

Poetry Series

October Freeman
- poems -

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October Freeman(June 21,1997)

My name is October Haven Freeman. I am originally from Montana, but I am of Russian decent. I am emo/goth, but be ware that I do not cut my self or wallow in sadness and remorse. I do not grieve for an extended period of time over ones that have been lost in the battle that we call everyday life. Be sad, get over it, move on. Maybe it was just their time. No one can predict the outcome or when death shall strike, just know that when it does, go with peace.

How Could You?

How Could you?

By: October

How could you lie,
And make me cry?

How could you accuse me,
When I wasn't the one to blame?

How could you leave me,
While you watch with hateful eyes,
Me fall to pieces?

How could you watch me fall,
And disregard my desperate call?

Ignore me when I needed help?

I loved you,
But you broke my faith,
With the lie you told.

And all I can think is...

How could you...
Wasn't what we had special...?

October Freeman

I Hate Love

I Hate Love

By: October

I hate Love,
The way it tears you apart.
The way they look at you with eyes of pity.

'We'll always be friends.' They say.
'Nothing will change.' Is what I hear.

Or if they're hurtful about it,
And they sneer it,
'I hate you! '
'Don't ever talk to me.'
'I never want to see you again...'

The words that tore at me,
Slashing me to pieces,
Ripping my broken heart to shreds...

I Hate Love!

October Freeman

Into The Shadows

Into the shadows

By: October Haven Freeman

Dark thoughts lure you in...

Murderous beings see you out...

Shrouded figures haunt the darkest corners in your mind...

Twisted thoughts take place...

As you sit amongst the outsiders,

The freaks...

You get worse...

Head home to sleep.

Into the shadows...

Into complete darkness.

Shrieking winds...

Flashing lightning...

Causing terror throughout the world,

Never thought we'd get so sinister.

Into the shadows we remain...

The shadows keeps us somewhat sane...

Pitch black...

Where we all live.

We have our days,

Our few moments of insanity...

The moments where you break free of humanity...

Where you feel like you can do anything.

When you let your mind drift to least proper thoughts,

And let them soothe the burden you once held,

Now toss.

Keep thinking,
About these darker things.

For they ease you into an awakened slumber.

Murder is mercy.
Suicide is heaven.

The shadows are an escape...
From it all...

October Freeman

Lost

I am not lost in a bad way,
Nor am I lost in a good way.

I am lost in your eyes,
And I am lost in my heart.

I am lost in my dreams of you,
And I am lost in my thoughts of you.

I am lost in a labyrinth of feelings.
I am not lost in confusion.
I am lost in love.
I am lost.
And I don't mind...

October Freeman

My Last Tear

I won't cry.
I won't beg.
I won't ask why.
I don't know why I should.

You're not worth it;
Not worth such pain.
I've shed my last tear.
Nothing will fall from these eyes,
The grief you caused me.

I have shed my last tear,
For you.
You're not worth it.
You're not worth my grief.
You're not good for me.

These are my last tears
And remember,
You're the one that said,
Good-Bye...

October Freeman

My Soul

My Soul

Written by: October Haven Freeman

My Soul

The Music to My Songs

The Answers to My Questions

The Key to the Door of Chances.

My Soul

A Caged kindred Spirit.

A Spirit that wants to be Set Free,

And Live.

My Soul

Not one to be imprisoned,

Not one to be silenced,

Not one to be hurt,

Not one to be extinguished,

Not one to be tossed like a Painful Memory.

Set My Soul Free,

Let me show who God created Me to be...

October Freeman