

Poetry Series

Prince KnightenRodgers
- poems -

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Prince KnightenRodgers(September 10,1992)

I am a young man that loves poetry from prichard, Alabama just tryin to make it right now im in school to be a chef i love the lord pray he makes me and shape me in his way to be some one who can make a difference

Let It Be Done

Started from an open wound
flashing lights at the end
of my tomb I know its rough
and its tough to spit out
your lungs to watch words
of peace roll off your tongue
fighting in a battle thats so
hard to win but its my heart that
I have to extend my mind body I
have to pretend isnt there to
feel the pain but why bother
it always ends the same so
who do we blame God the father
the man upstairs whos there no
one cares to explain can this
victory be obtained strapped to
my saddle watching bound men
be slaughtered like cattle
but I know if I keep the lord
in my heart till the end of this
war things wont end the same
things will chang by the blessing
of God I can be seen through
these trials and the morning
sun will come with my faith
victory will be won so I
say to all let my God will
be done

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Mental Imprisonment

Why do what I do why do
what I did trapped in
my own mind I must admit
miss understood I guess
I try and try and yet I
havent done a thing
I move this way and that
yet im still in the same
place in a mindset ive yet
to understand and as of now
I dont even know where I stand
trapped in this prison built
by my own fears founded upon my
regrets shelterd by my failures
and bars by my insecurity and
lack of self disapline my bed is
made of discomfort and relentless
rejection of the past with a window
which leads out to failure and false
couldve been shouldve been but isnt
dreams they look back at me in shame
and disrespect for the lack of standerds
I shoulde have set for the goal
I should have met on these chain I tend
to fret doesnt matter till I yet search
my soul for who I am and where I belong
two of my room mates left and right one
wants money one wants light one on each
shoulder weighing me down yelling and
screamin pulling and tugging I dnt know
which way to go their about to tair me
in two im so confused I dont know who
to chose this prison life is hell but
acording to right its no compare im torn
between two worlds I dont know how long I
can last the pain is unbearable the frustration
is killing me but time is waisting its
now or never I must make a choice but should
I dare to chose the wrong one

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No Taking Down

Precisely the truth
truth is as truth
does truth is meant
for the strong
while lies were ment
for the weak those with
bleak smiles and sad faces
those who can not deal
with the trial that
life faces those who
cry out for there mama
to save them from that
mean man preaching to
them the hideous truth
the man that is not afraid
who will not buckle under
pressure of dislike
but will stand fast on
the word of God and his
truth

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Sister Sister

My dear sister as you
sleep our hearts thump
to the same beat sugary
lumps all so sweet your
sweet soothing sould
brings me peace as I
hold you in my arms of
steel no person or thing
shall pry my chain even
though moma and popa is
not here your little heart
shall not skip one beat
from fear cause I am a
roaring lion protecting
one so small from any
creature critter or creeper
cause I stand my sisters
keeper

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Teachers Ls

Live love laugh things
you can do untill your
last breath no matter
your wealth
Look to the future
know whats important Live
life to the fullest
im not telling you
to be stupid but
live life with no
regrets and the gift of love
is there for those
who want it but it is
precious and give all
those u meet respect
that make friends
friends make each other laugh
laughter is always the
best medicine and in the
end your life will live
on on through your
lesson and reason
through all those
you taught teach or teaches

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What Defines Us

The definition of me is
hard to define I can not deny
myself I surprized or should
I say despise shadows behind
close doors awakes me to my
demise I was shocked to find
the define of I is determind by
what I do in my own time makes
me who I am good or bad sinner or saint
its up to me to decide who I am or who
I aint

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