

Poetry Series

**Dion Skinner**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

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

## Dion Skinner(8-13-92)

Music is my wife, poetry my mistress.

## August 30th

With time against my side I sigh goodbye  
No more salads in the Garden state  
Onward to the westside sunny Cali  
Where the beginning of my future awaits

First day blinding visions, smog fells the air  
Thursday watched a movie starring Brad Pitt  
Thirdday made a friend named Richie Rich  
Saturday, Sat all day, flicking white bics

Sleep walking through most of reality  
Saddens me, crafty became more drastic  
No tragedy, look back at a comedy  
Geab a coke to enjoy a new classic

And when the day i grow jurassic  
My words become metaphorically plastic

Dion Skinner

# Blue Dreams

Can turn red as fire, solid to smoke  
My heart Bitter, she is a cure for the hurt  
Breathe in her essence, power to the throat  
Wish I can serve her, but I only conserve

She represents green, not tainted money  
It cost to be around, painful delight  
Can make your world bright, happy and funny  
To much time with her, feelings get hungry

Ornge, Purple, or White, wears them all right  
Spend time with her, habits form beware  
report back, she's like a snack day or night  
Vaporize her soul, add matches to hair

This letter for you, where ever you are  
As long i'm in Cali, your never fare

Dion Skinner

# Dear Grandma

Dear Grandma: I've grown stronger wiser too  
My move to Cali have made me happy  
I remember the last time I seen you  
You were making me smile with spaghetti

Flash back, episodes of old Big Brother  
Watching 'IT' opposed to reading the book  
Spending summer nights eating home made dinners  
Love the fact that your a exultant cook

Miss you a lot, Cali not the same  
I use the book you bought me to this day  
Writting sonnets about memory's and rain  
That's the reason my poems sound this way

From hiding evil dolls from my young eyes  
I miss you from sunset to moon rise.

Dion Skinner

# Painted Lady

Broken wings notice you fluttering by  
In my world you landed, beautiful kind  
For our bound, I will fill any size lie  
Elevate my spirit, pure my mind

Painted lady has more eyes off her face  
Saved you from the earth, sweet nectar like pie  
No shoes on her feet, but still face, great taste  
Memory's of us, dream thoughts keep me high

Elegant theme, I've slept with a butterfly  
See happiness in each verse, and rhyme  
Now I ask why, tears of past make me cry  
Wish to reverse time, sadness in each lime

True crime, or maybe just an act of fate  
Only time can heal these wounds I create.

Dion Skinner

# Sound

The muse to my existence, gem of souls  
For even before birth it's by our side  
Give meaning to the roads, story's untold  
From mothers heart beat, to fathers long sigh

Time and appreciation is the toll  
A ice cream scream, catch me off guard I fall  
World with out sound, is parallel to cold  
Back to my headphones, I ignore you all

Muffled lies, from children playing outside  
Tainted noise ooze through thin walls and it crawls  
Learn how to listen, just don't start to cry  
Busted ear drums on the road by the mall

The end of this inner thought becomes clear  
Without sound what I found wouldn't be here

Dion Skinner

# The Change

Left from which I came, From summer past spring  
Concepts has changed like I've gain a new brain  
A Leo in love with fame and the change  
The type that poisons the sweetest of dames

My body has gain, life lessons from pain  
It cuts itself, like the knife and the lame  
Try to be elegant mimmic the crane  
For beauty can not be easily tamed

No I.D just the reverse of my name  
I'm not unique, society to blame  
Poets are not normal, truly insane  
From Monday to Sunday, sun to the rain

Out my old state, the ticket here's the train  
If you want change, rearrange your membrane

Dion Skinner

# When Im Lonely

When I'm lonely  
I'm NEVER ALONE  
I'm surrounded by people  
That is not my own

When I'm lonely  
I'm ENCLOSED IN HATE  
The madness in my mind  
Over takes

When I'm lonely  
I have people around me  
MAKING ME FELL  
Like I'm just a boundary

For ever in the shadows  
Of all the smiling faces  
Of this world

I sit at home  
Screaming at the world  
For casting me in its veil

When I'm lonely I shout out in SPITE  
Why do I have to be lonely  
Is there no one that's my own

When I'm lonely  
I imagine a valley  
No life in sight  
Just me being lonely

When I'm lonely  
I close my eyes  
I hope to wake up  
To a surprise

I hope to find  
Some one whose

Not lonely to guide me

I go insane  
Being alone for so long  
It affects your thoughts

When I'm lonely  
I can not think  
My thoughts are gone  
It's like my mind is not in sync

When I'm lonely  
I Put on a smile  
Fooling the world

Dion Skinner