

Poetry Series

David Matthew Smith
- poems -

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David Matthew Smith(1/11/93)

Brothers Of Light And Dark

He is the Light
I am of Dark
Together we make
The greatest of Arts
Although I'm the obvious
Unwanted part
I've been bringing him down
Right from the start
Gaining his trust, But converting his heart
I didn't agree
To wasting his time
Taking his thoughts
Making them mine
To drive us apart
I committed a crime
Risking not having him
Right by my side
Without his support
I feel in a bind
But in a life without me
He'll be Just FINE.

Note: Felix I still consider you as a Brother but i Just didn't want you to have the same fate as me! ! Love you Bro.! !

David Matthew Smith

Death

A Poem By: David Smith

Written On: October 1,2008

Death isn't something you can throw aside
Like an old, rusty screw
But it's something in which God decides
There is nothing you can do
You may be pounded by sorrow and despair
Don't let it pull you down
Because in the end, if it does
You'll more than likely drown
Some people die
In the blink of an eye
Then their lives come to an end
Don't ask why and do not cry
Wish luck to your beloved friend
For when they arrive
Where all spirits fly
They too will be able to grin
Some believe, if you're like me
That they'll see a perfect sight
But that's true only if you
Be strong and live your life right

Dedicated to:
My Uncle Danny
We will miss you!
Died-9/29/08

David Matthew Smith

Heart Of Stone

My soul has crumbled
Under the weight
Of a world forever falsified
That i tried to create
The days are like fortresses
I'm intended to break through
In order to leave my heart
Forever with you
In the hands of my love
The heart shall not break
T'will make this world
Easier to take
But while i remain
In a hellish time alone
My mind and spirit
will stay stiff as stone
Until my True Love
Is Forever my own.

David Matthew Smith

Judgment Day

It seems our complete lives
Are crashing to an end
All the stress is put upon
The mind of a friend
The kind of truthful pain
That is impossible to mend
It seems the entire world
Is pronounced to be condemned

There are people on the streets
Fighting to live
When all of us appear
To have nothing to give
Some of us apologize
Life can be so tragic
Worldly things can disappear
In a blink, like magic

There are suicidal teens
Due to depression
Doctors tried to help them
There was no progression

Criminals run free
In so many places
Walking the streets
With smiles on their faces
Police are all bribed
By so many races

Citizens are hooked on dreadful discrimination
Harmful types of emotional penetration
All of their hate
Is of an evil creation
Consuming one's love
Releasing Frustration

These thoughts race through
The mind of a person

Like the mind of a sex offender
With a sick perversion

Our world is to its final act
An unwanted truth, an unbearable fact
This person truly believes that this may be the end
Our Judgment Day may soon begin

A poem written by: David Smith

David Matthew Smith

My Domain

I open my eyes to see my domain
All is still, like a picture frame
as i walk back i stumble over a rake
The tip of it, sharp as a stake
Glancing off into the darkness
All that is seen is Black
Starting to focus, I dreadfully notice
Something staring back
Its Demonic Eyes, dark as night
Forces me to pray
Then in a flash, the dream has crashed
And Darkness turns to Grey.

David Matthew Smith

My Will

There is a time for Pain
There's a time for Death
Even a time for a last breath
That day will not be today
For my spirit to fly
For my memories to fade
But when that time comes
I must be Brave
And find my resting place
Inside of my Grave
When my time comes
Do not be sad
Just remember the precious times
That we have had
Think of the times
That we have spent
Like a poem by Shakespeare
With Perfect Print
Allow the Lord to take me away
I'll see you again in a brighter day

David Matthew Smith

The Golden Book

Just as told in the Book of Gold
He was cast into a fiery pit
As he had grown old
The truth had been told
About a sin he tried to commit
Not far down his road, His heart turned cold
For a man he could not omit
For about five years ago, the man on a road
ended his daughters life with one hit
The man in the pit, In the rage of a fit
Sent the other to his grave
A crime that he tried, with no way to hide
A sin that the old man craved
Because of this sin
He was locked forever within
The Lake of Fire, His road had been paved
If only he had started to listen
If he had become a Loving Christian
He would've been alive
with the spirits that fly
And realized that nothing was missing

David Matthew Smith

The Power Of Rebirth

A shadow engulfs the raging Death
Igniting a furious flame
Surrounding the city with Eternal ash
draining life from the Rain
It strikes the ground with its Mighty sword
Beheading all the trees
Shakes the town with its chilling roar
Then brings the kingdom to its knees
They beg and plead for the Forgiveness they need
to have the strength of Gods
within the hour they regain the power
For victory against all odds.

David Matthew Smith

The Soul

The soul is the filling of a person's heart
Without a soul you would be torn apart
The soul is the thing that allows you to be strong
Giving the ability to deal with the right, And The Wrong
It offers the power to continue fighting
When others resort to running and hiding
The soul of the heart, The heart of the soul
Is the ability you have, Your self-control
It's also the emotions you express in a way
That people can understand without having to say
It shows the feelings I hide, Like a Cold and Endless Tide
And when it is time, i begin to rhyme
It roars at you like an oncoming wave.

David Matthew Smith