

Poetry Series

bruce meyerson
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

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

bruce meyerson()

I Am A Runner

Money is too tight to mention, so says red

It's hot and looks like rain, so the pod said

Work hard and the boss is heavy, clock sticks five

I put on my balance, once again its time to strive

It's a new day much cooler and looks like no rain

Aim glad for yesterday its was hard but no strain

All is done for the day and I feel alive

I put on my balance, once again its time to strive

I have a day of rest but its no time to pace

On go the colours yes Its time to race

I put on my balance, one again its time to strive

I leave the hive early, am a runner I feel alive

I AM A RUNNER

bruce meyerson

Simple

So simple I think, my mind full of nothing□
Love, hate, ending of the world, mind playing□
I control my tiger, I the rider, mind staying□
Hate, white, black, rape, killing, mind jumping□
So simple I think, I control all, mind sleeping□
□

bruce meyerson

The Dark Master

The dark master holds my eyes open wide open
Try to block him with white mind
The dark master wins and holds my eyes wide open
The dark master too strong so I play in his world
Death ok life loss ok gain worry ok relax dark turns to grey
I am strong very strong I push him back into subconscious
The gray turns white my eyes close see him again tomorrow

bruce meyersen

Yes Its Feeding Time

FEEDING TIME

It's hot the sun is going down like a huge orange
The grass is brown under my feet and I sweat
I look at the water; blue gray it looks cool
Yes it's feeding time

Many start to arrive, they look weary and red eyed
The day has taken its toll, they have lost the fight
The kill and the hunt is over, time to drink and rest
Yes it's feeding time

I watch standing still wondering head not moving
The queen comes down the road, smiling
Parks her car next to the pool, Angie is home
Yes it's feeding time.

bruce meyerson