

Poetry Series

Pete O'H
- poems -

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Pete O'H(9/19/1988)

POEMS WITH AN ASTERIK (*) ARE PUZZLES. there is some deeper meaning or answer and the poems themselves will tell you where they lie.....

im a 17 year old beginning poet/writer influenced by edgar allAn poe, E E cummings, and the like

i have two short stories at
under 'blogs'
scissors is better

(i)

.
i
am
for
ever
going
onward;
eternal
wanderer,
searching
identity.
however,
onward
leads
only
(you)
to
(i)
.

Pete O'H

(sh E) Everything

every song i hear
every note; a thought of you
millions upon millions but still they cannot nearly form your song

every breath; about you
is a death i die without you
months of living but i think you know how little alive i am

every laugh; a heaven
every tear a hell
we've talked and talked though far apart but i still want nothing else

Pete O'H

Sense Of Happyness

you can't see the sun if you're staring at the ground
and all is dark from behind closed eyes.

the birds do sing, louder than sorrow;
there's even music in the rain.

locked in a closet, curled in a ball, facing the corner;
you'd never know if someone reached out

there's sweetness in everything,
if you just weren't so bitter...

and if you only spend time at funerals,
flowers will smell like death.

Pete O'H

America

america
the bully of the world
lies to get what it wants
propaganda for the boys and girls

oil
is just like its candy
and it gets what it wants
nobody stands up to the big bully

america
the cool kid on the block
the other kids want him to share
he won't give up anything he's got

ignorance
is all that we're full of
got a leader sending us to war
doing everything uncle adolf would've

Pete O'H

I Walked Into A Dream

when she walked out of that door
i walked into a dream

we held us desperately
before any greeting
loving this intimately
needs no formal meeting

'eternity has passed...'
said she in a heavenly way
'...since i last saw your face'

was it not more than that?
'it was centuries ago, yesterday,
that we last did embrace'

touch was thought
kiss was speech
words mean nothing;
stars are in reach

flowers hold no place
to the garden of her face

'beloved, do you not...'
said she, pushing away
'...feel that something is wrong? '

'my darling, no...'
i said in dismay
'...i had only begun to hear your song! '

then she walked past, as if a stranger
i had forgotten, i walked into a dream

Pete O'H

Jim*

jim.....was.....happy.....and
lived.....home.....with.....wife &
with.....all.....his.....children;
himself? ...alone?never!he
hated.....having..(ing) ..plays:
kids,family, fun.....Jim
always.....hated.....being.....alone
yelling.....jim.....never.....was;
at.....peace.....with.....all
the.....world; ; ; any.....time,
strangers, they're.....friends! ! alone
jim.....never.....wanted....to be.

Pete O'H

Let It Be Captured

i could spend forever with you
all other things would fail to matter
with you for all of life and after
but 1000 years to spend with you, are not enough;
☒cannot be captured

i could stare at you forever
into the infinity of your eyes, the endless patterns
i could try to write, to describe your eyes in words, and these patterns
but 1000 words would never suffice
☒cannot be captured

i could talk with you forever
to your sweet, innocent voice, mine heart doth shatter
tell me your life, all you have seen, and all you will see, hereafter
but with knowledge i hold, mine heart doth grow sadder
for 1000 pictures that your eyes capture, will not be enough
☒cannot be captured

i could try to tell my love for you
but indeed it is forever; to be my wife, i need not ask her
a neverending road; perpetual laughter
it is a song of forever, in an infinite concert hall with a ceiling of no rafters
and in 1000 songs, i cannot express my love for you
☒cannot be captured

Pete O'H

Little Sammy*

Little sammy was a young boy of ten
I knew sam before I knew when was when
Time after time, we would play and then play
Time after time, and then day after day,
Like playmates who were made to be best friends
Every day was much fun, play and pretend

Sammy and I hung out; thought we were cool
And all this while, we were just in grade school
More and more things, we both did together
Many many things; birds of a feather
You'd be surprised to know that we weren't twins

Soon enough, we were no longer just boys
Having fun with girls, rather than just toys
Over high school, we did in fact stay friends
Though now we weren't sure it'd be till the end

He wanted to go to college with me
I thought we should meet new friends; shouldn't we?
Me and sammy did then go together
Since he wouldn't hear what I thought better
Eventually, we fought and did part
Lo, how sammy took it did break my heart
First letter; each line; why I hate myself

Pete O'H

Pair(Of Af) Fection

too much love is indeed possible
as is too perfect a pairing
of 2 formerly unsuspecting, now blessed
locked, and cursed,
torture sharing

jealousy is indeed the perfect word
unreason, that i desire all of you
when there is no reason i should have any
more than i did before
i found you

we are two keys
that work together (to open
the lock of the) perfect (but unattainable)
but were however forged at the tip of the sky and dropped in the middle of the
ocean
each drifted to a distant land, landing on far-distant foreign sands
picked up by unknowing hands that would and could never understand
(impossibly perfect)
we are 2 perfect snowflakes
made the same; immaculately agreeing, complementing
if we so landed together the perfection created would
explode, destroying the surrounding winter
god knowing this, guided the flakes' drop, two the highest mountaintops
not within a million miles of each other
(perfectly impossible)

i am certain
we have been locked in this
it was frozen in our fates
our love was formed and tampered with
by holy and tortured ghosts of above and below, from many years ago

2 beautiful souls with a love-gone-right

bestowed upon us a version of
their happiness so it may continue, and 2 others might have such great love

2 evil spirits jealous from romance-made-awry
plotted to poison our love with 1 but 3 thorns
so that the perfect love, our perfect love, could never be fully born

even if there was time to end it
I would not
even if i could some how stop it
I would not

i love you annabelle lee

love, I (you)
(i,) lee annabelle

Pete O'H

Smile

the stand-still waterfall of your hair

burns in showering radiance
the replenishing desert of your

smooth skin saves me
the empty portal of your eyes holding

more than one universe within

all drown me, burn me,
kill me, make me see,
alive.

but all i can do is

smile

Pete O'H

The Bedroom

i'm remodelling my bedroom
it's far too boring(, even to bore me to sleep)
it does by no means satisfy
by far too lifeless and bleak

no colors for the Ceiling work out
i've deduced blue as the best,
but its applying has left me with much doubt

green for the floor, , , and walls, , , easily.
but no shade that i choose
ever seems to fit or to please me

and windOws, new, bigger; white breaking up blue
but no size or style lets in enough light to ever make do

a new bed, surely will help me dream
even a thousand spring/mattress does not suffice it seems

so after all the work was finished
and did not by any means seem to fit,
i walked outside to the blue Sky, green plants, , , the bright sUn, and a million
grass/bed which it lit
and i laid down and fell a sleep, soundly, perfect, dreaming (:)
this is it

Pete O'H

The City

they are funeral cars
i know they are, but where are they going?
they travel in a deathlike procession, but where do they lead?
but of course, the graveyard of steel
the cars follow one another to the cemetery metropolis
the skyscrapers are tombstones, but whose are whose?

constant, uneven chatter
do they talk? no, they are too sullen; it is the fall of rain
melancholy rhythm, completing the dead mood
the drops are so loud, why?
ah, the lake of no reason, the raindrops cry as they fall into it
does each dropp even mean anything, when put together?

a depressing community of nothing
even altogether, the drops form only a gloomy gray lifeless lake
do they even know, that they add up to nothing?
what is my part in all this futility?
am i a grave one at the funeral,
or just a dropp in the lake?

No! I am a bird flying high above the city
I am the only one alive; I can see the sun!

Pete O'H

The Cloud

i cry a single tear
that(ascends to heaven
, forms a cloud that fills the sky
and) answers me back with a storm of rain

i live a single year
that lasts through many(.)
eras, even empires, that still
do not find as much love. as a single cloud above

i have a certain fear
that lives with me, forever
the simple [daunting] haunt accounts for(
a thousand superstitions,) an intangible cloud of paranoia

im fairly certain we're
unable to measure exactly
emotion time or pain, hindered by our
humanity; we try and do near but a cloud appears and reality
(is blown away)

Pete O'H

The Dream

i lie awake and dream
the most fantastic reality
ever conceived

--

day is darker than white
and blinding is the night

loud noises | are deafening silence
a scream: an explosion of | quiet

i know (where i am, but i wish to be lost
im trying hard to not find) the way out

i could lock the door, [simply by opening it
but]ive found the key, and i wish i had i(n) t,

maybe all i have to do
to find, stay, or escape here is
fall a sleep
and stay a

-

wake

Pete O'H

The Town Of Years Of Rain And The Man That

there is a town
(not far from here)
where it hasnt stopped
raining
for...a forgotten
number of years
and[everyone
in]the town
has forgotten
how to smile(!)
or sing
and the trees and the flowers
(which cant grow in such a sad place;
they) cant be seen
for miles around
, except
at one house
where a
! lives!
at the top of the hill(.)
in a flowerful house
surrounded by trees,
he has remembered
what happy is
, with a kind mind,
he beats the doom and gloom
of his sneering neighbors
who can never understand
how
he claims to be free(?)
with an open book/
and a child's
mind/

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