

Poetry Series

**TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL**  
**- poems -**

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## TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL(11/04/63)

I was born in Northern Mississippi. I served in the army from 1984 until 1991. I am a Desert Storm veteran serving with the First Cavalry Division. I was a Avenger team chief with 4/5 ADA.I retired from the Mississippi as a Staff Sergeant in 2004 serving with the 98th Cavalry. I worked in the drug and alcohol counseling field from 1998 until 2015. I am presently returning to school majoring in Criminal Justice with emphasis in human services. I am a huge sports fan and follow the University of Mississippi sports programs. I have three grown children. I am also a Grandfather. I love all types of music and currently live in Music city. I have written several songs and hope to get some royalties from my works some day.

# Adrift

Adrift, I find myself in this vastness of ocean called life My sails are torn. My rudders broken. Once I was a proud vessel. My cannons loaded with shot and powder. My flag flew proudly over many seas and ports. Adrift, No Captain, Lost is the First Mate. The waves crash against me and push me farther out to sea. Adrift I find myself without the love of my crew. Adrift I find myself without the cassollette of you. Adrift, no course to follow.

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# Angels And Demons

Angels and Demons fight over me  
They see that I am valuable  
Why can't I  
The Demons try convince me I'm nothing  
Do I buy their lie  
The Angels Watch over me  
Do they see every tear I cry

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# Broken Dreams

As I lay me down in a field of broken dreams and I pray to the Lord above my soul to keep. if I die before I wake then I pray to the Lord my soul to take. Well my journey here is almost over been down too many roads that lead nowhere. The Light at the end of the Tunnel always seems to fade to black sure as hell can't go forward sure as hell can't go back. As I lay me down in a field of broken dreams, as I lay me down in a field of broken dreams. Well I'm tired of being here without you tired of this pain that is always in my chest. Just want to be with you so my soul can finally I lay me down in a field of broken dreams, as I lay me down in a field of broken dreams. Well I hope that the lord will forgive me bring me comfort in all of my despair. Take these broken dreams and lift me up to where you are with the angels in the air.

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# Buddah

The sun hides momentarily behind the clouds  
It sometimes goes down to rest  
The moon is sometimes eclipsed by the sun  
But tides have to rise  
The truth may be hidden away  
This is only temporary  
For its light must come forward as well

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# Eden

Once there was a garden named Eden  
I lived happily there  
I lived as Adam  
She was my beautiful Eve  
But something invaded the garden  
It Had a terrible name  
It had a hideous face  
It attacked my precious Eve  
I had no defense  
No sword would kill  
No shield would protect  
It tortured and took away my heart Eve  
Helpless  
Hopeless  
How is a man to feel when he can't protect the one he loves  
The thoughts of pink ribbons make me sick  
The garden of Eden is no more

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# Garry Owen

Riding in my Avenger  
Bon Jovi blasting in my headphones  
I'm a cowboy on a steel horse I ride  
M1 Abrams tanks and Bradleys cut a trail in the sand  
The Cavalry moving forward  
Riding into the face of the enemy  
what fate awaits  
Our is not to question why  
it is to ride or die

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# I Am With You Always

When you feel a cool breeze on a hot Summers's day, When, the rain falls softly on your face. When you feel the warmth of the sun during a Winter's chill. Know that I am with you always. When the music you hear is a familiar tune. When the lyrics written seem just for you. When the singer's voice seems hauntingly true. Know that I am with you always. When the blanket of night falls upon you. When a bright star leads your way. When a moonbeam's glow awakens you at midnight Know that I am with you always. When you hear the mantra in your mind saying stay strong. Know that I am with you. Always

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# I Can'T Change The World

Today I saw a woman Whose life had gone astray. I didn't know how to help her so all I did was pray and I felt ashamed cause I didn't know how to save her. But I can't change the world but He can and I can't hold it all in the palm of my hand. I can't save the world but He can. Today I'll see others locked behind the walls with mothers, wives and children depending on them all and I'll feel their pain but I won't know how to save them. But I can't change the world but He can and I can't hold it all in the palm of my hand. I can't save the world but He can. There's a reflection in the mirror a tired old man I see looking a little closer that tired old man was me and I feel ashamed cause I don't know how to save me. But I can't change the world but He can and I can't hold it all in the palm of my hand I can't save the world but he can.

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# I Remember When

I remember we were lovers.

I remember we were friends.

I remember how I held you.

I remember your milky skin

I remember when I remember when

I remember all your laughter.

I remember all your

tears.

I

remember all your questions.

I remember all your fears.

I remember when, I remember when.

I remember how you touched me.

I remember every kiss.

I remember nights in Nashville.

I remember you were my

every wish.

I remember

when, I remember when.

I

remember you in sunlight.

I remember when you were mine.

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# I Want You

I want you  
A desire I can't control  
I want you like the Devil craves a soul  
I want you  
A wanting that won't cease  
A wanting that only seems to increase  
I want you  
obsession  
I want you like David wanted Basheba  
I want you like Samson wanted Delilah  
Even if it cost me my Kingdom or my strength  
I want you  
But I never wanted to

It's more than just an

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# Mississippi Girl

There's a Mississippi girl on my mind  
She's the sweetest girl you'll ever find  
Her heart is pure innocent and kind  
There's a Mississippi girl on my mind  
There's a Mississippi girl on my mind  
She's softer than the cotton in the field  
She don't have to fake it she's for real  
There's a Mississippi girl on my mind  
Now she's his She could have been mine  
There's a Mississippi girl on my mind

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# Playing The Love Game

Love is a game I'm just not winning  
Love is a game it keeps me spinning  
Love is a game it's a game  
It's like a three two count in the ninth inning  
The balls in the dirt why am I swinging  
Love is a game it's a game  
It's like a fourth and goal on the one yard line  
I take the snap and I'm knocked back one more time  
Love is a game it's a game  
Love is a game I'm just not winning  
Love is a game it keeps me spinning  
Love is a game it's a game  
Down by one in the fourth quarter  
Pass me the ball I'm in the corner  
I take the shot and it rolls around  
It's off the rim and the buzzer sounds  
Love is a game it's a game

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# Romance

I said I love you.

Your hair is like spun silk.

Your eyes are like pools of water I want to dive into.

Your breast are like snow covered twin peaks in the Rockies.

Your skin is soft and milky white.

Your voice is like a mockingbird singing in a magnolia tree.

I love you so much

Please give me another chance.

She looked at me and said No finance No romance.

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

## Silver And Red

In a boneyard somewhere in the Middle East sat an armored vehicle. Its skin pierced by an enemies antitank round. A small hole appears in a stinger missile case. The round exploded into the track taking the life of a brave young soldier. His blood once river of life drained out on to the floorboard of the Vulcan. His blood shed for your freedom. looking at the silver and bloodstained floor painted red will forever be in my mind. SSG Timothy David Hill Sr. USAR Ret In memory of Jimmy D. Haws

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# Tears On Iron

I should have never let you see the real me. I should have kept the mask on. Played the cowboy role one more time. I should have died with my boots on. I should have never let you see the hurt little boy that was still in me. He was hidden away. He should have never walked out. Someone pulled the trigger and he shot out. Panicked and scared lost in the woods. Frighten, alone there he stood. What if it was your child would you comfort him and hold him to your breast. Instead you laughed and made him feel more shame. He cried for you still and back you never came. Someday He will be strong again. He won't have to play a role. A man not broken fixed whole. He won't need you anymore. He's seen your kind too many times before. He thought you were different one he could trust. But, tears on Iron only leads to rust. Are you really cold as steel or can't you let yourself get real. Is it inside your mask that you hide a scared little girl?

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# Tribute To Percy Sledge

Let me wrap you in my warm and tender love is playing on the Radio  
My special prayer is to see you  
So I can wrap you in my warm and tender love  
While you cover me  
For it came from out of left field  
Mama told me to take time to know her  
But when a man loves a woman she can do no wrong  
Even Though we have to meet on the dark end of the street  
your just out of reach  
It tears me up  
Don't you know I'll be your everything

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

## Vincent's Works

Looking at Vincent's work I must have been him in a past life. Madness in the Mind an empathic soul that can't seem to process all his pain. I see you in his Daubigny's Gardens. I see you in his Starry Nights. I see you in his Sunflowers. I see your beauty in all his works. I gave you all that was me. I gave you all that was in me. Yet you couldn't see me. You couldn't feel me. You couldn't love me, Looking at Vincent's self portrait. I see my cerulean eyes staring back at me. I must have been him in a past life. my works today are in words, hidden never to be seen. I see you in his Irises. I see you in his Couple Walking In The Trees. I see You in his Entrance to the Park in Arles. I see your beauty in all his works. I gave you all that was me I gave you all that was in me. Yet you Couldn't see me. You couldn't feel me. You couldn't love me. Yet I gave you my mind, body and soul.

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# When I Think Of Mississippi

When I think of Mississippi I think of the smell of magnolia trees. Honey suckle blooms filled with nectar from God. Blackberries ripening on the vine. I think of snowy white cotton fields, dirt roads that lead to heaven. I think of watermelon patches and the sound of a farmer's shotgun. I think of the ocean, rivers, lakes and creeks, cane poles growing along the banks. Stringers filled with catfish, crappie and bream. I think of Indian names Tupelo, Pontotoc, Tishomingo. Warriors and Chief's burial mounds. The legend of a braves leaping lover. I think of civil war battlefields ghost of the Mississippi Grey's, the bluish tint of cannons long silenced. The sound of Taps ringing off white marble stone. I think of stately antebellum homes, the Federal style of Jacinto courthouse. The Lyceum, Sharecropper shacks. I think of music Delta Blues, Rock and Roll, Country, and Gospel in the Air. B. B. King Elvis, Charley Pride, Tammy Wynette, The Mississippi Mass Choir. I Think of athletes Archie Who, Walter Sweetness Payton, Jerry Rice, Brett Farve. I think of famous famous writers Faulkner, Weltry, and Grisham. I think of Jim Henson, whose Muppets<sup>3</sup> help educate our nations children. I think of all these things and a smile comes across my face as I am transported back by the preachers sermon to MamMaw's front porch.

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# Wings

Can you hear the wings of a Hummingbird?  
Then you know the sound of my heart  
Every time we meet my heart's rapid beat.  
Can you hear the wings of a hummingbird?

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# You Chose To Love Me

Candlelight flickers across the room  
The wine Glasses are empty  
Our bodies are spent  
Your head rests gently on my beating heart  
Your eyes gaze lovingly into mine  
Your nails explore the surface of my chest  
I run my fingers through your hair  
All the world is right tonight  
Because you chose to love me

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL

# Your Tears

Some people in your Life have caused your tears  
While others have ignored them  
Some people have tried to dry your tears  
While me, I have absorbed them  
Almost by osmosis  
Your tears have permeated into me  
They dwell within the depths of my soul

TIMOTHY KNIGHT HILL