

Poetry Series

Kami Haha
- poems -

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Kami Haha(4/24/1998-)

Alone

You walk alone
You eat alone
You rose alone
You are alone.

You feel you have it all;
the 'friends', the 'fame', the 'fortune'
You feel you're on top,
but there you lie, at the bottom.

You just don't care;
about the hearts you break,
the lives you end,
the planet you destroy

You think, you think you own the place,
with your selfish talk,
your arrogant walk,
the look, the smile, the attitude.

Alone you rose,
alone you'll fall;
alone you'll lie, alone you'll be,
with the thoughts of those you tormented as your only companion.

Alone you'll remain,
lonely,
alone.

Kami Haha

Dead Man's Contest

A heart pounding,
blood pumping,
exhilarating, run.
Through the woods,
over the sticks,
ending only when one of us are dead.

He's caught up to me. I turn to face him.
To face my Dead Man.
Dead Man's Walk.
The walk no man should ever have to face.
The one who finds the sword first,
must plunge it into the other's heart.
This time, I have no weapon.
Meaning my time has finally come.

The sword is plunged,
through my heart, my soul.
My blood spurts in every direction,
even on his face,
but he doesn't care;
he only wants to see his family again.
I see him push it forward still,
but there's no need;
I sit as a ghost in a tree,
watching. Waiting.

I join the other's, the souls of the lost men
of the Dead Man contest.
A man is lost to this foolishness every year.
This time, it was me.
And none of the souls of my former opponents,
young or old,
look happy to see me.

Kami Haha

For The Days That Lie In Between

A good day is that of bright, sun-like gold;
A bad day is that of endless, heavy rain.
Yet days that lie in between the two,
days when the sun disappears behind the rolling hills,
days when you neither laugh heartily,
nor cry endlessly.
Just days;
days when the silver platter appears
in the dark, white-lit splattered blanket called sky,
and we fall away, into a peaceful sleep,
with a serene smile plastered onto our faces,
our last thought is to be thankful,
for the seemingly perfect days
that lie in between.

Kami Haha

Heart, Or Father?

Feel with the heart that is my own
or think with the mind of my Father?

My heart says stay,
my Father says go.
My heart says high,
my Father says low.

My Father says play,
my heart screams laze.
My Father screams sleep,
my heart stays awake and ablaze.

Oh, what is a girl to do?
Feel with her own heart,
or think with the mind in her head,
but controlled by her Father?

Kami Haha

Love Is, Isn'T It?

Love is a beautiful thing.
When returned,
I hear my heart sing.

Love is a confusing thing.
When led on,
I feel my heart sting.

Love is an awful thing.
When unreturned, and led on,
I see my heart fling.

Love is

Love isn't

Love is "...knowing all about someone, and still wanting to be with them more than any other person, love is trusting them enough to tell them everything about yourself, including the things you might be ashamed of, love is feeling comfortable and safe with someone, but still getting weak knees when they walk into a room and smile at you."

Love is, if you search hard enough

Kami Haha

This Scar Is A Noose

Does he see?

Does she notice?

Do they all stare at me because they see what's in my head?

Doubt it.

They're all the same.

Each and every one of them.

They look at me with their pity,
which I reply to by souring my face in return.

That scar. That wretched, life taking scar.

Because of what?

A car accident I could have prevented,
had I been driving only, instead of LOLing my friends.

God's punishment for driving into that family van?

A totaled car (which no one paid for) ,

a grounding (whatever) ,

and a scar (that I can't live with) .

No matter how much plastic surgery,

no matter how many creams,

the scar is here to stay says the doctors.

Now I must live with it, like a noose around my neck.

They stare at me like an animal,

a rotten girl with a bad attitude, and now a face to match.

I hate this noose,

the scar that lies, stretches across my (once perfect) face.

Kami Haha

Wait!

Time waits for no one, as I have come to know...
It turns white petals into green leaves;
Lively green leaves into dead brown ones;
And even the flowers of autumn die under winter's sheet of white.

Now the sky us alive with color, as I sit at home.
And I am allowed, for but a moment, and illusion: Time is waiting for me.
But time deceives me, for soon the day and I must do to dreamland,
Where I meet the man of the hour, who is called Father Time.

I ask him why he plays such agonizing, deceptive games.
He doesn't answer, but instead points behind me.
There stands a gallant tree. 'So...' I ask impatiently.
Abruptly, the Tree of Life begins to change, with its leaves changing as Time
passes around it.

Its leaves pinken, brighten to green, die in an instant, and its branches become
snow covered sticks.
Time continues around the tree, until I look down and realize I am aging.
Father Time begins evaporate; 'Wait! ' I call, in a voice that isn't mine.
But the tree just falls, until it's nearly crushing me.
I awaken with a start, in a sweat, with a confused mind to keep me up
throughout the night.

It is now I see the meaning:
Time stops for no one, and hears no man's 'Wait! '
Use your own tome wisely, for later it will be too late...

Kami Haha