

Poetry Series

**Winston Edgar Hall**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2017

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

# Winston Edgar Hall()

# A Loneliness

Such a brutal feeling can subtly  
Bring about this painful yearning  
That simultaneously bonds with  
An obviously blunt freedom, which  
Quietly cultivates my sense of  
Living, while also simultaneously

Demonstrating my flaws:

As a man.

As a person.

A person who's ne'er-ending  
Experiences that grow daily  
Provide this confidence that  
Sums with hope in order to  
Create a character who is  
Finally ready and willing to  
Look deep within himself and  
Regard without negligence.

Winston Edgar Hall

# A Message For Worry Warts

Only for an  
Instant; pretend  
That time is  
Like us, a person.

Father Time, I'd  
Label you an  
Inconsiderate  
Individual!

Time wont pause for  
Our constant pleas,  
So, why respect  
His boundaries? ?

Winston Edgar Hall

# A Passing Realization

Interconnected tunnels of reality  
Spread infinitely through and upon  
A canvas of spatial, overlapped  
Perception to provide a breeding  
Ground for consciousness; A variable  
That is un-measurable and boundless  
By its very nature. It follows,

That upon achievement, one must Take  
One or two moments to reflect,  
And thereby subsequently regarding,  
The beauty of a surrounding in  
Which said achievement has been  
Given opportunity to do as such  
And consequently amaze us.

Winston Edgar Hall

# Appalachia

To see the old mountain range;  
Not from a polaroid,  
But for your own eyes  
Tends to be worthwhile, surprisingly so.  
So much for immensity of history  
Or the grandeur of God's creation -  
To focus even only on the Now,  
Wherein time plays no prominence.  
One must remark the soul  
As many times as it may take  
So as to absorb in the conscience  
Such a scene, ever-changing,  
Ever-grateful for a mere chance  
At existence.

Ten days of constant scrutiny  
Would be for naught, assuming  
An individual were trying to  
Bring about understanding - trying  
To shed light on the inexplicably  
Beautiful.  
In comparison, that same individual  
Might as well attempt to  
Count to infinitude.  
Therefore, show me any  
Man who may claim they  
Know what they see, because that  
Man knows that which is all knowing.

Winston Edgar Hall

# Dawn

A startled creature shrieks with fright as  
Though cringing at an entering light, but  
Fierce winds whip and weather the night  
While whisking away all fearful plight.

Soothing sounds of songbirds swell  
Like the dissipation-of-nighttime's bell;  
Night being their equivalence of Hell,  
Therefore welcoming the morning spell.

An ironically intriguing instinctive intuition  
Is a vicious wolf-pack feeding exhibition;  
Where cascading fog bears no inhibition  
On a violent predators steadfast mission.

Nevertheless! The sun's calm, warm rays  
Are beckoned forth by all to stay, for  
Even Nature, through turmoil or play, fails  
To halt the imminent approach of day.

Winston Edgar Hall

Winston Edgar Hall

# Deep From Within

Strands of thought flow out of my mind  
And shimmer delicately before my face;  
They tantalize me, as I proceed to inscribe  
Where they may lie situated in their place.  
Tis' disconcerting, to state the minimum;  
The innermost depths of ones' soul, though  
Truth, the great cultivator, rests within:  
Here one must focus to see the whole.

A yearning: palpable, yet hitherto enduring,  
Certain to culminate and complete in Time;  
Though first we are tasked with visualizing  
The essence before we can cross that line.  
Upon this path to visualize essence, whereby  
Falls are frequent; a plethora of broken bones,  
We're compelled to a scuttle, for through the  
Darkness our outcome cannot be known.

The dread you feel while scurrying about in  
An attempt to complete this undertaking, must  
Be tamed, for fear is the apparatus; ingest it  
Ravenously and traipse forth un-breaking, for  
To stay the mind; the foundation for clarity,  
You must possess ample strength; or be able  
To encounter death, while living, and morph  
Into a measurement that has no ending length.

Winston Edgar Hall

# Few Will Listen

Who go against the grain?  
Like a gum tree do?

Who speak with purpose  
To obtain the knowledge  
Of a few?

Who hear the call, from afar,  
Howling through the woods?  
They'll admit the certain scar  
That comes with Grace of Good.

We prancing softly about  
The streets, observing how  
They move.  
As we dancing to the beat  
With EVERYTHING to prove.

I see you there amongst  
The crowd with all your  
Pours contrasting.

Now, be everlasting.

Winston Edgar Hall

# It Cannot Be

Imagine with me for a few  
What we could have;  
The elegance of it could  
Not even be permitted.

That is, given that we are  
Told that perfection itself  
Cannot be attained. Indeed,  
Perfection is what we'd be.

Winston Edgar Hall

# Life Is Irony

The Universe is not  
Perfectly balanced;  
Though it is the  
Perpetual strive  
Towards balance  
That sets it in  
Motion and ultimately  
Keeps it in motion.

Winston Edgar Hall

# Make Your Day

You cant understand  
Whats really inside;  
Your mind is too hardened,  
Your hearts full of pride.  
Yeah, you speak honest tounge  
But soon you will realize:  
Your spring is not sprung.  
What did you say?  
You think you will fall?  
You land with two feet,  
But do not stand tall?  
Here's some advice:  
Put your name on the roster!  
Learn how to walk with  
Some up and down posture!  
One foot goes first,  
With the other behind...  
First take baby steps  
And eventually you'll find:  
Life is too easy!  
You should stroll and relax.  
Its not always fun  
To run at your max.  
Draw the conclusion that  
To gain people's trust...  
Having true confidence  
Is always a must!

Winston Edgar Hall

# Our Love, Defined

Though you as any other would have doubts,  
There is a beautiful trust amid warranted  
Uncertainty that commands my entire being  
Into a state of Love without second guessing,  
Without submitting to the obvious what-ifs  
Once can ponder, rather, your enhancement  
Of my life has shown me not to question the  
Moments we share together harmoniously.

To each other we are devoted in being fair  
By putting forth significant effort that we do  
Not say one thing and mean otherwise; an  
Attribute of our relationship which has the  
Potential to endure for years, whereby such  
An attribute slowly but surely incubates into  
A shared impenetrable stronghold, an area  
That we may rest our hearts with collection.

Winston Edgar Hall

# Relationship Lecture

You do not want to meet me,  
You do not want to start,  
To get to know a person  
Who only knows the heart;  
You ache to get that feeling,  
You want to touch his skin,  
You need your warm soft teddy bear  
Though only if he's thin.  
Are you so naive, my friend,  
To think you love his thoughts?  
Yes, you are right close to him,  
Though effort's not been brought:

To delve a tad bit deeper  
Into his real true person-

Then ponder at relationships:  
You wonder why they worsen.

Do not try and lecture me  
On how to fall in love;  
You do not know the first thing  
About what's up above.  
Often-times I contemplate:  
I'm always on the move,  
But then I see I don't have much,  
I really have to prove.  
I'll find what I need, just have to wait,  
I cannot be impatient;  
So just sit still, stand up straight,  
And learn to resist temptation.

Winston Edgar Hall

# Roadtrip Ponder

Angst intermingling quite  
Forcefully in a mixing bowl  
With none other than deep  
Introspection. Reaching to

The pit, the emotion pit to  
Find A shred of clarity;  
Though the feat need not  
Be proclaimed as impossible:

Said proclamation is known  
In your average self-aware  
Individual as one in which  
There need be participation.

Aye, within lies the Answer,  
Though to decipher betwixt  
Reality And bliss shall ever  
Remain perpetually a mystery.

Winston Edgar Hall

# Rose Pedal

Eternity has no meaning,

So long as I may stare

Into your eyes...

Eternity I may easily

Embrace, so long as you

Are by my side.

Eternity is a rose pedal

Wearing you as a disguise.

Winston Edgar Hall

# The Forest

A biting desire exists  
Amid men to encroach upon  
Wooded arenas;  
Creeping with care due  
To tightly wound tension.

Our Soul!  
Coerced into fear  
Though prompted by  
Quaint apprehension.

Winston Edgar Hall

# The Itch Beneath My Soul

Want to know what bothers me?  
What itches beneath my soul..?  
Ill give you a hint, I'll let you see  
How I set my one, true goal.

Who can tell me what I need  
To get what I want in life,  
Besides myself, for you can't read  
How my hearts been cut with a knife!

Yes, I'm a man, I will live  
And know this for a fact..  
You have what I need, but cannot give,  
How shall I stay intact?

Empty emotions, half-hearted acts,  
Who will really care?  
I would give you all devotion  
To keep you from despair!

Of course you'll realize, in the end  
When life has taken it's turn.  
When present is past, hearts amended  
And all we can do is learn.

So this is the reason why I should stay  
In a box and keep to myself,  
Though I won't try to keep you away..  
Will you come down from your shelf?

Winston Edgar Hall

# The Life Manual

Let things lie, view things  
As they are in their perfect  
Setting; speak up if  
Something is wrong, but  
You had better learn  
Time and place, or you'll  
Get eaten fast. Give  
Your all and push through -  
Ride that Walrus and  
Let the Cosmic Giggle  
Overtake you for A  
Moment, but things  
Cannot be completely  
Hilarious, unfortunately,  
Because people want  
To be taken seriously  
Sometimes, and that's fine.  
Personally, my advice is  
To drink ample amounts  
Of coffee, so as to  
PRODUCE AS MUCH AS  
POSSIBLE DAMNIT! !  
...Well, it feels like that's  
The mentality here  
Sometimes, though there  
Are some really interesting  
People you'll encounter,  
And that tends to be  
The Sole Reason To Live.

Winston Edgar Hall

# The Nature Of Reality

There is a nature of reality and you will find it  
A Prevalent and symmetrical law; simple and  
Synonymous with irony.

Irony is interwoven within the vertebral synapses  
Of life, literally. Such are the situations of social  
And private settings and the experiences of every  
Individual, cast out into the inconceivably vast and  
Infinite Universe upon which we play and perceive.  
Creatures of habit are we who tend to categorize  
And quantify the surroundings laid before us in  
Order to relish in the comfortable feeling of having  
A shred of control.

Not to be a pessimist, considering how beautiful  
Love, responsibility, and accomplishments really  
Are; I am rather trying to legitimize faith.  
Faith is the 'non-existent' existence. Faith is when  
One recognizes the fact that things are not  
Always and in fact never quantifiable; it  
Follows that control is a fabricated mental construct  
That must be relinquished to then locate an  
Inner Peace.

Winston Edgar Hall

# The Semester Begins

The intoxicating aroma of an  
Incoming Autumn contextually  
Fastened to the College's new  
Solidarity gives out a familiar  
Embrace; a reception of our  
Reluctantly eager minds.

The individual components of  
Today work together and are  
Apparent in their own right, all  
Deserving an honorable mention  
At the very best. Oh, such  
Perfection our perceptions hold!

Winston Edgar Hall

# Universal Truth

If mankind as we know it could  
Perceive and be aware of all  
Dimensions and every perspective  
In existence at once, then they  
Would successfully obtain absolute  
Certainty on most any subject.  
We cannot as of now perform  
This task; consequently, our  
Cognitive realities shall never  
Reach full potential, at least  
Until we climb the proverbial  
Ladder of awareness into the  
Realm of unimaginable power.

Winston Edgar Hall

# Upon The Time When I Awake

Upon the time when I awake  
My perceptions are but a blur;  
A chance with you I must forsake,  
For now it will not occur.

When I dream, your love is tender;  
It calms my every sense.  
Nothing real could ever hinder  
A bonding so intense.

Prove to me that what I feel  
Is not a mere false hope. Give  
Me me a taste of something real  
That isnt faded by dope.

Hold on tight, you will not lose me  
Even when falling through  
Quicksand. I long to be the one  
You choose, so I can be your kickstand.

Winston Edgar Hall

# What Is Poetry

Poetry can only be itself when there is  
Magick afoot. If One reads it, and does  
Not instantaneously have to ponder on  
Its deepest meaning, then it is not Poetry.  
If you read it and a sense of relief does  
Not immediately overtake your being,  
Then it is not poetry. Relief specifically  
Related to becoming clear on wondering  
Whether there exists another Human  
That simply gets it; walking through Life  
In a constant state of perplexity and  
Bafflement until, unexpectedly, Poetry  
Is discovered; stumbled upon in the dark  
Like a Beacon of Truth where you once  
Were teetering on the verge of total doubt.  
Simple statements are useful; elegant  
Even, though these are equally not Poetry.  
Poetry is that time when you met the most  
Soul enriching life partner, one that so  
Conquers your very essence, and drags  
You helplessly into Love; Poetry is what  
Lies left, your escape, if only for a moment.

Winston Edgar Hall