

Poetry Series

**Ocklawaha Holt**  
**- poems -**

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# Ocklawaha Holt(4/11/99)

# Fat

They are cows. Plodding along until their next meal.  
Waiting, Watching, for someone to pay attention to them.  
But no one ever does for long.  
Because they are:  
Looking at the world with blank eyes;  
Because that is how the world sees them.  
A waste of flesh and space, that's it.

When inside, passion rumbles  
And distress tumbles head over heels  
Into a pit of despair.  
But no one can see that.

Not even those with x-ray vision:  
The cellulite is too thick to see through.  
This is how they are,  
Like cows plodding along until their next meal.  
Without hope. without purpose.

Just cows

And the worst part is:  
I AM ONE OF THEM.

Ocklawaha Holt

# The Guitar And The Leather Jacket

You pass...

A whisp out of the corner of my eye.

Barely seen.

But I know exactly what you look like.

Messed up hair, a leather jacket that seen better days, and combat Boots falling apart at the seams.

But none of that matters because you have a guitar slung over your shoulder.

A beautiful instrument, but more so are the sounds that come from it at your hands.

You don't know me, but I think I have fallen in love with you, or maybe your music? I dont know it hard to tell sometimes.

I want to speak to you. Tell you how I feel. but your a magical music man and I'm just here for the show.

Maybe in another time. Another place. Maybe never. But it doesn't matter because your guitar chords will haunt my soul forever.

Ocklawaha Holt

# The Little Coffee Shop Hidden Off Of Main Street

hidden in a doorway you wouldn't know is there unless you were looking.  
a plain door that leads to a haven.  
you pause your hand on the knob.  
finally you decide to do it. you turn the knob.  
the smell assaults you first.  
coffee beans with a hint of intellect  
next is the sounds  
soft rock with chords from the grinder mixed in  
then the sights  
bold colors and mellow lights  
this place is heaven  
this place is the little coffee shop hidden off of main street

Ocklawaha Holt

# The Scary Side Of Snow

Its snowing outside  
The snow is falling, falling, falling  
Stacking gently like a lost child's legos  
Forming the sands of time

Its whiteness burns my eyes and burrows into my soul  
Trapping me inside a place I'm not sure I want to go  
Fireside memories haunt my mind

I turn away from the window and burrow deeper into your embrace  
Its a warm comforting place  
I'm sure I've made quite a show but I don't care, because your embrace is not at  
all like the scary side of snow.

Ocklawaha Holt

# The Vampyre

A black soul  
The blackest of hearts  
Filled with black blood  
Black as the night in which he came  
A monster in mans body

A vampyre  
Thirsting after the reddest of blood  
He came for me and I ran  
But I could never run fast enough

And now I wander  
with a black soul  
And the blackest of hearts  
Filled with black blood  
For ever thirsting for a taste of another's ruby red blood.

Ocklawaha Holt

# The Water Only Listens

the water glistens  
a different time a different place  
the water glistens  
reflecting the cool light onto my face  
reflecting the tears as they fall

the water glistens but only listens  
thus i am wondering never knowing  
exactly where it is im going

although sometimes lack of knowledge  
is a much sought after privilege  
we yearn to be free of this earth  
we seek the place that supposedly came before birth

but still the water glistens  
and only listens  
reflecting the tear as it falls  
a tiny acme weight of the heavens  
forever bound downward

despite my entreaties, it reflects the tears falling  
but still the water glistens  
and only listens

Ocklawaha Holt