

Poetry Series

**Brandon Butler**  
**- poems -**

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## Brandon Butler(1-23-90)

I'm Brandon I'm 20 I've been writing for about 10 years. I'm a musician as well. I play the drums. Most of my poems come from things that have happened in my life. Some of them tell hidden story's in my life like Amazing. I do not include these explanations in the poems themselves. If you would like to know anything about my poetry please feel free to ask.

In recent times my lifes focus has been skew by this world. I've fallin into the matters of only relevence to how I feel and happiness. Now nothing matters and the changes of this time are setting in. I feel in many ways lost though so found. In any light this is my page of poetry. I will forever maintain it, updat it and keep it going. This is what keeps me going. This is who I am. And looking through the works that I have here I feel good about my future.

# A Statement Of Condition

A statement of condition

A world of decay and dismay  
why would I stick a flag in this play  
Rob and horror of negligence  
Ignorance of such wide spread  
It must be an epidemic of imagination.

Creation, innovation whats the relation  
Acceptance, irrelevance compelling sense  
Latitude crosses longitude  
Fond of few  
Sorrow fueled  
Its an epidemic

What sense brought this  
Creation  
Imagination  
No  
Maybe ignorance  
Maybe intelligence  
Must be some will  
Its thrilling to hear such chills

Cleaver birds fly home  
Better birds fly far  
But all birds come home sometime

Flying away further the days  
Lost in a sickness of the swine  
Lost like a vine I attempted to climb  
At nine its time for a bind

Further I spread my wings over head to see this misfortune in turn  
So lost in these words,  
I don't even know verbs  
And in the end no voice I heard

No sound

No yell  
A thud when I fell  
And nothing to catch me but a ground

Sad disarray by the end of this play  
.....So poetic

Brandon Butler

# Amazing

As I write this in vein. Pain stained as insane.  
To want to have forget, those who move to be wed.  
The days bring dim cold sorrow.  
Of only ill dim moons follow.  
None morn none that.  
I still want to hear 'let us be wed! '  
Tell my heart the day you left my bed.  
In still my heart left over her head.  
Never shall my being (as if never left)  
She I die for your sake only after as I'm  
Our lives never touched, maybe d by all.  
Our love would still stand without anything above.  
As strong as world, as great as space.  
The emotion that fills this inevitable state.  
The magic of your gaze turns haze from my blaze.  
To the thought of your life lived only aside mine,  
would be Amazing.

Brandon Butler

# An Epic

In an epic

The earth is gray  
Matter weeped, sweat filled  
The world we know it  
The heroes that fight for the rights they break  
Is anything safe anymore  
Is anything normal  
Is everything supposed to blow up  
The world burned by the blood it shed  
Washed like a cloth in a cycle  
What is linear  
What is normal  
Who should I be  
American or a Patriot.  
An epic

Brandon Butler

# As I Began

As I began  
If only I know how to say  
I'd ask for nothing more nothing less.  
That love be and will always be  
All I ask of you is that you'd always be my babe.  
For me to say I think these ways that no one ever could describe.  
The way I'd transcribe the infection of mine would be not a task for the faint.  
Cause if god be my will, I tell of no cheap trick or thrill.  
That you be mine and mine for evermore.

I love you I cry, as I see my tears fry. I wish you would never leave my sight.  
because at that time my heart was yours forevermore that none could sepperat  
And to leave your side makes my heart dies until that day returns.  
I love you my dear, so much that I fear of ever messing things up.  
As lost as the wolf in the storm my heart cries for your essence.

Brandon Butler

# Before I Felt This I Felt Love

Locked in the mind of my past  
Wanting to grow ut feel so alone  
Not just waiting but searching  
No closure close to what I need  
In late nights my hear sits and bleeds

LEaves just wont change  
Feelings of overtures  
Overtones ring miles  
Steps lead nowhere  
Repture of our fight rides  
Cries for her  
Longs for her  
If only we where close

So distent like worlds apart  
Who we are when we first started to talk  
Locks of times I said goodbye  
Yet this time I only cry  
Detached cut at spine

My wine not so fine tonight  
Weakened by thoughts so consuming  
Yet worried was it all my foly  
Truely something must move me  
Yet I sit in blissfull misery  
I weap for the crime of your touch

Like dust I roll the next dutch  
Just to adjust the minds musk  
The wine I crash in the end I rush  
Faint fall, finally tonight I leave it all.

Brandon Butler



# Changed

In many ways I am of new, for from last back close to start.  
In only dimly light parts I remain who I am,  
But my nature stronger then that  
Pulling me to ends so far the sight is only so dim  
Leading me to ways so seen as wrong  
But remember if only it wasn't a lie  
We all be happy standing by there side

Laid in a bed left so dark  
Moving farther from anything none to be whole  
Or the norm they call a whole  
That I am alone I know  
That I am strong I know  
But in the shadow of night I remain whole  
Built by the neglect of ones so close  
Lost in this world with know one left to coach.

I stay as I am  
For I am who I am  
But in light I have no followers  
I do have masses  
With wisdom I care and march for my future  
Lessons set in, and I become whole again  
In everything changing  
And ever ebb and flow, breathing  
Leading, to my All, and my ends.

So left to fed on my own  
Solumnly I sit, writing this as I spit  
I've left, I am no longer.  
Beyond this possition I have left  
You lack an understanding  
Without this you will never know who I am.

Brandon Butler

# Concept Of Beast

Mutters of sounds bleed my room  
Natures so beast behind the close of the door  
Stopped the tracks of streets so wild  
Bright as and blue clouds brighten our scent.

Washes of light grained high streams  
Dipped in lotus of the britta  
Brought to cyfin the blood of the beast

Later sit in eager wait  
Nest of conscious. Rest my soul  
Bitter sweet the endings of such hold  
Sought out of plight with pitty

The rivers run long the end of days  
Rest on end of lessons learn  
The end is near to thy who concern

Brandon Butler

# Days

In a sense I write for nothing.  
I'm really not doing this to tell you anything.  
Telling you of the times we once laid in bed  
Thinking of the end as morbid thoughts spread.  
The tip of the end as morbid thoughts run,  
lost as this mess, with oils and Opeth.  
The stress spread east to west.  
Hells nest webbed east to west.  
That reasons as told not known by image.  
To tell of such fun, they're lives become vivid.  
Livid for the lost of the days.  
The we once laid in bed for Days.

Brandon Butler

# Fly By

As I fly  
so high in the sky  
drifting away from time to time  
I see the new day  
as I'm wasting away.  
Just wishing that I could just die.

Brandon Butler

# Four Letter Lie

Singing the song  
brought upon  
from thy fawn

As if dreamscape  
the love from the waves break,  
retrace and replace.

Beginning as a lie,  
that four letter lie.  
Lust filled emotion  
carried then buried beside.

If only it wasn't a lie

Brandon Butler

# Holocaust

Kill, split, hit in the back of the head  
One shot till dead,  
For who and only who  
Being only but you.  
Doing as you do.  
By swift degenerate folk,  
Who's only belief is what thieve spoke.  
Kill Jews as is,  
Never to ask what this is,  
Lied to get high,  
With the power of the sky's  
So many die from his rise  
Over time many have died

Brandon Butler

# In Light That My Heart Is Dead

In the light that my heart is dead.

As if cold and broken

dripping in sweat

Yet I forget this love I'd met

The day that my heart laid in your bed.

Hating to leave

Such a beautiful dream.

No lie could ever deter

That from the end of my race.

I may stay in last place

but instill my heart will still burn

As in the end, I lost.

Brought upon at what cost

The lose of my heart and my soul.

If in pain you most go

though one day you'll be whole

Then in end, I've fulfilled my goal.

To mend whats broken  
Ripped apart then left open  
To that day we both stayed awake.  
I love you my dear,  
though my love I fear,  
will take hold and control our souls  
That are paths may past  
As I drink from this flask  
At least it maybe an escape.

The end of ends  
of whats began  
not the end as ones end may seam.  
That every night thing brings.  
such wonderful dreams  
As in still my heart lay for yours.

And as in end of days,  
all fears fad away.  
As forever I will lay in your gaze.  
That forever we'll hold,



one thing we've both told,

I love you with all of my soul.

Brandon Butler

# Last Few Letters

Scene ask a sky Grey  
a moon blue  
and the children are gay  
Happiness again a term used by few  
The ones we look down on  
The ones that went through

The end time is  
A time that maybe near  
But in thinking of thoughts  
They are still all so clear

The problem today is the sleep decay  
The lapse of my paps gives me heart attacks  
But that is not that  
And I'm not like that  
The fact that I'm black  
Just adds suspense  
And flats

Brandon Butler

# Leave Haste By Race

This pass not past  
Hell helps this  
Strip I take to  
Escape this end  
Bring weeps to  
The foes  
That stops my stance  
As  
I prance and  
I prance  
May I dance?  
To this lance  
By  
Yet these sheep  
Sleep in the  
Manger as  
I flee from  
A stranger  
Of another  
Race□

Brandon Butler

# Lime

Limes turn the walls of my mind  
Lining every find with dismay  
I'm so confined to the walls  
So blind lined kisses of my swine

Bright in sight of worlds crushing my tales  
Lesson of worth taught to turn souls into ghoals  
Set and waited for faith to fulfill  
Lost still in the bass line my mind fills

Rocked in cradles filled with raddles and charms  
Conned into feasting the reaps of blind  
Sat in the nature of flock so brave  
But listed in the sands of blind

Stopped to write the tunes of my sense  
Blocked by the sense of other not here  
Backon my space to domains of ill

I rot in sense to bigger things then left field  
fields of greens and golds of better feast the metal  
feasting on the senses of life before this worlds pain  
senses of life beyond the pain that lines my walls.

Brandon Butler

# My Creed

Like lines on a chalk board  
Say are the words I say  
Days labeled with weeks  
Years begin in days  
Lives changed by nothing  
But a big ass number game  
The blame, on fame, class, or anything of those lames  
We play no games  
We call no shots  
We play to the beat of our drum  
We make are treasure  
And we love more then you could ever love

Brandon Butler

# My Oh My

There in the woods  
Take breaths as I could  
I stood with my hood covering

Covering my shame  
The shame it's insain.  
The pain and the pain  
Rips tears in my veins

As I claim and explain  
This predicament I have gained  
The mistake is done.  
At first it was only fun.

That love could lie.  
That I could cry.  
As this love of mine  
Could potentially die.  
Oh my I cry for this hopeless lie.  
This grand old plan as I tell her these lies.  
May I die be only pride the heavens have sighed.  
Lied for my crime, lied for the four letters I cry.  
As time passes by as I lie by the side of my beautiful vixons side.  
I cry.

By and by, please set me aside.  
Please open these eyes to me crimes.  
Release my as my exscape.  
Please don't make me wait this fait I.

That all that I've done,  
Broken by simple words spoken,  
Lothing as holy mind proceed.  
That god turns his head from the likes of me.

As a being so obseens.  
Depressingly mean, this ceen scene,  
In this mer movie it seams,  
Bring this thing as unhapply seen.

My lie, so cold heartbreaking inside,  
Tearing from line to line,  
Not telling of time,  
I know of this lie.  
As I am the lie.  
I am the crime that I've broken this senseless minor sign.  
Why oh why does my heart just cry.  
My oh my will my heart just die.  
Die from this end, to just let this begin.

Brandon Butler

# Nearly

Wanting to write  
Though lost  
No start from this sense of emotion  
Vancant no sound no commotion

Play leads no where but senses of lost  
Like a child with no friend  
No demons to mock  
only the wind he listens, it does not talk  
Such luck in the end he doesn't give a buck

Apathy laced in the seat of care  
I don't notice anything  
Not even her hair  
But still I will her company I implore  
Though lessons and signs warn me not to explore

So lost in the sense of this girl  
Not knowing anything about her world  
Yet I wonder in slumber what young fun this young girl  
Could be indeed the dream I've seen so long inbetween  
In Between these chapters they seem  
Segments of life faded like dreams  
Memories only trill the pain  
Lost in the confusion my past has paved

Still captove from her longing stare  
Or is it mine I stare with care  
Hoping in a sense she'll sense my notice  
That long felt wishes echo my emotions  
That my love is true no lie no crime  
That your blissful bust is not lust this time

I see to your mind  
It shines as the blink of a star  
Like past your eyes mirror whats afar  
Lost in the sense of your conscious  
Every motion sent tells unconscious



Cautiously my mission  
With perfect Persission  
I vision capturing this vixon  
As stealth as I can  
No shack in my hand  
I sit and I ploy my hunt

Time never past  
Atleast her light past  
But at last my mission fails

As I sit and I wonder  
I have no thunder  
MY game so broken I weep  
In the end I just stay  
In most miserable ways  
Waves make quakes in my brain

But as my thoughts pass  
In time I'll move past  
And at last I'll find my lass

Brandon Butler

# Nothing

I feel like I cant go on  
I feel that this point is strong  
I can feel it

I see meself sitting typing this thing here  
Not knowing what it is for  
For the just lie in a pit of desirer  
I sigh

I don't know what this life is for  
Living in this shameful world  
Living my life for the lord

Think that this is cool  
Not playing my life like a fool  
Living the good life  
But this is not true

I live a lie my life is just a sigh  
Why oh why do I cry  
In the I will die

In the end we will all die  
Die with the lies that we live with  
Knowing that we lie we still lie  
Lie for lies  
You can not stop a lie with a lie  
The way to stop a lie is the truth  
The truths is I hate my life

Brandon Butler

# Nothing Left Nothing Lived

As if he told her his only hope.  
'To be love and be loved by your'  
Telling the story of My tail-

Lives lived without, 'within imprisonment' of nature.  
Can any compared Nothing left nothing lived.

Kiss and tell her sweet sweet bliss  
The bite of her lips, the twist of her hips.  
I love you my bliss.

Oh err to error my affair.  
To give anything only keeping slowly.  
That err to fill my wonderful dear.  
Love so near once said so clear,  
The love of My dear,  
So precious and so clear,

Velvet her skin, elegant in spit  
of that so vivid last night,  
In spit, I still love her  
My dear, Forever and never  
will my love be feared.

Brandon Butler

# Scent Of Beauty

Necture of diven quench my thirst  
Filled in glass baneth thy earth  
Tamed lanes pave scene obscure  
Laughing in ties blessed by a cure

Noted like lulls of a lilli  
In night the bite both pretty and witey  
Beauty as the days so still.  
Changing of the waves of hills

Bold and bright like white strips  
High like the ice in trains to fight.  
Long heard waves on gut and gaze  
Still notes made by a trinkled play.  
Added time beyond white lines.  
Broke like a sculpture that I most find.

Beckend gaze of all other glory  
Slinder tamed the is the beast  
Awake a bleak sent of the yeast  
Least as passed like lusionous glass.  
In all in all the summer pasted.  
And now as I wait wonder in the.  
Least of the darlings of my pretty.

The golds of my wolm kept in shore  
Locks of my damns wait for cures  
Nested like an end of film  
Lock by chambers the slept in still.

Brandon Butler

# Sight

Broken to become better

Lesser than statements of mind. I call to find long lines of broken time, though bends still filled with care and concern. For who is a question I ask too. Losing nothing feels like the world is gone. Typed to stop the coming days of dread and misery stated over and over again. Lost as I begin the turns of tomorrow. Looking for one step closer to the senses of worth all feels for who it may concern. Topped by locks turned to deny nothing. Except the ends of nothing as they seem. The left of spirits locking mine to its turns of time stopped to think is it real or memory.

What seems to lead me to the roads long walked for nothing in hopes of happiness. I shutter to think 'I am but a dream' the dream of my predecessor lived through cloaks of wisdom. As I try to pick my locks of mind, I find nothing why.

The becoming of a great

So long hoping that next to progress is a beginning

Like if anything was everything and nothing at once..

Why am I alive to live these days of pain

Over what I feel, I run.

Running to the ends of a story

Tails what.

Fragments state the turns

Blackened coals line my streets

Weeps of joy from afar drift here.

Lost in still mixes of pain

For nothing.

Brandon Butler

# Stay The Same

I cant stop this madness  
i cant stop this pain  
it keeps hurting  
why wont it stop please make it go away

if only i could have my love  
but my love is not my love  
but the love of one she loves

but in tell the day  
i brave to say  
i love you my darling  
it will stay the same

if only i acted when i first saw  
then, then would my love  
would not have fell

that is what i want  
i just don't want to hit the bunt  
i wont a grand slam  
i don't wont a dam slam thank you Mame

i wont some one that i can always love  
some one one can tell that im in love  
not needing that i love you  
my action will say that i love you

if you would know  
would your love grow  
i don't wont a whore  
i wont some one i know  
some one that knows me  
that knows we can be

that we will live together  
with the love of those much wiser then we  
love much stronger then the sea

not knowing what will come next  
just living are lives to the best  
i cant say it any more  
i love you i love you my Elanor

love cant be gage or tamed  
love is only true by what is gained  
not for sex or for money  
but for the things that are funny

the things that you can say  
remember that day  
we went out to play  
and ended up to stay  
in that same place all day

if you i would have played  
this game that we call a game  
it should be a shame the way they play  
toy with them so they can hit  
always saying it might not fit

i don't need it to have love  
to say we are going i don't need to  
with my love all problems we can see though

and in these word  
does our love grow  
or does our love just go to and fro

living a lie we all do  
i will never i say to you  
that is something i will take to the grave  
to do this task i must be brave

i don't care if your saved or on saved  
only that you'll and play all day  
we crave to stay together forever  
better and better with our ticker patters

as long as we live together  
with a love that kills the lust that breads

hate each other i hope we'll never  
but only that our love will feed and feed

giving my heart not my money  
just loving when i say something funny

hurt that night that i can not call you  
think to my self what will this call do  
it shows how we live and if its true  
i do i say i do love you

and in the end when our love is through  
i still remember the times with you

Brandon Butler



# The World

In a sense this world is so veil.  
So lost if not from beauty.  
Not gold, not precious.  
Old and gray.  
Evil in almost every way.  
Selfish, violent, confrontational.  
Irrational, conniving, betraying,  
Worthless piece of shit called a world.

Brandon Butler

# Wages Of Sin

Crush my hopes in pain  
Leave sight between milk and honey  
Lines my sets of crimes and cries.  
Lies I say to care for my swine

Elks play if only for one day.  
Winter settings its tables for the walk  
The lines before sights of only warmth and hot

Leafs as the see death  
Winter begins in only one breath.

What changes bids here  
The bed of one natures fawn to fare  
Cursed are the ones that see only tears

Bidding in nights for brighter weeks to come  
As dark sits in his seat mocking as they wiver quiver and shack  
Are these but leaves or something of better faits  
Stopped for roads to dark to take.

Mock the bird that seen its fait twice in one life  
Lived for such hights beyond the marks of plight,  
Crimes are crimes in only lines defined.

Brandon Butler

# You Can Never Tell

If I had waited  
if only I didn't leave  
then maybe we'd be  
maybe we would have stayed

If you know what will happen what would you do  
if you know that you where going to get in a fight would you stop it  
this is always the answer for all  
yes

But if you did know what will happen will it happen  
the answer is no  
then why would you care at that point  
then life wouldnt be life because its already set

In this life is not life  
because life is not a story  
if you know what will happen  
then it is just a story you are writing

life shouldnt be a story it should be life  
an unknown story  
set in time  
nothing can recored everthing about it because  
it is your life

like what if when you sleep  
you would know what everyone is doing  
is that what you won't  
to know everything  
that is what makes evil

and really if you know what and that means it won't happen  
so you don't really know whats going to happen even when you do know  
knowing somthings makes you won't to change to what will be the best  
and when you change somthings its always dif

so in this when you keep trying to change something in the end  
it will only work agenst

you can not trust your self

if you go on what you think  
it won't be the right thing to do  
you won't make the right disision because  
you have fear

you have the fear of it being the wrong thing to do  
but in the end the fear is what will make you do the wrong thing  
you cant be light about stuff  
trying to be nice all the time is'nt good

you are afrade the you will mess up  
you don't know what will happen  
because you can only change you  
trying to make some one do something will never work

all you can do is tell them what the right thing is  
it is there choice  
not yours realize that  
but if you don't do what people tell you  
the can never make the right choice

this is the reason  
you can never tell futer  
because then it is not the futer because then its a story

Brandon Butler