

Poetry Series

Andrew Long
- poems -

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Andrew Long(1/1/1992)

I was born in California and moved to Las Vegas, Nevada, when I was about six. I lived there for about three months before my family moved again. Since then, I have lived in several different places. I try not to get too attached, because you never know what will come next. Of course, life wouldn't be complete without someone to share it with...

Grogginess

Torrents of rain,
Flooding my braind.
I've been drowned,
In blood and misery.

Murder is an answer.
I should eliminate,
The problem.

Darkness sets in,
On my mind.
My braind is filtered,
By poetry.

I slowly step,
Back from my,
Dark, dark intentions.

Andrew Long

I Can'T Help Myself

I can't help myself,
Today or tomorrow,
I'm lost in my train of thought.

There's a girl I like,
A girl I love,
A girl that no one's got.

I can't help myself,
Today or tomorrow,
I'm in love with a girl,
But I feel full of sorrow!

I tried to ask her out,
But I chickened out,
And then after that,
I was about to pout.

I couldn't help myself,
Right now or right then,
I should try to ask her out
Again and again.

I love her too much,
To risk everything,
Would not be as much
As she would do for me.

I can't help myself,
Today or tomorrow,
I'm lost in my train of thought.

There's a girl I like,
A girl I love!
A girl that no one's got.

I want to ask her out again,
But I'm too afraid,
Is asking someone more than once,

Something that is shamed?

I can't help myself,
Today or tomorrow,
I'm lost in my train of thought.

There's a girl I like,
A girl I loved.
She's a girl that no one's got.

I want to ask her one more time,
But I can't just ask on the dime.
I need to bide my simple time,
And then everything will be sublime!

That's girl that I love,
The girl that I need,
She's the girl no one's got,
She's the girl I need.

I can't help myself,
Today or tomorrow,
I'm lost in my train of thought.

Andrew Long

If Only The Sun Would Rise

If the sun would rise, I would be grateful.
Because a new day is starting.
Not like yesterday, or the day before;
A day when no one should be hateful.

If only the sun would rise,
I'd spend the day with you,
And maybe the night,
Until the day anew.

It would be so lovely,
If the sun would rise,
That maybe,
There would be a surprise.

I love you too much,
To let you go up to the skies,
If only the sun would rise.

If only the sun would rise,
I'd spend the day with you,
And maybe the night,
Until the day anew.

I would appreciate your every thought,
And then right on the spot,
To our surprise,
The morning sun will rise.

Andrew Long

Ironic

It's kind of ironic,
How everything goes wrong.

It's kind of ironic,
How it's always someone else's way.

It's kind of ironic,
When the sun sets.

It's kind of ironic
That's what I guess...

School's a bummer,
Can't wait for summer.

Lost my girl,
Think I'm gonna hurl!

I can't control the irony
Inside of my life.

It's kind of ironic,
What ya think about it,

It's kind of ironic,
I can't take this shit no more!

I think I'm losing it.

It's kind of ironic,
I can't take it no more.

Irony is an illusion,
Just as much as life.

I'm so pissed I can't take it,
There's just too much strife.

It's kind of ironic.

Andrew Long

It's Life

Pain, sorrow, guilt and shame,
What is it?
It's life.

Triumph, success, glory, and fame,
What is it?
It's life.

Life is of truth, happiness, success, and such; life is also pain, lies, sorrow, loss,
and much.
It changes every day in many ways, it's true,
It's life.

The way it changes is unknown, because the change comes out of the blue.
What is it?
It's life.

Andrew Long

Swimming In Rivers Of Blood

Locked away,
In solitary.
Padded walls,
Closing in.
My mind,
Is fried.
Dark intentions,
Burn me.
Like venom,
They kill.

The only reason I'm here,
Is because I was swimming.
Swimming in rivers of blood.
The blood wasn't mine,
It was my enemy's.
I'm not the murderer.
He killed himself.
I found him in the floor,
And said a prayer for him.
I prayed for his soul,
To find salvation.
But then they arrived,
Flooding the house.

Like black smoke,
They filled the house.
They pushed out the air,
And suffocated me.
They locked me away,
For no reason at all.
And so now,
My mind is corrupted.

Andrew Long

Vengeance

So many times,
I've wanted revenge.
I've longed for power.
So many times,
I've wanted to kill.

To kill for another life,
To kill for stupidity,
To kill for no reason.

I've come to notice,
That anger can be powerful,
But very harmful.

Darkness can cloud one's mind,
And fury will replace one's blood.
Like dark champagne,
Flowing, seeping.

I've wanted to kill,
To hide my skeletons,
In my closet.
I've wanted to kill,
To prevent humiliation.

I cannot let this dark poison,
Diffuse within my blood.

Andrew Long

Victimized

I've been a victim,
For a long time.
Never realizing,
Nothing is sublime.
I've killed, I've screamed.
I've stabbed, I've dreamed.
I've smoked, I've drank,
I've made a problem,
Out of a prank.
There is a darker,
Far darker,
Side to this world.

There's nothing we can do,
About it.
Open your eyes,
To see the world.
Let the poison of reality,
Help you drift away.

I've crushed hopes,
Killed dreams.
I've brought hell,
To innocent lives.

I regret what I've done,
And beg for the past.
The past before I realized,
What the world really is.
I long for the shielded comfort,
of the world's facade.

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