

Poetry Series

Spencer Bastian
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

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

Spencer Bastian(4/8/1995)

Born here and lived here all my life

need feedback

started writing when i was 14 so im new

A Forgotten Battle

The hammer and sickle under the red star
March toward us, they can not be far
The sound of war gets louder and louder
They slaughter us to show their power

They march from east to west
They have killed our very best
From fathers to mothers to every son
I can not believe that they have won

They're here now, to destroy us all
They want our men, and buildings to fall
And here I am stuck in this place
I can't get out, and there are tears on my face

I'm not like my friends of the Nazi Right
I haven't taken any life
But I soon will, for they want a fight
So I pray for myself and my brother Helge tonight

"Ni! " I don't have much time
One says "They've broken through the doors! "
Another "Were all going to die! "
All of them are screaming and shouting why

I grab my Kar, Lugar and knife
I look up to God and pray for my life
I look back down and there is the fight
I Point and shoot with all my might

One by one these Russian dogs die
But my friends are also dropping like flies
An hour passes with no hope in sight
My brother is dead, on the floor, with out life

Crash the finale door is open
Shots fire and blood is poring
I thought it was done or maybe was hoping
"Ni! " I say for a siring pain

I fall to the ground
My eyes darken
It's over now
And I fall to sleep of peace.

Spencer Bastian

Lost Love

I have loved you for your mind
It is a library of great desine
For days and days
Been waiting to say
I love you but you walked away

Spencer Bastian

The Few That Fight

The Reds stand tall with muskets in all
They invade our homes and mark our halls
All they want is to see us fall
Fall to the ground with blood and awe.

And us we few we fight for you
Charging at them when led did flew
Run for you with old worn shoes
To fight the Reds for we are the few.

The few who stand for what is right
The ones who stand, the ones who fight
For the very right to see your light
For your Liberty bright, our very life.

Spencer Bastian