

Poetry Series

**Dani Baxter**  
**- poems -**

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## Dani Baxter(10-13-1991)

I started writing around the age of 12-13 years old.

I've aged since then, but I feel like everything just stays the same.

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# A Childhood Forgotten, A Childhood Lost

[NOTE: THIS POEM IS NOT TO BE USED ANYWHERE WITHOUT MY CONCENT. PLEASE USE THE LINKS IN MY BIOGRAPHY OR MESSAGES ON THIS SITE TO CONTACT ME. THANKS.]

I can't remember,  
Skipping rocks on the pond,  
My childhoods forgotten,  
My Childhoods lost,

Going to the lake,  
Sitting on the beach,  
Playing with friends,  
or dancing in the streets,

I can't remember,  
The crash in the fog,  
My childhood was forgotten,  
My childhood was lost,

The doctor doing surgery,  
Me getting pills,  
I can't remember any of it,  
None of it's clear,

I still can't remember,  
How it is gone,  
My childhood forgotten,  
My childhood's lost!

Well I'm gonna end it right now,  
I gonna kill myself off,  
A childhood Forgotten,  
A childhood lost

Dani Baxter

# A Dream Out Of Hell

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Can't close my eyes,  
I don't want to sleep,  
I don't want to lie down,  
I don't want to sleep,

It always starts out the same old way,  
Me getting angry,  
And trying to run away,  
The farther I get,  
The more I get scared,

Now then there's a car,  
I know it from somewhere,  
I get in and turn to the driver,  
Then there is no one there,

The I jump out,  
Everything changes,  
I go from the country side,  
To a place with strange faces,

A court yard of a prision,  
Is where I found myself now,  
Wanting to escape it,  
But not knowing how,

Now there is a man in the shadows,  
And he gins,  
and then says to me,  
'Come with me if you want to live'

Now walking down a corridor,  
Dark with cells on both sides,  
People are reaching out to get me,

And there's something that hides,

It looks like a shadow,  
It attacks like a lion,  
I look in the cells,  
and there are people dying,

these 'shadows' are eating,  
On those people and their souls,  
The shadow man walk in front of me,  
And his dagger shines light and shows,

Shows the faces in horror,  
And their being devoured,  
Screaming and wailing,  
and I am scared,

Then something hits me,  
I black out, I'm unconscious,  
Then when I come to,  
I'm surrounded by darkness,

Darkroom with padded walls,  
And the shadows are creeping,  
their coming for me,  
closer and closer their creeping,

I begin to run towards the light from the doorway,  
But the door gets farther back,  
With every single step I take,  
Then the door closes and everything goes black.

Dani Baxter

# A 'Plastic Surgery' Tale

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She lies down the lights above her are hot and bright,  
She's scared to death that she might die,  
But the bigger they are, the better he said,  
So they put the mask on her and she closed her eyes,

But what she felt next was a complete surprise,  
But she couldn't move her hands or open her eyes,  
She felt each cut and wanted to cry,  
But she couldn't because her tear ducts went dry,

She couldn't tell anyone about the pain,  
After that day she ran away,  
She died six months later trying to tell me about it,  
Truth is her left implant was infected,

But she swore to me sitting right in that chair,  
She wouldn't go back in, not for fresh air,  
She'd been locked up in a loony bin,  
Where they let all the crazy people in,

But she never got out, She's still there to this day,  
And she wants you to come in and sit down and stay,  
I sit in that dark damp cell and feel her soul,  
Still wondering restless, to leave nevermore

Dani Baxter

# All To Blame

Our world is in shambles and we are to blame,  
Yet we sit here and play this same old game of who did what  
And who did it to whom  
Nevermind that we're wasting our valuable youth on issues  
with people purely because of their race or their gender or their politics  
It's always the same  
Because humanity isn't comfortable with accepting their hate  
Not when they express it openly from day to day

The world is polluted by the convoluted story time  
That we simply sit here and except, even if most of it's lies  
Because the truth is that we just want to help  
We're incapable of figuring things out for ourselves so let us try  
Try to fix you because we could get it right

And as we distance ourselves from one and another  
It won't be our job to sit back and remember what is fact and what is fiction  
When we're arguing with friction  
The words don't matter as long as we stay with our convictions

You and I are both part of this great human race  
But that doesn't matter, what matters is your race  
The size of your face, the shape that you take, the things you stand for  
And how they contract this stratosphere of perpetuated hate  
So lift your glasses for the masses of the lonely and the angered  
Keep your spirits high for the herds of people who use the term nerd  
As a symbol for their collection of ikea furniture

Because this planet doesn't understand the concept of shame  
The world is in shambles and we're all to blame

Dani Baxter

# Emo Child In An Emotion World

[NOTE: THIS POEM IS NOT TO BE USED ANYWHERE WITHOUT MY CONCENT. PLEASE USE THE LINKS IN MY BIOGRAPHY OR MESSAGES ON THIS SITE TO CONTACT ME. THANKS.]

I was born and will be,  
An Emo Child in and Emotional world,  
But you can't change me,  
If you don't like what I write, they're not your words,

I will be dark,  
I will be sad,  
Lots of stuff happens,  
That doesn't make me glad,

But how can you judge someone you don't even know,  
When they have pain and suffering,  
That they can't let go,  
And when they try to let it out, all you do is scream and shout,

I am a non conformalist,  
A non conformalist am I,  
But you can't tell me what to think,  
especially when we don't see eye to eye,

I am rough, I am tough,  
When I fight, I bite,  
Only start calling me a disgrace,  
if you wanna get punched in the face,

I was born and will be,  
An Emo Child in and Emotional world,  
But you can't change me,  
If you don't like what I write, they're not your words,

Dani Baxter



# Enjoy It While You Can

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Children playing,  
laughing, living,  
All is in vain,  
Bad is the pain,

I know this scene,  
I know it's ending,  
All is lost to age,  
All is lost to a turning page,

I promise it wont hurt as much,  
Since that kiss with such and such,  
But this is a game,  
No longer played by name,

And on and on,  
As year past on,  
And on and on,  
As days go on,

Children playing,  
laughing, living,  
All is in vain,  
Bad is the pain,  
But I promise it wont hurt too long,  
It all has ended and you are gone....

Dani Baxter

# Evaporating Hearts

I could watch your footsteps evaporate,  
Over the sands and past the wind,

I could sit here for the world and wait,  
But theres no use anymore,

Theres not much anymore to change,  
This is when I'm at my worst,

When we all fall down with the comming of age,  
We tend to look at things different,

but I could still watch your footsteps evaporate,  
Over the sands and past the wind,  
Only hoping things between us never change,

Dani Baxter

# Inspiration

Inspiration can be found,  
Upon your heels and on the ground,  
In the darkest place it dwells,  
Or on drifting blank white sails,  
Pages on pages inside of a book,  
Pleading for you to take a look,  
Inside the lines that you are reading,  
Keeping you interested in proceeding,  
Tied down inside and empty box,  
Peeking out from behind bolted locks,  
Up in the sky where birds do sing,  
Down in the marsh with wild things,  
It's hiding here, it's hiding there,  
Inspiration is found most anywhere,  
Be it in the night or in the day,  
I hope you find it any day,

Dani Baxter

## Overactive Mind.

Lately it's been hard to understand,  
It's hard to think and comprehend,  
I wonder if this is just me 'growing up',  
Or if this is something much greater,

I find myself thinking far too much,  
About poetry and all this random stuff,  
And in my mind it all seems makes sense,  
But when it comes out, I look dense,

So, I'm wondering now what's happening,  
And what I can do that will help me,  
Figure out what's going on in my head,  
And maybe assist me in going to bed,

And sleep for a little while.

Dani Baxter

# Paper Thin Intentions

I never ment to cut you so,  
Not cut you up, But let you go,  
Move on in life and leave me behind,  
If you want I'll step aside,

Basically pain is all I know,  
Just like the pain of letting you go,  
But I know it's true to the heart,  
You'll miss me too when we're apart,

Paper thin intentions,  
And Paper thin Directions,  
Which lead us back to home,  
This is love I've never known,

I will continue on to do,  
And even to be with out you,  
I must go on,  
I promise to stay strong,

For you...

Dani Baxter

# The Captain

He sat drunk at the saloon table,  
Trying to think but he was unable,  
He sat thinking about what he would do,  
He sat think about who he would screw,

'For fools to run these waters' he said,  
'For in these fools beat the hearts on men, '  
The man stood up and slung his sword,  
He had never faced a real man before,

They stood in silence and began to fight,  
Outside the saloon doors it turned to night,  
'I thought you were my friend sir, what's going on? '  
With that she slashed his sword and covered it in blood,

'You dear sir! ' the bar man voiced,  
'Give us your name with the might of your voice'  
'The captain' he said, 'Call me only by that, '  
And then walked out the doors with the sound of a gack,

He looked all around, Slaying his friends,  
Till he could find 'ship hands' worthy friends,  
He drew up and crew and took out a boat.  
The map he held was one that he wrote,  
The seas were his mistress,  
And he was their man,

He was know far and wide,  
His room cover in human hide,  
He called them the perfect kill,  
He killed them with no care and skill,

He looked upon the captains face,  
Never did a mean wear so much disgrace,  
This man has brought many to their end,  
He feared for his life and his children,  
He fear for his wife and his home,  
the weight of his hands was the fear he would hold,  
That man's story will never be told,

The crew was treated like kings,  
They feasted and ate like kings,  
The captain smiled and poored them some drinks,  
They all felt like they were in their dreams,  
The captain just sat and smiled,  
Sat and smiled for he had found friends,

Friends indeed,  
Friends in need,  
Friends that seemed true to the end,  
Friends that wouldnt turn their backs...

Up in the crows nest they plotted,  
Up in the crows nest they stood and plotted,  
'Oh how this man will meet his end'  
The first mate stood and told his friend,  
Plotting a plot that no man would dare to comprehend,

One night while captain was out,  
They took a single match out,  
They emptied the gunpowder too,  
They all looked around....

'Fire! Fire! Oh captain there's a fire! '  
The first mate yelled for the captain to come higher,  
'Fire! Fire! Oh captain there's a fire! '  
The first mate yelled for the captain to come higher,

And so he did with all his might,  
He knew not his first mate wanted to fight,

'look captain! you're ship,  
she is burning to a crisp.  
Along with the souls you took to the sea,  
Oh wonderous be your rain on the sea,  
but how beautiful your death will be...  
when you're harsh misteress takes the life of thee, '

That captain fought for his freedom,  
But the attempt was no use,  
That captain watched his first mate escape,

Into the sea and away from the light...

Dani Baxter



# The Funeral Of Absolution

This is the system,  
Key of self destruction,  
Our Minds rot with dark,  
And our hearts are wrapped in Barbed Wire,

Bleeding Tormenting Killing,  
No one around to hear your brutal screams,  
And you cry out in pain,  
And wither in agony,

A pentagram couldn't protect you from,  
What I'll do to you,  
Soul sucker from hell,  
With a body that kills,

Words are like rope,  
They wrap your throat,  
and kill you,  
Making you choke and bleed,

Death is a blanket,  
That will suffocate you,  
Until you can only see,  
The darkness of the sheets,

My mind bleeds for the lost protection,  
The savior couldn't give,  
So I shun myself,  
And Cut off my big toe,

You think your dark,  
Just try and figure out,  
The point of this poem,  
Emos think their are but aren't,

Dani Baxter

# The Seagulls

The seagulls are so peaceful,  
I wish I could join them,  
Never having to hate,  
Never having to hide,  
Just being the same inside,

I wish I could fly away,  
I wish I could leave this place,  
I wish that one day I could fix all the hate,  
I wish one day I could go,

Fly away with the seagulls,  
And maybe go to neverland,

Never grow old,  
Never hate anyone,  
Except the super villian,

But for now,  
It's the seagulls,  
I wish I could fly away,  
With all of the seagulls

Dani Baxter

# Vindicated

The last time I saw these skylines,  
You were here too,  
They weren't as damp or dark then,  
They had some hope,  
Now when I look over the city's lights,  
I will think of you,  
I'm sorry for being so selfish,  
I'm sorry we'll never get another chance,

I remember looking down at your eyes,  
Vacant and stained,  
They seemed so full of hope,  
Just a few hours before,  
Now your skin is pale and,  
No breath holds up your chest,  
From your bones,  
I'm sorry for being wrong,  
I'm sorry for letting you down,

I remember when we watched,  
The sunset over broken hills,  
We'd laugh about how,  
We were so naive,  
And then we'd hold each other,  
And watch the last beams of sun disappear,  
I'm sorry I was selfish,  
I'm sorry I was wrong,

I can't picture what they,  
Told me was what happened,  
You were a good kid,  
Though a little vain,  
I can't believe you're gone,  
I'm sorry I never kissed you,  
I'm sorry I never told you,

Now,  
When I look from that skyline,  
I will remember the heart you had,

How you wanted everything,  
To be better in the world,  
I will vindicate you,  
I will do what you talked about,  
I will always love you,  
I'm sorry I didn't say goodbye,  
I'm so sorry,

(R.I.P Mikah Malakai; March 2007)

Dani Baxter