

Poetry Series

Poet of the River
- poems -

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Poet of the River(july 27 1994)

I'm 19 with a knack of finding the worst and best of life and reveling its most complicated questions.

So here I am, sharing these intriguing aspects of life with you, and placing them here for you to read. I am very interested in science and the way our world is today. I have much to learn about the world and am always seeking to learn new things.

I love music and mystery as well as a good book atoned with answers to fill my limitless curiosity.

I am a colorful person and am very acceptable of different beliefs. I am always eager to hear the opinion of others and am always willing to adapt to change. If there is something I have written that you disapprove of, tell me. I will not take offense. I would be glad to change my style of writing time to time to better suite my readers.

Please comment if you find something you like.

Enjoy the poetry and thank you for your time.

I care about all even if not in myself. if you need someone to talk to, contact me. I will listen. And I will not judge you. I, am here to help~

Find me on facebook, 'River Poet'

or e-mail me: 'PoetoftheRiver@'

' A Path With No End ' (Thought)

They say life is a winding road with many paths to take.
But no matter how many paths I choose,
It's always a dead end,
I have to retrace my steps to find my mistake.
Only to find it's one I cannot mend.

It's like starting a race expecting to win,
But somehow you always loose.
When the race starts you don't know where to begin.
What path to choose.

But what happens when we get to the dead end?
Do we turn around and run away so we can try again?
Do we try to win a race with no end?
Or is the dead end ware our true journey begins?

Poet of the River

... (Sad)

suicide,
when you have lost the ability to cope,
suicide,
the forever decision,
suicide,
when you have lost all hope,
suicide,
make the final incision.

Poet of the River

~+': Song Of The Stream: '+~ (Thought)

Water running in a steady stream
Flowing over the polished white and brown stones.
The stream is old, its waters cold, the flow running steadily.
A rock falls in, Its journey begins,
As it is calmly washed away.
As rules abide, and ripples collide,
To play their attuned melody.

Poet of the River

4th Of July (Political)

Light the match,
Ignite the fuse,
As the evening sky fills with its reds, whites, and blues.
Sparks fly, as colors light the night sky.
And the veterans play there war tune as they celebrate the freedom of liberty for
which they risked their life.

Poet of the River

A Birthday With You(Happy)

I walked outside today,
to watch the flowers bloom,
and watch the birds play.
I thought there was no where else I would rather be,
than right here on this glorious day.
And no one else I'd rather be with,
then you, on your birthday.

Poet of the River

A Broken Heart (Sad)

We are all hurt in life.
They say that pain lessons over time,
but that pain never truly fades.
We simple cover it in scar tissue to help dull the pain.
but it never truly goes away.

Poet of the River

A Call Of Destiny(Thought)

I hear the tick tock,
coming from the clock on the wall.
My fingers lock,
As I wait for the call.
The call in which my destiny resides,
A call I must answer.
And in answering must choose a path,
One holds the way of the righteous,
The other total disaster,
And as I sit here in the darkness,
The only sound I hear,
Is the tick tock,
coming from the clock on the wall.
my fingers unlock,
as i answer the call,
And face my every fear.

Poet of the River

A Little Of A Little (Thought/Motivational)

A little here, a little there.
a little bit every were.
a pinch, a dash, a smidgin, a splash.
and just a little more.
a pop, a hizz, a rattle, a fizz.
overflowing onto the floor.
a raddled, a drip, watch your step, you could slip.
for little of little are mighty small amounts,
but every little, even though little, counts.
so keep track of your actions,
a little of a little is a small amount,
but even a little action is an action that counts.
so make the little actions, the actions that count.

Poet of the River

A Million Coins (Happy/ Short Story)

I have found a coin of bright gold and blue.
So unique and rare it must be new.
Silver trim, smooth and slim, yet rigid on its side.
Its sparkle and shine does nothing but blind, and in my pocket it would hide.
For I mean to share it with no one.

It would be a gift from the world to me,
A gift I would accept happily.
It burns in my hand, hot as a brand, yearning to be seen.
I take a peek, at the glory I seek, and smile to myself blindly.

Walking back to the scene where it was found, I saw a paper lying upon the ground.
It was a forum for a lost coin and for the return of which was offered a heavy sum.
This coin is mine to keep,
Within my pocket it shall sleep,
For no price is worth its pay.
This coin of mine, that glistens and shines,
Will never be given away.

On my walk home, I saw a poor lass,
Sitting upon the sodden ground.
No food, no water, and no effects to be found.
She sat alone by a wall with a note at her feet,
It read please I beg of you, give me something to eat.
I have nothing on me, no food to share.
I checked my bag, but it was empty and bare.

My pockets leaden but no food to be found.
The paper from my pocket, crumpled, falls to the ground.
Out of my pocket, I look down at the coin in my hand.
Its shine, is so divine, surly the most beautiful in the land.

In silence the girl wept with her hands empty.
I look down at the coin in my hand, and then the shoes on my feet.
Perhaps it was sorrow, or perhaps sympathy,
But next to the young girl I took a seat.
I pulled open her hand, and into it the coin did land.

And in silence she looks up to me.

I unwrap the paper and place it on her knee.

“Take this my dear”

She looked up and smiled at me.

Closing her eyes with a single tear.

For this child’s smile is more beautiful to me,

Than any possession I hold dear.

A smile is worth a million coins, and it always will be.

Poet of the River

A Part Of Me(Thought)

You are on the outside looking in,
You never frown,
You never grin.
When you are down,
You never let anyone in.
You never say a thing,
You never make a sound.
You have no possessions, no ring.
I listen to your heart, yet I don't hear anything..
You come and go like the mist.
There for a moment, then blown away.
I wish you would come home with me.
when you come, have the heart to stay.
never leave me alone.
And never go away.

Poet of the River

A Ripple In Reality (Thought)

Life is a drip of water,
Falling into a steady stream.
These ripples are our actions,
and our choices, the spaces in between.
A ripple from another disturbance,
Softly collides.
These are the important actions,
The ones that change our lives.

Poet of the River

A Sister And Her Mister (Funny)

There once was a sister,
who loved to kiss her mister.
Til' one day she came home,
and saw her mister with her sister.
The funny thing is, he would still be here,
If he just wouldn't of kissed her.
Boy I sure am glad I was not her sister!
But even more so that I got to MEET her mister!

Poet of the River

A Tear In The Eyes That Care (Sad)

Fear!

You have gripped my heart...

You torture me, tear me apart...

What is this pain i feel?

Answer me! tell me this is not real!

How can this happen...

How can this be? !

Why are my hopes taken away from me? !

I doubt, I have to...I must!

How can i put faith in those i cannot trust?

The tests are wrong...WRONG....

They cannot be true...

Why did this happen... what can i do?

With time running low,

and pain running deep,

Please do not give in,

don't embrace sleep!

I have only so much to give...

But the tests are wrong!

You have to live!

The doctor can save you...

I know it has to be true...

They have to save you...

Or i don't know what I would do...

My heart bleeds for you.

I am filled with pain and I am sad.

I will pray to god for you...

Please do not take my dad...

Let the tests be wrong...!

Poet of the River

Acceleration Without Breaks (Sad)

Trapped in a landslide,
Rolling down hill.
Taped on the blind side,
Oh-what a thrill.
My thoughts forced inside
Until I have reached my fill.
Until I can no longer hide them,
And my thoughts begin to spill.

Poet of the River

Am I Awake? (Thought)

Fall in to sleep,
fall in to a dream.
The things you seek,
are not what they seem.
So when you open your eyes,
are you awake?
Or,
are you still,
in a dream?

Poet of the River

Am I Me? Are You You? (Thought)

I am me, I swear I am me!
If I was not, who would I be?
I cannot be you,
For you are not me.
What should I do?
How can we know?
How can we see?
How do we know that you are you,
And I am me?
If we are not, then who are we?

Poet of the River

As Lonely As A Record (Thought/Motivational)

I am as lonely as a record,
sitting on my dusty shelf.
With no one here to hear my song,
So I just sit here by myself.

I shall grow old,
And warp with dust and age.
Even books are burdened by days,
as wrinkles creep up every page.

I was well known for a while,
Even sought after by those who wished to hear my story.
But now I sit here as an old file stripped of its former glory.
They say time will heal all wounds,
For man this might be true.
But time cannot heal a lonely record,
That choice is up to you.

Wipe away the dust,
So that I may last.
Polish up my surfaces,
To reflect the glorious past.
Don't hide our story on a shelf to sit there all by its self,
To the record, it is not fair.
So do your part, and make a record you would be happy to share.

Poet of the River

As The Hours Tick By.. (Sad)

Smile and sigh,
Laugh and cry,
Let loose a single tear.

Every day you try,
Yet in sorrow you lie,
And cast away the preventing fear.

In your heart a constant hurt,
As your feet trail through the sodden dirt,
And track in a mess over the wooden floor.

Sleepily you sit on your bed,
Tired of the pain, tired of the dread,
As these thoughts shake you to your core.

A urge that wishes to be fed,
To let it slide, turn it red,
Let it run to the sodden wood floor...
I really just don't care anymore...

The marks I bare upon me,
A constant and relivable memory,
A reminder I shall always posses.

As I let these thoughts flow free,
I feel my self let loos the pain inside of me.
Letting out all the things I repress.

This is how I always will be,
Until my body is weakened and cannot stand anymore,
And finally I am pulled down to the sodden, red stained, wood floor.

Poet of the River

Awake In My Sleep(Sad)

In my bed I toss and turn.
My breathing is ragged and coming fast.
In my chest a constant steady burn.
My mind is trapped in the past.
The pain is a lesson for me to learn.
But how much longer dose it have to last?

Poet of the River

Bad Or Not (Thought)

A man once said there is no such thing as a bad day,
Just bad moments we choose to take with us all the way.
If that is so then why are good days still good?
Or is it just a moment we hold on to as long as we can?
If so then there are no good days or bad days in life they are all the same.
Just days we wish would last forever,
And ones we wish never came.

Poet of the River

Basket Of Joy (Sad)

You said you love me, that it will never change.
Then you kiss me and gave me an envelope with something inside.
Before I opined it you took me out to a dinner you had arranged.
You said he envelope contains your love and pride.
So I open it eager to see what awaits,
He took the continence, got down on one nee, and asked if I would be his bride.
The love that he offers, and the commitment he states, I can't help but smile.
Next he gives me a hug and hands me a rug,
This is ware I will swipe you off your feet.
I hope to see it on your floor.
My face is hot, my heart skips a beat,
As I reach for his bead room door.
But I stop mid grasp, before I reach the latch,
For I hear someone else laughing on the other side.
God damned his lust, and damned his pride!
How dare he cheat on his new bride?
When he comes to my house and opens the door,
The envelope will be on the rug in the middle of the floor!
I am a mother now,
so please tell me how!
how could I fall in love with someone who promises there heart to another?

Poet of the River

Birds Of A Feather (Thought)

Birds of a feather
Always fly together.
Through wind, rain,
and any weather.
To stand side by side
and to sing together.

Poet of the River

Blink Of An Eye(Thought)

Trapped in the fog of an ever changing dream.
Swimming through the currents of time.
High on a fiery mountain covered in steam.
Lost in a forest of tall wood pine.
Stranded on a sandy island beach.
Watching the auroras in the northern sky's.
Listening to a world with lessons to teach.
This all happens when I close my eyes.
These things that I see.
The wonders of the world could pass you by.
It goes to show you how much can change,
In the single blink of an eye.

Poet of the River

Blue(Sad/Thought)

The sky, simple blue,
Casting down its morning dew,
Sprinkling the ground in a gentle hue,
Of what I could have, but didn't do.
Yet still, sometimes, want to

Poet of the River

Book With A Story(Happy/Thought)

I live in a book full of empty pages,
constantly searching for a writer.
Iv been all over the world,
stuck on shelves with other stories,
causing the shelf to be tighter and tighter.
I was jealous of the other books,
with their adventures and glory.
Till a lone writer saw me,
He freed me from the tight bookshelf,
cared for me and kept me for himself.
He was a writer,
and he said inside me, was a story.
He rote about himself,
and of the adventurers we had.
The feeling of the quill on my pages mad me smile.
I no longer was a sad empty book.
When the writer placed me back on the shelf,
the time i had endured without a story felt worthwhile.
The other stories couldn't help but look,
at how i stood tall and proud,
waiting for someone to read my new story.

Poet of the River

Born To Live (Quote)

'If we are borne to die, the we would have never been born. We are in fact born to live, so that is what we must do.' -River Poet

Poet of the River

Brothers And Sisters, Please Do Not Fight! (Political)

Brothers and sisters please do not fight!
This is not just, it isn't right.
Who cares about politics, who cares about reason.
murder is more than a felony, it's considered high treason!
While are surroundings fill with the diseased.
You are considered a hero, but inside you cry.
Please tell me, when will this fighting cease?
how many more must die?
before our people find religious peace?
I find it a little odd,
That a person of faith can cause such pain.
How dare you say it is in the name of god!
Have you gone insane?
how do you think he would feel?
Alla, Jesus, Buddha, they all tell us to bring fortune to our brothers and sisters.
Not to bring pain because they do not believe in the same as you.
Not to cause harm but to heal.
So tell me is faith present in you?
Or is peace simply not real.

Poet of the River

Burning In My Eyes(Song)

I walk down the street with my blindfold on,
I can't tell what's going on around me!
Let's take it from the top!
I'm gonna take it off!
But if you looked into my eyes, would I stare back blindly?

If you look into my eyes, what would you see?
Would you see the heart and soul within me?
If you looked into my eyes, what would you see?
Would you see my eyes staring back blindly?

I open my eyes.
But what do I see?
I see a world with nothing to see.
The grass dark grey and the sky deep yellow,
I hear a song, slow and, mellow.
Turn away... Turn away...TURN AWAY! ! ! !

If you look into my eyes, what would you see?
Would you see the heart and soul within me?
If you looked into my eyes, what would you see?
Would you see what you should never see?

A heart, torn apart.
I'm blind.
I cannot find!
Heart, torn apart.
Now do your part, and help me by picking up the pieces! !

Scattered to the ground, falling to the ground,
The fragments of a broken soul.
scattered around my feet.
Falling to the ground, falling to the sound,
Of an ever loving heart beat!

Falling, falling, falling,
Falling to the ground!
Falling, falling, falling,
Without a sound.

Falling, falling,
My heartbeat!

If you look into my eyes, what would you see?
Would you see the heart and soul within me?
If you looked into my eyes, what would you see?
You would see me, as all I can be.

Look into my eyes,
And see me.

Poet of the River

But Then I Got Over You (Song/Happy)

Come on, get up on your feet.
Run, run, run, to match every heartbeat!
Stomp!
your feet on the ground,
Turn around, turn around, and turn up the heat!

Fire!
Burning within.
My desire!
To never fail but always win.
Fire!
I cannot lose,
I will win,
No matter what I choose to choose.

I miss how we used to pass the time,
As we smiled happily,
I miss your beautiful hands in mine.
While your eyes safely guide me.

I miss how we walk down the street,
In the most amazing happy way.
Greeting everyone we meet,
Why? ! why did you go away...?

Come on, get up on your feet.
Run, run, run, to catch every heartbeat!
Stomp!
your feet on the ground,
Turn around, turn around, now dance in the heat!

Fire!
Burning within.
My desire!
To never fail but always win.
Fire!
You are burning be,
plundering, smothering,
why won't you just let me be? !

I missed how you used to say my name,
how you told me where to meet you,
I waited and waited but you never came,
What could I do?
Its the same, same, same,
But then I got over you!

Baby you would make me burn for you,
Maybe make me turn around for you,
Baby I did everything for you,
But no iv gotten over you!

All you ever said was now now now,
But did you ever listen?
You wanted it now now now,
But you will never be forgiven.

Come on, get onto the street!
Run, run, run, to match every heartbeat!
Stomp!
your feet on the ground,
Turn around, turn around, And match every heartbeat!

Fire!
Burning within.
My desire!
To never fail but always win.
Love,
You have deserted me,
The pain from above had blinded me!
love,
You have hurt me,
But now my eyes are open
And now I CAN see!

I can see,
Baby I can see you,
I can see,
But I don't want to see you.

Baby I got over you.

Poet of the River

Call Of The Angel (Sad)

I'm holding the knife,
i do not stall.
I'll end my life.
Let the blood fall.
I'd end the strife.
my back against the wall.
I will fall to the floor.
The only witness,
My note on the door.
as i hear the angels call.

Poet of the River

Casualty Of War (Sad/ Political)

loss of life,
grief, and strife.
War and violence,
now just silence.
We fight no more,
their are bodies lying on the floor.
And as You lye on the ground,
Your heart slows its pound.
Your back feels wet,
you know you are hurt,
You are paying off your debt.
As your life seeps into the dirt.
You fought to save the day,
now your vision fades away.
Now your soul leaves for heaven,
As the bombs are bursting loud.
I pray for you dear Kevin,
And I want you to know I am proud.

In honor of my dearly departed veteran friend.

Poet of the River

Change The World (Thought/ Motivational/ Happy)

There comes a time in our lives when we have to say no.
A time we have to let our own opinion and thoughts to show.
The thought of each individual is priceless and unique.
So let your voice be heard, stand up and speak!
It is your mission, what you have to do,
no one else will get the message through.
So make your stand, say what you need to say,
change the world a little each day.
say what you need to say, and do what you need to do,
change the world...don't let it change you.

Poet of the River

Chest Of Seeds(Thought)

Oh tree, Oh tree,
Were art thee?
I am here in my room,
Can you see me?
Extend your arms,
Take me away,
In your lush branches,
I shall play.
I'd give you water,
You'd give me fruit.
I'd play the pirate,
The apples my loot.
For inside an apple,
A magic to behold.
A tradition passed down,
From many years of old,
To be passed to my children,
And to the children of there own.
To be there love, livelihood, and home.
For the life of a pirate has many needs.
But the most of all, a chest of seeds.

Poet of the River

Cobblestone (Happy)

Sitting by my window looking at the soft cobblestone street as a lone bird sits on my sill to sing.

What a fantastic creature this is I would meet whom with its joy and happiness would I fill.

The tune it plays and the way it sways to the wind as is its calling, simple and not filled darkly with lust but as gentle as when from the trees the leaves would be falling.

Hope within me breaks free and brings forth a smile to my face as I listen to the beautiful calling bird.

Poet of the River

Consideration (Thought)

Its funny how people always tend to trip over there own feet.
Its funny how they can run into a sign, while walking down a street.
Its funny how putting mentos in your friends cola makes it foam.
Its funny how on Halloween you can go and T.P. someone's home.
Its funny how people jump when someone yells 'SURPRISE! '
Its funny how many truths are backed upon lies.

There are a lot of 'funny' things people can do, but i bet they aren't as funny when people do them to you.

Care about others.
Think before you do.
And you will find out life,
will be much more fun, and enjoyable for you.

Poet of the River

Corn Is Invading (Funny/Thought)

corn is invading!
Its taking over!

Its in the starch in our walls!
Its in the phone we use to make calls!
Its in the fibers of our floor!
The paint on our front door!
In our food, changing our mood,
Corn is taking over!

Its the sugar in our drink,
the cleaner for our sink,
the pigment in our cloths,
the nail polish on our toes!

Its taking over!
Its taking over!
Can't you see? ?
Its all over you!
All over me!
What can we do? !
oh well,
just put it in a bole with butter...
and give it all to me. :)

Poet of the River

Could Of, Would Of, Should Of.(Thought)

I know I could have,
Oh how I wish I would have,
And should have still,
Yet in doubt I know,
I never will.

Poet of the River

Death (Quote)

'For every breath, your heart beats twice, but the cost to live is a heavy price. should we choose to hold our breath, then we might save our life, for a life in death.'

Poet of the River

Don'T Give Up Hope(Thought/Sad)

A young lad covered in sod walked by me this evening.
Skinny and frail as if he hadn't eaten anything.
Covered in dirt,
tears upon his shirt,
and feet bare upon the stone.
He started to fall,
leaned up against a crippled wall,
and let out a painful moan.
With tears in his eyes, he began to cry, but still continued to stand.
He held his place,
wiped his face,
and looked at his dirty hand.
He wiped his hands on his shirt,
removing the dirt,
and again began to walk.
Shifting through the sand at his feet,
standing tall in the blistering heat,
and pulled out a smoothed rock.
all the rain had gone away,
and all the grass replaced with clay,
and sand at the bottom of the well.
at the edge of the well the boy let out a silent prayer,
looking into its depths with a longing silent stare,
let the stone fall.
For all the sorrow and mope,
this boy had not given up hope,
no matter the stress or strain.
His knees gave out,
To tired to shout,
But fell to the ground in pain.
The light in his eyes faded away,
as his body lay upon the smoldering clay,
clouds began to form.
He could not last,
Though the drought had passed,
And rain came in a forgiving storm.
And washed away his memories.

Don'T Make It Last, Don'T Dwell On It (Thought)

The pain of confusion,
The questions within your delusions,
And the unjust of your reality.
The pain in the illusion,
The emotion a baiting infusion,
Of a past been formality.
When the world excludes you,
And you let it.
When it bears down and makes you blue,
It is an odd comfort which, in pain, dose fit.
You drench the past in gasoline, the match lit,
And you know what to do.
Rip out those pages in your book and start a new story,
One not based on the memories of the past,
Write of new pains, and new glory,
And make the moments worth remembering, last.

Poet of the River

Don'T Make Me Go To Bed And I'LI Be Good (Sad)

Don't make me go to bed and I'll be good,
if i could go back to that day i would.
i would let him stay awake all night, happy and light,
i wish, i wish i could.
Obediently he went off to bed without a fight,
little did i know the angels would visit him that night.
he had whined and whined to me, how un happy it made he,
to have to sleep when he is wide awake.
And he would be here to this very day,
if he had had it his way.
How it pains me still, that horrid painful fill,
if i had listed to what he had said, Maybe my baby would not be lost to me this
day.
Of all the things i wish i could, and all the things i know i would,
his voice rings on,
Don't make me go to bed and I'll be good...

Poet of the River

Double Cut (Sad)

I place the knife against my skin,
don't even wait for the bleeding to begin.
But instead i slide it over, over, and over again.
Listening to the sound of it hit the floor,
watch the crimson puddle grow as I continue to loose more and more.
not sure what i do this for.
perhaps life is a silly game,
and this is how you fare when you do not win.
When your life is cast into such a shame.
And this is how you begin again.

Poet of the River

Double Tap (Sad)

I hold the knife in my hand as the skin starts to break,
And I calmly watch the blood freely flow.
this is not a fake,
Just wanted you to know,
for god's sake.
Please let me just...go...
I want to die.
many times I have tried.
Many times about my health and happiness I have lied.
I am dead on the inside!
I will give it at least one more try..
to free the pain, and to die...
this is the best I can do....
at least I tried...

Poet of the River

Dreaded Snare (Sad)

ha ha

I laugh to keep my thoughts at bay.
Yet every night, and every day,
They pull me down and drag me away.
I try to break free from the misery in me,
but it holds me tight as pain.
Dreading me as I try to refrain,
The pressure of the burden driving me insane.
I won't, but I want to cry.
I search for a reason, please tell me why?
I feel like I'm on a crumpling burning dance floor,
and I am the only dancer.
As I dance in the glaring flame,
I try not to cry, yet my tears run down until they fry.
as they tell me my brother has cancer.
And,
that he, could ultimately die.

Poet of the River

Everybody, Somebody, Anybody, Nobody (Thought)

everybody had a choice, everybody had a voice,
but no one chose to speak
Anyone could, but nobody would,
now my will has become weak.
Will anyone walk with me?
Dose anybody care?
I am here where everybody can see,
But nobody cares.
I thought somebody would,
anybody could,
But untimely,
nobody did.

Everybody had a choice to make,
everybody thought that somebody would,
but nobody wanted to.
Anybody could do it,
everybody knew it,
but nobody wanted to.

Poet of the River

Fade Away.....(Sad)

you want to know so you stay,
a single gimps takes your breath away,
yet at the edges you start to fray,
and your curiosity melts away,
as you no longer wait for the dawning of the new day,
to soften your soul, and fade away.....

Poet of the River

Finding Our Answers (Thought)

The questions we have,
Are for answers UN given.
In search of these answers,
Mankind has been driven.
The knowledge unexplored,
Longingly roared,
For the answers we are continually excavating.
The confusion continually baiting,
The knowledge a constant must.
For us to find the answers,
And the answers to find us.

Poet of the River

Finding Peace (Sad)

Don't cry,
suck' it up.
Go to the edge,
close your eyes.
and jump.

Fall down,
and don't get up.

Keep your eyes closed,
go to sleep,
and never wake up.

And if you do,
go back to sleep.
only then can you find peace.

Poet of the River

Flower On A Mountan (Thought)

I am but a flower who struggles to survive,
through rain, hail, and sleet,
atop a glorious mountain side.
Tho my beauty is great i am of no use.
I cannot keep you warm.
I am not a shelter in witch you can hide.
I am not an instrument you can play.
I am not an animal you can ride.
I am not a child whose smile you seek.
however their are no rules you must abide,
on a night so dark so bleak,
when you are but a flower on a lonely mountain side,
reaching for its peak.

Poet of the River

Fly With The Eagles(Political)

Fly up so high,
above the clouds and rain,
in to the deep blue of the sky,
where there is no pain,

The sky will part,
while the birds take wing,
as they harmonically start,
to swell up and sing,

They sing for the fallen,
they sing for the lost,
they sing for the survivors,
who ruffed out the frost,

They protect the defenseless,
honor the living,
who lay down defenses,
to protect the remaining,

Now you've heard it from me,
there is no where better to be,
then in the clear blue sky where you can see,
as you flying on the wings of the eagles.

Poet of the River

Garden (Happy /Thought)

the past is on the other side behind the gate,
you can see it if you turn around to take a gaze,
but you can never change the road behind you for it is far too late.
you can choose to open the trail and be lost in your past days,
Although doing so,
would poison the garden of happiness you have worked so hard to grow.
I am a gardener,
and no gardener willingly allows weeds to graze.
you feed your garden with laughter, and the joy you show.
caring, hopeful and loving seeds are planted to bloom into memories
you can pick and savor for the rest of your days.

Poet of the River

Garden Tree(Happy)

Oh how happy must be the tree,
That holds the ground in front of me.
Simple and strong,
It carry's a song,
As the wind rustles its delicate leaves.
Oh how gracefully it sways,
To the beautiful melody it plays,
Reaching for the limitless sky.
And just letting the world pass it bye.

Poet of the River

Gave More Than The Rest (Happy/Thought)

A boy with a crutch
and a cast with no leg
Stood with a bowl
at the corner to beg.
He did not have much,
He had lost it all.
Yet still he stood with his hope in place,
Propped with his crutch against the wall.
His heart quickened its pace
when a man walked by
Whom placed \$5 in the bowl beside.
The boy with nothing but a smile to give,
Took off his tattered hat in gratitude.
An older man,
whom had more money than needed to live,
Watched in awe and with angered attitude.
\$10 he placed inside,
to top that which the other had given.
For the joy of the gift,
the boy almost cried,
Feeling more positive and driven.
An old lady
who's children the night did claim,
took out 2 quarters,
All she had to her name,
and placed them in the dish.
A tear in the eye of the retired mother
With none to give
but a wish.
She gave more than any other
For she is the one
he will miss.

Poet of the River

Gift? ! ? (Sad)

They say every day is a gift,
if that is true,
then I want to know where I can return
the day that I met you.
So that I may begin again.
And hopefully meet someone new.

Poet of the River

Golden Hands(Religious)

God is watching,
Observing what you do,
And when you think you are lost,
He will be there for you.

It's not hard to find him,
All you have to do,
Is look up into the sky
And he will listen to you,

Pray and he will answer.

Poet of the River

Gone Insane (Sad)

every day is the same.
the same.
the same.
i constantly feel like i'm going insane.
i'm loosing my mind.
trapped in the pain of a normal life.
trapped in the whole of time.
i know i'm loosing my mind.
i'm going crazy its true.
the only thing that keeps my sanity,
is the time i spend with you.
when I see you a light turns on,
and you glow,
but now you are gone.
you are the only one who could keep me tame.
you left in the night, you were my guiding light,
but now you are gone, and I am insane.
Because I lost my guardian angel.

Poet of the River

Good Bye (Sad)

Good bye my friend.
Until we meet,
I regret to say,
I've met defeat.
My life will end at the start of the new day
It was not you!
my game has been beat.
So if you could be so kind,
as to lay a bushel of flowers at my feet,
and pray for me when I'm six feet deep.

Poet of the River

Good Night (Thought)

Good night,

sleep tight.

Make peace,

don't fight.

Dream well,

don't fret.

In the night,

you can forget.

So in the dawn you feel light,
and you can let your troubles fade away.

Poet of the River

Grey(Thoughts)

Grey, Grey,
Colors fray.
Cast down,
Blown away.
There is no way,
To express the loss,
When the gain is counted,
And covertly grey.

Poet of the River

Gun In Hand (Sad)

I do go kinda crazy when i here a symbol of that perfect pitch,
the one that sounds like a gun firing,
in between my lips,
I know the moment the trigger begins to bend,
and the bullet leaves the gun,
that my pointless life of pain will come to an end,
an ending that can never be undone.

Poet of the River

Halloween (Thought)

Ghosts and ghouls,
Clowns and fools.
Come out this Halloween night.
The creeping and glaring,
Smiling and starring.
Can give you quite a quivering fright.
The Dutchman's ride,
The vampire's stride,
And the creatures that loom just out of sight.
With the goblins grin,
And Dracula's sin,
You may be dragged in to the fight.
As angels and daemons,
Lash out there wings,
To follow you tonight.

Poet of the River

Hands Of Time (Thought)

The candle lit, the fire ablaze.
on the table i sit, counting the days.
as time expands, and days grow colder,
the chill of hands, as the bones grow older.
the simple desire, to warm to your fill.
the warmth of the fire, to bite back the chill.
smile and savor, the warming chance.
hands waver, as the flames dance.
and winter becomes spring again.

Poet of the River

Harmony? (Thought)

i fell to my knees,
when i felt a cool breeze.
i had close my eyes only to see,
the world turn its back on me.
the sun and moon were guiding me,
to friends and family in harmony,
but only if they could truly see,
my eyes are shut,
I'm on my knees,
and not with them in harmony.

Poet of the River

He Watches Over Us (Religious)

God is watching,
observing what you do,
and when you think you are lost,
He will be there for you.

It's not hard to find him,
all you have to do,
is look to the sky's,
and he will listen to you,

pray and he will answer.

Poet of the River

Healing Music (Sad)

As I lay here in stillness,
letting the sound of my mp3 wash over me,
I cant help but to relax.
The sound of the music washing over me.
healing me.
Helping me forget.
Calming really,
Slowly washing away my regrets.
I had, depressing me,
A mind full of bittersweet memories.
That burn me, day by day.
But now I lye still,
and let the healing music wash them away.
As I dread on the choices I have made.

Poet of the River

History After You(Sad)

I know you, but do you know me?
What will you do? just try and forget me?
I'll drive you crazy, you know I will.
I am not lazy, I won't sit still.
I will not submit, till you come through.
I'm not going to quit, till I get to you.
I am catching up, do not frown.
You filled your cup, I knocked it to the round.
I won't give up until you are six feet down.
Then I can sleep with you not around.

Poet of the River

Honest Rope (Sad)

I will no longer cry,
I will no longer sing.
The echos in my ears,
continue to ring.
The pain in my heart,
A constant sting.
Don't ask me why,
I am going to do what I might.
I've battled my fears,
I've lost the fight.
The chair falls apart,
And the noose holds tight.

Poet of the River

Hope Lost (Sad)

I doubt I'll see the future,
I cannot change the past.
Living in the present,
Not sure if i will last.
I cannot go any further,
It feels as though i am stuck.
I try again, over and over,
Though it seems i am out of luck.
I do not want to continue to live,
It seems there just is no use..
I never took, i would always give,
But today i took the noose-

Poet of the River

How Could You? (Sad)

sigh, sigh.
oh how i cry,
why, why,
why did i?
i try, and try,
yet all in vain..
a little lie,
yet you act the same.
what a guy..
do you even know my name?
leave me be, say your good bye.
and let me wait out my pain.

Poet of the River

How Love Feels (Romantic)

With each kiss,
he drew her nearer.
With each gaze,
he saw her clearer.
With every movement,
he brushed her skin.
If love was art,
he would draw her in pen.
With every flick of his wrists,
he moved her hair.
With every breath,
he felt hers, so tender and fair.
With each beat of his heart,
he loved her more.
And her love,
he would always adore.

Poet of the River

Human Ignorance (Thought)

What is it we see when we choose to close our eyes?
Is it some form of security we hold dear?
Why are there so many truths we have backed upon lies?
Are they done not out of anger, but out of fear?
How can we sit silently choosing not to see,
As if we are lost in the recklessness of our youth?
How can we close our eyes and choose to believe,
Knowing what we hear is not the truth?

Poet of the River

Hush Little Baby Its Alright.(Religious/Sad)

hush little baby,
pleas don't cry,
god has a place for you,
up in the sky,
I need you to be strong,
you can make it if you just try,
you will fly on the wings of an angle,
I am so sorry you are having to say good bye,
if their was a way to save you,
you know I would,
I stayed with you when you cried,
I prayed with you when the doctor said he did all he could do,
I want you to know how much i will miss you.
I wish you didn't have to go,
I wish I could take your place,
and that you could stay,
and live a full life,
I wish I knew what to say,
just follow the angles honey,
they will show you the way.

Poet of the River

I Am I(Happy/Thought)

I am I.

But why am I?

I am I,

I do not know why.

I am I.

As you are you.

I am I.

And finally I know what to do.

I will more than try,

I-will pull through.

Poet of the River

I Dared To Love You (Sad)

I thought i knew you.
I thought you cared.
I thought we would always be.
I thought of what you do.
I thought of the love we seldom shared.
Don't you see?
We were badly pared!
I don't know why i tried to love you.
They said we could never be,
But i went against what they said and i dared.
I dared to fall in love.
And look what that got me in to!

What should i do?
What can i do?
Ware will i go?
I do not no.
As long as i am away from you,
And you are no ware i can see,
Any place will do.

Poet of the River

I Do Not (Sad)

I do not sleep.
I do not dream.
I do not speak.
I do not mean.
I do not live.
I do not feel.
I always give.
I am not real.
I am not you.
I am not me.
I cannot do.
I cannot be.

Poet of the River

I Do Not Love You (Sad)

I do not love you.
I do not care.
when I needed you,
you were not there.
My tears run dry,
but if I could I would cry.
I am going now,
I don't know where,
and honestly I really don't care,
how I am going to get there,
I really don't know.
As long as I am away from you,
any place will do.

Poet of the River

I Do, I Do..(Sad)

I have the gun,
It's against my head,
One RIGHT move,
and ill be dead,
my body still,
my room red,
as I lay,
soundless in bed.
I won't have to cry any more.
the pain will be gone,
no memories will remain.
just a body covered in red.
and my suicide note on the door.

Poet of the River

I Love You (Happy)

i love you,
with all my heart,
my love is true,
and i know we will never part.

Poet of the River

I Love You Like A Flower (Happy)

I love you like the flower loves the sun,
how it rises from the earth,
when winter is done,
like a mother giving birth,
it is magical.

Just like you're beauty and grace,
i look at the sky full of glittery light,
and i see you're shining face.
Unique like a shooting star.
My heart picks up its pace,
when i think of you.
I know how happy it makes you when i say,
how much i love you.

Poet of the River

I Love You, My Wife. (Happy)

You are stronger than a bear,
softer than a peach.
Have beautiful hair,
and lessons to teach.

You have grace,
stand proud and tall.
With you're beautiful face,
you can never fall,

You make the sun glow,
like an angel from the past,
When i am with you, time is slow,
but my heart beats fast

You glide on the wings of a dove,
Keep my life from strife,
I cherish you're love,
because you are my wife.

You shine like an angel from above.
give my life color,
I now know i could love,
no other.

Poet of the River

I Never Loved You (Sad)

Can you hear me?
Will you listen?
It is not you i will be missing!
I never loved you!
I am sorry but it is true.
I do not and cannot love you.
Please don't cry.
I don't know why.
We were never meant to be.
but it is not me,
I'm not the one.
Cant you see?
It never was me!
So please dispatch!
I am not your match!
I know someone else must be.
So find them.
Instead of having your heart broken by me.
Find someone else.
Whom you can see will suite you more than me.
And we can go your separate ways.

Poet of the River

I Once Lived A World Of War (Sad/Political)

I lived a long time ago,
in a world i didn't know.
It was a world of ice, rain, and snow,
there were no animals,
and plants wouldn't grow.
The ice was thick.
The snow was deep,
and into it my blood would seep.
As my heart begins to slow,
I hear the guns in the distance.
As the river continues to flow,
I weaken my resistance.
I tried hard to say no,
but my voice was shattered and weak.
I didn't want to let go,
help was just out of reach.
And as my body started to fray,
I opened my eyes for one last peek,
I saw the front line; the people all in gray,
their hair short and sleek.
And I saw hurt in there eyes,
witch were glazed and weak.
And as my body fades with time,
I see the people praying to be free,
and for there friends on the front line,
dying to defend their country.

Poet of the River

I Want To Change. (Sad)

Im the way i am,
i cannot change.

I'd shoot for the sky,
but im out of range.

do you think im normal?
or do you think im strange?

go to the place ware people go,
and you'll see me in the firing range.

taking hits wile i move the targets,
just trying to rearrange, and to change,
the tings that drive people insane,

to change my life,
yet it remains unchanged.

Poet of the River

Ice (Happy)

Ice, ice,
Oh so nice.
Thru the air like an arrow you slice.
In the sky falling down,
Hitting the ground,
You don't make a sound.
Oh what a beautiful sight.
Adventures to be found,
Ice and smiles all around,
The crystals reflect the golden light.
You lay in your bed,
Rest your head,
As snowflakes dance thru the night.
You excitedly wait for the sound,
For you to awaken from your bed,
And go out and play in the snow.

Poet of the River

If I Am, Then I Am (Thought)

If love is a sin, then I am a sinner.

If life is a game, then I am a winner.

If the world is a challenge, then I shall conquer it.

If I have to fight to survive, I will best every hit.

If I have to run, to meet the future head on,

Then I shall do it, And pass by with a yawn.

Poet of the River

If I Could Change Would You Love Me? (Thought)

If i could be what you want me to be,
would you fall in love with me?
If i look the way you want me to look,
would you open your eyes and see me?
If i act the way you want me to act,
would you finally want to be with me?

Or even if i change for you,
would you just run away and leave me?

Poet of the River

Impossible! (Sad)

This life is fake!
I am not awake!
This simply cannot be!
I'll make it clear,
Don't leave me here,
Please just set me free!
Tie on the weight,
Set me up for the date,
And let the suicide waters kill me!

Poet of the River

In Fear Of You (Sad)

The moon, a ghostly galleon upon your dreaded return.
In the sight of you thy hopes quiver, die and burn.
Trapped in a paradox with nowhere left to run,
stuck un weaving a story where it has already come undone.
Going down a barren road with nowhere left to turn, and nowhere left to run.

Poet of the River

In The Eyes Of The Beholder (Thought)

Life is none but a winding road,
Filled with questions and confusion
Keeping to its own little code.
Many are lost at the beginning of there journey,
From court to case to civil attorney.

We are all beginners when we first hit the road,
Choose a path, or a path of our own.
The journey long, the trail differs,
Some fall from there path and are lost as drifters.
The trail you take may be a challenge at best,
For this is the trial to pass the test.

To win in the challenge of the game of life,
To fight even when the world seems to be turning colder.
Whether you pass or give up,
Lyes in the eyes of the beholder.

Poet of the River

Inevitability (Thought)

A single breath, as a world passes you by.
A single answer for every time you question why.
A single step for every fall you take.
A single consequence for every choice you make.
A single hope from every pain.
A single face behind every name.
A single chance for every possibility.
Yet for fate, an inevitability.

Though you may try to change the world,
The world will take its part and change you.
So say all that you can, and do what you do,
And maybe the world will find a place in it for you.

Poet of the River

Insane(Sad)

I laugh to keep my thoughts at bay,
yet every night and every day,
they pick me up and drag me away.
I try to break free from the misery in me,
but it holds me tight as pain.
I try to refrain,
As the suppression drives me insane...

Poet of the River

Is Insanity Sanity? (Thought)

I am trapped in a fantasy,
No escape to reality.
I am, undoubtedly,
loosing my sanity.
You cannot help me,
was it meant to be?
For insanity,
Is the only way
your mind can be free,
To exert every possibility.

Poet of the River

Is It Better? (Thought)

is it better to be hated for what you are
than to be loved for what you are not?
or is it better to hid the truth
and be in love with a lie.

Poet of the River

Is Love True? (Sad)

I was told the one i love would break my heart into tinny peaces,
that i would fall in love with him and he wouldn't even care,
and as i sit here looking out my window,
i see a world of questions,
nagging at me, making me blue,
I sit here knowing the questions i have can never be answered,
And the answers i have are for questions i do not know,
So tell me if you can why of all people did i fall in love with you?
Was it fate?
Or just a coincidence?
for these questions that can only be pondered but never solved,
are the ones that drive us mad.
and when we have the answers we wish we didn't.
The greatest question i have is their a reason for you to walk out that door?
Or are you just leaving to keep from pain in the future?
Like a question you don't want to be answered.
Or did you never truly love me,
the way i loved you.

Poet of the River

Is This A Dream? (Thought)

I wake from my sleep to the usual reality,
Leaving behind the Intriguing fantasy.
But what if I am now asleep in my bed?
under the covers and resting my head?
with me these questions keep.
Perhaps things are not what they seem...
Did I just awaken from reality?
Or am I still asleep,
and now in a waking dream?

Poet of the River

Knocking At Your Door (Part 2)

Answer your door to see your tomorrow,
Don't get distracted by your sorrow.
Believe you can, you will, you must!
Look to god, whom you can trust.
Tomorrows a gift for those who cry...
All you must do Is get up and try!
That's all I ask, nothing more.
Just that you get up, and answer your door.

Poet of the River

Knocking At Your Door. (Happy)

Life is happiness, joy and more.
When opportunity comes knocking, answer your door,
Life is full of pain and sorrow,
But take care, they may fade by tomorrow.
If you are strong enough to answer your door,
And embrace the opportunity.

Poet of the River

Law Of Life (Quote)

'Life is a gift that can be given and taken away. To gain, something of equal value must be given. and to loose, there must be a place given for that which has been lost to survive.' - River Poet

Poet of the River

Left Out (Sad)

I fall to my knees
as i feel a cool breeze,
i close my eyes
only to see,
the world turn its back on me.

Poet of the River

Lies(Thought)

The wind of confusion blow's through the trees of deceit.
Shrouded in a pain of misery, anguish, and blistering heat.
Like a captain on the ocean controlling his vast aquatic fleet,
When comes a sudden horror they cannot defeat.
Nothing they can do but turn sails and try to retreat.
And pray to get out alive.

Poet of the River

Life (Happy/Motivational)

There are many things we learn in life, some of love, pain, grief, or strife.
but of the many things we learn, do we ever give life a turn?
the constant tutor of our daily breath, from the moment we are born, to our slow
but subtle death, teaches us to forgive but never forget, to remember, but to
never regret, to live but never die, to succeed instead of try, to smile instead of
frown, and no matter what, to never let life get you down.

Poet of the River

Life (Thought /Motivational)

You can run your whole life, and still be behind.
you can walk a million miles and could have not gone anywhere.
you can wait an eternity for an answer you may never find.
you can give all that you are to someone and they may not even care.

you can scream your heart out but it does not mean someone will listen.
you can grow honesty towards others and still be fed a lie.
but life, all in all, you don't know what you would be missing.
if you didn't grab a hold, and just let it pass you by.

wake every morning, for each day is new.
every life is different, so see what this life has in store for you.

take the good with the bad, get up and follow your feet.
smile, life is not always sad.
and be the person you want to meet.

Poet of the River

Life Is A Flower. (Sad/Thought)

Life is a lovely flower,
with a life so short, and brief,

i don't wanna waste mine with you,
with pain, heartache, and grief.

Poet of the River

Life Is Pain (Sad)

If you think that you are sane,
you should know that life is pain.
And in that pain we have to choose,
most of us seem to lose.
but what it is most of us don't see,
is that life brings nothing kind to me.
All I feel day by day,
as my stability fades away.
is that my life is a death in agony.

Poet of the River

Life. Is It Really A Gift? (Thought)

Keeping silent,
Standing alone and apart.
Being quiet,
And holding a heavy heart.
Truths unknown even to you.
You stand in silence
Not knowing what to do.
You close your eyes in heavy sleep,
When you realize it must be a dream.
For if life is really the way it may seem...
How can we call it a gift we are given for the time to keep?
When for this life....
We would much rather close our eyes in heavy sleep.

Poet of the River

Life's Game (Thought)

If life is a game,
What are the odds I might win?
Give me a tally, what out of ten?
If all I had was my name,
And the odds, for me, were the same,
How should I proceed?
What are the odds I may fail?
And what do I do if I succeed?

Poet of the River

Like A Stone (Sad)

Oh how I am like a stone.
On a crowded beach, yet completely alone.
Hard and cold is how I feel.
The ocean waves help make this real.
Beat me down..Wash me away..
I fear I am loosing my will,
To stay here another day...

Poet of the River

Live In Their Eyes (Thought)

Eyes are the window to the soul,
with a story and a lesson to be told.

Life has a story on its own,
so live it out with someone,
don't live it alone.

You can talk to anyone,
anyone will hear you out.
So don't spend your life in sorrow.
Don't sit around and pout.
Look forward to tomorrow.

Check every box,
to find you're prize.
Look to everyone,
and anyone you see.
Look to the stories in their eyes.
Until you find you're someone.
And set your sorrows free.

Eyes are the window to the soul,
with a life long story to be told.
Who will you tell yours to?

Poet of the River

Lock Your Door(Sad)

You hear the steady tick tock,
Coming from the clock on the wall,
Driving You to madness...
Close the door, turn the lock,
Let the key fall to the floor.
Locking away your sadness.
Only then will you hurt no more.
And find a way to lock your door.
Under the tick tock,
coming from the clock on the wall.
Let loose the key, watch it fall.
Lock your door...and never unlock it.

Poet of the River

Lost In A World Of Dreams. (Sad)

Sometimes i feel like a person i do not know.
Like I'm stuck in a dream.
Or trapped in a illusion with no ware to go,
Ware nothing i know can ever change what iv seen.
Wile I'm standing in a room surrounded by people i do not know,
I desperately try keep my vision clean,
Wile tears flood my eyes.
I think about ware i should go,
So i won't make a seen.
Ware no one can hear my cries.,
For someone set me free.
For someone to wake from the dream that prisons me,
Just to wake to a more painful reality,
And a nightmare i can never wake up from.

Poet of the River

Love And Lose(Sad)

i watched the moon swim across the sea of blue,
and i watched the stars light up the sky when i thought of you.
i looked at the moon in the sky, oh so far away,
and i began to cry.
i cried for the day you left me.
i cried for the day you said you didn't care.
i cried for the reasons you resent me.
and i cried for the days you were never there.
but of all the tears i shed these were the last.
i cried no more.
as i tried hard to forget my past.
and the pain you put me through.

Poet of the River

Love? (Thought)

is love real or is it a trick?

do people love or dream of love they know they will never have?
should love be a goal or a dream they fear to have because you know that when
you wake up the dream is over and the feeling you felt were unjust.

is love a good thing or just a temporary indulgent.

like chocolate, sweet but in the end you know that sweet things are bad for you
and you can't have them. you can only wish something as good will find you and
save you from your pain.

or a rose whose beauty only masks the thorn's under neath its blossom,
just waiting for an unsuspecting hand to be fooled.

Poet of the River

Loves Poison. (Sad/Thought)

Love is a trick,
an illusion meant to make the reality we share seem less real.
When really we are alone.
But with love, what do we really feel?
dependence, insecurity, lack of innocence, even fury?
Love is but a cold stone of emotion we refuse to accept.
Baying down on us like a pack of wild dogs waiting for us to let down our guard.
These emotions we wish to let go but instead are unwillingly kept.
Love is a prison, and you are the one bard.
Love is a poison, forcing you to do what you swear you never would do.
Trapping, and internally killing you.
There is a cure for those who have become a part of loves play.
It is independence.
We choose how we live,
and live our lives without bars in our way.

Poet of the River

Marines (Thought)

I chose to join the marines today.
To be put in a boat and shipped away.
Off to training, fire and aiming.
For I chose to join the marines today.
Filled with kindness open mindedness
not sure what I should say...
War and violence not my style,
yet for my choice shall be gone for a while,
For I chose to join the marines today.

every shot i make,
every family i break,
just know from the bottom of my heart,
that every shot i make and life I take,
I will do my part, and pay it back 10 fold.

My purity concerns you not.
for soon enough it will be my time.
To stand up and inline.
in salute, I will compute,
and untie the strangling knot.
For I joined the marines today.

Poet of the River

Memory....(Sad)

Every night I lay awake soundless in bed,
every night I fear to close my eyes.
I worry if I do, I may see your memory dancing in my head,
and my neighbors to hear my sorrowful longing cries.
Every night brings me nothing but expected dread.
I am mad at how my dreams lie!
I close my eyes and dream of you,
Your hands in mine as we gaze into each others eyes.
But then I wake up and I do not know what to do.
Why did you have to go?
Why couldn't you hold on longer?
I had to see the light slowly fade...
I wish my will was stronger,
For I wish to be with you,
And maybe, I soon will.

Poet of the River

Might As Well (Sad)

I hope for the best.
but get the worst.
its not simple life.
its a curse.

I'm already living in hell,
so i might as well,
go ahead,
and make the final cut.
and free my damned soul.

they say suicide is a sin.
that I will go to hell when ever, if, or when.
but I say let the knife mend.
and allow my life to come to an end.

I tell you now.
if I come back.
id certainly do it again!

Poet of the River

Mixed Tragedy(Thought)

Time and age,
Lemon and sage,
A simple turn in the circle of life.
Time continues,
People move on,
And sometimes forget the strife.
We all fight to live,
yet even so,
Accidents are real!
Only some of us are able to heal!
The rest of us look down,
We don't make a sound,
And try to find it in our heart
to forgive.

Poet of the River

Mourn(Thought)

As time continues, and memories remain, pain fades and love stays the same.
love is strong. shedding tears is not wrong, as long as we remember the joy that
came before and will come after the pain.

Poet of the River

My Freedom(Sad)

I am standing alone,
Take me home,
And end this life of mine,
I have my knife,
I'll take my life,
And i wont mess up this time.
Against my skin,
The bleeding begins,
And the puddle starts to grow.
As the blood continues to fall,
I hear the call,
And like the light in my eyes i just go..

Poet of the River

My Love For You(Happy)

I'm trying not to miss you,
I'm trying not to care,
I'm trying not to live my life
wishing you were their,
I'm trying not to wonder
ware you are or what you do.
I'm sorry i cant help myself,
i fell in love with you.

Poet of the River

My Painful Personality (Sad/Song)

I do all I can, yet still you can blame me?
Is it something I said?
Or just my personality..?
What can you see in me?
What more is there for you to say?
Should I try to make it right to you?
Or should I just go away?

Why do I try?
What can I ever hope to give?
I scream silently Why god WHY?
Is it so wrong for me to live?

No matter how many times I try to breathe in,
I still cannot catch my breath.
No matter how hard I try,
You still ask me to leave.
Even if I give everything,
You would have me go away,
To me, you meant everything,
When I call to you,
You tell me you have nothing to say.

Why do I try?
What can I give?
I scream out loud on my knees WHY?
Am I wrong, should I even try to live?

I would run a million miles,
To take away your strife.
I would shed a million tears,
And give mine to save your life.
I would fall,
To keep you from falling.
When you would scream,
I would answer your calling.

Why can't I make it right?
What can I do?

A mistake that I try to make right...
Is that all I am to you?

A mistake,
My life is a fake,
Is that all I can do?

What can I say?
What can I do?
This is who I am and I am hurting you...
I would lie down below your feet,
Silently six feet down.
A sleep without a heartbeat.
Then I know I could do no wrong.
When I can no longer make a sound.
And I can forever sleep.

Why should I try?
What could I give?
I no longer ask why.
I chose not to live.

I chose to die,
And I gave all I could give.

I remember that day,
How you made me leave.
You asked me to go away.
I knew you would never believe
I chose to take it that way.

Falling to my knees.
Searching the sky.
All of time chose to freeze.
The day I chose to die.

It was my choice, my decision.
It's not your fault, I was put in this position.

I will not cry,
Do not ask why,
It had to be this way.

I could have tried,
I should have tried.
But I chose to go away.

Poet of the River

New Dawn(Happy)

I sit by my window,
Listening to the sound of horse hoofs
on the cobblestone walk way.
I brush my hair in the mirror,
Put in a pretty pink bow,
And get ready to face the new day.

Poet of the River

Night Sky (Happy)

If I had a star for every happy moment I spent with you,
It would be enough to make my heart fly.
If I gained a star from each of the wonderful things we do,
I would own the wonders of the night sky
And name all its beautiful constellations after you.

Poet of the River

Nightmares (Thought)

Anger makes you hotter,
If you were a beast,
you would have sharp nails and fur.
And as you howl in the night,
After a glorious feast.
Your only thought is,
You cannot spell slaughter,
with out spelling laughter.
blood thirsty as you are,
you think you are sane.
as your eyes dilate and change.
to a dark abyss.
You forget your name,
you show your teeth and hiss.
Then suddenly you blink.
You turn to smile at the moon.
You are glad things are not what they seem.
You must have dosed off,
it was just a dream.
Or are you now asleep?

Poet of the River

Nutty Trap (Funny)

Mutter, Mutter
Peanut butter.
Oh what a sticky mess.

Soft and squishy like a paste,
With a strong nutty kinda taste.
Who could ever guess?

Those crackers with that peanut butter...
Oh what can you do.
When your sis replaces that nutty mess...
With staple-wood super glue!

Poet of the River

One Day* (Thought)

One day you will kiss me and want me alone.

One day you will miss me and want me to come home.

One day you will love me thru and thru.

One day you will love me, but I won't love you.

Poet of the River

One Hundred Years (Thought)

One hundred years, One hundred years.
Full of questions, conclusions, and fears.
So much is lost, so little gained.
The past we left is deeply stained.
A thought or theory.
A question or inquiry.
All trapped in an illusion.
Looking for the elusive conclusion,
To the question of one hundred

Poet of the River

One In A Million (Thought)

A single blade of grass,
Sways in the evening wind.
For it is the last one standing,
The rest have started to bend.

Why this single blade of grass,
Thrives were the others fade.
Comes from the same purpose,
As when the birds flew south,
To the one that stayed.

Poet of the River

One Through Five. (Religious/Thought)

one for fire.
two for wind.
three for the fire,
dith burn within.
four for the body,
with mind reside.
five for the heart,
with soul inside.

for within these five I breathe and live,
for others above my own.
in honor of them all in life I give.
so all others may feel the hope and love of glory shown.

Poet of the River

One, Two, Three (Sad)

One.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Trapped behind a wooden door.

Burning down,

Hit the floor,

Locked behind my burning door.

Poet of the River

Outside And Locked In (Thought)

I live my life dispatched from reality,
Confused, distant, but generally happy.
I do have friends, I stick to a group,
But silently I am in my own little loop.

Softly I tried that fine little line,
Tapping my feet, keeping the time.
When an odd note falls, I quickly fix the tune,
Collect my thoughts, and hide in my room.
Passing the time until the note is forgotten,
The memories rotten, and cast away.

Poet of the River

Over Worker (Sad/Thought)

Your vision starts to blur,
Your words start to slur,
You find your balance is off.
You refuse to sit,
You throw a fit,
Even while your dry burning throat makes you cough.
You can stand no more.
Your knees hit the floor.
Your breath is shallow and rasp.
You have over worked yourself,
You have damaged your health,
And it isn't the first or last.
The sun burns your skin,
Dizziness sets in,
Someone close yet sounding distant calls you crazy.
You collapse in the sun,
Your job done,
At least they can't call you lazy.

Poet of the River

Ozone (Political)

Every night i see a sky full of stars,
and wish life was just as nice.

Every day i see a city full of cars,
and see we are paying the price
for our ignorance.

Poet of the River

Pain..(Sad)

I sometimes fantasize,
ending my life of pain and lies,
i look down only to realize,
my gun is out of bullets,
i feel tears gather in my eyes when i realize,
nothing will happen when i pull it.

Poet of the River

Passing (Happy/Sad)

body gone,
souls remain.
happy memories might bring back pain,
but we find inside ourselves
a smile to share with those who matter,
and those who care.

Poet of the River

Peace? (Thought)

If life could be drawn,
I would always carry a pen.
If I had a big enough paper,
I would draw a world without sin.
A world of love and peace.
Not a world corroded by the greed of men.
But a world where all war would cease.
I would draw this world and make a case to put it in.
A case in which it would fit,
and keep it from harm.
Then I would ignite it and burn it.
For that is the only way you could truly have peace on earth.

Poet of the River

People Zoo (Thought)

Welcome to the people zoo!
Everyone is here, even you.
There is work, games, and many things to do,
Down here at the people zoo.
Each one of us has our own unique habitat.
Were we can hide away like the dastardly rat,
Or pursue it as the hunting cat.
We all act in our own way,
Acting on our sporadic thoughts throughout the day,
And living in our people zoo.

Poet of the River

Personal Prison (Sad)

Inside your cage you let out a sigh,
Forced out by the hollowness of nothing to do.
Looking out through the bars as the world passes you by,
Awaiting judgment to befall you,
And cease your mournful cry.

Poet of the River

Please Just Go (Sad)

I reach for the top,
and gravity pulls me down.
I scream for you,
but you never hear a sound.
You look in my eyes,
but they do not see.
I cry to you,
but you won't set me free.
I kiss you,
but you don't care.
I dance for you,
and you only stare.
I comfort you,
but you make me cry.
I help you,
but you never try.
I hold your hands,
but you pull away.
I'd tell you what's wrong,
but i don't know what to say.
You don't love me,
so please go away.

Poet of the River

Poet Of The River(Happy)

I am poet of the river,
the speaker of streams.
A hope and love giver,
the bearer of good dreams.
poetry is passion,
it is everything you want it to be.
Honesty is the best fashion,
so don't smile just for others to see.
Bring out the joy within you,
smile, and let free.

Poet of the River

Present Of Love (Happy)

here for you is a present without lace,
so close you're eyes and open your hands,
and into them my love dose land,
to hold you and keep you from cold,
and to cherish you till days of old,
because of how i love you so,
and i just want you to know,
life will never get you down,
as long as i am around,
to keep a smile on you're face.

Poet of the River

Price (Sad)

There is a price,
A price to live.
To meet this price,
You have to give.
To pay your price,
takes time and pain.
But paying your price,
Will drive you insane.

Poet of the River

Purple Flowers (Happy Thought)

I watch the lush purple flower,
as it sways in the light blue wind.
I watch the sky as it starts to shower,
how the drips make the flower bend.
I see how it struggles to right itself.
It's stalk breaking in the wind.
I watch the flower as it crumbles,
falls to the ground in peaces.
I hear the thunder start to roll.

I come back a day after.
I see a rainbow stretched across the sky,
I feel myself fill with laughter,
For instead of a bare field,
I see two flowers.
The two flowers lasted thru the storm together.

For every bad memory,
Pull two good ones out of it.
That will be enough to save you from a storm of unhappiness.
So your skies can fill with the colors of a new day.

Poet of the River

Rain Cloud (Sad)

I have lived in sorrowful clouds with dark and heavy rain.
Filling these clouds, my sorrow doubt and pain.
Sinking from the sky as the world pulls me down,
holding it all in, dying not to give in.....
forcing a smile to hide my frown.
I chose to let out one cry,
One scream to tell me why,
One pray to tell,
If i chose again to try,
If i chose, and fell,
would the world be at loss from the weight
of one sad cloud?
or would the sun shine through my absence
and make all others rejoice aloud?
Is there a mean for my existence?
a reason for me to be here?
A reason not to fall in an instant?
or should i let myself...disappear..

Poet of the River

Rain Drop (Happy/Thought)

A single raindropp raises the sea.
Gone from the clouds falling free.
Flying towards earth.
An adventurous child,
As the clouds give birth,
The sight is wild.
And you cannot help but smile.

Poet of the River

Regret.....(Sad)

This pain I bare is my regret,
My pain continually dealt,
On pain, my mind is set,
I've lost all the comfort I've felt,
Now i only hope to pay off my debt to myself,
As i sit under a sky of raining stones,
Hoping to be buried alive.
Hoping For you to understand.
I am going to do this.
Yet you do not listen...
You bear on my sky's a thunder...
You care not..
So bury me six feet under,
And watch out for the gun,
It will be hot.
bury me away from the sun,
So even after death I might feel cold,
as you have dealt to me.

Poet of the River

Rivers On Stone (Quote)

'Rivers and time cut into stone, reveling what has been un shown. withering down and wearing away, the stone of life, every day.'

Poet of the River

Roses(Happy)

Roses are red.
Violets are blue.
I'm so glad I fell in love,
With someone as beautiful as you.
The ways you make the sun shine,
Makes me honored to know you are mine.
and to know that you love me,
just as much as i do.
makes me happy to know,
i fell in love with you.

Poet of the River

Safe In The Grey (Thought)

Cope, Cope.
Don't lose hope.
Stretch out your arms,
Grab the rope.
Don't give up,
Hold on to hope,
And pull yourself up.

These words I always hear.
But why do they want me here?
What is so great?
Loosing hope, loosing faith...
I don't know what to say...
I have chosen to turn to grey.
Let the hope, and my problems,
Just fade away into their own
covert shades of grey.

Poet of the River

Said Goodbye~ (Sad)

I'd die a thousand deaths,
If I thought you would even care.
I'd show up every day,
If I thought you would be there.
I'd give the world to you,
If I thought you would feel the same.
I'd wait a million years,
Even if you never came.
I'd always say nice things to you,
If I thought you would hear what I say.
Even now I would give my life,
If you were ever to go away.
Life ends in strife...
You left my side today.
And today, took my life.

Poet of the River

Shimmering Sea Of Questions. (Funny)

Lost in the ocean of shimmering water.
Stuck in my tiny canoe.
The evenings continue to get hotter and hotter.
And I don't know what I'm supposed to do.
I'd raise my sail to the wind,
but I haven't got one.
I'd use my paddles but they've started to bend.
I'd wait for help,
For someone to save me.
But I know no one will come.
And if they do they may be pirates,
How do I know the flag with they come?
I am certainly no fool!
So you know what I'm going to do?
I'm gonna take my canoe,
and get out of the swimming pool!

Poet of the River

Should I..? (Sad)

Ultimately its my choice,
my call, my voice.
my final decision,
to pull away,
or make the final incision.
Iv always had to run,
but now I have a gun,
don't ask me why.
I finally have a chance to end.
all I have to do is let the trigger bend.
and I wont have to cry.
but I'm optimistic, iv felt severe strife.
tell me, in your opinion,
should I?
should I put the gun to my head,
pull the trigger, and end my life?

Poet of the River

Should I? (Sad)

Should i do it?
Should i try?
just put the gun in my mouth,
Pull the trigger and die?
its what i want,
what i need,
suicide.
My death to be.
Life will go on with out me.
And i won't have to suffer.
So tell me,
if you'd please.
should i place the gun in,
and let the trigger squeeze.
should i commit the 'deadly' sin?
And let my worthless life,
come to a quick and painless end?

Poet of the River

Simple Truths(Thought)

Those who take, instead of give,
Sleep on the inside instead of live.
But those who give, instead of take,
Live their lives wide awake.

Those who bond in power and greed,
Never have what they truly need.
But those who bond in love and compassion,
Share what they have with honor and passion.

Those who live there life in dishonesty,
Are locked away and never free.
But those who speak truth, need not fear,
the truth becomes clear,
and the answers reveal themselves.

Poet of the River

Smile (Happy/Motivational)

smile. it has the power to make you happy. hug somebody, then your day will not seem so crappy. get out and tell a joke to your buddy, laugh and let loose for a while. go be with somebody, and find your inner smile.

Poet of the River

Smile(Happy/Motivational)

A smile a day keeps the sadness away,
Keeps your sky's blue, instead of grey.
To find your smiles, simply do so,
And carry them with you for the rest of the day.
Look for a while
and they will find you,
Then you will see
How wonderful life can be
When we choose to bear a smile.

Poet of the River

Society (Thought / Sad)

How can I smile, and speak as tho I am free,
When society raps its chains around me?
The struggle and the strain...
Are sadly all in vane,
for one cannot change the past.
The past is gone, and the present is here,
But with the tape of silence upon my mouth
and the hands of denial over my ears,
i wonder how long the nightmare is to last...
As my hands tremble over the unwritten book of fear,
and the quill has all but combusted,
The truth behind closed doors
of the ones whom cannot be trusted.

Poet of the River

Someday (Sad)

someday you'll cry for me,
like I cried for you,
someday you'll miss me,
like I missed you,
someday you'll need me,
like I needed you,
someday you'll love me,
but I wont love you.

Poet of the River

Somewhere Out There (Happy/Thought)

There is a world out there somewhere beyond our greed
Where people don't take unless they truly need.
Where people don't lie to their father or to their mother,
Where people don't steal unless to save another.
Where everyone smiles every day,
Where everyone fights sadness away.
Where everyone Loves instead of hates
Where everyone has patience and waits.
Where everyone doesn't fight or do harm,
Where everyone knows the rights from wrong.
Where everyone joins together in brotherhood.
Somewhere out there is a world where we all get along.
And work towards the greater good.

Poet of the River

Stinkbug (Funny)

oh little bug, oh little bug.
what is it that you do?
you fly so high, swim so deep, and bask in the morning dew.
yet through all your adventure, all that you do,
why, OH why,
must you be the stinkbug in my shoe?

Poet of the River

Stolen Love (Sad)

Honey I'd tell you how beautiful you are,
But I know you wouldn't listen.
I'd tell you how much I love you,
And how sad I was to see you go.
But I know there's nothing more I can do.
Because someone else has found you.
So tell me ...

Does he love you the way I do?
Does he listen to you like I can?
Does he treat you like a trash or just something new?
Does he act like a child or like a man?
Please tell me,

Can he make you as happy as I can?
Or are you falling for a child pretending to be a man,
Who will never love you the way I could I would,
and can.

Poet of the River

Stolen Shadow(Scary)

i wash my hands as the water runs red.
i am fine but at my feet someone lies dead.
he lie with his hands around the gun.
what have i done?
what have i done?
this stranger that lies at my feet
was someone i never knew.
what did i do?
what did i do?
he tried to scream,
but no one would hear.
he tried to go to a window,
but no one would see.
how can this be?
how can this be?
he was a shadow of sanity,
he was trapped safely inside me,
but the cage that protected him shattered.
and now he is gone,
the shadow who kept me sane,
broke free.
a shadow who's sanity is dead,
a shadow.
the shadow is me.
now i see.
now i see.
now i see what life has done to me.
and how it took my shadow.
and my sanity.

Poet of the River

Stone Heart (Song/Sad)

I glide on the wings my lies have created.
Souring into the deep black sky!
I build my wings on all the things I have hated,
I refuse to let myself question why!

SHOW!

Me that you really care!

GO!

Because you were never there!

I SREAM!

Don't make it true!

Forget the truth I have granted you!

Scream, in your heart,
To never be torn apart!
Embrace, your every opportunity!
Bound together in severed unity!

Standing at the hollowed edge.
As dark clouds roll in.
Step up to the ledge with your wings tucked in.
You hold your hands out to catch a tear from the wind,
When does it end, when does it end?
A crystal forms in your eye as a heart of stone never cries!
Even when the heart is held together by the wings of lies!

The skies turn black, and whorl winds bring rain,
Crashing to the ground below.
The lightning's flash brings back snow and pain,
As my wings unfold to the sound below and to the wind that calls my name.

SHOW!

Me that you really care!

GO!

Because you were never there!

I SREAM!

Don't make it true!

Forget the lies that are deceiving you!

I can never find reason.
Why you did what you did to me.
I can never believe,
That that is how it was meant to be!

My crystal eyes reflect the past,
The heart of truth that could never last!
My lips whisper the words of long ago.
Speaking of the emotion you could never show!

SHOW!
Me that you really care!
GO!
Because you were never there!
I SREAM!
Don't make it true!
You never did but I always loved you!

The wind blows silently.
The thunder rolls unnoticeably.
The ice falls without a sound.
Covering the torn wings lying on the ground.

A heart of stone never cries,
A crystal tear burns my eyes.
The soul inside never lies.
But that is all you never saw in me!

Poet of the River

'Stress'(Sad)

There is a plague that sweeps this land.
From its raging rivers, to its desert sand.
It hides in the shadows,
Yet plane in sight.
Gone like an illusion.
but yet you fight,
only to be defeated another night.
Your mind slows and you loose your sight.
And you decide to give up the fight.
To try to win the war,
to save your life.

Poet of the River

Such As The Seed(Thought)

The seeds of our past,
Safely stored away.
In anticipation they fast,
For the bloom of a new day.

Poet of the River

Suicide Note (Thought/Sad/Motivational)

I love you mom,
with all my heart.
I am so sorry,
I have torn your world apart.
To my nephew I hold so dear,
When this is read,
Do not let him hear.
But have him know I will miss him so,
and tho I am gone let his smile again show.
To my dad whom with space I love,
I shall watch over you from above,
and help you through your troubles.
Sister dear,
tho I am not here,
you are never alone,
And my brother, my friend,
Let your heart mend
and forget this sorrow I have given.
To my best friend Zack,
Iv always got your back,
And I shall say hello to your past when I meet them.
To all whom I hold close,
I have given you the most,
My life,
My heart,
My passing.

Suicide is painful to the hearts of those you love.
To leave them here and fly beyond and above,
to take the heart and love they gave you,
is it really right to do?
To take there trust and faith in you,
And just throw it away?
to cause such pain in the worst possible way,
The pain of loosing someone, when they choose to fade away.

so before you act,

before you do,
Before you fade away.
is suicide right for you,
Or is there another way?

Fight for life,
through pain and through strife,
for life is a gift that's not meant to be returned.
Not meant for you to hurt,
and not meant to be burred or burned.
Just hold it out and keep on your feet,
and live your life without missing a beat.

Poet of the River

Take It In Stride (Thought/Motivational/Happy)

There are two sides to every coin,
just as there is a before and after.
this journey of life is one i would like to join,
and follow in the steps of laughter.
the world is an amazing thing to see,
so here is what you my friend must decide.
would you stand upon your feet and follow me,
or choose to run and hide?
open your arms into the wind my friend,
let loose, feel free.
look to the glory you hold inside,
and walk on your on path to happiness.

Poet of the River

Taken Away.(Sad)

Is someone out there?
Can anyone hear me?
I'm taped in this place.
Can anyone save me?
I am lost,
trapped in a maze.
The world is a blur.
I feel like I'm in a daze.
My words start to slur.
As I loose my ability to speak.
I feel like I'm falling.
And the happiness I seek,
Bring me constant misery.
Someone is calling,
pulling me down.
They won't stop,
until they pull me underground.
I pray for someone to pull me up.
I scream and I pound,
but no one seams to hear me.

Poet of the River

Taking It In(Happy/Sad)

This emotion I trap inside
Has finally been identified!
Of pain, regret, sorrow, and grief.
This feeling I bear is disbelief.
But how did this happen?
How can this be? ! ?
That I now know the emotion inside of me.
Is it fate?
Or simple desire?
Oh how these questions tire!
Yet with me they must keep.
Until the dawn of endless sleep.
Not looking I'll close my eyes.
Think again and realize.
This grief is my disbelief!
And it will not take me!

Poet of the River

The Grim Reaper Is Here...(Sad/Thought)

the sun is up but everyone sleeps,
the people don't talk,
the baby's don't weep,
the leaves on the trees begin to sway,
yet no wind is being blown,
there may be a better way,
for the moral of the story to be shown.

Poet of the River

The Illusion Of Time(Thought)

Time is no more than an illusion.
It is as quiet and as sly as can be.
Time is the best cure for confusion,
it is in time where the answers will be.
This god like force we cannot influence
Continues to rush by.
Its effects are constant and un stoppable,
no matter how hard we all may try.
Throughout time and throughout space,
there is a since of sincerity and love.
Out there is a sense of peace and grace,
raining down from the heavens above.

If I was the illusion of time,

The sky would pour me a river,
Of bright blues caressed by the reds of a setting sun.
Time would be my giver,
Of a past i would try to shun.
The life under my feet,
Would crawl out from beneath me.
My gaze would search the heavens,
And my eyes would finally see.

Poet of the River

The Life Of A Dog (Happy)

happy and free, happy and free,
joyful, toyful, and blissful is me.
singing so loud, standing so proud,
and grinning happily.

I run and pounce,
frolic and bounce,
and cuddle you blissfully.
I wiggle my nose,
strike a cutie pose,
and kiss you right on the cheek.

I play with my toy, bounding with joy,
waiting for you to come home.
you walk through the door, hear the rumble in the floor,
and I knock you down too your feet.

I smile and grin and soon you give in,
and give me a good boy treat.

Poet of the River

The Lost Tail Of William (Fairy Tale Story, (Short))

Not long after the fall of his father, the lost story of William begins.

William, the last of his line, ponders over what is to be.
His father is dead; others will come to see the new risen king.
The sword of old, dusty and covered in mold, was repaired by the armorer.
The blade of tale from his father hails a piece held by a lush gold ring.
Above his thrown with glory shown the blade from the fallen warrior.

People come for the story, others come for the glory, but some just want the crown.

Many have tried, and many have died, but William has not been brought down.
'Hurray for the king, Hurray for the king!' the women, men and children sing.
'He has brought peace, he has brought just, let us all feast from dawn until dusk!'
,

Cooked beef and whine, tastes so divine, until a darkness knocked at the door.
It rattled and shook, rumbled and took, as water flooded the floor.
The door gave in, a stranger walked in, and all sound was silenced.

'Who are you? Why are you here? Why do you grumble and fill us with fear? '
'I have come for you', The stranger said as he drew his sword with iron red.
Before William could move, before he could speak, a gash on his arm started to leak.

'I am father of the night, a keeper of ghouls, a master of fright and hunter of fools.

You have slain my kind, and soon you will find, it dose not end with me.
For behind these walls an army calls and I mean to lead them to victory! '

Bloody armed William drew his sword, rose from his throne, and marched forward.

Quickly his men joined in, taking on one, two, ten.
Thousands marched off to war, many where injured, death was more.
The battle raged for many years, many where lost, family's shed tears,
but in the end, William arrived victorious.

The Meaning Of Life(Happy/Thought)

someone once asked me,
What the meaning of life was,

I told him i didn't know,
but then he said to me,

Of course you know what it is,
the answer is plane to see,

The answer is what keeps you here,
its what ever you want it to be,

Poet of the River

The Question Why (Quote)

'There are many questions in the universe, all of which are baiting, but none are more pursued, than the question that is continually stating, to find the answer we first must try, yet there are none who can tell me, the answer to the question why.'

Poet of the River

The River That Flows(Thought)

Like a small stream you must grow,
into a river with a steady flow.
And as the fish look up from below,
They will see the sun and its warming glow.
And feel the magic, from long ago.
As this river continues to flow,
And your experience continues to grow,
you turn to a sea of ageless mystery.
your journey is not yet done,
for it has only begun!
Even tho the wind may blow,
and a storm may set in.
Let your smile grow,
go with the flow,
and the waters will be calm again.

Poet of the River

The Road Not Taken(Thought)

A break in the road,
Both ends going on as far as I can see.
The two in front and the one behind me.
A choice I must make, of which path I should take.
Both roughly fare the same,
The two that lie ahead, and that from whist I came.
For these three paths I have seen,
I took that uncharted road in-between, and separate of the three.
A new road apart from the rest, and better suited for me.
And I couldn't have made a better choice.

(Inspired by a famous poet; robert Forest)

Poet of the River

The Stranger In You(Thought)

A stranger walks by,
he is tall and thin,
freshly shaven,
smooth and clean.
All dressed in black,
he stands alone.
you look again,
see that his cloths are tatted,
torn and faded.
His skin is pale,
you see bone.
His eyes are glazed,
lost in thought,
hiding his pain,
and covering his grief.
He looks at you,
and to your disbelief,
you know him.
For you are one in the same,
both lost in thought,
hiding your pain.

You are a stranger,
who puts their emotions in a chamber,
locks them up,
and stands alone.
Until someone who holds the key,
comes to set you free,
and provides you with a shoulder to cry on.
So you can move forward,
and move on.

Poet of the River

The Strong And The Weak (Quote)

'He who is haunted by the wraith of there past, can dwindle in hope and pray not to last. just as he who is strong and holds fast may sit silently alone. for when ends meet ends, both can loose hope in emotion never shown.' -River Poet

Poet of the River

The Window Frame Of Life(Sad/Cynical)

Red...

Even on covered frames,

I guess that's why-they call them window panes...

Grey...

locks on every latch.

Close it tight, and light the match...

Crazy they call me?

But really how can they?

They don't even know me,

And now they will all go away...

Poet of the River

They Will Teach You (Thought)

there is a lot of debate of what one should do.
when faced with the question why,
the best answers are the ones that are new,

Never just try,
Simply do,
Leap in to the sky,
and let the wind catch you.
Then spread you're wings and fly.
through the world of blue,
and beyond the clouds,
where the eagles will find you.
and teach you not to cry.
Then show you what to do,
when faced with the question why,

They will tell you to spread you're wings,
and simply fly,
and not worry about things,
that make you say why.

When you glide in the air,
and let you're troubles slip away.
Find a place you love and go there,
and don't let you're troubles bother you another day,

Because when you are here with the eagles,
don't try,
simply do,
and soon love,
is bound to find you.
and you won't have to ask why.

Poet of the River

Thinking Of Love(Happy/Romantic)

I saw a shooting star to night and thought of you,
Of how honored I felt when you said yes.
Of how you made me happy when I was feeling blue.
And now how we make each others wishes come true.
You know I've never settled for less than the best,
So there is nothing more I must do.
Because all my wishes have come true,
After all the star I saw fell down to me like an angel from my dreams.
And that angel with all its glory and grace,
is you.

Poet of the River

Through Clenched Fists(Sad)

I dream a world of excavation,
In to it my mind is taken,
Thru the horrors of my past,
I lye calmly in bed,
yet my heart beats fast,
I look in to my eyes and my fear is fed,
Why am I so forsaken?
For in these dreams my sanity is taken,
I awaken to my hands all red,
Soaked thru the sheets and in to the bed,
My hands ache,
I have made a mistake.
And my dreams will never let me forget.

Poet of the River

Time (Thought)

continually we speak in words we do not know.
dabble in deeds and situations we know nothing about.
Have thoughts and colors we choose not to show.
And scream within as we silently shout.
How can we live our lives in just and peace
When the folding and tearing patterns of truth begin to crease
And hide the answers to the lies we have built our truths upon?
Are we a people of just and truth abound?
Or a broken lie with a purpose never found?

Poet of the River

To Easy To Pass Up(Sad)

Give me the gun,
I'll show you how its done,
It really is quite simple.
It wont be hard,
I wont be scarred,
Just place it at my temple!

Poet of the River

To Some (Quote)

'Life to some is more than testing.
But to others a jolly blessing.
In this life we are only guessing.
And inside the heart,
a soul is resting.'

Poet of the River

Today Is Yesterdays Tomorrow (Happy)

I lay in my bed, a pit of sorrow.
The night called me
When nothing was as it seemed.
My mind was set free
With bloom of thine dreams.
I am off now, for there is much for me to see,
To believe, and to dream.

The morning came with a simple call,
As i rose from my bed all wherry eyed.
The snow out my widow began to fall
and with a smile i closed my eyes and sighed.
for today is one of many wonders to come.

I lay in my bed, with a smile of banished sorrow.
What happened yesterday is over and done,
The past is the past, today has begun.
So get up and play, today is a new day,
And embrasure your every tomorrow.

Poet of the River

Toothpicks(Sad)

I found a solid piece of land,
Not rock, only sand.
And built a tower of sharpened sticks,
I only hope it will stand,
Throughout all the destruction, pain, and kicks.

I stand alone in my tower,
Listening to it creak and moan.
And ware away with each passing hour.
Grinding like old bone.

Every time sadness knocks on my door,
It dislodges a few nicks,
which cascade down to the floor,
As the happiness fades, and the sorrow sticks.
And the tower is-no more,
Than a pile of spent toothpicks.....

Poet of the River

Torture (Sad)

I want to smile,
but I wont let it be so.
To be happy for a while...
To let my sorrows go...
Yet I will not.
Instead this pain in me runs my body cold.
My blood hot, I feel so old
And fragile like an egg...
An egg whom dreams to be broken.

Poet of the River

Traveler Of Shadows(Ominous/Scary)

The clouds roll in,
rain starts to fall,
as a stranger in a veil of shadows walks past,
The sky turns dark as night starts to bloom.
With a single wave of his hand,
he has sealed your doom,
the ground on witch you stand
begins to crumble,
upon his demand,
you're life would end,
thunder chimes in
and gives its rumble
because in his hand,
carries lust,
for your unloving soul.

Poet of the River

Tree In Chains (Quote)

'Life in this world is that of a tree, bound by roots, yet told it is free. to the mercy of wind, the weight of the sun, as branches bend, yet nothing is done. the fruit it bares when the water is plenty, fall to the ground and wait intently to be born to its life of chains. '

Poet of the River

Trigger (Sad)

As I sat by my river of sorrow,
I saw a shimmer of hope.
But I knew that shimmer would not be their tomorrow,
So now I sit here and mope.

Why do I?
Why do I?
Stand alone, or sit and cry.
All alone.
All alone.
No one left, bring me home.
So here I am.
Here am I.
Sitting alone, and starting to cry.
I'm holding a gun,
and the gun holds me.
For down its barrel I shall see,
that my regrets have finally caught up with me.
I feel so small,
I wish I was bigger.
At least this time,
no one will stop me from pulling the trigger.

Poet of the River

Trust You'R Friends(Thought/Happy)

Sometimes i feel lost,
like i can never find my way back,
but when i feel like i have lost my way,
I see my shadow and she keeps me right on track.
She helps me through the perils of the day,
trailing at my back,
keeping me company.
shes a kind fellow in a way,
she agrees with every thing i say.
I feel like our friend ship has only begun.
yet still at the fall of the sun,
i loose my companion,
It only shows you that friends are never meant to stay forever.
Like a shadow in the fog of night.
and we must trust them when they say,
that they will be back another day.
Just like you're shadow at first light.

Poet of the River

Turnabout (Thought/Happy)

I thought my life was a meaningless dropp of water in a raging sea.
That there was no meaning for my life and no real place in it for me.
I looked through the waters of my failures to a reality I had missed.
Beyond the pain, sorrow, and my scared wrists.
I found a life resting there, silent and secluded within.
In finding this life within I was able to open the eyes of doubt and see what I had
missed for years past.
I was witness to a reason not to give in,
a reason to live my life and for my diminishing hope to last.
to choose to live,
and hit the road running fast.

Poet of the River

Turning To The Forever White(Sad)

A single tear falls from the sky.
The clouds shiver and let out a sigh.
The wind they blow turns the falling tears to snow,
As they softly fall around your feet.
You stand in silence as the clouds continue to cry,
The snow builds up on the street in front of you.
This blistering cold, to you, feels nice.
And as the warmth from you is willingly let go,
You choose to stand and freeze.
And be covered in the ever forgiving warm snow.

As the day becomes night,
The shadow of you mellow out of sight,
You make no sound anyone would hear,
And to all, it would seem that you would just disappear.
And no one would miss you, everything would be alright.
As the cold covers over you and your colors softly turn to white.

Poet of the River

Two In The Dew(Happy)

Let us lay in the morning dew,
Just me,
And just you.
Open our eyes,
Watch the sun rise,
And lay in the morning dew.

Poet of the River

Umm...What? (Funny/Outrageous)

tell me what say you,
If you are going up hill in your canoe,
and the wheel falls off.
How much pancake batter dose it take,
to re-shingle your roof?
Please,
sport your answer with proof.

Poet of the River

Under The Snow (Sad)

On top of the roof
The air is so cold and so calm
Standing at the edge alone
a single note in your palm,
The eyes of the city
Are counting the tears falling down
Each one a promise
Of a life you never found

You open your eyes
But you can't remember what for
The snow falls quietly
but you can't feel it anymore
Somewhere out there
You lost yourself in your pain
Forgot your morals,
and forgot your name

someone screams into the night for you
Don't make it happen,
don't make it true,
Don't jump.
These lights will not guide you through
they are deceiving you!

But you would not hear what they have to say,
You made your choice,
To make it all go away.

Your arms at your sides begin to raise,
as time seems to slow.
you raise your head and lift your gaze,
and the wind begins to blow.

the snow and ice freezing each tear,
as you place your feet at the edge.
You let go of your note and exhale your fear,
as you let yourself fall off the ledge.

The wind whipping around you like a whipping slice,
as you hurl towards the street below.
hitting the ground covered in ice,
as you are buried six feet under the snow.

a single tear frozen in the snow chill,
as all of the world stands painfully still.
and the soul now lost,
fell through the air but at what a cost?
for all with sorrow now will fill.

Poet of the River

Valentine (Romantic)

You see something in me,
What- I'll never know,
But I know it's enough to make you love me
And I know I'll never let you go.
You're the one I could truly love,
The only valentine for me,
Thank you for taking me in to your heart,
Our love is the best that can be.

Poet of the River

Void Of Color(Thought)

There is nothing I feel,
Everything is grey.
My thoughts locked away by a seal,
I have successfully hid them away.
Even when no one is around,
I still don't make a sound,
For there is nothing for me to say,
this perfunctory peace I have found,
Plays it's steady droning sound.
A beat I can work with.
I can keep in pace with the pound.
With each beat, I cast my emotions away.
And return to my steady yet simple grey.

Poet of the River

Walk Away (Thought)

This happiness i feel,
It is not, and cannot be real!
I know it will not stay.
For this joy inside,
That fills me with pride,
Will one day walk away.

Poet of the River

Walk Of Reason (Motivational)

The more you walk,
The further you get.
The further you get,
The more you are fit.
The more you are fit,
The happier you are.
The happier you are,
The further you can go,
The more you can learn,
And the more you can know.

Poet of the River

Washed Away(Sad)

I went down to the river,
so I could drown.
Looking up through the water,
I kept sinking down.
I feel like I'm dying,
I've got one foot in the ground.
I will lay in my coffin asleep with my sins,
Give you the nails and you'll hammer them in.
I feel so unhappy and empty inside,
I wish I would choke when I swallow my lies.
It's fine,
It's OK,
Really I'm alright.
I feel like my heart is made of stone.
Without you here with me
I will die and rot alone.
It's weight pulling me under,
As soon as I hit the water, my heart starts to pound.
The weight of a broken heart pulling my and making me drown.
As water rushes in, and suddenly I can not breath.
I will shed a tear, because honestly, this weight is easier to bare.
Than the pain of you not here with me.

Poet of the River

Wearing Thin(Sad)

I don't know how many more laughs and smiles I can fake....
How many more lies about my happiness I can make...
How many more times I can put my tears at bay...
How much longer I can keep my misery away...
How long I can stand tall and not break...
How much more I, can actually take...

Poet of the River

Well...? (Sad)

i would do it.
i wouldn't cry.

tell me,

should i do it?
should i try?
just lay down,
go to sleep,
and die.

pray to the lord,
my pain won't keep,
and when i die in the night,
bury me six feet under,
pray the only light i see,
is from the rage of the thunder.
blinding me from my pain.

Poet of the River

What A Choice(Thought)

Happy or sad,
Good or bad,
or even a lunatic whose lost there mind.

It could be boring,
Exciting.
Or, if you wish,
Spend it hiding.

Ultimately it is up to you,
What you choose,
What you do,
And how you live your life.

Poet of the River

What Am I Supposed To Do About Love? (Thought/Sad)

If you wouldn't have found me,
I would have found you.
I know you can see,
just how much I love you.

But then I see you walk away,
and I hear my friends say
how i will find someone new,
kinder and brighter than you.

someone who will love and respect me,
the way I loved and respected you.

Poet of the River

What Do You See? (Thought)

My friend walked through the woods,
and this is what he saw.

He saw a road with many paths to turn,
paths that lead to a dead end.
He saw plenty dead trees with wood to burn,
who's branches cannot bend.
He saw an old abandon cabin,
with a torn and tattered roof,
not a place he would stay in.
just put in some powder, light it, and poof.

This is what i see.

I see a forest who's trees were once green,
just waiting for an adventure to begin.
I see a road with many choices in between,
and a cave a dragon could sleep in.
I see a river ware fish once teemed,
and a comfy cabin on its bank.
I see the wooden hands of a mighty beast,
who was trapped in the mud and sank.
And i see a berry bush hosting a mighty feast.
for you, your friends, and for me.

Now you know our stories,
tell me what you would see.
Is it a journey at its dying end?
Or is the journey about to begin?

Poet of the River

What If? (Sad)

What if I stand and start to fall?
What if I start walking and hit a wall?
What if tears fall from the sky instead of rain?
What if those warm summer days never came?
What if every truth was hidden by a lie?
What if when I laugh, I start to cry?
What if the sky turns grey instead of blue.
What if all these things were to happen...
What if they did...?
And if they did, what would you do?

Poet of the River

What Is The Reason? (Sad)

A picture is worth a thousand words,
Never seen, never heard.
Beaten by life's endless fret,
The pain, insane, is my regret.

My mind betrays my heart today,
Take this pain...take it away.
I wish to someone I could confide in today,
Take this pain, or my life away.

Why do I want to?
Why do I try?
Where would I go to?
If I were to die?

Life is not hard,
Mine is not bad.
Sure iv been scared,
I guess iv been mad.

But why do I wish?
Why do I want to try? ?
What is the point...
To live...To die?

Poet of the River

What Is The Reason? (Sad/Thought)

What is reality?

If nothing more than a realistic fantasy?

with its irrationality and occupational formality..

Why do we squander in pointless hope?

is it simply to give a reason?

As we are trapped in a fantasy bard like a prison.

we look out at the world through clouded eyes,

but do we actually see?

If we do not listen,

we cannot hear how the world cries,

How it screams to be set free.

why do we shun the path of reason?

lost behind us and burred in the past..

all the hope and wisdom we so thirst for

simply lost without interest..

Poet of the River

What Life Brings (Thought)

Life brings pain,
So always carry a bandage.
Life brings similar choices,
so everyone is average.

Life brings emotion,
so don't hide it.
Life brings forth variety,
so everyone shows it.

Life brings companionship,
so you are never alone.
Life brings you nature,
so the world is your home.

Life brings forth memories,
so we can remember the joy of our past.
Life brings miracles,
so make those moments last.

Life brings you many things,
so find what you are looking for,
and live your life to the fullest.

Poet of the River

What Number Am I? (Thought)

Larger than one,
But less than two.
Less than a couple,
But more than a few.
Over a zillion,
But less than a million.
Over a million,
But less than two.

I am no less than perfect trinity.
All numbers have their unique identity.
And bind together to make a different entity.
For I am no other, than, infinity.

Poet of the River

When In Doubt Look To Yourself. (Thought/Motivational)

As long as there is a seed of doubt in the forest of certainty,
Denial can always grow.
If you think you cannot,
Then you will not,
But if you think you can,
Then you will.

Poet of the River

When It Happens(Sad)

who knew playing with a gun could do so much?
I told them I would do it, but my words didn't seem to touch.
I hear them say I won't.
I hear them clap,
I hear them laugh,
when they think their so much bigger,
but it pleases me to know they wont laugh at me,
when I finally pull the trigger.

Poet of the River

Wish (Thought/ Motivational)

A single wish, a single star.
a single journey, ever so far.
a single step, a single stride.
you never know, if you've never tried.
a single hope, a single prayer.
only in those who choose to care.
never mope, and never hide,
you have the power deep inside
to fulfill your every wish.

Poet of the River

With A Smile (Happy)

for every time you frown,
pull two smiles out of it.

for every time you feel down,
laugh and make the best of it.

when ever you feel sad
find a way to make yourself happy.

be good instead of bad,
even when your day seems crappy.

for every tear you shed,
smile before and after each fell.

Every time you go to bed,
Be happy and dream well.

when a gift is given to you,
cherish the gift for a while.

and even when life seems blue,
live your life with a smile.

Poet of the River

Wood Burning Stove(Thought/Happy)

Fire,
Burning with a passion like the sun.
Once you lit the match, you knew the fire had begun.
Blazing, rising, and flowing over the wood like a burning river,
A warmth and burden giver.
The blistering heat and sizzling meat,
Draws on the unsuspecting nose.
The sugars and spice, smell so nice
In the pot on the wood burning stove.

Poet of the River

World Of Man (Thought)

Though the universe has many suns,
And planets to follow their lead,
Only one planet we know which runs,
And of life and hope hath seed.
Upon this world with hope abound,
Hatred and sorrow lurk around.
In damaging hands our world reside,
Destroying the magic thine holds inside.
Upon a chance our world to break,
What action or right of man to take,
Event and consent unfold,
And a story never told.

Poet of the River

Wrong Or Wright? (Thought)

Is it wrong or is it wright?
a question everyone is faced with.

So just look up to the sky,
stop asking why,
and give you're self an answer.

Poet of the River

You Always Have Me (Happy Thought)

We are all the same person,
we see thru strangers eyes,
and hear thru their ears.
But never thru our own.
So we can never truly be alone.
We always have each other.

Poet of the River

You Are My World (Happy/Romantic)

Every day begins the same.
The same views the same the same.
Every day begins the same,
That is...
Until the day I learned your name.

You seem to have awakened a fire in me.
I feel so warm, so light, so free.
You have awakened a fire in me.
And now it seems I can finally see.

You touch my hands, so gentle so soft.
A presence of love so true.
Your skin on mine, so warm, so soft...
Heating me through and through.

I see beauty in your eyes,
And through your hair so curled.
I see a beautiful soul behind the eyes.
You are my entire world.

Poet of the River

You Are(Romantic)

You are my fallen angel,
The love of my life,
With a smile like the sun,
And eyes like the stars in the night,
You know how to have fun,
And live a life without strife,
You are my fallen angel,
You are my wife.

Poet of the River

You Brightened The Blue.(Happy)

I looked outside at a sky that had never been blue,
until the day that i met you,
but now i watch the birds play
across that beautiful blue,
and i know its all because of you,
theirs so much i can say,
you made the sun shine on me,
made me want to stay,
now I'm the happiest i can be,
and its all because of you,
and the way you turned my gray sky, blue.

Poet of the River

You Cannot Take My Voice Away!

(Song/Thought/Sad)

I,
Refuse to back down~
I,
Refuse to lay silently!
I,
Refuse to break down~
I won't sit here
and let you question me!

I have one voice,
I have one choice,
I have one name~
So don't scream it out in vane!

I have one voice,
I have one choice,
I'll have my say~
You can't take my voice away!

I walk down the street of an endless dream,
Where no one would hear you no matter how hard you scream!
I would stand by the curb of my destined choice~
I call out, you can never take my voice!

I would scream to the heavens,
Scream for my life.
I would scream to be forgiven,
Please take away this pain and strife!

I would scream my heart out,
Waite until I bleed,
I would cry my eyes out,
I never had what I truly need.

never...never...never what you truly need~

I have one voice,

I have one choice,
I have one name~
So don't scream it out in vane!

I have one voice,
I have one choice,
I'll have my say~
You can't take my voice away!

Never...never...you can never take my voice away!

I fall to the ground in bitter dismay,
How can this be? Why can't I see you?
This pain in my heart, won't go away,
How can this be... Why did you do this to me! ?

Why? ... Why? ... Why did this happen?

I have one voice,
I have one choice,
I have one name~
So don't scream it out in vane!

I have one voice,
I have one choice,
I'll have my say~
You can't take my voice away!

You ripped my heart out, You blinded me.
You can never take my voice away,

You left me broken, now I can't see,
You can never take my voice away.

I...I...You blinded me!
I...I...I cannot see!

I have one voice,
I have one choice,

I cannot see...

I had one voice,
I had one choice,

Why did you deceive me?

Why...Why...How can this be?
Why...Why...Why did this happen?
Why...Why...Why can't I see?
Why...Why..

My heart,
Why have You blinded me!

Poet of the River

You Didn'T Love Me (Sad)

I wish every day,
I pray every night,
But is it ever enough?

I loved you in every way,
I thought you were my special light.
Why dose falling in love have to be so rough?

You didn't want me,
You didn't care,
When i needed you,
You were never there,
You didn't love me,
You never tried.
I always trusted you,
Even when you lied,
Now what will you do?
I will no longer love you,
I will no longer care,
I will no longer need you,
I will no longer be there,
When finally you want me.
And finally you care.
I won't be there.
To comfort you.
and then maybe you will see.
how i felt,
when you were never there.
to comfort me.

Poet of the River

You Have Your Answers (Thought)

We can't always find the answers
to the questions with which we fought
But it dose not mean they do not exist.
Simply that the answers are lost in your thought.
If you try to find them and precisest
You will discover more over time
Which will help you through the confusion.
You will find, and answer,
The door to your own knowledgeable mind.
And finally have your sought after solution.

Poet of the River

You Think You Know... (Sad)

You think you really know someone,
That things could never go wrong.
Until they make you feel worse than everyone,
And you learn you were wrong all along.

There are people you love to be around.
And others you wish wouldn't stay.
This 'friend' I thought I had found...
Not thinking of me, chose to go away.

Poet of the River

Your Heart And Mine (Sad / Happy)

The days are shorter, the moments go bye in a flash.
the days, weeks and the good times clash.
from sunrise, to sun set, there is a feeling in the air.
this gentle surprise, I shall not forget, fills me with love and care.

the smiles we keep, in our locket they sleep, everywhere with me they shall go.
you and me, careless and free, shall dance again in the rain and snow.

though you may not stand by my side, my smiles shall not hide, for I remember
our wedding day.
and though now you may sleep, your smiles I shall keep, in a locket still to this
day.

Poet of the River

Youth (Thought)

New rain fills the young stream.
Stream of life, back to back, seem to seem.
Inspiration and information lack,
But comes in the morning dew.
As new young raindrops.

Poet of the River