Poetry from Within

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A collection of my better poems

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1 - Ghost

Ghost
I hide in the corner
Of the deserted house,
I hide and try to be
As quiet as a mouse.
Spectres hover above me,
I hear their sad cry,
And shiver in the dark
As one floats by.
I hear them crying,
Singing their sad song,
Of loved ones lost
And happiness gone.
I see through a window
The blood red of an early dawn,
The spectres disperse,
But the shadows still mourn.

Sun shines through the window,

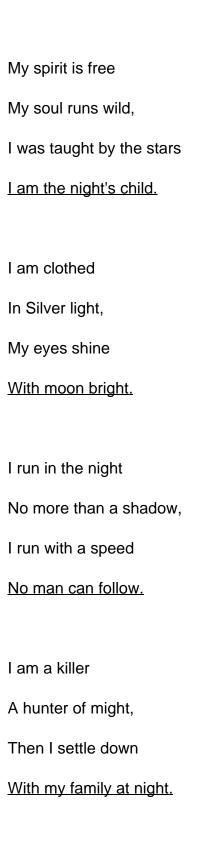
And the shadows disappear.

I'm sitting in my room with what

I realise were memories and fears.

2 - Creature of the Night

Creature of the Night



My paws are swift

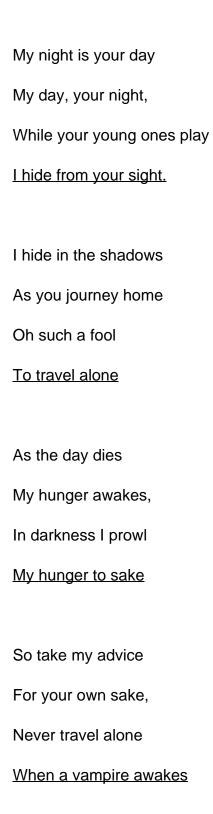
I'll be home soon,

When you hear a wolf cry

And see a silhouette in the moon.

3 - Deadly Shadow

Deadly Shadow



4 - Solitude

Here's a set of more recent poems, and hopefully better ones, five separate ones in all1Why does your love pass me by?Why do you walk the other side?What did I do to deserve such pain?Will you never look at me the same?Must I live in shadows and fear?While your love forgets to come near?2Why must you try to understand my painWhy won't you realise we are not the sameWhy won't you let me hide my tears awayOr keep my fears from the light of dayCan't you see I have no fearExcept your pain because you are near3To feel your pain to know your fearMeans that you have come to nearWhy then do I feel safeHere inside your warm embraceNow I know I've been so wrongNow I've found somewhere I belong4We watch as the girl's pulled freeFrom the Icy grasp of the riverPale as the snow on which she layA breath, a sigh, nothing more.I see it as through her eyesIcy swirling rage as it pullsDrags me down and I am floodedMemories, regrets, all pulling me deeperTill I feel suffocated, lost, drownedBy fears and guilt.And in that moment I realiseThat girl was me5To look into your eyesTo feel your arms around meIs all that I desireTo be pulled deeperInto the crimson abyss that is your loveFor fiery love to wrap around an icy heartAnd meIt it freeOkay, that's it, so what do you think? Getting better or worse? Any way, a couple of notes about those last two, No. 4 was inspired by a poem read in Eng Lit, Cold Knap Lake, No. 5 well, call me strange, but I had Kai Hiwatari from Beyblade on the brain when I wrote that.