

Random Poems

By hirataitokyo

Submitted: May 6, 2007

Updated: June 23, 2008

here are some poems that I've been writing over the months, hope you like

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/hirataitokyo/45468/Random-Poems>

Chapter 1 - Untitled	2
Chapter 2 - May	3
Chapter 3 - Rain	4
Chapter 4 - Trees	5
Chapter 5 - Why	6
Chapter 6 - Life	7
Chapter 7 - My Final Day	8
Chapter 8 - The Dead	9
Chapter 9 - Unknown Sadness	11
Chapter 10 - Someone Rescue Me	12
Chapter 11 - Not All There	13

1 - Untitled

Things make you cry
when they're all a lie
sometimes I wonder if this is all worthwhile
But to tell you the truth I'm not gonna run that mile
My heart sings and it dances and prances
It races as I do my paces
I don't know if he'll think
But all I do is blink
Blink in the silence
Blink in the darkness
Blink at me
I hope you'll understand
Because that's all I seem to try to do
I think as i lay on the floor
wishing he'd come knock at my door
Forget it, I can't take this any more

2 - May

May the lovely month of May,
Maybe we can meet at the bay
Wait that's a long ways away

Now it's May lets walk to the bay
Watch don't be led astray
In this lovely month of May

Don't you wish you could replay that moment
Where we all forget
But I could bet
You do wish
So don't fret...
My friend

This is one of my happier poems and it fits because it's MAY!! HUZZAH even though i wrote this poem in like..... I don't know, well i know it wasn't in May that's for sure, I was on a rhyming spree

3 - Rain

I lay there in the rain
Staying in my pain
My blood covered body
The pain it's too much
My heart slows down,
Taking my with it
as my breath is decreasing
My eyesight is blurry,
it's so hard to see
I am no longer breathing
the life, taken out of me
I say there in my pain
Underneath, the falling rain...

Another poem about death, there will be more about death, it's what you call ... a habit of writing about death, some what of a... fascination

4 - Trees

Life is like trees.

They shed our leaves,

while we shed our tears.

We are all going to die some day.

We're just waiting for it to happen.

We'll all wither up and crumble.

We'll die someday,

shedding our leaves.

We'll wither and crumble someday,

shedding our tears.

A poem I wrote while waiting for my dad to pick me up from a rehearsal at my school.

5 - Why

Why

Why do we all alwasy regret what we do?
Or look at the past?
I can't answer that...
But I do know that we all look back
Back at what we've done
Back at what we did
What our actions were And when we were kids
Why do we always feel like everything's...
our fault?
Not sure.
But for people who do think that,
I'm one of them
I do something, and regret it
But don't see the point in why
We're all just going to mourn and die
No matter what happens
We'll look into the past
Back at what we've done
Back at what we did
and when we were kids\
But you'd hate to admit it,
That it was all because of what you did.

I wrote this a while ago. It's not all that great, but I we really bored and was trying to think of something to write.. so voila! here it is!

6 - Life

why can't we get through this world without fighting?
It's just making this world more frightening.

Why do people get mad at strange things?
Then again, we are just human beings.

Why does one not take the blame?
it just arouses a flame.

Why does life have to be so complicated?
Why does it have to many twists and turns?
It just makes you burn

On a journey
I look for an answer to life,
but I just get to the beginning,
Back where I started
Back with more questions,
than when I parted.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

A short little poem that i did when i was all bored like, and really just kinda curious. heheh hope you like
^^

7 - My Final Day

Even though I kept walking in the middle of the night,
all alone in the silence

I was having a great day
then it started to go down the drain

Fist with my friends stabbing me in the back
Second with me failing a class
Third the love of my life going with my best friend
Fourth watching them away with that smug look on their faces.

I go home to silence, no one greets me any more, they've learned better, lessons learned.
I go to my roof, the life sucked out from me.
My spirit drifting away in the evening wind
out into the everlasting sunset of my final day.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

a little thing that i wrote when i was feeling really depressed, and kinda went a wee bit suicidal.. heee
hee... So yeah... Meh.

8 - The Dead

The Dead

I saw a dead person today
They were following me today
They asked me where heaven was
They looked like they had just died

I couldn't answer
It was confusing
Heaven?
Ha, heaven is whatever you want it to be

But that person went away before I could say anything

Dead spirits are interesting
You know?
they want to find that happy place
Where they can rest
Rest from life
Rest from their tiring life
Finally able to sleep peacefully

But there was one spirit that said
when they got to heaven
it wasn't like they expected

I'm not trying to depress anyone
I know that
I'm just saying I saw a dead person today
that's all
You know?

Someone:
Then tell them they'll be in hell anyway
Not one person can resist from doing one sin

Just because you commit sins
doesn't mean that you can't still
find happiness
We all do sins
Don't we?

Someone:
And life is a happy road, hm?

But just living thought life
Yeah dont we deserve something nice,
when we leave?

Life itself is a sin, so we go to hell
But no one deserves that do they?
Going to hell.
Not even the worst of people
Maybe.

Life itself is hell
We've all been through it
Whether now, later, or in the past?
So shouldn't we have
a happy place to be after we leave?

We'll leave this hell and end up in hell again?
That's not fair is it?
Yes, it's not.

Nevermind me
I'm just losing my sanity over here
It's all good.
Ain't it?

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

This is actually more of a conversation than a poem. Actually this is a conversation I had with a friend a long while back, oh maybe around Julyish. So i was halicinating, and she got kind of mad at me.. as you can some what tell. Maybe not, but anyways. Hope you like my weird conversation/poem

9 - Unknown Sadness

I see the unknown sadness in your eyes. The hidden tears under your lashes. The tears that you hide, so no one can see. Only when there's you and me. Do those tears fall. They fall like the bittersweet beauty of a waterfall. Elegant, yet so full of sadness. The unknown sadness lines your features. Those pursed lips. The bite marks underneath them. From when you bit yourself trying to hold the sadness back. Only when there's you and me. Do those tears fall. They fall like the small droplets of the first rain. The joy of release, yet full of sadness for the floods to come. The unknown sadness that's hidden cleverly behind that full smile. That shows all your shining teeth. That's all a masquerade. The sadness hidden behind the happiness. The sadness, behind the happiness. The truth, behind the lies. The moon, behind the sun. The blood, behind the tears.

10 - Someone Rescue Me

Someone Rescue Me

I'm worried...
I'm frustrated...
I'm hurt...
I'm stressed out...
Someone rescue me.

I'm lost...
i'm wondering...
I have no idea what to do...
I'm lost in myself...
Someone rescue me.

My emotions are out of control
Binding me to their will,
making me follow their every command.
I'm lost...
Trying to make a decision.
Left or right?
Which path shall I choose?
Someone rescue me

I'm blindfolded.
I'm not thinking.
I'm lost.
I don't know what do do.
Someone rescue me
Please.
I beg of you.
Take my body,
take my hand and guide me through the fog.
I'm lost in the cloudiness of my thoughts.
Please, someone rescue me.

11 - Not All There

Not All There

You hear me say hello,
but have no will to respond.
You see me leave,
but have no will to stop me.
I love you deep down
and you know that,
But...

You're not right in the head,
sometimes not all there.
The dots aren't all connected.
The painting is smeared.
Where are you?
Where is the will you use to have?
Where is the sweetness,
that I use to know?

Everything we had was fine
we were happy,
but mistakes happened
and all those things went away.
Why does this happen?
Because I know that you love me,
More than I'll ever know.
But...

You're not right in the head,
sometimes not all there
The dots aren't all connected.
The painting is all smeared.
Where are you?
Where is the will you use to have?
Where is the sweetness
that I use to know?

The bitter sweet smile on your face
of knowing something went wrong,
but not knowing the full problem.
it lingers under your skin like a rash
Itching and scratching

You're not right in the head,
sometimes not all there
The Dots aren't all connected.
The painting is all smeared.
Where are you?
Where is the will you use to achieve?
Where is the sweetness
that I use to know?