

Poetry Series

Wade Blade
- poems -

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Wade Blade(1/24/1995)

Hey all you people

I write some poems about what ever comes to mind please comment on my poems and rate them love to get feed back too

I do put some song lyrics that i think make a great poem too, I also as do many people, post others work as well

I would love to hear your reactions to my poems

Hope you enjoy

A Father

He took the strength of a mountain,
The majesty of a tree,
The warmth of a summer sun,
The calm of a quiet sea,
The generous soul of nature,
The comforting arm of night,
The wisdom of the ages,
The power of the eagle's flight,
The joy of a morning in spring,
The faith of a mustard seed,
The patience of eternity,
The depth of a family need,
Then he combined these qualities,
When there was nothing more to add,
He knew his masterpiece was complete
And so, He called it...Dad

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE

Wade Blade

Ah What Love

"Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade

Asked And Given

I asked for strength, that i might achieve
I was made weak, that I might learn humbly to obey.

I asked for health, that I might do greater things
I was given infirmity, that I might do better things.

I asked for riches, that I might be happy
I was given poverty, that I might be wise.

I asked for power, that I might have the praise of men
I was given weaknes, that I might feel the need of God.

I got nothing that I asked for, but everything I had hoped for.

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade

Beach Memory

I remember the day at the beach
I remember the hot sand burning my feet
I remember how cold the ocean felt
and how my skin seemed to sizzle in the heat

I remember the boardwalk clamor
I remember how I wanted to eat everything in sight
I remember walking and baking in the hot sun
Even though now it's still February and gloomy

I remember savoring that summer day
But my favorite memory's yet to come

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade

Bond Of Love

Love one another, but make not a bond of love:
Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.

Fill each other's cup but drink not from one cup.
Give one another of your bread but eat not of the same loaf.

Sing and dance together and be joyous, but let each
one of you be alone. Even as the strings of a lute are
alone though they quiver with the same music.

Wade Blade

Brothers

What fun we have
The time we share
The memories we make
Laughs we create
Smiles we bring
To people we meet
Challenges we faced
Together we aced
My brother and my friend
Brothers 'til the very end

*PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade

Closed Eyes

I have walk
The line which you stand on
But do you realize it
I have dreamed
A world much like yours
But do you know it

I have made
The very same mistakes as do you
But have you learned from them
I have spoken to you
The knowledge that I have embraced
But have you listened

I have taught you many things
From experiences of my own
But have you absorbed any of it
I have done many things for you
But your eyes are a door
Yet to be opened

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade

Do Not Weep, Maiden, For War Is Kind

Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.
Because your lover threw wild hands toward the sky
And the affrighted steed ran on alone,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment,
Little souls who thirst for fight,
These men were born to drill and die.
The unexplained glory flies above them,
Great is the Battle-God, great, and his Kingdom-
A field where a thousand corpses lie.

Do not weep, babe, for war is kind.
Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches,
Raged at his breast, gulped and died,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Swift blazing flag of the regiment,
Eagle with crest of red and gold,
These men were born to drill and die.
Point for them the virtue of slaughter,
Make plain to them the excellence of killing
And a field where a thousand corpses lie.

Mother whose heart hung humble as a button
On the bright splendid shroud of your son,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade

Emotional Weather

Late night and early morning low clouds
with a chance of fog;
Chance of showers into the afternoon
with variable high cloudiness and gusty winds, gusy winds...
Things are tough all over
when the thunderstorms start;
Increasing over the southeast and south central portions
of my apartment.
I get upset and a line of thunderstorms
was developing in the early morning,
ahead of a slow moving cold front.
Cold blooded, with tornado watches issued
shortly before noon Sunday
for the areas including the western region
of my mental health and the northern portions of my
abilit to deal rationally with my
disconcerted precarious emotional situation.

Wade Blade

Forever Friend

Accepts you as you are
Believes in you
Calls you just to say "hi"
Doesn't give up on you
Envisions the whole of you
Forgives your mistakes
Gives unconditionally
Helps you
Invites you over
Just to be with you
Keeps you close at heart
Loves you for who you are
Makes a difference in your life
Never judges
Offers support
Picks you up
Quiets your fears
Raises your spirits
Says nice things about you
Tells the truth
Understands you
Values you
Walks beside you
X-plains things
Yells when you won't listen
Zaps you back to reality

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade

Graduation Day

Graduation Day
sweat and mothballs
grass so green

graduation
where green banners wave
grass grows long

graduation night
the owl printed on a balloon
seems the wisest

Please comment and vote on poems

Wade Blade

I Didn'T Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier

Ten million soldiers to the war have gone,
Who may never return again.
Ten million mothers' hearts must break,
For the ones who died in vain.
Head bowed down in sorrow in her lonely years,
I heard a mothe rmurmur thro' her tears.

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy.
Who dares to put a musket on his shoulder,
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles,
It's time to lay the sword and gun away,
There'd be no war today,
If mothers all would say,
I didn't raise my by to be a soldier.

What victory can cheer a mother's heart,
When she looks at her blighted home?
What victory can bring her back,
All she cared to call her own?
Let each mother answer in the years to be,
Remeber that my boy belongs to me!

Wade Blade

I Have Not Forgotten

We agreed to forget each other.
But I deceived you, I have never forgotten.
I don't think you've forgotten either.
We're just deceiving each other,
hiding our misery.

I haven't deceived you deliberately, though;
I did my best to carry out our agreement.
I often stay far away from Beijing,
hoping time and distance will help me to forget you.
But on my return, as the train pulls into the station,
my head reels.
I stand on the platform looking around intently,
as if someone were waiting for me.

Of course there is not one.
I realize then that I have forgotten nothing.
Everything is unchanged.
My love is like a tree the roots of which strike deeper your after year
I have no way to uproot it.

At the end of every day,
I feel as if I've forgotten something important.
I may wake with a start from my dreams wondering what had happened.
Nothing.

Then it comes home to me that you are missing!
So everything seems lacking, incomplete, and there is nothing to fill up the
blank.
We are nearing the ends of our lives,
why should we be carried away by emotion like children?
Why should life submit people to such ordeals,
then unfold before you your lifelong dream?

Because I started off blindly,
I took the wrong turning,
and now there are insuperable obstacles between me and my dream.

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade

If You'Re My Friend

If you are my friend why have you not spoken the words?
If you are my friend why have you turned and walked away?
If you are my friend why have you taken the other side?
If you are my friend why have you insulted me?
If I am your friend treat me with some respect.

If you are my friend then don't ignore me.
If you are my friend then don't laugh at my falls.
If you are my friend then don't humiliate me.
If I am your friend, I can't be your stupid pet!

If I am your friend show it!
If you're my friend state it,
With all of the warmth, and meaning
Like a true friend of mine would.

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade

Let's Stand Together, Workers

We leave our home in the morning,
We kiss our children goodbye,
While we slave for the bosses,
Our children scream and cry.

And when we draw our money
Our grocery bills to pay,
Not a cent to spend for clothing,
Not a cent to lay away.

And on that very evening,
Our little son will say:
'I need some shoes, dear mother,
And so does sister May.'
How it grieves the heart of a mother
You every one must know
But we can't buy for our children
Our wages are too low

It is for your little children
That seem to us so dear
but for us nor them, dear workers
The bosses do not care

But understand, all workers
Our union they do fear,
Let's stand together, workers,
And have a union here.

**Dedicated poem to my grandmother and other mother's who lived in these times! **

Wade Blade

Looking Out Looking In

He stripped
the dark circles
of my mystery off
revealed his eyes
and thus
he waited
exposed
and i
did sing the song
around
until i found
the chorus
that speaks of windows
looking out means looking in
my friend

Wade Blade

Love

Love is patient
Love is kind
It does not envy
It does not boast
It is not proud
It is not rude
It is not self-seeking
It is not easily angered
It keeps no record of wrongs
Love does not delight in evil
But rejoices with the truth
It always protects
Always trusts
Always hopes
Always perseveres
Love never fails

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade

Memorial Day

Memorial Day
so many flowers broken off
on the ground

Memorial Day
wild flowers overpower
the flags

cloudy
a crowded sky
Memorial Day

Memorial Day
the passion flower opens
wholeheartedly

Memorial Day
the honored guests slept
through the parade

Wade Blade

Midnight

Cold winter winds blown from the north
sending chills down their backs
Leaves of reds, and yellows
covering the earth's ground with its self

Lake of clear glass
absorbing the colors of a glowing moon
Smoothest grey clouds
dancing gracefully across the blackened sky

Stars of blue and white
filling the sky full of light
making the night oh so bright
Twelve o'clock
struck the grandfather clock.

The night turned still
and all was dark.

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade

Oklahoma

Suitcase packed with all his things
Car pulls up, the doorbell rings
He don't want to go
He thought he'd found his home
But with circumstances he can't change
Waves goodbye as they pull away
From the life he's known
For the last seven months or so

She said we found the man who looks like you
Who cried and said he never knew
About the boy in pictures that we showed him
A rambler in his younger days
He knew he made a few mistakes
But he swore he would have been there
Had he known it
Son we think we found your dad in Oklahoma

A million thoughts raced through his mind
What's his name, what's he like and will he be
Anything like the man in his dreams
She could see the questions in his eyes
Whispered 'don't be scared my child
I'll let you know, what we know

About the man we found, he looks like you
And cried and said he never knew
About the boy in pictures that we showed him
A rambler in his younger days He knew he'd made a few mistakes
But he swore he would've been there Had he known it
Son it's time to meet your Dad in Oklahoma

One last turn he held his breath
'Til they reached the fifth house on the left
And all at once the tears came rolling in
And as they pulled into the drive
A man was waiting there outside
Who wiped the worry from his eyes Smiled and took his hand

And he said I'm the man who looks like you
Who cried because I never knew
About the boy in pictures that they showed me
A rambler in my younger days I knew I made a few mistakes
But I swear I would have been there had I known it
Never again will you ever be alone
Son welcome to your home in Oklahoma

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade

One Voice

Some kids have, and some kids don't,
And some of us are wondering why
Mom won't watch the news at night
There's too much stuff that's making her cry

We need some help
Down here on earth
A thousand prayers, a million words
But one voice was heard

A house, a yard, a neighborhood
Where you can ride your new bike to school
A kinda world where mom and dad
Still believe the golden rule

Life's not that simple
Down here on earth
A thousand prayers, a million words
But one voice was heard

One voice
One simple word
Hearts know what to say
One dream can change the world
Keep believing till you find a way

Yesterday while walking home
I saw some kid on Newbury Road
He pulled a pistol from his bag
And tossed it in the river below

Thanks for the help, down here on earth
A thousand prayers, a million words
But one voice was heard

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Only If

If my lips could sing as many songs,
as there are waves in the sea:

if my tongue could sing as many hymns
as there are ocean billows:

if my mouth filled the whole firmament with praise:

if my face shone like the sun and moon together:

if my hands were to hover in the sky like powerful eagles
and my feet ran across mountains as swiftly as the deer;
all that would not be enough.

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade

Power Of True Love

We have never spoken
but yet we know so much about each other
We have never seen one another
but yet we can draw every fine detail in each face

We have never met
but yet we know the names in which we are called by
One who has not spoken words, nor layed eyes upon ones face,
nor greeted by ones name,

The true power of love at first sight,
is knowing everything about ones true love,
but has yet to meet that one love

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade

Teach Me To Listen

How often do I not,
as if I were listening,
to words I cannot hear,
because I'm thinking about something else,
because I'm planning what I intend to say.

Yet there are those who are good listeners:
a good conversationalist listens,
a good counsellor or adviser listens,
a good doctor listens, a good judge,
a good friend.

Teach me to listen

Wade Blade

The Sun

Have you ever seen
anything
in your life
more wonderful

than the way the sun,
every evening,
relaxed and easy,
floats toward the horizon

and into the clouds or the hills,
or the ruffled sea,
and is gone
and how it slides again

out of the blackness,
every morning,
on the other side of the world,
like a red flower

streaming upward on its heavenly oils,
say, on a morning in early summer,
at its perfect imperial distance
and have you ever felt for anything

such wild love
do you think there is anywhere, in any language,
a word billowing enough
for the pleasure

that fills you,
as the sun
reaches out,
as it warms you

as you stand there,
empty-handed
or have you too
turned from this world

or have you too
gone crazy
for power,
for things?

Wade Blade

There's A Hero

There's a flower,
In the smallest garden,
Reaching for the light,
There's a candle,
In the darkest corner,
Conquering the night,

There is amazing strength,
In a willing hand,
There are victories,
That you've never planned,

There's a hero,
In everybody's heart,

There's a fire,
Inside of everybody,
Burning clear and bright,
There's a power,
In the faintest heartbeat,
That cannot be denied,

Go on and trust yourself,
You can ride the wind,
Your gonna take your dreams
Where they've never been,

Go on and trust yourself,
You can ride the wind,
Your gonna take your dreams
Where they've never been,

There's a hero
In everybody's heart!

Wade Blade

Trash Throwing

You never seemed to care
About what I had to say
You never asked what I thought or even how I felt

Passed me on the streets but never said a word
I thought you were different
But your no different from anyone else

You could have said "I don't want to be friends"
But instead you just threw me away
Now you have no words to say
Cats got your tongue

Now how does it feel to be treated this way?
Stinks doesn't it, well now you know how I felt
Day after day

So that's all I have to tell you at the moment
Now I'm taking the trash out to throw you a way just like you did all those days

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade

Waiting Love

I am a materialist,
yet I wish there were a Heaven.
For then, I know,
I would find you there waiting for me.

I am going there to join you,
to be together for eternity.
We need never be parted again or keep at a distance
for fear of spoiling someone else's life.
Wait for me, dearest, I am coming

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade

We Alone Can See

In a bud,
there is a flower;

In the seed,
an apple tree;

In cocoons a hidden promise,
butterflies will soon be free;

In the cold and snow of winter,
there's a spring that waits to be;

Unrevealed until its season,
something we alone can see.

There's a song in every silence,
seeking word and melody;

There's a dawn in every darkness,
bringing hope to you and me;

From the past will come the future,
what it holds a mystery;

Unrevealed until its season,
something we alone can see.

In our end,
is our beginning;

In our time,
infinity;

In our doubt,
there is believing;

In our life,
eternity;

Unrevealed until its season,
something we alone can see.

PLEASE COMMENT AND VOTE ON POEMS

Wade Blade

Weaker Than Water

Nothing is weaker than water;
Yet, for attacking what is hard and tough,
Nothing surpasses it, nothing equals it.
The principle, that what is weak overcomes what is
strong,
And what is yielding conquers what is resistant, is known to everyone.
Yet few utilize it profitably in practice...

Wade Blade