

Poetry Series

Drich The Poet
- poems -



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Roses ?? Are Red (R.A.R.E)

It's cold outside.
I want a place to hide,
Your heart will do.
That Inca city of Peru.

Maybe we would cuddle,
We need not to huddle.
See a flying star.
Waving hi from afar.

The crimson lights
our betrothed night.
Merry to our souls,
that only extols.

Don't be flattered,
By the words uttered.
Stay with me.
That I may not bleed.

I believe in second chances
I love second chances
But my love for you,
Has no undo.

My saturated love for you
Will bring memories in queue.
If it ain't anything special,
you are my approval.

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Blank It Is

Playing the game of life
As a kid was without regard.
Bumping into childish highlife.
We never chose to know pain or retard.

Youthful blossom!
Soaring up the age ladder but
Wait! Being a kid was awesome
Until lust took me to another route.

I was vulnerable at seven
Could not detail this feeling
As either wanted or even
Holding it all was self killing

So I gave in to it
Take this as a confession
The desire was in obit
The strings play in obsession.

Sandbag at my back
Made me impotent to love you
They called it pain in cardiac
But I called it lack of interest in you.

Your unwanted but awaited travel,
Helped me to embezzle and unravel
The true destination of my supposed
Conserved energy which I gave you overdosed.

The record in library proclaim
It as fancy love not theory
Which ever it is, I can't claim.
Living is not a game of lottery.

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Let It Go

Why do you abuse me?
In my concrete wall of prison
You only let me to be tortured.

Tears are not the remedy to the pain.
Its meant for the joyous occasion
Don't waste it pls
It deprives you of the strength to face reality

Stay strong and be bold.
The universe has plans for you and I know it
Whatever you can't get your head over,
Don't force it.
Let it be.

Times would always pass by
But it leaves with us the spirit of nostalgia
To reminisce about and inflicts us with what if I had spirit.

Pain would come
Joy would come
Life would come
Death would come
Doesn't signify it's fatal

Mortal we are
To see the true essence of love
It's only divine.

The love is a blur
Focus on the small things
Cause they matter more than you crave for.

I don't write to you
To stimulate tears in you
But rather to spell out to you
That whatever you don't lose yourself in a world of vanity.

The moment came and go

But it's left to you
To do the worthwhile.

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Law-Suit

The law is bookish.
Says the British.
What do it can? ?
Questions the American.

From nowhere,
to somewhere,
it came to be,
a ruler,
birth out of the minds of elites.

Sits in the middle of papyrus, Preached about in his church,
Called the savior of man, -
Nemesis of trespassers.

Tailored in many mindset.
Different jurisdictions and explanation.
Varied purpose and limit.

Lawsuit!
Offender of the uneducated!
Betrayer of the lured!
Backstabber of the slaves! Companion to the wealthy.

Whom do you serve? ?
The helpless
or the helped? ?

What are you for? ?
To speak the truth or
convert lies to truth? ?

You have lost value.
The natives don't know
what back up they have.
Afraid of what not to do,
they become zombies in broad daylight.

Lawsuit!

Several decades of amendments
yet you can't still
satisfy your people.
Perhaps amendments
equals rigging.

They close you
and utter perceptive feelings,
in the name of the "law";.

Law-suit!
You bark and bark.
Eyes closed, and you end up
eating the wrong person.
Like a lighted banger!

Like a lion.
You roar and roar.
Brain's clogged, you end
up fighting on the wrong side.
Like a controlled puppet.

Law, without a suit is not a law.
Law is just law.
It's manicure makes it vibrant.
Law is ordinary whilst
lawsuit is an art.

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Make Me Free

Primarily I'm yours.
In crooked heaven
Or in bent hell
This fusion is a victory.

Give me an ordeal
To voice out the moans
Of my undying self
Which I buried for you.

I don't wanna be perfect
for you? !
I don't want to do anything
and always have to cross-check my mind.
Whether you shall
cherish it or not.

I don't want you to assert some changes to
comfort me
Don't cover up your flaw.
Be genuine and unshattered.

In my appeal, I shall come
Not found guilty
I would reveal to thee the wounds
Covered with blankets of memories
In my thoughts, you shall journey
To the mindscapes of times gone
I will entice you with
Applaudable biography by me.

Hypersensitive I am
The fear of losing you
Is a torment to my peace
And crime in my city.
That's not an option.

It's for the love I'm doing this
It's for your commitment I'm doing this.

Let nobody buzz about me
And you would wow it.

Love is in the air
But it's scarce to find the genuine one
For that, I take the honor
To journey with you
On bumpy roads and under rainstorms.

You wield the patent
Of happiness and boredom that sets me free.
Merge your soul with mine so that may be free
And free indeed.

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A Long Story, Cut Short.

I am beauty.
I am art.
I am a masterpiece.
I am hard work.
I am handwork.
I am exquisite.....
But now
I am history

Like a redundant statue,
Poplars stares with expectations.
The reality is I can't move
And with each dying seconds,
The level of hope increase
But no one sees my plight.

I didn't just gab about
What I can't do.
Neither did I just sow a seed of
disappointment in you.
I blabbed about what
I can do.

And if I'm right,
I suppose I said it
Before it's time
Now it has bridged
mistrust between us.
Or was I hallucinating?

Amiri of Persia couldn't
Keep his loved one close
And keeps fighting all odds
To save his treasure.

What's in the extract?
Is even in the forest of failure,
In the river of temptation,
In the desert pain

In the ocean of sharks,
I will fight to bring into life
The last words I uttered to you.

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