

Poetry Collection

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At least a tree

How is it that without you I cannot breath?

The air would become my enemy nipping me like
teeth.

Cuts upon my skin like a knife drawn from a
sheath.

None of this has to do with your beauty.

Not only are you pleasant to look at, but also it's
your duty.

You come in so many sizes and shapes.

Some days without you I would have never ate.

You free me and feed me and I love thee.

The world would not be what it is, without a plant
or at the least a tree.

Coffee and cigars

I snip the foot and heat the tip.
Resting it between my teeth, after licking my lips.
I light it, and hold my head up high.
As I release the smoke, a relaxing sigh.
I lean back in my chair to sip my coffee.
Original cream with sugar has it tasting like taffy.
The smell so pleasant to my nose.
I'm at peace with the world and it shows.
The Nicaraguan blend is my favorite so far.
Oh how I love my coffee and cigars.

Slit wrists

Some days are better than others I must admit.
I wake up in the same spot as the day before simply to exist.
There are so many things I want to cross off of my list.
So far that has never went past the wish.
I wonder if others have thoughts like this.
Do they make it to the next day, or will the slit their wrists?
I wonder if this thinking is what goes through people minds when they slit
their wrists.
The feeling of being stuck day after day simply to exist.
This is not the first day I have felt like this.
Sometimes it lasts for weeks to months I breathe simply to exist.
But then it passes and in that I find rest.
I survived my turmoil the mental pain came to rest.
I move forward with life not doing much different.
I shower, I shave, I even pay my rent.
Buy a little food before my money is spent.
Sometimes I think it would be easier to get high on drugs.
I've done that before I get more sympathy than love.
So I stay to myself my feelings never emancipated.
I like my peace and quiet and for that it seems I am hated.
I pray to God but the results are always the same.
I feel a little better but it doesn't really raise my plane.
I've learned to deal with my problems at hand.
I think things through set up a game plan.
I think of the people whom have slit their wrists.
I wonder if they just waited another day would they be like this?
Some did it and failed while unfortunately some succeeded.
Just another day I wonder is all they needed?
I spend most of my time alone, a loved one to have I wish.
I'll settle for my peace and quiet, if I didn't have that it's what I would miss.

Be mine

I'm locked into you, to the point I feel the vibrations of your voice.
Concerned with what you're sharing with me, humbled that I'm your
choice.

The tone of your voice sends me into a daydream far away.

I only come back to reality because of your gentle sway.

I adore you more than what my behavior shows.

We have not known each other long enough for me to be so sharing.

About the way I feel for you, so I withhold from you my level of caring.

Patiently waiting on a sign from you.

To confess my feeling that reaches beyond the sky at its most blue.

I hold on waiting for a sign from you.

To freely share my love for you which is so true.

The upmost honorable of intensions.

To be with you until the end of our days in this there is no prevention.

All I need is a sign.

That you would be willing to be mine.

Chemistry

The glimmer in your brown eyes shines like gold.
I feel a passion between us that warms my soul.
Hopefully I'm not imagining things.
As I dream of putting on your finger a diamond ring.
The alertness and sensitivity of your stare.
Sends my heart fluttering about for only you it cares.
I'll do whatever it takes to spend the rest of my life looking into those big
brown eyes.
Anything but to fill your ears and heart with lies.
Take my hand and walk with me.
Let us investigate together if we have a love filled chemistry.