

Poetry Series

Book Worm
- poems -

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Book Worm(February 1,1992)

'To be or not to be, -that is the question: -
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? '
-shakespeare

Death

He emerges out of nowhere, he never goes to sleep
A second shadow to your step, is what he'll always be
When you least expect it, he'll reach into your soul
In your deepest core, is what he'll find what he wants most
His weapon of destruction, will not be found in his touch,
But deep within his desire, to see your body drop.
He's the source of grieving, he's the reason for your loss
Feeding off your misery, loving what he does.
Planting seeds of fear, in your darkest spots
Waiting for them to grow, so he can harvest the lot.
He's been here for centuries waiting and depleting
The only job's he got, is outmoding the helpless and the needy.
Whenever you feel glum, his presence's always near.
That's because he's feeling joyous, you can see it in his leer.
An accident just happened, just a block away.
Ten dead passengers, their still bodies in the concrete, lay.
To him it's a buffet, the one he surely won't forget
This is what he lives for, feeding off despair.
A cemetery in the night, is his favorite hang out place
Chatting with old victims, about sending them to their grave
Strolling around the whole world, in his gallant black robe
Infecting you with his madness, swallowing you whole.
But because he loves war, disease, plagues, and gore
He detests what makes us love: kindness, caresses and much more
When you're almost due, you can feel him creeping
Silently stalking you, your life he's nursing and seeping
A devilish smile, displayed across his ghostly face
Is the last thing you'll see, before you hit the grave.
Don't skirt around the inevitable, the chase is quickly ending
Sooner than you know, your body, mind and spirit will be surrendering
Beware of his scaly hands; they might be near your throat
Every time you take a risk, is what you'll be asking for.
Your luck with death is quickly ending, every day he's getting near,
Searching for that succulent soul,
Which he'll be feeding on this year.

Book Worm

Inevitable

I'm not an illegal alien
i'm not from outer space
all those words u put me, wetback, beaner
are just words, for i am neither
what i am is independent
strong and powerful

you think ur land is better
with ur money and ur whores
everythings surrounded
with pollution and ur smoke

this so called land of opportunity
is keeping me fenced in
in a total wasteland
where i'm deprived of all my needs

i'm not someone u can stop
i keep coming everyday
all your fences are a waste
i'll always find a way

Book Worm

The River

the river flows everyday
day by day, day by day
it turns and churns
and churns and turns

Around the curves and the sinews of the earth
sometimes in sadness, sometimes in mirth
never knowing what it will see
living in the moment, just to be

but across and fro it river bend
it spies something that seems to be a trend
a puddle here and there
puddles, puddles, everywhere
why did all of them give up?
why not try, try, and try
a puddle here and a puddle there

questions, questions, in its watery mind
'how did i come to be in this bind?
who seized the powere? who chose the hour?
did my creator ever stop and wonder
did he ever stop and ponder
about what lies deep and under?
for even though...

the river flows every day
day by day, day by day
it churns and turns
turns and churns

it will stop

then the river is no more
never more, evermore

Book Worm

Wind And Window Flower By Robert Frost

Lover's forget ur love
and listen to the love of these
she a window Flower,
and he a Winter breeze

when the frosty window
was melted down at noon
and the caged yellow bird
hung over her in tune

he marked her through the pane
he could not help but mark
and only passed her by
to come again at dark

he was a winter wind
concerned with ice and snow
dead weeds and unmated birds
and litle of love could know

but he sighed upon the sill
he gave the sash a shake
as witness all within
who lay that night awake

perchance he half prevailed
to win her for the flight
from the firelit looking glass
and warm stove window light

but the flower leaned aside
and thought of naught to sasy
and morning found the breeze
a hundred miles away

Book Worm

Wishful Thinking

My Lord; s hair is not unlike ebony
his flesh would envelop night itself
all 'round himm, cupids live in harmony
his star-like eyes, gleefulness expels

his lips enrich each word he breathes
attends to ur woes and sorrows
for ever, intently listening to ur needs
always gives, never takes, never borrows

beautiful in appereance, likewise with character
not surprising when he expresses his admiration
never setting traps to use as a lure
grieves when he and i face seperation

and who is this man, whom i loves so dearly?
within my grasp. so close, just...nearly

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