

Poetry Series

Malcolm Bacchus
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

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

Malcolm Bacchus()

I never attended school as a child, I spent my time helping my father out in fields. It was a rough lifestyle we lived. In 1999 my father passed away and I moved with my mother to the Netherlands, in a small town called Tazo. We needed an escape. 2006 my mother passed away, so I live in our small house alone tending to our 2 acres of garden and keeping the animals.

A Cup Of Coffee In The Morning Costs A Little More Then What We Are Being Charged For

For this one cup of coffee
That I paid \$5 for
A farmer has worked many hours
To provide little more then
Perhaps a few cups of rice
Or maybe some beans if he made
Enough money that day
For his family
I paid more for this coffee
Then the farmer who grew
And tended for the coffee beans
Made this whole day

Malcolm Bacchus

Apparently The Life Expectancy Of An Insect Greatly Decreases If You Leave Him Locked Within A Cupboard

In the Kitchen cupboard
The Fruit Fly
Has died of old age

Malcolm Bacchus

Getting Our Priorities Right In A Materialistic World Is Never An Easy Thing To Do And We Fail At Life

We can take mighty fine care of our cars
So why cant we take care of the world?

Malcolm Bacchus

Grab Ahold Of The Sails For The Wind Is About To Change

A North wind blowing in from the South
Seems such a peculiar thought
But it really isnt all that strange

Malcolm Bacchus

Hot Water Sends Shivers Down My Spine

They try and awake me
But it does no good
Because I still stand alone
In that field where the cold wind blows

Malcolm Bacchus

Hunger Can Never Satisfy The Best Of Us If We Do Not Know What It Is We Are Longing For

I sit here writing poems
From which I become hungry
Hungry for Knowledge
Hungry for Power
But I go hungry
And die a slow death

Malcolm Bacchus

If We Just Lay Here Time Will Kill Us All Without Even Flinching

The Clock sits still
But a baby boy has died
A mother has lost a son
Then the second hand moves on

Malcolm Bacchus

Land As A Forgotten Factor Of Life

In the country

The Land will produce the food

You take just what you need

In the city

Money produces the food

You take what you can afford

Malcolm Bacchus

Life Is Not Always Fair And Unfortunately Sometimes We Have To Play The Victim

A cold harsh winter
Leaves the poor thing suffering from hunger
The ground is hard and icy
So he runs elsewhere to find shelter
He finds it within the stable among the hay
Only to be eaten by a cat

Malcolm Bacchus

M Is For Malcolm

M is for Malcolm
I once owned a cat.

A is for aristocratic
just like my cat

L is for liver
which is what I fed my cat

C is for community
in which we all had cats

O is for obvious
which is that I have a cat

L is for Love
which I shared with my cat

M is for Malcolm

Malcolm Bacchus

Misleading Emergency Exits Are Perhaps An Issue That Should Be Analyzed By Our Communist Governments

He runs in with a gun
As people
Flee for the the Emergency Exit
But his companion is outside the
Emergency Exit
Waiting

Malcolm Bacchus

Perhaps A Gps Is The Only Thing That Can Get Lost Love Back On The Right Path

Lost Love

Tries to find me
But how can she
If I am still Lost
In my own Love

Malcolm Bacchus

Run Infront Of A Bus And Your Problems May Be Solved?

In times of need
You run to your family
But if family is your need
Where do you run?

Malcolm Bacchus

Sprinkle Some Soil Upon Your Soul And Let It Rip

Take care of the Land
For one day
When you die
It shall care for you

Malcolm Bacchus

The Butterflies Flutter As A Little Boy Stands In Need

Scars he cant hide
Eat away at his soul
Reminding him of his past
Though it was not his fault

His mother worked in Bed
His father loved the bottle
It was nothing he could control
So he sat alone and wept

Malcolm Bacchus

True Love Is Really A lot Closer Than It Seems, So Perhaps We Are Searching In All The Wrong Places

Love is a cup of coffee
Shared over a table

Love is melodic melody
Soothing to the ears

Love is a newborn child
So small and beautiful

Love is that someone
Who always brings a smile to your face

Love is found in the Lord

Malcolm Bacchus

Trying To Shine While On An Empty Stomach

Hunger eats away at the world
But is never satisfied

Malcolm Bacchus

Weapons Of Mass Destruction Leave Us Hanging By Our Heartstrings

I fought in a war
It was with myself
Yet somehow I lost
But nobody won

Malcolm Bacchus