

Poetry Series

Cameron Brooks
- poems -

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Cameron Brooks(12-19-88)

my past doesnt need to be heard
all i ask of you is to read my word
read and read all you find
read til these words are stuck in your mind

Contraptions Of A Life Forgotten

These chains of my past use to bound me

To a world which I no longer exist.

This seemingly interminable torture.

Restrained my ankles and wrists.

Fighting off the memories of a life in servitude

At one time considered my own.

I break this contraption of agony

To once again obtain my throne.

To be myself

And myself be loved.

Now I take action

From knees I rise

To break free from these chains

And sever the ties.

Of a past soon forgotten

And a future revealed.

These chains now busted

And these locks unsealed

To lose this bond and take control

would be a melisma of sorts

a thrill to my soul.

Cameron Brooks

Did You Hear That?

Did you hear that?
These thoughts i say aloud
Wondering whose listening
As i stumble through the crowd

Must i write it down
For you to apprehend my words
Once again you are distracted
By the music of the birds

Every day i beg of you
For attention of any kind
Just listen one sec my words are few
That have been engraved within my mind

Im suffering in the darkness
As you wander through each day
With wrists slit to bloody mess
In an eternal abyss i lay

Barely breathing and holding on
As i survive for one more day
I muster up the strength in me
For only two words i had to say
Help me.
Did you hear that?

Cameron Brooks

Hello Stranger

Hello stranger which brightens my life
Erases my worries
Removes all my strife
Through clouds of darkness I see
You always seem to be
A life on chain and ball
And you released me from it all

Hello stranger we meet again at last
So long the time we are apart
And together flies by too fast
Too fast to capture this memory in my mind
And search a century and never find

Hello stranger how have you been
I've been waiting for you
And will soon wait again
It feels so weird to love you so much
For you're only a stranger a shadow of such
As you lay here by my side
I wish you no absence til morning's tide

Hello stranger I missed you a lot
I cherish our memories of moments we sought
May I ask you a favor
For once can you stay
For every time our time runs short
Our moments fade away.

Cameron Brooks

High School Crush (Part 2)

The teacher talks
as i stare into space
dreaming of nothing but your shimmering face.
The bell rings and i drift silently to class
scanning the faces in hopes yours will pass.
and yet again im left hoping for a glistening smile
to pass my way

to brighten my life
and better my day
another period passes and i go away
to come again tomorrow
in hopes that someday
that smile will pass
and stop by my side
to hold my hand
and disprove my lie
that we will never be
or have this moment

Cameron Brooks

I Am Bones

I am only bones
you ask me to be me
but me is not what you want to see
you see him her and him
but if you look into my eyes
.....surprize!
there is no disguise
Im only bones

It doesn't matter what you say
I'm unique in my own little way
maybe you'll except me someday
but today
im only bones

my life is like a child playing chess
everytime i move a pawn
you knock me down one by one
but yet i dont throw down my king
i have my own voice
like a puppet with no string
i make my own choice
but still i am only bones

in a maze of bent mirrors
i cant see myself clear
these mirrors confuse me
but i know who i am
and i know where i stand
but i....am only bones
i try to ease your pain
and i try so hard to please you
but in vain
but what do you expect
when will you except
me for me
someday i hope you will let me
call this place home
because everyday you dont

i break another
Bone.

Cameron Brooks

I Do - Sonnet

Loving you is not worth it
Without your consent
But I will still search it
To my hearts content

Like a radiant rose
With your petals scarlet bright
As you wither and close
Your sight will stay light

As our youth will fade
To much dismay
We shall cherish the love we made
Untill our judgement day

Even as we lie hand in hand
With stone and marble before our head
Alone atlast below the sand
Not even to depart when we are dead
We will always remember those two words that we said

Cameron Brooks

Just A Taste

Days of spring gone so fast.
As i tread the paths with haste.
Trying to look back and make these moments last.
Stumbling in my steps.
All for just a taste.

Leaves wither as the stems begin to freeze.
Flying through the fields all for one last breeze.
Strolling by the river bed, for reflections of your face.
Nothing but ripples and waves as i search.
All for just a taste.

Through life of searching
And life gone to waste.
Just to discover this time on Earth.
Is all just a taste.

Cameron Brooks

Life

Life

Life, what is life?

Is it merely a dream?

Or is it just the awakening?

I dont know where to go.

In this thing we call life.

Do i go right or do i go left?

Do i choose health or do i choose death?

For death is part of life.

And life is part of death.

Does it matter wich way we go?

Since its all part of life.

Cameron Brooks

Life's Poem

I often stare in means to write
Stuck deep within thought
Yet my mind is closed tight

Drifting in circles of unknown despair
Watching lives of anger and siege
As my simple thoughts float through the air

Minutes gone by as i hang on my shelf
Not knowing what to write
Yet that right there is a poem in its self.

Life is your poem dont lose it.

Cameron Brooks

Modern Day Poet

Poems and poets of differing kinds
Weird as they may be
With intellectual minds

Twisting, bending and breaking a thought
All to describe moments seen and sought

Though not your modern average joes
They walk the streets as friends and foes
With joys and heart break like everyone else
And time acted truthful and others in sin
They sit down and pour feelings with paper and pen

Twisting, bending and breaking a thought
All to describe moments seen and sought

Not a moment goes by where we dont think
And write it down with tears of ink
Expressing emotion everyday
Grasping them tightly so they dont fade away

Twisting, bending and breaking thought
All to describe moments seen and sought

If your reading these words i speak
These moments you have sought and seek
Growing and searching for that perfect moment
All in the words of a modern day poet.

Cameron Brooks

Ode To The Crow

Ode to the crow
that finds its way
to fly straight home
on this most terrible day.

Through gusts of wind it takes flight
through rain and storm
through dark and light.

We cower down at the sight of bad weather
and it lands when its done
not missing a feather.

We act as though the world revolves around us.
yet when the finger is pointed
all we do is gripe and fuss.

we set our traps of jealousy
to capture which we yearn most

A white lie here and a grin of deciet
we are determined to make all
bow down at our feet.

through dust in ash
where all you can hear
is a wallowing cry
I say ode to the crow
that continues to fly.

Cameron Brooks

Roses Are Red: The Remix

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Sugar is sweet

....

Ok wait a sec
someone help me out here
is this a poem?
or just another corny pick up line

Roses are red?
i mean think...roses arent only red
Violets are blue?
violets are violet duh!
Sugar is sweet?
sugar isn't sweet its what makes things sweet

and if you think of it most people you say this to
are pretty repulsive in someways

If i were the one to write this
i would have used more truth
so here it goes

Roses are every color
violets are violet
sugar is sweet
learn from it.

Cameron Brooks

Slowly But Surely (A.K.A. Theres A Pill For That)

Everyday is the same thing
We wake up and get ready
Hop in the shower and sing
Starting off the day steady

Like a list of things to do
We go day by day
Waiting for the week to be through
With never anything new to say

Each night after a wasted day feeling ill
If we cry or get angry
Theres a pill
Pills pills and more pills
No one understanding our true self
Trying to fix us
Untill we are stuck crying alone
Slowly but Surely
They've created another drone.

Cameron Brooks

Stuck

All alone by myself
in the dark i am staring
caught between two worlds
and their not understanding

My childhood lost
its fully been used
forced to move forward
but im all confused

noone else left to care

no more laughter to share

Alone by myself
noone to hold my hand
their pushing me forward
with nowhere to stand

I'm told to think forward
i dont know if i can
i'm stuck between stages of child and man

Cameron Brooks

Time Of Inspiration

5 a.m.

i got an inspiration
for one poem heartfelt and deep
forgotten while looking for a pen
all i got was 10 minutes of lost sleep.

Cameron Brooks

Time Wasted

Every morning when she awakes
she puts a smile upon her face
to hide away the heart-ache

wrapped in beauty smiles and jewels
covering the truth and sorrow
to walk the halls with thoughtless fools
to last through the day and awake tomorrow

she waves and greets each person gone by
to end each day with a lingering cry
to linger on year after year
as she wipes away tear after tear

moronic fools are we today
to live each day and never say
never say what makes us cry
and waste each day as time goes by.

Cameron Brooks

Unconditional

Oh how it angers me
every single thing she does
yet everything is pardoned for
just by the way she loves

Oh how it bothers me
every smile that she fakes
yet all my discomfort goes away
with each simple kiss she takes

Oh how scared i am
to touch her frozen heart
but what frightens me more than all
is every moment we're apart

Cameron Brooks

Water Steam And Ice

I am dust
I am bones
I am life as you know it
With his pencil and paper
I move the hand of this poet
Like a leaf in the wind
I guide him through storms
With me as his weapon
He fights the red horns
One in three
Three in one
I am who arose the son
With me by your side
You are completely whole
Like Water, Steam, and Ice
I purify your soul.

Cameron Brooks

What I Thought Was A Smile

Sigh

how to write with such a meaningful title
i guess it all started with a simple smile
that smile so gentle and oh so sweet

how to define
something so divine
the way those lips felt
and to know how they feel

made that smile seem oh so real
to be crushed with a smile oh so sweet
when all it was, was a grin of dectet.

Cameron Brooks