

Poetry Series

Ben Bump
- poems -

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Ben Bump()

A Boy, In Passing

His eyes follow me...
Stunted growth...I can't judge his age,
but I have regrets older than him.

His innocence stolen by conflict,
I search for something to give back...
MRE's become my tokens of empathy.

What existence will he carve from stone?
Where would I find him the day before I die?
That night in a dream he is my son.

Ben Bump

Backseat

We took that long ride together,
Both of us driving on through the night...
Gently sliding into the curves,
Subtle hills, and softest valleys.
Breathing in and out this warm moonlit air,
Finally we arrive at our favorite destination.
Looking in to each other's eyes,
So glad we came together.

Ben Bump

Blank Page

Ben Bump

Breaking News

our paths are predetermined
the sacred never safe
the ticker tape tells our stories now
in letters that come too late

we thought too long about this
watched it rising like the tide
welcomed the world with open doors
then asked how it got inside

so get yourself a front row seat
and get your soul in line
the final act is set to start
brought about by our own design

Ben Bump

Dust Devils

Death walks these streets...
The corner market bustles while still and silent.
A stray dog follows an unseen keeper.

A man opens fire from a rooftop,
Ghost tracers pass through me.
The wind blows his shadow away.

A child's laughter echoes from an alley...
She never returned from the market...
A single flower blooms in the bomb crater.

Ben Bump

Hide And Seek Of The Soul

I caught you drifting again.
Staring one thousand yards, looking for yourself.
I search as well, but you don't want to be found.

Lying somewhere in the poppy fields,
you stand only long enough to choose a new hiding spot.
The sun sets on us now, and you don't know the way back.

The darkness came, and I didn't stop looking.
By the time that I found you it was too late.
We both became lost, playing hide and seek of the soul.

Ben Bump

Hunter Of Kunar

Innocent Towers...

The spear tip is forged in fire.

From death I am born.

Ben Bump

Lost Civilization

These words our silent footprints,
along the path of time,
like drawings on the walls of caves,
that none may ever find.
Our thoughts were once a living thing,
and like bones they will be scattered,
neither created nor destroyed,
someday none of it will matter.
You've given these words a purpose,
now carry on the same,
for the poets who walked among us,
long lost without a name.

Ben Bump

The Secret Spot

Time was against us...

I prepared you so well, I neglected to prepare myself.
Bundled in layers you didn't even need,
another's warmth would soon find you.

I left my expectations there with you,
in the secret spot.

It wasn't right that I should keep them.
They were a careless gift, too delicate and fragile
to be carried by a soldier.

Yours was a game most unfair,
but you'll never know that I played along for you.
That afternoon I left we both pretended like children.
One year was an illusion of the youngest heart.

Ben Bump

The Thieves Of Lives

People accustomed to theft,
Snatching, grabbing lives with disregard,
You look to me for protection...
And I found my purpose all too well.

Gambling with the reaper's dice
My opponent and I shared the moment.
We traded eyes and teeth,
And now he neither sees nor smiles.

Borrowing from time and stealing from God,
Mother Nature's harshest lesson unfolds again.
Survival of the fittest.
A guilty thief I so became.

Ben Bump

Tigris Night

Tension rises like the mid day sun,
and the moon reflects assassins.

The potential of this midnight calm,
contains the kinetic energy of violence.

While in the smoke of someone else's fire,
we're all just faceless silhouettes.

Ben Bump

Warning- Contents Under Pressure

THE AIR

use adequate ventilation

THE WATER

contains petroleum distillates

THE SOIL

hazard to humans and domestic animals

THE PEOPLE

keep out of reach of children

THE WORLD

contents under pressure

THE TRUTH

harmful or fatal if swallowed

Ben Bump