

Poetry Series

Clyde Bryson
- poems -

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Clyde Bryson(December 19,1951)

What does one say about the many things that he has seen.

A Child In Man's Clothes

I wonder if people understand the snow
With its ability to recall all we know
To remember like motion pictures shows
Its great power to wash away grieve and pain
When so often others seem to make them remain

So on the night of that falling gentle white
I stopped to reflect, to remember and watch
I was able to recall the wonders of my children, our snow ball fights
And banish to the back
The long ago nights of anguish and frights

It was like then I was playing with my children
Laughing, giggling, love, and our snow fights
It was there during the building of snow forts
Snow caves, snowmen and those snow fights
That I learned what God wanted
Souls to be free
To choose life
What ever we'll be

I think of another given
That God would never force me to heaven
So when it snows I stop what ever I'm doing
Put on my shoes and coat
Go out and play in the snow
Make a few to throw
Even if only at a pole

Last night I smiled and said thank you God
For I felt something on the inside, that God was pleased
Because He wouldn't force His love on our minds
Yet in namless ways taught me about love, good, and kind

So as I came in for the night
The memories of my children, the snowball fights
I sighed and turned on a light
And there on the table stood a cup of hot coco-
Another thing I loved on these nights

Surprised that my wife had been watching
Seems that she knows what I'm like

A child in man's clothes

Clyde Bryson

A Christmas Song

My Friends... My Family...I praise your names
With this song...
The blessing of my days
Love now lingers...in my thankful
So quietly...quietly love's message convey

I've contemplated love's lasting grace...
Love's endless...boundless...charity...
How even today
That gift...of life was given
For the rest...for all or our...eternities...

So now today let us remember
This Christmas...And what it really meant
For Jesus's Birth...His blessed great...great..name
So as you receive this love...as covenant
His spirit...His cleansing...like Heavenly Flames

You'll then be buried in this stream
With love for Jesus...and His blessed name...
And then you'll rise
For true love will be your beam
And Christmas then will be

Love's spirit...God's Heavenly Flame

Clyde Bryson

A Man Like Me

Should you ever meet
A man like me
On a road or some busy street
With a back so scared
Head bent low
And eyes that have seen defeats
With a soul that fight the past
Where sorrow's play their broken harps
A living death, and all that's left
It this man with a broken heart

My family? Well? They've no right
To judge, or criticize, nor even condemn
Because, sometimes their actions
Are just like them
Oh such careless steps, such thoughtless deeds
Oh how my misery starts
For I have faced, so much abuse
And that's what gave this broken heart

So humble, I think you could be
When I come passing by
For even the greatest...(God) ...
Was never so great
That He didn't stop to help and cry

I've tried not to lose my faith
I've held to love, all my life
Even when among all that strife
So even when sorrow throws, all those poison darts
Or when I've seen hope, all gone
I've walked alone and continued on
With broken heart

My family you've never walked in
this man shoes
Or seen the things, these eyes
have seen
Nor stood and watched with helpless hand

While the heart inside of you dies and stings
I never was a rich man, or master painter
Or had any words of art
Yet I still claim
I Love you same
Even with this broken heart

Life sometimes been so terribly cruel
There was a time I even prayed for death
There was a time of pain... when pain...
Was with every pain filled breath
So I say help that man, or friend
Or even your brother, along this road

It matters not... from where you start
For it was God...whom made you
To help that man, with a broken heart

Clyde Bryson

A New 9/ 11 Poem..Osama Can You See?

It's hard To believe
That fifteen years have come and gone
It seems like only yesterday...
When thousands of US..laid
The wounds they left..
Cut us so very deep..
Now on our minds..
Most likely forever, we'll keep

Didn't we try to be good neighbors?
Food, medicines, dams for food, flood control...
Yet... for our own tears?
They've endlessly flowed
And still
For our torn hearts... bleeding...
Souls pain beyond pain...
And sad...

Yet from with-in comes something...
That they never knew we had
Love for our own country
United... heart to heart
Hand to hand
Hurt....Yes....
Yet... together we still stand
Old Rett Buttler... he said it best for us....
Frankly...Osama....
We now don't give a dang.
You've opened such a big can of worms....
Our a warning for them Talibans

And
So here we are today.
Still burying... our brave...
Crying... and... (Oh) ... more flowers
On their graves...

So
Osa..ma Can...You...See...

By the dawns..early.. light....
What so proudly we hailed...
At that twillights last gleaming.....
By the bombs.. bursting..in air...
And the rockets..red..glare...

Our Flag is still out There.....

And con-quer we must...
For our cause..it is just...
And this be... our..Mot-to...
In God... Is our trust.....

And that star-span-gled...bannner.....
In tri-umph....still waves.....
Over the Lands.... of the free.....
And the Home's....of the Brave.....

Clyde Bryson

Abuse And The Aftermath

So now I walk these loney streets
My family, they cannot dry these tears
Nor give, rest for these tired feet
Nor calm these ever present fears

For I have seen that life
Which gave those tainted hearts
And guile which makes every thing gray
And so alone in life, I seek too start anew
I look for a new way

I wanted my family to know that
And that
Life goes on no matter what
And that These truths cannot be quelled
For true memories and true love are
Never to be forgot
For within my heart they'll always dwell

So I keep walking, some lonely street
I keep searching, to find a-way
And every night as I start troubled sleep
Love's promise, for me tomorrow... tomorrow will
Be a better day

And so I awake and I start anew
Knowing that my love
Will always be there...for you

Now these words I give to honor
So that my family may share
I just wanted them to know
How much I really did care

And for love, I'd go back there
and I'd reexperience all that pain
I'd do-it in a moment
If all your love I could gain

For you are my real and only family
And this I can never forget
Nor depart
For true love, is true love
And true love will never leave
Even from me, and this broken heart

Clyde Bryson

After Nights

I've hated to talk about it,
but there has been so many after nights.
I've needed to work out, one more story.

Trying to end, my often very sad's.
Another one, of mine, the most incredibly bad's!

My heart, was shaking as I knelt on the ground.
My hands, were pressing his wounds.
Pressing hard, prayng, deeper and deeper.
Begging God, Help, Shouting, Holding back the Grim Reaper

Like his mother, with shaking hands
And a sobbing, torn chest
Held him tightly to my breast
Gently wiped the blood from his face and lips
I watched, and felt his soul, escaped my grip.
Raining tears washed the blood from his face.
Even now, I've often wished that God.
Would've let me take his place!

I couldn't bare to see my brother die!
The shouting of my heart, screaming why? God. Why?
Please! God! Why....?
I felt my buddies tears, they were hugging our backs.
Even though, I knew he was dead.
God,
I held him close, I kissed his head.
Like a mother with hurt child.
I sat, rocking him in the mud.
Filling a rice paddy with tears, and blood.

So now after all these years.
I've tried to tell, my life stories. Of so many tears.
I've had enough, to make rice paddies flood?
My tears as I've relived, nights, after nights.
How I tried. To stop. My buddies blood
So, just, how, many tears, does it take to make a rice paddy flood?
I've seen that much, and his filled it with blood.

So when you read this, try to understand.
I'm doing the best that I can.
I fight every day the things that make me so sad.
But it helps to talk about it, and the many after nights!
The days and days, the nights after nights.
I've called my life stories, just incredibly bad.....

Clyde Bryson

Agent Orange

The thought, never came to my head
Never thought it could said
You see, He had truly cared for us
Like a mothering Hen making a fuss

We had often hidden face first down
Thinking there was safety,
Lying on the ground
While Rockets, Guns, Claymores
Him and each round, screaming,
Keep your heads down

How do I describe, War, Blinding White,
Thunder...
He had said. Dont be stupid,
Or make a blunder...
Thirteen months,
Now that's our lucky number
Just Remember to thank God
That were not Six Feet Under

So we left that place

That Red Powdered Clay, and the Sand
Caught a couple Red Tails
To our Homes Lands
Those Freedom Birds, From Black Hell
and Vietnam

Home, Girls, Women, Maybe some kids
Making our plans

Home at last...?
Safe...?

Well... I spent twenty five years...
Just fixing my Head...?
...Even Now I only get three or four

Camping's no fun or
Trying to sleep in a bed...

I went to tell him one day... Thanks...
And happy that we had not eaten... any lead...

He broke me... the news...Clyde, Buddy,
I'm already dead...

That Red Powdered Clay and the Sand
Agent Orange
They sprayed on the land
Seems it killed the trees, and this man
Killed by our own Government
Fighting for Freedom... And our lives...
In Nam...

Now there's is no one
Our Government never cared for us...
They never shared...?
That Cancer...Never...No cure for us
But He Did...
His name... Lynn Newman Harris...

And now after these forty some
Hell like years
We have all cried...shed millions...
Endless tears...
And still...
Yet even today his name never appears...
I've gone and looked...
At that Black Wall of Tears

For Lynn, He died from Agent Orange
He served at K'San, Vietnam...
He was my friend.....

Clyde Grant Bryson

Clyde Bryson

Battling Racism

I have wanted to tell my story of Sgt. Vigay.
When we first met, him claiming cool,
and saying get's Hell out's -is way.
I never felt such hatred, prejudice, like that first day.
That was my first moments, But I swore, I'd make him pay.

It started then, claiming he'd whip's my body,
Like's moppen's the hall.
He'd whip's this I'd'ho white boy, in Bassit Ball
There he stood, six three or four, big and frightening.
But I mouthed, moe foe, have you ever seen?
I'd'ho white greased lighting?

The hurts and the banging, I knew what I'd get.
All the money I had, but what the Heck?
I placed life, death, on that six dollor bet.
Battling racism, I bet they're still wondering even yet?

The brothers all cheered, for their man six feet four.
The fight was finally over 21,24,
It ended there? I had thought on that dirt room floor.
But it turned out mine was the higher score!

The fighting then started, those brother's, never let it end.
They encouraged their Chicago Projects, Brother, Friend.
No matter what ever I would do, No matter how hard, or Hurt
or tried?
They claimed, Vigay, with -is one hand tie-.

I ask him, thirty forty times, couldn't he let
this game end.
But did you ever notice? Brothers and Racisim seldom,
never, bend?
That was the way it was, trash talking, racism
without end.

So I had to fight in the name of sports.
Baseball, swimming, fighting on the run.
Vigay and his brothers, To pick on their boy was fun.

Never had so many places that hurt!
But at every turn I won.

Then the day, that showed how much? They, I had started to hate.
That day, I sealed my own fate.
I made a knowing fatal mistake.
I knew in their hearts hate, and one more contest?
My mouth and heart said retard wha- the -ell was chest?

I had taken their racsim,
I'd whip their ass in chest.
Well I'd mouthed moe foe, retard, ugly, dumb,
My tongue never rest.
I poked fun, yo mother be fat, and you and yo dadda both had
sps.
Yo home mamma fat and ugly married to your chickenn ss..

Well one of the brothers said, No, Man! It's called chess!
Not chest!
In this contest Vigay. No man can beat!
He b- Da- best.
I showed now how I had learned to hate!
Boasting In Idaho, and ha, ha moe foe,
that in this game I took state.

So put yo money, wher'd yo mouth was, and fool
For this game you be on time.
I watched as the brothers emptied wallets, pockets,
To their last dime's.
But, then and there I stopped, offered peace.
Said I was tired of fighting, give me a break, and time?
But I had pushed to far, they wanted my hide
Said nope, and together your mine.

I had acted to cock sure.
If I lost this game my life,
Would never indure.
So there the fight for my life.
Not caring now what was Wrong, or Right?
With a cold heart I said you's black!
So's I'll's take white!

How in this game? I was tired, I was bored.
My attack in chess, flashing tongue, were swords.
Because in the beginning, I had tried to be kind,
And now surprised, at how much hate,
How it had been planted in my mind.

So I played this game seven to one.
I moved rook, then a pawn,
I put black on the run.
I showed what their game had done?
What it was like to hate!
I rose slamming my queen an, check, moe foe, mate!

I turned and picked up three hundred and twenty one.
Then I looked and said this game is boring.
I wanted some fun!
Who wanted to play a new game, of one on one?
To Martin Nelson Vigay this time, I'm chewing some.

I was mad, shaking all the way too my toes.
They saw my heart, no longer cool, but now
Ice cold froze.
They saw my desire, and hurt, in my eyes
I guess this time it was there, for they never lie!

Well six of them brothers all turned and run.
At last, Vigay alone, for a little one on one.
He knew with him I was moppen the floor.
To make damn sure, Click, I locked the door.

I had him alone and scared for the first time.
The blood and the floor was going to be his, not mine.
For I had in my hand a 36 inch wrench.
I wanted to put him over that pearl white fence.

But he raised a hand saying he was sorry, and what?
That he'd been wrong.
He saw my desire and hurt, my anger still so strong.
He said in this game, he'd been pushed to long.
He ask for forgiving, and wispered, he'd been wrong.

I shouted, never, would I forgive.

But dropping that wrench, I chose, I let him live.
I said Vigay! In Idaho I had never been taught
this kind of hate.
Because in this game life we must take action!
We must choose, create our own fate.

Then later on, few weeks and the day had turned to night.
Three of the brothers cornered me, saying now were going to fight!
I looked for a door, But there stood Vigay?
I thought well shit?
Stepping towards his brothers, He just said hey!

He dropped the first one with a fist.
Saying Clyde's What's you's ya going's to do's
You's get's ones' But I get's two's
I'm asking, Have you ever fought for your freedom, or life?
I used everything trying to stop racism and strife.

There I fought for freedom, and just so much more.
My eyes black, face split lips, body aching, sore.
But them three men, down at last on the floor.
Leaning over them Vigay stated.
Hate's and Racism's don't's You's do's No's More's
Then he stepped over and jerked it open
Stepped a-side saying Please, Clyde's
Please You's first through da door
I hopes you's' ok, and at me not to sore?

As we walked away that big arm rested, helping holding,
me up, there on my shoulder.
He must have said thirty or forty times.
That this day was the end.
And he wasn't let nobody's crap on me or him's again.
Because he now understood, , , , whom was -is friends.

Clyde Bryson

Black Friday

That Black Friday
Twas the month before Christmas
When all through our land
The shoppers were getting ready
Formulating almost a battle plan
Not many Christians, were praying
Nor taking a stand

Christmas has changed
Stores and laws lost too
Christ has been taken away
Now the reason for Christmas
Not many can say

You see even our children in school
Not allowed to sing
About Shepherds of old
Wise men, and those things
It hurts the hypocrite feelings
Fake news now has a say
Now Christmas is just shoppers holiday

Well those shoppers are ready
Cash, Credit, Deeper in Debt
Shoving people to the floor
Racing to get, what they get.
Shouting Black Friday, spend, spend, spend.
But not one picture or thought of Jesus
Not even an amen

The stores not longer honor the Sabbath
No music, or Songs about Him
Their Flyers and papers Black Friday
Save, spend, spend, spend.

And now in our own land
The unbelievers and hypocrites complain and chatter

Demanding we eliminate the Commandments and
Jesus in all public matters
They have forgotten how America
Became in that early 76 Year
When our fathers fought and died
Just for those words Under God to appear

So my Dear friends, My Americans, My family.
When you celebrate your Christmas
Presents under your trees
Could you not remember
His Birth, His Life, His Love At Calvary

For God so loved the world
He Sent, gave His only Son
To suffer at Gethsemane....

Clyde Bryson

Born Under A Star

Do you remember the story, of the Bethlehem Star
There in that land long ago, and so very far
I know it is hard for us to see
To fathom or even believe

But do you remember, that day, there at Gethsemane
There at that place, for you and even me
Oh...Ohoo... And then, there again, at Calvary
There his life, for me and even thee

Now can we understand about that shining bright light
That glorious birth, for us to remember, for ever that night
Now you know why, His birth under a star

Our Saviour sacrificed, gave us everything, from that land afar
The Prince of Peace, taught how to love
Remember, to forgive, and how to pray, to Father above
His promised love

Has broken the chains, that surround our hearts
Love and tears and then floods, began to start
Washing, burning relief, for our souls
His promised love, made us completely whole
His promised love, has carried us just so far
Giving us love, and everything, even yet
Born in a manger, under that star

Clyde Bryson

Breaking Out Of Yuma

Has anyone ever noticed?
How abuse chains and prisons their souls?
Leaves them living in the past!
And just like the dust,
Seen with the sun beams shine through the glass
They float there, memory, you inhale pain
And gasp

My friends, my family,
The day has will come
When, you must make a decision.
Break out of those endless prisons!
Face those truths,
Those things that hurt so bad,
They rule your life,
Every time, angry or sad...

I know it's against the law to escape some prisons...
But the abusers put you this one...
It was after all, and against your decision
I too know why, your so angry and mad!
It's time to face them... It's hard to do,
Cause it just hurts so damn bad...

The abuser, they made it your little secret,
They were the ones,
There... Locking that first door.
Then they came back.
Giving you more, and more, and more...

They were the wardens, with the keys.
Robbing youth, innocence,
Ignorings your plea's.
Demolishing, your hearts, souls, and tears...
Adding to your life sentence,
Ten, Twenty, Thirty more years...

They manipulated... it needed to be a secret...
So they tricked you, denile, silence,

Into that fake decision...
Because it was them, that needed
To be in that prison...

And the walls now built... So strong and tall...
It keeps your souls? Safe? Hurt? and Small?
So when you hurt, or your heart can't take anymore,
Your escape, Denile... Clanking shut those big strong doors...

It's the easy-way to escape, retreat to your cell,
They made it, Living already in Yuma, Living Hell...
And when in that prison,
There's is nobody to help, nobody to tell...

The problem is, it locks the wrongs ones, out...
Then they get mad, Claiming no love, and shout...
They plead and cry...Please... Don't lock us out...
so I say it's time...
It's time to break out...
Please its time...
Break out...

You'll find everything you want and more
Happiness, and kindness
But, Only if you break down your own prison doors...

I know it's hard to do
With so much abuse trapped with you...
I know it's hard to admit..
Abuse and all those things...
But within the sounds of silence,
Truths hammers ring...

Those cells. Walls and doors so strong and tight,
Break them down takes all your might...
But when you do, Freedom... Love so pure...
Brilliance white...
And then you can look forward, to the Sunrises...
And in awe, The Milky Way at nights...

Clyde Grant Bryson

7 June 2012

My friends the only way to stop abuse, is speak out about it.
Fight abuse with truth, don't let denile keep the secrets...
Abuser always place the abuse on the victims... and then blame anyone but themselves...

And remember love and kindness can only be recived back if givin out first... so in order to have love, one must give love first in order to recieve love the heart must be prepared back... Love can only be giving from within, and can only be recived from within...

And so it is the same truth with hate, racism, denile... And with that thought, I have givin a lot for you to think about..

Clyde Bryson

Breaking Unbreakable Bars

Yes it's true I choose
To dream an impossible dream
To fight an unbeatable foe
To go back to that valley of sorrow
Where all brave fear and dare not to go

To change,
An unchangeable wrong
For Love that burns as a star
To fight when I'm so tired so weary
To break unbreakable bars

For this is my plan to follow that love
No matter how hopeless no matter how hard
To fight for the right things without question or pause
To fight that evil
For love there is no greater cause

Also because I know that
For love to be true
One must quest
That my heart will lie peaceful and calm
When I'm at last laid to rest

But for right now, my family
And I hope I don't die
Before this dream comes true
The dream that I don't deny
The dream of being loved by you

So I write about these things
The toughest things
That I ever had to do
Hoping that maybe this last thought
Might get through

What you won't let go of
No one can take from you

So I've decided to speak
Of the worst of the Hells
That I been through
Because in order to stop the abuse
It also meant that I'd lose you

Also I know that your world will be
A better place because of this
Than for the man scorned, covered with horrible scars
For I still fight with courage
To break unbreakable bars

It is for them, My family
I want them to know
The contents of my heart
These are the words that let me show
The expressions, as a form of art

And when I think
Back into the times of abuse
Attempting to understand why
When I remember the violence and sins
Truly, Truly I hear loves spirit cry

So no matter how hopeless
No matter how far
I know the weakness of abuses bars
For it is truth and change,
Love, that burns as a star

So no matter how hopeless
No matter how hard
No matter how weary
No matter how scarred
Love is breaking unbreakable bars

And the truth is
And I wish I could find a better way
That these words could be wrote
To talk to them, tell them about the death grip abuse
Has at our throats

So should I live or should I die
I love you so much
I'm not ever not going to try
I love you so much
I refuse to say good-by

I'll not quit with this dream so close, so true
It's for love
I know unbreakable bars will break into

Clyde Bryson

Broken Chains

The light of love, found a place
On the brook, flowers, and trees
Now it burns inside my heart
The hope of things, I now can be

The light of love abides within
My heart now tender and mild
Like flowers that bloom, it grows
My eyes, and face now can smile

Today no more unseen purposes
By love's rare light, I feel
My friends, family, it's my pure heart
To you, thanks, I've been healed

Today I stand, strong, noble, and free
Because of your love
My heart is now like, that strong great oak tree
Because of you, the past is gone, I'm free
I'm free
The chains of abuse, are broken, I'm finally free

Clyde Bryson

Changes In Life

I saw the need for a change
Because of constant pain
It was as if i could never let go
You see I loved you just so (_____)

I knew it would be for love
I knew it would be for hate
Inside your soul?
Only you can change fate

There was so much that I didn't know
Like the Pilgrim when he found
Fools Gold
The mother lode of pain
Talk about cranking the handle
On the Jack in a Box
Or touching an electric fence

I guess there has to be a change
Don't be surprised just how much
Needs to be rearranged

Clyde Bryson

Doors You Can'T See

The strangest things about these doors.
When they're shut.
You can't say one thing more.
They're always carried around by those ones
That have seen lots of abuse?
For which... there really was no excuse.

Yet, when you love or care or are married
To one of those... that were forced to live there!
It's hard to prove.. that you really care....
Because when they perceive... or think something is not just right.
They back up,
Slamming those doors(bang) in your face, tight!

Or when you see that blank face.
Here comes the door's.
And all you can do is stand there.. stare...
At the crying... helplessly... and more...
Waching... unable to do anything
As tears fall on the floor...

I know it's perceived... the doors that you cannot see....
The doors shutting and slamming... in your face....
But... so is the battle with time...
With you winning that race...
Or that old statement....
How they had egg on their face....

You can't actually see it....
Yet...just like that door
It's.....really.. there.....

Clyde Bryson

How They'LI Never Be Gone

My poems speak of bitterness within my family
My soul
About pain and endless tears
Waves that washed and flowed

Never once ever did my heart or stories
Talk of any hate
Only about love and lost my worries
My fate

About a bridge I crossed and
My moving on
And the understanding of endless tears
And how they'll never be gone

Clyde Bryson

I Wondered What Was Next

So I wondered what was next
As I said good night
I wondered what was next
As I said good night

With head bowed and soul I prayed
These words I said
Please, send the Angels
To guard this, little sleepy head

And as I watched, I sung
Go to sleep, go to sleep
Close those little bright blue eyes
Night-time is coming
The sun is on the far side

Angels are watching
Our vigil to keep
While the Sandman is filling your eyes
It's time for you sleep

Hush-a-bye-baby
Hush-a-bye-sweet
Play time is over for your
Tiny little feet

Close your eyes, baby
Close your eyes, honey
Sleey-time's here
Good night little darling
Good night little dear

As I sung this song
I wondered what would be next
What God has done to my soul?
Because of this child, I confess

I held my daughter's child
while she fell to sleep

And it was there that I started to think
About the stories of my life, the constant agony
There had just been so dang many
The unending strife's
And just like that the tears again,
Came my way
I fought against torrential rains

As I held this child
That has caused love in my life
I fought against my memories of strife

As I struggled trying end my cares
I attempted again to find peace
But where?
A thought passed through my mind
It came almost like a nursery rhyme.

Oh hush-a-bye child
Hush-a-bye child
Look what you've become
The man that loves,
My little ones

And as I sat wondering
Where those words had Just came from?

I heard again

So hush-a-bye child
Hush-a-bye child
Look what you've become
The man that loves everyone
The man that sin can no longer
over run

So I spoke my question
With voice aloud
How can this be?

Hush-a-bye child
Hush-a-bye child

I can see
Hush-a-bye child
Leave the pains of the past
For me

For I have opened the windows
Of Heaven for thee
And poured out this blessing
With-out room enough to recieve

So (hush-a-bye child)
(Hush-a-bye child)
It's time for you to sleep
For even now I Am,
I Am
Baby tending with thee

Clyde Bryson

I Hope It Happens Soon

I've stood many times in the face of troubles
Once or twice face to face with death
One night so close I even felt his breath
You see I was knelling and the reaper, was hovering over me
Breathing down my neck
I was trying to help my buddy, we were one
Yet the bullets still came from

I've never forgotten those nights of fear
Nor when the Grim Reaper came so near
That came so close to vist with me
In that land, Black Hell across the sea
Forty one, some years have come and gone
But I remember as if it was just before the dawn

So now my heart goes hungry through this world
Never finding the peace I seek
Nor a way to hide pains that cries out
With words that it cannot speak

My name stands for one who can see far
But for peace I only can wonder, where you are
My arms reached out to stop him only to wrap empty air
Living forever that one day I cried buddy hang on! Hang on!
Yet, He took you and left me, dying there...

They say time heals all wounds...
God... I hope that it happens soon

Clyde Bryson

I Was That Blind Man

My friends, these words just thank you so much
I have decided to write
For it was you who stood by me
While I fought that fight

It was the fight that you said
That you wanted me to win
You see one must battle hard
For their soul, to keep it from sin

And it's not easy
Learning to walk and talk with God
Because my soul in sin
And my feet had so often trod

My friends they would always say
Oh please.....

Don't stand there on the left
You with me, we must be on the right
Think of Jesus our savior
And stand in His light

And now my friends
Have we not stood for all these years
Have we not seen and shed
Many, countless, almost endless, tears

And those tears, that I've seen in all your eyes
They taught me, finally to see
To follow that one
Who walked on water at Galilee

You know, they said He died one night
For you and me
On that cross... crucified...
On that Hill at Calvary

But did you know, that He was our eldest brother

That He suffered just so much for you and me
You see I'm talking that night... that night
That garden... that place they called Gethsemane

And those miracles He caused, they definitely are true,
The dead He raised, the lame He healed
The thousand He feed by that distance sandy shore sea
For, I was that blind man, and now I can see.

Clyde Bryson

If I Could Tell My Family

Anything I'd tell them that
Loves is this souls sincere desire
Words I've uttered, or un-expressed
It is that thing, that motion That hidden fire,
That trembles within, Inside my breast

Love is my burden, my sighs
The ever falling of endless tears
The ever glancing pains in my eyes
When friends, and family are not near

Love is this mans simplest form of speech
That all our lips could try
Love is the sub-lim-est strains that reach
Like mountains majestic, majesty on high

Love is this mans vital breath
Love is this mans native air
My watch words, even to the gates of death
My love for you will always be, even there

My friends..... My family.....
Love was not made for this earth alone
Hear my words, my voice, my pleads
For I speak also of Jesus
My desire to kneel an my Fathers throne
Where His love for me, intercedes

My friends....My family... This love comes from God
His life, His truth, His way
That path of love... Myself I now trod
His Love teaches me...and what to say

So love is my vital breath
Love is my native air
My watch words at my gates
MY love, and my best for you
Like my endless prayers

I'M Only Just _____ .

And I was there when you were, just first _____
They handed you, into my arms.
That was the first time, I'd ever prayed.
Asking only, just help me, keep her from harm.

Then I was there with them again!
At the hospital, you were just so very sick.
I was brave, except I stood all night...Biting my lower lip.
My heart felt as if caught in a bottomless pit.

The two years later, again with them.
They said ok...just tubes in your ears
The third time.... I'd prayed
Asking God please.... Just let her hear...

Then I was there as you learned how to ride your bike.
I remember just so determined...
How you hung in there and tried...
But I was worried, so I ran beside you stride for stride.

And then that day
The day you were hit in the head...with that baseball bat
I remember every thing I did... But that day
My soul said, he just was never coming back.

Then the time you wanted to learn
Just how to Ski...
I looked for my courage
I trusted God, and I paid Mr. Frank Gee.

And the day you learned how to ride a horse.
As you and that pony, you just kicked.
Just up and galloped out of site.
Guess you never seen.
I'd prayed hard by the early morning light...

And then...just the worst day of my entire life!
I'd so many. But of this one, I was sure...
My eyes, my heart, my soul, battled agony and strife.

As you got on that plane

I pleaded father in heaven, please just protect her life.
I never quit praying for one entire year.
Morning, Noon, and Night..
Please... Protect her, with all your might.

Did you know? That He promised me personally.
That everything would turn out alright.

Then that day... The day you picked out...
Your own wedding ring...
That day...I remembered every tiny little thing...
As I turned my eyes just started to sting...
My feet, knees, hands, even in the
middle of my back...
All just... felt, hurt, very bad...

My heart said to my soul...
Just try, not to be, so sad.
I know! I'm not very brave...
But I can't help it. You see...I'm only just the dad.

Clyde Grant Bryson

Clyde Bryson

It's Hell I Know

My family it's Hell I know
I tried to tell them so
Because truthfully I know
I know, I know
Life hasn't been easy
I can testify to that
Been around and around
Been to Hell and Back
I've been told by them many times
Sometimes almost every day
To Go to Hell
And get out of their way
But like an insomniac
Or perhaps it was the heat
Or the bleak dead of night
Or my restless heart
Aching to find flight
I've felt the depths of pain envelope me
I've struggled to break free
I've felt that burning pain, with heart mind and soul
I've begged God. I've clawed desperately.
Time less years I've spent alone
Trying to comprehend
Confused alone lost perplexed
Not one friend
But at least now The truth I know
I know
That truth came at my weakest hours
Burned my soul
With such amazing pain filled power
The sad truth about my family
Why couldn't they see?
The greatest of all the miseries
It's because they couldn't see
They loved abuse more than even me
So now you know why
We can't be a family

And now do you understand?

The words and the years
That I told you so
That without love
It's Hell-I know

Clyde Bryson

Lost In Wal-Mart

So... I was in one of those Wal-mart Super Stores
Just the other day
When in the middle of the hallway
I felt someone grab my fingers tight
I looked and there she was... a little child holding
With all her might

I saw her eyes big and brown
Somehow she pulled me to the ground
Now..what was a man...big as me suppose to do
So... I said... child... Can I help you..?

As she looked at me with big brown eyes
Her beauty and sadness... almost caused a great flood
And with her voice ready to cry
She ask... If'n...I'd seen her mommy?

Now has anybody ever had their heart fallout of their soul...?
Mine did... And I couldn't help but notice
Her knees.. Shaking... Like she was at the North Pole.
Now you... and me... and everyone knows...
Children aren't to talk to strangers...
Because we've all heard... how great... and terrible those..dangers!
But she still had hold...of my fingers

Well... at that same time I felt.. heard a voice in my head
Don't move.... this is where I should.. need.. to stand
I did... But I still raised up my left hand
Because.. I didn't... know what to do?
I felt like that child... back in first grade school!

So... I spoke with my voice really loud.
I said...this child's mommy is lost... (you see)
I have always been able to see when love needed my help!
But this time... I had never known how helpless..I felt!

I said...please..someone.. call the M.O.D.
Short for Manager on Duty.
Help me... Find the mommy of this little cutie

Well in a few moments through that crowd of people
This women... M.O.D. appeared
She knelt down and said..Oh.. Oh...you're such a little dear...
Held out her hands..said sweetie come-mere

Yet.. I knew what this child was thinking... because
She now clung to me
Her arm went tight.. around my knee
And in her fist part of my jean's

I felt heard again that gentlest of a voice
I know you can you feel... her fear.....
So I want you... to just stand here....
Well I let my left hand rest gently...on her little head
I felt the trembling...and some how it cut my soul....
(because I felt those greatest of dreads)

So there we were twenty... thirty minutes... maybe a little more..
Then that voice ok look to the left
And from a hundred yards I saw her and the plant nurse room door
and heard that one's the mom....!
And even from that distance
I knew my thoughts were right
She looked like she'd seen a ghost
Face Pale.... I reconized her... pure.. It was Snow..White..
So I raised that child up to my shoulder
That had clung so tight to my knee...Shouted... Hey Lady... Over here..

I can't describe her relief... nor her tears...
But..I'll never forget them...or her...for the rest of my years...
Because as she came close... I cleary heard...Thank..You..God...!
As she fell with that child in her arms...knee's hitting the floor..
She begged for mercy... forgiveness...
From the child, from God... I was'nt quite shore?

Well Ok.. I finally decided it was safe for me.. I turned to leave
And there again.. she was wrapped around my knee
This time love forced me to the ground
All the while that mommy's great tears.. rained down
I glanced briefly at the face.. of that girl women that still cried

And then I said Child... Is this your mom?
With a smile and nod... said my name is Dawnn..
She showed me a bruise on her elbow
That had been caused by her cat... his name was Heck
Then she smiled and embraced my neck

Suddenly I was there outside my heart
My own tears began to start..... well
When I was able I a-rose.. that mom started to explain
Mention husband...Iraq... two years... and a plane
In her haste had thought Grandma had
Her in her car
That she had to go... airport...late and so far
Tell her don't speed the plane will be late

I did what I was told... and ask if'n.. I... could hold Dawnn
Because she needed to call her own mom...
On the phone... Yes.. Yes... Mom I have her.. she's safe...
What..what.. The plane is late... How do you know that?
She then said mom... I need to call you back
Putting her cell phone down

She stared at me with eyes big and round
Then I smiled at Dawnn.. and put my head down
She said it's been so hard.. these last two years
And again she said, Thank You God....through some more tears
She stepped closer... and almost whisperd.. so I could barley hear
She said...I ask God to have someone he trusted
Guard my daughter until I got there
She cried and still stared

I put love and little Dawnn back on the ground
I tired to mumble something... but couldn't hardly make a sound
So I said good by to Dawn and take good care of Heck
Then that women child said thank you Clyde
And... with her free arm pert near broke my neck
She stilled cried a little... guess.. I did the same
Surprised that she knew my name
She said God Loves you u-know
And I have to go
As she backed up... she added

I'll name my first son....
After the man that can see far....
May God bless you where-ere you go... or are....

So I wrote this poem about a little girl and her mom Lost in Wal-mart.
I admit I was confussed as to why this little girl came to me and ask me to help
her find her what was I to do, I could only stand there
and try to do what I felt was the correct thing.
It was easy to see that young women that came running into that
store was lost and scared. I don't claim anything but it was strange to have this
little girl refuse help from so many of the other's that were there. Yet I obeyed
the thoughts that kept coming into my soul. I'm not sure if it was the right thing
to do. I just did what I thought came into my mind. It was like I was thinking
with and unused portion of my heart, if that was possible.. the end

Clyde Bryson

My Times

There were many times... and
I lived there...
There were many times, that I could not believe...
That such violence... and such abuse's... ever existed...
But never-the-less... they were my times...

There were many...many times... And I lived them all
So this is my time of acknowledgement
And yes there were many times...
That, I wished those other times...had never existed

And there were many times...that experience would whisper
and shout...
That the time would come...that these things would be
witnessed
And so this is one of those times...

I tell my family that I do not enjoy...
The times of these denile arguments...
Nor the time nor the necessity...of this conflict...
That those time's had created...

Yet that was the times...in which I lived...
And that I was raised for...
OH... I do not fight that it existed
Nor do I fight that time...

But today I can honestly say
That those times, awakend with-in me away...
That those times prepared me for a way to resist it...
To change it...
To survive it...
To abandon it...
And so here today I take time...
To ponder... to give thanks...
For such a magnificent gift... a majestic blessing like this...
Could never have been had..
Had I not lived in those times....

So to whom ever read this, to whom ever wants to

Improve with love those moments,
Don't let them pass you by
Love while the sun is radiant
For time and life does draw nigh

We cannot bid sunshine
To lengthen out our days
Nor can we ask age-ing time
To ever stay away

Let love guide your actions
And remember be honest to your heart
And then Love...will always be with you
And then love will always help im-part

So improve every love moment
In this your family may secure
For love brings happiness
So rich and joys so pure

Let love guide your actions
And remember
Be honest to your heart
For love is always with you
And it stops the tears
Even inside a broken heart.....

So I say help that man
Your friends, a sister, a brother..
It matters only what's in your heart...
It matters only the strings of love
Play them on your harp
For love will bind every a broken heart...

Clyde Bryson

Only Just The Dad

I was there,
when you were first born.
They handed you, into my arms.
That was the first time I'd ever prayed.
Asking God only, help me, keep her from harm.

I was there, with them again.
At the hospital, you were so very sick.
I was brave, except I stood all night
Biting my lower lip.
And my heart felt, as if it had fell,
into that bottemless pit

Then two years later, again with them.
This time they said doing better.
And tubes in your ears.
And the third time I prayed.
Asking God Please! just let her hear.

I was there when you learned how to ride your bike.
I remember how determined,
And how you hung in there.
And tried.
But I was worried, so I ran beside you
Stride for stride

Baseball, and the day you were hit
In the head with a baseball bat.
I remember everything I did, But that was the day
My soul complained.
And said he was never coming back.

The time you wanted wanted to learn how to Ski.
I looked for my courage.
I trusted God.
And I paid Gee.

And the day you learned how to ride a horse.
As you and that pony you Hiyaaa and kicked.

Just up and galloped out of site.
I guess you never seen.
How I prayed, hard, by that early morning light.

And then the worst day of my entire life.
I had so many. But of this one I was sure.
My eyes, my heart, and my soul battled agony and strife,
As you got on the plane.
I pleaded with God, please protect your life.

Fact is, I never quit praying for one entire year.
Morning, Noon, and Night.
Protect her God, with all your might.
Did you know? That he promised me personally.
That everything would turn out, alright.

And then the day! The day, You picked out your ring.
That day I remembered every tiny, little, thing.
As I turned, my eyes started to sting
My feet, knees, hand, even in the middle of my back.
They all felt very bad.
MY heart, said to my soul!
Just try, not to be, so sad.
I know, I'm not very brave!
But I can't help it!
You see..... I'm Only Just the Dad.....

Clyde Bryson

Osama Can You See

I remember when you attacked us, in our own land
It seems like only yesterday...
When so many... thousands of my brothers and sisters laid
The wounds you left... cut us so very deep
Still on our minds...
Most likely forever... we'll keep

Yes... We had tried to be good neighbors
Foods, medicines, dams floods controlled.
But for our own tears?
They've just endlessly flowed...
And
For our torn hearts.... bleeding,
For our souls.... pains beyond pains.... and sad...
Yet, from with in comes something,
That you never knew we had!
Love for our country
United... heart to heart
And when needed... hand to hand

Hurt us... yes...Yes!
Yet together we still stand
Well... Old Rett Buttler said....He said it best for us... Frankly Osama...
We now don't give a Damn
You've opened such a Big Can of Worms
Our Only Warning For The Taliban's

So we're still burying our dead... and crying... and...(oh,)
Some more flowers, and tears on their graves...
This is why we came to teach you about
The Homes of The Brave

And so
By the Dawns Early Light...
The Rockets Red Glare...
The Bombs Bursting in Air...

Osama Can You See?

Our Flag is Still out There...
And con-quer we must...
For our cause... it is just....
And this be our mot-to.....
In God is always our trust....

And that star-span-gled banner.....
In tri-umph still waves.....
Over the Lands of the Free.....
And the Homes of the Brave.....

Clyde Bryson

Pheasants? ? ?

I was there in that land beyond the sea
The night was the blackest....that...
It ever could be...
When guns to the left... and... then to the right...
Cut loose... with such chatter...
I came out of my hole... emptying a clip...
Shouting... what the Hell was the matter...

Then with the adrealin in my gut...
And on my back of my neck...
There stood all my hair...
Through the night...till morning...
Turned out...nothing was there

By the early morning light...
My unit started to howl...
The Great White Hunter had been shot...
Because of his late night prowl...
I thought at first he... he...looked like a
Great Horned Owl

Now... as lunch time came...
My unit and I had prepared the feast...
That white ringed neck... owl... pheasant....
We made ready...to eat...
He was surprised...that Great... White... Hunter...
That pheasant laid out...cooked...
Covered with K-Ration butter....

Forty men all had said...look lets..after we feast...
We are very tired...and we'll finally get some sleep...
But to that one...that mighty hunter....
What you shoot...you eat...
You know the rule...it's the code
That unwritten law...in your heart today...it now abodes

Well I...and thirty-eight others...
Ate K-rations...saltines...and drank water...
I can honestly say...I had in my life...No better feast...

But..Brombaugh...Well...he had pheasant... and we made sure
That he ate...every dammed little piece...

The end
Clyde Grant Bryson

Clyde Bryson

So On This Point

Sweet is the love that truth brings
To seeking hearts and true
With lights knowledge on its wings
To free this human view

It laws and precepts are de-vine
They show a way to care
Trans-sending love and mercy
For all the injustices there

Faithless traditons, flee loves power
Unbelief gives way
Those abusive clouds, that use to lower
Submit to loving sways

For here those abusive powers will cease
And tears no more annoy
No wrangling anger disturbs the peace
No mars those heartfelt joys

This poem, this love, my heart concieves
From truth departs no more
For I am one, I do believe
That love will all restore

So paitence's then, let love posses
Our damaged souls, our tears
So on this point, loves calling press-
Love draught out when we hear.

Clyde Bryson

Still Caught In My Eyes

Should we ever again
My chance to meet you
On earth
Or in those Celestial Courts on High
I'd tell you of the love
Now caught forever
On my insides
So I thought I should
Tell you now while on the earth
And still alive

With that love for my family
I will never regret
What I went through
Just so that my heart could beat
And have these tears
Caught in my eyes

Did you ever know that
True love will always find
A way for it, or us, to survive
So that mercy can have its say
To teach us how to forgive, to love
And how to let this broken heart fly

So today is the day
For you to hear this truth
For me to ponder for a while
Of how you make me smile
Of love caught on my insides
And these endless tears
Still caught in my eyes

Clyde Bryson

Stories About Home

I lived once in the North
And for a while, way in the South
I have some stories... that'll
Tear a man's heart out

These are the one's
I numbered ten... eleven...and twelve...
They moved so fast...
I ended living... in living Hell

But those that I numbered one thru nine...
They let the world see...why... my eyes..
My heart...
Will never again shine

I know It's hard sometimes to live
Where you can't see the sun...
Because of all that... endless rain...
I look to see.. how too... help others
Because I have lived...every kind of pain

So I write the stories...
Some are good
But often... some are very bad
They often leave hearts torn....
Spilling eyes... so sad...
And sometimes... I'll talk about the incredibly bad

But can you see the purpose...of writing
These stories... these poems...
Through the tears.... the weeping... and crying...
It's just my heart....
Trying to find a way...to move back home...

So to anyone whom read these stories. They're what I write.
They're the words of what I feel. They're the stories about wounds,
about that life, my family, about souls that never seem to heal.
They're the words of truth, they help with what I feel. For these stories

are the cause of tears...that just wont end...they're the stories that are impossible to bear.

They are the stoires of my family, abuse, of damage and how love was not spared....

So many stories that'll never disappear

A soul covered with scars

Of sadness that fills a heart

That burns each time those hate words...

And abuse that breaks it apart

Clyde Grant Bryson

Clyde Bryson

That Life

I am that man
That tells stories of the past
Of that life
That I once had
Of endless scars on my heart and mind
That never seem to heal
Of things that I have seen
That life, that still doesn't seem real

I am that survivor
From that world of dreams
Dreams that I should never have had
And yet
That life, was that life
And that was the life, that,
I once had

Clyde Bryson

The Day Will Come

When the tombstone reads my name
There at-last
There will be no pain
Maybe my family will say then
That they didn't know me that well
Now maybe, They'll start to understand
What made my heartaches, and swells
We were so young when
I started the fight
To end that past

It's why I couldn't ever hold my tears back

You see, I was the one that had
Gotten tired of what made them cry
Now maybe they'll stand here
Trying to understand my words and why
So
Those words, on my tombstone
Shows how true love, says good-by

But the time is not now
Yet the time is slowly coming near
On that day they will see love
My kind of love, that doesn't cause tears
It's what I've fought for
All those years

So on my tombstone
They'll see what I've done
How I ended all their abuse
Through love songs that I've sung

Clyde Bryson

The Last Love Song

Precious Family... Dearest Family...
Love's... sweet.... message....I impart....
May loves's.. spirt...pure... and fervid.....
Enter...every... troubled heart.....

Carry there...love's swift conviction....
Turning back...those... tear filled life's....
Precious Family... Dearest Family.....
May love....In our souls.. abide.....

Precious Family.... Dearest family....
I am weak..... but love..is strong.....
Love.. has.....infinite compassion.....
To stem the tides... of pain's.... and wrong's.....

Love keep's... its arms.... around me.....
Love keep's..... me... in the narrow.. way.....
Precious Family....Dearest family.....
Let us never... from love... stray.....

Precious Family... Dearest Family....
Love will bind.....those broken.... hearts.....
So let..not sorrows... over.. whelm..us.....
Dry the bitter tears.... that smart.....

Love curbs the winds.. calms the bil....lows
Oh bid.... this angry tempest... cease.....
Precious Family.... My Dearest Family
Love gave me... everlasting.....peace.....

One day if my family should ever read this, or if anyone else should?
I want them to know that, only with true love, can we turn back those life's of

abuse...! You see abuse has held my family in a prison, that has no bars! No cells! No doors! So....

Maybe one day they will understand
This dream of mine
How great and glorious, love complete
They'll find
For redemption, forgiveness
It is true love's grand design
For when and where
Justice, love and mercy meet.
Its a harmony - So- devine
And fact is
Love is the only dream of mine

So love marks my path and leads my way
For my pains and tears, at every point
Love re-de-fines
To light and life and endless summer days
Love is this dream... of mine....

Clyde Bryson

The Light Of Love

The light of love rests upon my face
And from within...has set me free
Love's created my... happy heart
And of hopes...of things...I'll be

The light of love abides... within...
My soul now like child
Starts my broken heart...to blossoming
With warmth....and radaince...mild

Today I have purpose...By loves
rare light...I feel
Pure love...loves pure light to
My soul... it revealed

My family...let loves light devine
Shine on us...I say...
Touch our hearts...and eyes...
That all may see
Love on us...Love...convey

Now this... my only mission is... sacrad
To send loves message far
The light of love...is my heart
Love... my guiding star

I tell my family and.... well.... well... they never listen, to these words
That only true love can say
For only true love can convey

So...If you love someone
Then... follow that heart
For when love is real and true
From love you'll never depart
For only pure love can
Fix the man with broken heart

Clyde Bryson

The Night It Should Have Been Me

I was there...
Over in that land...beyond the sea...
Begging God...Don't let it be...
Lying... Frighten...Hiding on the ground...
As Rockets...Guns...Claymores...
Exploding...all around

The radio... Help me...Call had come in...
He said... God...I'm hit...very bad...
I couldn't believe... How my heart went...
Just so... damn mad...
I moved... as it was Mauir...
For a blinding flash...had torn my soul...
And slammed.. knocked my helmet from my hair...

My eyes and soul looked toward black...
With so much fright...
I could hardly move...because of my pounding...that night
I had to find him...
I had to make amends...
Because...He had taken it...for me...My friend

I had to find him... I had too....
I had... made the path
Oh.. Please... please God... No... Don't let it be...
But his leg was gone... blown off...above the knee...
By Star Bursts... flashing pale...white...light...
My hands shook as I worked...Scorched that night...

His hand clinched mine
His eyes and face...He just said hi...
I worked at fever pitch...105... Begging... God...
Jimmy... Jimmy... don't you...Die
I checked his face again...so gray and white
We had to move...again...
Facing Black... again that night

I looked for my soul...and my gun
And now...forever...carry about forty more tons

Like a mother...with child in arms...
I ran...so my soul...would have no more harm

We were on the 10,000 yard track...
Him in my arms...my shoulder his pack...
I could see the finish line...that Huey...
It was shouting....cheering...throwing Red...
Yellow...Green... and Black....
Trying desperately...too... keep my soul...from harm
I shouted...Hold tight...Jim...with your arms
I fought...Desperate to keep my soul...from any more harm

It will never be complete...nor whole
I had said I was tired...
We'd not had any sleep...watching out for the V.C.
He'd said Relax...and sleep... Like Christ on the Cross
This night...I'll take for thee...
Oh please God...Please...Now they can see...
That was the night...
That It Should Have Been Me.....!

Now I know when you read this, you'll think it wasn't my fault.
But to me! It does feel that way....When for my own selfish need
to have some sleep. I'm writing this so that others, may never have to
face this sort of thing. So if you see me, walking that path, that continues
onto Hell...Just step to the side...
Make sure... you're not doing the same, as I had done...
And please... remember to help others first.
Before you think of yourself.
When you help others first..
That is the way...
God, intended it to be...
That's why, He was staked to a tree...
Because other wise, for my sins also
It would have been me...
Like it was for Him...At Gethsemane....

For Jimmy
By Clyde Grant Bryson

The Pieces Of My Heart

Breaking Away and Have To Leave
Are pieces of my heart
And so I thought I'd try
To tell my story
Of what it's like
Of a life so inconclusive
The breaking away from
a family so abusive

Then I thought I'd try telling you
Of what it's like
To pick up pieces of a broken heart
And not knowing where is
Where or How to Start

To explain the death my heart died
And why
How endless tears cried
Where complete helplessness reigned
And endless gut tearing pain

So there they were
Shambles of a heart
A torn life, many pieces
Missing parts
Where could I go?
What could I do?
I needed to find that piece
That'll tell me how to struggle through

But How do I pick up those pieces labeled
Love and Friendship again?
When right next to them
Is Why
These endless tears, will never end

Next was truth, and new found pain
Nothing Here
Nothing Remains

But not without, turning over, anger, hate
Then, and now
And it's just too dammed late

I stood, there, wondering
How could I pick up those pieces, again?
There were so many, where is the one?
That says how to begin

Talk about cant see, the forest
Because of that tree
Then there's that
Piece that says.....These memories
Will always be, Just killing me

I didn't know where was start?
With those pieces, lying,
With the really dirty, dirt!
The first one there wasn't labeled
But it read I've forty ways to make you hurt

Then the next piece was
Why?
Then I stumbled on stumbled, and stepped on, cry
It read you'll be that way
Until you find the ones that say, with truth
You can, dry your eyes

Most likely they'll be with the last dammed one
This time

Just so many pieces, didn't know where was start?
Among them lying, were pieces of life!
Abuse, Torn apart
Shattered, brambles of once was my heart

The next pieces were labeled revenge
And I'll show you
But they said careful
We're the pieces that are brand new

Ones that you've never used
The pieces that were the hardest to find
Knowing and What to do

Courage and spirit just asked
Is this all that you can do
I wished for, I cried for, I knew
I wished that I could and find
The way, and To struggle through

But I found
Cut your losses, cut your cords
And not any dammed more
They read, you need turn you back
And walk away
I found all of them with
Attempting to hide. Next to someway

And then the piece that said
Wait...
wait.....
Wait.....
Read Instructions carefully
This piece said abusive
One side me, one side you
Must be with carefully used
With Considered, and Re-reviewed
For printed in very tiny letters
It said, It read
I can live....I can live.... (with / without) you
Turning this piece carefully - gently - Life In my hands
Because printed on the side for you
Is I loved them so
Can't go on (with / out) them

This is your family.....that you loved!
So
Frozen with, this piece in my hands
Because printed was this warning
And God knows.... That it is true.....
This piece if left
You'll always be bleeding...through...!

I looked for help, and knowing what to do
Standing there like a rock frozen tree
Breaking, crumbling,
To my knees
I looked again for some help all round
But it said there's none
As I placed this piece back, on the ground
Brushed away the dirt, gently...
Gently....
With my fingers and read
That truth
And
That last warning, that said Because
(With / Out) This piece as I rose from the ground
Bitter tears....
Bitter tears.....
Will truly, Rain down
They did.....And please God
Help me.....
They still do.....
As I clung too, the way, the way to struggle through..

And this is it and what it's like
My story, life so inconclusive
When you find, Breaking away, And Have To leave
Pieces of your heart
Part of yourself, your family
So Dammed, Abusive

Wait.....

But it read

Clyde Bryson

The Valley Of Acid Tears

I think my writing's of poems has come to an end
They've told the stories about my family
Lost Love, Wars, The Hells, Places I've been
Damaged Souls
The Stories of Tears that just won't end
The Things that just has to be said
That caused the Tears
The Dark Secrets
Truth about a family of Abuse
Anger
Live's full of sin
Reality would talk about how it's time to move on
We were the resemblances of survival
A family gone
And for our futures journeys to the other side of life
Yet even now with that knowledge of my family
My own lifetime of strife
My broken dreams and shattered hearts

I was still surprised by the cords that were still tied
The story of how I came to that bridge of lost love
Where hopelessness reigned
Where helpless tears cried
The place where time had come for changes, repentance
Above all else knowledge that I needed to be righteous before I lied
It didn't take an Einstein to read between the lines
I just wished my family could've realized that
And about the furture life after the boxes of pines
How I stood at that bridge and cried harder than ever before
Thought of them and the love lost
Then even harder more
How I moved forward for the damaged soul of mine
Wondered what was left, did we have any more time?
You see my family! I know that it had to be this way
That everyone has a chance to move on or lay where you lay
Even now you know I loved you like now one else ever could
After all it was only that love that made it so I could be good
Yes I had to be good!
Fact is,

I wanted it more than anything
But for you at the bridge, and your memories
A little longer I stood
And then how the tears flowed
More than I thought that they ever could

So the day will come for you to hear my thoughts
Maybe even read
Even now I wonder who'll listen
Who'll heed

It was hard to speak even now about abuse
The Valley of Acid Tears
My moving on
These last few years

My family will never know about that
Nor understand what its been like
Nor visit those places I been
The times I needed their help
The times my soul was so desperate for their love
My fight,
The fight to become clean and win
I try not to remember how so often they judged me
And the truth that I spoke, as the sin

My poems would speak of the
Bitterness
within my family, my soul
About pain and endless tears,
Waves that washed and flowed
But not once ever did my heart speak,
Nor the stories talk of any hate
Only of love, and lost, the damage, the worries,
My fate
About a bridge I crossed and my moving on
The depths of Hell
And those Hells beyond
The understanding of endless tears
And how they'll never be gone

And how I turned,

My back away from that bridge from that Hell
And even then, and still my family didn't show any care
About the man that loved them, that isn't doing very well
Nor do they get to see the man that has changed his life
For as I walked from that bridge, fake love and
Those unbelievable Hells
I thought
My family, my family, my family it's true
I'm happy you missed the Hells I've been too.
The turning my back away from sin
But not the best part that makes me what I am
Love, true love the best part of any man
So as I walked from that Valley of Acid Tears
Love now speaks Frankly about The House The Home, The Hells
My life in the Valley of the Dammed

Clyde Bryson

This Dream Of Mine

MY family...
Will they ever understand...
This dream of mine...
How great... and glorious...love complete...
They'll find...
Redemption...forgiveness...
It's through love's grand design

For when and where
Justice and love... and mercy meet
It's a harmony...True love..so de-vine
And love is...
The only dream of mine

Love will mark.... Your paths...
And will led your ways...
For pains.... and tears... and every point
Love...Re-Defines
Love is only... this dream of mine

So to light and life
And love...
Like those endless summer day's
Love... My family...
Love is...only this dream on mine...

Clyde Grant Bryson

Clyde Bryson

Wall Of Tears

I've tried to talk about the nights
That I call... Just incredibly bad...
But every time... they feel as if...
I'm going stark raving mad...
I held my buddy's hands.
As he breathed... His dying breathe...
Shaking... and
Scared to death...
It was like mosquito death!

Never had so much fear...
Anger...Blood...
And Strife...
Complete helplessness...as my buddy
Lost his life

Oh Please...God...
God...Won't you help him too?
But when you're in that Dark Hell!
Not even God...Can guide you!

It's hard today to live as one man...
I doubt... Anyone will ever understand!
He pleaded... Don't leave me behind!
That night...souls... tears... combined!
I didn't...
But as Jimmy lost his soul and died...
He died...
So did mine...

P.S.

I know...I know...It's hard to believe
It's been forty some years
But I cried so hard...
When when I read your name...
On that Wall Of Tears

And Jimmy... I'm trying hard to win!
So that God...Will let us meet again!

P.P.S.

That tin star that they gave!
Claiming I was so very brave...
I took it.. to Shoshone... and there...
I tossed it...into the Falls
Climbing that safety fence...
Just struggling... trying... to stand tall!

So I go there often to enjoy the view...
With those endless tears in my eyes...
Everyday...
I've remembered you...

Clyde Grant Bryson

Clyde Bryson

When She Called Me Mine

My Love...the very thought of thee
Such sweetness filled my breast
But sweeter still thy face to see
When thy lips.... on mine caress

My voice cannot sing
My heart cannot frame
Nor can memory find
A sweeter sound than when....
She called me mine

Clyde Bryson

Why The Boy Inside Stays

I needed that boy
Inside of me.... Even today...
I'd ask him... long ago
Come visit and stay

I've oftened... needed his help
To heal those old wounds
That had cut... just so very deep
Even now they're on my mind
Probably forever to keep

And even though they damaged me
And left me with a ton of scars
I never let (that boy)
Wander far

The boy inside... reminds me...
Even though I'm a man
Whence I came... and whom I am

You ask...
Why...the boy remains with me-?
The beauty of snow...he can see
Even after the blizzard... of those nights...
The boy.... can still start a snow ball fight

And another why...the boy has come to stay...
So that the man...with his children
In the snow could smile and play

So my friends...I say even if you are just like me
The man that has endless tears... and scars
And a damaged soul....
The boy can remind you...
Of who you are

And one last thing of why
The boy inside me must stay
A man with children...must teach

Forgive...learn...
Kneel...and...pray

The great beauty of his wife...and love
Those words...convey...
And that's also... why... this boy stays....

Clyde Grant Bryson

Clyde Bryson

Yes I Still Believe

Yes, I still believe, and
It is
True Love, that has brought this story
To your door

For I truly love a cozy chair, an open fire
Grandchildren, playing on my floor
My favorite book, Coca Cola's taste desired

Yet I've purpose with this story and it's
Mine alone
For
Such selfish comforts are these
But as a man I scarcely enjoy them on my own
Until I've done my best to ease
The grief and pains, That are everywhere
They abide with me even today
So my book, my coke, my easy chair
Must wait,
Till I find some way

To send true loves message
Or loving words I wish to say
I hope you never forget them
And in return whisper them to someone today
These tender words many families have never spoken
These types of letters never sent
But still this is the long forgotten message
The wealth of true love, never spent
I send them out to those who wait
To show them that true love still cares

Even yet

I know
It might sound strange to you
But I still believe, and this is love's way

My wish, my hopes, I pray

The very best for you
On this coming Christmas Day

Clyde Bryson