

Poetry Series

Rev The Poet

- poems -

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Rev The Poet()

Rev the poet is a young 'romantigoth' poet who has travelled around quite a bit. He uses rhythm as a main feature in his poetry. It has been annotated as '<' as the emphasised beat. Rev the poet writes the lyrics for 'The Spirit Children's' music (

Bathing In Pools Of Contentment

There's A beautiful calmness surrounding me,
As if I am bathing In pools of contentment,
unaware of the burning,
Unbeknownst to me the burning,
blind to the burning of a one thousand year old paper city,
I feel like molten glass taking the form of my container,
yet i feel full and strong, seeing nothing as a problem
Cosy in these sheltered wanders,
I dare smile at myself

In my own dreamscape I reside in pools of contentment
where I dwell until the golems of stone find me,
take me
and return me
to reality
where I do not belong.

Rev The Poet

Empty Pages

< <
Those countless empty pages before me,
< < <
our only intention to mark,
< <
because it gives us so much pleasure,
< < <
to write some'one else's history,
< < <
before the tragic start

< < <
 Those pages that have been soaked in ink
 < < <
 that no'one wishes to touch
 < < < <
 be it their fault or not, so delicate
 < < < < < <
 are they, bruise'd within, I expected just as much
 < < < <
 like how all colours of the rainbow mix
 < <
 to give a sickly brown
 < < < < <
 a colourful life also does go off and fowl.
 < < < <
 so when there is an empty page before you
 < < < <
 please be gentle and please take into consideration
 < <
 please use this ink well

and change us from a sick, sick nation

Rev The Poet

Fenrir

Only silence I hear,
occasionally shattered by the scrawling of a wand of ink,
cold, hard chairs lie dead in rows
few occupied by scattered slightly more alive subjects
giving all they have got to stay alive

we seem to be stuck in a concrete box
where the eye of the animator can not reach
where the eye of colour can't cast its light
frozen are we, empty are we,
unconsciously basking in the shadow of a wolf

Rev The Poet

Forever Immune

I feel I can reach the far mountains,
and the stars are mine,
and the ocean is just another river to cross

A mere hut is my palace
a potato, my feast
the smell of the rain is my delight
The lighting of a candle, the rising sun in the east

You cannot kill me, as much possessions you take,
as little food you give me, as much blood you take, as much pain you give me,
as much happiness you take,
I Am Forever Immune To Sadness And Hate

Always will I be here, smiling at your foolish musings, you, my friend are far too late
So crucify me, drown me, beat me as you please,
But never will I fall,
I am forever immune to your filthy disease.

Rev The Poet

He Sits

<- - - - - <- - - - <- - - -
Where everyone knows, but no'one goes
- -<- - - <- - - - <- - -
he sits beside the gates
- - - <- - - - - - - -<- - - - -
Where everyone looks, but no'one sees
<- - - <- - - -<- - - -
he who contemplates

- -<- - - - - - - - <- - - - -
In cold lands dry, he asks the sky
<- - - <- - - - <-
why he sits and waits
- - <- - - - - - - - -<- - - - -
for something so fond, he looks beyond
- - <- - - - - <- - -<- - -
the death that he awaits

Rev The Poet

Her Pleasant Horror

<- - -<- - - <
And just now 'twas revealed to me,
- -<- - <- - -<- - <
The side of her you never see,
- -<- <- - -<- - -<
Not just the prancing faerie,
<- - - - <- - -<- - - <
but the deepdark morbid beauty

<- - -<- - - <- - <
Finding darkness in this light,
<- - -<- - - -<- -<
finding blackness in this white,
<- - -<- - - <- -<
finding blindness in my sight,
 < < < <
finding such horror is my delight.

Rev The Poet

Meadows Of Unknowable Freedom

Meadows upon meadows of unknowable freedom,
where I may dance through and weave between the long grasses of Eden
everlasting warmth beneath my chest and sweet bread in my pocket on the left
the water is clean,
the breeze is cool,
the earth is soft,
so that when I fall
I am not hurt,
but meld into another dimension,
another collection of unexplainable words

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More Than Seen Can Be (With The Spirit Children)

One Thousand Vallies Frozen By Angelbreath
There is more to this world than seen can be
To follow the elvenpath to where enchantment calleth
There is more to this world than seen can be

I'll find a home for me heart to live forever
I'll find me a home where my heart may rest forever

Ne'er seen a faerie but i'm sure they exist
Ne'er seen your soul but i feel it here right now
There is more to this world than seen can be
There is more to this world than seen can be

The final resting place
are you my hearts
final resting place

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My Curse

I sense a demonic presence,
a dark aura,
and a pressure, a worry
that at any movement I make,
my bones will snap and my muscles will crystalize
so curled up in a ball, I cry
tears of granite form under my eyelids
and my throat turns to sandpaper as I sob silently to the only person for galaxies
- myself

So I let my heavy body relax
set all my troubles free
I let myself go
to roll off the brink of the cliff
hoping that when I awake
all will be well as it was long ago...

Rev The Poet

That Little Kiss

<

On a black and white day

<

where even the sun was grey,

< <

I explored the wondrous library

< < < <

all was slow, odd, calm and queer

< <

then bringing colour to this day

< <

your face did appear

< < <

It return'ed life to my sleeping heart,

< < <

brought back happiness to my life of dark

< < < <

and to make sure my heart kept beating

< < < <

you delivered me a kiss - what a heavenly meeting

< <

thy soft, cool lips against mine,

< <

wishing it could last a divine lifetime

< < < <

a beautiful surprise to lighten my day

< <

Your tingling touch, please lets not part again

< <

your pale face and long fine hair

< <

imprinted in my mind

< < <

yes, I do wander, I do care

< <

If you are my final find.

Rev The Poet

The Grey Skies In My Head

< < < <
In a cocoon of warmth I awake
< < < <
realising it was a dark mistake
 < < < <
outside, the sky it is blue
 < < <
So I retreat back into my sanctuary
 <
of serene gloom

< <
A butterfly, A butterfly,
< <
revisits my life
< <
retelling to me
 < < <
my journey of the night
< < < <
Seeming to have no meaning no reason,
 < <
but everything has a tale,
 < <
an ultimate season.

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