

My poems

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Here are some poems I've been working on.

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1 - fruit of life

Bear the fruit the fruit of life the fruit you cut with a knife by passing day by passing night you cut a piece with your knife when you act when you don't whether you will or you won't that precious fruit that fruit of life will get smaller and smaller you can't fight don't waste a piece of that fruit of life i can see it now the ends in sight so now is my turn on this night to cut my last piece of my fruit of life.

○
the pit

2 - just one of my rants

I must create a barrier block out the bad accept and embrace the good, not all is easy as it could be in this life we live. We all live out our lives thinking who is nice who is evil you see their bodies their physical extreme of forever trying to be perfect. However you can't pierce the inside you can never pry at their brain and see what they are. Most people you see look like happy go lucky businessmen but inside something is nursing at their anger and hate for the terrible and unjust. That "THING" grows with each passing day for the many who have distaste for the evil in this world. Some people beat this inner demon by consumption of alcohol or using their wedded as punching bags. Some can simply wash their hands of it I'm in the middle. I listen to my self I hear my thoughts they are changing each passing minute. First I think about the lousy people in this world and how they deserve death. Then I think is there any reason do they have an uncontrollable demon in them? Then I slap my senses some are unforgiveable but I'm not the one to show them their sin against humanity they will be judged by the way they lived their life. They may later wish they could take it back but they will live with it the rest of their miserable life. This world of ours we take for granted we tear at its very flesh for sustance. We try to live with the inevitability of our life being great but that's sugar coating this hell we have on earth. Do I believe in god one single deity that is the sole creator the one who loves us I can never answer this question with ease. But I do know that there can be a worse frame of hell than the one I experience. We never really think about our actions any more we keep repeating history, Greed, violence, war, we all know what we can do to make this world a better one but there are few who even try to do something about it. It also saddens me that a lot of people thing of ways to try and destroy another's life a way to hurt them when they are only thinking on how to better this world. Will it get better that's for you to decide are going to be a lousy whelp who pray on the small and weak like cowards. Or are you going to rise up confront the evil bring it down on it's knees and shoot it in the head.

3 - Horror's

You know what you do you do anything you can't do what you know you cant do so merely know you do no doubt keep on running and see the light, right, left reaping all the bad in your mind, scream, run bad people in the chest rounded pit needed to eat keep in mind that the grub is in your whole existence no stop get back yarer meander tow your maced face how about the time when realism was the time us thinking on a basis of normal impossible to express your minds worth you need to learn that the pain you experience the tough of the moment is your true self. Keep going and don't stop ever going for if you do it won't be your true self you hold back you suppress for the good of the public eye. Never go to the horrid typeer be all out want be no one else going grabbing at the impossible length more more petchulant slobes all around ignorance ego eliminate ever wanting to impress and be accepted going to friendship going to joy going madness diverging path keep up the you expressing forever into a spiral of your own self being. Many more to go hating on the spot daring evolution going haunted draft into your mind. every action to a new path take or not wondering what it could've held.

4 - Data

Data

Forever longing to collect and absorb ever learning yet so much to be learned. Life cruel and short only allows us to assimilate a certain amount of knowledge our memory like a computer is limited. As we get older we lose data or it gets misplaced erased gone from our head to return from the recycle bin. Some have higher mind capacity than others and some have small flash drives of their favorite memories locked away safe and always there. But there comes a time that we also misplace our flash drives internal memory. Our brain gets more weak brittle but still always strives to digest the further of data the world. There will one day come to be where we actually have computers data bins or mini chips that help us remember just the menial information but the most powerful and useful traits still stay in our amazing brain. No one person will ever know all the data in the world that is impossible for even if you read historic texts you will never be able to take in the moments that those people felt. You can only hope that when your time is up that you've absorbed the data you wanted learned what you needed and lived and experienced true data.

5 - love

i long for the feeling of love not the love you get from family but love from someone you care deeply for and don't know why. The feeling of their hand on my skin the warm feeling of caring and understanding. How can I ever feel this for most look me off as some undesirable person. I feel the pain and it hurts it probes my brain as if my brain grew icicles and they are being snapped off and shoved right back in. How do i let her know she had someone but he is away and i wonder if i come in is it betrayal? I love her face, her bright outlook on life and if we get together maybe she can make mine better. When i first met her i knew that i loved her we shared so many similarities. I hope there is a day that i can feel the soft touch of her lips on mine the calming warm feeling of her head on my shoulder and the warmth of her hugging me tightly loves embrace.

6 - How much i care

I care too much My soul aches at the thought of those
people all around even sad miserable people.
the jerks and tormentors. Then i look at myself
I worry about what can't be changed The friends i have are great
What was meant to be. Most others despise me.
I think about god and it rips My way of living.
the flesh from bone. Protecting myself self defense
Why must i carry this burden Open mind.
why do i care so much? Yet i don't hurt them for one reason
Some say it's god in me How much i care.
others just say I need to mind my own.
My head can only hold so
much
My head is swirling around
giant blender.

7 - Inner side

My inner side is coming out it flows like water it won't stop it can only be plugged. My friends plug the gap of wickedness they toss me through the loop, I fly through it with more understanding of my life. Life isn't perfect but can't it be at least more livable. The darkness course through me even when I'm around my friends the darkness leaks out the plug isn't strong enough. I feel a blade against my skin I cast it aside trembling and shaking. Never go down that path of doubt and misconception. That blade is a sign that I gave up my physical limit is at hand the darkness is forcing my hand I can feel the sharpness of that wicked blade. I can't explain it but I feel relief something I can control is it my life? Nobody can control that shoot happens that won't ever be changed. I toss the blade again water pours down my shoulder hydro is at hand. The warm water dousing the dark it quells it and my mind is clear of the disbelief. The blender in my head is fizzled it has stopped moving. My thoughts are clear I stare down the watery column running through my hair like a waterfall. I see that as the emotional wall do I dare go beyond it lay all cards on the table. Will those cards be nothing or a royal flush that will send me into an emotional spiral down the U-bend.

8 - Hidden emotions

I promised myself I wouldn't do it but it's getting harder and harder not to. I hide them all to resist but I know I'll find a way too my body is giving up on me its hurting and gorging pain the fullness and emptiness at the same time. Time consumes me it goes slow and fast at one moment I'll be laughing with my friends the next I'll be in my bedroom all the lights off contemplating if I should live or die. Die the die is cast whatever it lands on will be the choice even I don't know what the numbers equal but I guess my gut knows so I will have to show trust. Trust is hard to abide by you say you won't tell but something will slip. Slip of the hand and blood is drawn it slowly runs down my arm and drips onto the floor must clean it up before someone see's. See's a good candy but I see's me and I don't like what is there. There is a pit in my stomach it's deep and is sucking up my emotions and spitting up the bad ones it feeds on good thoughts. Thoughts in my head forever racing around a track an infinite dog track. Track of mind I am derailed from my track I am stopped at a repair shop the repairs will take a long time, distance. Distance away from that person I once was I run towards him and I don't get any closer. Closer to my inner truth my mind set my true me who I am what makes me special. Special people are everywhere they have yet to see it inside themselves but they have it in their soul. Soul, mine is lost along the path of the derailed train it forever floats along looking for that one part that was lost. Lost I am forever lost, lost in this world that somehow still is here. Here I am still here and here I will stay. Stay here and forever see your thoughts closer trust track of mind slip here and don't get lost or die.

9 - A poem for her

I want to be with her hear her laughter hold her close to me have the feeling of her head on my shoulder. Have her hold onto me when she gets scared, I hold on to her when she sheds tears. To feel loved and wanted by this person she will be the one to complete me and make me whole. She doesn't know how I feel and that's a problem should I tell her my feelings for her right off the bat? Do I give it time? This kind of thing takes a deep precision like a doctor making an incision with his scalpel. If I cut too deep I will have done too much and drive her away from me. If I don't cut deep enough she won't notice how much I care and love for her. I've never had anyone I wanted to care for so much is this love? I don't know what love is I've never experienced it. I've never had the soft touch of someone's lips to mine the warm feeling of them holding on to me for countless hours. I've never been curled up on a couch watching a movie or to the warmth of the fire. I look into their eyes they look into mine and we get close enough to engage in the act of locking lips. Holding on ever on held together by complex emotions and trust something I know I can live by. How do I let her know how I feel what words will I put on the table without it sounding exactly what it is. The fright of being rejected swells through me and stabs through like a knife to my soul. I want to loved holding her in my arms being able to care about somebody that isn't myself my true desire. When I think about it she really is the perfect girl for me. She has a great outlook on life and maybe she can change mine. She loves animals just like I do the caring compassion for all living things. Very sweet and charming always smiling, is she hiding something like I do? I want to know her better clasp on to her in a sweet hug and not let go. I know enough about her that I love her she is full of happiness as I once was maybe if I get close enough to her she can rekindle old fires that burned out long ago. I hope the day comes where I can pour my heart out to her and be able to hold her tight. She is my special someone I never have felt this way before. When I think of her I get happy and my spine tingles I get goose bumps everywhere. Is it Love? I really want it to be love love and be loved. She will forever be my friend whatever happens in the end. But if I'm able to be her's it would make all things clear and better. Both of us smiling and for once I can feel true happiness I felt in days of old.

10 - Used

Body laying down feels nothing feels all alone. It calls out and no one hears it makes movement but nobody see's. Feeling down feeling there feeling all below the rest. Can't let it get to me but the damage is already done. Everything in life will do whatever it can to break you down and it does. I'm a broken down machine with used parts parts that are inadequate. I feel like a used soul with a used body with a used life. I'm important to others but I still feel like I'm nothing. They need me so they use me. When they are done they toss me aside. My body is laying down feels nothing feels all alone. I get picked up by some pretty thing. Could this be different? All feels different for her presence is illuminating. I don't feel used I feel wanted and needed. But I need her too. We both need and use each other. It's give and take hand in hand. We clasp together and never let go. We jump into the void with each other. But all goes gray. She disappears and I stay at the bottom of the pit. Body laying down feels nothing feels all alone. It calls out but no one hears it makes movement no one sees it. I am forever used and nothing else so I'll live with being used until my body is shriveled up like a tube of toothpaste

11 - dispersed

feeling dispersed feeling let down all the way down where the demi god plays his evil tune. the feeling in the heart the feeling in the stomach the feeling in the mind all the same to me for its only filled with the pulsing misgivings of everyday life. the feeling of the mystic touching my soul means nothing to me for it does nothing but give hope and nothing more. I feel i want my end to be nigh but this won't happen unless i actually do. the thought of my end being far away in the vast world of uncertaintys and how they will play my life cuts into my soul and making all the oppressed feelings bleed out and my soul lays there drained of life. all being disperesed all the feelings i cared about gone now all that remain are sorrow pain and envy.

12 - my rememberance

I lay on the grated roof of expectations looking up at the white spotted sky of the cosmos. There is a sensation rushing through my whole being a sensation that has never been before. It is frightening to me the feeling of the new the natural fear; and yet i like it. The head rush of a million whiplashes the tingling down your spine that only true loves first kiss can bring. The knowledge and power you feel frothing through your veins. Power has never felt so cold to me. For with this power is lost something that may be regretted in loss. I stare into the night sky feeling the vibrant wind across my face feeling what has been created or what has always been