

Poetry Series

Robert Jones
- poems -

Publication Date:
2007

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Robert Jones()

BA in Journalism (News Editorial) University of Florida

MA in Liberal Arts, Marshall University.

I've written 2 complete novels, several short stories. Won several awards and have had short stories published in Highlights For Children, The New Yorker, and Etc. Literary Magazine.

Darkest Hours

Walking down this deep dark path looking deep into my past,

Feeling alone weak and weary filling my brain full of fury,

Walking down this deep dark path thinking about who I'm going to see last,

Thinking about being deep down in the ground wondering how long I'm going to be around,

Feeling so numb in my brain walking around out in the rain and the look upon my face is so plane,

Its cold out here in these woods, is there someone out there who knows I'm up to no good? ,

Im out here all alone with no phone and nowhere to call home,

Feeling death upon my breath as my sight gets darker like someone wrote over my eyes with a black marker,

Feeling my body getting weak i don't think Ive eaten in like three weeks,

Thinking about lieing down so i can fade into the ground and no one has to worry about me being around,

Its getting real dark now em i still here is this the darkness that i fear that Ive been worrying about for years? ,

I can't feel anything anymore i feel so light em i no more? i look around for the big white door and i cannot see anymore,

Now I'm lieing here fast asleep and under the ground oh so deep tossing and turning in this box making me feel like I'm lieing on rocks,

There's no one here to say hello i always was a lonely fellow,

I remember the day they put me in the ground the only day everyone came around....

Gradiant Green

</>Housed inside that marble hull
where once the colours shinned
and thrust before that man-made wall
with chains we are are bind.

Hope ends here
destiny follows greed
and yellow is the rose
or the mustard seed.

Till once steadfast armies
again can waste the land
no one on this colour bar
can ever understand.

Robert Jones