

Poetry Series

Polly Klomp
- poems -

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Polly Klomp()

Hello,

I've just started to try and write poetry. If you have any tips, please don't hesitate to contact me.

Thank you

A Hug, A Touch

A Hug, a physical intimacy, a way to speak
A simple request, with much affection, a feeling so unique

One of the most common sign of friendship and love
With one humble touch, everyone knows what you are thinking of

An emotion so dear, yet, it makes it so very clear
That cuddling does so much good, and never should be misunderstood

Polly Klomp

A Mind Unfold.

Numerous sparks are running through my head,
Asking me what to do,
A million thoughts are passing by,
And it's all about you.

I think I wished for this,
And then it just happened.
I might have dreamed of this,
And I can't quit.
I don't know this feeling,
But I unconsciously love it.

My eyes are rolling as I begin to wonder.
Maybe it is meant to be?
Or am I going "down under"?
I think my mind is tricking me.

Do I want to believe it?
Or is it all a lie?
Do we want to do this?
Or am I just not that guy?

As this can't get any worse
I'm going in.
I stop my boundaries
I'll take you for a spin.
And when I'm done,
Be sure to tell me how you feel
Because when I'm through with you
Your life will look surreal.

Polly Klomp

A Painting Turns To Stone.

So you walked away?
Not a care in the world, not a thing to wonder about.
Because if you can't see it
It's not there, right?

A painting turned to stone,
When you leave our home,
Time stops for a moment,
Until you return.
It doesn't disappear,
It just waits.
Not showing a tear,
It just waits.
When your walk through the gates,
It slowly starts to move,
As if you never left.

Her world is floating around you,
But don't be stupid,
To not see it through,
That everything you've worked for.
Can be gone is just a moment,
That everything you've work for.
Can vanish in an hour,
Even upon your return.

So, stop you selfish route
And take the detour back to her
Because she deserves whatever you can give
For all pain she has suffered
For the fucking problems you've caused
Get your head straighten out.

Fool.

Polly Klomp

A Simple Stone.

A simple stone can not roll on it's own; a simple branch can not break without force.

Please push me a little, so I can see the world, not to hard or I might just miss it all.

Show me what it's like to be free, how exciting living can be. Display all the things bound to this life.

I will mark every crack and turn, I will never forget what I've seen. Even upon my return.

Enlighten me with your knowledge; teach me how to chew.
That because someday, I might need it. Just like I need you

Polly Klomp

As It Is Up To You.

Twist and turns give the feeling that things don't feel like they should.
As everything around us seems to disappear into disaster
There are only a few who really know what is going on.

Maybe some of them aren't actually looking
Or can't seem to find it
Maybe some of them aren't really caring
Or can't seem to feel it

Who knows what it will bring
What the end will be?
All I know is that we just keep on going strong!
And nothing can go wrong!

But what if everything you speak of is a lie?
What about the thousands of people that die?
No one can tell me the right thing to do
As it is up to you.

It doesn't matter how you are trying to change the world
It's how the world changes around you.

Polly Klomp

Beauty Is Only What You Are.

Every eye in the room is focus on you, when you are walking by
All the men envy you as you look up high
The way you walk, talk or express, the way you move, grove and dance on the internet.
They want to spend a moment with you, and maybe some more.
But you are to scared to open up the door.

Every peak they get they squeeze themselves in, messing with your body and mind.
Every chance they use it against you. It's bad that there are so many bad men; it's too bad that there are so many bad memories. But it didn't kick you down; you are not someone to drown.
You get right back up on your feet. And smell the beauty of nature.

How unforgiving you are, is as beautiful as you will be

Polly Klomp

Behind The Glass

Convince yourself from this place, it is real and alive
Seeing the men worship him from his grave
Behind the glass of reality they become what they want to be
Seeing through the glasses of an eternal shell, peeking into the other realm.

Embrace the stream of endless gain, clam yourself. You are not alone in this world
Behind the glass, people will look at you, behind this glass people envy you
As they are stuck and you are free. Free to exploit every possibility.

So live your life like you want it to be, and face everything with open eyes,
because behind the glass.
You will be stuck for good!

Polly Klomp

Born Form Personification.

Whispers floating my mind, whispers are talking to me
Telling me what to do and how to feel
Making of point of things so unreal
Letting me know how they think, letting me hear every word

Whispers know my every move, whispers show me everything
They are right there from the first day, but they won't be leaving me today
Endless emotions of struggle, envious of my every word
All that is spoken about and all that is gone
Every letter ever said every breath even taken

Whispers are right here, speaking in all their might
Whispers are right there, talking the entire night
No longer do I have an opinion created by them
No longer have I felt I have the right to know
I just don't want to know

"Stop it" I tell them constantly, but they just ignore
Every word I speak, everything I say
Devoured by adore

They love me; they are beings on my creation,
They are always there for me, beings of my creation,
They care about me, beings of my creation
They lie to me, caring for my being
They protect me, caring for my creation
They are me, born form personification.

Polly Klomp

Foggy Hearts

As the mist seems to distract our fog lies within our hearts.
While we wait for what is yet to come. Is everything so close already gone?

It might be a miracle, it might be coincidence
But that is up to you
As moment will pass and life will leave
You know what love can bring
What love can break

Even though you've pushed me away
I will not move one inch
Even though you think you've forget me
You think about me every day
Even though I thought you hate me
Your eyes tell a different story.

Today, I choose you,
And I hope you know
That what ever you do
Where ever you go.
If you look around,
I'll be there..
In your shadow, waiting to care

Polly Klomp

I Have Yet To Get A Clue.

Parallel delusion, is everything I see a fake?
Or am I just wondering if I'm awake?
Do you really think that all you see is true?
Maybe it's a mere illusion to burst through

What if all we know and care, is nothing but a flake of the mind
A powerful spell to keep us by our side
It tries to make us, deaf, impaired and so undefined.
Just a constant memory of how they lied.

If something could set us free
What do you think it would like to be?
Is it not only the idea, that something else, might just be better
Or would you still be able to write that letter?
I don't have the answers to your questions,
I have yet to get a clue
About all the life's miracles, in relation too,
About all life's possibilities
And all the suggestions, ever made.
I have yet to get a clue.

Polly Klomp

It's All About The Question

It's all about the question
That remains within me
Shall I speak of the truth
Or remain in dignity

For I will be the man,
Who will tell this true love
And end up being the man
She ends up with hate

To behold life's secrets
And all the baggage it comes with
Eternal love and a bit of a twist
Endlessly bound between events

For I will be the man,
Who will tell this true love
And forever get locked,
Within her beautiful heart

Hopelessly I wonder with the thought
Unbeknownst what to do
Afraid what might change
Scared of what might be

Alone within a dream

Polly Klomp

Love, Lust And Sin.

Lust, love, sin.

Three words with more power to them than a bullet
Small words that could kill a moment, an hour or a lifetime
Something that change what you are into who you want to be
Or change you into something you've always hated
It can rip apart the prettiest friendship, or give birth to the rest of your life

Lust, love, sin.

Oh where can I begin, that if you only knew, what I think is true
Our lives would just meld into each other.

Polly Klomp

Passion For Disembowelment

Chained to the ground, your blood is dripping out! !

With bloodshed eyes and shaking hands
I grab your neck so tight
This urge for pain is so unreal
It makes my eyes go blind

As my blade, pierces your skin
Your pale face starts to show tears
My blood flow speeds with adrenaline
Scream out dear, show me your fears

Tie you down on the bed, still screaming for help
You're the one so perfect the one to caress.
Your beauty alive, is more beautiful dead,
So there goes your life, you no longer possess

My Passion for disembowelment,
Grows with every kill
My Passion for disembowelment,
It's my lust for thrill.

As your scream echoes in my sin, the knife is stabbing deeper
While you beg me to stop, I'm ripping you open,
As you are begging me to stop,
I start laughing.
As you are begging me to stop,
I start laughing.
As an endless killer,
I am taking my time.
When you start to cry,
The rush begins to kick in

When your eyes have shed their final tears
and your screaming fades away
I shove my hand beneath your flesh
Digging through your chest, putting your heart to rest

My blade is rushing in!
The red flow starts to flee!
The paper cuts are burning!
I am your enemy!

Slowly I take my scalpel, ruining your skin
Slowly reaching for your head, so I can begin.
Close your eyes my dear, the pain won't go away.
Close your eyes my dear, this is only what you deserve

My blade is rushing in!
The red flow starts to flee!
The paper cuts are burning!
I am your enemy! I am your enemy!

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My Passion for disembowelment,
Grows with every kill
My Passion for disembowelment,
It's my lust for thrill.

This time you won't escape me,
This time you won't run away,
Without further ado,
I'm coming for you

Polly Klomp

Personal Dellation

Look around you, it's not too hard to see. That million of lives are exactly what they want it to be

As we, Human, bound to evolve, we are held back, and slowly we dissolve

Corrupted corporate companies taking control, making us think that we have the leading role.

Nothing seems to be a bigger lie, as we, people, silently follow the message in the sky.

Polly Klomp

Speak With No Emotion

Suggesting time is nothing but an essence
Thinking it all feels the same
Forever waiting on an endless dream
Eternally doom to wait on regret

In a moment of sanity we run for cover
But it is to late
It's always to late
Will freedom get to us
Or are we locked in here for good

Now and forevermore will there be death
In a lifeless passage we once have lived
Destruction will not be the way to the end

Save your last breathe for what its worth
you are going to need it.
Hide whatever has value in your life
or you will lose it.
Speak with no emotion
You are going to want it.

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The Way To The Heart

This is what you are; you have to live in sin
Was this what you want? Oh! Where do I begin?
Consuming all that is left of me, tearing out my heart
With this feeling we will never depart.

The knife is cold as it touches my skin; the knife is sharp as it cuts me open
I stab it deep, I'm moving slowly. The pain is kicking in.
Thoughts are running through my mind, while my eyes begin to cry.
Tears fall on the ground, as my blood drips from my hands.

The pool is getting bigger, my arms turn to blue.
My vision is vague and my head is light. The blood spurting out.
I can feel my heart, as I am reaching for it. I feel it pumping the last remains.
It suddenly stops and I'm losing my balance. On my knees I'm in my blood

The reflection of my face is shocking; this is not how it should have been
I'm running on empty and my brain is giving up. I'm running on empty and my
breath has stopped.
My body is falling over, my head has hit the ground. The blood is still pouring out
as my thoughts begin to disappear
My eyes are shutting, there is no way to stop. It's over, goodbye I'm done for
now..

Polly Klomp

Throne Of Muder

In the heat of battle lies the answer to your questions
In the heart of the fight, you will know what is right
Everything seems like simple suggestions
Why the trust is faded to black
No one knows what has to be done
And your defenses are open for attack
Fall you shall for none
As your throne is all that is home to you
And the will to fight lives inside
While there is no one who can run or hide
They will never see it through

The moment has come to face the facts
An evil approaches us with fear in our backs
Without remorse he slaughters all that is dear
Ripping them to shreds, with faith by his side
Leaving some alone, letting them live is fear
Everything he touches withers and dies.
His renown is spread worldwide.
Leaving trails of a thousand flies.
No one knows what patch he chose
Maybe to vanquish all, I suppose

Nonetheless he is not done.
The sad thing is he has only just begun
So hide, wherever you can.
Because if his blade will reach your neck
You are a dead man.

Polly Klomp