

Poem Stuff

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Shoe

Uphill lives a man named Mondoo,
I've known him since we were two.
Though we no longer speak
Because just last week
He grew mad when I stole his left shoe.

But soon I heard naught but a squeak,
And our friendship began to look bleak.
So I looked for his crew,
To pay what was due,
And he waved as he bade me adieu.

Murdered Murdering

Quite ironic,
To be murdered murdering.
Not that iconic,
To be killed killing.

Who is right and wrong
If both die doing wrong?
Who is good and evil
If both die doing evil?

A question of balance
Of objective truth
And subjective

Not many people die
In the light of day,
But to be murdered murdering
Is quite the way.

Blue Heart

Oh, how my blue heart aches,
After years of nothing but breaks
From people I knew
Who promised they'd do
Whatever it takes.

But I kept Moving on,
Thinking no one could wrong
The thing that held all my dreams,
Yet nothing was as it seems.

But soon it meant nothing at all,
Those words that would make me fall
For the people who swore
They would stay evermore,
Through it all.

Yet countless times, I was broken,
The same hollow promises spoken.
Is it any wonder I withdrew?
you'd grow indifferent too,
When so many would say, "I love you."

And you'd believe it's true
Because you never know who
Could tell such a lie.
Oh, how my blue heart aches.

Love of Storms

lovely are the storms
In their magnificence and maleficence
The droning rain and the rolling thunder
Coming together to form a symphony
Joined by the singing sleet
And the harmonious hail
While the mind plays a melody

Lonely is the absent
Rushing through the storm
Or coming nowhere near
Not listening to the wonderful music
Nor taking in the beauty

Curious is the wanderer
Who takes in the storm
As the storm has taken them in
Their mind being swoon by the music
Swaying their thoughts and emotions

But alas it must end
For better or for worse
The beginning and the end
Of a wonderful arrangement
With the most delightful
and distressing songs
All part of the storm

Exeunt Storm.