

Poetry Series

Ben Sparaco
- poems -

Publication Date:
2007

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Ben Sparaco()

i have a website at

and

i am a artist, poet.

A Secret To Remember

Forever I'll remember you,
Humble your eyes so quaint so blue,
I will forever sit at my window so very true,
Still many memories I have not drew,
I feel so oddly brave,
Still I feel my chest begin to cave,
Even myself im sorry i can not save,
And forever my future will hold a dirt grave,
This promise is not a trick,
And deaths tears soon I must lick,
My final coffin appearence so very slick,
And a story of my death so epic,
They all will not remember,
My death on that cold December,
And a secret so planed and loved so tender,
Is this note you promise to lend her,

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Bld 28

I sit on the road of bld 28 i look at the children my heart is to break. My sweet memories are thiers to take.I sit on bld 28 street laps die out my heart begins to shout, the man on the coner his heart is nailed to the wall. Streets end in sudden darkness cliffs over i begin to fall.I cant remember hapiness for they have taken the key they lay dead beneath the tree.

Ben Sparaco

Building

We were on that building so tall,
How fastly you began to fall,
How hard I tried to hold your grip,
How could I have let you slip,
The ground is so far from here,
The edge I slowly neared,
There was nothing I now feared,
I looked down at the ground below,
For now I fall so very slow,

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Burnt Dream

No child left with a smile,
No coffin was left open for a while,
Tear drops fell like the Nile,
The the childs love sent a chill,
His love for darkness gave him a thrill,
Though happines set his mind still,
Love and passion was his to kill,
He woke up from this dream that day,
He burned from sunshines bright rays,

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Dollhouse

A perfect house,
No torture or a blood thirsty spouse,
No holes or tears only a mouse,
And not a fear of being ripped by the hair only louse,
Young children with a cold happy face,
Knowing their world was a place,
Where with their parents they were safe,
But not for me for I dream of a wooden case,
Afraid to run home,
Only to have a voice drown in screaming i am alone,
And catatonia my head would roam,
Fathers face as cold as stone,
My dream with a happy family only a dream with wrists,
And those days of turning back are slit,
Words I try to speak come out cyst,
I am a prisoner caught in the midst,
I know these dolls will bear me a knife,
And my reflection in deaths solemn scythe,
My body stricken with pain is all a rife,
For one day they shall take my life,

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Feel What You Have Done To Me

You can feel what you have done to me, once upon a night beneath a tree. I can hurt you now, what you have set upon to me, how foolishly i had began to flee. I can now turn back you scream to me is now a gentle chime. And to me all of this was once upon a time.

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Forever Forgotten

I let you warm my heart so cold,
I never saw you be in control,
In the end my life is what you stole,
And in graves passage you took a stroll,
And times memories you started to fold,
I never saw you be the one who killed,
And roll my body until its heartbeat stood still,
The adrenaline gave you a rush it gave you a thrill,
You looked at your deep eyes and gave you a chill,
Your eyes of hatred tears began to fill,
And tear splatters up the wall,
The staircase you began to fall,
Now death hears your call,
And for death i will never stall,
And on your knees you begin to crawl,
As my heart began to fail,
Filthy blood you begin to trail,
I tell death your soul is stale,
I remember when you plunged that rail,
Into my body as I turned pale,
Even through child's eyes,
I will never look at you and begin to cry,
Remorse 'NO' for i will not try,
Even when you knew and began to lie,
After you left me and watched me die,

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Forever Thin

One more pill no I will have two,
Just sixteen more bottles I have went through,
Told you they were vitamins these are lies for you,
Just a little thinner,
These pills I cant chew,
Rehab no I will not go,
A fight yes I will throw,
A forever thin mind is surly one of a kind,
Where are my pills OH I cant find!

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Funeral Roll Call

With a drug my imagination did create,
I feel my room spinning and a lision was fate,
For my help came to late,
And funeral role call my name was to state,
Hours before in a room with locked doors,
My heart pounding I suddenly hit the floor,
I told my self to stop 'no more',
But the damage hurt and slid to the core,
I'm sorry my life didnt last forever,
And that though our love we couldent be together,
And for my life I did love never,
For my note of sorrow I did send her,
People saw me die,
And my body it did lie,
Truly for living I did not try,
So don't be at my final wake and begin to cry,

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Meds

The sun came too late,
The moon came too soon,
This is where I will spend my life,
Locked inside this white room,
No illness is too deadly,
No sickness is too slim,
The gentle part of my heart I must slowly trim,
Strapped arms sting,
My meds they rush to bring,
My ears loudly ring,
I never saw myself this way,
God my mind oh has it betrayed,
Though my body is trapped here forever,
To be cured I will never,

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My Heartbeat Through Hell

I don't know how you could make me feel, your quiet eyes the gentle shade of teal. I remember that cold autumn day when there was nothing i did but push you away. My heart was broken misshaped and bent, but your happiness you gladly gave away and lent. Soon i remembered how to live and share my heart beat with you and said it you would keep. iI will never forget the day i broke that cold shell and finally had my last days living through hell.

Ben Sparaco

My Single Orange Rose

Here is my prose,
All based on a single orange rose,
Grave grass springing,
Church hymns their singing,
Blood stains clinging,
On my single orange rose,
No soul is laughing,
Deaths hands are clapping,
Coffin case trapping,
On my single orange rose,
Trees are branching,
My cold blank eyes are trancing,
The life cycle of death is dancing,
On my single orange rose,
I picked my final wish,
On deaths lips I kissed,
My long life I missed,
All because of that single orange rose,

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Orange Sunshine

I feel breath wasting,
As time is pacing on a terrible dream,
When in my coffin my shoes they are lacing,
And with a knife they are tracing,
Here is orange sunshine,
And cataracts caused me to blind,
And death was truly very kind,
I feel this soul,
Waiting I am ready to be lying in a hole,
And orange sunshine swallowed me whole,
Dark circles under my eyes thought to be drawn with coal,
No I wasn't ready,
Coffin holders carry me steady,
My disease wasn't deadly,
For it was only orange sunshine,

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Snake

snake on the ground slithers. The plains scream out in fear, it slides onto my back and forces out my red tears. into my thought i can now see how foolishly i used to be. I remember the snake on my back and how i remember i should have fought back. The trees dance in scilence the fire now devoures the plains, the snake told me to forget my name. I threw the snake off my back with no sound forcefully it lay dead by the ground. Now i can feel the snake beneath my feet.

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Snake On My Back

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Stolen Key

I know they have my key i see thier lips begin to be free. I sew what they have left my tears begin to flow. I feel as though i am royalty key to my thrown. I have taken back what is mine although now my soul, heart and mind is nowhere near fine.

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Stop

I told you to stop for your words are meaningless and cold. I said to go as if what you said was true. Soon it would be better you said that day. I couldnt stand your voice so i decided not to stay.

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Suicide Wasteland

In a shallow summer day,
No child left their home to play,
Even birds were left to stay,
A toxic wasteland kept their mask on their face was not to flay,
Bodies lay upon the street beaten and decayed,
A child's tear rolled down his face,
Knowing his home would never be a safe place,
And soon signs of life would have no trace,
And if he stayed he would soon be lying in a case,
Darkness caused them to act out in vain,
So many children were then slain,
Bodies transported as if they were on trains,
And still a single blood dropp had not stained,
Tears fell as if it had rained,
Although he was sad,
The family dead he once had,
He did something when he was angry and mad,
And thought of something that made him oh so glad,
And hung from a tree until rope snagged

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Sunshine

you said i was your always, your light , you left a not on the wall your sunshine
is rain not to be light, my heart whispers to me to let go but a chained man on a
tree will not tell his tears to end my heart my self i can not feel a heartbeat
anymore

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Surgery

i felt a sharp pain a tear was shed you played my thoughts as a memory rythm,
not to be sung, you tampered with my heart and the scars will never heal, i still
feel the knife its chill linges on my skin, no knew melody will be tuned

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Take Me Too

Your grip i loose my destiny i may now choose. My tourture is over pitchforks are now dead. Out onto the streets i head out into the earth i feel as royalty my cuts and scars are blue. Isit out on the grass and let god take me too.

Ben Sparaco

The Burn Victim Ode

I walked past a girl whose face was like a dream,
My friends around me looked up and then began to scream,
Children looked across the street looked at their parents and leaned,
For this girls face was the most terrifying that I have ever seen,
Her face burned in every section
A scar ran across in every direction,
Red lines as if it were an infection,
Doctors couldnt help in any selection,
Stapled lines like a track,
Ran across her face and down her back,
Medications piled into a stack,
Hiding her face oh how she did lack,
How much courage it took her to come down here,
And kill her self when jumping off the pier,
And still the waters I do stare,
For is her face still even there,

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Thinning Blood

The bones in his chest,
A perfect place for these thoughts to rest,
The thinness in his blood,
Makes his tears weld up,
His eyes flood,
He does not see his body as others do,
Skinny no these words can not be true,
Others say how lucky you were to see sweet dawn the other day,
To not eat this is the dark price he must pay,
Passer-byers question why,
The fear for his life in their eye,
The hospital bed so very cold,
Hands of friends he must gently hold,
This I V can not keep him trapped here forever,
To eat no he shall never,
For a while he kept his secret well,
For the choices he made he must now dwell,
The feeling of his bones,
Makes him feel like a king sitting on his throne,
As he lays down in his bed,
He feels something strange in his head,
A feeling came over him terror and dread,
He forever fell asleep,
And blackness was his souls to keep,

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True Poison

When true poison touched her lips,
Her decimated eyes she did skip,
When I walked through the doorway I did trip,
And on the ground her body did sit,
Here begins her story about a girl who loved him,
slowly the hatred from her heart she began to trim,
And deep in he hearts red waters she did skin,
How did her story turn so grim,
Her lover stood in the door,
How violently she had hit the floor,
Oh how he beaten her to the core,
Every limb in her body bloody and sore,
She didnt get it in control,
His deceived love had taken a toll,
She opened true poison and had drank it whole,
Here lies a lurid story of a girl whom suicide had taken her soul,

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