

Poetry Series

Tyler Smith
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

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

Tyler Smith()

A Will Willfully Left

As I walked the walk down the road to Townville,
My mare horse plodding beside me,
I could only think of her,
My Ann Anna Annabelle,
The Glorious Glory of the Galaxy.

I stopped by the river to drink a drink,
When, replacing my imaginary image,
A war-loving warrior princess came
And stole me away from this place
Into the watery water.

All of a sudden, suddenly,
Before me, in front of my eyes,
A palatial palace
Glimmered brightly in the sunny sun.
Forward I was thrust thrustingly,
Into the chamber of the chamber of the
Chamber of the king.

The kingly king sat seated upon his throne,
A scepter of a scepter in his hand.
'You shall die a death! ' he yelled at me.
I was soon beheaded with a beheader,
Decapitated from my capitante,
And now I, a ghostly ghost,
Have come back from the dead
To inform you with this information:
'Live lively, love lovingly, and search searchingly.'

Tyler Smith

Afterlife

What is this dark mist that
Covers me?
There is no ground to set my feet upon,
No sky to look up into,
No horizon to measure things by.
I feel split apart, ripped into
Shreds of my former self.
I hate this emptiness.
For what is the reason,
Mankind put upon Earth,
To just end up like this?
Death is disappointing.

Tyler Smith

Apocalypse

I stare out the turbid window, bugs, fingerprints, and an unknown slime obscure my vision. A dark brume covers the landscape, but enough sunlight pervaded the mist to reveal crumbled, defeated buildings bravely standing against the gelid boreal winds. The howling mistral shrieks as it rages through every nook in this godforsaken town. I grimace in pain as I remember the abrupt invasion, the roaring of nuclear warheads shredding Gaia's skin, raining death to all inhabitants of the third planet. I turn around, perfect tears slowly crawling down my face as I realize that mankind has only meager hours to exist.

Tyler Smith

Dexterity

The gun fires,
I'm running fast,
The echo of the shot
Rings in my ears
But it is soon drowned
In the throbs of
My pounding heart
It seems like eternity
But in real reality
Minute minutes had passed.
There it is! My final
Destination within reach
Of my sore legs
Keep moving, never stopping.
I stumbled across the threshold,
My breathing wild.
I am done,
Until my next race.

Tyler Smith

Family Reunion

My family reunion picture
Is just me alone,
Sitting on a bench,
Looking off into the distance,
At my little cousin,
Who is so full of
Cuteness and love
That her happiness is infectious.
Giggling with her is my grandma,
A youthful woman who makes
Peanut brittle every Christmas,
Delivered with love
Family is amazing.

Tyler Smith

Just You And Me

So here we are,
Just me and you,
Standing on our favorite hill,
Pariahs for what we believe in.

I would be here forever,
If time would only stop,
With me holding your hand,
The cosmos swirling above us.

I know that perfection,
Is only but a short while,
So I will relish this moment,
Because it's just you and me.

Tyler Smith

Ocean Of Stars

As I drift through space alone,
I hear a man yell over the radio,
"It'll be ok! "
I click the radio off,
Because I know better.

I sigh contently and twist my body slightly
To try and capture this panorama of beauty
In my last minutes.
This is what I have been waiting
My whole life for.

The luminescent sun flares brilliantly,
And the lambent stars glow
Three times as effulgent
Than they ever will
On the clearest, most perfect night.
I start to form constellations in my head.
I even create one of you.

I hear a beep,
And a woman's robotic
Voice say "low oxygen."
I don't care. My only regret
Is that you aren't here
With me. My tears start
To stream down my face
As I remember you.
I am so alone.

But now, in this ocean of stars,
I will be with you forever.

Tyler Smith

Pride

Proud people have pride,
And a pride is a bunch of lions,
So proud people are zookeepers.

Tyler Smith

Utopian Escape

The sun was undeniably bright. And I mean a brightness so bright that the bright light hurts your eyes. But soon my eyes refocused and I was awed by the sheer beauty of my surroundings. As I looked up, the bright sun floated down its rays to embrace and comfort me with its warmth. Thick white clouds lazily drifted on a slight breeze in the stratosphere, moving slowly with no apparent purpose of destination. Lush green trees waved their thick branches and verdant leaves, calling out to the clouds, "We need water! Don't pass us by!" but anyone could tell that they were trying to deceive. A graceful cataract glistened in the noontime sun, falling into a clear pond, wetting a rich brown cliff with its fine mist. Its counterpart, a smaller but equally beautiful waterfall drifted gently down. For the first time I looked at my bare feet, and noticed that I was sitting on a huge carpet of green moss, soft as down and velvet. Truly, this utopia was the most amazing place I had ever seen in my life, and stimulated a grand euphoria at the sheer aesthetic beauty of this jungle wonderland.

Tyler Smith

Winter

White perfect arctic crystals,
Blowing in on a boreal wind,
Whispering gently as it carries
Earth's blanket to warm it
During the harsh winter months.
But the wind is gelid,
The blizzards terrifying.
The ground treacherous,
I hate winter.

Tyler Smith