

## Poems Collection

### Untitled 1

Bed sores crusted over my back, legs, and arms.  
Two nurses at a time, life me up, every two hours.  
Roll to my side, left, right, to reduce the growth.  
Lonely light drenches the room in fluorescent paleness,  
Everything is clean, quiet, except the angry metal machines.  
Whose stark crisps faces stare at me, mocking with their sounds,  
Beep, Beep, Beep, Drip, Drip, Drip.  
Slow humming from the AC, a constant noise, and the IV pushes more,  
And more medical deluge into my frail arms.  
The sounds from the harsh cold machines is hypnotic,  
Driving me insane, and preventing time from passing.  
How long have I been here? Five weeks, months, years?  
Oh God, terror forces my eyes shut, I am dying...  
I am being kept alive from the merciless machines, for what?  
My wife trickles in with the grandkids.  
My sons and daughters do not meet my eyes.  
They know my life has been crap, worthless, and meaningless.  
I let all my dreams die early, fell into the trap of society,  
Jobs, College, and here I am at the final door, Death.  
I try to tell my wife I love her one last time,  
And she gently touches my hair, but I can not speak,  
The trachea prevents sounds.  
She's crying as she says goodbye, and nods to the doctor.  
No baby please no let, let me say I love you one last time.  
I try to scream to move, to do anything, my body has given up on me.  
The machines suddenly go quiet, I stop breathing,  
I feel sleepy, and all I can do is stare at her eyes,  
I will see you one day my love.

### Untitled 2

Thin, sleek, and shiny.  
A beautiful object,  
Used to cut intricate lines  
In translucent paper.  
Shaky, cold white arms,  
The hue with a rosy warmth.  
I pick it up,  
Fear is reflected on its surface.

Thoughts of all the pain,  
All the struggle, all of the sadness,  
Cross my mind.  
I can not fight it anymore,  
I prick my thumb with the blade,  
A thin red teardrop appears.  
Warm, it spills onto the sink.  
Bright life giving crimson,  
Stains the purity of the porcelain.  
My hands, rebellious,  
Quiver and sweat.  
Life courses through my veins,  
Begging me to stop.  
The blade feels so cold,  
Resting on my wrist.  
The wrist refusing to let,  
Let me do the unthinkable.  
From the wrist up the forearm it must go.  
My mother's blonde hair,  
And pale green eyes,  
Stare at me in the mirror.  
She is crying, and I can  
Hear her screams through the door.  
Pounding, knocking, pleading!  
Oh please just leave me alone.  
I am done.  
Firmly held on, it is my last minute.  
Staring at the base of my hand,  
It pierces the skin.  
I tear it across my flesh,  
Warmth spreads across my arm,  
Pain blinds my senses,  
Life drains from my body.  
With the determination of a waterfall,  
The crimson wave crashes to the floor.  
I crumple to the floor,  
And feel the creep of death clutch my heart.  
My head swims with the loss,  
Of life giving blood.  
My ears ring.  
My throat dries up.  
I am so alone.  
So scared.

Oh God!  
What have I done!

Untitled 3  
Pockmarred greens  
Broken up by slabs of  
Metal and marble  
Roses and Carnations  
Surround us.  
I fall to the ground  
And scream  
Please!  
You are the one who  
Brought me forth in this world  
Yet you left before  
I could truly fly.  
The only friend I  
Truly ever have known.  
I curl in close to  
The earth  
It leaves streaks of black  
Upon my coloured skin.  
I try to pull you back  
Back to me.  
Just let me hold you  
Let me hear you laugh.  
Let me tell you all  
All that you mean to me.  
All that you've done for me.  
How much I need you.  
How much I miss you.  
But the sun burns my flesh  
And the tears dry as  
Fast as they fall.  
And I am alone,  
Alone again.  
Momma please!  
Be here, just one more time!

Untitled 4  
We sit there  
On that decaying bench

The gentle waves  
Ever crashing in to the shore  
The sun  
In its final throes  
Throwing up velvet colours  
Of red, orange, and blue.  
You watch the world,  
Awestruck by the brilliance.  
I watch you,  
Completely enamored.  
The colours caressing your face,  
Illuminating the beauty that is  
You.  
You reach for my hand  
As the sky darkens  
Soft and small  
They thread through mine  
The gnarled roots  
Of my broken dreams.  
You ground me to reality,  
Holding together my  
Fractured mind  
And soul.  
Begging that this moment  
Lasts indefinitely.  
You look to me  
Peering deeply into my  
Aged eyes  
I see through yours  
Both of trying to understand  
Yet you are not afraid  
You see the darkness  
Yet you do not run.  
Please be real  
I tell myself.  
As my hands travel  
To touch the  
Pink tendrils of your lips.  
Your cheeks quiver  
To the touch  
I pull you close.  
The world quietens.  
I lean in.

Untitled 5

A thin veneer of flesh  
An amalgamation of sinew, marrow, matter  
Filthy, feckless, dangerous  
The mind wrought with disgust  
And anguish  
Fear and loathing always  
Intrepid thoughts  
Me

Disappointment at every entreaty  
Knowledge that disillusionment is nigh  
And willful ignorance reigns king.  
Shout, I scream, Care Not!  
For us blind do not seek change  
Ensnared in my mind a seed of doubt  
For life is not worth living  
Them

Bow down new babbel  
Kneel to the new rome  
Prostrate thyself to the Au  
Cross the chest to the right god  
Cower before the loudest  
Buy the freedom for sin  
Purse the lips and swallow the lie  
God