

Poetry Series

Dean Morris
- poems -

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Dean Morris()

Hello, my name is Dean Morris. I am 17 years old, I have been writing for some time now, just havent really put any of it on the web, I usually write when there is something stuck on my mind and I need to get it out by writing it down. On my off time i usually write, play soccer, and make my own music. Im currently in 12th grade. Im not sure on what I want to do when im older.

Believe

Stop it right now
just listen to yourself
how your rambling on about how nobody can help
you think that your in to deep
and that you can't get out
your screaming and yelling out loud trying to get some help
no one is around
your lost in the cold
watching your life slowly begin to unfold
right there in front of you
you can't believe it
your wishing that someone in this world could actually see it
actually notice you as a person
not just some random face, looking and lurking
you spend your nights
sitting in your room
hoping and praying that you will be rescued soon
your looking out the window
and all you seem to see
is how everyone outside is the opposite of me
see they have someone to go home to
they have a fancy house
and all your stuck with is a mattress and a dirty old couch
but your thankfully for what you have
you never complain
never able to say the lords name in vein
you keep peace with the lord
in hopes of something good in return
all you get is a slap in the face, your lesson is learned
theres nothing that can help
no one to ask for advice
even if you are pretty and nice
still doesn't mean
everyone around is going to give you some slack
just because you got the looks and nice back
nothing comes to you easy
you need to work
to be able to respect your self and not having to feel hurt
trust me on this one i no what its like

to not have something to look forward to.
its like a kid who is lost riding his bike
what we go through in life is meant to be played out
whether we like it or not
we cant help our self.

Dean Morris

Devilish Seeds

Harmful Threats

Have swept the face of the earth
Poisoning every shallow soul, shattering every new birth

Encrypting evil

Hiding in the dark and gloomy ally ways
Waiting patiently for a victim to arrive, waisting away their days

Destructive Intent

Uncertain of whom will be affected
Not caring for those who are left unprotected

Slowly destroying

Ripping away at your flesh
Obstacles preventing you from starting off fresh

Uncontrollable theft

Darkness has drenched your heart in emptiness
Nothing to say or do, lost and defenseless

Taken body

Suffocating your lungs, planting devilish seeds
attacking every inch of your body, heart endlessly bleeds

Dean Morris

From 9-5

As i lay on my bed
i begin to say
all of the things that i wish would go away

all of the wrong in my life
everyone thats involved
its as if my life is slowly being dissolved

i put my thinking cap on
and begin to think
how i could do better, and not live in this house that stinks

but of course comes along a little thing called money
something i don't have
its something that people always take from me

i work form 9-5 and still don't make enough
I'm slowly losing hope
but I'm never giving up

under no and circumstances am i to give in
the pain and struggles are not going to crumble me
my heart is pure, clean of sin

from time to time my mind tends to play tricks
I'm kicking and punching my own self
telling it to stop and call it quits

then it snaps me back to reality
puts my head back on straight
realizing how i need to change my life, and prevent my own fate

i know I'm winning and complaining
telling you things i shouldn't be saying
but who cares, honestly, but now your debating

whether or not that you believe in me
just look into my eyes
and you'll be able to see

that my heart is pure
but packed full of pain
these little things are driving me insane

that fact that i am broke
don't even have a car
yet i waste my money away on smokes

killing my insides with every puff that i take
I'm addicted to it now
i must be dreaming, i need to awake

snap out of this dream and back to reality
kill all of the negativity around me
and boost up my morality

Dean Morris

Happiness

riding in the mists of the atmosphere
showing its face upon shattered hearts
re-constructing all the pieces of people that have fallen apart
getting rid of the continuous shed of tears
erasing the terrifying dreams that everyone has once feared
drowning the misconception, lies, and excruciating pain
throwing everything wrong out in the intoxicated rain
replenished with the feeling of importance
everlasting joy reshapes faces with warmth
fulfilling long awaited feelings of love
introduced to the sounds of pleasure
finding your other half, the angel from above
loving every diminishing moment in life no matter the weather
the feeling that is riding in the mists of the atmosphere is happiness

Dean Morris

Help Me

OK so right about now is when I'm calling it quits
I can't stand watching my luck always falling to bits
Whenever there is something that is going good
I might as well stop right now in my tracks, I never should
even try and start something, because in the end it always goes bad
it seems I'm desperately trying to make people feel glad
I don't even take the time to try and think about the outcome of things,
I should just wash all my problems down the sink
there has been to many times were i have encountered love
course with my luck i screw up and it gets shoved
down the list with other countless mistakes
why cant i seem do it right for goodness sakes
I'm at the point in my life were i just want to stop it all
saying screw it to everyone and everything involved
its like when i have and opportunity in my hand
I just sit on it and stall. god damn
waiting for the other to make a move
before i know it shes given up waiting for me to ask her and to prove
that I'm interested in having a relationship
and I'm not some just other guy looking for a wild trip
because I'm not like that and i never will
falling in love with someone is worth more to then a thousand dollar bill
but of course I cant express my feelings, can't manage to break them free
for the whole world, and to the one that means the most to me
so what is there to do, because I'm seriously lost
what will i have to do to fix this, what will it cost
I'm giving it one last shot, and if it goes downhill
I swear to god it will be the last time that i ever will
attempt to do something, seriously I'm done
my world will be in dark, never seeing the light of the sun
I just cant seem to understand it why I am like this
there isn't a soul or person that can help me, not even a wish
I stay up all night thinking about my life
and how I wish it were different, I do this every single night
and all the shit that is going on at school wow i can't even start to explain
all the bullshit and drama I get my self into, why so much pain
I think to myself, 'man I wish I could find someone for me'
then I see people breaking up every day of the week
do I really want to try, or will it all fall into one big massive lie

I wouldn't want to be the main reason why someone would cry
over something that i have done to them, or because I'm an idiot
I wouldn't be able to manage, or know how to handle it
now I'm at the point were I'm trying to get something going
but I'm to damn shy to ask her, can even get my words flowing
there all mumble jumble, blah this blah that
god would someone please hit me with a baseball bat
I'm not even sure if I want to even continue
trying to love and help other people with there issues
the second I'm involved with someone Else's problems
I can guarantee i will make things worse then actually solve them
so there it is, everything flowing through my mind has been released

Dean Morris

Kiddnapped And Lost

I wake up to a bright and shinny new day
i have drool all over my pillow
i hope it will wash away
my eyes are still half way closed
i sat down only for a second
and away i dosed
i re awoke only a short time after
just after fixing my hair
which is now a disaster
i take off these dirty old pajamas
mix a bowl of cereal
cut up and threw in some bananas
i poor myself a glass of milk
while i clean up the mess i made
with my cloth that is made of silk
as i sit down my wife walks in the kitchen
shes says good morning to me
i ask her what shes fixing
she sits down beside me, reads the newspaper
shes asks me were is Lucy
hold on ill go wake her
as I'm walking up the steps i notice her door is already open
i walk into her room
what i saw got my heart mixed with emotion
her bed was empty she wasn't anywhere in sight
quick honey get up here
while your at it turn on the light
we search the entire house together she is no where in sight
that is when i begin praying
that everything is going to be alright
honey what the hell is going on
where is our daughter
something has gone terribly wrong
OK Lucy this is isn't funny
please come out of hiding
or else I'm taking your away your bunny
still no reply i begin to panic
my wife is crying and screaming
and i cant stand it

i pick up the phone and dial 911
I'm asked what the situation is
i ask immediately for a police car to come
my daughter has been kidnapped right under our feet
it happened over night
while my wife and i were asleep
we awoke and noticed her door was already open
we don't know what to do
we are praying and were hoppen
that you can help us out in finding our daughter
we would greatly appreciate it
if we lose her now, our hearts will grow dark and darker
i hang up to see my wife on the floor crying
she is breathing heavily
sounds as if she is dying
i run over to her, she is having a panic attack
she is rolling over the floor
shes now sprawled out on her back
i turn her over she is out of control
tears are running down the side of my face
first my daughter now my wife, this is taking a toll
i redial 911
at this point I'm yelling and screaming
for an ambulance to come
i can hear the sirens coming of in the distance
my whole world is flashing in front of me
this very instance
the ambulance arrives in front of my house
they bring in the stretcher
and put it on the couch
they try and help her there on the spot
nothing is working
I'm crying and praying for all of this pain and suffering to stop
all of the sudden i got dizzy and just fell to the floor
i never re awoke
i fell asleep for now and forever more

Dean Morris

My Friends Story

let me tell you a story of someone that i know
as long as you don't tell anybody, or let anybody know
its gonna be a secret that i never that i let out
unless I'm forced by the FBI, or having the police feeling me out
so...

here it goes its time to unwind the story
about this man that i know, no reason to feel sorry
its not like anything dramatic happened or someone passed away
its nothing that serious in any kind of way.....

He wakes up to see that hes already late for school
hes trying wake him self up, the side of his face is stained with drool
he hops in the shower for only a couple of minutes
to find no soap or shampoo, now whats with this
as he walks out front door he already forgets
his notebook and pen and his pack of cigarettes
stuffs them in his 2 year old jacket runs out the door
to find that the elevator has been jammed all the way on 2nd floor
he takes to the steps running as fast as he can
trying to gain his energy back from all that he ran
since he has no job and cant afford a car
he has to walk his ass all the way up the boulevard
a half an hour walk just to make it to school
waiting for him are his teachers friends just to say that hes a fool
the principle calls him down into the office
for late number 62, 'how can we solve this'
the principles asks him all these stupid questions
like did you do this and that, its getting him stressing
it seems every day that hes talking with his principle
if he didn't go through this, then it would be so simple
not having to hear his lip and all the bs that he sprays
boy would he love to mouth back at him and tell him he would like to say
and if that ever happened then we would see some action
principle versus student, that would get everyone laughen
so when hes done with the prince, he gets to class
he walks into the wrong room, punching himself, feeling like an ass
he already forgets where he has to go
hes been going here for so long and he just turned 24
he sleeps through his classes, he doesn't even care

about his marks and grades, or what he has to wear
when he isn't sleeping he has his headphones blaring
hes got the students and teachers looking over at him starring
the only thing they hear is Fort Minor blasting
with Mike Shinoda ripping every verse, as hes battle rapping
and on his way home he keeps his head down
looking back at his day and how he acted like a clown
when he gets home he just sits there on the couch
wishing and dreaming that he could do something about
this situation at school
he's met this beautiful girl and he cant described
the feelings that overruns him from deep down inside
he talks and hangs with her every lunch period
and thats all they ever do period.
theres never anything more, and let me tell you why
because he is to scared to ask her out, hes unbelievably shy
he knows that she is the one for him and she would complete
every dream and thought he has every felt, she is his heart beat
his only outburst of laughter is the the result of her
the reason he gets up for school is just to see her
the funny thing is, is that he truly thinks that she likes him back
but he is uncertain whether or not she really does, he just wishes that
he could build up the courage and grow some balls
just to ask a simple question, and from there on things will evolve
but he cant get the words out, its like there trapped inside
hes unable to speak, as hes slowly beginning to realize
that one day he will break out and him and her will one
and when that day comes then his heart will finally be one

Dean Morris

Never Give Up

Alright here it is the from me to you
letting it all loose because i got nothing better to do
its my life story I'm pushing through
expressed in the simplest ways, all of its true
and i know it seems like I'm always writing about depression and sadness
but for me to be able to continue i need to get rid all of this madness
why keep it in when it wants to be letten out
is stuck on the inside, scream and shouting, trying to get out
half the time i don't even know what its talking about
butt....

look at it this way
if we never felt the feelings that we do
then we could never progress throughout life, lost and without a clue
without mistakes we cant progress
without being denied, we cant be at our best
we need to go through the misery and tears
so we can learn from our faults and be able to steer clear
of the troubles and mistakes that we always seem to make
getting back all of the endless days we have spent trying to stay awake
from this dream that continuously is set on play
the tapes stuck on record and its impossible to make it go away
everyones trapped inside of themselves
walking to wards the light, hearing the faint sound of bells
walking to wards the sound hoping it will be your escape
turns out it was the the sound of record button on the tape
your back to the beginning, your life's on rewind
no matter what you do you cant seem to get it to unwind
then when it comes to our actions and what you can or can not do
it makes us think of how messed up we can be, and how i could be to
being pressured by the devil to commit harmful crimes
while your gut instinct is telling you to think this over one more time
you cant decide, not caring about the end results
forcing yourself to lie, acting like it wasn't your fault
you seem to blame others for what you have done
putting all the weight on them, not knowing were it even came from
now you made someone else's life a big gasping whole
your slowly killing them and the effect is taking a tole
So...

look at it this way

whatever you do, it is for a reason
even if you doubt me you need to keep believing
that your not the only one in this world that is having a hard time
just give yourself time and i guarantee that you will be fine

Dean Morris

Never To Be Forgotten

the ink in this pen has changed from black to red
From all of the patriotic soldiers blood that has been shed

the endless wars that have been going on for countless years
has caused more broken hearts and tears, then making things clear

And what i don't understand the most
is why there is starving homeless people from coast to coast

does anyone not seem to notice what these people are going through
no one even cares to make a difference, in this world there is only a few

that would pay any attention to try and make a difference
no one hears their screams, diminishing off in the distance

our soldiers are fighting for their lives, to make the future a better place
we need to give our lives to these brave men for keeping our homes and
neighborhoods safe

the bodies pile higher with every progressing day
every single one of them is a hero, now wasted away

never to be forgotten, never to be vanished
until the day we all die, and are rid of this planet

Dean Morris

Soldiers

If you were ever put in a heavy situation
would you be overthrown by rising anticipation

When it comes to the point of no return
would you defend for yourself and leave the rest to burn

Looking back at all the tragedy and pain you've caused
you wouldn't receive a single 'thank you' let alone a applause

Why do you enjoy hearing the sounds of cries
Then watching people drown in their own lies

I can't seem to understand
why there is individuals trying to destroy our land

If we are all equal and thought of as one
Why is there war every rise and fall of the sun

innocent people vanishing into the dark
they are the people that make it possible for kids to play at the park

Risking their own lives, for a better tomorrow
their families and friends are left with feelings of sorrow

The ones who have past, will always be hero's
we all need to be able to remember, and be able to teach those

About the soldiers, who have gone to rest
and those who have been put through the test

War is something that will be with us throughout eternity
So much hate and lies, and not enough purity

I dont know what is going to become of us,
We all need to move with our lives, and believe in those that we trust

Dean Morris

The Homeless

See's theres people talking trash, people screaming lies
I know none of its true just by the look in your eyes

why are people always trying to make life a living hell
who can you trust now a days, how can you tell

What are friends for when they always cause pain
your only way out, is by slitting your vein

why make fun, making people feel unappreciated
everyone around you will soon feel intimidated

Our world and society today is so unreal
war, death, kids not knowing what its like to have a meal

it's like a kids on the streets begging for his life
the next day on the news, he gets stabbed with a knife

reason being? course there wasn't a reason
everyday 24/7 its killing season

random people dying, individuals crying
people living on strong, happily surviving

what do these people have besides their clothes on their back
constantly aware of being under attack

they live off our garbage, thats what they call food
if we dint have any leftovers then their screwed

how messed up is that
sad thing is, is that its a fact

why wont anyone try and make it stop
people are on the street every tick of the clock

were all human beings, why treat some like dirt
this can't go on, something has got to work

on a resolution to solve this issue
what if you were on the streets, would anyone miss you

no one will come to your rescue, they wouldn't even care
all they would do is looked ashamed and stare

and if your lucky they might dropp a dime
one dropp maybe the very last time

Dean Morris

These Words

These words
expressed through tears
vanished by the screams of hatred
carried on by the singing birds

These words grow
inside of us all
careless of who we are
whether we are big or small

These words eat us
scrambling our insides
mixing up our words
blocking out what we once trust

These words succeed
carry out determination
enforce concentration
give us everything we need

These words confuse
uncertain on what is real
nothing makes sense
plastered with lost thoughts

These words interpret
spreading humorous lies
exaggerated meanings
judging people without reasoning

These words relate to us all
these words change lives
these words deceive us all
these words remember us all

Dean Morris

Thoughts

Unseen beliefs
Shattered thoughts
Sounds of ever lasting gun shots

Possible separation
Undeniable hate
Unable to bare the excruciating wait

Intoxicating lies
Untold secrets
Feeling of pain bares you speechless

Forgotten love
Overlapping denies
Drowning yourself in other peoples cries

Developing habits
Unknown consequences
Trying to understand life in your own sentences

Mixed emotions
For seeing truth
accidental murder, trying to hide the proof

Unforgettable silence
Intensifying screams
never giving up on your life long dreams

Punctured voices
Shattered tears
Getting back at your life long fears

Positive views
Negative insight
Throwing away all your problems over night

Dean Morris

What Are Feelings

Why do I feel, when my feelings bit me in the back
would i be better off to stop feeling all together
shutting out everyone i have ever loved
denying anyone access to my heart.
blocking it off before i even let it start
feelings
emotions
loneliness
self pity
what more is going to have to be added to my list
of things that i have felt, things i wish would never exist
i have been put through way to much in a life time
i feel that it couldn't possibly get worse
am i to always feel down, this must be a curse
my friends tell me that i need to keep a straight face
keep my head up and never feel like I'm out of place
i really do try but if i hide what I'm feeling then I'm living a lie
and to top off the list
the one girl i like informs me she likes someone else
she knows i like her, she doesn't even ask me how i felt
i am slowly beginning to understand
i will never know what its like to love someone
and to be loved back
i feel as if my heart is being stepped on every second of the day
whoever is involved with my life is slowly walking away
they don't care about me, or what i have to say
so where do i stand now
when will i eventually fall
should i restart my life, reteach myself how to crawl
pick up the pieces of my life that have be broken
put the puzzle together, and say what has not been spoken
feelings
emotions
loneliness
self pity
is what i need to put down the drain
wash it away
learn to live my life again
in the most simplest way

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