

Poetry Series

Michael Gillespie
- poems -

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Michael Gillespie()

Branching Out

Oh joyful light trapped in freedom
Unable to embrace

So protective and unwilling
To show the beauty of your face

So you hide behind the clouds
Instead they'll cry for you

And as they weep and open up
Your rays come seeping through

They tease me with a wish
That one day you'll come out

The time will come, but until then
You're all I think about

Michael Gillespie

I Miss You

I miss you when I wrote
This poem I never wrote
But when you left I had to write
My feelings on this note

I miss you when I sing
That thing I used to sing
I forgot it, but I miss you now
When I sing anything

I miss you when I believed
That time I had believed,
I didn't care but now I miss,
You every time I breathe

I miss you when I say,
These words I want to say,
Near or far I miss you more,
Each and every day

Michael Gillespie

Leroy, Mi

The faded beauty of a temperate life
In one recollection, a million words
So amazing, full of peace and love,
And as I drive past the memories;
About as worn as these dirt roads,
I look out the window and think to myself,
This town isn't much of anything!
Everything run-down and neglected
But then it hit me, as I reached my house,
That even the most unwanted of ugly things
Can still hold so much of life's beauty

Michael Gillespie

Lost And Found

He's rich in his addiction
A slave to earthly wealth

With all of his affliction
He seeks to find himself

His back's against the wall
And soon he'll come to know

He's sailing toward a waterfall
A thousand feet below

His empty heart, engulfed with hate
As he feels the tense heat rise

He looks below and sees the gate
With horror in his eyes

And as the tears roll down his face
He finds himself in bed

Humbled by Amazing Grace
And shamed by the life he's lead

Michael Gillespie

One In A Billion

A billion combined
Together blind
And through a billion just one
Would find

That a billion avowed
Would follow the crowd
And of them just he'd
Stand proud

A child intense
With a stubborn defense
Had cleanly denied
World influence

Through storm and rain
Roared him insane
But he'd know his life
Was not in vain

Confronted by fruit
Instead took the root
And found truth inside
Before he died

Though he died was graced
As he looked down embraced
With a sorrow so deep
Toward the billion he faced

Michael Gillespie