

Poetry Series

justin peel
- poems -

Publication Date:

2012

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

justin peel(7/6/93)

I was born on July 6 in Houston Texas. I moved to Worcester MA when I was 3. I was taken from my birth mom when I was four and was put into foster care. While I was in foster care I was beaten and starved. When I was 8 I was put into an emergency foster placement. On October 13, 2001 I was adopted at the age of 13. I have been diagnosed with depression, ODD, and Bipolar. I was put into many mental hospitals the last being in May of 2009.

Empty Forest

Why do they do it?

They just cut down all the tree's.

Why do they do it?

Destroying the home's of the bee's.

Why can't they stop?

There wrecking other creatures' lives.

Why can't they stop?

Cutting down trees with their knives.

Why do they do it?

Why can't they stop?

Why do they do it?

Destroying nature's crop.

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Gift For The Darkness

Midnight in Boston
Dark as hell
Street lights are out
Only the Darkness can tell

Everyone's asleep
Quiet as hell
Nobody's around
Only the Darkness can tell

The bars finally close
Drunk as hell
Stumble from my stool
Only the Darkness can tell

The sun starts to rise
Busy as hell
People starting their day
But the Darkness can't tell

My gift for the Darkness
Expensive as hell
The light of today
The Darkness can tell

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Imagine

People always ask for a life story
They don't want to know because it's so gory.
Imagine being four
and your dad thinks your a chore.
Imagine a table thrown at you
and being beaten for an hour or two.
Imagine your mom leaving you
your alone for a day or two.
Imagine your dad drunk in denial
and your mom so high she's sometimes senial.
All you can do is imagine.

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Live And Die

People Live
And then they die.
People Talk
and then they go shy.
People Trip
and then they go limp.
People Drink
and then they drive.
People Smoke
and say their goodbyes.
People Live
and then they die.

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Love Is War

Love
Nothing more
Love
Aint no chore

Hate
Anything less
Hate
It's just a mess

Love
No more gore
Love
End the war

Hate
Starting at dawn
Hate
Our war rolls on

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Me And My Pen

Cuts may heal
Words may fade
But here's the deal
The lies you made

'Never again'
That's what you said
I am not ten
Get that through your head

You lied to me
It really hurt
Cuts me where you can't see
Hidden beneath my shirt

It's been awhile
It's been so long
Without my blade
And my cutting song

This time it's real
This time it ends
No more deals
Just me and my pen

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