

Poetry Series

dillon Lowery
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

dillon Lowery(02-24-1997)

i have a locker at boring mpms. i hate mpms. i love cms. but the world is against me so i am ok with it

Bored

it takes you life and pours it out
it drains you of every thing fun
every thing good it takes it away
the feeling of joy it stolen and hidden
for you are to tired to get it
you have nothing to do
nothing seems fun any more
nothing seem good or pure
it it seems still

yes still
still as the cloudless starless night
but as the boredom starts to die down you
feel crazy
crazy as a mad man that has been hot and
thirsty for day on end
you go wild and then silence
there it is your wild mix of emotions
but finally there goes your boredom

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Confused

The more things that go wrong
The more blood I shed
The pain feels better
My problems die down

I am so confused
About my life
Who has the answers
Who ever does give them to

ME!

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Death Do Us Part

Death do us part
It takes are friends
And our foes
No one knows there
Time
We just have to go with
The flow
When we die is when we die

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Eyes Of The Shadows

the eyes waiting my every move every breathe i take is watched by those eyes

they have been watching me for days the eyes they follow me they haunt me
why must they follow me

i have tried to get them to go away but the presents ofthe eyes will not go they
want me to be scared but why

what have i done to desevre this punishment i have been good all my life and
now now i am cursed

every place i go there is a presents of a life that once was lived but now it is a
unpassing presents that has been rejected from heaven and hell

now it lurks in the shadows it follows me waiting for the time the time to attack
and live again inside my body but no no way is it going to take over my body it is
mine and that it shall stay

but wait the eyes have gone but where to i have had sleep and the sleep feels
like death because i want to sleep forever

but instead of sleeping forever i am awakin by a feeling a feeling of beingwatch
but not from far away it is from righton top of me

as soon as i moved it came to i tried to escape but the eyes they follow i tried
every thingbut still the eyes where there so i decided

let go just let it take you and this will all be over so i stopped andthe eyes came
to me then slowly crepy into my body as soonas the eyes where in i felt better

the eyes the are my life they are my footsteps they are my god

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Glitz And Glamour Gone Wrong

land of lights and land of dreams
are just some picture in a magazine
they show the good not the bad
they make you feel poor and weak you can say but sometimes life is just that
way

life is good life is bad but how far will you go for glitz and glamour it is good but
it gets worse all the people all the follower you dont want to let them down

there face gets said you feel bad then you cant take it any longer and then
there goes your life in just one shot your soul is gone and your fans are sad so
get used to it a stay your just normal self

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Heart Of Truth

the heart in all of us may not show the true colors but show the fake blend of lies
you live

your heart is hiding for you do not know what lies around the corner of fear and
regret

what's the worst that could happen but wait what does your colors show of your
self

does it show love and compassion or does it show hatred and Lies.

i have seen both sides of me it is tearing me a part the lies the threats the
deaths

O yes the dreadful death itself how it takes the life of people near and dear it
takes them and passes them on to the lighter side

but your true colors have that hidden in your veins your unthinkable thought of
killing

you don't show your true colors because your colors are faded they have no luck
you can't use them because it will make the picture worse

for you are a murderer your true colors hide the blood stained knife the burned
body and the live the life you took it holds the key to the mystery

you thought that it was hidden away but then it was unlocked the truth is coming
out you can not take the pressure off the death the death of the innocent

it kills you inside and out tearing you every last which way until you are nothing
more than grain a grain of sand that has been hid under all the others.

but now you have surfaced and know the truth has been let out let out into
the world now you hear the knock on your door

but then BOOM i can't be held against my will if i am not here to be held
against it

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Imperfect Person

we come to love not
by finding a perfect
person but by learning
to see an imperfect
person perfectly

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Life Fades To Black

life started good then came the day
when gangs and thugs killed and
took the lives of people for pay
didn't care just cut and cleared
if didn't die then they were stuck
with FEAR

life fades to black then
there life has changed for
years to come they seek revenge
when they get it they ask them self

WAS IT REALLY WORTH IT?
some say yes the rest say no
people try to find the answer
but then there time is up
there life has faded away

soon it will be over then
they will say i hate my life
there life
fades to black and it hurts to say

'its my time i hated my life so its my time
to go i hate my life of knives and guns just to get revenge but
it doesn't matter so.....'

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Midnight Suicde

the bells rang as midnight struck
it was cold and dark and no one was out

but for ME i wondered the streets on that cold winters night the cold bit at my
nose and the chill of the calling winds nipped at my nose

people might ask why i am out here walking in the spine chilling cold and all i will
reply is

i'm getting away

away from wat away from life away from your past or just away from the future

how could it be my future some mine also ask well that is the thing of my past
what is he insane they say is he special

NO i am getting away from life
how are you supposed to get away from life life its self has its grip on you and
you can not get away with out help on your own

i keep walking and my future is near it is the bridge i just egde close to the egde
then

JUMP!

dillon Lowery

Save Me

I'am lost
Can't find my way
Should I follow the light
Or keep put

I hear the voices
There calling me
what should I do
I know the answer

I think it's my time to go

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Waiting For You

I sat here waiting for you
The clock just ticked
Second by second
Minute by minute
My heart started to fade

I waited no longer
so when i got home
I walked to the kitchen
tried you on you're phone
no one answered so I hung it up

I opened the knife cabinet
and pulled out a knife
i cut my arm
Once then twice
you broke my heart

so i cut my skin
now i never want to see
You again

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Who Cares?

Death and gore
Is not good
Just liike when
You're broke and poor

Someones crying for
Help
But you just ignore
While they shout and yelp

Some ones missing
They been found
But they are lying on the ground
Because you're a little to late

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