

Poetry Series

**Adam Hollingsworth**  
**- poems -**

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## Adam Hollingsworth(11/23/89)

I'm 19 and am in my first year of collage. I love reading, writing, and playing music. Poetry is one of my passions, the others would consist of writing storys, and writing songs. i love to sing for people when i play my guitar, and i know that music is the universal language that can soothe your enemies.

# A Calm Breeze

Inhale deeply, the ocean breeze  
The set of dreams it will make  
It's the calmness, that makes us see  
The breeze of the sea, which we all seek.

The way of life, will lay  
Down quietly. While the wind  
Steals away our lives.  
We have violently lost, everything  
We sought. And each day is a new day  
But ends, in the same old ways.

Stay quiet, but stay near,  
Speak softly, in my ear.  
It's the stone inside the rock,  
Just listen, and don't talk.

The ocean breeze, screams softly  
In my ear. The sweeping sound  
Rains down in a common place.  
We live like an ocean, sometimes it's calm  
And sometimes it's a storm. Either way  
That's how it goes, like a wave at the end of its toll.

Adam Hollingsworth

# A Curse

I went down once to a river  
I saw a willow tree oh so old  
Burning wildly inside my mind  
Seeking for old friends to be kind

The lizard king crawls inside my soul  
It spoke of hope oh so bold  
A cursing light that keeps you from leaving  
Hope is the one thing I wish would leave me

Smoking my mind out of sights  
And seeing so much more and so divine  
Looking at life in sights never seen  
Realizing life isn't as easy as it seems

When will hope leave my soul?  
When will this curse let me go?  
It keeps me alive when I want to leave  
to experience the other side and see freely

Adam Hollingsworth

# A Door Better Left Closed

Once she asked me,  
"Why do you care about me?  
About the life I lead,  
And the girl I am? "

I replied,  
"The love I feel is beyond reach,  
The world I bought  
Is within you and all I care for  
Is a part of you."

She sat and stared deeply at me  
(with those shallow brown eyes)  
a whore holding the pipe,  
a door  
that releases life.

A touch of the hands,  
The castration of the soul.  
The pain of addictions...  
That we both hold.

I wish I never found this new friend,  
The pain she symbolizes,  
Is the pain I am.

Adam Hollingsworth

# A Hazed Shell

My thoughts haze to here and there  
Even a schizophrenic has his days  
Although life's not fair,  
But why must my thought leave and not stay?

The amusement has lost it's fun  
Soon my days are numbered, than done  
An empty shell is the emotional state  
Glazed shadows move in and out of space

Slant the chances and the will might draw  
Away by chance, but who's to say what's wrong  
Or what's right? Plant a seed, and  
Swallow the fire that soon grows.  
Neurotic and catatonic are the states  
Of mind he's in, drawing on  
So he may choose and lose,  
The hounding faces that cleared the slate.

Adam Hollingsworth

# A Little Game

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,  
All your crashes has left me little much  
See through my sight as it bleeds open,  
Knowing what is inside, leaves less to cope in  
Losing all that I know dear and thought,  
I lost my free will, and all that I love so much  
The way I feel, has left emptiness to rust,  
Oh dear, ashes to ashes and dust to dust

When the time is right  
We find a game that we hide  
While crawling back inside our brains  
We seek than we hide  
It's so much fun to do  
Open your mind and loosen those screws  
Keeping out the light, so fasten up tight,  
And filling the darkness with things that bight

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,  
The expansion has fallen to so much must  
Feeling free to crawl in the morning dew,  
Feelings of jadedness has left me blue

Time to flee the safety of higher grounds,  
Now recede inside beyond the bounds,  
Deep within your mind and its all the same,  
And in here we whisper the name called "insane",

The name of insanity falls out of time,  
So it can reach out to end its climb,  
It's a little game we like to call with chimes,  
A little creature that does not rhyme  
Now silently we sing,  
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust

Adam Hollingsworth

# A Poem

I am from...

I am from many lost jobs and a dreamer's reality,  
Torn over failed relationships and betrayed friendships,  
Walls built to the mass of cities long lost.

I am from journal to journal of a life before me,  
A poet's diary, and chaotic written songs,  
Streams of laughter and lines of nights,  
Pack after pack in a smoker's life.

I am from a liberal thought process, with Freudian obsessed lines to read,  
And a slight nihilistic contempt for authority,  
An ear for Nirvana, and mind expansion techniques,  
A poem from Thomas rings so sweetly.

I am from "Live and let live, "  
And a forgiven line of "Never met a wiseman,  
But if I did it's a woman, " and  
Lets not forget, "A working class hero is something to be."

I am from Hitchcock's black and white films,  
South Park and Simpson's, I'm so bored with TV,  
Book after book, and several broken guitars,  
Written lines scrawled in notebooks from me.

Adam Hollingsworth



# A Season Of Warmth

The beauty of lies,  
    Between you're eyes.  
The song of drugs,  
    I find in you're veins...  
        It's never ending.

The stream replies to a song of redundant tides,  
    How will I hide all that you have brought to me  
    In these gifts of disease?  
Lets sing them out in melodies.

The flow is mixed in nicotine, and a pinch of coca  
    Leaves. A variety of alcoholic drinks you  
    Gave to me, with a smile that just whines  
    "Please." THC and so many leaves, why  
    Couldn't you love me?

The hand of a white goddess touches mine, I will  
    Address all that you have meant in these eyes.  
The pain of you're subtle lying smile, it  
        Stings,  
        Till I cry.

Life is only a jar of ashes,  
    And haha,  
The body as a temple...  
    Let it burn,  
        For the lies of Christ  
Are dull and pathetic,  
        I'd rather prefer  
My long drawn out,  
    Season in hell.

Now we have a game we play, this game is fun  
    And true today. Its not hard and very  
    Refreshing. This game I say, is the game  
    Called "Go Insane."  
Close your mind, and crawl back in...back  
    To where it all ends. Here we find  
    The beginning of our sins. The truth



Stomped and decayed ruins of joy,  
The toy of love she threw at me,  
Like a broken bell that sings and sings...  
My seasons in hell, are all I bring.

Adam Hollingsworth

# A Slant Of The Mind

What is time?

But a rotation of the planets,  
A love gone to the wind,  
Or a setting of the sun?

Sometimes we can't tell the day,  
But by the bottle we drink.  
Or the books I read,  
...Plato, Steinbeck, and old Walts leaves.

What is art?

But a set of statements,  
An aesthetic feeling,  
Or a theory on communication?

And other times I sit in the wind,  
Nostalgic story's swim in the chaos of thoughts.  
A world of energy measured by mass,  
To the speed of light,  
...Have you ever seen God?

Or a rope strung to the choking of seeds?

Submission,  
Submission,  
A world I don't want to keep.

Do you know what it is to hurt?  
Love burnt to a gravitational hole,  
Failure that sticks like a parasite  
...to the bone.

Loss of light,

Loss of touch,  
Loss of comprehension,  
It hurts so much.

meaning,

Here we dwell where time has no

A court of the gods,  
With a promised feast  
Consumed by gluttonous dogs.

Out in the hills we roam,  
Lost like infantile, mad children.

To a hunt of tragedy,  
Is the mistake of Cephalus.  
Can you feel the cold chill,  
The rains of pain?  
The wind is our home,  
And a soft mad echo  
Speaks to us,  
...what is it saying?

What does it mean,  
To be?

Standing one with nature,  
Crouched by a river,  
Can we interpret the drones  
Of a suburban family?

They speak of regulation,  
And hold a working class hero  
As the sweets of moderation.

wisdom,

Doesn't the road of excess  
Lead us to the palace of

And can't we say truth  
Is but of a relative nature?

But behold,  
I believe in a long  
Derangement of the senses  
To  
Obtain  
The

Unknown.

Though, What is life?  
Art, poetry, a figment of the imagination.  
The skeptic concludes  
To a weak will.  
The artist spins a love

Of  
Degradation.

The contemplative  
Reaches the of height of formation.

meaning?  
The meaning,  
What is reason for the

Or,  
A will, a thought, a spinning of a thread,  
The fabrics of dread.

Two paths, one entity,  
A system from a creed of deities.

Can you speak when I say,  
"Reckless abandonment,  
Deranged lonely nights,  
Failed plains inside the mind.  
So useless to try,  
The common misperceptions of what's right,  
And the twinkle of tears gone by,

...Welcome to life."

Adam Hollingsworth

# A Storm Of Footsteps

The sound of footsteps in the hall,  
His heat is bouncing, like a ball.  
"Thud" one step, and once again,  
It's only the whispers inside your head.  
Fingernail's crack, like a clock at dawn,  
Oh what a thrill, I wish I was done.

Rumble, rumble, thunder, thunder,  
The storm screeches like a town in blunder.  
You know you're right and I know your wrong,  
You lost your summer and the wind is gone.  
A door open's, and he pounces because its dawn,  
Rumble, rumble, thunder, thunder, I wish I was done.

Adam Hollingsworth

# An Ode To Ancient Greece

Oh, ancient Greece,  
How much you have filled my soul.  
The aesthetics of your kind,  
Are more than satisfied  
By your beautiful eyes.

The epics of grace,  
Odysseus and Helen's sublime face.  
The war between two cities,  
And a tale of returning to beauty.

The dialectic of Socrates trial,  
The Christ before Christ on clouds much higher.  
The dialogues devoted to supreme justice,  
By Plato's divine universals.  
Aristotle's poetics devoted to the epics,  
And particulars brought by the golden ethical.

Sappho and her poetry,  
Herodotus and a tale of histories.  
The land of marble devoted to democracy,  
The Spartan grandeur and Athenian cultured society.

The Oedipus complex brought to Sophocles.  
Vengeful acts by Media for adultery.  
I sing joy to all the tragedies,  
Aeschylus and the dance of the Eumenides.

The Minoan society and the island of Crete,  
Greek culture and so much to keep.  
Athena the bright eyed goddess of wisdom,  
Came of Zeus, our lord of Jupiter.  
Juno and her rivals in the kingdom,  
Brought us tales of jealousy for the future.

The pre-Socratics of philosophy,  
Thales, Heracleitus, and Anaximenes.  
The golden verses of Pythagoras,  
And the sophist named Protagoras.



Aristotle's pupil brought grandeur to the dream,  
Alexander the great extended the means.  
The logic, the literature, and the home of philosophy,  
Mythology, and the tragedies, histories of epic poetry.  
The things that have been and will always be,  
I will always remember the glory that was Greece.

Adam Hollingsworth

# An Old Walk

It's the cold way we walk  
Down the street, to the world we know.  
The useless, and the shallow,  
It only goes to show, how we  
Try to fill the hole,  
As we walk out, and go.

The ignorance, of fresh idea's  
All the false hopes, and maybe we'll steal  
The ignorance of youth. Than maybe we could deal  
With the road we walk on, to stolen ideas.

Time will only go to show,  
As we walk, life will grow dull  
As we let go, to all we lost and to all we know.  
The cold darkness of the night ahead,  
Our regular intervals of time have bled,  
As we walk, to a life of dread.

Adam Hollingsworth

# As The Sun Goes Down

As the sun goes down  
We whisper softly to each other  
At the time of twilight  
Is when we find it the hardest  
In a meadow at the top of a hill  
We hold together, hand in hand  
We'll paint the sublime picture  
The one of life together  
Together forever inside our never, never  
We'll always be there together

I'll await you for your arrival  
As of now, I know it's near  
We'll seek each other  
For without we'll be de-feathered  
While I wait alone, at the steps of were we first met  
Here and now, I look for your bliss  
At the time of sunset as the shadows dance  
They show me worlds for me to glance  
I see a world of twilight and frown  
While I wait here, as the sun goes down

As the sun goes down  
I sit alone in my room and write,  
To you letters and poems of my disgrace  
I tell you all my secrets so that they'll die with you today  
Please keep them as I rise alone  
To face each day outside your heart  
While I stare from the outside  
Knowing I'll never be part of the inside  
So I fall down and go on in a happy frown  
For each night I wait, as the sun goes down

Adam Hollingsworth

# Beautiful Love

Kitty grins and secret sins  
Bottled plans and so hard again  
One more hour, one more second  
Just to know it will be fine

Holding hands and sleeping side by side  
Smile to hold and our love will never die  
Just to wish for one more chance  
With one more second for a kiss

All the seasons changed in us  
So deep that we never fussed  
We reached the highest point we could climb  
Sliding down went our decline

To say I wasn't angry or pissed is a lie  
But I will always love you even after I die  
Just one more chance to climb to the top  
Together there we would stop

You got chills running down  
I gave you my heart with one word we found  
I love u is all it comes to  
I adore you is all more than true

You give me a joy I never had  
Because I love you oh so, so bad  
When its over I break down inside  
When you say you love me, I can never lie

One more chance, one more second  
One more hour, just to say...  
...Forever I love you  
Pick and choose, I pick you

No one will love you as much as I do  
No one will care for you like I do  
After you all I find is you  
Before you, it was searching unglued

To make it again and say our song  
To live again isn't wrong  
In all other girls, I see only you  
Only because what we have is so true

One more chance, one more kiss  
One more time would be my bliss  
One more hour, one more second, just to say....  
.... I will love you forever and ever

I would take you to the end of the worlds  
Together we'd climb the highest mountain and swim in the deepest seas  
I would take you to the star you couldn't reach  
Beyond heaven is where our love swam so free

In forever after we would go  
In never, never, we're stars that glow  
You're the rose with no poisoned thorns  
You're the sky where rain clouds don't show

In a house they lived so freely  
Under a bridge, we kissed so deeply  
At the park, with smoked filled starry nights  
We both knew our love was so right

Our love was a wall built so high  
But brick after brick your wish fell down  
Remember the star we wished upon?  
Remember that night we found our song?

Holding hands with warmth so bright  
Hazel eye's and knowing true love is right  
We made each other laugh when we played  
And we wiped away each other's tears day after day

A song for you in a hazel stare  
A love so deep, I was scared  
I apologize for all my wrongs  
Do you still remember our song?

I always knew with you there was no wrong

All because with you, everything felt so right and we belonged  
An old couple dies together in bed in love  
True young love is forever our song

Just one more chance and one more kiss  
One more time would be so bliss  
One more hour and one more second, just to say...  
...Forever and ever my love for you is here to stay

Forever and ever I'll love you all day  
Forever and ever I'll love you day after day  
I'll be waiting for you to say ok  
Because my love for you, is here to stay

Adam Hollingsworth

# By The Light Of A Rose

I leave the sorrows of life  
In dust behind my heels,  
Lost to a frenzy of strife,  
Long, long ago.

Now awake within a hopeless world,  
And seek angels' wings  
Cracked by the tears of a womb.  
Can you feel it touch your soul?

I meditate in the grasp of nirvana,  
But come up so far and so short.  
The rose of pale light by the moon,  
Has withered the flower so soon.

Hanging by the tip of an umbilical string,  
Desperately trying to climb back to spring.  
I shake hands with the devil and blow a kiss,  
Gently running in a stream of bliss.

I sleep in a house with no door,  
Chilled by thoughts I want to go.  
Dear child, steeped in falling clouds,  
Can we hear the sorrows of moonlight sounds?

I climb up, only to fall down,  
Summer, winter, fall, and spring have all drowned.  
Wouldn't it be sad if I touched the earth,  
Just to see the tears of a gentle frown?

I climb again to touch the moon,  
But a tear has fallen unnoticed and engrossed.  
I sleep quietly in the river we choose,  
My soul trapped, in the light of a rose.

Adam Hollingsworth

# Deception

Once upon a time, I use to laugh  
Once upon a time, I use to care jack  
Once upon a time, I use to smile  
Once upon a time, I fell in love

I gave my all into this  
I gave my life, my heart, and my trust  
I was happy and for once had hope  
Than life burnt a hole so closed

Now so empty and oh so alone,  
Hopeless and lost, is all I have known  
'Please love me! " a little child will plead  
Please love me so I wont lose my needs

I see a future in my eye's  
I see life is only a lie  
To ask what's on the other side  
Soon someday, I'll take the ride

The ride of life and misfortune  
The ride of rides to the devils caldron  
He fixes the nest while we plead for the best  
Don't stare between his lines...

I see life blaring round in a hole  
A blaring sound that screeches in it home  
To ask what's on the other side  
Soon someday, I know I'll take the ride.

Adam Hollingsworth



# Ecstasy

The feeling rushes through your veins  
Hands shaky and arms ice cold  
While you walk around in a daze  
Loss of feeling, loss of control

It feels like heaven, oh yes it does  
Just something small, a pill that heals so much  
Migraines may come and go  
Your arms asleep when it begins to flow  
Hunger ceases and pain will leave  
Happiness locked inside a pill, for me to keep

And,  
Hearts rushing and cold sweats begin  
A dazed expression, so fun in sin  
You play god, just as god is dead  
A dumb found expression, inside your head  
I love it, I love it, I want more, you see?  
Some minor cuts are done to misery  
Falling and tripping, head over feet  
A smile rises and so much to keep  
It feels like heaven, and now I sleep

Adam Hollingsworth

# Everything

She's the goddess of my soul  
She's the goddess to my heart  
She's the goddess of my world  
She holds the key to my heart

She holds it tightly, grasping  
So hard that it leaves blisters  
I would do anything for her, anything  
And everything to hold her now, because  
She's my life and my soul  
My dedication is all for her  
She makes each day brighter  
As we hold on each day tighter

We will shout it from the highest mountain  
And take it to the lowest sea  
Our love for each other,  
Knows no bounds forever and ever  
It grows in repetition  
Just like sand is endless to no bounds  
We hold each other tightly  
Because she's my goddess, and my world

Our love is stronger than any army  
And bigger than any world  
We're everything to each other, while  
Each day, our love grows more and more

Adam Hollingsworth

# Falling Down

Intoxication,  
Mutation,  
Devastation,  
Of my heart.

Disaster,  
Deceitful-master,  
Ali-plastered,  
To my soul.

Lock the door,  
Throw the key-  
Lost  
Yet,  
Away,  
Forever.

Never  
To  
Be  
Found again.

Adam Hollingsworth

# Grave Robbers

I.

I dance upon your grave,  
When the moon is shining bright  
I dance upon your grave,  
Because it only feels right  
I dance upon your grave,  
When the tide is high  
I dance upon your grave,  
Because the dues are finally being made right

I dance when the moon shines right  
I walk alone underneath a mull tree of fright  
Seething all alone all night long  
And resting to bless the fare summer gone

Rosy stares of hot blooded fares  
Demented sounds in the wind go to where,  
We can't find his soul in our secret dares  
Choosing to lose all that we care

Making numbers one, two, and three  
Please god, when will you see?  
Our hopeless transgressions have gotten us nowhere  
While bright shining into a deepening sky,  
It fills us with useless outerwear,  
And creates a sense of a never ending fight

II.

Dancing alone atop a graveyard platform  
Planning to dance alone on your grave,  
Dancing upon your gravestone as if it were high drops  
Alone we all make due to our pays  
Overdue and underdone today,  
We sing upon grave because we don't care  
Maybe its hypocrisy or a lighted affair  
But we really just don't care

Losing yourself to intuition and will  
A wild calling brings you to a selfish kneel  
Picking dead flowers down by the bay  
Seeing what kind of senseless nonsense will come of today

An adventure sets light upon our under dues  
Seething alone underneath, we explode,  
Into nothing and become nothing or few,  
Feeling less tired because of gods only clue

Making many numbers of one, two, and three  
Seeing this nonsense write away our dreams  
Counting backwards to incantations spells  
Losing inwardly while we lose the sell  
Seeking a filter to a world of pain  
Preferring chaos as we watch the rain

### III.

I dance upon your grave,  
Because it feels so good  
I dance upon your soul,  
Because I know I could  
I dance in the light of a devilish moon  
While seeking the night away to uncovered tunes,  
Of deception and grace like never before  
You see what I mean, so lets count by fours

You see nothing wrong by the light of the moon  
You see very little and yet you presume,  
We have lost our minds and sought insanity  
We seek no less, but find darkness to play by so contumely

Now as the day rises anew,  
We seek new pleasures and flow back in tune  
Hide away in the deepest corners of your mind  
There tonight, we will find all of life's long forgotten climb

While still making numbers by one, two, and three  
We dance around and sooth a witty dream  
A silence overlaps our time of grief  
A tune carries on a dream, formed to deprecations

Soothing the burns of the battle by burning leafs  
Here inside, we'll find all of our secret decapitations

IV.

We dance upon your grave,  
Because it completes our ruins of incantations  
We prance upon the headstone,  
For fires of pure indignation  
We dig up the dead with furious grace,  
And plan an escape of pricelessly long dull days  
I dance upon your grave endlessly and flawlessly,  
And sing songs unto the world you have fallen screaming into heedlessly

Down away you fall, burning

Deep,  
Deep,  
Scatter along,  
Further and further,  
You're flung

We seek painful news straight from another  
And I'll rob your grave just for a dull blunder  
You may wish a star to fall rushing towards a civilized Cosmo  
But all you will retrieve is a world decamped of horrid condos

And once again we count, one, two, and three  
All the ways to a nasty keep,  
Of horrid increments made of soft stolen lights  
Or a cozy cottage of another devilish delight  
Cramming packages into a crowded closet of skeletons  
Seeking revenge and chanting I don't develop under flying controls,  
Lead by a demented tyrant,  
Lost in a dull, dull divulge

His selfish imbibitions have lost you long ago...yet,  
He has resolved all that you know...and only,  
For another you seek the breath of life...to bring,  
A tiny socket of joy,  
Into your life

V.

As once told,  
I dance upon your grave,  
When the mood feels right  
I dance upon your grave,  
Because of all the fights  
I dance upon your grave,  
In horrid delights  
Dancing and dancing,  
By the light of a graveyard plight

They crawl there way back up to tell,  
You a warning  
They say in chanting gestures,  
"We seek rest and yet have no slumber.  
Bring us your children so,  
That we may feast  
Bring us your lives,  
So that we may go on in delight"

Alone they fall back into a silent, cataclysmic, drowning pool of,  
Rabid maggots, with a touch of slinking rabbits.

Plough on through into tomorrow  
So that we may unlock the chains of,  
Burdens so floundered

And silently we count to ourselves,  
One, two, and always three

VI.

Dance for your every delight  
For tonight, there will be a graveyard plight

Revenge is always, just beneath the surface,  
So please respect, the long old serpent  
His skin is long and yet so cold  
He keeps a bag, full of soulless servants  
To say it is or to say was,  
It's only the beginning of,

The day of death has brought a smile,  
Upon his slithering denial

They say he's long,  
Seventy feet long  
His home is a child's den of a hole,  
Deep inside the earth it burns

Once for ashes and two for holes,  
Of course a three to dwell in,  
Beneath a bone of homes,  
All because hell is his home,  
A graveyard robber's den for souls,  
Stanching away at his graveyard home

## VII.

As the story goes,

We dance upon your grave,  
For plight of fears  
I dance upon your grave,  
To save all that clears  
We prance inside your grave,  
To find sins oh so near  
I dance to desecrate,  
All you hold so dear

Planning to thief my life away  
Planning to find it might be ok  
Dear god, why do I stay?  
For more of what makes this hate, never go away

And when the stories ends tonight,  
It ends in fear brought upon by light  
For we dance in the graveyard in such delight  
Because we ill be dead before the arrival of night

And as the chanting goes, one, two, and three  
We see all that we may meet  
And now we continue, four, five, six,  
We cringe now, because it's getting so sick



Reluctantly it goes on, seven, eight and nine  
We meet fire so lustily divine  
Now back to, nine, eight, seven...and we end on six  
We scream in fright, for we gone to far for a plight

The sickening grows while we all burn in shocking tides  
Alone, alone, darkness is invading our minds  
Mocking redundantly, unrelentingly parading inside,  
For we have all died inside this time

Making haste to the graveyard in fright,  
Because a grave robber dances tonight,  
For we fear, all that is dear and right,  
Has left with the grave robber in sweet, sweet delight

Adam Hollingsworth

# Hollow Breeze

The feelings that the wind stir.  
Is it for love? Are you sure?  
Fluttering open, it fly's  
Away. Frantically watching,  
Stirring,  
...Do you love him?

The sound of poetry in my ears.  
The rhythmic words  
Play at the strings of my soul.  
It's the way the strings flow,  
And just the way it breathes.

Heaven, sweet heaven,  
Will you hold my hand?  
Break my heart and soothe it again.  
Softly now...

...  
Now release the waves,  
Release the seasons in mighty unison.  
Release the love  
So it can flow freely  
For all to see.

Adam Hollingsworth

# Hope Will Leave For Another

Surly we haven't lost all reason and deity to her  
The one who bathes and feeds our souls

Surly we haven't knocked and  
Rambled the pillars four? The ones we waste and stir  
Alone by night the breathing is shallow to her.

Surly the earth isn't lost to the killing machines we erect  
The immaculate and wholesome nature of the pool pur-fect  
Our inner waste of souls demise  
To perfect and proven in time and time, we only decide  
The choices to find a deity in minds that wastefully hide.

Secrecy and lies rise in un born likewise of mind  
All that I find, is another one very unlike in all aspects  
Unknown and unacknowledged facts  
They create sounds alien to our soul and ears  
Out of fear, we reject life's unsought refurnished finds

To boast and crawl away to a selfishness of tomorrow  
Wonder around in the deepest sorrow, blankness that draws a memory  
Of hurt and un sought of pride so timidly  
Speak quiet for soon all hope will leave for another  
She the daughter of selfishness, and lies of devotion that draw sorrows

Adam Hollingsworth

# Hopes So High

It was a surreal walk  
The way everything was so blurry  
I saw a man step in a puddle  
In the morning he won't be so hurried  
Taking my time and stepping into air  
I felt light upon feet over there  
Seeking memories long lost to me  
I found the child I use to be  
Now he's gone and all alone  
Hated by most and ignored by others  
His heart is viewed as a disgrace  
And his opinion is mocked at in haste  
His truest friends betrayed his trust,  
That was the first time he ever opened up  
Live and learn so he did  
Now he's closed because of them  
Still he writes in hopes so high  
Trying to show his weakened side  
And yet, they smirk and laugh and beat him till he bleeds  
Each night he's home all alone so blind to see  
His thoughts are his companions and his only friend  
Hardened inside, forever to them, and all again

Adam Hollingsworth

# If I Look Inside My Soul

If I look inside my soul,  
I would find you, staring back.  
Eyes so pure and beautiful,  
And a lonely soul, cursed in longing.

My heart quietly admires,  
How beautiful and sublime.  
My longing is full of a broken past,  
And a future that looks dim.

To see heavenly skies walk by,  
And to feel a goddess touch.

Adam Hollingsworth

# In My Heart

In the dark I stare alone  
A cigarette burning, and the smoke is my home  
The rushing of my heart  
From the pills I took and love as a part  
I know it will kill me  
I know in my heart

The drugs have consumed me  
The stubbornness has subdued me  
The solitude will kill me  
I know in my heart

I've known for a long time  
Yes I have  
I know in the end, after she's gone  
And I'm alone with my head  
I know I'll be alone when it ends  
Oh yes, I know in my heart

Adam Hollingsworth

# Just A Word

Love is just a word we use  
When we can't describe it  
Love is just a word we use  
When it's so brought upon  
Love is found in the most forgotten corners  
Love is a word we use  
To describe life

You are the definition of love,  
The definition of life  
You sit and hold hands  
To describe the indescribable  
Yours eyes define beauty so lost,  
In a world,  
That's so forgotten

Love is our word that we use

It's a feeling,  
Of,  
Joy so lost and found  
It's a feeling  
When,  
We lose control and can't help but bound  
We take it to the forgotten  
And lose it upon the forsaken  
Love is a life,  
So long ago lost  
Love is,  
Love

Love is a feeling,  
We share in exchange,  
For another  
It's between, than swims to lives  
So into each other

Love is caring no matter,  
How bad it is

Love is the will to do,  
Anything it takes for the other

Love is a world we have all forgotten

But,

A few chosen  
Bring it together  
Under the sun  
Under the sky  
And under the hatred  
Its brings light to the dark and joy to the heart in draught  
Fear to the authority and fear to the tyrants

Love

Is

Hope

When its time you know its time  
And when it hopeless you know its there  
Holding hand and hand and feet and feet  
Starry eye's studying the world together  
While creating a little world of light

Love is,  
Perfection to who the un perfected bring  
Love is,  
Two minds as the same in the comparison  
Yet,  
Different  
So different  
There's a break and than a fix  
After the fix is a stronghold,  
Stronger than any government or society could conform to popular demand  
Love is an individual opinion and a fact to contend with

Love is the only thing that makes life worth living

Adam Hollingsworth



# Just To Feel

I can't help but feel  
Like I am tainted  
If only I could peel  
My hurt away,  
I'd be loved again.

Adam Hollingsworth

# Land Of The Free.

Bow down to the one you pay taxes to.  
Worship the faceless deity we call  
Government.  
The soulless thief,  
Swift as the night.  
A lying serpent,  
That takes freedom for life.

The stench of the Marxist  
Chokes me till I cough.  
They crept up by a veil of ignorance,  
In a land were everyone is created equal,  
...Just some more than others.

They brainwash you to believe in  
The land of the free, and  
The home of the brave.  
Unfair taxing, for pity where we see fit.  
Loss of state rights, to a system with no face.  
But ignorance is bliss,  
If that's all it takes, for us to feel safe.

The fourth amendment has lost its rights,  
And censorship has speech wrapped up tight.  
The war on drugs is a good idea,  
But not if its first casualty is the bill of rights.  
Though liberty has lost all that it feels,  
The hope for freedom is still in sight.

Adam Hollingsworth

# Laughter

You know that feeling, the feeling that makes you dizzy  
The one with a buzz that's so much fun  
The one that expands you with a gun

So what do you want to talk about?  
A ray of hope inside all my dope?  
Dirty needles and empty bottles  
Its my fun...what's yours?

What do you do when it all gets boring?  
What do you do when you lost your love of growing?  
She sees you with eyes of demise  
She hates you with a love so high

Growing old and saying lets fly  
Growing young with infected flowers is so much fun  
You know, you love, and you only hate  
So why must you grab and smack this fate

To see bloodshot eyes moist in love  
To a bottle of so much fun  
Starving and tired and only drowning  
So many hurtful glances with a red crowning

You know that funny way you are,  
The so star struck and under appalled sway for today  
The way it expands and fly's away

Change for a society of greed  
Greed mixed up in green  
Seen and lots of scene  
Needs to be...

One more way to light the fire  
One more way to fly so much higher  
Growing young and full of guns  
Staying high while lying young

It makes you smile all the way...

Inside, to boast and toast your way up high  
You gleam with a lost dream  
Sunrays burn the open sways

The costal regions lies to itself  
The child openly delights in what it sells  
False relaxation and coma tossing demonic illustrations,  
Of pictures of reflections to your...  
Lost souls

So openly and readily admit it the fun things you told  
Seeing so freely what we sold  
A hazy mind makes for open blue sky's  
While a closed mind, will openly crawl away and die

Adam Hollingsworth

# Learning To Fly

Standing at the edge of a hole made of emptiness  
Learning to fly into an abyss of cleanliness  
Remembering memories lost so long ago  
While I'm overwhelmed by the feeling to just let go

Flying into thin air while clearing all inside  
Realizing games that were made to crawl back in my mind  
Dangers of boredom and loneliness silk in me  
I just can't wait to be set free

You know what it feels like when air comes rushing past you  
Fire was made to clean out closets of dieing laughter's  
So few and yet so far away  
Clean my skin from this burning day

Learning to fly in a whole different way  
A way to end it, but not sure it will play  
Please come out and burn my life away  
Please say it's different when I have my way

But all you see is green burned inside my eyes  
Greed and hatred is our hope and demise  
All flowers come to wither and burn  
While all flesh can't help but slither to turn

Adam Hollingsworth

# Lithium

The mood stabilizer, and  
Crushed air.  
The hurt of thoughts, for  
Our songs of care.

But,  
I'm so happy, because  
Today, I found my friends,  
They're in my head. And  
I'm not gonna crack.

Swiftly now,  
Through our veins  
It swims.  
Anti-depressants,  
...Our favorite sins.

Sing and dance, for  
Worries have no control.  
The drug, the contents, that  
We behold.

Adam Hollingsworth

# Moonlight

She sleeps so hazily,  
Underneath my heart as a wreath  
She jumps up to clown,  
And so far, I am pleased  
Different voices and different sounds,  
Please show me, what you have found

A desperate act here, and  
Some sinking sand there  
Pulling down, down, down  
All under there  
A kindred soul there, and  
A kindred soul here  
Trapped like an animal, and  
Burning with fiery rage, while rotting in a cage

She sleeps so soundly,  
Under the moonlight  
She sleeps so bitterly,  
For butterfly streams near all night  
A different sun is out today,  
Rises west, while drowning in the east

Adam Hollingsworth

# My Old Friend

My old friend,  
I can't wait to speak  
With you again.  
The rose within my soul,  
Maybe we could be...  
You know.

However or whatever,  
I know it may be like  
Old times.  
And maybe,  
Just maybe,  
We could be two  
So divine.

Adam Hollingsworth



# Need Not A Silkworm

Smooth, soft

Need not, a

Silkworm.

Gorgeous streams,

Flow from

Your

Soul.

I can't wait to

Curve

My thirst,

For one more show.

Show me your eyes,

Eyes that flow

Straight to the center,

Everything I love dwells

From you...

Don't steal it

And run away.

I need not a silkworm

Today.

Adam Hollingsworth

# Nightmares

Dream once and it will leave  
Dream for all, because we see  
Everyone will leave,  
In the end I'm all-alone and will sink

Each night I lie awake and scream,  
At the sounds in my closet,  
It's so close, it seems  
For tonight I will drown in it

My cigarettes and my weed  
It keeps me up and so happily  
It keeps me going even when I scream  
While I lay awake at night, so afraid to dream

Adam Hollingsworth

# None

A life without hope-  
Is lost to me.  
Pessimistic,  
To the end.

Apathy was my friend.

Adam Hollingsworth

# Ode To The Lizard King

You crawl forth, slithered,  
The glare blinds the optics of our mind.  
The acid king, hallucinations  
Of grandeur, now you know you're alive.

You cheat death, by playing  
With hell fires of faith.  
A trance, a thought,  
The baggage of sins you brought.

Spewed forth, un-allowed,  
Cloaks shaded by random,  
...Is it found?  
Rational, irrational, to crawl back  
Inside, a hideaway, a game he played.

Scales stripped by non-being,  
A lizard king, drenched by  
Sights unseen, while you lay  
Slithering in sand, drenched in mythology,  
And stealing wisdom, as you can.

Flowing like a string in the wind,  
The ball of yarn, hung like a noose.  
To speak of your story and how you've been,  
Life burnt out, like a falling star in use.

To appear as a mad man,  
But truly on a spiritual journey.  
Your voice is a choir set to a chant,  
But behold, our shaman's in a hurry.

Adam Hollingsworth

# On Into The Night

Most days I seek wisdom inside your heart  
The heart of liars that cheat from the start  
The roses never reach to them as we walk,  
On into the night  
And sometimes I sing  
Outright and downright to fright

Hopelessly they come to me  
Holding regrets under they're feet  
Seeking cover from the world beyond  
For they're nights are long  
Longer than supposed under the passage of time  
For a wrong mind is a strong mind, I know it's fine

Alone they eat their meals in sour taste  
For I know, because my are sour and waste  
A waste of breathless air  
Inside my lungs tainted in tobacco  
The cigarettes lend my nights a friend  
Long lonely nights, they have always gotten me through them

So, again I sit with cigars and marijuana  
Maybe speed if I don't want to sleep  
I write along the passage of being alone  
All night long it will go on  
And now we part our ways for I am in haste  
Leave me be, and take your hate

Oh god, what a waste you are to me  
For I have given up, now let me be

Adam Hollingsworth

# Perfection

Beauty so divinely refined  
Eyes to melt my heart inside  
Ticking on towards life, we find  
A world together in love so kind

You're my everything,  
And my world  
You're my anything,  
So golden and purely whirled  
Hold my hand as we move together,  
Down the path of life forever  
Hand in hand, and heart in heart  
She holds the key so neatly furled in part

Secure it down and fasten it tightly  
For tonight we feel so right to be  
Stare into my soul and see who I am  
I am all yours, forever and again

You're the one who makes my heart skip  
And you're the one who can melt my stoned hinge  
Place your hand upon my chest so my heart can do flips  
As we dance in the rain, soaked and drenched  
You're the angel to my soul so dejected  
You steal it away, than replace it with love so perfected  
To the thief of my heart and the girl of my dreams  
You came from heaven and love me fully esteemed

For perfection radiates from your soul,  
So pure and lovely, you're never a dull  
You dance in the spring, so full of glee  
While I look at you, the girl of my dreams

You're the girl I always dreamed to love  
Now lets lay beneath the night air and stare,  
At the stars in heaven above

Adam Hollingsworth

# Profound Sight

Lacking quality's so profound,  
Blown away and out to far.  
So many thoughts lost and around,  
Even inside he lost his only star.  
See right through the thin air,  
Looking down, without the slightest care.

Remembering what he long ago lost,  
While you actually thought you could talk to god.  
The lies upon lies I bought,  
I always knew it was a fraud.  
The air was so thin and easy to breathe,  
Your sight is blind, so how could you see?

Adam Hollingsworth

# Round And Round

It's as black as a dull sound  
Round and round, it all comes down  
So filled in smoke, I think I'll drown  
Down and down, the drilling wind inside the sound

The fabric's wear thin,  
Torn in the darkest night,  
A dimension that bends,  
Lost to a smothering sight,  
Colors have lost their blends,  
Ignorant to what's wrong or right,  
Playful to trends,  
In the twilight of night.

The rip in the fabric has torn the sounds  
Round and round, and lost to found  
He hears, but does not see what's bound  
Down and down, the drilling wind inside the sound.

Adam Hollingsworth



# Scary Sounds

Happiness is just a word,  
A word of lies,  
To those who hurt

Now lets watch the children cry  
For adults soon they are,  
In a world of turmoil and scars

Blink once and it will all leave,  
Watch closely now,  
Soon it will burn into dreams

Hopeless and lost,  
The soul of many we are,  
Hope is lost, to so many and far

Given up on life,  
It's all just a game to lose,  
We have forgotten all the clues

It's all so pointless now,  
No one is really around,  
We're so alone in a world, full of scary sounds

Adam Hollingsworth

## Second To The Left

The way you smile,  
Leaves me breathless.  
Your voice is a choir of angels,  
Painted on a canvas,  
So...sublime.

The eyes you wear  
Shine brighter than heavens glare.  
The laugh you bring  
Is beyond Mozart and his ability's.

I truly wish upon a star,  
Only to take you farther and beyond.  
One kiss between two lovers,  
It would be the dream I have dreamed  
For, beyond all of eternity.

To whisper in your ear,  
And your giggle leaves a smile.  
The way you caressed my hand,  
As we sat and the smoke filled the room.  
You remind me of a happier world,  
One where I was at peace,  
And never wanted to go.

Adam Hollingsworth

# Sounds Softly Spoken

Sounds softly spoken,  
A sharp close in naturally leaves,  
So un sweetly, it's just so shrill,  
On and on, goes the drill.

Such an old thought, it seems  
To hide.  
Maybe it's a lie?  
So clean and new, it takes away  
A dream.  
When can I leave?

Such a lie, it's so  
Rightly divine.  
Is it time?  
An old thoughtless thought, and maybe  
I'm caught.  
It's so dark, am I lost?

On and on it never stops,  
I might dropp and loosely lie,  
And probably hide deep so far away,  
Please don't stay, for it's the end of the day.

Adam Hollingsworth

# Strides

Your choice is gone  
And you smoke weed while in the sun  
Your love is gone  
And yet I feel so free  
When is the wind going to rise?  
When is love going to die?

Laughing in on his suicidal thoughts  
Seeing what lie beneath his oozing yellow rots  
Laugh and poke games at his horrible figure  
Lock him away for a cold dark winter  
When is he going to leave?  
When will I find my deed?

You see him starving and rotting alone while frolicking  
You see him touching and molesting without a single masterpiece  
An infested milk rotted till winter  
His milk is shit and full of seasons dimmer  
When will the violence end?  
When will it all turn to blends?

Turning all over in heads and heels  
Seeing right through, another grassy hill  
Making eyesight while playing out of mind and seeking what to find  
Laughing at suicide as if it were a sac of green smoking dime  
When will we find peace inside our hearts?  
When will it all start to fall apart?

Adam Hollingsworth

# Swooned

A soft, smooth whisper,  
...noiseless?  
The wind willows in and out,  
...swift like sounds.  
Jokes have lost appeal,  
...maybe, just maybe.  
Tonight and tomorrow,  
...just maybe.

Maybe I was blind, or  
Saw through a glass window  
To soon. Empathy has repugnantly  
Decayed. More and more  
...like a wound?

All I have asked,  
...was shoved back.  
All I ever wanted,  
...was laughed at.  
All the appeals and dreams,  
...lost,  
just,  
L  
O  
S  
T  
.

Adam Hollingsworth

# The Angel's Touch

Refreshing breeze sings,  
The outside air.  
A Nightly freeze,  
Walks softly-up the stairs.

Singing softly to ones self,  
Pitter-patter of filth  
Deem less, sac-religious  
Prosthetic knees,  
Deemed unworthy on a shelf,  
Wrought so deeply, mind in guilt  
Seeming outrageous,  
Yet, soft as silk.

Adam Hollingsworth

# The Apple

The dream of beholding,  
Your round, withered beauty.  
With magnetic attraction,  
Of Aristotle's profound deity.  
I ponder this question, on the eve  
Of knowledge, to beyond good and evil.  
The way you hang upon the tree,  
Absorbing colors, like a dream.

You tempt me like a plant of intoxication,  
That I have grown to love.  
The smoke of harmony,  
To perceptions far and beyond.  
You hang by a small thread,  
That turned all fabrics of time.

Your heated color, burns like fire,  
And your lies, are sweeter than truth.  
I'm drawn inside your absorbing glow,  
With illusions sublime, a sonata for two.  
The media of poison, held so perfectly,  
To obtain possession for the fairest of us all.  
On a still summer day, we climb up and consume,  
For all you bring, while in bloom.

Adam Hollingsworth

# The Diverse Soul

The diverse directions come to pass,  
While good things always go so fast.  
A casted shadow driven by your mind,  
And the lack of air, means it's time.  
The soulless being is drowned by love,  
For the loss of heart, will fly like a dove.  
Wallowing pity is gone to those that end last,  
And the room of the dying soul creates a draft.  
The loss of feeling, feels so fine,  
I still can't find the straight and narrow line.  
A room filled of useless stuff,  
Like the life we live, that's never enough.

Adam Hollingsworth



# The First Time

The memories,  
Of what were.  
...I push them back,  
Until they blur.

I drink to forget  
The love I lost.  
True loves lies,  
I was the fool for her.

The smile was beautiful,  
The eye's...adorable.  
My angel, my life,  
My everything...lost.

I want to forget,  
I kill myself slowly  
Just to ease the  
Passage of time.

All the worlds' beauty  
Dwelled within her.  
I lost her...  
I want to forget.

The times in the park,  
The time I was arrested,  
The time at the airport  
...I want to forget.

Our first kiss,  
By the lake,  
The first time  
We shared each other's  
Bodies,  
Underneath a full moon  
Painted beautifully  
The stars of her  
Eyes.

The tears we cried on each  
Others shoulders, soaked in love,  
The crush that crushed  
    My soul.  
I want to forget.

The first time we  
Held hands, the first  
Time we looked  
    Into  
Each other's souls,  
The stare, it kills me now,  
    Please God!  
I want to fucking forget!

Why send an angel  
When she turns out to be  
    A devil?  
I hate myself for all the pain  
    I caused.

The time I did meth,  
The time I yelled,  
The time I drank and drove,  
With her,  
    By my side.

The lies,  
    The drugs,  
        The abuse,  
            It kills me.

She never did  
    Let me forget.

Adam Hollingsworth

# The Forced Disease

They cheat lives  
And close their minds  
So empty inside  
No more do things shine  
Sitting in anxious chairs  
Lying love is all they care  
Cheating all their dares  
And stealing hope without a care  
Your smile's lost in the devils moonlight  
Dear child you're engrossed in dark lights  
Induced pain is how they bend  
But it feels so good to feel again  
The kids walk side by side  
No smiles but hatred they only hide  
They wish for happiness oh so dire  
But all they feel is the rod on fire  
'Please loosen up, " the parasites plead  
A silent response is dead indeed  
For children trip and children fall  
But they are forced, into this crashing call

Adam Hollingsworth

# The Frustration

The soft-spoken frustration has broken the concrete  
And the beauty of the white lights shine upon a rose in discrete  
While the waves of confusion break down in turmoil  
A victim of hate, brought down by the axe of authority

The guns of fire bring unsettled violence  
While grieving children wonder to poverty in silence  
Brought upon by politics behind they're growing lies  
To tare down the goodness in children, to all blind eyes

Taking without complaints is humility long lost?  
And the illness of addiction has long thought  
That the health of ignorance will lose it's light  
That creates self-esteem inside a lack of knowledge to write

Putting up walls of will create long lasting tolerance  
And forgotten sadness will rain down upon us  
Just live and let live will bring peace of mind  
Than the stubborn mule, will leave your sight

Adam Hollingsworth

# The Gallery

I will find

A center in you,

The portrait, by

My other side.

I will listen

To your words,

Manipulate my eyes.

Aesthetically, it pleads

To the senses

Of

My

Mind.

Now, I leave, the informed lies

Of

Life.

Great

Screaming Christ!

Lazy Mary will deject all

The elated, of our pathetic time.

The mindless voice has spoken thrillfully,

While death makes angels of us

All. Unplanned, bound,

In a strange

Hour,

A search for wisdom, lost to a decrepit flower.

Did you know

Madmen run our

Prisons? Ignorance is

A cheap drug, but,

Who's to say?

I'm drawn into

A concept of circles,

Hypnotized by a

Hugh of pale

Meaningless

Summer

Colors.

The strange voices we hear, coming  
From the center  
Of  
A  
Canvas...

So,  
Immaculate and sinless,  
Like  
A spell,  
A flower...  
Roads in hell.

Or,  
The will to power.

Smooth as ravens claws...  
It'll draw you in.

Adam Hollingsworth

# The Highest Point

Dark clouds brittle in windy sighs  
Fluttery clowns run in and hide  
Your eyes radiate like the moonlight  
Your face as gorgeous as a wild sigh

To smile inwardly and know  
The game of truth has all been told  
Changing rides to abide to tides  
Oh, smile on the inside to climb higher

Battered birds fall inward and out  
An elated flower hides inside your ear  
Caress the times and cross the tides  
Your voice is like the ocean climbing high

And yet,  
Reach for the highest star  
Seek for the brightest sky  
See their what I see in you  
See a wonder so confused and blue

You reach and find all you please  
You speak and true love runs in speeds  
I love you oh so and so  
Blow me a kiss so I can show  
Where I stride to the deepest tides

Adam Hollingsworth

# The Lesser Instinct

Winds sing harshly,  
And nature gone extinct.  
The earth has softened,  
Though the sky is in a rage.  
A silent echo is monstrous,  
And life cringes for change.  
Harsh words release a beloved temper,  
While the knock sings to the lesser instinct.

Adam Hollingsworth



# The Living Night

Outside in the living night  
It whispers sounds so silent and right  
With a running visitor lost in the wind  
We can't see him, because he hides and blends  
Seeking the fiery chill of life  
While he runs, in the living night

Sitting silently under the stars, he slips away,  
Smoke drifts from my fingertips, and a loud dog plays  
Shifting shrilly right out through the sky  
When life falls quiet, we know it's a lie  
He seeks comfort in the fiery chill of life  
While he runs, in the living night

Adam Hollingsworth

# The Passage Of Time

As I walk down this path,  
I see the reflection  
Of sky staring back  
    In radiance.

The song of the birds,  
    The productivity  
Of the squirrel.  
    ...it raises a smile.

The laughter of children  
    At play,  
The sonata of conversation  
    In nature.

I sit by the picture  
    Of life,  
And I begin to ponder.

I ponder what was,  
    What is,  
And  
    What will be.

I ask myself,  
    "What is time? "  
an illusion?  
    A tapestry?  
        A sacred  
Text?  
    Or a work of  
        Art?

Or maybe time is a relationship,  
    The relationship we get  
        When aesthetic contemplation  
Raises an image.

Would time exist

Without the planets  
To dance?  
The stars of a story?  
And without the creature  
Of bright light?  
Then what?  
...time would stop.

A passage through life,  
A road through our mind,  
A brief stop in time...  
Time stopped when I held her.

When you slept by my side,  
Time was non-existent.  
I would admire you're peaceful grace  
As you held my hand.  
The tears of beauty I cried,  
While sleep made an angel of you.  
The passage of time we held,  
...it was ours  
to control.

Time has continued,  
Time is rolling.

Now she's gone,  
But sometimes I still  
Paint our passage  
In time.

Sometimes I wish to forget  
All we had, and  
All the purity you possessed  
The nostalgia hurts,  
Hurts like hell,  
But to forget a story like that,  
Would be a crime I couldn't bear.

The path I follow,  
Through my journals.  
I find a different person

In each one.  
    The boy who cried  
Over failed love  
    Has hardened  
And turned to stone.

The friends he had,  
    They held his hand.  
    Gave him the world,  
And bottled his tears  
In times of dread.

And now they're lost,  
    To the passage of time,  
Only to be found  
    In journals written  
    By someone  
I use to be.

Life is a crippling journey,  
    We look back  
At the journey we had.  
    I wonder if they still  
Think about me.  
    I wonder if they  
Anticipate a call.  
I wonder why I did  
    All these things  
        And lost a world  
So beautiful.

I yelled, I screamed  
Bloody murder  
    Across the lines  
...I'm sorry,  
    I still love you,  
But chance has struck my dry.

The past is a dangerous  
Story to walk down,  
    I wonder  
        Will the future be,

As beautiful?

Adam Hollingsworth

# The Pathetic Call

Everything is lost,  
No sound, in the blinding night.  
Profound sight-isn't what I bought,

No wrong without a right.

Thoughts for sell,  
Inhale the sweet grass.  
Misery inside-I'd love to die,

All in all lost inside.

Always in life,  
I turn up last.

Just smother me till my lost  
Hatred of desolate air-In the end  
It's useless.  
Please god,  
I  
Just  
Want  
I  
T  
To  
End.

Adam Hollingsworth

# The Reaching

A note of love sighs within,  
A chilling breeze blows wind to wind  
Doors drawn dwell so far within,  
To few to count when it all ends

Few draw a rose when they pass it by,  
Down by a river where we can try  
The reaching tree speaks in colorful words,  
Reaching so far, just so it could hide,  
While speaking sounds in backwards and forwards,  
And maybe tonight, we'll see what's inside

Just one note to chill the heart and,  
Just one word to make it start  
We grow old to only be young,  
It's the song, we have all sung

Chant, chant, chant so on,  
Chant for life to only become,  
Chant, chant, chant we're all young,  
Chant for happiness is our drug  
You see far and you see wide,  
If only we could see, what we hide inside  
See beyond the wrinkled eyes,  
So we can chant, until the day we die

It reaches no more, and  
It reaches no less  
Stopped all it's words,  
For now, it's a wreck

Adam Hollingsworth

# The Seasons

For years now,  
Or so it seems.  
I spoke my mind,  
But I forgot how.

I feel old and decrepit  
In my heart is a monster,  
The demons lost to me,  
Stomping loudly another theme.

I feel tired and old, yet it  
Has lost touch in me. Another summer,  
Winter, fall, and spring.  
The leafs have stolen my dreams.

For several seasons now,  
I just don't know what to think.  
Its all so buried deep,  
And lost inside of me.

Maybe sometime the past will bring hold  
A future. And maybe yesterday  
Has brought news. But probably  
I'm dead already. For we know the sun rises  
But sets in the east.

Ironic,  
Or just ordinary?  
What do you...  
Think?

Adam Hollingsworth



# The Truest And Beautiful

Sometimes I laugh  
Just to hear the sound.  
Play pretend  
That we are happy,  
When broken hearts  
Roast in the open.

I'd give anything to have it.  
You know,  
The feeling of being loved.  
Needed.

I need a hand to hold  
A heart  
To admire and be admired back  
I need someone  
To love me  
Like I love them.

The truest, and beautiful,  
I long to hold your hand.

Adam Hollingsworth

## This Is Me.

For who so ever comes to their ruin,  
I've been there before.  
Your devastation is my pain,  
While your happiness is my cane.

Though, the lines I've drawn,  
Speak little and more.  
Your smile fills me with shame,  
For, laughter is no more.

Old Walt, and the spectacles of  
America.  
While the fire and ice,  
Dwells on a frosty night.  
Thomas with his clown  
In the sky.  
Morrison and Cobain,  
Died as god's in fame.  
Oh starry night,  
With its ear gone on the right.  
King, Satre, and Steinbeck,  
A cemetery for pets,  
A theory on consciousness,  
And east of Eden,  
It all comes back.

My dwellings,  
My life,  
My thoughts,  
And my lost loves.

For we are all roaming,  
In a wilderness of dreams.  
And I say,  
Whoever touches this poem,  
Touches me.

Adam Hollingsworth

# Timeless Pleasures Surrounding Us

A giddy grin escapes the persecutor of demise  
A giddy smile comes from those who do not sign  
They laugh at you when no ones around  
They poke and play games without a sound  
Keep it high and keep it down  
Up and all around  
Fake the way we laugh at you  
Seeing ever so deeply,  
Right through you

You can't decide if it was fun  
You can't decide, maybe  
It was just one  
One and only, while lost and homely  
Despicable and descript able,  
Your ways are to me

Numbers all one through a hundred  
A million more and a million less  
The lesser shall make their tombs with ease  
While seeking a dream that does no appease  
To me, while we fight alone  
On the battle field of hate  
Poking and spitting on a carcass of meat  
Seething right through,  
To another date,  
Of misery

Inside the diary,  
We find devotion so true  
Devotion so void,  
And yet,  
Un attuned  
The smiles hide secrets deeper than meaning  
While we seek for a world,  
In utter de meaning  
It plants a foot inside your doorway  
And lends a hand to another way to foreplay  
Rejoice in the fact that it has come to an end

Rejoice in the fact that we have no friends

Make a decision and you will always regret,  
The way it comes and goes all around us  
Make a world of tiny grains of sets  
While lying to yourself about a heaven so blessed  
Factory workers seek comfort in suicide  
Growing old is just another name for dieing  
Plant a flower for the world of today  
And plant a tree juts to say,  
Rebellion

Rebellion in the streets of chaos  
Chaos is the sweet, sweet sound of rain  
Thunders swift violently through the mindless  
And our minds will swiftly decay,  
By one piece to the next  
And another to top the best  
Soothing sounds have lost their pleasures  
And a child has lost its sweater

Alone in the streets they will come for you  
Picking you off two to one  
Lies of a rose fallen in black  
Signing your name to another death contract,  
Yet in the same, your will blame...  
More on us  
And less to bless  
Seek comfort in wisdom and pleasures  
Seeking comfort in a dieing feather,  
Burning away to lost decay  
Just another day to play,  
All for just one more day

Adam Hollingsworth

# Untitled

In

The mind  
All in all what a sight  
For tonight we sleep alone for  
Sightless visions in/out lonely homes  
Speak quietly for the time has arrived to despair  
Quarrels and hatred have found envy in the most scares.

Speak within to hold it to precious, precarious red gems,  
Not a sound, movement, or the tiniest sin.  
Drawing a line for logical influence,  
Held still, and lost of failed air.  
Ignore it and behold,  
Another reason  
Lost to our  
Time.

Adam Hollingsworth

# Why We'Re Here

Nature to dust  
I am at a bust  
Creaking sounds, and  
Finding crowns,  
On a forever green,  
While losing good deeds,  
It's a smoking seed,  
That falls to ashes,  
Inside our trees

The way it screams  
It makes me want to bleed  
Dieing sounds,  
And never found  
Fall to winter  
And summer to spring  
The tree is life  
While murdered with a knife  
Death is only greed  
When people lose their creeds

Possessions mean nothing  
People are the meaning  
While killing the masses is hopeless  
Yet we love it so dope bliss  
Insanity runs in the streets  
Rebellion is our feed, so  
Feed the monster as it grows  
Soon an angel, you have sowed  
Anarchy inside nature's core  
Anarchy is freedom, to open the door

Adam Hollingsworth

# Ying And Yang

Ying and yang,  
Love and hate.  
Sad or glad,  
Who's to blame?

The same, then change,  
Control led to fate.  
Indifference or mad,  
It's just a game.

Good and evil,  
Empathy then apathy.  
War and peace,  
It's all the same.

Strong and feeble,  
Hate and love.  
Beauty or beast,  
Its as I claim.

Sex or platonic,  
Truth and lies.  
Attractive and disgusted,  
Have we no shame?

Angelic to demonic,  
Laughs turned to cries.  
Patience or rashed,  
The rules for the game.

Subjective or objective,  
It's all the same.  
The rules are relative,  
In the game, of  
Ying and yang.

Adam Hollingsworth