

Poetry Series

Donnie Wolff
- poems -

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Donnie Wolff()

2 Again

2 again

2 pretend.

2 day

2 pray.

2 morrow

2 borrow.

2 night

2 fight.

4 me

4 you

4 us.

4 going

4 staying

4 praying

4 telling,

that 4 plus 2 much

equals 6.

And six, despite a word

is no more than a number.

And four minus two,

only equals

2 again.

Donnie Wolff

Because The Rain

I hear the rain,

and your voice sound.

I feel the thunder,

And your heart pound.

With a tear I pray,

in a sky still blue.

Because the rain,

reminds me of you.

Donnie Wolff

Black Pearls And A Borrowed Verse

An Irish rose of red,
And I, the color blue.
By yourself..
You are one.
Together..
We are too.
Only once seen..
In these blue eyes mine.
The moment now,
Is of another time.
Of oceans gleam,
And grass so green.
Old Ireland.
Land of our kind.
There is no crush.
Nor do I like you.
Though love asked?
I already do.

Donnie Wolff

Black Talon And Blue Ink

I can breathe in your memory,
If you'll let me.
My memory..
Is of suffocation.
Death by strangulation.
Daily.
To die or to die.
And you know..
As I write this out loud
My voice cracks,
Softens and hurts.
But I can breathe,
In your memory
If you'll never forget me.
Please pray for me..
As I write in black ink
This poem of you,
That I gather the courage
To write only in blue.
For in black ink
I always think
Deep poetic thoughts.
Immortal,
I live forever.
In blue ink
I always think,
I'd eat a bullet
If it tasted better.

Donnie Wolff

Crush

Me and you, can never be us.
Just a memory of what never was.

Donnie Wolff

Dream

She's like me.
Beautifully aggressive,
Yet poetic,
Romantic,
Electric,
In absoluteness.
She is energy.
In beauty to give
Kinetic,
Magnetic,
In dance of an imaginary kiss.
She is light,
She is pain,
She is sun,
And the rain.
She is the moment,
So true.
In every word spoken
That I have written,
She herself...
Could have written
Too.

Donnie Wolff

Fyi

You remind me of misery.

The misery of want

The misery of need

The misery of love.

The misery of not having you,

yet I do.

The pain is sweet to my lips

even as I kiss you.

The hurt of this desire

is pain to my body

yet it moves me.

Your eyes weaken my soul

yet they strengthen me.

Your words are those of suffocation

to my breath

and heaviness to my chest.

Yet I inhale,

with pure want

pure need

and pure misery.

That of which

you remind me.

Donnie Wolff

Ghost

I once knew an Angel,
her name was a kiss.
Her life was forever,
forever I miss.

Donnie Wolff

Guest Room

I have already touched you.

Felt your fingertips.

Touched your mouth,

Tasted your lips.

Moved your hair,

Kissed your neck.

Touched your arms,

And the small of your back.

Touched your legs,

And held your hips.

Felt you sweat,

And tighten your grip.

Felt you move,

And heard you breathe.

The faster you moved,

The harder I squeeze.

Into your sigh of relief,

And the shake of your knees

The after look in your eyes,

And the smoke, that I breathe.

Donnie Wolff

Hope.

Only you in my eyes,

do my eyes see.

Only your love,

to my life

to ever be.

Only your heart,

in my heart

does my heartbeat.

Only your lips,

to my touch

to ever meet.

.

Donnie Wolff

I Lie For No Reason

The Reason I leave
is not shortness of breath,
but rather I cannot breathe.
And if I cannot breathe,
how then shall I live.?
And if I shall not live,
then these words are empty
and meaningless
as my own heart.
Rather my own heart
and not shortness of breath,
is truly my loss of life
and cannot breathe.
Yet still,
poetically I deceive.
Rather my only reason,
is no reason.
And thats the reason I leave

Donnie Wolff

Masokiss

Your eyes,

Your eyes they lie.

Inside of you is something,

So beautiful

So misunderstood,

Even by you.

But you are more than her.

Almost magnetic,

I can feel it.

My chest and my throat.

And looking into your beautiful lies,

I can see your truth.

Hair pushed behind your ear,

Kissed softly

Through your fear.

Lip bitten,

To release that tear.

Though bleed we may,

It is not pain we feel.

But the beauty of life,

And the poetry of real.

Donnie Wolff

No Lemon

Your eyes as the loss of ill timed fate.

Your voice as the soft sensual heartbreak.

Your tears as the time of have never been.

Your smile as the thought I think to see again.

Your hands as untouched as your soul appears to be.

I think your beautiful and amazing...

could I have a large ice tea.

Donnie Wolff

Of Perfume And Hollow- Points

Its true,

that with you I could have love.

But one thing I will have never,

is forever.

It is not appointed to me.

To retain, to remain.

I am entitled only to your taste.

To your minimal touch.

To your reality,

I am just a memory.

A ghost

of which I live with many.

Donnie Wolff

Once Again

When you want to wake up,

what does it take?

Do you, drink some coffee

but desire a stake?

When you want to sleep

what does it take?

Do you, count some sheep

with a McNyquil shake?

When you can't stop thinking of her

do you, call up another

as you begin to slur?

When you call out to God

answer me now!

Do you, get a busy signal

and try back tomorrow?

When you finally realize

this is the end

Do you, sit back and just pretend,

that someday you'll hold her once again?

Do you,

Do you do what I do?

Donnie Wolff

Perfection

Sometimes,

It's what you cannot say.

Cannot write.

Cannot bring those words together,

That make the most sense.

Perhaps the mind,

In it's depth

Waits for perfection.

So what you say,

When you finally say it.

When you finally write it.

Will make no sense.

Until perfection herself reads it.

And knows,

That these words

Were written just for her.

Though she doesn't even know you,

She knows it's you.

You,

who has written perfection

Just for her.

Donnie Wolff

Purple

My favorite color is blue,

because it reminds me of me

which reminds me of you.

My favorite color is red,

because it reminds me of now

and reminds me of then.

Reminds me your voice,

and the first time you said...

My favorite color is me

because it reminds me of blue,

and the coconut trees

and the mornings spent with you.

My favorite color is you,

because it reminds of red.

Reminds me your lips,

and your voice in my head.

The time that we were,

and the time that we had.

The first time we met,

And the last time you said...

Donnie Wolff

Silencio

You ask my words,

though I have none.

Only this that has begun

it is without words.

It is with silence

inside of me

that your lips,

your voice,

your taste,

and your touch.

Your very being.

They are multiplied,

in every morning that I wake.

And even these words,

that I write now

are not really words at all.

Rather they are my silence

echoed from inside

and spoken onto paper.

Donnie Wolff

Silver Of Gold

Love lost,
Love gained,
all the same.

Emotionally,
Makes for great poetry.
Love lost,
Creates poetry
As deep as the cuts inflicted into your soul.
Though the same..
Love gained,
Creates poetry
As deep as the depth of her soul.
Making the similarity,
Of love lost
and love gained,
So different..
They are the same.

Donnie Wolff

Sugar Free

To write this,

Is to do what i avoid.

To make eye contact longer,

Than myself looking down.

Or our conversation,

Of a silence

More than a sound.

Ive got to put you in my mind,

For these few words to say.

You..

Are absolutely,

Beautiful.

Donnie Wolff

That Which Occupies Space

Open black notebook,

Page doesn't matter.

Only paper.

It's paper I flatter.

My honesty in words,

Never known.

Once, twice, reviewed

Maybe more.

It doesn't matter.

It's just paper,

Pen,

Ink,

Mind of mine, mind of many.

And in this mind,

This paper,

This pen,

And this ink..

In this open black notebook

Where the only matter

That matters is the physical matter.

Of my black notebook,

Of this paper,

Of this pen,

And of this ink.

In order to write something

That doesn't even matter.

Of course..

There are those few times,

That to another

It's the only thing that matters.

Donnie Wolff

The Pen And The Sword In Accord

That momentary glance

even more so,

of an orchid or a rose.

A beauty and a serenity

unwritten,

into sweeping motion

of thought,

and appreciation.

A direct attention,

to the pen.

And to the reader know

life and the beautification,

of their own reality.

Into that deep stare.

Glare,

violent change even to my soul.

To target their depravity

Unyielding

in sweeping motion

of attack and annihilation.

A direct action,

to the sword.

And to the enemy know

forced will and accepting,

of his own mortality.

Donnie Wolff

The Reason I Left

I felt you,
The moment I saw you.
I knew you,
The overwhelming feeling
I felt inside you.
I could feel your pain
I could see your tears,
Though you smiled
I felt your fear.
I knew it was you,
I was meant to know.
Though so real,
Fate so cruel.
So I write,
So I don't feel.
The pain in my soul,
To know you exist...
Only to never know...
What at the same time,
I do
Know,
You.

Donnie Wolff

Titled In Words Below

I love you..
Even as the water does flow,
Always knowing its way.
I love you..
As the sun loves its light,
And the moon its reflection.
I love you..
As time does go,
Becoming memories
Yet only we know.
I love you..
More than those three words say.
So I wrote it out,
For you
Today.

Donnie Wolff