

Poetry Series

denice logan
- poems -

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i am denice logan a student at the university of johannesburg doing B.A INFORMATION SCIENCE.i like poetry and i just noticed not so long ago, but i really want to write more so that i can have more poems for people whom like poetry out there to enjoy.

(question Of The Heart)

I feel the adrenaline surfing through my heart
I feel sweat all over my weakened heart
Upon mentioning of your name my heart is lost
Where is it, please give it back
It is all i have to make it through another day
I love you

In search of my lost heart, i have expectation
In turn i have found nothing but self imposed disapointments
How do i make it through another day with my weakened heart
How do i find peace within that unstable heart when you are around
My heart will march across north and south to be with you
I love you

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Beyond Sweatshops

Beyond love one has found hurt.
Beyond hatred one has found pain.
Indeed there's a thin line between...
love and hatred.
I have travelled in the adaptive amid...
fierce winds of love and hatred.
The further backwards i have looked...
the further forward i was likely to see.

We often expect the future to automatically....
bring changes and later are suprised to....
discover that certain patterns from the...
past have reappeared.
Because of love one has seen secret...
diplomacy in relationships.
Because of hatred one has seen...
narrowly ethical flawed conduct.

From love i have never put any....
expectation in turn i have found no....
disappointments.
We are all prisoners of love and hatred.
Love like a scorpion king bites its...
way to peoples hearts and expectation.
Love like an angel of light it drift pass...
with its shadow filled with optism yet...
people have found nothing in it
To sweatshops things that hurts instruct.
Beyond sweatshops

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Dengerous Minds

An awakened mind is a thief of my sleep
The mind that seeks and speaks is trouble to my being
The mind that reveal the green of my words
Where the world is no obstacle for my mind
The minds that manipulate other with the greatest of ease
Is indeed my long standing enemy
The mind that troubles other
The mind that does not show its face in battle

The mind that brings terror to my thoughts
The mind that has capacity to build relations and in turn destroy them
To the mind that think of outmost intensified hatred
To the mind that think of murder
The mind that march across the night like a mad man
To the mind of evil deeds
To the mind that think of the unthinkable
The mind that think of no fiction but intense reality

(mankind have a bit of evil that dwells in them)

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I Dare To Love Again

In the might of my heart
love would do no wrong.
Love would destroy bitter rivals...
and give performance worthy of...
a king, in my heart that is.
Love drifted past my heart...
once to many occasions.
To love my heart bowed its
head and raised its hands
in honour of the genius of love.

In my heart love was the magician
and my heart appreciated the talent.
Love was once the capital of my heart
and its reign was immortal.
The world of my heart spent years
trying to replicate and perfect love
and its moves.
Love dazzled my heart with amazing
skill.

Love executed its skill with the greatest
of ease in my heart.
Not anymore love i dare you.
Your skill to unstable my heart
outweighs the effectiveness to destroy...
my heart even further.
Not anymore i dare you love.

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The Devil Breaks Up My Heart Ten Years Later

Together you and i were...
a rolling stone that gathered...
mass.
Together no mission was...
impossible.
Together we made each other...
feel ten feet taller.
Together we loved each other...
and no thoughts of separation...
occupied our minds.
Together our sting was twice...
poisonous than that of the most...
poisonous scorpion.
Away we would comfort each
other and feel each others pain.

My love for you was what chocolate is...
to children, endlessly tempting and...
seekening in small doses.
I loved you what made you live...
remains to be seen
The devil broke my heart ten years...
later.

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The Heart Beat

My heart has many faces and...
it react to many stimuli
In the swamp of my heart lies...
speakers that blast sweet music.
Who's playing the beat in my heart.
The music that resemble a rhythm of...
joy and loughter.
My heart beats.

My heart has roots and stimuli of...
trust, love and care.
My heart you whom i have given...
away to strangers.
You whom went bang when i saw...
her.
You whom made me tremble in my...
feet in her presence.
You whom made me visit other planets...
when i came across strangers at night.
You whom made me whom i am today.

My heart you and i have travelled....
together all this years across space...
and time.
My heart sorry for giving you away so...
easily.
My heart sorry for the cowardly deeds i...
have imposed on you in the past.
My heart dont attack me.
Heart attack.
The heart beat.

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The Rhythm That Swallows

For it people have come and gone...
yet it is still here.
For this rhythm people have bleed....
and shared tears with one another.
For this rhythm we have killed and....
bruised each other.
For the rythm women have held...
grudges against each other.
For it men have hated each other...
with outmost intensity
For it human flesh has been wasted...
and existance taken in split seconds.

Nations have fought and battle line have...
been drawn.
Nations have gone to war with each other...
because of this rhythm.
Soldiers have gone to war, stabbed, shot...
each other, only to have suffered the same...
fate that swallows.

This rhythm has seen so much bloodshed...
it could spare two lifetimes.
It has an ego big enough the whole population...
of the world.
This rhythm is hatred.
The rhythm that swallows

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The Weakness In Me

To you whom i compare to one season
You that i compare to spring
The weakness in me
You that i compare to roses
You that i compare to colour red
The weakness in me

To you whom my heart broke for and mend itself back to shape for
You whom i have shared tears for with heart rending sorbs, for when you where
in pain
You whom my heart gives incentives to
The weakness in me

I wake up and do the daily routine
I wake up and think of you
You who's face crack mirrors
The weakness in me

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