

Poems by Nicholas C. Lebel

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Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

To my Mother and Father, who have never once read my poems

summary

Snow

Nursery Rhymes

Last

Why are Violets Blue?

Snow

The snow whips and blows,
It casts a shadow of winter,
As it whisks past my window,
1 inch closer to the glowing cinders,
Here there are no wonderlands,
For there are only lost spirits,
Ones that will never feel the hands,
Of their lost lovers merits,
But at this time of the season,
All those living longing lovers,
Think they can reason,
For they are giving it all for another,
Who is whisked through the snow.

Nursery Rhymes

Up and Down the hills we go,
Where would we stop?
My crown falls off with one blow,
Even when we were at the top,
Nobody knows,
I am filled with to many woes.
Hey diddle diddle,
I'm a cat without my fiddle,
But they're will be no dog laughing,
Now you think that I'm gagging,
But, I have no hope of jumping the moon,
When the thought of you makes me swoon.
The itsy-bitsy spider,
Only makes me cry and shudder,
As it goes up the water spout,
I want to scream and shout,
As the rain washes me away,
I wont come back any day.
Peter Piper picked a patch of pickled peppers,
But he was secretly a leopard,
And pack killed all those in town,
His evil plan unwound,
And so he was put to death,
He was killed by himself,
Hickory Dickory Dock,
My mouse went up the clock,
But when the clock struck one,
My mouse was done,
And ran back on home,
Hickory Dickory Dock,
My mouse went up the clock,
But when the clock struck two,

My mouse was through,
And ran back on home,
Hickory Dickory Dock,
My mouse went up the clock,
But when the clock struck three,
My mouse loved thee,
And ran back home,
Hickory Dickory Dock,
My mouse ran up the clock,
But when the clock struck four,
My mouse cried some more,
And ran back on home,
Hickory Dickory Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
But when the clock struck five,
He took a dive,
And ran back on home
Hickory Dickory Dock,
My mouse ran up the clock,
But when the clock struck six
He had nothing nothing left to fix
And ran back on home,
Hickory Dickory Dock,
My mouse ran up the clock,
But when the clock struck seven,
He thought about leaven,
And ran back on home,
Hickory Dickory Dock,
My mouse ran up the clock,
But when the clock struck eight,
It was he who he did hate,
And ran back on home,
Hickory Dickory Dock,
My mouse ran up the clock,
But when the clock struck nine,
He emitted a low pitched whine,

And ran back on home,
Hickory Dickory Dock,
My mouse ran up the clock,
But when the clock struck ten,
His plans went awry with men,
And ran back on home,
Hickory Dickory Dock,
My mouse ran up the clock,
But when the clock struck eleven,
He glimpsed his love in heaven,
And ran back on home,
Hickory Dickory Dock,
I ran up the clock,
But when the clock struck twelve,
I crossed the delve,
And fell to my death on the floor.

Last

Upon my bed did I rest,
Knowing then I was the best,
Surviving longer than the others,
Having only myself to bother,
I sat alone upon my bed,
Thinking terrible thoughts with my head,
For no man, women, or child,
Should have to be alone and go wild,
But I sat alone for a month or more,
Living on my food store,
But there came no more bore,
That bleak life and loneliness subsided,
With the knock upon my door,
I was startled, afraid of the knock,
It gave me quite a shock,
For my computer promulgated,
That no life besides me had been calculated,
I sat there still and silent as could be,
And you may say you disagree,
My ears were numb with silent nothingness,
But I had was sure of it, nonetheless,
But I set myself down once more,
And then again came a tapping at my door,
"What is it that keeps on rapping and tapping!?"
I stormed and run to the door,
"Can you no longer rap and tap upon my trapping?!"
As I scrambled up from down on the floor,
I stood away from that door,
Resting now where I was before,
I closed my eyes and began to shudder,
But from behind that door came another,
"Why must you continue to haunt me?!"

As I slammed against my steel clad door,
"Because outside I know there is nobody!"
I couldn't take it anymore,
The never-ending knocking,
The terrible tapping,
The rhythmic rapping,
Was coming once more,
From behind That Door,
It kept going and going,
Until it ceased like it wasn't there before,
That Numberless Knocking,
How I never thought it would end,
My will began to descend,
That Terrifying Tapping,
How I wished it to cease,
Its hold on me to release,
That Regulated Rapping,
How I knew how to stop it,
My madness caused me to submit,
And then with my key,
And my wits strewn about me,
I Unlocked The Door,
And the computer screens were flashing,
That no life was still lasting,
And it then was switched off.

Why are Violets Blue?

Why are violets blue?
For the red roses are too,
When color is just subjected,
A feeling deeply invested,
White, is as pure as doves,
Ascertaining to those above,
Black, as dark as crows,
Representing the most wicked foes,
Red, an emotion of love,
Your hand fitting hers like a glove,
Yellow, the joy and happiness you feel,
The feeling of this was surreal,
Orange, enthusiast and successful,
She will never be detest full,
Blue, stabile and trustworthy,
Your knowledge it'll fortify,
Green, is growth that fertilizes the land,
Done so with her loving hand,
Purple is for no pauper,
Fitting only a seigneur,
But these colors are only of a rainbow,
Just sundry meanings for what we see,
These meanings we are endowed,
But that is not the same for you or me,
A color may mean a million meanings,
You would be millions of shades of the most beautiful rainbow,
And my palette would still be wet if I painted for a million years,
For your beauty is beyond color,
Compared to no other.