

Of Blood:Poetry

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*Blinded by the world around you, lost alone but i have found you. See me not, and never love, a way of pain a way of blood.
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oh please just read the whole thing!

1. Death

~Death~

When lives dive into lost despare,
when all is lost and no one cares,
when you are left with none to spare,

When point goes blank and diss appears,
when there is far too much to fear,
when you scream out and no one hears,

But when your hurt and dont believe,
Your wounds are pleading you to leave,
You wish to stay, to not decieve,
but life is death beneath a guise...

And when life is too mush death to bare,
death is always there, to take life's place
and within death we find salvation that life has not,
fore there the pain and tears all stop.

Sometimes as we go on with our lives, we pray to those to whom we place our belief for strength. But when it is not given to us, life plunges into a hell that we can only escape through the deceased within us all.

2. Life

~To Live~

To live- to go on in existence
To bleed-to show all human flaw
To Love- to show true hearts persistence
To Lie- to tell without a law

To care-to show emotion
To Shun-to push away
To Chase-to show a mind's devotion
To Try-to bend and fray

To birth-to do God's favors
To kill-to sin His acts
To hold-to try and savour
To miss-to want it back

To live,
To love,
To see,
To set,

To die,
To stop,
Remorse,
Regret.

Of all the things that let us live, let live the fire in which our forms are molded, and set forth its rising heat. For to extinguish God's living flame, is to kill the life that shines in all of us, to kill us on the inside. With a flame that cannot reignite.

3. Have It

~Have it~

Have my life why dont you.
Have my soul, my pulse my breath.

Have my Pain why wont you
Have my tears blood and regret.

Have my past my future too
the things i once based off of you.

Have my toil and my sake,
all things destroyed within your wake.

Have my sanity, my mind.
my thoughts that i have left behind.

Have my strength and all my frame
the muscles, bones and all my frame.

Have my loss and my emotions.
my cunning, will and my devotion.

Have it all just take it now
for i dont know exactly how
have all i had right from the start.

you already have my heart.

this is for someone who will never know who they are. Some one who already has my world, is my world and may as well have whats left of me after stealing my heart i have nothing worth keeping. They will never know they took it. And i refuse to take it back.

4. Of Blood

~Of Blood~ {title poem}

Lost in a world where life will cease.
Forbidding us to live in peace.
Trapped in a cage of cold deception.
Reincarnated by perfection.
Blind are you to what is real
Blind to what is true
Blinded by the world around you
lost alone but I have found you.
See me not and never love
a way of pain, a way of blood.

5. The Flame

~The Flame~

burning, growing, heating higher
my flaming rage,
my solumn fire,
destroying, leaving only ashes
of the pain the fire catches
cinders fly and sparks all blow
now the flame shall never go
all the pain will never show
and all the world will never know
how i hid behind a mask
of trinity in which they bask
and how my tears would freely fall
decietfull pain, enslaved them all
upon webs of lies of which i spun
my hidden pain is never gone
for in the dark with just one fire,
the flames of hatred and desire
and as the candle dwindles low,
the souls around me sure to know,
and as the smoke will soon rise higher
into the night i shall conspire,
my flaming rage,
my solumn fire.

i have such a wonderful life, and yet on the inside i have been wripped to shreds by the harshest of realities. but i hide my pain behind a mask of seeming perfection. of joy and of pride. But inside i will always be the oppostie. the inperfect, impatient, bleeding little whisp of the girl i used to be.

6. Whispers on the Wind

silent voices call your name,
as winds of white go by.
Spirits tell you life your wings,
spirits tell you fly.
You say no words and ask not why,
you lift your body to the sky,
and as the winds of white pass by...
silent voices whisper fly.

i found this in one of my poetry books from a year or so ago. i remember the inspiration was the death of my best friend's father. this is dedicated to him.

7. Life goes on without us

Life goes on without us.
Time continues within the pause
Life exists within a death
As a light found in the darkness
Things change
Animals change
All beings change
All as one
Changing in unison to the ever-differing world.
Adapting to the endless hardships.
Nothing can stop it
No one will deny it
The world still spins when our world stops
The clouds still soar when our lives crash
Hearts still beat when ours is broken.
Lies are within the love
Love is within the lies
The world goes on without us.
Time continues within the pause
Birth exists within the blood.
A light found in the darkness
Life goes on without us...

tis the truth deciphered by unimpressible influences and hardships.

8. One-way Love

one way are my feelings,
another, are your closed off thoughts.
this time its my own fate,
this time for my world falls apart.

and there is nothing in my way,
besides the simple truth.
my love is clear while yours is fog,
you dont see me but i love you.

It tares me up to dare to try,
everytime i feel.
It breaks my heart to think this way,
yet know that its not real.

It seems to me my love,
does not reflect in you.
it seems my love is just one-way
one way far away from you.

9. Gone

leave. i dont ever want to see your face.
go. no one needs you near this place.

For many years you left us dry
with words of torment cold and wry.

And finally a chance to flee.
your retrospect holds shame and we,
are sick of all your lies and fear.

so go right now. youre not wanted here.

only so long till the day we wrong
but even longer till the day you're gone.

10. Numb

cold and unfeeling.
are your words and all you are.
lost and reeling.
is your fate, youve gone too far.

and all you ever had to say,
all you ever had to do,
was to be sorry of your ways,
to stop being a fool.

but it was always too much to ask.
too much to even think.
and all you do is leave me last.
my destiny written in ink.

So now im left to mourn the loss
to take the pain in sum
to bear the blood for both of us
and live in feelings numb.

11. Heart of Lithium

impenetrable by the human soul.

frozen over by the ice of ages.

tinted with the hint of blood.

from the open wounds of all your victims.

formed by burning torches.

heated by white fire.

feeding on the hatred.

that you have released.

weighed down by a lack of love.

yet lifted by the hope of death.

your heart stopped beating long ago.

and hardened off like lithium.

Lithium:

1 : a soft silver-white element of the alkali metal group that is the lightest metal known and that is used especially in alloys and glass, in chemical synthesis, and in storage batteries.

2 : a salt of lithium (as lithium carbonate) used in psychiatric medicine

3. in other words its the lightest metal and it can be used (in certain forms) as a healant for psychiatric depression syndromes.

12. Pools of Blood

Clear as crystal
ruby red
Sanctuary
Of the dead.
Come in pain
Leave in piece
All your wounds
Begin to cease
Cry your tears
Erase your mind
Leave your sorrows
All behind.
Safety lurks
Within the darkness
It will not harm
For it is harmless.
In the shadows
Hide the lost
Come and join us
Words so soft.
Clear as crystal
Ruby red
Sanctuary
Of the dead
Of misfortune
Of unloved
Join the painless
Pools of blood

a file i found on my computer that i wrote apparently a year or two ago.

13. Sewing Sky

Navy cloth
Crystal beads
Silver smudges
Golden reeds
Yellow needles
Thread un-strait
All four sewing
At rapid rate
Drums are struck
As lights are flashed
Eyes are focused
Words un-lashed
Beating rough
Of ruptured knuckles
Muddy legs
From knees that buckle
It is not weather
Don't wonder why
It is an artwork
Called sewing sky.

if you HAVE to get technical its basically a thunder storm and ones condition in the middle of it.

14. Reflection: Like a Rose

Its not a poem. but its deep and descriptive, so i put it on here.
DP so it makes more sense.

i havent edited it in months so its not perfect.

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She stared at the unnatural beauty. Cradled so delicately in her pale hands. How could something so small and unusual be so... flawless? The petals were an unnatural hue of plum, or deep violet. It was not a normal lavender. Nearly dark amethyst. It was the most gorgeous color she had ever seen. And the most, unusual. It was just like her eyes, strange and unusual. But not beautiful. They were odd, something odd could not be beautiful. But this rose could. This rose could bend and bow every law of the natural appearance, and still be lovely. The stem was even stranger, and just as flawless. It was long and a pure silver color. It shone in the late night moonlight. Causing it to practically glow in the otherwise complete darkness. The silence had engulfed her. Leaving her to wallow in her confusion and self-less imperfections. There were only two leaves, both were soft and fragile. The entire flower could fall to pieces at any moment. They were the same color as the stem. Just as strange. Just as pure. Just as beautiful. The stem was without a single thorn or bump, slice or mark on the entire flower. It could not harm, it could not anger. It could only captivate and confuse. The petals were all strait and smooth, aligned perfectly. In a swirling formation that continued to the very center. The smaller petals near the center were crimson red, like blood. Yet pure, like clear water. In the very center, completing the entire formation were three white miniscule petals, that bent in a natural fashion creating the slightest form of a heart. A white heart bleeding crimson blood on an amethyst platform supported by a silver prop with two other silver platforms containing vastness.

He said the heart inside would live forever, even though, come the time, the outside would die away. With time, once the plum and crimson shell would shatter, a new white and navy one would erupt from the opened core. The center of that shell, would be a rather vibrant orange, that would shape the same as the white before it. Once this shell disappeared, he said he did not know what would erupt from beneath the orange center. But he said he knew it would be beautiful. Just as the previous was, and the following will be.

He said the stem and leaves would never change. Just as the soul can never alter. Whereas the appearance can never remain the same. He said that sometimes the flower would wilt, sometimes it would stand tall and proud. He said not to worry when it wilted. He said that just like a human, it can be so upset it wants to be destroyed, but can be so joyous it practically wants to sing. This made very little sense to her. That only brought her back to what he said when he gave it to her, "It's the most unique and beautiful thing in the world. Many know very little about it. It may seem so simple at times, like there is nothing to know. But there is so much more to it than what is seen at a glance. One has to truly look at it, and observe everything about it before they judge it." he gave a light chuckle as he placed in her hands with a delicate touch, "Its almost like a flower reflection of...you." He smiled at her as she stared in awe at the flawless thing in her scrawny hands. He had to smile at her reaction he whispered

one last thing in her ear before kissing her cheek and disappearing into the silent night. "Just like you...strange, and beautiful." She was about to speak, but once she looked up, there was nothing there. Just her, the flawless flower in her hands, and the pink shade warming her pale cheeks.

He must have been out of his mind. Either that or he had no idea what he was saying. No, no, he always knew what he was saying. Even when it made no sense to him he knew what he was saying. And he usually was aware of the impact it could have on some one. But another thing that confused her was when he said the center would never change. He said that the white core would erupt, framing new colors that had yet to come. Then he said the center would never change. What sense could that possibly make? One of his statements clearly could not be true. "Or maybe," her meek voice sounded so distant as if it weren't hers in the open night air. "Maybe, maybe he meant the heart would never change." She paused a moment contemplating what she had said. "Maybe, the colors would change, but the shape never would."

It sounded as if she had no idea what she was talking about. Her voice lacked the certainty she needed to believe it's words. Then she remembered the last thing he said to her before, she raised her hand to her cheek, being careful to support the rose in her one hand. The pink shade began to warm her cold face once more. "was he saying I was strange and beautiful?" she shook her head replacing the shades with other thoughts. "strange, I can understand, I am strange. I agree with that. But beautiful?" This had to be dream, it just had to be. None of this could be happening. Only in her dreams could such romantic and mysterious yet wonderful things happen. He would never go to the trouble of finding the rarest rose in the universe for her. Her, his best friend. Nothing more, and nothing less. That was the way things were, that was the way they would be forever. She would forever bask in her dreams revolving around only the deepest and truest love conceivable for him. She would forever wallow in the sharpening pain of daggers in her chest as she watched him slip away from her. She would forever bleed from the wounds of reality. She would always suffer beneath his blind loss for what was plainer than the color of the sky on a sunny day. "Blue" just like his eyes. "Just like what he said the flower would become." She used both hands to support the rose once more. "only not as dark."

She shook her head bluntly as a crystal slid down her cheek, shattering on the smooth stone surface beneath her. Only one crystalline tear fell. She knew more than her name that she could not mourn and brood on his blindness forever. It would not bring him any closer, it would not heal her wounds or lessen her pain. It would only reduce her sanity until she was lying in her own pool of crimson loss and regret.

He wouldn't like that. Though he did not love her she knew he cared for her. In the way an overprotective brother would care for his younger sister. And as far as he was concerned, that's the only way she cared for him as well. Even if this all was a dream she decided to keep the flower, it was beautiful, even if it was not real. She went into a dark room laden with even darker features and walked over to a wooden platform holding a hollow glass bell on top of a glass plate. She carefully lifted the bell by its ceramic handle and placed the rose on the prop on top of the plate. It held the rose in the perfect position. Upright, showing its beauty and keeping it safe. She placed the bell back over the now occupied platform. There was enough room to wilt, enough room to stand up strait. And enough room for petals to fall allowing the magnificent eruption that could never be real.

She gave one last look at the rose, and one look towards the window doors bearing entrance to a smooth stone balcony. Beholding nature at its finest. Vines were twisted around the short pillars that prevented one from falling off without jumping.

With that she changed into a short black nightdress and violet knee-highs and crawled into her rather oversized but comfy bed. Slipping under the purple covers she closed her eyes, waiting to wake up without a flower and once more, without her love.

She unexpectedly drifted off into a peaceful sleep; simply assuming that normality was soon to follow signaling this was all a dream.

~\*~\*~\*~\*

The next morning her eyes opened to the incessant chirping of morning birds. It was still fairly dark outside. But she couldn't go back to sleep. She sat up in her bed looking directly across from her at the wooden vanity on the other side of her room. She lazily stretched her arms behind her head. Suddenly she saw something she swore she would never see again...

paragraphing is a little weird but, you get the idea.

## 15. Poets Note P/N

okay, the many of you that have actually read this i hope you're enjoying it because i like writing it. i know this is supposed to be a FAN ART site, not a personal poetry queue so if its not on your must look at list im very sorry for occupying the space.

but when i have limitations its hard to do anything very well. hence the reason i never win certain contests.

but if you wanted (which i doubt you would) you could give me a situation, (in your life, someone elses life, or even a character you are a fan of) and i could TRY and write a poem befitting its very nature.

i always love a challenge so if you ever have the time or the willpower, send me some stuff, it should be up within a few hours. Depending on when you send them. Late at night or early in the morning obviously will take a bit longer, but i get things up fast as i can with all the quality i can manage in a time crunch.

i know im not asking too much. i suppose its a matter of weather you like my style or think im good enough for it. i would mention your username and the basic situation prior to the poem. Hell it doesnt even need to be a poem just a descriptive paragraph or short story.

I dont often use names of any sort as you have most likely guessed from my previous poetic works. But i can get the poin across pretty well.  
Just send me some details and i'll do my best!

Thanks for reading!

+Punx+

## 16. I Am

I am darkness out of light  
I am wrongful out of right  
I am shadows born of sun  
I am the lost who always won.  
Give into tutions dark  
Give into love  
Give me your heart.

Happy Belated Valentines Day  
Happy Belated Singles Awareness Day  
Happy Belated February 14th

## 17. A way to say I like you

I dont think you like me. i really doubt you do because the last thing you do is speak to me. I mean, a while ago it was different. you knew i was around. I cant say you were kind though,at least, not all the time. but then again, every insult meant something else. you know that i can tell you act like you dont know me. or is that not the case with you? could it possibly be, that deep down underneath, you really care about me?

Crazy right?

something i randomly came up with in history class before my teach caught me and made me put it away.

## 18. a way to say i love you

Is it possibly to truly fall in love? How can you tell it is actually love? i suppose if you've, had your fair share of years you could tell but some only fall in love once right? what can they base it from? Experience? Very funny, i dont think so. they dont have to be old you know. experience comes each day we live so i guess they have some of it too. you never seem to notice these sorts of things day-to-day. its not a major thing or is it? i can never tell. nowadays there are other things people consider, unless im wrong. which i probably am. you never know with people. right?

silly prospect i know but i simply had to ask.

## 19. The Extek Sighting

A shadowy figure crossed a dimly lit vally. The earth was bare with tan tufts of dying grass scattered about the dry red dust. Small jagged rocks were clustered in numerous spots, threatening to pucture anything unprotected. A bloody orb hung sternly in the dark brown sky. Gray slender trees hung over each other like drunkards, cracking subtly in the hot Setreed winds. The figure was thin, gaunt to be complimentary, with a demented misshape that obscured any possible humanity. From a distance there would not be much to say of this interesting thing. However, upon closer observation, the thing would begin to resemble something of human-like legs, long and thin with spherical knees that bent both ways. It had two arm-like limbs attatched to its crooked torso and crawled like an animal. Looking closer, the creature would appear skeletal, having no muscle or flab to seperate rough skin from interesting bone configurations. A long spinal cord made of long elongated chunks of bone formed wherever the waist would be, and long pointed spikes curved inward to form a broken-seeming rib cage that held a shrivled purple heart. Its "arms" and "legs" were long and extremely emaciated, the joints could even be seen with a keen eye, bending and flexing to the positions of the thing. It had no hair, and was a sickly blue colour. Its eyes, well it had none really, it only had vast open sockets dug wide and deep into its skull. Like two demonic shadows that could see. The thing had long odd teeth, each a seperate spike, like they were not of a formation, but of individuals happening upon one-another in a similar spot. Long and pointed were they that the creatures defined jaw opened like that of a snake, trailing down to its neck. It had no ears, and no nose. You, my friend, have just seen an exstek, the rarest of all Setreed beings. Lucky for you it wasnt hungry.

hhhh i got bored in english and this came up. i made up extek and setreed (ecks tekk and seetrehd)

i might start putting short stories or descriptions in this story too. i count those as some form of poetry despite the fact i know they arent.

i am not a good speller. (headsup)

## 20. It Was

It was a knife in the heated flame  
brought through her heart to strike again  
to slash her being into bits  
to melt away what's left of it

it was an icy rod of tundra winds  
to freeze her soul and all within  
to stop her feelings cold and smooth  
to force the inner anguish through

it was a solid rock of earth  
when brought down falling into her  
marrying all her inmost love  
a command that echoed from above.

it was the words unspoken truth  
that sent her figments falling through  
it ripped her body into ash  
leaving in her mind an open gash

it was death to take her in  
it was God to fault her for her sin  
it was hell and open gates of black  
because she has left,  
and won't come back.

## 21. Suicide

The world has beaten you  
hurt you, tossed you out to die.

they have ignored you  
left you in the shade to cry

misery is your only emotion  
pain, and growing numbness

you want to make it go away  
you want to run and hide

you dont like the outside world  
you want to stay inside

for cowardess surpasses courage  
and tears take over rage  
you want to end it all  
rid the world of your figure  
and your figure of the pain

you draw your blood  
in hopes the pain is greater  
great enough to stop the rest  
to numb it all away from yourself

but before you draw that sharpened knife  
for the final stab  
think about the kind of things  
you might ever have

before you tug that triggarr switch  
to send the bullet through  
think about the ones out there  
who possibly could love you

before you tie that final knot  
on the rope tied to that hook  
open your eyes one last time  
and take a good hard look

before you elix your throat in poison  
before you flood your life  
think about a world of truth

a world rid of strife

before you do yourself away  
stop a minute to think in a way  
i know you never thought before  
open your mind to what you are stopping  
open your heart to what you are begining  
and open your eyes to the world you are living

so before you finish the job  
stop  
think about what you might be throwing away  
think about what you may gain from living

you were given a life so that you can live  
the only purpose of death is to run your time  
but like a clock on the cracked old wall  
you cannot speed it up just because you want the hands move

you have to wait  
make  
the best of the time that is left.

so before you do  
what i know you want to do  
think about what you could do  
should you not do it.

i came up with this so that i could read it whenever i was in doubt that i wanted to live. and lets face it we all feel like it is too much at one point or another. but i suppose when i read this it helps me talk myself out of it. i dont know that it can do the same for any of you, but anyway.