

Poetry Series

Mark Bell
- poems -

Publication Date:
2015

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

Mark Bell()

Being Different

Look at me father
I'm here to impress
I am your son wearing
A sweet pretty pink dress
Look at me father
My girl friend is of different race
I can see I shame you
It's etched all over your face
Look at me father
This is not about you
Maybe I am the cuckoo
Over the nest I once flew
Look at me father
and radically accept
I am what I am
I'm a one hundred per cent
Bet

Mark Bell

Believing

Believing believing it's a waste of a time
It's a whopping mistake, it should be a crime
What ever you believe a tragedy will strike
Humans you love, even to humans you dislike
Believe in good believe in bad
Ode to be happy ode to be sad
Believe in what you want the outcome is the same
Death and tragedy it's called the waiting game
Philosophy says breathe eat and to shit
Then you die so get on with it
Believing is just a sound mechanism to cope
To syphon out shit between despair and hope

Mark Bell

Believing It's All In The Prose

I've danced with the moon
Played cricket on the sun
Please believe, it's oh so fun
If I hadn't told you that pile of shit
Then tell me how does one believe
I'll tell you seeing is believing
But prose is open to be decieve
Did you see me dance upon the moon
Or play cricket on the burning sun
Prose and deceiving has always been
Around ever since time begun
Humans will always believe
Humans will always decieve
If you remove all of the worlds prose
Believing becomes harder
Only God will ever know

Mark Bell

Broken

Our bond smashed to pieces
Love has been torn apart
What was it all for?
You've butchered my heart.

Love lost, trust all been crushed
My mind is on fire
What was it all for?
My sweet little liar.

Your door was open for another love
My eyes cried with grief
What was it all for?
When are bond was our belief

Hearts get broken all the time
Still waters still run deep
Let me make it through the days
So night time I shall weep

Mark Bell

Broken Mind

My mornings are always broken
It's raining razor blades again
Bombs are falling, made of cotton wool
Oh it's sad, it's another broken morning

Another morning has broken
See the crows have taken my eyes
My imagination is still fertile
As my physical being subsides

The morning is crying
Stuck in my cocooned being
My mornings are painful
Never knowing never seeing

It's raining again
Razor blades burn
The pain resides
As the sunshine returns

I'm in a catch 22
Contradiction is rife
Barb wire shoes
Left left
Right right

Another morning has broken
It's raining who am I?
Can I ask the question
Does the sun ever cry

Razor blades are falling
With a cotton wool bomb
I can't remember
I shall not remember
That day I died on the Somme

Would it have been different
Had I'd rested in peace

Than to suffer every morning
In a bloodied worn out fleece

Mark Bell

Dark Days

Dark days are here again
The good old days were dark
Drawing blood from the skin
Attracting the gullible shark
Dark days are here again
Dancing on each other's grave
Lies and hatred will not go away,
Must slow down the human lathe
The runaway train carries away the blood
Love cannot overpower the gore
All we can hope for is good old despair
Not arriving bloodied upon your shore

Mark Bell

Did I Deserve?

Meadows flowing wild as the hawk
Fences and pathways open to walk
Hares and the foxes fight in the morn
Harvesters combine to dance with corn
Striding lovers sweetly holding of the hands
The early morning starlings uniting the bands
Praise be the morning such a glorious day
Pity I had to spoil it, I blew my brains away
Oh what a beautiful life, I gave it one last shot
Praise be that morning did I deserve what I got?

Mark Bell

Family Circle

I loved my mum
She died
I hated my dad
He's dead
I loved my wife
We hurt
Children I adore
Broke my heart
Tore me apart
Unstable mind
Totally blind
So unkind
I now must die
Children cry
Mum must die
Children cry
No wonder why
Families cry

Mark Bell

Four Seasons

Pretty little birdies
Listen to them sing
Glorious harmonies
Oh it must be Spring
Roses red blossoming
morning warming sun
Children playing in the parks
Has summer really begun
Cold frosty mornings
Birds make the call
Leaf turns to golden brown
It's the start of the fall
Snowflakes appear
Then melt on the green
Winter is upon us
As it sets the idyllic scene

Mark Bell

Grief

Soldier
Brave
Soldier
Grave
Mother
Father
Sons
Daughters
Grieve.
Manipulation
Orders
Brave
Marauders.
Life
End
Freedom
Glory
Obituary
Epitaph
Story
Glory.
Bang bang
Dead dead
Bang bang
Bled dread
Casualty of war
Dead flayed skin
Streams of blood
Sun cries within
Brave
Brave
Soldier
Deceased
Memorials
Grief
War war
Brave brave
War war
Grave grave

Mark Bell

Life In The Forest

Leaves from the trees fall to the ground
On the cool breeze they make no sound
The forests today seem to dance with glee
As the sun shone down as it warmed me
Bluebells carpeted the wild forest floor
The fungus sprouted as the seeds did spore
Life and sunshine dance on the warming breeze
Everything living makes the forest such at ease
The deer, all the birds, the insects, the wild boar
All congregate on the wild bluebells forest floor
Stream through the forest is its life's blue blood
The kingfisher is king thinking it's well understood
Badgers and otters all animals can breed
In a wonderful place with plenty of fertile seed
Winter summer, Autumn Spring four Lovelly
Seasons listening to the robins sing
Life in the forest consists of death and pleasure
While butterflies dance in all kinds of weather
A hawk swoops down to talon its prey
To feed its young to live another day
The heartbeat of the forest is a noisy one
It's a great place to be since time begun

Mark Bell

Lilly

Birthday came
Birthday went
No phone call
Text never sent

Sweet little Lilly
In dress satin white
Sweet forgotten virgin
Under candle light

Sweet Father heartless monster
Mother gutless crow
Parents born from lucifer
Would not watch poor Lilly grow

Lilly in a white dress
Just another thrown away toy
The monster and the ghastly crow
Always wanted a baby boy

Growing hatred for the monster
Growing hatred for the crow
Lilly began to think she was evil
In her parents heinous family show

Lilly wears her white satin dress
Not so lillywhite anymore
Lilly was developing hatred
It was rotting her, to her core

She killed the heartless monster
She killed the gutless crow
Blood splattered over white dress
Now Lilly began to grow

Lilly became a mother
There father whom they adore
Lilly cleansed her heart of hatred
So past memories don't come ashore

Her father was a gruesome monster
Horrible black crow as her mum
White dresses should never go red
All childhoods should be fun

Heaven was made for Lilly
In her dress made of snow
So when you become a parent
Please watch your children grow

Mark Bell

Lonely

Heart with no window
Lacks empathy and joy
Ten million Trojan horses
Lonely as the crying boy

Eyes with no windows
Hope and despair unfurl
Achilles flightless arrows
Lonely as the crying girl

Touch with no window
Lovers with out wings
Helens such warm beauty
The lonely shall not sing

Passion has no windows
The roses refuse to grow
Boats in the harbour sinking
As the cold winds shall blow

Lonely as the girl
Lonely as the boy
No open windows
A life without joy

Mark Bell

Odd

ice cubes freezing
Inside burning flame
Shadows come out to play
Weird things are happening to me
It's still a wonderful day

Sunshine still shining
In middle, dark night
Everybody moving left
And I'm turning right
Weird things are happening to me
Hey it's still nice and bright

I still have three wheels on my wagon
I'm twenty bricks short of a wall
Weird things keep on happening to me
If they happen to you, give me a call.

Mark Bell

Ode To Kill A Thought

A twisted thought from the depth of beyond
Masking it with alcohol or was I to abscond
I wanted to kill, slaughter that cruel thought
But the morality in me, left me cold of sorts
Always fighting with my inner most self
Poor in emotions, my esteem lacks wealth
Psychopath me with a knife that's so red
My thoughts now runaway now I have bled

Mark Bell

Questioning

A bomb with a conscience
A bomb with a heart
A bomb who believes,
Not to tare lives apart

A bomb with morality
A bomb with a brain
A bomb who understands
Who can cast of its chain

God made human
Human made the bomb
Was it God or human
Who got it so wrong

A bomb carrying hope
A bomb carrying despair
God or human, or a bomb
Question it all if you dare

Boom

Mark Bell

Sweet Lilly

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Mark Bell

Three Wheels On My Wagon

Lovelly oh Lovelly
Lovelly so sweet
Share some wine
Please take a seat
Red my sweet love
A cool pleasing white
We kiss we hold hands
candles setting the mood
Let's get to the lovemaking
Let's bypass all the food
Sorry about that it was all going well
The wheels fell off you never can tell
Why can't I just eat the sweet ambience
Dance slowly with the elegant flow
Why are you all or nothing, get up and go

Mark Bell

Weird

A dik dik jumping over a ha ha
Banana oil coming from coals
Making barb wire from cotton wool
Monkeys swimming around in shoals
Two of these weird things are true
A rainbow and its pots of gold
Is the sky truly a colourful blue
I really do not no what to do

Mark Bell

Who Are You

Beware of your surroundings
Before your surroundings
Surround you
Flesh eating chains
Acid rain
Cannot grow I told you so
Listen to your surroundings
Before your surroundings
Deafen you
Smooth silk sheets
Homes a treat
You will grow I told you so
Mindfulness and wise mind
Accepting who you are
Please be kind

Mark Bell