

Poetry Series

Ron Farmer
- poems -

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Ron Farmer()

My names Ron Farmer.

I like art and Writing.

I'm leaving for the Army in two weeks.

Hope you enjoy my stuff.

Remember its all copyrighted to me. lol XD

A Drinking Poem



Drink today, and tommrow you might have been laid.
Don't ask how but your game was grade A.
Its forever clever, but if you ask me now I would have to say never ever!

Drink today the night will be better, but tommrow tis but rainy weather.
Drink and drown your sorrow. The frown is gone, and the smile you have you
barrow.

I think if I think my head will explode,
I think if I drink i'll look like a toad.

I walk into walls. And I fall to the ground.
I talk a lot, but never a sound.

I drink so much its not just a line.
I drink so much I taste my lunch a second time.

But some times I drink, I don't act a fool.
I come to the party, i'm chill, and its cool.

But for the most part I don't drink at all.
Cuz when I drink, I come to a crawl.

Ron Farmer

A Leaf

I wish I was like a leaf
Fun to look at
and fun to eat

To fly as fast the wind could take me
Into the lawns where people hate me
To live a life where its fun to grow
Where the seasons come and seasons go

I wish I was like leaf
Far the truth and close to a lie
always expected and never asked why

Ron Farmer

And This Is A Message To Kids From My Time



This tale of a man people adore
This man is found often in stores
This is a red devil in 20 in tens.
He comes in a river,
then the tale just begins.

He comes in a day, that starts with your friends.
A day where you trip from a stone then it ends.

He comes from a river that travels in shadows.
It came from the light but in the dark came the battles.

It started with men.
And ended with cattle.
Walk the same line. And we'll have the same spine.
And this is a message to kids from my time.

If you have no idea what this about.
Good for you. Seriously.

Ron Farmer

Angelic

One long fall day a women would pass
A young girl with an angelic mask.

She Got curious, so she just had to ask

'Whats your name'

she anwsered and answered, quite fast

'My name the same name as yours'
And her face seemed aghast

When she took off the mask only found herself.
The shadow came, and it came with stealth.
Only to ruin her health

In order to hide, she took off her head, and felt a great vibe.
The flame was now ash.
For her to forgive, she took on the mask,

One long fall day Soon BeCame Night
Like it was there to excite
She knew she was Wrong.
But Wrong was alright,

And after a while the mask was a found a relic.
The truth and a Lie Coincide, and she was far from angelic.

The Demons Hide w/ the Face like an Angle.
So Remember To laugh when your trying to strangle.

Har Har.

Ron Farmer

At Last I Sleep.

I went to sleep humming the oddest of tunes

Quite late yet. too soon.

At last I sleep.

i'll Call it

Fate

The dream.....I had....

I thought i'D break and shatter like glass

I thought I'd die and die slow not fast.

At last I sleep..

I called it

rape.

At last I sleep..

Soon it Was morning

The day moved on/.

I thought I exscaped.

yet soon it was gone.

At last I sleep..

Again it was late.

But this Time I Woke.

I new it was over.

No longer I slept

No longer a dream.

Or so It would seem.

At last I was done.
Too bad I'd die young.

At last I sleep.
But it was too late.

The eyes seemed so sad
But to me it was great.

Because I am the artist.
And this the exscape.

At last I sleep.
To me its just fate.

Ron Farmer

Blackness

KNive and pills
Guns and blades
So many options
So many ways

They say I wont do it
That Im really afraid
They laugh at me now
as the light starts to fade

12 hours later
I wake in haze
Still with a fire
Still in a blaze

Sooner or later
They'll be nothing to save
so leave me alone
with my razor blades

Ron Farmer

Devils Play Ground



its the devils playground
its all around
But its not satan, hes not making a sound

He's fast asleep.
but the demon is there, but in the dark it creeps, waiting to scare

Until the time. Until the time.
When the choice, the choice tis not mine.
And in my mind; I can't define, the place of which the demon shall shine.

I'm already dead.
No longer is it water nor is it bread, I can't survive
Tis heavy in my head. The trick its said, and this plan won't stop.

Belive it or not.
The time has come
The time has come to give him a slot.

Ron Farmer

Door

if the heart was little more
it be a metaphore for door, u couldn't ignore.
the inside you'd love to explore
we'll call it a game u simply adore.
then again its just a metaphore For a door. Inside its me and a war.

behind the curtains they're certain things that gota stay hidden.
a Forbidden sting gotten played like gutarist strings
Sitten next to me this gutarist sings,

lets start maken a list, i'm lost, this darkness is only here to assist.
Add in a twist, light is lost too, it can barly exist
yet I can only persist and open the door.
Take a walk and run with a metaphore its great.
Then I try to exscape.
trip and fall, its fate.
All in all. its rape.

behind the curtains they're certain things that gota stay hidden.
a Forbidden sting gotten played like gutarist strings
Sitten next to me this gutarist sings,

its an ocean, im floaten in.
To think again I forgot how to swim. so I sink to the floor.
I sway to the current, this darkness spills and I get lost a little more.
then I hit the bottom. its darker still.
but Its not a problem, cuz its just a metaphore, For a door.

Ron Farmer

Into Abyss

Enter abyss
a place where pain Can never exist.
The break of a heart
Is lost in its midst

Now Let us pretend.
That won't come to a end
Then into abyss
I could ascend.

I wish I could
Fall Into the Crack of a heart
A heart that can bleed.

Into abyss
such Bliss it would be

Into abyss.
A heart To good for a dream.
A nightmare instead,
Torn by the seams.
Into abyss too good for a dream.

Into abyss no need to resist
This is a place where death can't assist

This a place where an end can never be seen
Enter abyss too good for dream.

Ron Farmer

Like A Party Drug.

This Girl was likE A party Drug.
She was Like A Pipe Filled With Bud.

Miss Popular, and her Phone.
Never Home, No Stoppen Her.

Then One Night Things went Arye.
Her with friends Yet Alone On a fry.

The girl like a drug No Longer Was there.
No hurry to crawl, she was with out cares.
No worries at all.

Then A partial mistake, She drove home.
Almost too her block she hit the breaks, and started to walk.

Then from behind Some one Didn't mind.
To put an end to a good time.

Like a party drug, Soon It was over.
She saw her self, only older.

Her blood got colder, until she was to frozen to talk.
Then she continued her walk a little unthawed.

She made it home. Threw out her phone.
A little more grown she deicided she was no longer the party.

If theres a good time its sure to be had.
The army is out there, but now their Missing the bag.

Tee hee.

Ron Farmer

Love To Hate

Love to hate.
Hate to love. But most of all.
See above.

Love is like a glove. That doesn't fit.
Love is murder and the feeling you get.

Love is a game cuz its so innocent.
Then you realize its over and she just doesn't give a shit.

Love is like a tight rope one wrong step and you fall.
Worst of all, love is like good day, pretty soon its gone.

Now don't think i'm just bad guy.
I just hate lies, and love isn't one I like to try

So next time you see me don't talk to me,
walk away before you find these suicidal tendencys that tend to be like exstacy
becuase then you'll see, next to me

Love is just a thing to hate.
So exscape before it's god damn too late!

Ron Farmer

Mask

If you have to ask, then at last I show.
What you thought you know, is just the mask for the show.

Another day, another play, any other
vision I have,
Another decision from my lab.

If you don't understand yet
Theres more to my game
And the rules are set

if you know my name

Welcome to my grave.
Nothings here. But a man, and a slave.

Ron Farmer

One Dark Night In The Mist Of A Fright.

one dark night
In the mist of a fright

There was a lovey young lady.
Standing in the brightest of lights.

One dark night At the edge the water
the sun light came and made his shadow much taller.

It grew and it grew.
Until.

One dark night in the mist of a fright.
A pale young girl, lost in a abyss.
Saw a sight that not a soul would miss.

One dark night. Soon it was day.
And darkest of dark is how would stay.

There was a man with a laugh as long his grin.
rope on his neck. wrapped to his chin.

Then with a snap, it all came to play.

There was the girl with the decsion to stay.

As she watched she cried. THE tears became ice.

She came to the spot where he lost his life.
She spun and laughed bright like a rose.
She sat with knife it tickeled her toes.

One dark night in the mist of a fright.

The young girl became as red as the water.
She laughed as she found herself alone with her father.

Never again in the mist of a fright.
Never again in the brightest of lights.
Only alone, in the darkest of nights

Ron Farmer

People Are Strange.

I once saw a whale green as the grass.
I once saw a man live slow and die fast

People are strange this fact is simple and pure.
I know it won't change, there isn't a cure.

I once flew w/a fish and swam with a bird.
I once granted a wish, and made a new word.

People are strange what can I say.
be more than an act, an act in a play.

Act stupid and lame, put shame to your name.
besides people are strange, theres nothing to blame,

act your self, be crazy, and laugh through the pain.

Ron Farmer

Plesure In Pain.

if its true a man of our time, is a man like me, then he has a mind
of a deaf man, blind..

Pleasure is pain it is one in the same and I have a game,
to delet a mans name.

What we have here is a tale of a man and his madness.
A tale like a fox alone with a rabbit.

At last thing I can say

I've gone from gray to black.
Thats simply a fact. If you are a maze then I am rat.

Give me a play I'd i'll show you the act.
Suffice to say If I am the glass you are the crack.

Cuz if I can play sports and dance in the rain
You should support and take plesure in pain.

Ron Farmer

Renegade

Here Comes THe renegade.
Here to seal the deal.

Becuase people come with problems,
Like leafs that fall in autum

Here comes the renegade
SPinning like a Ferris WHeel.

Life is quite the paradox
But his was quite the steal.

Here comes the renegade
On his mound of steal.

Becuase When your people fallow you
You know your choice is real.

Round and ROund he went.
Too live a life in hell.

Round and round He went.
He rang the devils bell.

In the light he stood, it felt so surreal
But in the dark in fell, because it had this appeal.

And then there went the renegade.
Perfectly alone,
His life was etched in stone.

All his memorys the prettys ones.
They Sang like a song.

All his memorys the tradiges.
Took his life and soon he was gone.

And all the people they sang, they sang with the dawn

Here comes the renegade, The devils bells he rang.
So let the hero hang. So let the hero hang.

Ron Farmer

Spinning Spinning

I cut the sand
With every Pace.
My path I wander.
My place is faith.

Spinning Spinning,
My world, It Spins.
I cannot Think.
Until It ends.

My thoughts They sway,
With in my mind.
As They Go Astray.

This reflexion spins.
A thousand faces Across The Glass

Spinning Spinning
A millon Peices Of my futures past.

My thoughts were cold But Burning, Now.
They Turn to glass, And shatter, Proud.

Spinning SPinning,
Now it ends.
My world It stops.
And starts again.

Look away, and then its clear.
The devils face, its in the mirror.
Me and you, we know it's Near.
Spinning Spinning,
The Glass we fear.

Ron Farmer

That Type Of Day

This Is A Sad Sad Day, In Bad, Bad Way.
This is the type of day for the sky to turn gray.

The type of day for A picture to cry, Tears Of Blood.
Until Its So thick it becomes a river Of mud.

A young Pretty girl walking home.
She decides shes safe and Walks alone.

She sings and she laughs while she skips through the night.
Only to be caught by the eye, with pure delight.

She saw the headlights, the car came to a halt.
She new something was wrong, and she wasn't at fault.

She turned to run, only to be fallowed.
The soul of the girl and the girl is now hollow.
Innocence once deep soon became shallow

So very sad. And afraid shes become
Many years later she would have rather died young.

I can't put it to words. But if its that type of day.
Fly like the birds, to the sky of gray.

Ron Farmer

The Blood So Sweet,

This river came from a top the tallest tower.
From above, there stood a rose.

From the flower that Blood so sweet
flows the coldest of rivers.
It glisens and shines like gold or sliver,

Blood so sweet as I walk away
beneath my feet as I write my play

Running along to color the surface.
blood so sweet, oh whats its purpose.

blood so sweet, a drip A dropp it hits the floor,
as it hits, he stops, never more.

He slides he glides along the tower.
as he creeps he crawls, to steal his beloved flower.

Then one night his lucky day.
blood so sweet, he thought he'd drown,
he had to play,

But to his dismay.
blood so sweet hit the ground
only to turn from red to gray.

He watched it fade, along with himself.
but He had to stop he had to wait.
it was Blood so sweet, he couldn't exscape.

Blood so sweet soon to be sour
no longer to flow from that bleeding flower.
Soon to be dust, twas the tower.

The blood so sweet,
the taste of his love.

No longer to fall.
No sight from above

The flower to bloom, on the darkest of days
The blood so sweet had faded away.

Ron Farmer

The Trickster, Of Tricks

Dust, and ash.
I see my world crumble.

bones & bricks
as I sort through the rubble,

i see death, faces unknown as I run, and I stumble,
now and forever these ruins my home.

The color it fades.
in this darkness I roam, Lost as a burnt coal

with The trickster, of tricks
deep in my soul.

The bones, the bricks,
The trickster of tricks,

The world I have made,
the walls built thick

Deep in his grave,
he hides from the light.

The world he's built,
As master and slave.

The trickster of tricks,
And the world he has made.

Ron Farmer

The Unquestionable Truth

Poems... poetically, poetic, prominently profound, proceeding through
promiscuous, promotions, of the probley perfectly problematic, problems,
permenetly peeling away the very core of our inner most soul.

My finger tips move through an arcitectecture thoughts
yet the words are not mine,
I think not my thoughts, but my thoughts think of me, and of myself, its mind,
and of mine.

The unquestionable truth and endless freedom
A paradox designed to teach one the purest of all things

Such purity if fell from the sky, I would drown gazing upon it.
The seperation of such feels like holding by breath. I need it in order to breathe.
When it leaves me I will drown and sink to the bottom
of the worst kind of place, i'll be but a tear with no face.

Sadly I cannot help but hold my head under and let this pain consume me.
Like lambs to a salughter, of the most loving of sheapard
Yet whilst I place myself well with in the walls of my mind. The war which I watch
gazing upon myself
fights with out me, and I sit blankly, feeling my way out of the dark catacombs of
abyss.
To realize never was I there

Never was I alone enough to fathom what it would be like to walk amongst the
vines growing the fruits that would own
the saddness of smiles.
And for my selfishness; no hell could rival.
To this a gift I give.

Not for you to take and give back. But for you to take and love like a child whom
you've never met.
A painting you would never need to see, or a poem you would never need to
read.

If you see nothing past a blank expression cloked in the shadows of darkness,
Then pretend its a smile that exscapes damnation, to live in the shadows of
which it radaites.

A glow which none could preserve to be any thing less of divine.

So much so it entraps your soul, slowly embracing you like the warmest rays of
sunshine
consuming your consciousness until all that is left is the slightest fight from your
eye lids,

And when your eyes, finally succumb, and you sleep this night, and dream the
endless dream,
to devour the endless nightmare. And begin a new ending for a story you'll
never write.

For today is an endless day, to fight the darkness of night.
For the darkest of nights will drown the greatest of light.

Ron Farmer

This Is A Story One Cold Hallowseve

This is a story you wouldn't believe
This is a story one cold hallowseve

There was lovers who bathed in the light.
Soon there was no other, soon was the night.

This was a night with a life for a gift.
Such a sight i'd never forget.

Walking alone The darkness It came.
then with dark soon came the rain.
Consuming it all. Yet I was the same.

In the darkness a smile shined.
Such a smile was quite the rare find.

I walked and it cried.
It wanted a taste.

But what a pretty a smile
such a pity too waste.

This is a story you wouldn't believe.
I wanted to run I wanted to leave.

Such a night a terrible fright
Then with a flicker there was the light

There was a mirror.
There stood I with a grin ear to ear.

Sadness soon was more then my darnkess.
Saddness was soon a girl found heartless.

I laughed and I laughed.
Until She drew her last breth.

I laughed and then, there was nothing left

but a story you wouldn't believe.

There was a girl was a girl alone one hallowseve.

KInda lost my original angle but it seemed ok :)

Ron Farmer

This Is A Story, Of Storys I Like.

This one gave me a headache.....

This is a story, of storys I like.

This a story, that was quite the sight.

Creeper; Reaper, come deeper into the web.

Where the Killer never bleeds.

Never need for mercy on his knees.

Because he lives for himself, the only breed.

The Crimson of the Criminal,

He would give in for a little, of most simple prize.

Because It's glory in his eyes.

But the true theifs a liar.

He spins tales that inspire;

A quick way from the kettle, into the fire.

The best is the Drama Queen.

Her Subjects, Her team.

Her chaos she loves it,

As She acts a new scean.

This is a story, of storys I like.

The people I see are a story to write.

Ron Farmer

Tim Mcvay

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Ron Farmer

What If Time Would Never End

What if time, would never end.
Dance would we, with the light we'd bend.

What if time would never end,
I think I'd drown, in the hour glass.

Oh how horrid would that would be!
The sand that falls would stretch as far as the sea.

And flow to a wicked current.
To drown in sand, to drown in sand, this would have to depend.
On the time that would never end

Things I hate I'd love to offend
If time would never end.

And all the things I love would dance in the light.
The things i love would transcend with the night.

All things I love. With madness I hate.
All things I love, i'd have to create.

I 'd have to escape. if time would never end,
I think i'd die, at least i'd love to pretend,

But if time never ends, this at least i'd recommend,
Drown in the tide of the hour glass.
At least then time would pass.

Ron Farmer