

Poetry Series

**Tommy Blaschke**  
**- poems -**

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## Tommy Blaschke(March 18,1992)

Hi my name is Thomas but just call me Tommy i been doin poetry for a little while im not the best but every one i show tell me that i do good i dont know if i should believe them because it dont take me but 5 minutes to make poems like these but yeah tell me what you think and send me a message thanks bye =D

# Clown Lovin

this pain I feel is inside the pain I can not hide  
it will always be there to make me wait for you  
I can not see it is going black I can not find that one way back  
I turn around and see not light I'm dead and gone and with all my might  
I look around I am coming to but the face I see is not you  
it is the doctor who just saved me I guess this is how it has to be.

this pain I hold cant be locked away  
the love I have has been forever put away  
I see your face and I crack a smile  
your lovely face makes my heart into a pile  
you know I used to love you and now I got to wait  
but till that day I will forever be fill with hate  
hate for everything that I never was  
hate for all the things he does  
hate for things that were not meant to be  
hate for things that I can no longer see

Show me love I show you hate  
I can finally get to this final gate  
I can't pass through I don't know why  
But I remember that time I almost died  
I seen this gate so dark so cold  
I see the walls ten thousand-year mold  
No one can get me I am alone  
No one to love me nowhere for a home

That life was not my heaven but only my own personal hell  
I passed the test and now I can hear the ringing of the bell  
This place I'm at no one can tell how much it feels good to die  
The people with me set me free so I can go and fly  
Shangri-La I have come home to be with all my friends  
The ones that counted that told me they'd be with me until the end.

Tommy Blaschke

# Darkness Within

walk this way follow my voice into the dark  
my mind is on kill relate me to a shark  
avoid my eyes as they can lead you to danger  
careful talkin to me i'm one messed up stranger  
my soul is no longer there my heart is black  
you look into my eyes and you will never come back  
the death i bring is equal to global genocide  
there is no where left to run no where to hide  
i look like a monster creepin every where and around  
i'll cut you up and throw your remains back down  
do not say you understand me because i am beyond all comprehension  
my body is bent and tense and i cant loosen this tension  
i feel you all stare at my face so ugly and cold  
but if you thought and felt as i do then you would be just as old

Tommy Blaschke

# For Whom It Make Concern

In the dark alone and sad  
You reach out and then get mad.  
She was there and nows she's gone  
It looks like you might have to move on.

Tommy Blaschke

# Life Lesson

the good in people is hard to miss  
when you find it its pure bliss  
no one can tell from the first look  
that even the people from the book  
can find a way to make a persons day  
you must trust that you will see  
every thing that you should be  
you can change if you know  
that every one has to go  
the life of a person is a great gift  
no one can take the ultimate gift to  
take away ones life even if you wield a knife

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# One Good Point To Make

The better the poem  
the more the time  
please think  
before you go to rhyme

Tommy Blaschke

# Prejudice Teacher

One is black, one is white, you know your choice but it aint right. You choose the white and not the black and then you send him to the back. He looks around then goes to the back, You didn't choose him cause he's black.

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## Random Poem That Makes No Sence

most of the time is spend in days  
but most people find their ways  
they search and and search until they do  
the only patch that they go through  
most people are what they see  
most people don't let them be free  
most of the time they just sit and wait  
then they start to hesitate  
this poem don't make since at all  
every time i try i fall

Tommy Blaschke

# Simple And Sweet

Its chewy its sweet  
It gets stuck in your teeth  
You chew and chew  
It remains forever new

Tommy Blaschke

# Voice Of An Atheist

He has killed children  
He has killed young kids  
If god exists then why kill the young  
who had no chance to live?  
If you see him then ask him why.  
Why do so many young kids have to die?

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