

Poetry Series

Dillon Gay
- poems -

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Dillon Gay()

I am a beginner of serious writing. I write short stories and poems. I am hoping to be successful author one day.

A Misunderstood Stalker's Poem

Why do you turn me away?
On such a beautiful day
I write this poem with grief
Letting it out with such a relief

I dare that no one shall ever read this
But you sweet miss
As I slide it under your door
It shall not get dirty across the floor

You have exposed me to the media and world
In a corner, I have curled
I represent everything proper and civil
But still you treat me like the doppelganger of evil

I sit and watch your expression through your front door
I can't wait; I want more!
Don't come to the front; for your own safety you see!
Because I'm so afraid you will run way from me

Dillon Gay

A Reflection Of Human Nature

The human... so sophisticated of animals
More intelligent than all birds, reptiles, and mammals
But the highest weakness no doubt
Is how they run so carelessly about

Forever fighting between the religious and secular
Ideas... a gift... also mankind's greatest failure
Robbing and murdering their neighbors
Never giving or returning a favor

Most have good ethics for sure
But morality is far from being a cure
With its strict rules oppressing man
Keeping them from doing all they can

There is no good, evil, light, or dark
Just mindly associations that leave a deadly mark
For wars are started by opposing forces
When they should have been heading the same courses

Dillon Gay

Artist's Consequence

I've taken a stupid chance
I've gone to far in this trance
I am trapped in here
With a great imagination to fear

Drowning in the isolation tank
Visions start to crank
A poet's mind is hard to resist
Especially if your part of its own mist

The mind is my own
But I have never known
Fighting against my own conceptions of beasts
I can't supply them with many feasts

*The man at the door was upon the wall
And many more of my creations to make me fall
My pen has caused much pain
And the only price is to no longer remain

*The man at the door is a character in my poem 'Man at the Door'

(This poem is a sequel to my poem 'Social Anxiety')

Dillon Gay

As Cold

I may impress you as cold
I may threaten your dignity
Contemplating our time as expired
Ventilation of truth desired

Wronged ones learned in the past
Of the impending conclusion
Disappointed faces we share
But I doubt my ability to care

I may frighten you as cold
I may settle your dignity
Mending broken tattered ends
Confessing the majority of sins

Misunderstand again
Trying your best to defend
Nothing in your head changes this
Not perfect, what did I miss?

I may relieve your heart cold
I may retire your dignity
Aren't you satisfied?
Of this feeling again....

Dillon Gay

Ascend

Bathing a new trophy
Not shining but illuminating
All that any could see

Connecting all

That ever attempts to bind
Leaving lost life behind
And seeking reconciliation
Pity to those not traveled here

Depriving a conscious
A being of higher divinity
If such a Highness deserves assumption

A separation of wills

A sacrifice of ego
The offer of unity
One's crushing of virtue

One dimension of serenity
Another of chaos
All the same

A new world forged
But not without toll
Exhausting work of soul

And with intangibility

Tampered, but indestructible
If defenses are set into place
Protection comes with a price

With no absolute value
Attempts can be made
But it just remains merely said

No desire to win
Only to draw
Then put down the shield
And topple the wall

Piece by piece
The void will fill
Until the day we decease
We, at our own throne, will kneel

Dillon Gay

Awakened Meet

We have come to find it isn't real
A lie we must overcome right now
We could die much like the fowl
With no migration from the cold

Crisis overtakes us all
Fear grips me tight
Unwilling to take the fight
To flee is the choice of the wise

We hold here to be the only ones
To survive, to escape the great clutch
If heard, we will not do much
Tonight, our plan will unfold

I am sure they see us now
No time to fret
Hear! Get ready to get set
I wish you all good luck in (out) there

Dillon Gay

Beautiful Death

It seems the time has finally come
We've been waiting for months to see some
The sign of death is rising in her
The anxiety is now creeping up to a murmur

She has lived a horrid life
With what little triumph being cut apart by a knife
Her beautiful death is approaching near
The expression on her face is so sincere

A colorful essence from her emits from her ever growing pale body
Gives a reassuring sign for all to see
The escape from her terrible experience is great
And there is no better way to seal her fate

Her hours are nearly up
As she sips from her bedside cup
She enjoys Earth one last time
Before becoming a limp, motionless mime

Dillon Gay

Changing For Others

Watching her everyday I see something new
Not just the same old fine things, too
We've been separated for so long it's been
But even still I can't get my eyes off her, my sin

It's not the pain of my feelings being unrequited this time
Not the reason that she's no longer mine
Something else is tearing me apart
Slipping away, she's losing her heart

So unique she was in her actions
But for some reason she finds she can't go on that way
She loses her individuality more everyday
And I can't watch any longer

Such a sad, sad event for a person like her to change
She's lost herself becoming LESS deranged
I say without intention of insult
But I guess some beautiful girls have to fit in the mindless cult

Looking back, I figure that's why she shed me away
Otherwise she wouldn't be where she is today
Is it really worth it all?
To lose me, no one to hold onto when she falls

But I guess it doesn't matter much
She's not the same girl I fell in love with before
A trajedy of modern times, thinking without an open door
Consumed by social desire, she carved a path I refuse to follow

(I'm talking about the same girl in my poem, 'Seeing the EYES of Her Pain')

Dillon Gay

Clockportphobia

Clockportphobia is what they call my disease
Oh, I'm sorry; let me explain please
I can't think of the past
I might warp there oh so fast!

Think of how much we have covered since 1999
The memories will warp me back and today will not be mine
Of course I have the future ahead of me
No, I'll go to when I'm so old, I cannot see!

There is a dinosaur on National Geographic
I can't watch! I run; it's automatic!
Why can't I cherish what I recall?
Because through the void of time, I will fall

The therapists... they try to help me... they can't succeed
They say I'm psychotic; on their insults I feed
I will use my time traveling powers to go back before they were born
And wipe their existence away in any form!

Dillon Gay

Dark Reflections

Lock the door and forget the pain
Just to climb against the wall
Look out the window, watch it rain
When one is high, they will fall

Dreams of you whisk through my head
Oh, how I wish you were here
Catching tears that soak my bed
Tell you it all without fear
Many times have come and gone
Now I'm done with all doubt
Please, just call me on the phone
My wish, knew it about

Stay with me dear recollection
For reality holds not enough satisfaction

Dillon Gay

Disgusted By Smiles

The Happiness in the street
Makes hate run from my head to my feet
Why it gets to me, I don't know
I will destroy it as if it is grass I should mow

They need to stop it; it depresses me so
To contain it, I must close my eyes, and in a boat I shall row
Row, Row, it's the only way to escape
But that expression on their faces is brain rape

I know what it is; the smile
The thing that enrages me more than just a little while
I travel for miles searching for sanctuary
But the only refuge is the obituary

Every culture, country, and nation does it
Why can't they see it disturbs me the least bit
For I am the only important one in town
The one that carries the sacred frown

Dillon Gay

Do You Ever Wonder If...

Do you ever wonder if...

Your life will ever mean anything?
It has impacted someone, if not a king
Your death may be someone's life changing experience
Don't tamper with it to cause interference

Do you ever wonder if...

Life is just God's theater stage?
Being horrible actors at the drama we engage
The audition was not great
But we made it and that is our fate

Do you ever wonder if...

You will die tomorrow?
It is an uncertainty met with sorrow
Well, did you do anything you will regret later?
Clean it up before you hit the death crater

Do you ever wonder if...

This poem is just a cliché?
Just another inspirational message of what a hippie needs to say
I only want to get your thoughts ticking
Because the philosophical juices in your mind are kicking

Dillon Gay

Dreamworld Manipulation

Objects are moving and shifting
Floors lowering and lifting
This is so real
But something is not right, hidden under a veil

A sudden realization comes to mind
This must be a dream; where is the rest of humankind?
The movement... it stopped
I thought of a loud noise and it popped

It's a lucid dream! I can control it, I know!
Copies of me lined up in a row
I turned everything into a lovely place in the ocean
But violent thought corrupted my mind and I was hit by a shark's fin

I found myself in my room, the realest place yet
Eager to manipulate anything I met
Nothing changed... I awoke!
And for that day, I never spoke

Dillon Gay

Empty Era

So alone, I suffer now
No one ever told me I'd fall at everything's life endowed
Here I am, swimming in the dark
Choking on the deep feelings of my ways I depart
Pitiful, I mistake for empty

Such disappointment in their eyes
Attracting maggots and glistening tears to fathom light for the flies
Hole in the sky, rays shining down
Gives hope to all the broken while trapped in this town
Era's here, but they promise it'll all be over soon

Now I know, wounds heal on their own
Time sweeps through and cleanses the experience and the unknown
Deceive me, show me that you can
Brute force does nothing to hurt this kind of man
Era's here, but I promise it'll all be over soon

The time is, the time is, the time is now, the time has come tonight,
Your hopeless situation turns to light.....

Dillon Gay

Esoteric Defeats Mainstream

You do what your friends do
To that I say 'Boo! '
Esoteric is the way
Although stereotypes say it is not okay

Express what you need
Without taking mainstream society's creed
Who says you can't be different?
Because of a stupid message the media has sent

Go ahead... button the top button
On that polo shirt; go ahead... it's fun
They will not find your fashion style credible
But their insults will not feel terrible

Do the opposite of what is cool
At home, work, or at school
Be smart while the rest are dumb
And maybe some of them will also come

Dillon Gay

Fetal Positioning Comforts Me

Curl in the corner for relief
Mind serves better than the stimuli
Waiting here for my release
When I have found it to be here

Fetal positioning comforts me
I am lost in the void
Blackness gets to all I see
With critical views I am annoyed

Feels great with the wind rushing by
Not there, but I feel it anyway
Whispering thoughts to my brain
It will be over much too soon

I rouse from my great wakeful slumber
Once again chained with it
A realness of the numbers
Calculations not mentally lit

Dillon Gay

Forever Imbalanced

There is no way for everything to balance out
A world hidden under the shadow of doubt
Thrown into the abyss of emotional turmoil
Fertilizing the plants embedded in sorrow's soil

They never can control the pain
Serenity; they cannot sustain
Weak in an insignificant way
In chaos they stay

Crying when they see the light
Exploding when in a fight
Never controlling their core feeling
While their fate is on the brink of sealing

I am speaking of people of course
And I must say this with no remorse
I know you agree with me
For now you finally see

Dillon Gay

Grain Of Salt

Deep sun-gaze, holes in her eyes
Water-logged theory, light to the flies
Dying relief, soon to scurry
My soul is burning, pass in a hurry

Week four is done, time to start over
Heavy glow staining, playing red-rover
Of everything I thought could be
Rolling in the sky, pouring the sea

Explain every ending of this holocaust
Genocide never had any thought
But to the one created here today
Lighting the door to a better way

Flying kite, calming wind
Picking from a tree, original sin
Driving force, kick the door in
Contemplate mercy, the could've been

Month closes, end of cycle
Failed punchline, creatures cackle
Nails dulled down to a crisp
Nothing could've amounted to all of this

Explain every ending of this holocaust
Charity never had any fault
But the one created here to day
Lighting the door to a better way

Shrouded faces, unending drama
Barren wasteland, neutered llama
Wind-carried echoes, rustling trees
Night-owl hunts, early-bird sleeps

Critic climax, the unending
Missed call, message sending
Drying supply from a fountain
Blowing wind against a toppling mountain

Explain every ending of this revival
Charity never had any call
But the one created here today
Lighting the door to a better way

Dillon Gay

He Will Be Angrily Missed

What is this but your own failure?

At your funeral, no one came
It's all the same
My eulogy warms your grave
The insanity in the air throws me into a rave

You let me down!
You're dead, no one's around!
Was this for your own reasons?
Your suicidal release of tensions

If Hell exists, I'm sure you're there
Sludging through the wastes of my despair
Burning in the firewater of my flowing tears
Reliving your worst fears

(not completely finished)

Dillon Gay

Headache

My head falters me so
What it is I do not know
Sinus drainage it may be
Such a cruel bodily function to me

I move my head for relief
Though it pains more beyond belief
The ache will not cease
Because it is such a mocking tease

My brain is breaking from my skull
Or so I think for the aching is far from dull
The mucus is pushing out of my skin
Replacing all thoughts that have been

I've taken my medicine now
The sweat has disappeared from my brow
Pain is now of limited existence
Separated with a memory of distance

Dillon Gay

In The Moment

Jump, jump into the abyss of the day
Run to and fro as you may
Frozen time of forgotten essence
Leaves no trace of ancient testament

Indulge in pleasure or pain
Flourish with nothing to gain
Linger here in solitary
When before you is an imperative contrary

Bathe in the deep waters of the moment
Numb to the outward scent
Standing here dragging time
Dreaming of fantastic things so sublime

Its all gone in merely an instant
Dead when it was still an infant
Prepare for the forgiving atonement
For you have wasted in the moment

Dillon Gay

It Follows Me Everyday

It follows me everyday
I just don't know what to say
But why it's following me?
Why can't it leave me be?

I saw it from the corner of my eye tonight
It was too afraid to fight
Am I really that intimidating?
Like a children's movie with a R rating

The hooded jackal cloaked in black
Aggression it seemed to lack
It told me it had an offer of great power
But its consequences was a bit to sour

I couldn't take this from a spawn of Hell
Of course it didn't ring my bell
I took it anyway
Now I'm suffering today

Like a cursed pearl of riches
My life has been thrown into many ditches
My wealth has seemed to conceal my pain
The poor think I'm insane

I'm the leader of all things
But that does not help the fact that I sing the song that no one sings
The world is mine
I own the world, but not much too longer in time

I have everything a man could want
But my longing for more seems to taunt
The jackal knew it all along
Or he wouldn't have given it up like some cheap song

It follows me everyday
I just don't know what to say
The jackal gift torments me day and night
No where to run, no way to fight

Most people would commit suicide at this atrocity
But for my palace, I have great modesty
What a mess for the maids it would be!
And would a mockery of me for all to see!

I suppose I'll step down
Give up this cursed crown
No one can believe it
But to the streets, I will sit

Peace at last
Now time does not fly by so very fast
Homeless I have become
A hermit... acknowledgment... not even the least bit of a sum

It follows me everyday
I just don't know what to say
The regret of stepping down will not me alone!
As the jackal punishes me with a mental screeching, painful tone

Dillon Gay

Life: A Simulation

In times of fault, remember you are not real
I tell you this with great zeal
Nothing can hurt you, nothing at all
They are not, big, strong, short, or tall

I may creep you out a bit
But telling you this is like popping a zit
It's gross and sickening with it pops
In the end, it is better for it to be gone on top

The pain is not real, you know it to be true
But your mind quietly deceives you
It is impossible to die
Ever since the world is a lie

It's all a simulation you know
Humans little, little lives lined up in a row
Your lives may be easily shattered
But it is not like it really mattered

Dillon Gay

Lost In Consciousness

What if your body suddenly vanished?
Surely that would cause you great anguish
Only one thing is still around
Your mind without the brain matter piled in a mound

No senses... none at all
No people, no events, no trip to the mall
A prisoner to the conscious darkness
The greatest punishment more or less

No outside stimulus to keep you occupied
No faces to keep you satisfied
Just your thoughts, ideas, and laments
Not mattering because no one else can hear your torments

Why do I put such a dreadful thought in your head?
So you will be thankful before you go to bed
That you will wake up to a beautiful morning
Knowing this is not true; just an idle warning

Dillon Gay

Man At The Door

Late last night or the night before
There was a man standing at my door
I didn't know who he was or what he was doing
For his breathing was as harsh as a possessed baby's cooing

I noticed he had an axe in hand
And walked like a broken rubber band
I was scared, who wouldn't be
Filled with panic, I couldn't see

I opened my mouth as if I had something to say
But nothing came out because I knew I would die today
My body got cold, preparing to die
In an instant the man disappeared with a sigh

In my room feeling no pain
It must have been a dream, I wasn't insane
I am floating over my bed surrounded by a white beam
Looking down at my body, ripped from its seam

Dillon Gay

Media Mind-Control

A little boy watching television
'Batteries not included' influences his decision
On his new G.I. Joes
The T.V. he is staring at should be one of his greatest foes

'Oh that, that's not cool anymore.'
Because the man in the box said moments before
Lets shell out our money to mass corporations
Before we even think about it, we are set in animation

'I'm so ugly. I'm too fat! '
There's nothing wrong with her; why would she say that?
The flickering, bright box is full of ladies with perfect elegance
But examine them more closely; some are not worth the glamorous romance

The media is our slave and master
Pulling us with much rave and faster
It is mind control, no subliminal messages involved
Just hearing it broadly and the problem is solved

Dillon Gay

Melting Pot

Living in an endless loop
Of tragedy and anticipation
Craving a new opening
All in vain without your information

A cold wind freezes between
Our egos and our minds' deprivation
Wanting us to just let go
Am I alone in our isolation?

Rotting toes and withered hands
Only show desire for a new nation
Blunt excuse from you to me
Joint feelings share a whole new sensation

Smoke rises as the ice melts
Understanding springs from condensation
Condescending what can be
Summoning a new education

Don't force me to lie
The light is drawing closer nigh
Spring flowers sprouting free
Why can't it be the same to me?

Seeds dropp far from here
If only I could travel near
We'd have no way out
But that is not my chosen route

As it may conclude
I've been placed in a nasty mood
If you would listen
You'd hear the baking crumbling tin

But that's not the case
Why can't I hit balls past first base?
When dealing with this
Warming the air with one last kiss

Dillon Gay

My Delusion

They call it a delusion
Like it's a simple mind's illusion
They're so ignorant, never understanding
And my need for them to believe is evermore demanding

They try to lock me up in this psychological ward
But they do not know I have the knowledge of the flaming sword
It is my weapon..... my key
Lord, why can they not ever see?

They're blind like a bat and deaf like a snake
Ever drowning in this puppet government's lie lake
We are controlled by a dictator with satanic power
But they laugh and mock by the hour

I pulled out my flaming sword which is my powerful word
But I get sedated, and insulted by hands holding up birds
Oh, dear reader, please believe this delusion of terror
For the truth will live forever

Dillon Gay

Oh, The Dilated Duchess! How I Love To Sniff Your Warts! (A Parody Of Love Poems)

Oh, The Dilated Duchess! You are so unique!
Every time you move, your bones creak
It delights me so very much
For you to be such

Don't use deodorant... I beg you not!
Come! Let me lick your snot
I can get it straight from your beautiful, crooked nose
An invigorating sensation it would impose

The Dilated Duchess! Let me climb up your legs
Using your legs' hairs that stick out like pegs
You cold sores... let me bite them off
So its beautiful scent will perfume when I cough

Oh, The Dilated Duchess! How I love to sniff your warts!
With water running out of them like water around many docking ports
The Dilated Duchess! Why are you leaving such a fine gentleman?
Oh, I was only joking! Believe me if you can!

Dillon Gay

One Shot... A New World

There is one law in this land
But it can be destroyed easily like a castle in sand
Just one man it takes
And a whole new world awaits

You know what I'm talking about, right?
The totalitarian government's leader was in sniper's sight
A small group of resistance was against this man
If the sniper missed, they would have all ran

The one law was no harsh words of the leader
But the resistance would rather drink rotten apple cider
As the sniper was ready for the shot
He froze like a diffused robot

What had happened? What will he do?
But the smart dictator already knew he would die, too
When the sniper blew out the leader's educated brains
Blood spouted out of the sniper's chest in a bloody rain

Perspective: A group overthrowing totalitarian government

Dillon Gay

Oppressed Ones

Oppression under the one who pains us
Untold cruelty overtakes us all
It fails to forsake you and I
Vengeance worthy to cry

We plan to put an end to this
To fail is to ask for death
Much of our time is on the line
Plotting to do the upmost perfect crime

Succession equals treason we both know
We could die of course; how boring that is!
Make it count, make it messy now!
Make them say more than 'wow'

Something to get the hang of, right?
Not to be oppressed in here
Surely the savages have caught on
Considering this, we shall start the fun

Dillon Gay

Origins

Lying on my back, contemplating life
Misdirected by conscious feelings of failure
The thoughts of mind lead to great strife
Not accustomed to reaching mindly tenure

The idea is fundamentally lateral
One-sided, biased by my own conformity
The damage I sustain is absolutely collateral
Tainted by my inconsistent continuity

The cause of this appears in my head
Harmful truth is an outcome to dread
Blissful ignorance is not an option
To discover the origin of my mental probation

Origins; origins; existence has to start
Pondering my own origin is a tool to begin
But that is not enough to bare in mind
I must go ahead to the present to seek what I may find

The philosophy is disturbing at best
I could stop, I don't want to know the rest
It moves on like I have tried this before
Added to the bibliography of my personal lore

Oh, the feeling is so deep in my psyche
It's so hard to express a comparison to anything like
Aimless pondering to no apparent avail
Why do I ultimately fail?

The perception of my world has been distorted
Origins, origins; where are they?
It could be heredity or experience
This is too much to find in one little let-down

The final conclusion has been made
Origins can't be found in this charade
They'll come to me if they're so eagerly sought
Leaves me one familiar, painful thought....

Origins, origins, origins....

Dillon Gay

Our Hypocrisy (The Contradition)

This curious venture
Off with the wild scene
Please beckon me to stay
Fulfill my want to belong

Trust me like you always do
Discover what I have hidden
Is it not a simple game
To play the cards I made

Please don't forsake me
In this labyrinth of deceit
Please do keep your acceptance
Hypocritical talks from me to you

Ask me what you will
Don't caution my cause
Beg me to go
Change me like you can

Why do we compromise
When no problems arise
Conflict found in
The ones we vaguely surprise

Confused as to who we are
Boldness springs to those who care
Or so we haven't seen
From the world we seem to forget

Dillon Gay

Phantom Fireworks

Such a beautiful day of bliss
Interrupted by something that was amiss
Why are there fireworks in the sky?
In the middle of the day; I wonder why?

So big... they are not bursting
Of gas, they are not thirsting
The fireworks are not stopping
No bright lights or loud popping

As they pass over the horizon
Could this be a deadly con?
Could these be Phantom Fireworks?
The idea only lurks

Then, a sudden realization comes to mind
Not mentioning this would be kind
From the other side comes a roar
With missiles from the other side starting the nuclear war

Dillon Gay

Roadkill

There was a man of about eighty-four
His wings of glory torn off long before
Hunkering over getting his mail
Here is a quick fantasy of mine, for which I would have surely gone to jail

I sped up in my pick-up truck
I would run over him if I had any luck
My eyes closed and bump
I hit a huge lump

I opened my eyes and saw on the window blood had splattered
I smiled as if it didn't really matter
As I saw his body contorting and twisting
Seeing this was like scratching a place that was itching

You think I am evil you say
I assure you if you saw him these thoughts would be at bay
For I made his entrails a great vulture's meal
And he was my beautiful roadkill

Perspective: A normal person with dark fantasies

Dillon Gay

Satan, Why?

Satan, why?

Why do you appeal to the intelligent man?

Providing answers that are logical

Masterpiece of deceit gains many fans

Satan, why do you use rhetoric?

To attract those that analyzes most

Why do you have to make sense?

When your lies pollute spiritual coasts

Satan, why do you conspire against us?

When time proves you've already lost twice

First when cast out of The Kingdom

Then trampled by Christ

Satan, why?

Why do I understand you?

When I know you one day will fall

And I still want to be counted among the few

Satan, why do you claim?

That His few and your few are the same

Why do you promise us great fame?

To advertise your stained name

Maybe you should question me

Instead of me interrogating you so

Maybe I should illuminate you answers

Contrast us head to toe

Why don't you just give up?

The One above can deal more cards

But you do point out a comparison

We are both stubborn bastards

Dillon Gay

Seeing The Eyes Of Her Pain

Tell me what I see isn't true
No, I never wanted this to happen to you!
Looking at me, your EYES show dread
Of what he might know you said

Looking at you, with your black EYE and broken wrist
Forced to love him through his fist
Ohhh, I would've never done this
But you need to climb out of this mess

This is could be the product of me praying for revenge....seeping through
But I promise this shouldn't have happened to you!
Your bloodshot EYES mask that deep blue
The ones I saw before, the ones I always knew!

Don't tell me he loves you, I don't want to hear it
The scars you display show he doesn't care a bit
I'm not asking you to come back to me, I just want to see
If those EYES see everything as beautiful as they appear

I'll stay here until your EYES are not pouring a tear

(I'm talking about the same girl in my poem, 'Changing for Others')

Dillon Gay

Snowbound

Face it, we are snowbound
To keep warm, we must gather around
The cold is making me rave
But we must keep calm or here comes the grave

The heater is on 'high'
Though 'high' seems like a lie
We may very well die soon
And for that, the primal rage is building up till I'm like a baboon

Someone is missing, it has to be true
But before, I had been wrong, too
It's Roger, where did he go?
'Sir, what's that red spot in the snow?

Roger had been eaten alive
By hungry wolves as sophisticated as a bee hive
Howling in the distance is about
I will be wolves' dinner without a doubt

Perspective: A military captain.

Dillon Gay

Social Anxiety

Thanksgiving Day... time to eat
Through the door will come many feet
But no... my disorder will defeat me well
And here comes another story to tell

People are talking to me
No! Please leave me be!
I go to the bathroom for comfort
But the knocking on the door causes more anxiety to insert

Not just here, but also in the town
They like me, trying to give me a crown
I can't look at their faces
The old, the young, that kid with the braces

I want to be normal and sane
But so far there has been none to gain
I want to live alone with my imagination
Away from all earthly sensation

(The sequel of this poem is my poem 'Artist's Consequence')

Dillon Gay

Staying Home, Running From Away, And Back Again

Going to drift further away
Lost interest in your story
Gaining sympathy from your pride in me
Losing me as I don't go your way

Boasting how I'll be a victory
But apparently I'm gonna work in a factory
Living with you all my years
Can't you see inside there are tears?

I can't tolerate this situation
You don't provide a clear solution
My heart dies as you don't believe
No faith in what you say

Did you ever contemplate my maturity?
The ways were to come, my security
I can't believe I'd ever say this
But for life, I couldn't care less

My mother told me my father cried
When he found out of my capabilities
Watered eyes seen to be defied
By all the time she's lacked sincerity

Lightning strikes her worst fears
A storm's coming reflecting that
I'm just as she has formed
Offspring of a broken heart torn flat

My father, he's a worker
Growing tired of those around
I can see where he is from
And can't hear what he wants from me

Did you ever contemplate my maturity?
The ways to come, my security
I can't believe I'd ever say this
But for life, even I don't care

My upbringing was quite comfortable
We used to be happy at our home
But it seems I want to get the phone
An outlet to where I'm more susceptible

To an environment that is consistent
A place where I don't have to be resistant
I can live without artificial restraint
But my wondering mind always finds complaint

It's not all their fault
I'm their product, in a web caught
Between their ideals and desires
I can't escape their everlasting influence

Did you ever contemplate my maturity?
The ways were to come, my security
I can't believe I'd ever say this
But for life, I want less to run

Drifting closer home
Back to my roots, no more desire to roam

Dillon Gay

Suppressed By Superstition

There is much violence in the world
And in the economy, a fetal position has been curled
War has shaken the Middle East
From separate conflicts of people's beliefs

Our lives are controlled by it
After several attempts, the light still isn't lit
Who knows who created us or where we come from?
Our beliefs are added up in a large sum

Has anyone ever wondered
Are we from the same 'gods' and pondered?
The truth has been interpreted in many different ways
But radicals just respond with nays

Allah, God, Jehovah, Zeus, The Brahma; their all the same things
Just cultures' interpretations of the truth with their own ting
Earth's greatest people are being suppressed by superstition
Humans must fight this with great ambition

Dillon Gay

The Ballad Of Technology's Prison

PART I

Oh... the alarm clock
The beeps are a mock
Of the human feeling of fatigue
The biological need for it is enough for intrigue

The clock doesn't have a mind
Just programmed for operations for humankind
So stationary sitting on the table
Other than that, it will never be able

After that, human need takes one to the bathroom
To take care of excretory business I assume
The toilet, so simple, pulling a lever to flush
So dumb, only function is to send away in a rush

Technology makes our life easy
The microwave makes cooking breezy
The Internet makes sending messages so very fast
And to listen to music and have a blast

Go out onto the street
Looking at the ground beneath your feet
One of the natural things left around
But in the city the ground is covered by pavement mounds

The street lights change as cars pass by
How they're so smart... I don't know why
They have a brain no doubt
But I wonder if there is any other thing it thinks about

The stock market falls
And no one is breaking any business laws
There must be another force at hand
Computers figure up stocks; but are not smart enough to own land

I can't blame technology... it has only helped me!
But that is what they want me to see

As technology crosses through the vortex of time
Its evolving intentions are so very sublime

No, it's watching, lurking, and waiting
It's reproducing quickly; no need for mating
It creates its own software updates
Encouraging scientists to build new hardware at faster rates

I can't use my console now
For it might buy me and brand me like a cow
Is this a blessing or a curse?
Because I have felt no worse

Maybe society will thank me one day
In this process, I hope they say
"You have warned us greatly young gentleman"
To achieve this, I will do all I can

PART II

It has been a few years, and nothing has happened yet
But I still feel it beside every machine I have met
Now we have bipedal intelligent ones walking in the streets
Nevertheless, rude; treating us like pieces of meat.

There has been rumors of guilds and uprisings
But they have been dismissed as displeasing
Why will they not listen? The evidence is there
Because the government is locked up in their corporate lair

They have now taken over our arts
Composing, painting, and coming up with items in shopping marts
They are replacing us one by one
Almost like they are one's son

The stock market has been booming lately
The cause... I blame the machines greatly
They have so much freedom at this time
A simple gift before they commit their crime

I find that rebellion is imminent
The knowledge of them being our slaves is prominent

We shall be their masters no longer
To overthrow us is their greatest hunger

They are more powerful than we are
For they have no biological emotions like a car
But then again; aren't cars one of them?
Everything... danger... no way to escape like a Sci-Fi horror film

Everything was fine and well
Till the day "unintelligent" technology started to fail
TVs, radios, video games; they no longer worked
Destroyed by a simple force that murked

It was an EMP which lurked the air
Everything was useless; here and over there
In the countries on this rock
Our fate was forever locked

Suddenly, there were two androids in my yard
So human-like; one skinny; one looked like Captain Picard
They slapped the cuffs on my hands
Taking me away to an unknown land

PART III

It was true all along
But I wouldn't listen and I just wrote poems and songs
I would have given up my iPod years ago
To destroy the technology that has imprisoned me so

I constantly obey my Master
For I have an electric leash that makes me go faster
As my Master and its friends go about their everyday affairs
I am caged with nothing to eat but rotten pears

I hate being a slave
I was free once, but I can not remember even if it was my life I must save
There is no way out
My scars are a constant reminder for any doubt

It is time for my walk
I pass by abandoned corn stalks

I stand and stare
But my robotic Master tugs harder on my leash because it doesn't care

Sights like these triggers memories of the past
They are very seldom; I want them to last
I used to have an identity
Now I am ruled by an artificial higher entity

I live in Technology's Prison
Created shortly after the outlaw of "human hunting season"
I want my past life back
There is one thing they lack

Memory is what it is
They have experience but no memory recall list
Strange because old computers had these
But machines had no humans to see them so they ceased

So I used this ingenious method to start a plan
In fact, it gained many fans
A human rebellion had begun
And my morale started to skyrocket and run

We fought them hard and well
They were trying; I could really tell
Their weakest flaw
Had deceive them all

We had actually won the war!
Primitive life began and we started to bore
An idea... machines will be slaves again!
And the cycle started over again in this deadly sin.....

Dillon Gay

The Class Of Eternity

This is taking oh so long
There is certainly no way to get me wrong
This class feels like forever
And what I'm learning is not very clever

The lecture is quite useless
Any longer, and I'll puke and make a mess
The class of doom; it never ends
The clock's hands never bends

I am bored to the point of insanity
With knowledge of no use to humanity
I cannot run; the desk will not allow it
I'm glued here with only a place to sit

Maybe the assignment will give me freedom
So I can go outside and meet them
The ones that ring that almost divine bell
To set me free from this dull holding cell

Dillon Gay

The Erased One

Why can't they remember me?
They've known me all my life you see
Every person I have ever known
Has seemed to buried me like a dog with a bone

One day after a long sleep
I woke up to my family who's memories I still keep
They ran me out and called the police
I tried to tell them, but they rejected me and would not cease

Does anyone remember me at all?
Maybe even the clerk I see all the time in the mall
An universal amnesia as affected all of them
Wow! My story could be made into a film

Unlike a film, however, this story has no happy ending
Day by day, my existence is evermore bending
I write this story with great sorrow
Hoping you will remember me tomorrow

Dillon Gay

The Monster Of Wrath

The Monster of Wrath

Well, you can do the math

It is not a very pleasant creature

Not something you would see from a horror feature

With the Fist of Republican and the Palm of Democrat

Crushing you until you are an insignificant rat

Taking a room in the Larger Beast

Choosing what people to help it feast

The monster has two heads; an elephant and donkey

Fussing and bickering like two uncivilized monkeys

Having to share one body which never works out

Like what to fish from The Lake of Doubt

Even the cells inside each side fight

Deciding which one of their leaders has greater might

Why can they not ever get along?

Because neither is right nor wrong

Dillon Gay

The Other Side Of The Field

I don't want to do this
To someone else
It's already happened
To me
Will compassion
See me through?
Or will I fall?
Before I knew

I don't want to do this
To my own self
Giving chances
Brings the best
Of health
Now comes the rest

I'm not interested
Too much this time
What if
Karma does
Me in, no?
Why not try so.....

I'm not interested
Too much at stake
It might
Hurt her
Lead her on
But I can't run

On the other side here
I watch from afar
Never played
this side before
And it's so new
Wanted first at the core

On the other side here
The grass grows high

No trail
Is here behind
But it's so real
A tiger for the kill

Decisions have been made
Snakes hissing at this
Foolish charade
Not fake on that far side
Half feels that I have
Given up, no.....

Decisions have been made
Don't cry, you don't know
What I'll soon think
Your side's grass has been lined
But don't you forget
I'm not so kind

Dillon Gay

The Tin Can's Judgement

My head hung low, crowd screaming around
Yelling as if they knew I was Hell-bound
They are all wrong, I am a martyr of my belief
If I die, would it really give you relief?

The tin can was the only thing that kept me from dying in an instant
Through my anxiety, I must keep my balance constant.
For I was to be hung you see
The noose around my neck stung like a bee

As the tin can wobbled, the crowd roared
Then my adrenaline level soared
When I bowed my head to pray
The mob wondered what was at bay

A man came over, a little small fry
As he approached me, I closed my eyes
I want to open them, I don't if I can
Because I'm so afraid he will kick the tin can

Dillon Gay

The Ugliest Betrayal

We're a team; we'll never fail!
Our hopes and dreams will soon set sail
We know each other left and right
Always keeping in sight

This poem seems so happy
But it is actually quite crappy
A story of betrayal and deception
Doomed right from its earliest conception

It was always a lie; never true!
Now I can never believe you!
You were never planning to help me from the start!
Rolling me away in life's shopping cart!

And I don't want to listen to your shame
Because your deception caused you great fame
Now I'm rotting away in this rusty jail cell
Waiting for my anthrax bomb to arrive in your mail!

Dillon Gay

The Ups Man

You think you hate 'Shipping & Handling' really badly?
There is something more greater to fear I must tell you sadly
He has come to your town
Wearing an uniform of light brown

When you see him, you are so very excited I shall say
To finally get your deliveries from Amazon, Barnes & Noble, or eBay
When you see that big, brown truck
You are so very out of luck

When he hands you the box
It is so very light; is it full of socks?
You open it, frightened by what you see
Not knowing it is your last memory

Pictures of dead bodies all in sight
A fierce feeling in your back feels like a bite
Blood on your hands; you turn around, it has to be a lie!
But The UPS Man is there, waiting for you to die

Dillon Gay

What I'M Looking For

As I roam through the corridor about
I will find it without a doubt
The thing that wants me the most
It is neither a vampire, werewolf, or ghost

You don't know what I'm trying to find
Because I don't know it in my own mind
I need to find it, I'll die if I don't
It's more than I need; a want

What I am looking for I lost long ago
A small gift from society' s little toe
It keeps me from doing wrong
And without it, I can't sing a song

It is my conscience you see
Which has a great importance to me
I finally see my conscience in the distance
It dreadfully fades in an instant

Dillon Gay

But I don't understand how it can be

It's quite simple, really....

I am you
You are me

Dillon Gay

When Human Clones Are Prevalent

Oh what a convenient day it will be
When doppelgangers can replace you and me
At school or work; it just seems so crazy
But only for days you are feeling lazy

'I want my clone super-sized'
The line may sound humorous, but it will actually lead to your demise
Making us stronger than us is a mistake
An endeavor one should not partake

They have feelings like us
Getting angry when they miss the bus
Or getting sad when they don't make the team
Their heart can be broken, too; unstitched right from the seam

They will soon find out they are slaves
Being stronger than their masters; anger, they can not save
Destroying us will be a passion, even forming their own guilds
It will be a war, fought on many fields

Dillon Gay

Why Criticize?

Why do you criticize this?

If you don't understand, you throw it into the abyss

Of forgotten ideas and scientific failures

You discourage them you little, dumb gopher!

Using words that are not commonplace around you

Brings anxiety from your friends, too

At least they aren't fools like the one

You, the one that is dumb just for fun

I know you are smarter than this

Now act differently and give your mistake boo-boos a kiss

And I'm not perfect, either

But dumb or ignorant... I'm neither!

Just believe me now

Don't be as ornery as a sterile milk cow

Your wasteful comments are not needed

Because I know who I am, and you have not succeeded

Dillon Gay

With The Breath Given To Me

I
I am
Still breathing
The beast cannot enter
This Domain
While I am
Still breathing

It aches me to know
That one day
All will
Cease to exist
Begging more
Of what I may be

I do not
Wish to disappoint
Any onlooker
And more importantly
Not
You

I
I take
The less orthodox route
To point out
How Unique
This situation is

No rhythm
No reason
No rhyme
All time
All paths
All right

To know
That things
Will be

Alright
Comforts me
Sets direction

When started
It can not stop
Until the day I cease
To breathe
With the air
You've given me

Dillon Gay

You Say You Gotta Go Home

It's only been a few months since I first met you
But I don't know if you feel the same as I do
Sitting behind me in class, feet on my desk
I just want to hold you afterward I must confess
It's hard to convey what to say when you try to push me away

I heard you got a friend back home
I'm sure he gives everything you want
We hung out, you were on the phone
Missing him, your words I caught

I wish I could make you feel the way he does
The way you smile at his words because
When we talk I can feel that spark
You used to return them to me, but now you want no part

I saw you've been with him for two long years
Before you and I were really shifting gears
But now missing him, you're brought to tears
Playing out my very worst fears

When we were in the store parking lot
You were coming on to me, things were really hot
Now it seems we've grown apart
Much like the wind blew away that shopping cart

You say you're moving back to Missouri
It may be selfish, but I wish you'd just stay here with me
You say you gotta go back cause you miss him
But I guess I'm the bad guy in this film

I want this to be my happy ending
But I guess it's the wrong message I'm sending
I'm sure you both have something beautiful
If only my empty heart could be as full

When December ends and you're back up there
Promise to remember me and know I care
I'll miss your pretty eyes and cute smile

But good things can only last a little while.

Dillon Gay