

Poetry Series

Timothy Long
- poems -

Publication Date:
2019

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Timothy Long(September 11 1996)

im 21, i love to read and write plus i have many quotes and poems, my dream is to make it as poet one poems are usually dark and very depressing about its worth the read.

Abby

the lady i adore like the rain does pour, smiling happily on a date for 2 at the mall we do, friends we are understandingly, still thinking of the first love to have me repeatedly reminsce, will you ever take me back, will i be loved, looking at the stars with a dark empty heart, a new light shine through the gates of my mind like the grace of a butterfly, sadness does come with sorrow, clearing what you were i thought would help in the end, i wanted to be your shield while you my sword from the injustice, beauty your are but changing of ten i do cry like a sty, you wanted more, more than i can give, you know i would give my life for you, but chivilary i see doesn't count, if you died my entire world would break, for i made a mistake, a new has come to stay and me, i got blown away, but today we are friends until the end

Timothy Long

Abby Ii

sad and depressed,
all day and night when alone,
a sad existence with a down-view of life,
loved and hated all in the same school,
having the right to ask for a better life,
emotionally whipped but still holding on,
always watching to see what life has in store,
lacking of spirits and wits,
safe and sound,
abound the pound,
cleanliness and talented come in handy,
tears come and go,
just go with the flow,
help to find peace of mind,
talking to better people and making amends to be happier,
chose who's who,
beauty and smarts,
to support family with friends,
in a circle of trust,
conviction and commitment,
pain reliever for the future to heal the past,
is it worth it in the end?
better sad then suicidal,
gold better than silver,
needing a friend more than love,
once upon a time no more,
outside no more,
only inside the heart,
to keep sane,
and finally for once,
be happy.

Timothy Long

Aching

It was aching for something, something i do not understand, love is filled with pity, and yet i have never got any with my sad thoughts and abused past, with many pain filled nights while not being fair, watching you smile and yet me dieing inside, so as if empathy was used because no one cares, i know it well for im a pained human, while your a happy one, thats my aching.

Timothy Long

Aching Lost

i lost him in this less than significant world we call home, his final words to me were good luck as he slipped from my finger tips, as i grasped in a thundering cry for my friend who died, when all went quiet i searched for him as he fell in darkness from the cliff in a dead smile, now im left alone with this aching, aching for something, something i don't understand, now that he's gone love is filled with pity, i have many pain filled nights while not being fair, watching all smile at me, and yet me dying inside, so as if empathy was used because no one cared, the one person that did is now gone forever, know it well for im a pained human, while others are happy, everynight i ask myself why did he jump? why didn't i? he left me all alone with this aching that's my own, from my sad thought and abused past, i have no where to go now, im all alone and don't know what to do, now that's my aching lost

Timothy Long

Acne

big and red looking like ted, ugly scars with ugly on par, poppin like popcorn and hurt like hell, zipples and cream that works like a dream, the start is young but the end is old, but sweat and oil to come, rest in beds with ugly faces to repeat, shower with secrets to get rid of it, the sheets feel softer now smooth and silk, with blood and water, done with bullies and and ugly nerds to a jock night who can lift and fight, everything became all right, tonight you win like google over bing, prom went well like a snail in a shell, bells ring, doves fly with a classical goodbye. dally and smile.

Timothy Long

All Over Again

it happened all over again,
one i helped for a while then was deserted,
its not over just yet,
but back then i was not as lonely or as nice as i am now,
the feelings of betrayal arnt as fresh or hurt as they used to,
but i still want to cry,
this prison of spirit and mind are harsh,
this feeling i sympathize with others as well as myself,
but in the friend-zone many things lie and cheat,
but do they all steal what was once known as the heart?
if comparing yourself to others is lessening and pathetic,
then wouldn't we all be?
i see her no more after it happened,
i'm done with my feelings for her as well,
i want to start over,
maybe... just maybe it wont be so bad this time,
i see a brighter life and future as well,
i just got to strive to get there piece by piece in a singular fashion,
it happened all over again,
it happened all over again....

Timothy Long

Allie

nice and friendly to all, he would never let anyone fall, to hit and catch, like a game of fetch, never was he violent or mean, nor was he ever green, a writer and sports man, all ways saying yes we can, family he had, making them glad, never one to upset, some one you could never forget.

Timothy Long

Alone

sad broken soul,
made to be hated and threatened,
only the shadows to talk to,
pain makes the eyes blurry,
no one to care,
no one to talk to,
abused and almost mentally broken,
close to no one but tears of sadness,
to much angst and pain and misery to say,
attempted death,
sadness makes sorrow which leads to suicide,
trouble has always had a home in the cracked heart,
of suicidal hearts thoughts,
never has life been a smile dream,
just a big nightmare,
alone like the darkest side of the moon,
murdering intent with insane broken minded glee,
sad but not angry all the time,
abuse was rough to make someone alone and shallow,
the light is replaced by sadness,
life sucks,
but alone is better than nothing.

Timothy Long

Apart Of Your Memories

found in great sunshines, of smiles to frowns, don't go upside down, the friends
go together and leave together, wonderful leaves blow in the summer breeze,
growing to right, doing no wrong, trees giving oxygen for life to continue,
thinking gets better for older gets wiser, never forgotten good times, apart of
you am i, through your memories, you to are with me always, because while we
die and live hardships, im apart of your memories.

Timothy Long

Artemis

thoughts swirling, mind racing, time tracing, never ending i see to it, dear
Artemis, starry sky she lights up, i pray to her i keep, then she puts me to sleep,
with the moon shinning onwards on the beachy ocean shore that she implores,
diane smiles as she is never more, apollo comes sun shinning on the shore
smiling evermore.

Timothy Long

Away

the day you went away, my world slipped away, as if i were to roam the sky with a thousand butterflies, the moon tonight is clouded with the blackness that is when the sorrow turns into the upmost joy, thinking that the moon will carry it all away, all the pain for today.

Timothy Long

Baseball

Baseball is a family, you can stay and play together.

baseball is the tide the ball is coming, three outs back to the dugout. baseball is an army, they always stick up for each other.

baseball is an iron horse, it will always stay strong and sturdy.

Timothy Long

Baseball 2

Baseball

thunderous, pleasurable

hitting, exciting, running

america's favorite past time

iron will game

Timothy Long

Betrayed

never was a fairy tale,
more of a torture dungeon,
feeling more empty than an abandoned house,
my sadness cannot compare to all my sorrow in life,
cheating and death go reeling together,
leading to one being a simple man,
looking for a meaning in life since you went away with another,
never to be forgiven,
looking the sad horizon,
with crystal tears falling in a single line,
taking my dream away,
made my mind close,
my eyes wide open,
only to see a broken heart,
eyes are shining no more,
dreams inspirating no more,
only crushed heart,
nothing crushes us was once said,
but now death is only seen in those eyes.

Timothy Long

Blindside

isnt that what makes love tragic?
we can only sit by mourning the rest of our lives,
was her shallow display my weakness?
or my curse to always repeat going forward,
passion ran low for the phony society he hated,
coming down realizing his tensions of good failed him so,
as everyone failed him now and then,
swelling with love?
no swelling with angst well,
we are all still so innocent,
changing feeling so often,
living life one step at a time,
a lie believed is running away from truth,
saving others from forgetting,
saving others from growing up,
time was passing by to fast making him cry,
being forced to remember,
blindsided by life and all of it's emotions,
he never wanted to tell anyone anything,
cause... thats when he missed everything

Timothy Long

Blue Rounds

Bang, bang, bang, with transtion of rounds to impound, barcade at the door,
storming in to kill the poor, blood flying high in time with people to die,
thundering with beats of the dead to come for my head, smoke fills the air with a
frightning scare, the avirace police scream and shout out dogmatic views that led
to a house of blues, expound of the law will it be the death of me who sees the
injustice for corruption and wrong, just to be proven right, with 20-20 hindsight,
jail is now home for the blue rounds, got me down for nothing now but the jail
curcis clown.

Timothy Long

Blues Relived

The world is blue as blue as blue as blue can be, the dreary boy of overboard, if an ocean goodbye and it all, can u feel the waves, set in motion, just your face, so cold can't you see, show me how it ends, defensible of your cry, it's alright, I can it in your eyes, the soul bring back to life in you, the angels in anthem, Is this hell? 'Thoughts about the past and this existence forever?' lying what's lies underneath, the one they all left behind, don't be the devil in disguise, leaving what's behind that sick twisted smile, turn a new tide, for a new meaning in the rest of my life, I'll try, as you say can see, to change all their minds, no clear skies, all those hours... All that time, do all the things I should've done, 'To all the possibilities, Even wondrous pleasures.' let the world overwhelm him with peace and pleasure. Much more masculine I wish, everything that freaks me out, aren't we all just slaves, wish until you make it a reality, life is a passing circus, life is a sad fun, sitting in death's shadow, too bad I'm going to die alone, too bad I got no love of my own, like the lost boys of old, through the dust it settled, of the wind it peddled, the horrors of the light shine my darkness through, of that thought, on the contrary, we all want to die, you light up my world on this dreary day, the heart like a splendor given out till the last crumb, good you deserve it to be, your day, should be way better than mine, the silver more than green as it seems, the silver light attracts like no other, in the end a cycle repeated ever onwards.

Timothy Long

Bly

blah its a fly, atleast to me i slayed the beast, a feast there is to a bliss, leso,
bleso is my heart, for wrong conversation is my ration, for in deventro send a
through, i want to block the rock

Timothy Long

Body Lies

Woe is me, woe is me, apperances of deception, tell lies of handsome and ugly truths, no peace of manners do they say save life in emo fashion, did i see a thigh, with my breath a goes high, indeed did the chicken die, while leader rule while dumb do no think of future only be decived, that is a future to be a wasted if not learned a lesson to always think twice, that is our destruction and destiny.

Timothy Long

Bottom In Session

in dreadlocks of America, is a secret to frightening, to fight for survival, is my
arrival, brought to zoo's for fools, in bottoms they do through my care, in session
of alasia my fall tasia.

Timothy Long

Burning

burning it was in the texas heat,90 in 19, writing for greed, is the goon, of gever,
merry wanting, never in life did it gite did thee, want my praise or death, either
is not good, but im bordering, lies do they see fit.

Timothy Long

Corrupted

The money does and do, corrupt the few, who ruin the country while not caring
who dies or survives

Timothy Long

Crime Is Cold

of stone and flesh,
like a lesson learned,
prepared to burned,
is this justice nor revenge,
all they say through tears of struggle,
god is dead,
where is it our prayers go,
he is needed don't you know,
crime doesnt pay,
crime is cold,
or so they'e been told,
a presence is trying to be sold,
because crime is cold,
dont let your honor fold,
a path of good wont be found,
more of a jail cell you will be bound,
cry all you want when caught,
any actions will be taught,
to bad you faught,
is it sad?
so many are turning bad,
crime isnt right,
crime isnt warm,
only attention and hate,
why be a society waste?
make use, make haste,
what do you seek,
is it money or fame?
just know there's no escape,
crime is worthless,
as far as i see,
crime isnt worth the time,
crime is cold.

Timothy Long

Cryin

falling down like a thousand suns,
playing in my head like a sad song,
my hearts captured but torn apart to be kept in a jar,
nothing left but teary scars,
blood comes and goes like water does flow,
the one thing to be restless like the soaring waves of the ocean,
head spinning like a tornado,
locking inside the house of blues,
seeing how much pain can take,
evolving from teary to flowing,
my sadness has my sorrow falling from the heart,
just not suicidal,
just a little unwell in the shadows,
living once we all do,
but crying makes life last a life time,
like there was no tomorrow,
not caring what comes next as if a curse to desert,
violent everyday i am,
the end blamed on tragedy upperclassidy,
burning heart turned ice cold.

Timothy Long

Crying For A Friend

crying silently, what of a new is you, in my dreams are horror, the wind came and swept you away in god's hands, after 3 years of chasing then deying, oh loved you did i cry, stuck are you in my life for striving, from the shadows of nightmares, i fear a tear, you are in my dreams, with your swirling lavender of her scent, fills me with regret and shame in your eyes, sky blue mixed with my sea green, short blonde hair looking beautiful in the autum breeze, oh if only, if only i invited you in time instead of being selfish, i wonder if you ever loved me like i loved you, oh every night i wish you would come to me in my dreams, im sorry for you, you got over me while i was drowning in my sorrows because of the impact of your death, i doubt this life is nice, now that your no longer here with me, i prey that you'll come to me in my dreams, the wind, if sensing by a thousand miles away of rainy darkness and swept you away from me, im sorry for you, i fear a tear for you

Timothy Long

Crystal

new flame, sweet as vanilla, dipping like tatilla, laughs like an angel, giggles like a clown playing town, music is our life, the guitar strings do flow that i do tow, smiling brightly while hugging me tightly, as we talk day and nightly, the way you go round and round doesn't bring me down, they might judge but we won't budge, my love and my dove, flying above like were free falling, to see thee with we and you are to me daily, fair with a whisper and whistle on a break, eat you up like popcorn that is so sweet, one plus one equals me and you like we are a two, hitting to protect what is mine like two peas in a pie, sluggish with out you, wake her up inside which brings me to life, cuter than a tweedy bird, better than heaven, is known as my boo too.

Timothy Long

Cutting

The pain is like a rush, it runs out the anger and sadness through the blood, the pleasure is filled from the stains, the nerves dies from the knives, laughing in death from the silence it inspires, alone the mind will die, the body will pale and dissappear like a leaf in the wind

Timothy Long

Death

deserving life more than death,
twisting in the grave,
git under,
breaking out to knocking on heavens door,
imagine flying through the clouds,
no war or famine to kill all of humanity,
the darkness i once held is now a golden light,
no fire to burn me,
only air to soothe me,
science and religion rule the earth,
while evolution proves life,
while hell proves death,
the rain is gods cry,
slipping away to a different more better place,
never being the same being,
where i come back from,
nana,
wish i could stay,
but theres another place,
closed eyes of darkness,
now light eyes of paradise.

Timothy Long

Deppresion

Driving in madness and the saddest blurry, cheating with a devils grin and gods pity, red is always seen to violence and death, blue is the oppisite, which is bliss and kindness, the angels only listen never do, only as if a mysterious as new, which path to take, good or bad, i chose the middle for it could be put in both ways, hating is never going to end, but just ignore the critics for if you do, you unlock your true self.

Timothy Long

Devoide

The wolf is in the den just sitting with burning eyes the color of the devil's playground looking for revenge for these kin in thy spirit, Some would think that being a wolf is like being in Eden with Adam and Eve, but in reality it is just a lost cause. His family was killed for game while he was for entertainment. Misunderstood, he states his kindred spirit, in agony and shame for its devoid that's him.

Timothy Long

Devoide 2

The wolf is in the den just sitting with burning eyes, the color of the devils playground looking for revenge for these sin in thy spirit, they don't understand the pain he goes through, he plays on the devil's playground, some would think that being a wolf is like being in eden with adam and eve where there's no pain or worry, everything is alright and every one is happy, but in reality it's just a lost cause, the pain of losing his family haunts him every day and every night, his family was killed for game while he was for enertainment, misunderstood and dying from his pain, he states his kindred spirit in agony and shame for it's devoide that's him, always has a void in his heart, forever with him his pain and agony, he's devoide of all emotion except for his revenge for his family, these haunting nightmares would always be with him

Timothy Long

Die Tally Man

oh tally man how do you do with your sharp tongue, but not so keen mind, and your small brain filled with ignorance, you scorn in fright at beautiful sights, why do you choose wrong over right? , why do you do this? , you frown upon free goverment, you smile for death and destruction, this signifies that you have no emotion, it's as if your a robot in human skin oh why tally man, you have no conscience of do, oh thats why thy shall die with no goodbye, your mind is narrow and closed to the world, you bear all thats not right, you judge and you cause the worlds destruction, oh why tally man can't you see the truth and just die, you have no emotion, your a robot in human skin, you hide from beauty and smile for death, death that you have caused, so die tally man and you won't get no goodbye, no goodbye for the wickedness that you cause

Timothy Long

Drade

Slayin in my coffin in drade, my style the do not have to go, be my savoiur or
thee's death with the scent of depp, he was one of few, who was good with my
vinigour, but not my sourness

Timothy Long

Dreams In Logical Scapes

To be is not a reality but a dream in a nightmare, to be judging what to be or not to be, they open doors to be closed for poor souls, why cant they see what deeds are for me, ill smile for grand, while im done for.

Timothy Long

Eclipse

It was shining through my eyes with sparkling delight, making my soul brighter,
so as it goes to the universal beauty, I may sit to watch it unravel the secrets to
life, I tried to see what God wanted, but is not to me, and as for me, I
became a star in the light of the eclipse.

Timothy Long

Environment

Earth we live on
Need to keep the earth clean
Vary the crops on the fields
Insulate homes
Recycle the cans
Often reuse plastic silver ware
Never pollute the lake
Man should care
Earth needs us to keep it clean
Never leave trash on the ground
The lake needs cleaning.

Timothy Long

Face In The Mist

Her crys you could here threw the wind. Her face you could see through
sorrowing eyes. The eyes see through me like i don't exist. I can no longer see
her face lying in the mist. And as if to die a lonesome death. She mourns in the
rain for she's just a face in the mist.

Timothy Long

Fake

You see with a narrow mind, thinking that u know what u say from the pain,
which you have not yet expericed, always this and that leading to ur world of
pretend

Timothy Long

Far But True

yes but true,
how far are you?
from neon to star light,
come on all tonight,
where the parties ring wild,
to begin far away,
closing to close,
ringing true,
tipsy with some whiskey,
snoring on the liquair,
don't drink anymore,
like the headaches can kill,
or rather a bad thought,
Juliet cries of failure,
while romeo argue's his love is true,
midnight dancers of the blue's,
a bunch of silly fools,
humans handled in chains,
needed in good rest,
every party has its day,
where all the pests come to hang,
you could never stop us,
from the Harlem nights and sandusky streets,
cry in a dream defended,
broken dreams of rhetoric's,
people who care are long gone,
only animals remain,
sorry you refrain,
am i a distain?
unappreciated at best to yell,
know who truly fell,
like a piece on the wall,
oh so young it seems,
leaving only the predators and their dangerous gleams.

Timothy Long

Force Of Bulls

Winning, winning, like the bing, searching for wing, flying like a bee, for all to see, high to die for the all seeing eye, shooting for the gold, with the 3pter to be told, coutdown to down town, final seconds to engage the oppistion just enrage in many pages, of victory to the angst of defeat, glad but with the oppents to be sad, for the bulls just had the man

Timothy Long

Frozen

a single tear can tell a thousand tails,
time stands still for ice ages and evolution,
myths and fairy tales explain how being frozen in ice
are quite Blaine,
stuck unmoving,
cold and hugging thy-self's for generations,
years and years have come and past still frozen,
waiting for the day without fauilure,
when they get me out of the ice and be taken seriously,
the frozen one to free from frozen lands,
never seeing the sky so blue,
clouds everywhere,
dark and re-running with cold showers of glaciers every-where,
rainbow horizons come and go like a water fall does flow,
art and music,
to help me understand it,
changing slowly from cold to warm,
below zero to supernova,
sunny and beautiful,
from no snow,
to love and peace.

Timothy Long

George Washington

he fought em, and slayed many for us to live and prosper, and thanks to living
he made us and gave america a name, he is george washington, the father of his
country, to being a farmer, from general, to leader, he saved lifes, killed for few
to the unborn many

Timothy Long

Give Me A Sign

Give me a sign,
as a way to break,
away the pain,
don't you just want to fucking die,
well neither do i,
the secret left of you i apologize,
i took another chance at a shot for you,
certainly being loved is better than anything else,
of all the questions asked,
what is life?
a portal out of life i need,
the stress does kill me,
does anyone care?
is anyone there?
please it's no longer the same,
it keeps me alive,
lead the way,
don't leave me in the dark,
am i coming undone?
in the dark of the moon,
no longer the same,
give me a break,
if i give you a sign,
give me a sign,
the water is shallow at my feet,
mimicking my defeat,
not knowing what lies beneath,
there is a warmness in my soul,
don't let it vanquish,
you were the one,
i confide everything i hide,
always on my mind,
yet never there for me,
more well true as can be,
i gave my heart to you,
give me a sign,
am i on your mind?
sorry i laugh at pain,
did you hurt to?

never leave me,
nothing compares to you,
once a thought leaves,
does it die like our love?
give me a sign,
before our time.

Timothy Long

Giveth

The time spent for is not be taken but giveth, it was my treat did say yes, no
says thee but not for me, thy shall get their just right, at any price, see be happy
for life is giveth not as a present, but to enjoy and to prosper not to hate, that a
giventh not taken away.

Timothy Long

Giving Tree

oh giving tree, oh giving tree, why don't you give to me, candy and treats with
music of all sorts of beats, all sizes and shapes with magical grapes, old and
young come along just to play and see nothing else but the giving tree you see,
anything you want you can receive, but beware of evil can await, the giving tree is
the devil's bait, just be careful what you wish for it can come true, enough to
become scary to me and you, oh giving tree, oh giving tree, why don't u give to
me?

Timothy Long

Good Bye To The Abyss

to be loved in new, in passion of theory, with the disappearing, the dark did
nearing, to be streaming, it's influence gone of boring dismay, as they say the
whistle blows its time to go, but what if, in my heart no other to me, in mistake i
do say, i do love that.

Timothy Long

Good Guy

Im strong to protect her,
she's sweet to kiss,
i will try with all my life and vinigar,
that she knows will suprise,
im of a sweet heart thats unapprecited and not shown enough care,
is being a good guy a bad thing?
why do we all finish last?
it kills to be lonely and still treat people well,
even when its not well received,
is it really a curse to be nice,
why is there no chivalry left,
is sociteys wrong this bad?
the urge to cry is so strong,
i think i was born in the wrong century,
then again maybe it was the gods plan for me,
to die alone without being cold like the next jesus,
the way it works is not done,
but is it a competition of good or bad,
the dignity of a good man is to of led by example,
not of excrushiating bad behavior,
is there any of us left?
i'd like to see what it's like to not be the only one,
to be a good guy,
strong to protect,
sweet to kiss.

Timothy Long

Greece

Ancient Greece
iron weapons
women have no rights
men are farmers
vast mountains
citizen soldiers
greek kings
friendly nobles
spirit of the trojan war

Timothy Long

Harlets Revenge

All seeing, is my revenge to get, your soul to burn in delight, to devils is my
heart in shreds to see is my thred as they cut off my head, to plang as literam as
jack, to be put in a sack is my harlet, to pray is my predy, to say is my revenge.

Timothy Long

Hate To Breach

In the fire, around my kingdom, for smiles to come, no evil to ponder, about while playing, the drum of neareh, or hen to wonder, to cats to kin of curiosity, no blames for thee, keen in my own mind, to unlock my own grave, never more upon my door, to suppose, a treaty of doom of nooms to phooms, never ending noons.

Timothy Long

Heethen

Seethen is the heethen, my preethen is my deethen, going in stride in a perplex manner, to the deep edges of darkness i do see fit, zeus's lightning in the endless pit, sparkling art to come through, to make it's imagination running in distian, or they of happiness is seen through the hardness virtue in endless red seeing.

Timothy Long

If Heaven Will Have Me

I feel the drought, that you brought about, a little insanity trialed, boiling down to a minute of hatred, love is pointless by now, is it the mentality that everyone is going to cry, or maybe is it the mentality everyone's gonna die, the blood, the screams, and the ogglie things, the suicide of one was the killer of two, as no one could replace you, for the ashes of God's wind did blow away, I'm not good enough anyway, just know I didn't leave, you pushed me away, thought you would care my mistake, I'm sorry for what I said, I'm sorry for what I did, I'll never be the same again, the people who mind don't matter... Guess no one matters, I loved her with a love no one could show before, the best proof my trust, how can I live to die tomorrow but learn to live forever today? What a down without ups, we're just living dead, this is what I deserve and I'm ready to except as I have for years, to me the world is a harsh cold place, sensations of the eyes drown me, not even love could avoid this love, I need a light to brighten my dark world, a thousand glass shard blue broken, what a way given to go, what a a way to go, love was the most famous obstacle in my life, it broke to much, I feel nothing anymore, Stirling in my own hell, when thought of suicide strikes you well, engage in no further nights ticking away awake, write down this suicide on pen, making many survive a day more, let these thoughts get many through the day, why would a god do this? because of 'man' this view... god is dead! it can get you but not me, im suicide itself, just a thought, just an idea, my being, my world, will disseaper just like suicide does, write, then cry.... prove your alive, if so, you should be fine! its hope, thats what i am, know i am always there, pecking you like a windy breeze, protecting what you still have left, this gravity is hard working against me, let luck continue on me, i dont need this burden for life, please god please, just wanted to let you know, you were a great delight of mine, always the black sheep and never the white lamb, is this a sham? the rain came and went, as his shadow crumples into thin air!

Timothy Long

Ignorant

Why, do you ever say what's not right, when you say your always looking for a
fight, always checking in fright, in the dead of night

Timothy Long

Im Sick

im sick of many things in many different ways, im sick of the pain and depression that people have to go through, im sick of death and war that over differences that divide the world, sick over love hurting and betrayal hurting others, bullying and violence of any kind that kills people, im sick of loneliness and brokenness that destroys people, many can just ignore all of this in a predatory sense of life, im sick of never being good enough and ignored, this feeling never seems to completely dissaper only reaper from time to time, im sick of hatred and racism plus ignorance, arrogance and greed show many faults, im sick of being jealous plus having that wanting feel always staying and being prolonged, im sick of being sick, being broody and deep sinks in a way that displays the values of growing older, im sick of being tired, i want to always be free and optimistic, are others sick and angry they can't be perfect? so many flaws, is there any change in a degree, the shadows encase me until i make a shinning change but im sick, im sick of haunting realizations, im tired of tears, im sick of fakeness, tired of failureness, im sick of lies that delay me, im sick of everything, im just sick of it all.

Timothy Long

Im Sorry To Say Im Sad

I'm sorry for my failers,
I'm sorry for all my imperfections and faults,
I'm sorry for all my tears and caring,
you made my world spin and take off like a lifeline,
I'm not bad and I'm not perfect,
I'm sorry, I'm not fake and don't change like you do,
sorry, I'm to not change and to die inside,
I'm sorry your heartless and immature,
I'm sorry that I really don't like you,
I cant fail and show im a clinically depressed,
no I got to show im not sorry for being a man,
im sorry for listening to my heart,
im sorry for having feelings,
but ill never be sorry for living,
im sorry i cut,
im sorry my attempts of death didnt please you,
im sorry i cant cry like i use to,
you were my drug,
but you like all the drugs do is fail,
as though i feel ashamed to feel sad but thats what our society does,
if you are not perfect or popular you are nothing,
your alone,
it's sad how many people feel of this emotion,
and yet others are happy,
it's sad to be sorry with your pride hurting,
can any of these feelings create a beauty of the arts,
my brain is in racing time spirals that cant stop,
i cant say sorry to you the way i wanted as my sadness and name remember it,
your sorry didnt come,
such sadness...
say sorry.

Timothy Long

In Reality For A Friend

What of a new is you, in my dreams are horror, in your love filled mind, but what about mine,3 years of chasing then denying, for who's lying, loved you did i for cry, but the question is did thee ever love me,2 of loneliness and dark past, one got over whilst the other drown daily in tears of sorrow, why oh why don't u and I talk like flys, doubt this life is nice, savior in my life, but struck are you in life for striving, from the shadows of nightmares, I fear for a tear.

Timothy Long

In The Wind

Give me the prescription with love of caring description, do say twitch you going away with hate, in the wind blown away, with leaves blown up high with the burning sky, just wanted to say hello kazekage, jackson with hackson, fancin and dancin, children not seen nothin, nothing to have ore seen, work not apprecaited, feelings not there to brake up, not sharing with anything that is fair, why oh why is bother with drama, the emeotion in progress as feather of a swan with graceful moments of thoughts, blues of 50's hives, with sunday stooly dives, with just a delay of time.

Timothy Long

Jesslie

blonde and brown,
wavy and straight,
wise and dumb,
brown and blueish green,
warriors alike in one battle,
giants and trolls,
with prisoners finally free to be,
set free we win asowmly,
nothing crushes us,
we rest again peacefully,
blood saved,
blood shed from war with the master,
the dark one cant stop us now,
the rope is gone but the new bridge is here,
saying crossing to the other side,
it is a crushing blow to him or her,
they love and almost lost,
i see them every now and then,
and i say nothing crushes our spirits,
of keeping our minds wide open,
in salute and a kind gesture,
they blush and laugh,
leslie and jesse,
hands holding hands,
the stars sprinkle and strech a mixture of happiness and sadness,
but most of all love was found.

Timothy Long

Keep Your Mind Wide Open

Keep your mind wide open, under the shadows, when i see your face, the saphire glowing brightly in a orange hoo of light, 2 sides of one moon conect together in a blink of one eye, always being critized by friends and enimes alike, for what i see is a undying love in a foiled world in which 2 souls aline in over coming doubt and challenges, king and queen rule fairly to defend the people wth an iron fist, spirts ablaze in a firey gaze, the darkness meets the light that could stop birds in midflight, castles built and war did fight the dark master with lightning speed, brusises and burns in tow, bleeding needed to be sow, as the sky cleared, when the whistle blows its time to go, with a train in tow, and a kiss under the mistletow, the 2 in question live in quick tide you and i, frolicking in the imaganation of the woods, with mere sticks to princes in battle of war, king and queen in hand headed to the famed, never never land, with the queen to be turned as said to thee, for the love and dream, my love for thee, starts with a tree, the twigs fall in line for a short time, with the singing doves becoming froves, the frogs ribbit and dibbit, bunny's cute and humans playing the flute, melodys become mere memories around thy, for my tongue is dry.

Timothy Long

Kill Me Please!

i just want to cry,
why won't you let me die,
kill me please as i can not kill myself,
im dead for all i know,
its a masterpiece to die accepting this fate,
is it courage or sadness mixed in,
without kicking or screaming,
isnt that the type of man you want to live?
not as good in the end i suppose,
i will die someday,
maybe not today or this year,
but by my hand i will,
although it wont soften the blow,
its not like i want to die,
the matter of my cause is this,
i fail at what i set out to do,
disappoint is a constant thing to bear,
honestly it is,
we are born blind,
but in death's struggle we see all play before us,
nothing can change or deny what is seen,
but it is not wise to be keen,
wouldn't you rather be unseen?
if a higher diety asked,
what would you get rid of in the world?
in good theory of conscience,
or disillusioned perspective as only i can see,
that one thing to get rid of is me,
die to want,
myself to hate,
don't sell your fate,
it's easy to smile for what they can't see,
i just want to try,
but the truth is i just want to die,
i will be okay..
but thats just what you want me to say,
nothing evil sleeps under my bed,
as its all in my head,
the roses left are dead,

why are you crying,
am i in the hospital?
they say im dying,
to survive death repeat the motto i say even to lie one more day,
sick of crying?
sick of trying?
why yes i am smiling!
would you care if i changed?
or notice when im gone?
either is fine as i fade,
just say go away,
its my time to go anyway!

Timothy Long

Kroid

best slaves, broken dreams of chicago orphans, tracing circles around excint
beautifal swans grace to presume, stances of ugly misfortune to present isac with
mosses with eagles of proud letters, thought first to kill or save by the own
tonuge bid to use sleep

Timothy Long

Lavender Swirls 2

Time in gray zones, then if not knowing the tones, and not the world to wonder,
to be near you is like my thunder, away from you can befall my death, red is my
demon, blue is your angel, thee be loved for my poison is your soul, never to
ponder your just my wonder

Timothy Long

Leonidas

mighty roar did follow with early exception of a loved one, the arrows came down like a thousand rainbows, stand up to defend the land with the soldiers of the best army around, defying a tyrant who is with many while i only have a few, killing easily with advanced spears and shields, the formation led to victory only to frown with the queen to drown with out a sound, to bow down to a god i will find that it is a thing that can still bleed, time was a gentle man, finished with a roar to count, an arrow with depth vision finally got me down for the count, red is all i see now to sacrifice is my doubt now, the god finally felt blood with a human chill up his spine for im going blind, for a hero i am now, without a doubt, the roar is finally gone

Timothy Long

Leslie's Nightmare

Where are you today? Can you be out and play all day? You left me alone to play when i needed you, it wasnt betrayl but where were you? I died a preventing death, do i know u in sincerity or in truth, neither which i can tell, sir agony i feel so close to thee, i remember a time long ago unbridled so, taking my leave as only i can do

They all leave in the end and thats okay, im use to it anyway, leaving her to be as attended by you or me, the unconsciousness was neither you see, cause the worst is what it could be, its raining as something important died, for u i see, i lost the sunlight because of something i lost, my only solice was i tried, i tried to make it work and actually care and respect, but it wasn't that simple, im not blaming you yet you think i am, i have a hidden anger, yet i try to understand even to the best of my knowledge i cant grasp it, things shouldn't end like this but they do anyway, as the sadness clears i see the truth, im not blind like before, the bridge led me to no wheres but my soul

Timothy Long

Life Hits Us Hard Aye?

the poet rains his sorrows,
never minding the borrows,
his soul was in the gallows,
leaving everything else quite shallow,
his hallow of a lover was quite dear,
if not i could fear,
learning its not what appears,
a dove he shall call above,
his heart shall ponder,
among her irony verse thunder,
the conjuring of her spirit perceived him so,
knowing the edge was a fall away in a blinking nirvana state,
over the way high we all inspire to be,
what can be held but not seen?
apart of a truth that cant be handled,
that is life hitting us hardships,
some survive and some don't,
more for a brighter day will show,
just learning to survive is all we can do,
as life hits us all aye?

Timothy Long

Like A Lilly

Your like a lilly, so beautiful and cute to look at, always blooming and nice to others, doing what is right for everyone, that's why you're like a lilly, which is why you're loved.

Timothy Long

Little Turkey

come here and eat, play or stay, i made us feel like a tear, while you have no
fear, to some it's dinner to other it's a blessing, but to me, your a friend

Timothy Long

Lost

I lost him in this less than significant world we call home, his final words to me good luck as he slipped from my fingertips as i gasped in aa thundering cry, for my friend who died, when all went quiet, i searched for him as he fell from the cliff, he justed smiled as he fell into the darkness, why did he just smile like he figured out the future why oh why did he have to fall, im swirling in the wrong direction, as for my life, its on pause for a cause, my friend fell to his death.

Timothy Long

Lost Her

i lost her to another man today,
i don't really know what to say,
she got me,
she was taught by nicky but what about me,
all i can see is black and blue,
nasty in the pasty she does,
i had everything to prove,
but i guess she went insane from the membrane,
love, what's there to say,
it hurts everyone at one point in time,
tears become slime,
he would be her king and she his queen,
originally i was her knight,
now im the joker,
gamble my life away in poker,
rule her life he will,
speechless is all i am now left to right tonight,
a single sting to my heart is a single death,
turning back all that she has now,
for who's killing who,
now a foo,
goodbye for new.

Timothy Long

Lost Withdrawl

ive lost it,
ive lost it,
ive lost it all,
i will try to find,
unfortunately i lost it years ago,
im going to get caught,
the repacussions wont be good,
this might mean the worst,
haven't felt this nervousness in so long,
where is the prison guard,
i look west and east,
falling down on my knees,
emotions to drown,
a kick off to the boot,
free a smile more,
no one around to catch the remains,
to my avenging flame.

Timothy Long

Love's Arrow

Love is your arrow in a heart of roses, your sapphire eyes burn in old time
passion, with great fashion, i be your king in the sun and your knight in the
moon, oh how i wish it was you, to do what angels sing in fantasys, grave in
which thou undug for brains, to work ideally, to be by your side forever together,
in this heart break world.

Timothy Long

Man Of The World

Foolish children is what i say,
reckless love's made me rue every day,
screw you,
no one has a clue,
live my life and you'll kill yourself to,
you'll have to get to know me,
maybe it will get better one day,
but im not exist in a world so gray,
im dead anyway,
why must these thoughts ring true,
why cant i be you,
i have nothing while you have something,
hurry to rush while you can,
its not to late,
there's still some fate,
don't lose your chance,
why am i awkward or mean,
i didn't meant to be green,
did i make you blue?
flowers in the attic,
graves in the yard,
tears fall with no realization that your gone,
ive been hurt only now im burnt,
wish care would be sent my way,
despair makes me quite the pair,
what to do when the heart is shattered and sad,
is it enough blind?
i swear i tried,
only god knows how much my misery will grow,
girls dont see what hasnt hurt them yet,
how can one pray for a soul to keep when mines taken?
show a little love,
some kudos to be sent this way,
maybe a goodbye is today,
never was it the best of my work,
but i might as well say,
i cried today,
ashes lay,
carry me for today,

i should get use to it,
its what ive come to expect,
thats another lie, im sorry a fib,
it brings tears to my eyes,
i can't believe what i saw,
i just dropped my jaw,
im lonely and broken inside,
ive been hurt oh so bad,
are you mad?
help me please..
im crazy please,
something remains unspoken,
the world takes advantage of those weakened by life,
where's the hands to guide me through deceptions and lies,
ive been there for quite some time,
you cant see where to look when its in front of your eyes,
all the stresses weigh heavily on your mind,
you know its there,
you can see through the fog in your life,
in the darkest of your world, shines some light,
i see a light shinning far but bright,
before i knew it my whole world was left behind,
even the closest of the close drifted from my side,
leaving me robbed of clear sight,
making me almost blind,
it humbles even the strongest of minds,
even mine,
im screwed arnt i?
maybe so..
i guess I'll go,
but you've come so far,
foolish is what i said,
leaving only me dead,
i wont leave a letter,
nothing at all,
will you even notice im gone?
i will not break this silence we shared for so long,
i will be strong,
why did i stay here,
stay for so long when were so far gone?
i feel so stupid taking this fall,
i should of seen it,

known all along,
what could you possibly want from me,
can't you see im already gone?

Timothy Long

Maybe Not Yet

maybe im not over you yet,
i still feel i will always love you,
the memories pile up like laundry,
wishing you happiness with a sincere heart and smile,
for your return i swear i lived and learned,
i still believe in you if only you know how much it still kills,
we all break and die inside,
still shining in your eyes,
starting at the beginning,
like everyone else in the heart broken line,
listening to your heart,
love hurts for everyone,
it makes tears fall like the rain,
even when its happy or sad,
although you slipped away doesn't make my pain go away,
it's a lie spread to many times,
stars i still wish to,
but it makes me blue to not be with you,
im only the fool,
maybe im not over you yet,
but i got al of time to love again.

Timothy Long

Me Alamo Timothy

Me allamo timothy
no soy ni deserdenado ni reservado
soy sociable, artistico, deportista
todas los dias yo estudioso, musica, deportista, y escribir
en el vernano, mis amigos y yo musica, comamos, hablamos, y deportista
nunca los lapices de color, y montar en monopatin
as soy yo!

Timothy Long

Mediocore Minds

Deep in bowels are that in which souls survive, for mediocre minds, in drives to
be rives, river with fire ablaze, to what right is thought yay, sent to slay or
terrson of on, doing hebrew laws of brothers for ink of a new, prophecy was
comes last thought abumish in false, weak guys to shame.

Timothy Long

Murdered

mass to mass, little to little, body counts up and down, sociopathic games to be played, lives on trade, killers like ted bundy you know, extermination and hatred in a deep sense, only pained angry tortured souls kill as they kill themselves duttily, take hold in killing as god, the coldest people ever met and strangest ever to live life, slashing slashes with many gashes, graves to rob for people to stalk and collect, straight breakdown to intellectual capacity mastermind, hurting like never in life, in fright declared scared beyond mental rehabilitation, murdered an immortal soul, dead but bypassed in rebirth, not life worth living.

Timothy Long

My Dear Oh Dear

Dear oh dear is this your dream or mine, my love is your life line for now, thy's
hope for a queens randsom, but for king's gold your worth, finishing this line, for
your heart in passion, of old time fashion, or evil in hatred for strong words in
weak wills, gills in bubbles for my high hills, tiddle te giggles, they did laugh, not
in art, even wish a wistle, is it to dissapear, or for the world to bow down in time
do not fear my dear, i will be here, for your the jewel of the world in my eyes,
my dear oh dear.

Timothy Long

Nightmares Of Peace

The ghost came to get my soul, war we will go, even fight through snow, land
destroyed by cannons as the wind did blow, to survive i must, the blood is
flowing as such, i will be the knight, fighting everything in my everything, i have
the nightmares but peace they do bring, while the angels sing.

Timothy Long

No Answer

I won't answer your call,
or bother you at all,
the world will see,
I'm not meant to be,
it is not okay,
am I living truly I do ask,
but no question can be ignored,
cry what you will,
I see an empty space cramped you don't get,
changes just happen, why wait?
don't change for glory,
don't change for them you see,
the only one who is you is you,
I can not lie with truth,
I could lie, but what sadness is a lie?
the world may be ugly, but so am I,
but in statement rather than a sense of fashion,
I except I am ugly as well,
I'm like the crack on the wall,
only to fall,
disappoint I can do for free,
don't envy as I have,
just be you for what you can do,
for the things I lack,
they don't get me so I ask,
kill me now, or I kill later?
na everything is dead,
but is it truly gone?
so leave me be,
as dressed in all black,
it's all I'm ever going to be,
and that is me.

Timothy Long

Not So?

Afraid of the dark?
love to be alone?
could i please?
am i unintelligent?
so do you hate me?
are you kidding?
why is this depressing?
is it normal?
possibly to be dead?
water drowns?
air limits?
while the earth cracks?
am i on the right track?
where is the family?
are you all alone?
why so prone?
get in the zone?
staying the same?
never to move away?
is it strong?
the madness Ive been in for so long?
prone to disease?
will it disseaper?
who are you?
i am many things?
suicidal doesn't mean fine?
offing myself a thousand times?
the decency i suppose?
looking in the river?
through the time glass?
set in stone?
im all bone?
of years past?

Timothy Long

Nothing Crushes Us

These words, once muttered and said until they were dead, the loneliest of alone the two were, a world of their own was created from the minds of a young girl and boy, he is the artist, she the writer, all that was once again said was keep your mind wide open, those words in depth made the boy see the one with knowledge and power was he, the bullying and drama from school faded away as the problems became the monsters and foes alike that fell defeated to the king and queen known as he and she, the darkness they held was expelled, the way in and out in which they went about was a magical rope known as their slope, their first friends in each other as their family's were mean as they were green, pushed towards each other as others proclaimed weird and weirder, the boy, the loner of the big family had all the responsibility's and chores his siblings used him for, although both ignored, the girl, dramatic imaginative colorful girl could make no friends so she moved here and met the boy which both secretly enjoyed, her parents were around and nice but too busy to see the hurt of she, both alike but different as well, they would race in play in their magical fort in the woods all day, blonde met brown, brown and blue, best friends they became as secret love was proclaimed in the rain with a insightful look and smiling wave goodbye, the memory haunted him as if a reminding failure to always stay but never say curse or nightmare, she never stopped loving nor caring about the boy who in her world was the greatest and purest joy as he became it, he got a call from another he loved and went for and with her blind to his true lover but regret rings true, he left gazing at her house in a feeling not known while she awoke all alone as it shone so she left for the rope all alone, now as the night before it rained very hard with mud and dirt clicking together in the roaring creek with sharp rocks to kill, for life was her thrill, something she sensed was wrong but being a mere child she shrugged it off, she ran and ran to the rope to swing across with hope and skittering nerving fear but it snapped and she dropped, although she hit her head and drowned, in the time left she had time slowed and down as if frozen for life to flash through her eyes, wouldn't change a thing as she loved and didn't lose, the only regret was him not knowing of her love then it all went black but she did it with a smile and a scream that was forever unheard, as if complying the air to say i love you, he heard when he came back, the guilt was crushing as the loss was in death and life but to him all the same, back to his loner days he repressed and he decided even though depressed to use her ideas and imagination to continue in life in sadness yes, suicidal no, he changed for the better because of his friend, nothing crushed him as he kept his mind wide open to a whole new world... his world full of her and his love forever in shambles that he set fit, all he remembered was nothing crushes us, she smiled from heaven and looked out as she knew he would be okay and live all the way,

all because they kept their mind wide open, they were who they were, not who their parents are and were, in the end love each other they always will and did, when even he was older, the feelings never swayed nor did they ever dissaper, the guilt of her passing still haunted him as the grief passed by him but not her soul, because even years down the line he's still gonna be that kid who wants his dead friend back, never could he love another like his love for her, his leisure was down but his spirit like his mind was sky high.

Timothy Long

Nothingness

Not happy, nor mad or sad, nothing in a tearless trail of broken bonds and dreams, wars of fiction, idea of manners of languages of horror and love.

Timothy Long

Of The Eye To Progress

doesn't it sadden you,
it saddens me,
like the stone and the feather,
floating away only to drop,
why can't this stop?
insecurities kill,
should be known by now,
an instrument of use,
i far cry,
i envy,
like seeing all i despise makes me cry,
like certain days of old,
oh the blind eye to progress,
fake hello's and friendly meaningless of goodbye's,
but thats alright, give it another try,
never to late,
so cold,
the world wasnt what i expected,
not guessing it,
of not belonging in this world,
everything you say will be okay?
wanting to take my life,
like a ghost reflected,
hearing you say,
i can only imagine,
mercy me, '
like a creep,
could i look you in the eye?
i see your face again,
it makes me worse,
the drugs dont work,
my friend you want to sure,
letting my spirit again,
into the ocean, trying to fly,
a drownings game,
save my own life,
go on,
tragic is this,
saddness or sorrow,

dear agony you see,
i can not bow,
the man of this world,
gilding heavens doors,
fog lit morning, ashes aline,
in trembles order,
the progress faded,
like or friendship,
it hurt only for millisecond of my life,
causing so much strife

Timothy Long

Over

You just sat there smiling, knowing it was coming, as if swallowing a painful loss, then suddenly it went all to my heart to realize your gone, barely even gotten to know you, and yet your smiling made me realize the pain is gone only to be replaced by sorrow, why, why have you done this, is all i ask, no answer is all the answer i get to be bliss in ominous darkness, for my blissful cloud is gone just with your spirit, im sorry your gone but its over now, it's over.

Timothy Long

Passion Of Jesus

everyone knew as everyone saw,
all the sacrifices made,
the pain that everyone in the future could gain from,
disciples of this man wrote great on to all his plans to save all,
seeking kindred spirits to see so,
miserable of facts that hated him as well,
could anything go well?
pray they see,
pray sky high,
worship the death can restored,
success to the family he wanted,
happiness finally goes away,
a patron of perverseness,
the fire has yet to be quenched out,
destroying the containment of death of destruction,
order and logic made from going mad,
he escaped from what we all cannot,
finally free he thought,
precocious stride more in him and in others none,
bleak did he stumble out of the grave weary,
but never more was Jesus this and nothing more.

Timothy Long

Peace Sorrow

The lies slowly come true, as the life starts to fade, the proggestion is unworthy of the people, for the love of someone got hurt, the principles are taxed, the recovery is slow, But worth the while, the brain works in many ways, one is staged, the other is eirre, big is the money from little accidents to big rewards.

Timothy Long

Perfect

nice and sweet with everything petite, ruby red lips with the bluest eyes cooler than the ocean, an hour glass figure that could make men bleed, smart as an owl, sweet as a dove, lovelier than a rose, sly as a fox, fierce like a lion, strong like a bear, shining brighter than the sun, hard as a diamond, beauty like a gold ring, you can see the man as good as i, for your perfect with the way you make the world go round, god made the clouds cry over you, the perfect being, jealousy is high, like paper planes do fly, the mob will bow, while the president would wanna shake your hand, i will be your knight to care for, to share for, your worth fighting for, my queen we have seen, to be with me, my queen.

Timothy Long

Politicians

I met a man,
who figures out a plan,
is it rare to find someone who cares,
why are they so greedy?
only mother nature knows,
a merry tune and business suit,
bribing others is the game,
leaving only the common citizens to feel the pain,
corporal fat cats get bailed,
while liberal hippies gets jailed,
these rich monsters make us pale,
the gap of rich and poor,
there's no between,
unless you fight,
you know what i mean?
left with anger of green,
why is the common man ignorant they are keen?
like a boat were going to sink,
why is it there thrill to get our troops killed?
political parties make me sick,
never a good choice to pick,
our founding fathers would be disappointing that i can tell,
its a wonder we haven't fell,
are we to sell,
like the devil in hell,
we are under a spell,
lets wake up,
please,
can't you see,
if we don't,
then enemies galore,
we are done for.

Timothy Long

Proof!

Such depressing is this genius,
all illness of early ages,
to some this is a blessing,
what a waste to me,
the origin has died,
of this talent passed is proof,
time is clicking by,
i should start a problem soon,
sister why are you so mad?
is this so bad to be clinical,
this attention wont go away,
an episode to go through,
they won't believe me you know,
never ignore the brilliance,
if you do no one will care,
your a genius what happened?
you tricked, got laid, given to much credit,
well into getting older... it stifles the brain apparently,
maybe, maybe you'll be better,
the fear locked it up,
for that love to open it up,
Here!
start to talk,
it might become elegant, will you?
collaborating where another left off,
to move or to stay,
a shame to say! to mental illness is genius!
a cold front like a zombie tale,
genetics and such prestiege,
got to get close,
maybe a relation will spread,
or maybe he does care without using her,
will a move be neccassary,
for a family doesnt care,
none thats there,
written all there is to right,
quite frankly,
all is gone but true,
left with love and confusion,

is the two who,
started cold but melted,
is that fair?
or a tale?
ment to be,
you see, thats the proof,
as love should.

Timothy Long

Rallying Thoughts

of box and pen,
wonder won,
death we smile at,
why cant i cry for thee,
is this the end?
fire embers burn there too,
it was either the pen or the vien,
to dull out this pain,
pray my soul,
to take cause when i die everything go blank and all black,
i suddenly had a thought i was going to die,
then everything became all right with the world,
what a terminal illness tears can be.

Timothy Long

Rasputin

The mad monk has come, the made monk has come, for home he shall sail to
welcolme in hell, every body gather here for you all to hear his tale of twist
insane in the membrane, evil doesnt cover his name, try to defeat him invain

Timothy Long

Red Man Of Terror

The short and evil, of mother Russia abound, here for the death and a pleasant
of sound, how smart to manipulate of terror and silence does here come, millions
doesnt matter for only one does, Joesph Stalin is the man who was a coward and
a tool, who was made a fool.

Timothy Long

Religion

Do you believe in angels?
not lately one so small replied,
do you see any difference?
its all the same another stated,
beaming with pride the narrator spoke,
this is why so many die,
but why the small boy cried,
with a sad frown that all saw,
the narrator explained humans are greedy,
humans are so different,
is god real a third boy questioned?
why lie the narrator thought and said with dread,
nobody knows so who is to say,
im sorry you young have to learn this way,
the narrator closed the book and stood,
a fourth child a girl this time screamed,
please don't leave with a plead,
is that all that it seems,
the narrator saw and decided to stay for their angels on this day,
maybe to pray one suggested,
no the small boy yelled startiling all,
we need to work as one not for one who might not exist,
stop he does screamed the other in mixed feelings,
the girl in silent prayer hoped it would end well,
not caring if no one was there,
its the thought that counts the narrator said inspiringly,
to the angels of sick,
fear no repercussions but the fated sealed for these children deal,
you will pass and escape to another day,
the narrator softly repeated and left wishing them a goodbye,
not knowing as they slept their faith healed all the rest,
talking about the world and some of mans troubles,
what a mans voice or reason tell him of nature and life,
what is a man capable of accomplishing before his fall of death,
maybe of conscience,
use words rightly as they are as powerful as a man makes them,
get your own life before your sold,
of a working man as his labor exist.

Rocky

Rocky is like an olympic gold medal runner
he is so full of energy
rocky is like a cute puppy
he always stay cute
rocky is like a tiger
he always keeps his eye on you
rocky plays rough
he likes to attack the cats
rocky likes to dig holes
he likes to roll around in the holes like a pig

Timothy Long

Ruby Slits

Red in blood, black in evil, silently waiting for the day to come out once again,
killing like a mindless beast in the mock of human feast, cunning no doubt with
sacrifice about, ancient myths and fair tales do not explain, how this creature is
so distain, with one goal to destroy, eyes to cool to see without fear, this
creature will roam free so you better flee in sight of he, claws to swipe in blood,
with tails in hurricanes tides that bides us here, for in genuine fear, this tear will
be the last if were the blast

Timothy Long

Ryhming

i see ryhming with perfect timing,
my parents are here and there,
quite the pair,
perfectly sound mind and soul,
there linked to the pole of the troll,
if im going to be bound,
let it be in the ground after i pass away,
until then im here to stay and say,
play you must for its well and we can all swell,
if you walk by on the street dont repeat,
ill sing while alone as its shown,
artemis and diana can smile from the moon that is maroon,
prone to disease and madness edgar deeply explored,
while saying nevermore,
if they dare implore with them i shall explore,
posiden and neptune ripple the seas,
while zeus in thundering seethes,
with hades in his fiery depths roaring,
to the air apollo soaring,
fortune or faith... is everything safe?
in the heavens abound you can hear lightning sound,
in the spell of adam and eve who were quite niave i believe,
is it to be in me to see the truth in a booth,
and hopefully not lose a tooth,
i try to find what cannot bind,
the lock is finally broken,
as sock is opened with a token,
thats quite soken.

Timothy Long

Sadness Divine

the shadows in the night are hollow, as the wolfs looks up with an onymous veiw
of the world and howoles at the moon, in hope that the gods will spare the
darkened and free the good, but that doesn't happen without sacriface, and
atlast the sun has come out and the arura of dead souls in a darkend cloud have
vanished, but the dark abyiss is just rising.

Timothy Long

Sadness, Sorrow, Darkness

tears drop, and fall to the cold ground into the dead roots, you just sat there smiling knowing it was coming, i should of known too, but i was to foolish to see the signs, the shadows in the night are hollow, as the wolfs with an ominious view of the world and howels at the moon, i fight to stay alive in this cold, cold world with unforgiving karma, in hope that the gods will spare the darkness and free the good, the rain signifies that death is coming and no mortal can stop him, the sun come out and the aura of dead souls in a cloud of darkness vanished, the dark abyss is rising, now your gone, and i barely gotten to know you, i swallow my painful loss, why have you done this? i wait for an awnser but all i got was nothing, was that what i meant to you? nothing? im sorry your gone but it's over now, it's finally over, tears drop and fall to the cold ground into the dead roots, the rain falls on my face as i fight to stay alive, even though your no longer by my side

Timothy Long

Seeing The Stars No More

I cant see the stars, i cant even see the sun, im blind for wanting to return to the past, i was a failure and a loser to, in the past i was happy and free, now im alone as ill ever be, cause i hope your okay when im not, good it makes things easier that way, it makes me feel like a failure and a loser like what have i accomplished, and it makes me sad, and then i get depressed and think of suicide not in actually wanting to do it, but the effects trap me so, the suspense and this feeling is building, i cant think straight, im afraid to not do well, can i disappoint anyone evermore even further, cant take on the world, but they can take on your world, many things in history make me sad, not much of anything makes me glad, where was i needed? Am i getting tired of this, dreadfulness of guilt,

Let it be known my heart was a soul unbreeched, the saddest plea ever to be, besching to reasons unknown to us all, even the blue light i look to, reaching for what i can never grasp, for a man hopefull as no one will ever meet again, anything brings a memory ease, hell knows its the end for him, the eyes of god watching all trending so.

Timothy Long

Should I Forget You

Should i forget u my boo, the pain was of a cause not of aplause, thinking didnt go onto what i needed her to be for me, i thought doing what was right wouldnt hurt me for a turn, abby i loved u for your out goiness but not of your friends, bad they were to you in turn brought me down feeling like a clown, evually they got rid of me, to a knew guy did u go while not caring about me in a blow, now here all alone reminsing, about how your dissing, don't worry about the war shall end right above the choir, with the death of me shall your soul be free

Timothy Long

Solar Mix

The beauty astounded me, as i looked at the stars with glowing planets and solar eclipses, to rainbows within the sun for the rays change colors, the blue sky with fluffy clouds hanging above the dark night sky with its yellow stars, and glowing full moon, it's called the solar mix.

Timothy Long

Sorrowing Face

The rainbows gone the sun is down, you can hear her cries through the wind, we were together but time and life has split us apart, im a lone wolf for all to see she mourns in the rain for shes just a face in the mist, i tried to be your friend but now you just ignore me, you see through me like i don't exist, im tired of it now, its time for you to see me for me, its time for you to open up your eyes but i guess that will never happen so i guess now its time to let go because you have, so go now and live your life, and i'll live mine but don't forget about our time, i can no longer see her face lying in the mist, and as if to die a lonesome death that we both know we will have, and at the end of the day, we still are the same, we belong together but we both moved on and i will always remember about our time, to me your not just a face in the mist

Timothy Long

Sorrowing Mist

the rainbows gone, the sun is down, the moonlight is shining brightly tonight. as if im a lone wolf for all to see. i tried to be your friend, but you just ignored me as if im a rat. i gave you jeweraly but you don't were it, but you just let it rot. im tired of it now so i guess it's time to let go. so go now and live your life, and ill live mine. but don't forget about our time.

Timothy Long

Sorrows Wit

For the merry wit of company so fret not in spirit we are high, living life unlived
never was there a sadder case then this, what an unpleasant thought as to think
no more of the old times can pass as we have it no more, a man without his
mother, a boy with out his blanket, can he take it or can he thank it, all that was
left was a sieze of the the mind, it saddened him beyond repair, no one to be
able to talk to, no one besides maybe a few to care, the characters in life created
for

amusement saddened him so, like an invisable passage through the eyes. No
sequel can dull the pain as tentivness settles through, an old soul of red, but blue
brought the body glander throught the world, no word can be worth saying that
isnt already said, never have i felt such soul pearing fun of an aching heart, can
it dwendlle in time or break in the tiny spaces in my mind, am i
Death in a cage, Cause i didnt want to be done with u i still dont i wanted to
repeat the past as if ur my golden girl, im a fool i
admit, but for you i wouldve been a fool for the years to come, the scars in the
stars stooped my wonderment leaving me a chilly bone dried sad little man
whose tales of sorrows the world know not, i dont regret it as i still want you, let
it be known in any place you go i had a hole in the heart never becoming whole.
As the days fade and the night crows like life which is just a fickle thing
Like the power of love vanquished ever more

Timothy Long

Sorry Isnt Good

Thou in pain as i bow for him, my lord tried to save thee, but thy could not allow such deeds, to gon in my castle, no tear present in demand did he try to kill me in his lords presence, with a sorry he tried to kill me, but he failed with thundering glee, i killed thee.

Timothy Long

Stay

Please stay for a bite, so that its just right, if your done, come down and have some fun

Timothy Long

Suicide

sitting down,
with a hand over the mouth,
just thinking,
what to do next,
die or keep fighting?
a rope tied up in the ceiling and the chair under it,
suffering and pain going angst hand in hand,
never to think again clearly,
sleep does well to soothe the soul but not the pain,
cutting not a lot but temporary relief,
stopping the hurt was what i wanted,
alone doesn't matter,
but from the betrayal of so called best friends,
the advantage is to be loyal,
not to satisfy,
around the neck and kick the chair,
'snap'
was all left,
sounding sleep forever peacefully,
pain is now gone for ever,

Timothy Long

Sunny Day

sunny day oh sunny day, can u come today, while i run and play on such a wonderful day, no rain or snow to freeze or blow, to just relax and to entertain with absolutely no pain, oh how beautiful everything is on such a sunny day such as this, nothing to miss as much as this.

Timothy Long

Sweet Kitten Of Delight

The kitten of black and white,
was such a sweet delight,
her cry was somber,
but her look eccentric,
she is pure,
unlike humans,
all just of thoughts unknown,
like the moon she rose,
pondering the cat moved,
never unlike a shroom,
to a place much better soon,
no blues or cares,
for she went up the stairs,
to play once, to play some more,
to a kitten life wasn't a bore,
why are humans so sore?
the mouse and bird flee when they see she,
more of a flower,
of a tune said well,
an idea to dispell,
so fluffy can walk,
can a cat talk?
if so, a sight to see,
or maybe,
we've all gone crazy?

Timothy Long

Sweetest Sorrows

It's disappearing along with my heart, since you broke it, I'm down with depression while you're up high singing with the blue birds, why then oh why can't I join you in happiness, I'm not deprived of happiness it's just disappearing, along with my breaking heart, you just stare as if I'm an insect not worth squashing, why then can I get no peace while you're up high happy with the summer wind, why then oh why can't I.

Timothy Long

Sweetest Suffering

my emotion hides well, but it's dissapering along with my heart, ever since you broke it, im down with depression while your up high singing with the blue birds, it's like arrows are being shot, snapping like a thousand bulls trapping over me with coldness, no warmth, and still your up high with the summer wind, oh all i want is to find peace, no one understands that the emotion depends on the outer part of the showing, the part thats still intact no thanks to you, but what proves the most is the inside, but most of the time you or anyone else can't seem to understand, that the emotion hides well, and your killing me with every breathe you take, i can find no peace but your up high with the birds, oh if you can find peace why cant i? why can't i be up there with you and the birds singing my heart out right by your side, oh why can't i?

Timothy Long

Swirling Lavender

The tides to come, for thee to be of whos to see, hows thou art is to be masters,
of their own devine precies of gold, to feast with the beast, da vinci with
shakespere's grand adventure thee you, bye for dee, giveth in the sea, his beard
of the wise, showing thy's millenium of thys experice, some miracle did we meet,
for fear is a feture, to dimuture, at my seeture, your lavender in the wind, with
my blond hair, be send for the all the way to the grave, pick or see to tell me,
raphael of night watch, michangelo to david, good in memory are you
everlasting, fighting in leaves versus kumo and iwa to elundo, peace as my key i
will fight for you my queen, no bad deed left to be punished by the terminators
of the past, letter is this for you, to open and ensue the info of the future.

Timothy Long

The Angel

The clouds were heaving with angst and sorrow. For a legend died today, all because of a great cause that he believed in. The rain dropped to the ground in weeping teardrops that touched the faces of thousands. The thunder sparked the black sky with delirious madness. The hated tyrant and beloved mytr died to end a bloody war and to free a trapped race of the slaved. That man is the great Abraham Lincoln. Abe was assassinated by the evil who he tried to help. Killed by a traitor and south lover John Wilkes Booth. There is a saying once, he belongs to the angels now. And that is where he is now.

Timothy Long

The Angels Death

oh long ago an angel came to this earth in the form of a human mortal, now the clouds are heaving with angst and sorrow for a legend and an angel died today, all because of a great cause he believed in, the rain dropped to the ground weeping teardrops that touched the faces of thousands, the thunder sparked the black sky with delirious madness, the hated tyrant and beloved martyr died to end a bloody war that forced brothers to kill each other and to free a trapped race of the enslaved, that man is the great abraham lincoln, abe was assassinated by the evil who he tried to help, killed by a traitor and south lover john wilkes booth, there is a saying once he belongs where he once came from, he was an angel and we destroyed him, now he's among his kin and looking down on us with sorrow in his eyes, but we must never forget him, and the good that he has done, never forget he tried to save us from the evils that we were committing but in the end he was killed never forget

Timothy Long

The Blues Of Passion

It seems like ive never been closer cause yet your so far away, the pain is crushing but so is your eyes, are you going to kill yourself? No i dont think so, this is crazy, but it might be better if i did, today was slowly better but tomorow is the moonlight of our lives, a writers glaze with a poets soul, a note of the mind, the touch had lost its magic as the line of sin dont see fit, alone never changes, my healing virtue is not my upmost fashion, is my dreading siness, let me cry the

waterfalls of sorrow in a thousand miles to see how far you go, a harlet without measure

The tears still cant spring free trapped inside breaking a ways little by little, the shallowness heaves in my bossom, monsters werent under the bed they were inside the head, a beat didnt belong, my love for any other is done as i cant love with a cheated heart

Timothy Long

The Castallions Revenge

Love wasnt happiness for me it was dreadfulness, never to cry for another again,
am i weak, or a poor soul, the way for us to cry is to die, the regret of thinking to
much can kill you so in groaning madness, tasting the tears spilling into words
stinging the youth, let the kind die sleeping peacefully, not the violent to
disware in a pundging vortex of no excstiense, a child destroyed pityed a man
with no meaning, is anything a mad man left with no saying, enough solace to
die, we

all are going to die, we all deserve to die as destined in fates, dreams forever will
and always will be eternal, fearing a fear that cannot be tamed unless a
scapegoat is to be blamed, fleeing a never ending bridge of shame, plans of
death narrowly avoided, is it the rage or the feeling of betrayl, both can eat you
away, a hero unearthed hidden in a villian, gods cut you down like a cast away,
knowing your dead even to the end left a shattering excistence of unloved
parentalness, anything thing left
is a gleaming madness of unfit revenge.

Timothy Long

The Death I Wonder

God why are they all gone, all i am is a fool says everyone, they hate me, make fun of my empty abused life, sheless is my soul with no love, only shame to blame, why am i alone, am i not good eneough, im alone forever, crying feely in the wind, to want a life of jelious affairs, im alone you hear, why oh why cant i, missing the one left begining to hate as they please to say sorry is my plea, not popular nor not close to anyone of my secrets, hiding pain in the slacker life, for it didn't do for, you hate me from the bottom world, im ready to make you happy, no one to miss, i guess lifes a bitch, they can laugh when im gone, for my life is, to death i wonder.

Timothy Long

The Final Answer

Lastly at last, here comes the blast, the task is to bask in the aura of the earth
with a flask, the pain to sustain from drinking and games are quite Blaine with
distain, the king and queen are like bee's who sit and rule while the commoners
drool, 'we are hungry' they would say still hungry tist this day, from the food and
crown of the town and die like a clown, with a distained frown, lastly at last, the
message was sent to the king and queen of beverly tast

Timothy Long

The Gravestone

So long and farewell,
so long and goodbye,
forever to be an unearthed secret,
the worlds so dreary and ugly,
put to sleep forever like a glocked gun,
angels hear the sounds never nearing,
is it better to dissappear in the wind or stay put forever,
whether to die a good man or as a monster only god can chose,
so forgotten as graveyards are,
to decay with unintelligible fungi,
like the sense of reality being crushed forever,
a barren destitute sort of empty,
should being remembered good?
in moments like these,
the mirror of stone cracking the visitor into a mixture of emotions,
like the souls is us together,
i don't deserve it anyway,
i dont deserve any of it,
there are words to describe me and none of it is good,
forever turning the world gray,
im just dirt,
forever gone but not from the wind,
just from the decay of death,
the essence that lives in us all,
never to know whats happening,
can we make it home again?
of like a soul without a body,
an essential pureness and defiance in the face of any captor,
whats the degradation?
asking without preamble is there any cure?
is there anything wrong with living?
yes absolutely,
and why's that?
because death is living,
where living is worse than death,
it's like an endless pit and you never really reach the bottom,
so long and goodnight,
like the peace to say,
so long and farewell,

so long and goodbye.

Timothy Long

The Human Emotion

The mind of human emotion depends on the outer part of the showing. But what provens the most is the inside. But most of the time no one can seem to understand. That seems to be the problem, Because Emotion hides well.

Timothy Long

The Mayian Tribute For Hell

The backwards of the calender reflected the life of countless dead pain filled souls wanting comfort, none belived in this year, in spaces did go, metorites did kill and flow, to end up reciding in a isle of euruptoin, to figure out in heiroghyflics of the ancient and the damned, while the devil dances on graves of physical blackness that is the world.

Timothy Long

The Multi-Colored Cat

The fat cat came to, his name is lucky to, lazyband mean, with envy of green,
from brown to black with white stripes, all he does is lay that is why they should
cry today, for frap is grap, of politication frat laws if maws.

Timothy Long

The Number 23

32 reversed, the number of the best jordon, north and south poles, a great movie it turned out to be, 23 of every month for every 365 days, 23 blood chromosomes from each parent, each 23 letters for every 23rd word, shakespeare born on the 23rd, mysteries come from this number like pink equallys the # 23, is a obsession of thee, phsch is a warning i say is quite gay, $2+3=5$ while $5-3=2$, alot of what if's, where really out there in the light, top secrets with 23, a magical curse with a dog to guard the dead called ned with the words equalling up to 23, betrayed by a loved one, $92/4=23$, the total number of shoes, only to be a reality check of myself, no jazz to help to only end up to killing myself, the steps to heaven, the # 23, crazy was all that left

Timothy Long

The Rain Sorrows On

Tears drop, and fall to the cold ground into dead roots, the rain falls onto my face as i fight to stay alive in a cold world from unforgiving Karma. the rain signfifies that the death is coming and no mortal can stop it, the rainbow that comes after is gods word for the dead that comes from earth to heaven.

Timothy Long

The Sacred

behind the most cared, masa no ok is at, small step for man for seperate rallys,
which poker face not to go, resentment to betrayl not to worry for your kind, to
kill then by the rocket

Timothy Long

The Shape

fast and deadly, white as a ghost, as dark as the devils heart, rage inside the heart like a killer, super human that kills with no remorse, searching for the last of kin to kill, for the rage to leave, one day to be as calm as the ocean, razor sharp butcher knife embedded in the heart, being the boogeymen man immortality dark, blood flooding while the size of a valley, the most dangerous of all carnivores, loving only one thing but it's a curse, the family is all dead by the knife but one, the mask is hiding the devil, eyes blacker than coal, years can come and go but only she mattered to kill for the family to be complete, finally for it to be dead then god can rest, only one won with a white shape in the distance walking.

Timothy Long

The Stressed Man

tis when the man came around,
feeling quite down,
evermore the stress gets him down,
his life was an up and down battle from the begining,
they isolate him and make him strive to battle and feel liberated,
the judgement of others try to hinder him so,
happiness is the key but is locked away in the depths of the mind,
to fail the goal is to be basically dead,
to stay put or to move along,
the music will sedate our nerves,
society is hard and brutal my dear as he calms down,
morality protecting is what this man did alone,
the stress slowley is dissapering,
with an inspiring mark he strives to finish his task,
with his dark mask breaking,
he smiles from the shadows coming into the light,
with consistentness,
with no hindering,
hath my soul,
is there a devil in my heart
gone for evermore

Timothy Long

The Strive Of Lost Friends

I was always happy u cared i was always glad u were there, i knew u for most of my life even if we had some strive, i get ur moving on looking for happyness of your own, its sad things are falling apart as we barely talk, it feels like we are once barely known now, its ok as im not to be angry or frown, but be glad u found ur own, i was happy while we lasted even if ur past it, thanks for the years of care even if ur no longer there, ill be ok and live to die another day, even if alone, im glad u were there for a long time even if not to the end u were still my best friend

Timothy Long

The Tally Man

Oh Tally man oh tally, how do you do, you scorn in fright at such beautiful sights,
why do you do this, you frown upon free government, you smile for death, this
signifigs that you have no emotion, as if a robot in human skin, Oh why Tally
man Oh why.

Timothy Long

The Tear Drops Of Hero's

the tears were spilled by many, for it was a stormy april day, the soilder weeped as the rain has come, their muddy uniforms were clear with sorrow, their onimous tears droped with thundering views of horrible lives, the dead had come to be buried while the survivors darkened souls shake in their roots, the drops are from thy faces not the rain, so as the dead are being lowered in the ground, the soilders bowed for the fallen in spontanoius fashion, so the throbbing vein of sadness finally popped as a great man came up and said, the hero's didn't die in vain, they have fought in hero's spirit, so the life of holy spirits has been lifted to heaven instead of hell, so as my war is coming to a end, i say to the world today this is were the tear drops of hero's were shed, the soilders just clapped for their leader, mr. lincoln was just in tow for the memorial, when the rain had stopped and the sun shined on the graves, the hero's are in gods hand.

Timothy Long

The Tear Drops Of Hero's 2

I can hear them falling from miles away, The tears were spilled by many, For it was a stormy April day, The soldiers wept as the rain has come, Their muddy uniforms were clear with sorrow, Their ominous tears dropped with thundering views of horrible lives, with the deeds that they did, The dead have come to be buried while the survivors darkened souls shake to their core, Their nightmares haunt them, The drops are from thy face, not the rain, the dead are being lowered in the ground, Soldiers bowed for the fallen in spontaneous fashion, so throbbing vein of sadness finally popped as a great man came up and said, the heroes didn't die in vain, they have fought in hero spirit, and now we are left with tears in our eyes, and sorrow in our hearts, So now the life of holy spirits have been lifted to heaven instead of hell, So as my war is coming to an end, I said to the world today, this is where the teardrops of heroes was shed, The soldiers just clapped for their leader, Now he is tow for the memorial, when the rain had stopped and sun shined on the graves, the heroes are in God's hands now, may they rest in peace.

Timothy Long

The Treatment Of Bitterness

Better to be alone in the world,
than nothing at all,
being to eccentric for them all,
as if everyone's better,
dull as dead if a comparison come through,
as ironic as fate is,
is it good humor to live or to die,
oh good faith not to shun others like i was shunned,
don't cry when the sun is gone,
because the tears wont let you see the stars,
i'm not the same,
but it was better when you were around in any way.

Timothy Long

The Wave

So slow and powerful, gentle and sweet, with a towering wall, and a tumbling
fall, that makes us all feel tall, levels we climb for all the wonderful times

Timothy Long

The Wickens Pride

The witch is burning, by stake, did thy, in capture is easy, says i, my rille is much
to bea, in my fair i say, happy to, dare good bye my dream

Timothy Long

The Wisdom Of The Sea

the wisdom of the sea is better than you think, and it will be gone before you can blink, their parents the bitterest of enemies, but them the sweetest of friends, they in truth were supposed to hate each other, she and her mother are wisdom, he and his father are the sea, many thought how could this come to be, but many trails of journeys and fights filled with betrayal and frights gotten them together alright, rival for her love was his enemy and friend, she having an odyssey just to chose, pride and loyalty are their personal flaws, in all the myths and tales thier love was the telling of the times, yet rivalrys and insults are all around, difficulties spring and strangle each others mood, the tale was a meetings of youth's and yet years of friendship equals love, although wisdom is different then power, the romance was a battle of a hunt and challenge, even if they didnt know or comprehend, each of us deep down go a little insane sometimes and thiers an evil side, but true love makes that side dissaper and pure our souls, they met at camp through attack and the droolness of sleep, she as blonde as the calofornia sun with peircig grey eyes that analyze your every movement, black unatamable hair with eyes the color of the sea, one's dumb but the others intelligent, the grief was unexpandable of a young life, their vicorys are certain and vauge, with values and a little bit of luck they will survive, an accidental friendship blooms into true love for wisdoms with the sea is truly unatamable you see.

Timothy Long

The Wolf's Catch

there it sat in the den eating caraboo, staring at me in curiosity with its big blue eyes filled with envy and furiousity, i just stared back at its teeth jumping into action chasing me, in its eyes a killer and predator, but its body running with grace, i met it with claws extended, ready to strike but suddenly it stopped and just stared, while my tools were sharp for death and striking, they were stopped by his hurt stare, his blue eyes turning to a slitted amber, which were amazingly for death when they killed for meat, but its big blue eyes were filled with kindness, i didn't get it, with curiosity, i just put the weapons down, staring at it with hazel eyes to kill or tame it, so i did with little difficulty, with a mountain pack also, with my new wolf as a friend and guide for spirits in tow, with its pack following me for its power to display, in moments notice i took notice to my surroundings that i'm in a wolf pack and catching troubled animals, for i'm the wolf's catch.

Timothy Long

The Women In Red

she reappears and disappears to me rapidly,
the sultry look goes well with her sway,
the red of her love and lips smile like an angel,
an actress she displays,
and it can play my heartstrings solid into beating,
in her Aphrodite like eyes i see lust,
and every emotion you could think of as if a goddess in descise,
i see the jealous stares of others as we walk by,
hands fitting well together as if we were made for eachother,
we did break eachothers hearts before a will as after,
i think of her every now and then,
and just to say,
when i see her around,
i had her first but unlike my wish i won't have her last,
i tried to get the lady in red out of my head,
im throbbing in content,
at-least our claim of true love was young but starlit,
as the women in red was pleased.

Timothy Long

This Place

There once was a place with fairys and goons, where there were huge tree's and the blossoms would bloom, neverless there was peace and comfort at this place, every one had an identity, every body had a face.

Timothy Long

This Place 2

you are you,
nothing of that is but true,
at this place you can fly,
never to die,
never leave,
its as far as you believe,
the faries and goons,
will never be doomed,
pirates and indians,
love and comence,
hidden in this place,
peace and hilaraity,
childhood dreams,
come true,
like a peter pan,
never gonna land,
this place,
oh this place, '
let it be true,
its all in you!

Timothy Long

Thought Murder

mind the tears that others will not,
like a frog's last hop,
like a bomb time just pops,
never will anyone top,
a strange sensation to place,
sensing the name to the face,
why is there always a pace?
like trying to escape this space,
on a pedestal, we all want to be,
unfortunately, no one is special,
including you and I,
the American dream is a lie,
all people want is to fly,
a way the spirit says is to die,
all men do is sigh,
making the women cry,
the fallen hero completes,
turning the achievements into feats,
of course, the flaw makes the name,
but downward spirals kill the fame,
knowing nothing will be the same,
leaving the tales and myths quite tame,
why is it such a shame?
you see most are kind,
not at all hard to find,
try not to weep,
do not cry,
for they are kind,
like of Hercules and Theseus,
it will not end well,
to thy selves they fell,
knowing of drilled actions then died,
leaving behind famous corpses to lie!

Timothy Long

Thunder And Lightning

booming and fast,
blue and yellow,
deadly and loud that makes god proud,
dark with ominous views and rain does pour,
coming from heaven down to hell,
gold and silver combing for death and natural disasters,
lava melting,
ice freezing,
striking faster than the speed of light and sound,
till the sun comes around,
clouds do darken,
any multiple colors of lightning can be seen,
by people such as you and me,
the sound startled some but amazes others,
the natural disaster happens all around the world,
the two titans,
of air, lightning, and thunder,
seen and unseen,
in the barracks of time,
now thunder is never seen,
but just between you and me i think its yellow you see,
but thats just me,
never metal on or near you for surely you will be struck,
and if wont be a truck,
changes of sunny over slim,
so consider yourself lucky you weren't struck twice.

Timothy Long

Thy Shall Die

Thou have sharp tonuge but not keen mind, a small brain holding large amouts of ignorance, being resolute in your divided life, bearing what is not right, but you choose wrong, just venture to bad, no conscenice of do, that's why Thy shall die, with no good bye.

Timothy Long

Tiddle Dee Fiddle

Tiddle tee fiddle, whisling a maryst tune, see a man diddle ballons, in central
sallons, nylons for six cap guns, with soft italion buns, the few beers to dew, and
the women weeve and sew, with smoking in the cabin, robbing in the banks, with
money nabbing, the sherrif just crying, with a laughing fit, enjoying the show in
tow, with a explosive did blow in tis time to go.

Timothy Long

Tist O'L Bee

Oh I wonder if its to be, if the pride of one would come looking for me, in a fools
time of work and life line, like a feline so graceful in lazy natures, id be happy as
a bee, but atlas im in a silent defeat for a spirt passed the Val in which is now a
personal hell

Timothy Long

Titans

Big arms soaring, with big teeth roaring, fighting god with no chance, lightning everywhere almost as a dance, the beast try with all there might to fight the almighty gods, the failure to keep the war of olipyus going is heart braking but gods always win in descendint victory everytime in war forever in history

Timothy Long

To Know

Thee is the greatest gift, in territory while lifting not in well, although no one could tell, matching his opinions about thou, is what i see, about thee.

Timothy Long

Too Dark, Thy Misunderstood

Upon my teary, you will be a deary, to be my door forevery more, Never find
souls and closet secrets, To snap in deep sighs of arrest to thy breast, to be
unleashed to the underworld of Hadies rule, to see my mind for it's rule is drool
of solitude, I prosper when in cares of no ones ears for I shall be here.

Timothy Long

Universe's Beauty

the beauty astounded me, it was shining through my eyes with sparkling delight, as i looked at the stars with glowing planets and solar eclipses, to rainbows with in the sun for the rays change colors, the blue sky with fluffy clouds hanging above the dark night sky with it's yellow stars and glowing full moon, it made my soul brighter just looking up at the night sky, it is the universe beauty, i sit and watch it unravel the secrets to life, i try to see what god wanted everytime, i try to find the meaning of life on the meaningless planet, but whatever god wanted it was not meant for me to know today, but maybe someday soon i 'll know all that i want to know, but one thing for sure is that i became a star in the light of the eclipse and i outshine all, im part of the solar mix, im up high where i finally belong, and someday soon, others maybe able to join me, those who are worthy, but that's just part of the universe beauty

Timothy Long

Violent Oposition

To see with your heart in smiles is fully, dont be a bully, to have friends in periods of shorts is good as lorts, just dont do bad do what is right, even if its wrong insense.

Timothy Long

Waling Blue Lylabys

Faith is love with a reason,
putting my thoughts to pen,
can i remember when,
is there true honor anymore,
or just false emotions,
what's not a dream in universal proportions,
a sad life to life never to cross another,
a day in the life of me,
a walk through hell for you,
of the lyrics they fail to pray,
you are the meaning of the past,
im sorry if society paved the way,
we are all great,
but just like life,
its a lie spun a thousand times stuck on repeat,
how soul crushing as it isnt the first nor the last,
sometimes its better to go out in a blast,
but they'll frown,
a sad boy,
not a man,
with sad hopes and dreams,
my world is gray,
and its sad no one's ever gonna make it go away,
why are we born into this world all black,
ending up all gray as if the life force id deleted forever,
is this what death is like,
if so is there more,
is there anything wrong with living,
absoulutely,
and why's that?
because death is the truth to us all.

Timothy Long

Will You?

will me free use,
will you lend me you?
there's never enough time,
to complete anymore,
will you be my friend?
do we need one anyway?
please me could one ever?
that's fine to the anonymous who are blind,
but one's who can see never try to,
uplift a spirit that i feel no more,
will you lend me some brains?
i cant seem to think correctly,
its tiring to know trying is a no show,
make me dissaper as only stress can,
colors effect others,
im blind to hate and everything,
will you understand my virtue?
im a shadow being walked on by,
will only goes so far,
like the raven flying,
will you see the children crying?
do generate healing,
will you see it could be?
why oh so many whys,
will you lend me your unique looks?
as mine are going away,
is there anything left?
why dont you see?
im a change,
will you know im losing myself,
mystery to my history,
will you walk away?
my grayness is intune,
is my weirdness okay?
will you be scared away?
is it sick to know i only feel half you do?
i wish i wasn't me,
i got nothing you see,
that's why protection works so well,

only i fell so far,
will you be on par?
will i die before you?
i see a silhoutte of a child,
it's darkness covers a soft hide,
only it was mine,
do you want to live?
me to!
only without pain,
why is it ugly?
who's it?
that's unfortunatly me,
will you go away?
i wont need this day,
im growing weight,
i let go,
did you my fellow?
drowning is a great fear,
just like falling,
isn't it pretty?
will life let you know?
am i still beautiful to you?
welcome to history,
the life of my mystery.

Timothy Long

Wisegirl

her eyes dazzled me,
with sparkling and calculating effect,
always leaving me in a faze,
when we fight,
i just think don't lose her,
make her see that your made for each-other,
the blonde curls like a princess make people jealous and dazzled,
bouncing with each step,
although flawed with pride and hubris in her life and work,
my love for her broke any bad vibes coming from her,
her skin gold and soft as silk,
her resolve for love shatters all truth to all except two,
her to the family is pitiful and hate of the runaway,
all the boys wanted but only one could get her,
to fight in life and wars caused sparkle of love,
her motive in living in life is just him,
i was in love with a women im proud to say I'd die for,
would she die for me?
to young to fully live to but to stay forever eternal souls,
heres to most of the unknown,
monsters to kill,
better to be wise then smart,
as im neither,
she's my wise girl now and forever

Timothy Long

With Out A Whisper

You left with out a wisper, you left without saying a word, you said you were alright, but you weren't, you lied and put on a fake mask of happieness that no one saw or knew how to crack, but in that week, you gave all your friends a real side of you and you said it wasn't to bad, untill that fateful day someone did something really bad, and it was so humillating, people laughed and made fun of you, you tried to play it off with a fake smile but it just became too much, that week you gave all your friends a hug good bye and said bye too your family members and friends even i got to say good bye. after school on that weekend you were in a raging battle to live or die, the next day you lost that fight on satuday morning you took your own life. you mabye dead but you were never forgotten.

Timothy Long

With Out A Whisper 2

long ago you left with out a whisper you left with out saying a word, you always said you were alright, but you weren't and everyone was to foolish and blind to see that you were hiding behind a mask of happiness, but then you took off your mask for your friends and you relized it wasn't so bad, until that fateful day came when you let some one in and they almost destroyed you people saw and laughed, they didn't know the truth, you tried to play it off with a fake smile, but even for you it was to much to handle, so you gave everyone hugs goodbye and you even said goodbye to me, then the weekend came after school was done and you were all alone, you were in a raging battle to live or die, but it became to much and you lost the fight, that morning you took your own life, that was the day when everyone's eyes were finally opened, now you maybe dead but you will never be forgotten by anyone, may you rest in peace, even in death you are loved and remembered

Timothy Long

Wolf's Catch 2

Before pouncing on me playfully, with at first confused, before realizing that it just wanted to play meaning in the wolf's catch, in the world of science and dreams it seems, to be struck in my lively arms in mid reality, whines of protest from no live souls I say to no inhaler, with nothing of new lies everything ends with claws extended.

Timothy Long

Yesterday's Love

never assume as they do,
such a soul to give,
star crossed on stage,
rebellion in waves,
tears to yearn,
love to gain,
a widow left with pain,
a bond to break,
love is fake,
a mess to deal.
of jealousy to feel,
a lover is cruel,
leaving behind two that duel,
see a compare to a winters night,
temperant fulfill a fight,
to observe enduring life in you,
seem in life forever,
for few to see,
a man has to pee,
a concept of rhythm,
a place of beat,
of the jazz of june,
we happen to die soon,
strength of a peer,
a now town of sheer,
inspiring in us fear,
sing her sin,
cook us till thin,
lend him a ear,
give the people the pin,
for yesterday's love in the past,
dont you realize time past by to fast?

Timothy Long

You In The Mind

trying to get you from the moon that is my mind, im frozen in time trying to save what is left of you, from the new persona you have to my old flame, trying to be tame with you, for im troubled in reflection with the past thats quite mast, is it to bask in memories unless the task leads me to the flask, thats to hard in time as is easy as a dime reflection does wonders for positive emotion not to cry but to find you when im blue, the hero is to sacrifice for one's land, the physcological toll is my last, going insane is my broken cast, the mirror is my nightmare with a new life to live with no new crushes only memories to keep me awake, the number is reversed but turned in life from peronia to axisles i know but theory i must reflect is it a blessing or a curse, the horror i must finish to understand why i dont dream of you anymore, but time was just a killing system that i can only think not do anymore, it was every wheres, to go insane is from the pain, to sustain, i cant help but to beleve the loner is me, to be set free

Timothy Long