

Poetry Series

**Stefan Hanson**  
**- poems -**

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# Stefan Hanson()

I wrote poems when I was in high school. Since then, I have just focused on post secondary and developing my professional skills.

## "future"

It was the dawn of the one thousand nine hundred eighty-fourth world war  
Only thirty milliseconds left till midnight  
Not a sight of the red and blue spotted grenades to be seen  
There is a sweet taste of bicarbonatedplutonium in this years Christmas feast  
Quite sweet in contrast to quadbubblelanny light beer which  
Was the only brew left when all that's green  
Is radioactive and smells far to sour for beer  
And makes the water scream an unholy shrill  
Like the chill of the oncoming nuclear winter  
Which precipitates white ash and dark snow  
If you're lucky you might even see an albino reindeer  
Or go skating on the frozen lakes of industrial waste  
Which is only safe enough to skate on for two weeks a year  
Unless your already a mutant and emit your own squeaky sounds  
Or your an overlord ruling down from Lordorron

Stefan Hanson

## "Sierra's Song"

If words were keys, to the soul's door  
I would rather go deaf, than let you in  
You came to me, in the night time  
I pray you better, than you did I

Yet you persist, to carry on  
This silly song, of love you sing  
If your songs were, ambassadors to the heart  
I would send them home, and board my heart

It is better to lay frozen  
In the waist of my decision  
Than to suffer your foolish games  
In the way of my golden day

That came and passed like summer's day  
When I was whipped, wronged, and wistful  
For loving you, did this happen  
I shall move on to find my place

You're a traitor but I forgive  
So when the lights blind you at night  
And the sun blinds you in the day  
I will guide you to the safety

'Cause now you have a child daughter  
Of which I don't hold the honor  
That is the curse you have brought me  
That is why I cannot move on

So In my days I waste away  
To lay in mourn of my journey  
So that when the young men from town  
Come for counsel in all good things

I will not warn them of love's harm  
But seek to guide them to true love

That is my role, my privilege  
I loved and lost, I am not bitter

Stefan Hanson

# A Night Alone

A Night Alone

Going home on ones own

But having no home

One is searching

But with his resources

One has few choices

But the free ones

Still one knows

One's instincts alive

Calling one to the nature

One's search ends

Under the flowers

Of the urban bushes

In the dirt

In the bugs

In the bush

Nature's flowers

Lull one to sleep

With there perfume

One's call for help

A paradise prepared

By Him

Stefan Hanson

# 'Alone In The World'

Alone in the world  
Strove a herd of young horses  
without a master

Stefan Hanson

# Believing

Believing

Is

Never

A

Wrong

Thing

Unless

Your

Believing

In The

Wrong

Thing.

Stefan Hanson

# Box

A square is not a bad thing  
It makes a box to keep us warm  
On the inside it is safe and comfy  
There are friends and family to keep company  
So why would one want to leave  
The lands of wine and cheese  
The safety of the box so dear  
Maybe curiosity to see that which is on the outside  
Maybe out of lactose intolerance or a disdain against wine  
Will we ever know why they stay away  
Never until we go out ourselves  
But until that happens well never leave  
sounds like a paradox I once heard  
Alas my elders assure it's of no consequence here

Stefan Hanson

# Circle

The black birds fly  
Over the canyon sky  
They sing their songs  
Over every pass  
Feeding on the fallen  
So life can start  
Anew  
In the cabbage patch

Stefan Hanson

# For You I Long

For you I long  
As time goes on  
I try to let you go

But still your memory  
Lingers on

My only hope  
Is in grace  
putting us back in place  
or pulling us away  
Foreverlong

Stefan Hanson

# Happy Now

I am so happy  
To open my eyes  
TO see all that is

Oh, I would never have known  
Oh, how my prayers answered

It took years to get here  
It took pain and hard work

I will keep on going  
I must keep on going

Lord guide my path

Stefan Hanson

# Learning From The Past

As you go back to the park  
you learn new things  
So is rereading a book  
To revisit old conversations

Stefan Hanson

# Little Birds

Little Birds  
Little Birds  
Will you go  
and fetch my  
Heart for me

So once again  
It can look ahead

And end the pain of yesterday  
Till once again  
I throw my heart out to the birds

Stefan Hanson

# My Mind And I

And when I take a break,  
I let my mind wander  
And my heart wonder

As I step back for a moment  
As I am only a man and need a rest  
My mind needs a break from me  
To think and process  
All that it sees  
Despite what I think I see  
I look around and without a concentration in the world  
But up above my mind is focusing  
On the tasks that I need solving  
How else can you explain all the fantastic ideas that arise when you get back  
from break

Stefan Hanson

# Of Soud And Music

The problem with Music

Is when it

Clouds the Mind

And fails

To stir the soul

Stefan Hanson

# On The Other Side

I look into the sea  
And I see  
Her face  
On the other side

I look to the skies  
And wonder  
About the Faces  
I have not met  
Yet

and it fills me  
With wonder  
To know all the places  
All alive at once

Stefan Hanson

# Past, Present, And Future

So long have I beaten down the trail,  
Following the path.

Set down from brother to brother  
although I was always late in life  
Now I see an end to the path

As a long tradition must ultimately go away  
As he went off course, to go away  
so far I can no longer see him  
so far I can no longer feel him  
leaving me to blaze the way  
With no will to be  
and no drive to join  
the league of those who where not to be

step after step I go on  
On the path untraveled,  
yet so many have passed along  
Will I find my prosperity  
Will I find poison and danger  
does it even matter  
cause I shall be great or nothing at all  
even if it means I shall be nothing  
but as long as I am something  
I shall strive to be more than something

although I don't know  
how to deal with me  
to to seek recourse in my eternal dream  
or to fear my inability to escape it  
Knowing all I would find outside is nothing  
what path will I find to be my own

Stefan Hanson

# Red Roses

The wild red roses  
Flowing in the summer breeze  
Till the frost takes all

Stefan Hanson

# Roses And Love

To say roses are red  
Are to deny they have  
Any other colour

The same is true of love  
For love is not only  
For lovers alone

As mine for you  
Is the colour  
Of Friendship  
Towards Friendship

Stefan Hanson

# Ryhms And Riddles

Ryhms and Riddles  
Chisled and Grizled  
Here's a rhyme  
But lets find the riddle

A moment  
Is precious  
Can make the difference  
Is very short

Everyone has one  
Sometimes you need one

Stefan Hanson

# Sigh

There is a loneliness  
Deep inside me  
I hope to be free  
some day some day

from that which brings me down  
from that which keeps me down  
Oh the pain and suffering  
that lingers on with every breath

the pain of being alone  
the suffering of being quiet  
That lags me down  
oh for what does this happen to I

Stefan Hanson

# Sin

Cramped in here  
I shall stay clear  
Of the fear

That sways and plays  
with my mind

In hindsight  
It is easier to stay clear  
Than to go back to the way  
It used to be.

Stefan Hanson

# Something About Me

I am a well  
Place in me  
Your hopes and joy  
And love and Friendship  
Will flow from me  
For your chapped lips  
But if you give  
That which is  
Bitter, jealous, or malicious  
I will drown  
You  
In my hate

Stefan Hanson

# The Birds And The Bees

Now listen up sonny,  
I got a little something to say  
About the birds and the bees.  
So try to pretend to pay attention  
And you just might learn a thing or to.

To start my little old rant  
I warn you of the bees you see  
Never was their a better creature  
But get to bold and you'll find a sting  
But play it cool and use the moves  
And you'll find yourself in a pot o' gold

Now about the birds you will come to know  
Never was a more pretty sight  
But all behold never glare from underneath  
Or you will find many dirty bombs  
Fall from up above from these pretty little things  
But if you keep the feeder full  
You'll keep on hearing the sweet little tunes

So now you know  
About the birds and the bees.  
Never say you weren't warned

Stefan Hanson

# The Difference

To speak on  
That which has been so  
Widely spoken  
By those that come  
Before and after me

To be alone  
We all know  
To be alone  
I can fight that

Isn't it  
Every man and women's  
Fight on the path of life

But there's a difference  
From being alone  
And loneliness

I can handle  
The former  
On my own

But it is  
Loneliness  
The pure and untainted  
Emotion  
That colors the sky  
Gray  
Blocks the sun

For which there's no external defense  
Cause it strikes from within.

Stefan Hanson

# The Happy Go Lucky Song

When life gets you down.  
And the sun lowers so soon  
It feels like night  
Even in the day  
But the music goes on  
Into your spirit  
And you feel a peace abound

Stefan Hanson

# The Man, The Clown, And The Town

There is a man.  
Or so they say  
Who wanted a tan.

the town  
would say a prayer  
to give this clown  
a crown

But the man  
he said  
I didn't get my tan

And so...  
the town was stuck  
with the clown  
Who was walking  
around and around and around  
The town

And so they say  
Let give this man a tan  
So he will leave us alone.

But when they went  
to give him his desire  
All he really wanted  
Was to be a clown

Stefan Hanson

# The Night

I feel a scare

I feel a sin

I feel a weakness

Coming in the night

To my shores comes

These dreadful thoughts come

Will I stand tall

Will i stand true

will I stand tough

It has come again

The night creature arises

Night after nights end

To rise straight again

To rise speaking truth

to rise strong ever long

Such strength fallowed out

By the nature of

The beast in me

Tis an unfirm stance

Tis a shallow speech

Tis a false pretense

So long a hypocrite

so long have secrets

Kept me from you

My Lord My god

Stefan Hanson

# The Soul Of Contemp

I don't feel  
I don't see  
I don't care  
But I know it's still there

Stefan Hanson

# Thinking Of You From Afar

Expressions of Joy  
Expressions of Faith  
Expressions in the air  
Expressions in the heart  
Expressions I'll never know

Don't forget my friend  
I won't forget you

As much as I try  
As much as I wana die  
Wana cry

Walking through the land  
Climbing a hill  
With the boys

Thousands of kilometres away  
Under the same big sky  
I know its late where you are  
Although I don't really know where you are

Stefan Hanson

# To Us

To us the young  
To us the old  
To us we know  
There are things  
There are times  
There are tomorrows  
Like we never knew  
We always know  
Knew  
Know  
?

Stefan Hanson

# Waves

The sound vibrations  
The music in my ears  
only vibrations  
but so much more

Stefan Hanson

# What A Carrot Is To Me

For me a carrot is the harder of the veggies to eat.  
For it is crunchy, but, not like a crunchy bar.  
It is sweet, but, not like sugar.  
It is orange, but, not like an orange.  
Yes a caret to me is unique indeed.  
Like a tree that splits into three,  
but it's not a tree or a three.  
A caret is a caret.  
Healthy for me.  
I will eat it.

Stefan Hanson

# Why Not More Time

On the road home

If you take a wrong turn

You can always

Turn around and

go back.

To the last intersection

What about in life

If only there was a time

To live a couple of lives

Why do we only live for a life time.

If only we had a second or third

Stefan Hanson

# Winter S

Winter is cold I know.  
But so is the lonely heart.  
And the cruel soul.

All of which are the unavoidable truth of life  
That we can only fool ourselves into believing we can leave

If you go where there is no winter you will meet strangers.  
If you go where there is no lonely hearts you will know how lonely your are.  
If you go where there is no cruel souls you will be the cruelest one.

Life is like a beautiful tree.  
With the sweet and sour fruits and flowers.  
Some are sooner and some are later to flower.  
To each his own, and moving from branch to branch  
Wont make the sour or the ugly anymore sweet  
That comes from the heart and not.  
That is why year after year  
I bear these cold winters  
Cause I know its no warmer, no greener, no sweeter anywhere else  
Than I make it myself

Though I do wish the gardner would make one exception for me  
So that there is one less sour fruit on the tree.  
I wish I never the tree of life  
So I would never have known any better

Stefan Hanson

# With Or Without Words

What is a word  
Without a voice  
With only letters

What is the the tone of my voice?  
Would you really understand?  
What I am trying to say.

Maybe the message is still there.  
Maybe words on paper  
Can stir the soul.  
But will they really understand.

What is in a voice?  
That isn't in a word.

Stefan Hanson