

Poetry Series

**Peter Cloutier**  
**- poems -**

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# Peter Cloutier(December 17th,1990 - Present)

\*\*16 years of age\*\*

\*\*1 brother and 1 sister\*\*

\*\*Live in Canada, born in Quebec, live in Nova Scotia\*\*

\*\*Almost joined a gang before my friend robbed me\*\*

\*\*Live in a trailer park, which isn't that bad, yet isn't good\*\*

# Death

Death is immortal...

It slowly eats away at you like a plague,  
dissolving all that is good like acid.  
From the moment you open your eyes you're nailed with a tag,  
it dares not to nag as it has already marked you.  
Staulks you wherever you go,  
fading out of sight whenever you turn to see,  
whether somethings been following you and what it would be.

It burns in the heart...

continuesly firing bullets of pain,  
very often loved ones are caught in the line of fire.  
There is little gain included,  
with the fierceness of its reign.  
It kills those affected within,  
tearing away the goodness of life,  
making you think of your every sin,  
forcing you to think of where you are and where you've been.

Death is like a disease...

it strikes like a predator,  
waiting for its meal.  
drawing sad faces around,  
strengthening its grip and then pulling you down.  
Eventually everyone is giving up the fight,  
debating over what's wrong or right.  
Offering it the chance to get a better grip,  
Then, Death pulls with all its might!

\*\* The previous poem was written on January 4th,2007 \*\*

Peter Cloutier

# Friend

We met in that dusty class room,  
rarely spoke or seemed to care,  
who would have thought such a friendship could bloom,  
such a feeling feels so rare.

Throughout the years we've had much fun,  
while together, time flew fast,  
our friendship had only just begun,  
yet we always seemed to have a blast.

I always felt it'd be you and me,  
I felt our friendship would always be,  
our trust grew quick and steady,  
you felt just like family.

One dreadful day I trusted you,  
the feeling of betrayal just hadn't been,  
when it struck I had no clue,  
the very next day you'd be broken in.

Your action felt like molten stakes,  
driving through my heart,  
my soul experienced a thousand breaks,  
I slowly started falling apart.

Now here I am,  
don't want to know him,  
yet he inspired me,  
to write this poem.

Peter Cloutier

# Life

Life is an obstacle course,  
with many twists and turns.  
Where no one else feels and remorse,  
when someones sick life burns.

There is no one answer,  
just one unexpected surprise.  
Who knows if he's got cancer,  
or doctors telling lies.

There is so much sorrow,  
yet plenty joy comes too.  
You never really need to borrow,  
there's enough of both for me and you.

~Peter Cloutier~

January 9th,2007

Peter Cloutier

# Life As A Parrot

Feels like ages now,  
I lived in that ugly shop,  
the woman taught me how,  
to love, care, and trust.

She walked around inside,  
stopping by my cage,  
I felt I'd nothing to hide,  
after looking in her eyes.

She lifted up the cage,  
then paid the man the money,  
destroying all my rage,  
I'd built up over the years.

Throughout the entire ride,  
I couldn't stop thinking of her,  
she filled me up with pride,  
making everything else feel right.

She offered much more freedom,  
throwing out my cage,  
I hummed a happy hum,  
she let me speak my mind.

Now I sit here singing,  
she claps after every song,  
I couldn't live without her,  
finally, I feel I belong!

Peter Cloutier

# Rap To Poem

So what is the difference,  
between a rap and a poem,  
I feel that this is important,  
therefore you should know them.

They may both be written similar,  
but what keeps them apart,  
one is used to earn money,  
while the other comes from heart.

Rap's not so easy to write,  
as it's made up completely of pain,  
while poems are for everyone,  
and there's really so much to gain.

Now that you are thinking,  
I'll let you think this over,  
you can write about drugs,  
or choose to write of the clover.

Peter Cloutier

# The Clearing

You enter the woods,  
through that beaten path,  
the sun is raining down,  
giving the plant life a bath.

You continue walking through,  
following the dirt trail,  
creatures are lurking about,  
and you just want to bail.

The path begins to end,  
you attempt to make your own,  
wanting to turn back,  
after hearing that dreadful moan.

You feel like turning back,  
yet feet keep moving forward,  
you wish you hadn't picked the path,  
which everyone has preferred.

Stamina's draining out,  
like a jug of water turned upside down,  
you finally reach a clearing,  
which no one else has found.

Birds are chirping overhead,  
like little angels in the sky,  
no one else has been here,  
of this I wonder why.

Peter Cloutier

# The Guardian

Mother Nature, so sweet and calm,  
the beautiful protector of all.  
What else can I say, you're the perfect mom,  
protecting both short and tall.

You bring birth to our world everyday,  
never running out of hope.  
You're always there waiting for people to pray,  
when things get too hard to cope.

You offer water and food,  
plenty for everyone.  
There's no such thing as 'rude',  
for everything is fun.

Offering homes for millions of creatures,  
you've got to keep them warm.  
sharing many special features,  
protecting us from harm.

Often try to prevent a fight,  
for it isn't right.  
You glare at them with all your might,  
'till they're too scared to bite.

To avoid us being completely dependent,  
you let us do some work.  
I can't even apprehend it,  
we think you're such a jerk!

~Peter Cloutier~

January 9th,2007

Peter Cloutier

# The Journey

Come, enter our world,  
of fantasy and fame.  
Join the saga,  
become part of the game.  
Millions around,  
yet no one's the same.  
Many animals roam,  
none of them tame.  
Mages and knights,  
creating a clan.  
They all want to fight,  
for they know that they can.  
Visit the town of Varrock,  
if you're aiming to trade.  
Head north for the wildy,  
if you'de like to use your blade.  
If you're not into fighting,  
there's much more to do.  
You may prefer to travel,  
rest for a day or two.  
Among all of the hills,  
and throughout the various skills.  
You'll find one thing in common,  
the power of freewill!

Peter Cloutier

# The Poet

How many poems must I write,  
before I'm considered good,  
I'd write a million poems,  
but don't know if I could.

I feel as if I'm no one,  
just writing pointless words,  
they mean something to me,  
everyone else must think I'm a nerd.

I pour all of my heart,  
into every poem,  
but after reading them over,  
I feel as if I'd blown them.

I'm not going to give up though,  
just keep on writing my thoughts,  
soon i will be recognized,  
and everyone else can rot!

Peter Cloutier

# The Sea Monster

I slipped upon the lake,  
one day walking through the woods,  
it really looked harmless and fake,  
if a natural thing ever could.

I watched the horizon for hours,  
just never moving my eyes,  
I don't know why for sure,  
but I was waiting for some kind of surprise.

It came sure enough,  
yet I couldn't make it out,  
I've seen many things and stuff,  
but nothing that would want to make me shout.

My eyes lay on this creature,  
and fear crept in for the first time,  
now I don't even wonder,  
I know I would rather pay a dime.

Than get stuck at that lake again,  
as I'd only be asking for trouble,  
I don't know how or when,  
but next time I'll wait for double.

Peter Cloutier

# The Sinking Ship

I stand upon,  
this sinking ship,  
I dare not show fear,  
won't even quiver a lip.

Yes I stand upon,  
this sinking ship,  
water's coming in,  
reaching up to my hip.

But I stand upon,  
this sinking ship,  
I won't turn back,  
I have to finish my trip.

Yes, I stand upon,  
this sinking ship,  
because it's my life,  
and my sinking ship.

Peter Cloutier

# The Wild

The wilderness of life,  
is like a two edged sword,  
creatures always doing more,  
never getting bored.

I'd like to make this simple question,  
how in the world it can be,  
that those cute and furry creatures,  
would rather fight than flee.

I used to think that sharks were evil,  
for tearing up their prey,  
then I thought of our human race,  
with nothing good to say.

We don't kill to eat to live,  
we kill 'cause huntings fun,  
it's the only time we get the chance,  
to use that frieken gun.

Kill the creature,  
then slice off what tastes bad,  
we never stop to think,  
of the life that creature had.

Peter Cloutier