

Poetry Series

Declan Barwell

- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Declan Barwell(23/10/95)

I am 17 years old and am very interested in becoming a poet one day. I am currently working on a book entitled 'Power'.

A Little Note

Pay attention to the
world all around,
Listen to the chatter
the never-ending sound,
Look after the people
for whom you care,
Family and friends
they're always there,
For when you're sad
and hurt inside,
for when you have
nowhere to hide.

Declan Barwell

Bloodlust

Crush the beast that
fuels my hate
I hope right now,
it's not too late.
The beast within me,
hear it's cries
I hope to god that,
the Other One dies,
spill his blood,
all on the floor,
one dropp falls,
i need some more.
Release the beast.
Release it's rage.
Let the Othe One's blood
flow on this page
The beast will be
the destroyer,
the killer from inside.
The symbol of true paranoia.

Declan Barwell

Conversation With A Rat

Ah it sits there, bold as brass.
The rat in its element,
picking at the flesh that
sustains him. Oh scavenger!
Do you take pleasure in the
shackles placed on his hands?
Is the prospect of easy prey
appealing to you?
Your shrill screams of insults
are only to be echoed.
The fault is not his own.
You scream silence at him,
your foul reddened nose
twitching and your absurd
grey tartan fur
bristling as you rile yourself up.
As with clothes, you shed
your feelings, almost snakelike.
But you are not majestic, your
blood, when shed, runs deep, deep red.
This is why you're an outcast, no friends
apart from those who will sip
from the same vein.

Declan Barwell

Cornucopia

The early morning
call so loud
so peircing
in the crisp autumn air.
A shout rings out and
it takes wing
so fast in a
flurry of feathers.
An awkward flight
and lands so
soon back to it's roost.
So vibrant and
majestic it
lays down it's head
waiting for the hunter to come.
Goodbye birdie
Goodbye.

Declan Barwell

Cuckoo In The Nest

O, I bet in all of your travels
you have never met one such as I,
nor will you encounter one like me.
Your toughest fight will be with me
Dragon.

Your mind makes you oppress others
you torture and terrify to gain
but you can't torture me Dragon, nor
can you scare me into retreat.
Give up.

You will lose this fight, you hated
Dragon of plus thirty nine years. No.
You will not best me. Far from perfect
am I, but your scales are too,
tainted.

Never have I known a dragon so
fond of the pressings of the grape,
discomforted by it's own reflection,
'it's not bout me, it's bout you.' I
see you.

You will not burn me Dragon, under
those bright orange locks, nor petrify me
beneath that Medusa's stare. I'm no
St George, nor am I Perseus.
Oh no,

I am but a cuckoo in your nest.
I will gnaw at you from inside out,
plaguing your life until I end your
tyrannical reign. You Nazi,
I'm through!

Unlike your wall from '89, there
is no demolishing me, oh I'm
a thorn in your side, bad luck Dragon.

Your worries will be gone soon, so
goodbye.

Declan Barwell

Dragonsong

The dragon awakens
from his slumber,
The hours spent in solitude, not
as much as a whisper from you.
His mind starting to wander,
has his damsel been stolen?
His damsel's last clue,
her steed is about to die.
The dragon stays waiting,
his patience waning,
his anger augmenting.
His damsel cries out,
but he refuses to listen,
the dragons fire is gone.

Declan Barwell

Droplets Of Brine

The light from a dying rose
sinks slowly into the sea,
once red petals floating,
as the bud retreats beneath.

Declan Barwell

Escape

Some people escape to books,
I prefer writing my own,
Some escape to a garden,
Where seeds are freshly sown,
Some escape to pets,
Something to cherish and hold,
Some escape to lovers,
Someone with whom to grow old.

Declan Barwell

Jasper

It has no time,
It follows its heart,
It travels by day,
Night and dusk,
It eats when It needs,
It drinks when It wants,
It has no chains to tie It down,
It sleeps under the stars,
Nights gazing at the moon,
Until day breaks,
And It moves again,
Wandering down the road...

Declan Barwell

Lady Temptation

Temptation rears her
beautiful head.
She hides behind the
rosy pink mask
Her golden hair
curling around her face
like smog to a cliff.

Lest one should give
themselves to this beast
let them not forget,
her traded an angel
for a monster.

Yet her claws seem cut
her manner is tame,
why not should one
allow those nightshade lips
deliver a kiss?

For if he walk
the road travel'd oft
let his name be scrib'd
on a tombstone thus
and his body laid to rest.

For temptaion
is herself, a curse
a plague upon man,
whose truth is without reason
whose voice is but a song.

Declan Barwell

Saturninity

Dejected
I remenice
My disregarded youth
My forgotten innocence

In my present
Saturninity
I see no escape,
there is no reprieve.

I face the scorching sun
Once again
A nameless voice
One among millions.

Declan Barwell

Sunset

Sunset draws ever closer,
Night is drawing in,
The sky is alive with,
A vibrant clash of colours,
Merging, and yet so,
Different. Orange,
Pink, yellow, red.
Bursting into the sky,
Like birds going to roost.

Declan Barwell

Tears That Fall

These tears that fall,
within my eyes
These tears that fall,
but always hide
These tears that fall,
but always flow
These tears that fall,
but never leave
These tears that fall,
within my eyes

Declan Barwell

The Beasts Are Here

Scorching Summer,
Oak Trres, Acorns,
Intimidating Beasts,
Terrorising rural Japan,
Move away,
Move away.

One Beast attacks a woman,
Three attack a man,
The Beasts,
They are killing,
Look into it's eyes,
Look into it's eyes.

Near a railway station,
A Beast in the park,
Pursued by police
Shot dead in a house,
It was five years old,
It was five years old.

In an encounter,
Look into it's eyes,
Move away,
Slowly, slowly,
Look into it's eyes,
Among the abandoned crops,
And move away,
Move away.

Declan Barwell

The Details

The jewelled band of silver,
the smooth white teardrop,
the leaf, the moon and sun,
the ball and chain.

They stare at me, blinking.
Asking me; why? Blaming me.
The torture me, until it's
unbearable to look.

For the first time,
in such a long time,
I can see you, smiling at me
but its not true.

Declan Barwell

The Journey

Alone, a box of bootlegged wine,
a man and his silver snake.

He opens his eyes blearily, his silver snake
sliding cleanly over his arms

He is accustomed to it but still he winces.
The snake leaving two trails behind, oozing poison.

He raises a dusty bottle to his cracked lips,
he hopes to absolve his memories.

Allow them to fly, there is nothing he desires.
The bottle cedes its last drop.

He closes his eyes, allowing the wine to seep
into his throat, unaware of the poison

trickling down his arms, running like red cross-stitch
down his to his broken fingertips and dripping to the floor

His snake lies glinting in the musky sunlight.
Its tongue coated in poison. He pays it but a glance.

He is tired. The man wipes his brow and reaches
into the box. No dusty bottles greet him,

no small cork heads, just space. Emptiness.
He stands up, his chair complaining at his absence.

The empty room, stained grey walls, stripped
bare of pictures or paper, this is his abode.

His chair; his bed and table. He hurles the box,
the rotted planks exploding over the grotty oak boards.

He picks up his silver snake adoringly,
letting it slither over his neck.

Poison rushes out, like water out of a dam.
He thinks, casting his thoughts to the heavens.

I'm Coming

Declan Barwell

The Man At The Window

I look over at the man
staring silently out the window,
his eyes glazed over and empty,
he is motionless apart from his
slowly blinking eyelids.
Lost amongst his thoughts is he,
who knows what he hides
underneath those dead hazel eyes.
He's thinking deeply, I know,
His face is that of an innocent choir boy,
all innocent and rosy,
yet those eyes give him away, they do.
They are the eyes of a man
who has seen too much
and who only wants to forget.
I leave the bus without a word
and the man watches me go.
his eyes still staring, staring.

Declan Barwell

The Rabbit And The Wolf

You tried to distance them,
The rabbit and the wolf.
Will you break them apart?
Do not break them.

I am curious still.
His darkness, his shield,
her innocence, her sword.
Trotting, his usual, self-loving gate,
his inflated self-confidence, his demise.
But do not slaughter him for it,
the rabbit has killed him,
she, with her tenderness,
her shy yet bold approach.
He fills me with intrigue
his eyes so full of malice,
his bristling fur, so alert
yet his guard drops, for her?
And she, so confusing, so complex
Her heart, an egg. A fragile shell,
guarding such a soft inside,
yet she risks it, for him.

Do not break them
the rabbit and the wolf.
You and I daren't interfere,
leave be, leave be.

Declan Barwell

The Rose

Dancing playfully in the grass,
Thorns coming from her side,
Wearing such colours,
Too vivid to hide.

Delicate yet complex,
A dress of red,
A neck of green,
Lying in a brown bed.

She's a film star,
An ornament,
A touching
Loving sentiment.

Declan Barwell

Utopia

Only when those
whom control and
manipulate
the masses have
lost control
only when those
whose words can
deceive the weak
and the weak have
risen will the
governments fall,
the world burn
and only the strong
will see what rises
out of the ashes of
civilisations and
rejoice for he is
our saviour.

Declan Barwell

Without A Trace

You tore out my heart,
you stole my brain,
you cleared the blood,
but the stain,

It won't go away,
it won't leave your head,
it won't let you forget,
how you left me dead,

Upon the floor,
blood on the table
leaves you thinking,
how you were able,

To do such a crime,
without a trace,
of guilt or compassion,
upon your face.

Declan Barwell