

Poetry Series

Jacob Bradshaw
- poems -

Publication Date:
2006

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

Jacob Bradshaw(12/09/84)

Anything For Everything

You may call me a fool, but that is only because I am foolishly in Love,
You may call me dumb, but that is only because I am dumfounded by her
majesty,
You may call me stupid, but that is only because I am stupefied by her charm,
You may call me ignorant, but that is only because I am blinded by her beauty,
You may call me anything, because to me, she is almost everything.

Jacob Bradshaw

Apathy

A day, an apathetic existence, a powerful pain,
A day, in the life that is not my own, control fought for,
A day, a heart tearing day, openly bleeding,
A day, where tears fall, where pain is evident,
A day, an existence, hoping for more,
Getting less.

Jacob Bradshaw

Existence

Love alters our dry brief existence,
While toward eternity we run,
We live hours, days, weeks, centuries.
Love ever festers, bearing scorn,
We surmise to persevere,
And yet, we live on.

Jacob Bradshaw

Mind's Eye

The past is in His mind eye, □
Never to be forsaken,
Never to be forgotten,
The present is in is his palms,
Always guided,
Always nurtured,
The future is on his tongue,
Ready to be spoken,
Ready to be fulfilled,
The people he has chosen,
He loves forever,
He cherishes as his own.

Jacob Bradshaw

Moment Of Time

As the sun shines, the water glistens,
As the wind blows, the trees rustle,
As the sun sets, the sky burns,
We walk, enjoying,
We laugh, reveling,
We exist, together for a moment of time.

Jacob Bradshaw

Old And Young

And they are there, old and young, dancing side by side,
And they are there, young as old, dancing for a while,
And they are there, old as young, dancing for the first time,
The young, they teach,
The old, they learn,
They dance, they move they glide,
The old, they teach,
The young, they learn,
The old as their guide,
The old, in dance,
The young, in love,
The others as their guide.

Jacob Bradshaw

She Is

My heart beats, pulsing in this ribcage which barely contains it,
My breath catches, caught in the throat that has tightened,
My speech ceases, for in her presence words lose their very meaning,
Her words cause my heart to beat faster,
Her beauty steals my very breath away,
Her very presence robs me of my capacities,
For she is enthralling, captivating, astounding, astonishing,
And what is more, she I mine.

Jacob Bradshaw

The Crucifix

Carelessly he moves,
Careening on,
Candidly speaking,
Confessing his soul.
Caressing his talisman, a
Cross, a
Crucifix, he
Can't let go, he
Can only,
Cry out, screaming,
Craving that which
Consumes him,
Craving, desiring,
Constantly in torture,
Constantly in pain,
Caring, but not.

Jacob Bradshaw

The Dawn

Dawn breaks and the sky awakens,
And like the night,
My fears and worries are taken,
Nothing left but peace and love,
Sent down by Him above,
With grace he forgives,
By his Son we live,
And then I know,
There is nowhere left to go,
But into his arms,
And it is there that the night seems far,
And the light lasts long.

Jacob Bradshaw

The Shoreline

Waiting at the shoreline,
For something to appear,
I have reason to believe,
In fact I know your near.
The smell of you wafts on the wind,
Your taste floats through the air,
I long to look upon you,
To see your gentle face,
To have you there beside me,
In this beautiful place,
And suddenly,
I know you are there.
At the perfect time,
Not to soon, not to late,
All that I had to do,
Was wait.
Wait for your presence,
Wait for words,
Wait for your whisper.
All that I had to do,
Was Wait.
And in waiting I found out,
Something which I had always knew,
The person that was waiting,
Has always been You.

Jacob Bradshaw

The Sky

The blue sky looks down, mocking my very thoughts,
the tears forming, burning searing as they run down my cheeks,
traveling their path, landing on my chest, itself heaving,
not knowing why I hurt, why i question, why is what I want to know,
why who, what, where, a story, not any story, my story,
I ask, wanting to know, not getting an answer, I plead,
I beg, I moan, I groan, and I wait, I look up, and all that I see is sky....

Jacob Bradshaw

True Beauty

Her beauty lights the sky on this midsummers morn,
As the rays of the sun sparkle in her hair.
The tears of frutrution that sit in the corners of her eyes shall not be there for
long,
As in the end she smiles.
It is the smile that catches my eye, for in that smile is beauty, true beauty,
A beauty that is ageless, and shall never change.
It is that beauty, those eyes, that smile, that caught my heart.
For in those eyes, that smile, that beauty, is the woman I love,
The woman whom stole my heart.

Jacob Bradshaw

Waiting

She sits, watching, waiting,
He sits, wanting to be there,
She thinks of him, a smile flitting across her face,
He thinks of her, a twinkle affixes itself in his eyes,
Her heart is wounded; it sits open and bleeding,
His heart is wounded; it sits hardened and cold,
She shivers, wishing for the warmth of his hug,
He shivers, remembering the smell of her hair,
They sit, waiting for the day that they can be together,
They think, hoping with all their beings,
Their hearts are wounded, needing the repair of a soul mate,
They shiver, overcome with anticipation,
They are separated, but never truly apart.

Jacob Bradshaw

Without

It is in the darkest moments where our true light shines,
It is in hardship that our true character shows,
In our strength, our weakness dwells,
In our pain our soul is revealed,
What is life without darkness?
What is life without weakness?
What is life without pain?

Jacob Bradshaw