

Spoken Words of a Creative Mind

A collection of poetry

"Together us poets can bring back poetry and show the people of it's true value" -the author of this collection

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A Burning Candle

It was a dark, gloomy night with a horrible storm
and the candle gave it all to keep them warm.

The flame would soon burn into thin air
then his light would no longer be able to share.

They huddled together but the storm was too strong
and they couldn't hold on for very long.

The candle vanished and his flame mutely cried.
He had just watched the family as they died.

He tried with his all but he still wasn't able;
Now he burns alone on the kitchen table.

Poetry?

Poetry is gone it has faded
And technology has invaded
The dead poets never to be remembered again
All the important women and men
It's now a thing that is long gone
The beautiful words that were drawn
The work that is now worth not even a dime
The hard work to find a beautiful rhyme'
What do I do with this very poem I have wrote
Send it away on a sinking boat?

Bitter Cold Touch of Winter

The freezing breeze that brushes through winter's hair.

Breathing, warm breaths from the lungs that dance in the air.

Your snow covers the ground like a blanket of frost.

Walking through your white cold powder bound to get lost.

The bitter cold touch of winter meets your blushing cheeks.

Snowing and freezing for many of weeks.

Icicles that glitter

Wind that is bitter

The Poor Little Bird

There was a bird with broken wings,
to his mother bird he sings.
She didn't answer and he didn't know why.
The poor little bird had nowhere to fly.

Unaccompanied, drenched in the bitter, cold
rain.
His heart unpleasant and full of strain.
Watching the stars as they float in the peculiar
scene.
Looking up at the marvelous moon and it's
sheen.

With nowhere to go, he waited to breathe his
last,
staring into nothingness in his past.
He closed his eyes and everything went black.
The poor little bird could never go back.



To Dream, To Love, and To Cry

The dreams that break and fall apart

lay deep within one's heart.

They remain hidden beneath dust,

remember them we must.

For cry they may in sorrow,

waiting to be fulfilled tomorrow.

Shall I forever close the door

or shall I dream once more?

To dream, to love, and to cry.

Dream I may and may I try!