

Poetry Series

**Justin Fitzpatrick**  
**- poems -**

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Justin Fitzpatrick(12/08/84)

# An Evening With Myself

I had thought  
When you asked  
On the distant day  
I swore my last

That you had spoke  
Of a wine  
Asked me to sip  
From your glass  
and not mine

I had been pristine  
Till then  
I more subdued  
Than other men

My risk are nil  
My fear is high  
My heart is empty  
My glass dry

I had thought  
When you asked  
On the distant day  
I swore my last

And I am still  
Wasting away  
For fear of tomorrow  
Yet not drinking today

Justin Fitzpatrick

# Beautiful Brother

We all end up at the final note  
Some unknown way  
Some unforeseen how  
We may not think it will reach us  
Eventually we stop  
Even if it seems impossible now

I had always thought I would laugh forever  
What else I had to do?  
My brother would tell a joke  
And harmony would ensue

I had him  
And he had me  
We would annoy each other  
And love  
Unmercifully

Once when I was six  
And he were three  
I taught him to tie his shoes  
Although he would forget easily

Then when I was eight  
And he now five  
We went to the pool  
And learned how to dive

And in our teens  
We would play ball  
Nearly every sport  
We had fun with them all

And so it went  
With games and such  
With baseball cards  
And laughter much

My clothes becoming his

His life becoming his own  
My gestures becoming his  
His ideas becoming known

He was beautiful  
His heart innocent  
His soul pure  
He was my baby brother  
He who I looked out for  
He who I adored

So on with the shoes  
That I taught him to tie  
So on with the hockey puck  
That he taught me to glide  
So on with the video games  
That he watched me play  
So on with the sports scores  
That we read everyday  
So on with the ice cream  
That we both would share  
So on to the board games  
And the hope we would play fair  
So on with our action blockbusters  
That we would pretend to create  
So on with watching wrestling  
Even though we both knew it was fake  
So on with the music  
That we discovered together  
So on to the hope  
That we'd be in each other's lives forever

We all end up there  
Sometime, someday  
I had wish him there to be with me  
Unforgivably, it is now he that will have to show me the way

Justin Fitzpatrick

# Devoted

She sucked on her bottom lip  
Her hands shook and her eyes tear'd  
Her memories all but faded  
And hopelessness more than feared

He had left her here  
So long ago  
In this vast meadow  
Under this seeping willow

Her eyes were closed  
Their kiss was shared  
And when she awoke  
He was no longer there

She did not question his loyalty  
His reasons, his heart  
She questioned if it was real  
If it existed from the start

He was a journeyman  
A nomad with no true past  
An innocent victim  
Too naïve to last

She mended it all with him  
Create within him a name  
Create a future they could share  
A dream to be the same

She wished for no other future  
She wished for only them to be  
And that is why every evening  
She came out to this saddening tree

She closed her eyes and opened them  
Like she had done so very long ago  
With all the hopes in the world  
That this time he would show

So every night she comes  
And every night she closes her eyes  
And every morning sun  
Is tainted with the tears she cries

Justin Fitzpatrick

# Do Not Dream

You can think that you are okay  
That tomorrow will be bright  
You think because you must  
For you know you have lost this fight

You can dream what makes you happy  
That you will someday succeed  
Yet, you know in the pit of hell  
That these hopes lead to misery

You can walk the toughest path  
And believe that you will not fall  
But the dirt is in your nails  
Why do you hope at all?

Why do you wish for things  
That will never ever be  
Never ever within your life  
Never ever dream

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# Dream

Someday upon the old north bridge  
Where the stones grow green with moss  
You will look back on what you have missed  
And discover the hope in things that you have lost

You will toil in the times where you had drowned  
Too weak to lift the miseries yourself had seek  
Too small to overcome the walls you built  
Too blind to see the road yourself had reaped

The sun will dance upon your skin  
And the wind will preach  
And the clouds you could never hang your hat on  
You will suddenly find them within reach

Someday you remind yourself  
If you dream hard enough  
You will find yourself on an old north bridge  
Rediscovering that you may not be so lost

Justin Fitzpatrick

# Dust On The Sea

What did you do?  
When the truth came for you  
Strip you of your clothes  
And leave you anew  
You thought it was hope  
But it was not what you knew  
The misery you bear  
Is the misery you choose  
You played the same game  
That you always seem to lose  
Punctured your soul  
Leave you broken and bruised  
And when left with blind options  
Found no way to refuse  
Just like a junky  
Discovered how to abuse  
Humiliatingly this is no new news for you  
You look for solutions  
As you clutter with clues  
The only person that is your enemy  
Is the one you cannot escape from refuge

... And when you look for that dust on the sea  
What makes you think that it will be  
You could be searching for something that may exist  
Or may just be a fantasy

Justin Fitzpatrick

# Forsaken

Have you ever looked?  
Across your hopes  
To see a dream  
A new reward  
Serenity

Looking is all we have  
There is reaching  
There is want  
There is belief  
There is agony

You can never catch what's ahead of you  
You cannot have what you see  
To have that perfect life  
Is something to never be

So accept your tears  
And take your pain  
Keep the memories  
And worse  
Keep the same...

The life you've always lived  
The life that's unfulfilled  
A life that is loud  
And never heard

Have you ever been forsaken?  
Tossed aside like a bubblegum wrapper  
Or have you realized?  
That in the end you don't matter

Can you miss each star?  
Not spot yours in sight  
Be forsaken  
Every single night

It's always so far away

And can never be grasped  
The only true question is  
How long does a forsaken last?

Justin Fitzpatrick

# History

We once were met  
Eye to eye  
A lavish festival  
Cast in the sky  
And the joy you brought  
The fear I eased  
The love we sought  
The relief we need  
Yet all is gone  
All is history

Justin Fitzpatrick

# I Cannot

I cannot write a novel  
Or achieve a fleeting dream  
Or mesmerize an audience  
Or the girl that means so much to me

I cannot navigate a boat  
Or tell a hero's tale  
Or be known for just the truth  
Or be the one that does not fail

I cannot create riches  
Or be somebody's wealth  
Or be the strongest person  
Or even have hope within myself

I cannot see a future  
That is not the same  
Of days that which has been  
I cannot ever move forward  
When my soul has been abandoned

Justin Fitzpatrick

# I Did Not Know

I did not know many curious reasons  
Why you act the way you do  
I know not why you choose to be that way  
I have not a single clue

I did not know the pain you carried  
I did not know the memories that fade  
I did not know the truths that lied  
In the secrets that you held away

I did not know that the sun changes color  
That the sky is not always blue  
I did not know the destiny you sought  
The questions that ate away at you

I did not know the tears I could shed  
Or the reasons I could create  
I did not know the love that could shine  
Could also easily decimate

I did not know what it meant to fear  
I did not know what a bleak future was  
I did not know how to grow  
I did not know, but not because...

I did not ask you  
Or I never kept you close  
Or would not share your grief  
Or not relieve your woes

I did not know  
But that doesn't make it fair  
That does not allow you to treat me  
As though I did not care

I did not know  
But I wish I did  
That is another life  
I know I could have lived

Justin Fitzpatrick

# I Sit Here And Listen

I sit here and listen  
To a sound I cannot understand  
I sit here and listen  
And feel abandoned

I sit here and listen  
It is a melody  
I am listening  
Knowing better of me

I sit here and listen  
Notes I cannot recall  
I sit ill-informed  
Ignorant of it all

I sit here and listen  
But deaf to hear  
She is calling  
Me away from here

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# I Took A Moment Unlearning

Thoughts enter through the breath  
Dance throughout your lungs  
Escape in every subtle gasp  
Every unknown hum  
So from breathe'n' loving trace  
Tearful, quiet mum  
Seeing bright fairies ever grace  
Across the lone-full sun

I saw a young couple frolic  
In a yard that no one owned  
In a field weaved with grassy sand  
And marked with jagged stone

High above a bird did fly  
Cross' the morning high  
Disappear in an awkward thatch  
Listen to a child cry  
Little boy a yard away  
Tears coming nigh  
Assembled in a hole  
Craft from a hurtful sky

I took a moment unlearning  
So not to grasp what's to be  
For all that I have wish is coming  
-I know won't draw to me  
Abandoned like a bird  
Like an unknown hum  
Listless in the heart  
Love destroyed so young  
Love destroyed so young

Justin Fitzpatrick

# I Wanted

When I was young  
The first thing I wanted to be  
Was an astronomer  
To find infinity

Then the next thing  
I think I wanted to be  
Was a superhero  
Not knowing they were imaginary

Then after that I wanted to be  
A sports athlete  
One who was great  
And made history

Then in school  
When they asked me  
What I wanted to do  
I confided, 'Not a single clue.'

Then it didn't take long  
For the future to take me  
And no longer did I think  
In terms of what I wanted to be

I thought of what I wanted  
What would make me  
Happy

So first I wanted money  
Thinking it would solve  
All of life's predicaments  
But I realized that was wrong

Then I wanted a car  
Thinking if I had one  
I'd always be traveling  
But I never really got very far

Then I simply wanted things  
Miscellaneous they were  
Placed them around the house  
But they also weren't the cure  
I wondered what it took  
To be content  
Everything I obtained in life  
Simply came and went

Then what I realized  
Deep within my core  
Things still left me lonely  
And that's what I didn't need anymore

So the last thing I wanted  
Was someone for me  
Someone to love  
To make me happy

And though I tried  
It seemed not to be  
For I may have had things  
But more I had insecurities

In the end  
What came to be  
Was for all the things that I had wanted  
Nobody ever wanted me

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# I Will Not Throw Another Coin Into The Fountain

I will not throw another coin into the fountain  
For it has never brought riches to me  
I will not throw one wish into that water  
It echoes nothing of my destiny

I will not throw another coin into the fountain  
I do not even wish to keep the change  
Even through when I toss it  
Ironically things seem to stay the same

I will not throw another coin into the fountain  
I will not even let another do it on my behalf  
I was told of dreams and desires  
All the water did was stay shallow and laugh

I will not throw another coin into the fountain  
The change I make, I must make myself  
The water will never do it for me  
I am responsible for my own wealth

Justin Fitzpatrick

# If Things Remain The Same

Quiet runs across their lips  
And tears within their eyes  
And to give in would be such bliss  
Then to allow the silence to dwell inside

And the smiles only hold so much  
And tender words only go so far  
And when the world seems but a hush  
One speaks as loud as a twinkling star

Without saying a word  
- They are both dreadfully loud  
Their emotions as dangerous as a sword  
And secrets covering like a shroud

The courage that neither holds  
Will mean little in future years  
When their stories have only been told  
To their own lonesome tears

Justin Fitzpatrick

# Let Go

Let go she cried  
Her eyes clutched  
Let go she pleaded  
She had enough

Let go she wrote  
In scribbles  
Let go she hoped  
Her pen broke

Let go she ran  
Through the dark  
Let go she jumped  
No time to walk  
&#8232; Let go she dreamed  
Through a nightmare  
Let go she thought  
Hold on my heart!

Justin Fitzpatrick

# Life

Life is not some faint whisper  
Some desperate dream  
Some lonely wonderer  
A Life pristine

Life is not some horse hero  
A brilliant daring sword  
A clash of victors  
Or a bell to be heard

Life is not some poetic puzzle  
A thought outside the box  
The ironic ending expecting  
A quiet lake and skipping rock

Life is no yin and yang  
Or light vs dark  
A battle of good an evil  
Or an adventurer hitting the mark

Life is some cascade of marbles  
Filled within a jar  
And tossed about the floor  
With brilliance spreading far

Life is some faint notion  
That tomorrow is not the same  
Life is that beat within your soul  
That hope you may obtain

Life is that imagination you began with  
When you learned what a dream becomes  
When you sought to grasp the truth  
That you are more than that of just one

Life is a collection of voices  
An archive of memories  
What it represents for you  
Will always be seen differently through me

Justin Fitzpatrick

# Listen

Listen please  
I cannot repeat  
That in which you cease  
To reveal to me  
Echoes loudly  
Within my mind  
Paces constantly  
So sublime  
Carefully withdraw  
With an answer of truth  
You expect me to go  
I need more proof  
Do not whisper  
I do not want to misjudge  
Nor wonder  
When the day has collapsed  
If you have stuck it out with me  
If you expected this to last

Justin Fitzpatrick

# Lost In Hope

We crawl through each day  
In hopes tomorrow is not the same  
We try to understand how we have faltered  
And why we are punished and blamed  
Beaten like a piece of dough  
Hardening with the air  
Styled with a knife  
And turning to powder somewhere  
Wilting like a flower  
At the end of spring  
Left in a flooded vase  
Barren and withering  
Crushed like a rock  
And turned into stone  
The last piece of furniture  
In a moved out home  
A weed in the grass  
That is frowned upon  
A prayer for help  
That does not respond  
A summer rain  
Which floods the ground  
A grasp for love  
That cannot be found  
Tossed aside like a plastic can  
Left to sauté in the sun  
We are lost in hope  
And yet have none

Justin Fitzpatrick

# Million

You can read a million books  
Learn a millions lines  
Close your eyes and wonder  
And forget it all a million times

You can eat a millions foods  
Drink a million wines  
And still find yourself unsatisfied  
With your taste still undefined

You can hope a millions times  
And dream a million sheep  
You can laugh as though it doesn't bother you  
Even if a million nights you weep

You can sing a million notes  
And practice a million ways  
And all it takes is one rejection  
To have you stop after just one day

You can have a million lovers  
Reach for a million hearts  
You can hold your breath and wonder  
And yet suffocate before it ever starts

You can have a million lifetimes  
A million chances to succeeded  
And yet if you never try just once  
You may as well have infinity

Justin Fitzpatrick

# My Life

My Life  
I have broken  
With emotions  
Unhinged

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# My Life So Far

If you think that I will perish  
With nothing more than tears  
If you think that I only hope  
Since I hide within my fears

If you think that I will cower  
To the words that you say  
If you think that I will not rise  
To the chorus of the next day

If you think I am only emotional  
Because I love poetic verse  
If you think I am pathetic  
Because I walk as though I am cursed

If you think that I cannot fight  
At the weight I am  
If you think I cannot stand  
For I sit in silence again and again

If you question my heart  
For it has not been seen  
If you question my passion  
For it appears I will not redeem

If I were to stop  
Then you would win  
I may not be much now  
But I have hope to believe in

Justin Fitzpatrick

# Once

Once was a memory left unscathed  
What a happy innocent event  
It whacked a nerve  
It scarred

Then it cracked slowly  
Hesitant to re-grow  
It could not  
It died

Emotions are released  
Don't have time  
Tidy up  
Go

Deal with broken  
Free yourself  
Breath  
Breath

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# Part Of The Family

She walked as far she could  
And felt every season  
Listened to more stories than a library  
And stayed no matter the reason

She fetched the child's play thing  
Kissed as much as she could  
Slept on every surface  
But her favorite was the living room wood

Said 'hi' to every stranger  
Cuddled when someone cried  
Sat there in hope waiting  
When it was lonely inside

And she could not demand anything  
Or be jealous in anyway  
All she knew was devotion  
To be there each and every day

So as time finally ran too fast  
Far too fast for her to chase  
When I had to put away her bowl  
And her toys back in their place

She was older than my child  
Who is not taking the car to class  
She had been here so long  
I would be empty with her not in my past

She was our family collie  
Who loved more than I could likely feel  
Yet all that in which she had given me  
Was honest, pure and sobbingly real

Justin Fitzpatrick

# The Funny Man

I knew a man who joked at every turn  
Who's life was one big play  
With multiple costumes

He played a wisecracker  
A slapstick'r, a joker  
A friend  
He played a thousand roles  
So not to look inward again

He would make fun of you in a crowd  
Be obscene when he could  
If he was going to get a chuckle  
Then he did not care if you misunderstood

He did not care if he was rude  
Or make you pathetic in every way  
It would all be on you  
And no one would ponder about him for another day

If you could see a man behind his shield  
Behind the costumes  
Behind his facade

If you could see a man for what he is worth  
And not what he spiels  
Realize what he throws out there  
Is not truly what he feels

If you could hear beyond the laughter  
Beyond the quips  
Beyond the retorts  
If you could hear beyond it all  
And listen to what is truly there

You will find no jeer  
Or cackling of any sort  
No giggling  
Or remarks that end up to hurt

You will find  
A huddled man  
Hands covering his eyes  
Hiding himself from the world  
Because he is dead inside

There is no joy  
In knowing one who goofs around all the time  
And it is painful to know  
How truly they are blind

Justin Fitzpatrick

# The Obvious Way To Fix

You say to me all these little things  
That are to make my mind unfurl  
You grasp upon my hope  
And leave me wishing still

You reminiscent of memories  
And tell of a future to be  
I reiterate a past  
And you say it does not repeat

You smile and laugh at me  
Chanting as if I am naive  
Is it I who not grasp you  
Or you not being able to see

I cannot lift my head  
It has stayed down so long  
You utter of confidence  
And I hope you are wrong

You speak of all these words  
As though I can follow through  
You know not of my fear  
Of what I am never able to do

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# There Is Nothing Wrong With Not Knowing Who You Are

There is nothing wrong with not knowing who you are  
It is not some unwritten sin  
It is not a broken mirror in which to stare  
It is nothing to hold your tongue to  
Or medicate away

There is nothing wrong with not knowing who you are  
Even the weather changes through the day  
There is no followed metronome  
No faults  
No memorized prayer

There is nothing wrong with not knowing who you are  
You are not written like a book  
Or painted from a single canvas  
Nor balanced like some perfect zen  
Or worth just like everyone else

There is nothing wrong with not knowing who you are  
There is no rule to follow  
No category you must fill in  
You have your own two legs to sidestep  
You can be different every minute if you wish  
And you do not need to be criticized  
Or try to fix what others say is wrong  
You can cry when you have no reason  
You can wish when you have no hope  
You can laugh when all is silent  
You can breath when fear is stuck down your throat

There is nothing wrong with not knowing who you are  
Not a single little thing

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# Tomorrow Is Today

Does anything ever change?  
The days that slow go bye  
And the ones you wish to tell  
The tears you watch them cry

The plans you have  
The truths to see  
The hopes you savor  
Ever cease to be

Qualm the joy - that life to bring  
Or the time - remembering  
Last the joke - that is undone  
Stop the ever - setting sun

Watch tomorrow  
Slowly become today  
And like untold  
Stay the same, same way

Justin Fitzpatrick

# We Walk

We walk in moments of peace  
Stars surrounding  
A clear and bright path  
We feel enchanted

We walk mostly  
With our own footsteps  
Faulting even  
The hollow ground

We walk without purpose  
Without the hope we expect  
Privileged by the stories  
We thought were destined

We walk through those tales  
What our dreams would be  
The future promising  
From detailed theory

We walk without a plot  
Without the cast we had known  
We walk many different paths  
Without choosing...  
Alone

We would wish to walk  
Guided by lightning bugs  
Innocent we reach  
Knowing where to go

We walk  
Clouds blanketing us  
Blind we trip  
Over just ourselves

We walk walk a path  
In which we choose  
Not knowing the outcome

Of what we may lose  
We walk a path  
In which we may keep  
Not knowing if the changes  
Are worth more  
Than our current repeat  
We walk a path  
That is which our own  
We walk from tomorrow onward  
We step on so many stones  
We walk in directions  
Fearing each path and way  
We continue to always walk  
After our bodies no longer stay

Justin Fitzpatrick

# What Is The Difference Between A Daydream And Pretend?

What Is the difference between a daydream and pretend?

Both memories that fade away  
Both moments that were created  
As a ways to an end

Whether to fall into slumber  
Or leave reality  
What's the difference  
With either creativity

You can dream you live miles away  
Pretend you are everything you are not  
And you can dream you are rich  
And pretend that your fears will stop

Or you can pretend that you are famous  
Or dream that you are in love  
You can pretend these hopes do not matter  
But you know what your soul is made out of

What is the difference?  
Who is to say?  
You can spend eternity  
Pretending and dreaming your life away

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# When I'M Dead

When I'm dead  
Which won't be wrong  
I want no flowers  
No tender song

I want no funeral  
A casket isn't in need  
I may prefer it  
To lie in the weeds

Leave no gravestone  
It is nothing I will see  
Leave no markings  
Just leave me

Justin Fitzpatrick

# When You Are Alive

When you are alive  
You never seem to see  
Those who make up you  
Death's inconsistency

When you are alive  
You create dreams  
Among many other things  
And the despair in-between

When you are alive  
You hold on to hope  
Keep you warm like a sleeve  
Dry your tears so you may cope

When you are alive  
You learn kindness for friends  
To help in your adventure  
To stay by you till the end

When you are alive  
One thing you will need  
It is love to envelop you  
To flourish you from just a seed

Justin Fitzpatrick

## You Ask...

You ask me who I am  
And I say  
I do not know  
I do not know

You ask me how is life  
And I say  
I am not sure  
I am not sure

You ask me what I dream  
And I say  
I do not anymore  
I do not anymore

You ask me to explain  
And I say  
I wish I could  
I wish I could

You ask me where I want to be  
And I say  
I just want to be happy  
I just want to be happy

You ask me why I sigh  
And I want to say  
Because of you  
Because of you

You ask me when I will live  
And I refrain  
When you hear me  
When you hear me

Justin Fitzpatrick

# You Can

You can cry that she's no longer here  
And nobody will call you weak  
You can pretend to smell her sweet scent  
And not feel judged if that's what you seek

You can refuse to sleep without her  
And people will guide you where to step  
You can scream in hopes she hears you  
And everyone will know not to fret

You can write her a letter that'll never be sent  
And somebody will be kind enough to place a stamp  
You can set a meal for two  
And someone will light a table lamp

You can dream  
You can hope  
But you can't invest in love  
And expect to never cope

You can think one day she'll be there  
And imagine the dress she'll be in  
You can always dream of a future together  
Even if you escaped it all with your sin

Justin Fitzpatrick

# You Have Given Up On Me

You have given up on me  
I know you have  
I see it time and time again  
You have given up all hope  
Yet you still are my friend  
And I see pity in your eyes  
When you see where I am  
And time and time again  
I have let you down my friend

You have given up on me  
And I understand why  
I understand the misery  
I understand the cries  
I understand the heartfelt prayers  
You have heard my mournful 'whys? '

You have given up on me  
And any future I may have had  
You given up that I will be happy  
You just know all that makes me sad  
Why you still befriend me?  
That is knowledge I wish not to understand

You have given up on me  
You know how I see the world  
As a hurtful and lonely place  
And though you say there is room for me  
And that one day I will find my way  
In my head I know it not to be  
Day after abandoned day

You have given up on me  
You are the best thing to me  
Unfortunately you are not enough  
Enough to let content seep in  
Enough to let happiness become free

You have given up on me

You know I do not see myself a man  
You know I see myself as nothing  
As low as one think he can  
Yet you still confide in me  
Even when you know I cannot stand  
For you make me try to feel normal  
The last thing that I would ever understand

You have given up on me  
For you know I have as well  
You know that all that I imagine  
I have created within my own hell  
You know more about me  
Then I will ever comprehend  
And that is why I wished  
Deep down in my soul  
That I could live just off of you  
My friend

Justin Fitzpatrick

# You'll Never Dream Again

You'll never dream again  
They told me  
And I cried

You'll never dream again  
All was said

You'll never dream again  
I stopped

You'll never dream again  
Chill enveloped me

You'll never dream again  
I misunderstood  
I may not dream again  
But I live more now

Justin Fitzpatrick