

Poetry Series

T. R. Crissian
- poems -

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T. R. Crissian()

I have always loved writing and would love to have my books published as well as my poems. If they can not be published then why not put them on the internet so that other people can read and enjoy them too? I hope you like my poems. I try to put as much feeling in them as is in my power and imagination!

A Lost Secret

Through the night the wind blows cold,
Ore the mountains and fires old,
It rushes through lost and forgotten,
Cavern roads till the break of day that casts a spell that rings like a ringing bell.
The sound of a dragon cry pierces the clouds and reaches for the hidden moon, it
bounces off the caverns in places deep where things thought not to be real live
and sleep.

Ore the trees that burn a young bird flies with care listing to these sounds so fair
of the wind that rings like a ringing bell and the dragon cry that reaches out to
hold the moon these sounds cause this young bird to swoon.

It sees many a thing from the ere beginning of day to the time past midnight as
it lets the wind carry it were it may wish and perhaps see or hear a small plight.

Many a murder this bird has seen and heard that chilling scream that ruffles its
feathers and makes his eyes grow wide,
He's witnessed a myth being born and watches a legacy being torn.

The dragon cries up to the now moonless night sky hoping that his tuneless tune
shall be heard all around as it echoes to the deepest part of the darkest cave that
hides lost secrets that should never have been lost nor forgotten.

It cries for all the pain felt far as trees tall burn long from a deliberate ruin,
mountains crumble from times mighty hand
As kings are born then lost, decades turn to centuries,
Mist settles about this forgotten world.

It's lost,
It's old,
It's forgotten,
It's become an old and cold myth with a curse.

T. R. Crissian

Dance With Me

Come! Dance with me my love, my dear one,
Let us spin away the moonlit night together,
Let the moonlight get the best of us till we see the sun,
Let the stars reflect in your eyes bluer than ice,
My love, hear me when I say I will love you forever.

Come! Dance with me; let us race the wind,
Let us hold one another close,
Let us twist together like branches of a willow tree,
Yes, it is you; yes I love you the most,
Yes, it is you, come- dance with me.

Come! Dance with me, my love, my dearheart,
Let the wind be our song to sing,
Let us embrace the rain, though it may sting,
We can make it through my love, pass the strain,
Yes, we can Dance in the rain.

Come! Dance with me my love, my dear one....

T. R. Crissian

Memories Of Tragic (To Tessa And Isabella)

My dear Tessa and my dear Isabella,
The days are cold and wintry,
I sit by the fire and think of summer days,
When it would rain and we would run outside and get drenched head to toe-
No need for an umbrella-
But now you have moved-
These are now memories of tragic.

We would run down into the woods and play in the creek,
Film dangerous and ridiculous plays,
And inside occasionally play hide-and-go-seek.
These were happy memories-they made me smile-
Now they are memories of tragic.

On a sleepover we would try to put make-up on your brothers,
They would wake up and we would dart out-
Then laugh and giggle-
We failed at being undercover.
These are silly funny things-
But now they are memories of tragic.

A few days before Christmas (as I recall) we helped your mother decorate,
We wound the lights 'round the banister,
And baked mint cookies-
We would film some of and use up all the film canister.
We would laugh as Christmas music would play,
We would dance and sing,
Such wonderful memories!
Now they are memories of tragic.

Now I come to the last-
Do you recall my dear friends the last time I saw you?
It was at church- I was saying goodbye thinking of your favorite color- blue.
I could have run up and given you one last hug- but something held me back-
I tried to fight it but I turned my back.

I wanted to run and hold you and Isabella tight,
But I turned and walked inside-
Sill, I know not why.

If I could change anything-
I would say I love you one more time,
And now i sit here in tears thinking-
Of the memories of tragic.....

T. R. Crissian

Rain

The rain falls,
The rain drips,
The rain drops,
The rain is like a small waterfall.

The rain is hard,
The rain is soft,
The rain comes down quietly,
It comes down cold.

The rain is mystical in every way,
It's clear,
Its firm,
It effects your mood and-as for me-
I want it to stay.....

T. R. Crissian

Restless Evermore

I wrote this poem shortly after reading the book 'The Legend of Luke' by writer Brian Jacques. (Very inspiring book.)

Waters rush,
Wind blows cold,
Dashing the ship to shreds,
This story no soul hath ever read.

Their lives were lost at sea,
All of them but me.

Dark 'twas the night,
As our ship sank,
Oh, What a sad depressing sight!

I reached the shore,
Looking above, down and around for my mates,
Alas!

It was not to be,
For in the storm their lives were taken,
Down to the crushing abyss of the dark sea.

Now their is and was forgotten,
As they sank down,
Evermore to sleep,
Down in the crushing abyss of the dark sea,
Their soul forever restless to reach me.

T. R. Crissian

Snow Fairies

Merry Christmas everyone! I just wrote this poem today (Christmas Eave)
Enjoy the new poem....

Once when I was a young child,
I used to play about in the snow,
Then I thought I saw a fairy flit by,
Was it a trick of the light? Ah, no,
Twas a real snow fairy- I smiled.

Christmas eave at midnight I lie awake in bed,
Thinking about those fairies,
Then I saw a white flash-
I dashed down the steps to the Christmas tree-
There were the fairies placing presents and trying a red sash!

I watched the fairies at work,
They were so tiny and so cute!
Some decorated the tree, others sparked up the fire,
One little redhead flitted 'round my head playing a flute.

Christmas morning I awoke and raced down the steps to the tree,
There sat my mother, my father and my brother,
There sat my aunt and uncle drinking tea.

I rushed to my uncle and cried, 'Last night I saw fairies! '
My parents and my brother smiled and my aunt laughed,
But my uncle looked at me,
A twinkle in his eyes he said, 'Balderdash! '

T. R. Crissian

The Arabian Beauty

It gallops across the sunny slopes,
The grass so green on this little hill,
As it plunges into a field of flowers below,
The wind blows strong,
As if to say, ' Come my friend, frolic all day! '
It rears it's head, and tosses it mane,
It's muscles rippling like the surface of a lake,
This horse is a hard one to tame.
It's speed is like lightning flashing across a
midnight sky,
It's eyes are bright and shimmer like stars,
It's coat glimmers on the moonlit beaches,
And shines on a cloudless day.
It's hooves are as black as tar
And carries this large horse a long way.
It's fearless heart is as big as the moon,
This horse is the
Arabian Beauty.

T. R. Crissian

The Black Rose

A young woman lives in a castle,
A princess of royalty,
She has a caring and loving heart,
She is a woman of devoted loyalty,
Yet with all this she loved one forbidden.

An outcast is her beloved,
One thrown out of the palace for a crime he did not commit,
No longer trusted nor respected,
Even with all the hatred, he seemed unaffected.

Every year on the full moon,
This smitten fellow gave a black rose to his love,
She would hold it tightly,
And sing a birdlike tune.

Once the king discovered this,
He hunted down the man and had him dispatched,
How horrible that his daughter loved and outcast,
Now he should find her a suitable husband,
But none would ever be a match.

She cried tears of silver,
And grasped her black rose,
And went to his grave-
She had one more kiss to deliver.

She knelt upon the black dirt,
She kissed the rose and laid it on the grave,
'My love, this is yours. I shall live the rest of my life but your love I will always
crave.'

Little did she know that her sweet gesture had been seen,
Her love had heard her kind words from the heavens,
And wished to look in her eyes so green,
But focused on the fact that they would see again.

When they would meet,
He would give her a black rose,

And would live with God and the angels in eternal bliss so sweet.

T. R. Crissian

The Weeping Willow

Wind blows o'er the valley and rushes through trees,
It never stops,
It blows and whistles by,
It sings such a song of beauty it will make you cry.

And as you weep,
The wind hath found what it doth seek,
A small seed,
Deep down within the earth,
And as the wind begins to leave,
You cry out not wanting it to leave.

So you run,
Follow and run after it,
Until you're right over that seed,
And then as the wind sings a song anew,
Fall like snow onto that bit of land,
Your tears afresh,
Oh,
Oh so soft like sand.

A single tear did fall,
And as the earth drank it in,
It soaked into that seed and it grew,
Oh how it grew!
Tall but twisted,
Beautiful but sad.

It weeps everyday because of that tear,
And its boughs swish back and forth,
Everyday,
Yes everyday of its year.

The wind sways it,
And it cries its own tears.
No need for rain,
Or clouds,
No,
For this tree is the weeping willow.

By: T. R. Crissian

A myth is a myth that can become truth if the truth shall switch to become that myth that is now the truth.

T. R. Crissian

The Wind

The wind blows hard and fierce,
The wind is cold and frightfully bold,
It shrieks and sings,
No matter how high or low,
This hard wind blows,
'Tis always piercing.

Loud and clear,
Invisible,
But not impossible to hear.

It doth sing strong,
Whipping my hair about,
Capturing my heart,
Numbs to ice inside me,
Yet feelings I still have.

I listen to it rush by,
Going fast, slow, sounding bright, mellow,
This is the wind.

T. R. Crissian

Twilight's Whispers

The electric rays of the sun have faded away,
All the light and colors gay,
Have faded from the withering day.

I look up into the darkened sky,
I see night is drawing nigh,
I see three twinkling stars burning in the blackness,
That's when I hear the twilight say,

'My young child, come and look up at the pale moon, and hear my voice speak to
you in the rushing wind. Though many have sinned, I am the twilight that
weaves the dawn of a new day.'

That was the twilight whispers.

The twilight whispers comfort in my ear,
And sings to my heart of a love greater than I could ever hope for,
The giver of that love pushes the wind so clear,
No matter how people are born into this world-His love always has room for
more.

That was what the twilight whispered

T. R. Crissian

Un-Named

She's a master of lies,
Her feelings are never betrayed in her eyes,
She lives many different lives,
Such an actor,
Such innocence,
Ha! Don't be fooled-
This deadly child is the master of disguise.

The moonlit sky shines so bright,
Her hands drip crimson,
As she flees from the blood stained night.
The assassin she is,
The despise all intertwined deep within,
She's the one that's always in your nightmares,
The shadow behind that tree,
And the one in the distance that u cant see.

She has the eyes that dart at every movement,
The hands that let the arrow fly,
She's the one who slips in and out of your dreams,
There is so much more going on with this girl than it seems.

When around people, she acts careless and light,
She meets her friends eyes when talking,
She may seem like this but many things hurt inside
So many things are racing through her dark mind.

She gives an excuse to slip away,
And once she steps into the cold harsh night,
That's it-her heart is taken.
She's the assassin that let herself fall into many a plight.

Confusion is her middle name,
For that's one of the feelings she feels the most,
She hides behind the back of the building,
Thinking about her past and her pasts haunting gost,
Only one person happens to see the tear that slides past the corner of her eye.
Alas! Parting hour is coming nigh.

Night has fast fallen,
She remembers who she is,
She ceases to think of her past life stolen,
She takes up who she is and walks into the moonlight,
She heads for the upcoming fight,
This is her story
Always to continue like this,
Will she ever feel the deadly bliss?

T. R. Crissian

Walmart

Once lived a crazy story,
About a crazy little girl named Tory,
Who accidentally got locked up in Wal Mart.
So now I tell you of her smarts,
And what she did:

Most of the lights were turned off,
But that didn't stop her from jumping on the beds,
All jumpy, squishy, big, tall, and soft.

She threw all the pillows in the isle,
And shoved all the men's socks in a bed sheet,
These are only some of the things she did that made her smile.

She slipped on two big socks and slid across the floor,
The little girl ate up all the chocolate ice cream,
And devoured all the pop-tarts,
Even with all that she still wanted more!

She stole all the cakes from the bakery,
And ate up all the cheese,
Ran to the gun isle and shot a rifle,
Goodness! This story is such a tease!

She found a big fluffy chair and plopped down,
After dragging it over to a TV to watch Mr Brown.

When the movie ended she had a foot race with a teddy bear,
She wrecked all the books but-she was having fun-what did she care?

After pulling on tight jeans, high-tops, and a flouncy dress,
She sang opera then drank all the grape soda,
The destructive child! Ugh-what a mess! ! !

Once the soda got into her system,
The world slowed and she speed-ed up,
She bounced and jumped and hit the ceiling,

Ouch! What a painful feeling.

Gosh, I'd hate to see this girl on a Monster Drink,
Danger! Look ahead! Caution!
She's running so fast that BOOM! she smashed into the sink.

Did that slow her down? Nope-only the police stopped her,
Early in the morn when a worker arrived and thought her to be deranged she
made a call,
The child was, now with the police, under control.

Now she's never aloud to go shopping lest it should happen again,
How sad! How mean!
Oh, and did I mention that the little girl was me?

T. R. Crissian

Wind Hath Taken

I wrote this poem shortly after reading The Highway Man Poem.

On her bed she lay,
Breathing ever slow; soon to stop,
Her heartbeat slows,
As wanted sleep doth take her.

The deadly news of her lovers death,
Was to great for her frail frame to take.

Now the disease she hath contracted,
Puller her life away from this earth,
And into a grave,
Where she will forever rest.

Early morn she awakens,
Deaths wind at her door,
She knows she shall die,
And in her grave next to her beloved she shall lie.

Heaven will welcome her,
And all will be well.

She is in a happy trance,
As death opens her door and embraces her in it's deadly dance.

Her last breath she hath taken,
He her heartbreak hath gone as she joins her dead love,
Her life left,
Body's here to sleep in the ground; her soul in heaven,
The wind hath taken.....

T. R. Crissian

Wisdom Calls

this inst really a poem but all the same i hope you like it.

The world about me is in a river of darkness,
I wade my way through it and hold back desperate tears as I see the terrors, the trials,
Pain and suffering, death and hate, so heavy that it crushes out nearly all hope and love from every soul.

Screams assault my ears and I nearly faint from the horrors,
Don't these people know that there is One who can pull them out of this Devils Game?
They the people run and crash into polls and fall into pits,
They run in every direction that the Savior says not to go,
Don't they know their wrongs?

Terror clings to my skin like the dampness of a cave,
This terror is not my own but is the feeling of the people around me,
I call out and try to help but they push aside my advise like sour wine,
They trample my wisdom under their feet,
They do not understand that through all this pain and past it is a God who loves them.

So, here I stand by the street calling out,
And watching these helpless people trample one another,
Only helpless without God,
But He is there, and he loves them and that is why wisdom is given.
Wisdom may be given but you toss it aside,
Take it and treasure it,
Remember it,
And know that there is a God who loves you.

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