

Poetry Series

Wade Harlaine
- poems -

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Wade Harlaine(07/12/1975)

Hi my name is wade i'm 33 years old and live on the north east coast of england. I've been writing poetry for a few years now and am working towards my first collection. I like to vary my theme and style of poetry. hope you enjoy

Kind Regards

Anguish.

O raging heart why do you burn so
Am I to never escape your wicked flames
To feel the calm of a still ocean
To be apart from spiteful games
O wind will you not be still
Must you enrage infernal pains
Am I to roast in lusting embers
Until I reassemble charcoal remains
O sea will you not release me
Or is it evils hand that gains
Will you not wash away this wanting
Before my heart suffocates in chains
I beg leave: my final words are spoken
This will, this man, is broken.

Wade Harlaine

Been Here Before.

I've been here before
a shadow from a crooked tree
distorted and contorted
by a restless sun
and once a rotting
leaf unfurled by a
muddy boot, the left
while on the run
I was a stench once
methane rising toxically
from a primordial soup
that's how I begun
last time a wilder beast
always on the lookout
those bloody lions
they kill for fun
this time the most
grotesque my silhouette
the form of man
a hopeless dun.

Wade Harlaine

Bewildered.

She sleeps beside me does not know
my heart bleeds profusely a sickening glow
and while she wakes I do caress
knowing the heart loveless no less
A tortured statue I have become
her lack of love decants the rum
strength I wish, hope to forget
tears fall relentless I can't beget
She holds me dear alone a friend
rosé amends, her lips she send
such a delicate embrace is this reality
or attempt to please misguided charity.

Wade Harlaine

Brave Heart.

The vessel of my hearts affection
decanted by cold sharp steel
the finest wine in Scotland's collection
spilled on teeth, three lion's waxen seal.

This day I swear to citizens of Scotland
to rid it of its tyrannical scourge
white roses will flush red in this land
until loves retribution has evil purged

This body's life I gladly sacrifice
my hearts purpose always thee
our enemies will pay with blood a heavy price
until I honour thee with Scotland free.

Today we raise our swords and decree
to a nation of citizens in liberty

Wade Harlaine

Cytherea.

My church prays for you
And my congregation praise you
My nights dream of you
And my days obey you
My rains pour for you
And my fires blaze you
My lips flush for you
And my kisses revere you
My streams gush for you
And my rivers meander you
My towers watch for you
And my bridges convey you
My birds sing for you
And my dawns ignite you
My sun sets for you
And my moon bathes you
My world longs for you
And my world enslaves you.

Wade Harlaine

Darkest Days I.

The day grows closer, I feel its presence
I look out into the distance, the clouds of darkness moving nearer
The day of reckoning will soon be upon me.
I must honour our love, perfection cannot be exceeded
But I failed it and for this I must honour it with my most valuable possession
I will not fail our love again, the perfect day grows closer.
I yearn to hold you close, your glow embracing my touch, futile now it can never
be.
Without you I have no future, you were my first, my last, my light.
The chains that bind my love for you can never be broken
But they grow too heavy to bear.
The loss I feel for my divine empyrean is too great, misery all consuming
As there was birth there shall be death, the will of the reaper shall have its way.
Then I can embrace my love for you and set it free.

Wade Harlaine

Darkest Days II.

You're held safe, deep inside my heart
enchained by the strongest of my binding feelings for you
I wish you were close so I could hold you tight in my arms
How can I stop this distance that grows with each day that passes
It hurts me greater to know that time is pulling us further apart
If only I could turn back the weighted hands of time,
make things different, right the wrongs,
so I could feel your glorious presence.
If I have a gift to give then you are the one that should receive it.
I've always believed in destiny
because I've always believed in you,
something that felt so right could never have been wrong.

Wade Harlaine

Darkest Days Iii.

At the birth of the earth, moon and sun
the life giving spirit created the perfect soul
but then realized that it was too powerful
and split this entity creating man and woman,
and cast them across the earth, as the spirit had done to the stars
into the darkness that is night.

There these souls search endlessly for their other half,
yearning to be complete again.

I was touched by that completeness;

I must be with you again,

or face an eternity of unrest.

How could heaven ever be peaceful without you there.

Wade Harlaine

Elegy.

Remember me in laughter
Filled with joy and with a smile
Tear up your subscription in the end the pain the vile
Keep me in the warmth and in the glow
full of life inside your heart
There we wonder freely our lives in spring we never part
Throw away investments in sorrow, regret too
Reflect on times of happiness, our passion
How we loved so truly through and through
Cast away all shadows
That the darkness tries to bring
Bathe our memory in glorious light, all woe beneath our wing
Give no heed to things unsaid
promises not kept and actions never done
Instead rejoice in the game we shared
That of life we surely won.

Wade Harlaine

Escaping The Matrix

It is like a splinter in my very mind
stabbing into the core of my existence
the answer elusive and evasive does bind
to a fiery cave that chokes with persistence.

To this state of bondage we must find a key
no longer to be enslaved by elusions
the red pill we must choose to swallow to see
and forsake the red dress a mere delusion.

It is the desert of greed we must secede
to awake from a world that covers the eyes
and shatter corporate mirrors that impede
that surround us with a matrixed web of lies.

To awaken is the glory of the infinite
or stay in urged a slave of the corporate.

Wade Harlaine

Flawless!

I think he loves you best
No worldly grace compares
Outshining every jewel in every chest
Coveting all, mankind stills and stares

Your gaze ignites life's desires
Even great redwoods bow at your prowess
Cascading your beauty infinitely fires
Defeated diamonds concede you are flawless!

Every hand you exquisitely caress
In each word you resonate bliss
Mountains form to see more in duress
Flowers weep but grow for you no less

Timelessly my pen will preserve
Though your love I will never deserve.

Wade Harlaine

Full Circle.

For the time lock away religion, its verse often misunderstood
And educate the people its intentions always good.
Melt down all the weapons for wheelchairs, limbs for the lamed.
Reassess the futility of war the loser always blamed.
Wash away the narcissism in modern mankind's quest
Shun a culture of paparazzi their talents, not impressed
Be careful of conflict diamonds their sparkle bathed in blood
With regards to a gift of affection they're simple not very good
Spend more time with family, a careers a secondary success
Materialism not a Child's priority what it needs is your caress
Contemplate direction, the path taken to where you're stood
Then back to old religion make your intentions always good.

Wade Harlaine

I Aspire.

I aspire to a love that will last
filled with honour and passion from a time long past.
I aspire to an insatiable lust
Wonderful in beauty, built out of loyalty and trust.
I aspire to fairytale romance
pure and intense like a long courtship dance.
I aspire to a love filled desire
Burning relentlessly in our hearts an organ of fire.
I aspire to a reciprocal advance
Not born out of greed for monetary meal chance.
I aspire to a triumph of the heart
A love so indefatigable even in death we don't part.
I aspire but know this love to be unquestionably true
For my soul sang its song the day it met you.

Wade Harlaine

I Cut To Feel No Pain.

The duller the blade is sweeter
For while this sacrificial flesh is slain
It abates the yearn to meet her
This vision I paint may sicken
But loves thirst cannot be sated
The reality of a heart stricken
Is impassioned want is bated
I cut to feel no pain
The blood, its loss, I trade it
Though to the flesh the cost remain
Its price I won't evade it
This love I know is true
and I cut to feel, for you.

Wade Harlaine

Immolation.

Immolate my love and burn it
sacrifice my fragility its weakness
forget true honesty lets forsake it
Its purity embittered no sweetness

Appreciation human greed does belittle
the value of vanity does degrade
emaciation is I on a spit hell
the open heart desecration is made

Rebuttal encourages the red tempest
yet not for I but the next to be laid
does the hunger rake out the simplest
Will not wait for truth to be made?

And the will and the want to immolation
for the pyre does negate isolation.

Wade Harlaine

It Is.

It's a knife in my spine antagonising
or a poem tap dancing on my tongue not materialising
It's the railway engineer barring my chariot
leaving me on a slippery platform of decadency
or my dealer on holiday discounting my dependency.
It's the post man that never comes
the inland revenues awful sums.
It's the cancer in my lung
the summer walk then damn I'm stung.
It's the tear that puts out my winter fire
or the act that makes my love a liar
It's the ticking of the clock
the non stick coming off the wok
It's the meter running out
It's my pocket that has nought
but most yes most of all it's you.

Wade Harlaine

More Weight!

There is a long journey in this heart
The distance a million miles back to the start
and the weight I've carried for so long
would break a man twice as strong
I know life is no fairytale or fantasy
and if my path is to be full of negativity
then in defiance I have this to say
The road we take we may not choose
but as long as we walk it we never lose
We take comfort in the happiness we give
This is my vow, the way I live
And to the misery I say, More Weight!

Wade Harlaine

Mortal Heart.

I know you're with him now
every thrust a dagger in my heart
every kiss a lash tearing at my flesh
I see legs entwined locking bodies together,
they are my medieval rack
and rip me limb from limb.
I see hot sweaty flesh
pulsating to a chorus of ecstatic moans,
it is my crown of thorns that sends
a thousand splinters into my mind.
This is my reality,
my penance for a crime unknown
for a love not shown.
This is the barb wire tight rope,
I walk every single day.
This is my world of the real
knowing you yearn for another.
This is my acid bath of rejection.
I'll drink it gladly,
drown in the burn.
What choice do I have
for I am a mortal man
with a mortal heart,
that beats only for you

Wade Harlaine

My Heart Is Like The Ocean.

My heart is like the Ocean
as it feverishly yearns for land
a quest for true emotion
held in an embracing hand.
My heart is like the Ocean
At times calm and in tranquillity
Then magnetic with compulsion
Pulled towards its polarity.
My heart is like the Ocean
At the will of a higher power
For love cannot be chosen
But destined as bee to flower
My heart is like the ocean
Obdurate in its devotion.

Wade Harlaine

My Helen Of Troy.

Walking in a mystical elastic haze
In a blanket of magical lambent light
emoted by an element defying gaze
enraptured as the moon in night.
Transported to an out-worldly bliss
immersed in a universe of flawless beauty
a whirlwind of enchantment in every kiss
a mind body and soul of pure divinity
A union more intense than Serengeti rain
impassioned saturation of soul in soul
gloriously uniting to a perfect insane
It's preservation an effortless fanatic goal
Gods lightning bolt of spiritual revelation
I see his presence clear in your creation

Wade Harlaine

My Soul Renews When On The Shore

My soul renews when on the shore
The clean air makes the senses cleanse
And the seagull chick's dry feet I implore
As they dance their merry defence.
I reminisce of childhood pleasure, a simple donkey ride
And for see to walk this shore hand in hand with a tenacious bride.
As the warm golden sand beneath my feet cascades between each toe
I while away in this moments bliss in a world away from woe.
Returning sight, the gentle sun glazes the millpond sea
And holds me in its exquisite warmth for a time in ecstasy

Wade Harlaine

No More Sorrow.

I bet you thought I'd laid down and died
Drowning in the sea of tears I've cried
But there's more passion in each of those tears
Than you ever showed me throughout the years
The feeling in this heart make it as strong as oak
Did you not see strength in the actions?
In the forgiveness, in the kind words I spoke?
Well I don't dwell there any more
That place you left me I'm not there
This warriors back, you? I don't even care.
The winter in my heart has turned to spring
And I look forward to the new love it bring.

Wade Harlaine

Poisoned Chalice

Your hypnotic eyes, cause blackened skies
I'll be a slave for you to the grave.
This black hole has no escape for my soul
You're my apocalyptic lust sensation
My breakneck speed heart elation
and when you're near my heart crescendos.
You're my Grecian goddess incantation
My life's blood hysterical fixation,
I'm caught up in hurricane twist addiction
You're the threat to my mortal life affliction.
Is this the final heart execution?
a drowning in an Armageddon of love solution?

Wade Harlaine

Rage Before The Storm.

Is she at peace and calm?
Or do the silver surfers still ride her tragic waves?
O how I wish I had the moon at my mercy
To thrash around with all my anger
Such a torrent of abyss I would create
A place worthy of those damned false suitors.
Under the immense weight of the deepest
fathoms of my emotion they would despair.
One day! Sleep well my foes, sleep well.

Wade Harlaine

The Grim Reaper

I am the shadow of the night
The whisper in the wind
The cause of wide eyed fright
The devil determined.

I am the shiver in your grave
The collector of your sin
I'll slice you with my lathe,
dipped in niacin.

I am your worst nightmare come true
The ripper of your flesh
The gargling blood you spew
A tightening razor mesh.

I am the seven depths of hell
The eater of your soul
Your life I will expel,
as I burn your body whole.

I am the penance that you'll pay
The scythe you won't survive
Too late for you to prey,
your death is now alive.

Wade Harlaine

The Lonely Twit.

Night after night I lye alone
your love your loss I do bemoan
shallow I thought your wants your needs
recant I do I'll sow their seeds
Too late it is for you have gone
my numbers up I've lost the one
it's cold to feel the empty space
where time is heavy, lost all pace
When lights go off I walk with dread
to a coffin of angst a lonely bed
your dreams your hopes they did despair
I sprung a trap to exhaust your care
and now I sit in quiet melancholy
head and actions supreme melon folly!

Wade Harlaine

The Prostitutes Lover.

She came to me in the spring of my heart
tempestuously gazing a smelting allure
stoking such passion a cataclysmic start
Mine innocent heart infected for sure

Eyes unable to avert her beauteous presence
Though timidly wayward when wantonly met
Intoxicated completely by her mystical essence
Like the male preying mantis my destiny set

All conscious reasoning negated by love
Though reviling her mantle, an outwardly nymph
I remain inescapably whirl pooled no sight of above
Descending with haste to my misery plinth

I vowed to be with thee that was my decree
My solitary witness the madness of my mind
Though you are blackened by vanity unable to see
A prostitute's penance, thirty silver must find.

How to convince, your worth beyond remuneration
I see your self purgatory and weep for your soul
And pray for it intensely like a feverish congregation
every waking moment your saviour my goal

Years of futility your absence immerses me with regret
My mind rides waves of misery as Poseidon splits oars
he eviscerates all olive trees, your name inexorably set.
Aphrodite sends pestilence, turning all women to sores

I gave up on my Helen, Hades welcomes with applause
Disgusted heaven turns its back as they bolt fast the doors

Wade Harlaine

The Searcher.

I believe in a fairy tale
A love so intense it could never fail
and if I hold out will I end up alone
It's a risk I have to run
have to live life by the gun
for my passion for true love can never be tamed
I don't care how long it takes
or how many times my heart breaks
I will not give up on a love that's true!
My quest may be insane
this pain may be in vain
but no measure of pain can keep me from you
So hear my battle cry.
My search for you will never die.
Cupid keep your bow strung taught
and fire your arrow into the heart of me
but only for the one it's meant to be.

Wade Harlaine

Thinking Of Gaza, Spare A Thought

Spare a thought for the indifference
that society lets stain
the countless world sufferance
that prevails in our rein.
Spare a thought for the hunger that ravages, who's to blame?
As the parent-less grow younger
Left unchecked where is our shame?
Spare a thought for the oppressed and the downtrodden, plights bereft
Arise from complacence; hatred grows like cancer if it's left
Spare a thought for the felt injustice
As our coffers grow on high
How can we refute this?
While hell rains down from their sky?
Spare a thought for the children and the hopes for them we share,
Making action our steed for a world for them, that's fair.

Wade Harlaine

Through The Green Valley

Through the green valley and past the crooked tree
there lies a place of love and tranquility
where food and water are in abundancy
and children play happy free from tyranny.

Through the green valley and past the golden tree
there is a place of art and wonder and glee
where people sing and dance in jeu d' esprit
and families are happy not refugees.

Through the green valley and past the diamond tree
there a place of beauty a land of the free
where people live in a state of ecstasy
and pain is vanquished there is no misery.

Through the green valley and past the godly tree
There the kingdom of heaven 'grandiosity'

Wade Harlaine

Unrequited Love.

A futile perception of past perfection
A rampant resolve for resurrection.
The will of its nature consumed by yearning.
A terrible foe, a raged heart burning.
Apathy adorns the edges of its unsheathed sword.
Mercilessly slashing all screams ignored.
An imagined look the devils hook impressions never fading.
Her brilliance of mind make my heart unkind.
Undiminished and unfinished loves poison courses.
Its presence inspires its friction mind fires.
Flashbacks of binding brilliance.
Remembered laughter and love fortifies resilience.
The life yet lived, wasted wanton.
A mind entrapped, the bindings strapped.
Where's the corner for the turning.
To resolve the loss the heart must cross
The river it bleeds from yearning.

Wade Harlaine