike fear
Chivalry writes its own poetry dear
Death may beat drums and make the ground shake

But, it's the ones that we love who have power to break
And only one doubt, in my consciousness be,
Is it possible I can protect her from me?
If ever I was granted a wish sure to be,
I would wish I could simply protect her from me?

Where Love Goes to Die

*There is a place that is not so far; with trail well worn and path always trod.
Sought by some and found by most.
A beacon of refuge for the weary traveler, is this place that is not so far.
There is a place that is not so far; where the land is quiet and still,
it is warm on the face but sprinkled with shade and filled with grass that beckons the tired
soul.*

*An oasis of peace in a world of pain, is this place that is not so far.
There is a place that is not so far; where grows in abundance, rest and relief.
It welcomes the fatigued with fruit of mediocrity and flowers of leisure.
Absent the weeds of work and toil, is this place that is not so far.
There is a place that is not so far; Without a clock or concern for time.
Minutes become hours, hours turn to days, the sand softly sprinkling through the hourglass
of life.
None but distraction interrupt the routine and only Inertia tend to the grounds of this place
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There is a place that is not so far; with prison walls that are built from within;
with chains that bind the hands that made them;
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*Gladly they come, but seldom they leave, from this place that is not so far.
There is a place that is not so far; where family and lovers gather and meet.
With smiles and laughter they congregate,
sitting together in close isolation,
Numb from the glow of the glass that they love.
Immoderately they watch,
intensely they stare,
silent they remain,
in this place that is not so far.*

*There is a place that is not so far; where connections and relationships yearn to go.
Each, is devoured quietly,
peacefully,*

***without resistance
or signs of distress.***

There is a place love goes to die and it is a place that is not so far.

Death of Youth

When beauty dies with laugh and applause.
When fingers mark at the commas pause.
When understanding take's its leave.
When the pointed to must turn to grieve.
When all is lost and no one cares
And every sound is a heart that tears.
When the sun decides against its rise
And night sustains the broken cries.
When the brave of youth are broken down
And left a shell without a crown
When brilliance of future breaks down to ash
And what is to come is a mirror of past
That is the moment where old men are born
It comes on too quickly to properly mourn
Killed at the height of the glory one made,
The life of the youth doesn't die by the blade

Happy Never After

Once upon a time
Once upon a dream
Once the dawn of greatness
A kingdom it would seem
Once the broken dawning
Once the glory's dusk
a thousand dreams of breaking
A future turned to rust
watch the way that life
can silence all the laughter
Let me kindly show you
A happy never after

My Sunflower

Seeking the right in the depth of the night,
Lies a sunflower who glimmers with light.
In dark of the sun at the peak of noon day,
Lies a blind being who's lost on his way.
He daffly moves forward each step to the scent,
As olfactory senses are carefully rent
From every cell that inside of her breathes,
Given so freely to all of his mess,
The mess that his dark soul instinctively seized
The end so much more than the sum of what's left.
An accurate measure and faithfulness test.
His betrayed broken heart is open to none.
The flower seeks and reassembles the best
While the beauty they shared is reduced down to one.
The one doesn't actually gain any prize
For collecting the pieces of what's left behind
The one is instead reduced to the size
Of a disordered mind that pined on toward what's kind.

The Unneeded

Presence unwanted
Still unimportant
Help is unneeded
Lost in the moment
Still just annoying
Still unaware
Reflection unknowing
Of what is fair
?Not understanding ?
Being unbending?
An unintentional
?Message I'm sending
?Underachievement?
Under exhaustion?
Undue resentment ?
Turned into passion?
Until the clock?
Unwinds it's chokehold
?I'm unimpressed with ?
Time that will unfold?
It's not understated
?My unfeeling burden ?
My unwanted self
?Is unloading to persons?
unwitting victims?
The ones undeserving?
Of undue duress?
From my underserving?
Why can't I stop?
My unwelcome fight?
Until I can see ?
An exit from night
?It's underwhelming ?

The fight I'm un-fighting
?I think my umbrella?
Needs better lighting?
From under a rock?
I'm crawling uncertain?
The tick of the clock?
Doubts my unburden
?It is unlikely
?I'll ever unpack
?Or find understanding?
Of roads leading back

Tombstone

Talented, useless, needed, unwanted, alone, broken, intelligent, senseless, awestruck, unimpressed, ashamed, disregarded, disrespectful, hopeless, optimist, loser, lover, hater, unaware, simple, petulant, disappointment, early-bloomer, quickly-wilting, tarnished, banished, wasted, unfulfilled, unbending, flimsy, bad, clueless, forgetful, forgotten, unremarkable, unrepentant, pitiful, baseless, charismatic, blundering, showboat, empty, loner, fitful, angry, sad, abusive, psychotic, un-fixable, burdensome, a shell, enraged, unengaged, witty, witless, a waste, fraudulent, impostor, ungrateful, unyielding, petty, monstrous, minuscule, grandiose, introverted-extrovert, cumbersome, unhealthy, unhelpful, unworthy, impossible, prickly, piss-poor, belligerent, badgering, fitful, frightful, forever pining, ever-encumbering, never ending, me.

One Question

I'd walk straight through hell with no flinching from pain
I'd burn down the world and set fire to rain
I'd pull down the heavens,
rip the roof off of hell
Make molehills of mountains
'Til the best of them fell
And only one doubt, in my consciousness be,
Is it possible I can protect her from me?
I'd catch lightning and make it retreat to the clouds
Take every last life form and wrap it in shrouds
I'd fight every demon, make satan take flight
And demand that the heavens still shone through the night
And only one doubt, in my consciousness be,
Is it possible I can protect her from me?

I knew from the moment I saw her, she'd win
I'd fight any devil and shirk any sin
But, how could I know of my darkness inside?
That black that my ignorant soul chose to hide.

And only one doubt, in my consciousness be,
Is it possible I can protect her from me?
When each foe is conquered and daylight streaks through,
When angels remember the hymns they once knew,
When hope is in sight and the fear out of view
Why do I wonder if I'm safe for you?

Still only one doubt, in my consciousness be,
Is it possible I can protect her from me?
Courage may conquer
Rage may strike fear
Chivalry writes its own poetry dear
Death may beat drums and make the ground shake

But, it's the ones that we love who have power to break
And only one doubt, in my consciousness be,
Is it possible I can protect her from me?
If E'er I were granted a wish sure to be,
I would wish I could simply protect her from me

Seasons

The Duckling and Gosling Debutants
March along with heads held high
The bear cubs flail with playful taunts
As children laugh 'neath pure blue sky

The cold dead world, soon melts off death
The fruits and flowers dare to grow
The creatures breathe an easy breath
As ice yields to the sun's warm glow

Then, once upon a minute's past
The ducks and geese make their escape
Though feelings still endure and last
The snowflakes freeze the green landscape

It's then that skies begin to churn
And those that breathe can watch their breath
The breathing ones to earth return
And those who don't all mimic death

It's then that frost begins its fight
And waters finally yield to cold
The snow falls silent through the night
As father time pursues the old

The brooks freeze from their bubbling
The weak begin a mournful cry
And tree boughs bend for reckoning
As one by one the old ones die

A lonely shiver in the cold
A blinding mist hides warming light
And all that's left before the bold

Is the dark and chill of night

Memories fade and laughter dies
The sun sinks deeper and less bright
The twinkle leaves the tired eyes
And hopeful beings lose their sight

There is no place to hide or run
No voices dare a song to sing
The world chokes from it's lack of sun
And nightmares bring the reckoning

All Joy is bound as if by rope
And still the belfries fail to ring
The cracks show in the glass of hope
When nightfall calls the reckoning

Then in the distance something stirs
The sun sings promise of return
Nature claims what once was hers
And souls wait longing yet to burn

Seasons of Change

A cold dead world melts off her death
The fruits and flowers dare to grow
The creatures breathe an easy breath
As ice yields to the sun's warm glow

The Duckling and Gosling Debutants
March along with heads held high
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A blinding mist hides warming light
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Is the dark and chill of night

Memories fade and laughter dies
The sun sinks deeper and less bright
A twinkle leaves those tired eyes
And hopeful beings lose their sight

There is no place to hide nor run
No voices dare a song to sing
The world abandoned by her sun
And nightmares bring the reckoning

All Joy is bound as if by rope
And still the belfries fail to ring
As cracks show in the glass of hope
The nightfall calls the reckoning

Then in the distance something stirs
The sun sings promise of return
Nature claims what once was hers
And souls wait longing yet to burn

The Mirror

**Have you looked into a mirror just to see inside
But all that's looking back at you is just a soul that's died**

**And nothing that you do can make it whole again
But the joke is on you because it's not the end**

**Nothing that you do can fix the ones you hurt
And nothing you can do can make this life thing work**

**And nothing that you say can ever come out right
'Cause your words have all become a way for you to fight**

**And nothing that you see is really as it seems
And nothing that you hear can ever be believed**

**And nowhere that you go is an escape from pain
And all your sins keep coming back around again**

**And never did you think that it could be this way
That Dawn would bring the silence of a dark new day**

**Have you looked into a mirror just to see inside
But all that's looking back at you is just a soul that's died**

Who Once was His

Nothing surpasses the wonder,
Watching her sleeping so soft.
But, something's calling off yonder.
A warning that's not so far off.
Yet, in his eyes how she twirls.
Playful and laughing she grows.
Then, comes the makeup and pearls.
On arm of a boy, off she goes.

Protect Her from Me

I'd walk straight through hell with no flinching from pain
I'd burn down the world and set fire to rain
I'd pull down the heavens,
rip the roof off of hell
Make molehills of mountains
'Til the best of them fell
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