

Poetry Series

Joshua Swanson
- poems -

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Joshua Swanson(Feb.19.93)

-Unknown passerby-solitary stranger-I am Quidam-

Death

Deeds of the unknown; ready to strike our unconscious souls...
Even thoughts of ones we've loved; they are like burning coals...
Anything we've thought of as leaving the place we call 'home'...
Thoughts of running away; thoughts of just being alone...
Happiness should not be taken lightly; for it is not forever...

Death, so far as we know, is...

Joshua Swanson

Deception Point

At which time do you deceive me?

Please tell me. What have I done to deserve this?
You make me stand so low, as you're at eternal bliss...

At which moment do you deceive me?

Please tell me. You have no reason for such hatred.
I used to love you, as you did I. But, it is already said...

At which place do you deceive me?

Please tell me. We used to be so happy together.
At every time, every place, there was nothing we couldn't weather...

Why do you deceive me?

Please tell me. I was standing behind closed doors.
That's when I knew not what you did, never-the-more...

Whom do you deceive me with?

Please tell me. Was it that man I once called brother?
For it could not be so! It would have to be someone other...

Will you ever deceive me?

I think not. For you never truly loved me. And I hate to be contradicted.
Between you and I, there was never any benediction...

Can you deceive me?

No. Nevermore do I listen to such lies. I love you not.
But for you, as you may like to know, I have never forgot...

Can you forget me?

I hope with everything I have that you will never find euphorium.
That may explain why I stand in this closed crematorium...

Are you gone?

You may remember now, but you are currently ashes and ashes,
But I'll never fall down! Now, in your singed head all you hear is crashes!

Are you still there?

There are many things people can try to do to me. But I can tell you...
Ones who have deception in your mind, I will bid you adieu...

Do I have to say goodbye?

Nevermore shall you live...
But life to you, I cannot give.

Joshua Swanson

Emotions

Emotions stunt everyday life-
Making you laugh; making you cry-
Openly expressing yourself; sharing your feelings-
Taking over your personality like there is no meaning-
In all effort, I try to face them sincerely-
Overly dramaticizing helps nothing; ...barely-
No worries; no frets of today's spiraling community-
So I now take my leave; without emotional immunity.

Joshua Swanson

Good Night

There is nothing in this awful time of ours,
Nothing that can cover our fatal scars,
Nothing that can shut out all the rest,
Nothing that can give it all its best.

Walking in the black-driven night,
Looking all around, looking for a light.
Something is just completely wrong,
For every single person is gone.

'Where is everybody? ' you may ask yourself,
'You are all alone', is a thought you musn't delve.
You are not alone, for someone is behind you,
You wouldn't know this, but you are someone he'd pursue.

He doesn't want you to know he is there,
But you see no one, not here not anywhere.
Do I have to tell you the end of this story, so true,
No. I think you know it, so I say now adieu.

Good Night

Joshua Swanson

Happiness

Happily accepting whatever I am thrown;
Knowing sincerely of the many people alone;

Wondering how they face their indescribable thoughts;
Of unhappiness and desires and memories long lost;

Finely accepting whatever life has;
Seeing people's thoughts, hidden behind a mask;

Wondering how they face living day to day;
Living unhappy and lowly as if they have no say;

Plainly accepting all that's in store;
Hoping they are reminded of their friends and their amore;

Looking at the pictures hanging on the wall;
Thinking of the stories they hide all in all;

Blankly denying all that I am thrown;
Saying to myself how I eternally should have known;

Happiness lasts for a very short time;
Maybe I'll find it again; hiding among the vines...

Joshua Swanson

Le Guerre Du L'Inconnu

I am the unknown.
You, to me, are a stranger.

I am the unknown.
You, to everyone, are a solitary figure.

I am the unknown.
You, to us, are a nameless passerby.

Ravens seem like signs of death.
You're a stranger to me, like all the rest.

Can you not hear the drums?
Beating louder and louder...

Or is that your heart?
Empty. Strangled with no desire.

Is it your breathing?
You seem as if you can't mutter a word.

Or is it your memories?
Shut out with blackness galore.

It may be all three...
But, since I can't tell, you show me.

Why are you laying down?
Right there! In front of I?

People are starting to look!
Get up now! Please. Vai! VAI!

Here. Let me turn you around,
So that I may see you face.

Instead of it facing the ground
In this greatly familiar place.

But, wait! What is that,
Which is not there!

Something of major importance is missing,
Just below your dark hair.

I shall not be blamed for this,
Even though it is my own fault.

You should have gave help to me,
For this is why you now can't see.

I have your eyes in my bag,
Well. Shall I give them back?

Or can I keep them for myself
Oh, I'm not mad!

This is why people do not help me.
They think I'd be better off in the street.

This alley has been my home
For the final years of my life.

The only thing I've been given is this:
A glass knife.

Why so fragile?
Why so sharp?

For this is what has been keeping my life together.
For this is what has helped me more than anyone!

For the final years of my life,
I've had to do something to keep me busy.

For living on the streets is not something someone longs for.
I could not think of anything else to do but this.

I've found strangers.
Solitary figures.
Nameless passer-bys.

Anyone who would not help me.

In the end, I would have a small token,
Taken from your body.

Waste not. I keep everthing I've taken from corpses.
I've been building a child.
A person.
Me.

I have been building myself for a long time.
Not how you build yourself, with memories, and friends.

That takes way too long.
So I build myself with other people's memories.
Other people's eyes,
Other people's hands.

Anything, so I would not go through life how it was.
I could not find happiness.

So I found it elsewhere...

Joshua Swanson

The Cave

Can you spare a second of your time?
I would like to tell you a story. One so divine.
I'd need to warn you, for I have to the rest.
The ending of this story may leave you quite depressed.

I loved her so, as she did I.
We loved each other, you musn't deny.

I'd stop by her house and give her some flowers,
Then we'd make small talk of things we now should not cower.
We'd walk to our cave, where we would just lay down and kiss.
Oh, that is something that I greatly now miss.

I loved her so, as she did I.
We loved each other, my, oh my.

We would take walks around the Mountain of Heth.
We would just talk about nothing, just save the rest.
As I opened my arms and she came to me,
I knew what would happen from what I could see.

I loved her so, as she did I.
We loved each other, until we would die.

Our embrace took so lovingly long,
But to myself, I hoped I was wrong,
For I could see above her head, as I looked at the peak,
Of the mountain that I now hoped was completely oblique.

I loved her so, as she did I.
I loved her so, I loved my dear July.

The black bird on the crest of the mountain so tall,
Was as dark as the night we last spoke, I recall.
The black bird on the crest of the mountain so tall,
Was an omen, like in tails, an omen to enthrall.

I loved her so, as she did I.
We loved each other, but soon she would die.

I pushed the dark portension out of my head,
But nothing I would do could keep her from the dead.
I turned around with her in my arms,
But then what had happened hit with great harm.

I loved her so, as she did I.
We loved eachother, but I still ask why.

When I had turned, there was no ground left,
But when we fell from the cliff, I sensed no bereft.
I closed my eyes, and grabbed for her hand,
But by shifting around, I just grabbed sand.

I loved her so, as she did I.
I hope she still loves me, my sweet, sweet July.

I opened my eyes, and then could stand up,
My clothes were soaking, and her life was corrupt.
For I fell in the water of the ocean so vast,
But my sweet, sweet July's life had just passed.

I loved her so, as she did I.
We loved eachother, you musn't deny.

She hit a rock that spiraled from the ocean.
But for myself, I waited for some kind of motion.
My wishes never came true, like some type of slave.
She peacefully rests now, in our ocean-side cave.

I loved her so deeply, as she did I.
That omen still haunts me, so much I can cry.

Joshua Swanson

Tuberculosis

I just stay at home,
With nothing to do,
With nothing to touch,
With nothing to view.

I just lay in my bed,
With nothing to say,
With just hopes of talking
To people someday.

There once was a time,
Where I could do anything,
But not today,
Nothing will be happening.

Let me just tell you the story,
Start to finish,
Please listen closely,
For my voice can diminish.

Back at my old town,
A long time ago,
When I had confidence,
But very little woe,

I loved someone
With such great passion,
Please forgive me now,
For this story is so ashen.

We loved each other dearly,
Nothing could separate us.
Nothing of course,
Until she ran out in the gust.

That night was so cold,
I told her not to go out,
But she wanted to be bold,
Now she is gone, with no doubt.

I sat by her bed,
Where she slept for awhile,
She moved not an inch,
While I was in denial.

The doctor said there's no hope,
For her to return,
But I said no,
There's no need of concern.

She breathed so deeply,
I couldn't believe she was sick,
But then I second guessed,
There was blood on her lip.

The disease which is so deadly,
Was not uncommon here,
I never thought she could get it,
'Never, ' thought I in fear.

For I loved her,
And she loved me,
Now we would separate soon,
Was a thought sincerely.

Whatever happened to her body?
You want to know?
Well, I will tell you.
I won't say no.

She rests at last,
Under the night's starry skies.
She rests at last,
Immune to all lies.

Joshua Swanson

What Never Happened

You come home, late at night
The evening's so dark, there's nothing in sight;
You've never thought to yourself, how badly things went wrong
Then it occurs to you, you never could have won.

Everybody has a great secret to hide
It burns through their hearts, longing to get outside;
They want to sell it out, but wish to hold it in
They always should have thought about what never happened.

You go to bed, wishing just to be alone
Then the phone rings, as you let out a groan;
The person on the line shouts out his austere greeting
You just have no idea what is his meaning;

Everybody has a great secret to hide
That's why they stay in the dark, so no one can find;
They can't run away, but can grow ever slightly
So big and so strong, they can get ever so mighty;

As the man explains his horrible story
One of love and deceit, one that ends so gory;
You can't open your mouth to answer the interrogation
'What is this? ' you force. There is no relation.

-This is not finished-To be continued-

Joshua Swanson