

Poetry Series

**David Wicks**  
**- poems -**

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## David Wicks(09/02/91)

David Wicks, author and poet, was born on September 2,1991, to Mr. Stephen Wicks and Mrs. Pamela Wicks, at Delnor hospital in Geneva, Illinois. At the young age of three (3) , he began to play the piano. This was a catalyst for many things to come. With the practicing of the piano came an undying passion for music, and with that came a fascination with lyrics.

Seeing lyrics as poems sung to instruments, Wicks began to write his own poetry. As time progressed, he felt that he was finally able to publish the poems to the internet to receive critiquing to improve his skills. Through many hard-to-take comments, in the end he came out a better writer because of it all. And in later years to follow, English and Literature classes in school taught him lessons on how to write poems and stories, and the improvement is great.

Today, David Wicks still writes his stories and poems. He plans to write until the day he dies, for, to quote him:

'Emotion is eternal, and so is the poem. For this, I, too, may be eternal.'

# Avenged

And he, who was shamed in life,  
His life be'th, now prolonged, and pure  
Is the new.

'So therefore, take'th, ye, '  
He spoke his words,  
'For it is my hate,  
And distribute it, ye shall,  
So that even in the hereinafter,  
I may live.'

And so did his puppet,  
Who carried out his orders well,  
And fought to end his own life,  
So that his master, in death, could prevail.

And, as such, he was avenged.

David Wicks

# Care

I would care for these dry hands  
If there was one to hold them.  
I would care for these chapped lips  
If there was one to kiss them.  
I would care to choose my words  
If there was one to listen,  
But since they are not here,  
I do not care.

David Wicks

# Cold

Cold is your heart,  
You creature of darkness,  
You soulless person of hate!  
I loved you, you hurt me,  
Now you want me back  
But now it is too late!

You told me all of what you thought of me  
That day long ago!  
And now you'll never have me back,  
For my love for you has withered so.

I hope you live and die alone,  
And as your body decays to bone,  
Not a tear is shed for your wicked soul,  
And for none of your achievements shall you receive extol.

David Wicks

# Creation

Behold, my creation,  
For the whole duration  
That you hold life:

I am now giving you  
An example:  
You can see the sky is blue,  
But of beauty, this is but a sample.  
But among the beauty of my planet  
Are others that are just like me.  
I will show you the true light of it,  
And then, then you will see.

Though similar in looks,  
They differ in belief,  
A belief that they are superior,  
And they claim this superiority.

But remember, my creation,  
At the end of your duration,  
That I, and every man, die all the same.

David Wicks

# Death

Living organisms only speculate  
On what is truly death.  
Very possibly, all beliefs on the matter  
Could be spurious and far from truth.  
Whatever may be this Death,  
This lack of a body and life,  
It is, truthfully, simply a parallel to Life.  
While parallel it is still perpendicular,  
In it that, in Life, organisms can be controlled;  
In Death, they are free,  
Though also in Death, one lacks Life's greatest traits:  
Pleasure;  
Emotion,  
The things all live for.  
It is still better,  
And for the best,  
To be dead, for even without pleasure,  
And emotion,  
One can forget how in Life  
They were not allowed to, freely,  
Experience them.

David Wicks

# Door

My life seems cut off by a door.

I lay here, dying, with a stare.

I lay here, dying, without a care.

And I lie here, dying, on the floor,

And Satan yells with such a roar

That brings me from my zombified state

That's blinded by my growing hate.

It seems this door blocks my way.

It blocks out my darkened heart.

I drift to death; I soon depart,

But I haven't given up, so why should I start?

But perhaps it will open; any day,

And take my bleeding soul away.

And leave me with my body and mind.

My hatred now has made me blind.

Because my love seems cut off by a door.

She lays here, dying, with a stare.

She lays here, dying, without a care,

That I am sitting on the floor

With my hands upon my head.

And I cry here; now she's dead.

I cry here because she's dead.

David Wicks

# Dreams

What dreams are these  
That lie to me?  
That show visions  
Of me happy?

What cruel creature  
Plagued me with these?  
These red herrings that I call  
My dreams?

David Wicks

# Empty

There's a pit  
I call my soul,  
That seems a  
Bottomless hole  
For thoughts and feelings that shatter at the drop.  
Happiness and  
Freedom lie below,  
Sorrow is above,  
Of this I know,  
With pain and misery residing at the top.  
All that they  
Ever say  
Is for me to  
Await the day  
That the one for me will magically appear.  
But if ever  
Should exist the day,  
Then here my empty  
Soul shan't stay,  
But the thought of finding one does not seem near.

David Wicks

# End Of All Things

I'm sitting here  
At the end of all things,  
And my best wishes go  
To all human beings,  
Especially you,  
Who I adore so.  
I hope that you live  
For I don't want you to go.

I didn't want you to leave me  
Up here all alone,  
With the screaming of people,  
And the smashing of bone.  
And as the end draws near  
For this human race,  
I shed one single tear  
That rolls off my face.  
Wishing that you could be here by my side,  
But you had to be brave and for me you have died.

But remember this,  
In your eternal bliss:  
The Blue Jay sings  
Here at the End of All Things.

David Wicks

# Forever

I am forever,  
And mighty,  
For I stand  
Without doubt,  
And command  
To be about  
Myself,  
And not you,  
Or he,  
Or she,  
But only me,  
And for this,  
I am forever.

David Wicks

# Hater

Can't you all see  
The Hater to be?  
This cold hearted soul  
Residing in me?

The pains that I cause  
Make The Devil applause,  
And it echoes in my ears,  
Clearing my mind  
Of all that once was.  
He enjoys my insults  
That bring you all tears

So pain I will bring you,  
This a guarantee,  
That Satan will succeed in breeding  
The Hater in me.

David Wicks

# Heart

Take my heart as it is,  
Pure and untouched,  
And handle it and make it  
Crippled and crunched.

This pain I long for!  
A thought thought unthought!  
I beg to feel that pain  
That others for so long have fought.

But my heart remains untouched,  
And though it's strange, I know,  
The pain of relationships ending  
Is a pain I long for so.

David Wicks

## I Feel...

Lost. Scared. Complete. Worried. Empty. Destroyed. New. Made. Forgotten.  
Forgiven. Regret. Anger. Disuse. Annoyance. Loveless. Soulless. Brainless.  
Deleted. Depleted. Retarded. Crashed. Smashed. Destructive. Wanted. Hated.  
Segregated. Abhorred. Removed. Exhausted.

I feel...

Remorse. Sorrow. Anxiety. Depression. Solitude. Ripped. Torn. Washed. Dirty.  
Clean. Nude. Needless. Wantless. Wanting. Needing. Loving.  
Love.

I feel...

That my time has finally come.

I feel...

That my soul shall be released.

I feel...

Alone.

David Wicks

# I Sit

Here I sit  
All alone,  
Listening for the phone.  
Now it rings,  
Pressed to my ear,  
Her voice is all I hear.  
Goodbye, she says,  
She must find herself.  
I pick up the gun  
To kill myself.

David Wicks

# Jack

Better be nimble,  
Better be quick  
If you wish to jump over the candle stick,  
For if you don't,  
And you happen to burn,  
All of the children will never learn  
Of all the nursery rhymes that are to be told,  
So you better be quick, Jack,  
Better be bold.

David Wicks

# Life

Life.

The essential form of an organism's existence,  
And a conscience for it to command,  
As this is how it is, for by Natural law,  
The organism must exist,  
Powered by its impulses,  
Driven by its instincts,  
And co-exist with the others,  
Together on a single plane,  
Which provides all of the necessities  
To sustain its life,  
Though it may choose to ignore  
Aforementioned necessities  
And allow its flesh and bone  
To lose its power;  
To succumb to atrophy,  
So that this organism no longer must suffer  
In the terrible plane that other organisms who,  
Though identical,  
Are given the power to corrupt and destroy what is meant to be beautiful,  
And so this individual organism  
Can achieve the only possible freedom,  
Which is Death.

David Wicks

# Lone

Watch as the flames dart across this black sky.  
Wait for the sound of the Hell Banshee's cry.  
Alone here on Earth, regretting thy birth,  
The world lies alone with a single man walking.  
This man, he is lost yet the voices are talking.  
They tell him to run, they tell him to hide,  
They tell him to listen, their rules to abide.  
Yet stubborn he is; this man does not listen.  
Across the dead planes a great palace doth glisten.  
Curiosity takes the best of his mind  
And to the great palace he searches to find  
Some solace, solitude, someone to be with,  
For finding another is this one man's pith.  
Alone his foot steps upon the marble,  
The echoing hallways his mind they do garble.  
Hot desert sun beating through broken glass,  
Here he shall wait for this nightmare to pass.  
The sound of a person,  
Her voice oh so soft,  
Makes the ill of his worsen,  
And his sanity doffed.  
It rips him apart, he begins to cry,  
On the ground his foot slip'th-will this man now die?  
He falls out the space where windows were once placed,  
To this lone man's dismay there is naught to embrace.  
He falls to the hard sand and dirt of the ground,  
His body, with force, on the dirt doth it pound.  
He lies staring up at the clouds overhead,  
And in this quick moment the last man is dead.

David Wicks

# Love

The only one I have is you.  
Can you promise this too?  
Will you always be mine?  
Because I'll always be thine.  
Will you always tell me you love me,  
And that we were meant to be?  
Or will you leave me  
And shatter my love for thee?

David Wicks

# Never

I would wait a thousand summers  
If it meant burning in the sun.  
I would count away the numbers  
Of the days 'till my waiting was done.

My heart I'd keep safely away  
In a box sealed shut so tight.  
I would keep it clear of dust by day  
And hold it close and safe by night.

I'd spend my time to sit and think  
About how it could possibly be  
That quicker than mine eye could blink  
Could she be standing in front of me.

It's in that ignorance I'd find  
A special kind of peace and bliss  
That would help to ease my troubled mind  
And pull myself from the dark abyss.

I will do all this until I get  
To meet the greatest girl I've never met.

David Wicks

# Oh Woe Is Me

Oh woe is me! Oh woe is me!  
A man has fallen on my feet, you see,  
And I have places that I must be,  
But I cannot wriggle free!

Oh woe am I! Oh woe am I!  
On my feet, this sleeping man shall lie  
Until I will starve and certainly die!  
I cannot get my feet from under this guy!

Oh woe I am! Oh woe I am!  
He's sleeping heavily, as a lamb,  
But I wish he would wake so he could scam!  
But I guess this guy doesn't give a damn.

Oh woe is he, oh woe is he  
Now that he has made me mad, you see.  
On my feet he shall no longer be,  
And I will soon be woe-free.

David Wicks

# Once, In A Lifetime

To whom it may concern,  
Though of you I hold no knowledge:  
Whatever you want,  
I shall give you;  
In your times of need,  
I will listen;  
My undying love  
I will give you,  
Whatever makes you happy  
Will be yours.  
Would someone please take up this offer?  
It's a once in a lifetime chance,  
For I only have one lifetime  
To ask.

David Wicks

# One Step Closer

I'm just one step closer  
To the burning edge;  
One step closer  
To that beckoning ledge;  
One step closer  
Then I was before.  
Push me one more time  
And I'll be one step more;  
Just one more thing  
And I'll be one step more.

David Wicks

# Overwhelming Fear

Fear absorbs his thoughts.  
A dark figure,  
Like that of a demon,  
Comes ever close to him.  
Suddenly, the fear is so overwhelming  
That he cannot control it.  
A snap could be heard in his head,  
As a smile of insanity crossed his face.  
In with insanity, out with reasoning.  
Losing his common sense he gains something else:  
He gains inhumane rage.  
His veins pulse  
And his body shakes  
As he runs towards the demon-figure.  
The figure seems scared as the man runs closer.  
Because of this, the man finds nothing more to fear  
And reasoning starts to come back to him.  
But he pushes it away and knocks the demon-figure down  
Ripping and tearing until its dies down to nothing.

David Wicks

# Pk4life

I start my run and I sprint towards the wall,  
Standing ahead, about 6 feet tall.  
I run and jump two yards away,  
Here to practice Parkour today.  
I fly through the air, prepared for the collision,  
And I quickly make my foot placement decision  
About halfway up the wall, so when I grab hold,  
My movement will be completely controlled,  
And I will lift myself up on top of the wall,  
And shift my weight, so I do not fall.

And when I do, I jump to the ground,  
The thud of my feet making a quiet sound.  
Almost instantly I take off once more  
And Monkey Vault over a fence to the floor.

This is how I live; this is my way.  
I practice Parkour every day.  
It is all I need, for it is quite rife  
And that is why I'm PK4Life.

David Wicks

# Scene

The sun shines its yellow light  
Across the fields of green,  
While the deep blue sky and clouds  
Help to complete the scene.

David Wicks

# She

Weep not for my heart,  
Yet it weeps for me,  
That all I can do  
Is stare at She.  
Does she know that I'm here?  
Does she know that I care?  
'Til the day she is mine,  
I shall sit here and stare.

David Wicks

# Sometimes

Sometimes

When I feel like I'm nothing, I cry.

Sometimes

When I'm lonely, I wish I could die.

Sometimes

When you look at me, I realize I'm wasting my  
Time.

David Wicks

# Soul

A soul wanders, dark and weary.  
The night amps its painful dreary.  
It cries for help and no one answers;  
Shatters from its gloomful cancers.

David Wicks

## Straining.

I walk a little funny,  
I talk a little weird.  
I'm indoors when it's sunny  
And have sat quietly while everyone cheered.  
I live my life inside me,  
Poking my head out to see what's new.  
I look around but you're all I see;  
Everywhere I look is you.  
It kills me deep inside to know  
I do not exist in your heart.  
That you have to bring me down so low  
Just rips my soul apart.  
But I won't break, I won't fall down,  
And nothing you do or think or say  
Will ever produce on my face a frown,  
Or make me suffer for more than a day.

There are those I know who love me,  
And others who breed only hate.  
And perhaps that's the way it will always be,  
But it would be foolish to sit by and wait  
For those who hate to change their minds,  
For the fact of the matter is this:  
Those people are simply not worth my time  
And afterall: ignorance is bliss.  
But really, I am not complaining  
About the people who do not care.  
It's just so hard and I'm constantly straining  
To find a way to cope and bare  
With the pain of never being believed  
And telling the truth, but accused of lying.  
And all negativity that I have received  
Makes me feel like I am dying.

The future seems oh so distant  
And I may just end up failing,  
But I will forever remain persistent  
And I'm too far to consider bailing.  
I have hopes and I have dreams,

And I try to pick the right path,  
But no matter how hard I try, it seems  
Like there's an error in my math.  
Crunching numbers, thinking hard, holding my head up high.  
I am patient, I hold strong,  
But still I sit idly by.  
And perhaps these choices I make are wrong,  
But remember that I made them  
And it is my duty to carry them out,  
For it is these people and choices I can't condemn  
As I follow this foggy route.

David Wicks

# The City

I walk alone in the City,  
With absence of community.

    The gray sky reflects  
    The eerie aspects  
Of a recent moribundity.

This place, as I know, is uncharted;  
A feeling of fear is now started.

    I hath crossed a bridge;  
    Now I stand on a ridge  
And wonder the people departed.

Why leave it in condemnation?  
Unless it was doomed to Damnation.

    My breathing alone  
    Makes it clearly known  
That I'm amidst alienation.

One cannot simply imagine,  
In a similar fashion,  
The feeling that broods deep within me  
As I look over the empty City.

As I walk along the street,  
There's an echo caused by my feet  
    That rings loud and clear  
    For no one to hear,  
For there is no one here to meet.

Now I walk about and explore  
The signs of people here before:  
    These streets, they look used;  
    The sidewalks abused,  
The doors on buildings even more.

And as I look around, I see  
The shining buildings about me.  
    Upon closer inspection  
    Of my own reflection,

I witness my anxiety.

There are no exits that I can see;  
I am trapped for eternity.  
The Devil as my company,  
I'm imprisoned within the City.

David Wicks

# The Girl

Gaze to the sun;  
Such a beautiful sight,  
But burning my retinas for it is too bright.  
A shadow blocks the ray's path to my eyes;  
The girl was there to see my demise.  
As she looks to me, just her glance  
Is powerful enough to put me in a trance.  
The last traces of my soul she's here to reap,  
And I fall into an eternal sleep.

David Wicks

# The Shed

'In shed with shackles bound so tight,  
If they cannot restrict His might,  
Allow Him then to shift the tides  
And make us suffer by whip of hides.'

Comes torment, sought upon thy pace,  
A weeping willow's bleeding face  
Makes home within your darkest dreams  
As life from you His dark hand reams.

His puppet now; you must not sway  
From whatever the path that He shall lay.  
It leads you to the broken Shed  
That now stands very close ahead.

You feel your hand is now in pain,  
And look to see a fiery chain  
Has enveloped your arm and forces you  
To do that which He implores you to.

Somewhere so deep within your mind,  
A bit of knowledge you come to find  
From another life, or another time;  
From another mystery, or another rhyme,

This Shed before you, oh so grim  
Was once a prison that hindered Him.  
No longer his, but soon to be yours,  
He forces you to open the doors.

Inside you see our faces, dark.  
Like us, you hear the Hell hound's bark,  
And as the doors close slowly shut,  
You feel the sharp pain in your gut.

We are powerless; can only stare,  
And though we witness what we cannot bare,  
We watch as your gut is controlled from within  
And breaks right through your very skin.

We hear you cry out in terrible pain  
As fires replace the blood in your veins  
And He takes your innards and ties you to  
The wall of the shed; He hath now claimed you.

His laughter is deep and resides in your head.  
I know the pain, sir; I too, am dead.  
Though dead we are not; He keeps us alive.  
Homes for Locusts; our bodies are hives.

With pain and torment, we hang on to life.  
We wish to let go and end our strife.  
A living damnation is what He hath grant,  
Extorting our mouths so we forever will chant:

'In shed with shackles bound so tight,  
If they cannot restrict His might,  
Allow Him then to shift the tides  
And make us suffer by whip of hides.'

David Wicks

# The Thunder Rolls On

As nothing goes right  
Or as you think it should,

The Thunder rolls on...

The Thunder that is the spark  
Of a new world,  
One of grief, sorrow, loss...

The Thunder rolls on...

But You turn your back  
To the evil which is the  
Thunder, crackling in the sky.

Yet still, the Thunder rolls on.

Turn away, never look back,  
For the Thunder is there,  
And unlike you and I...

The Thunder rolls on.

David Wicks

# These Words

These words I write hold no meaning,  
For the man holding the pen to the paper  
Is not a man whose words are worth  
Your heeding.

David Wicks

# This Is Parkour

This is true movement.

This is physical freedom.

A way of life, a path of destiny.

Reaching new heights, new places, new goals.

The city is the setting, the obstacles the blockades.

The Flow is the fuel, your body the machine.

This is Parkour.

David Wicks

# What I Would Do

O, what I would do  
To find a chance to converse with you,  
And I know that I would be kind and true  
So that I could gain a friend anew.

But I simply cannot understand why  
You can't even look me in the eye.  
And it makes no difference how hard I try;  
And it makes no difference when you see me cry.

O, what I would do  
To make you allow me to talk to you,  
But you won't, so I'll just take my soul and fly  
Up and up, 'till I reach the sky.

David Wicks

# Where Are You?

Though half a world between us, there's a direct link to my soul.  
The words you speak penetrate deep and leave a gaping hole  
From which I bleed and bleed and dropp my blood upon the floor  
That you don't walk and cannot walk and have not walked before.

David Wicks

# Whisper

The sounds came and went  
Like the time that we spent,  
But it's the time we shared I will always remember,  
No matter how short it was,  
No matter how one-sided the love.  
And when I walk the Earth alone,  
Its surface destroyed and decaying,  
It will be You who I think of who  
Keeps me sane in my solitude.  
I will whisper Your name  
And the wind will carry it to the horizons  
Where the sunbeams shall dance in remembrance of You.  
The whisper will carry on and echo over the ruins,  
Boom over the canyons,  
And whistle under the rocks.  
It shall return to me, but by then my time will have expired.  
When Death comes, I shall lay wherever  
And dream of You as I sleep forever.

David Wicks