

Poetry Series

francis
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

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

francis (09/14/49)

been writing since i was 16, just started trying to publish.

A Good Day

No letters, no calls
No one at the door
No lovers anymore

In love by myself,
Like some book on the shelf!
Some day i'll get it right
May look like i'm moving,
But i'm standing tight

francis

Again?

in love again, what good am i,
if i can't see for the stars in my eyes

already, i'm becoming metamorphic
using two lines to say one!

being that love is blind
and to me unkind

not having to say i'm sorry
another square bit

i've never had to wonder
if i should stand or sit!

what a mess; i love to be with her
but have to leave to relieve the stress

remember this, dont forget that!
she might leave me flat

so, why do i still fall in love
why do i endure the hurt

must be i need to hurt
to know i'm still above the dirt

francis

Albuquerque Blues

Today i saw a grown man cry,
heard a child tell a lie'
met a woman who sold herself,
seemed she'd rather die.

it was hot.
nearly 90 degrees!

I stared at the setting sky
wondering which way to fly.
I know iv'e been here before
a long time past

How long will these blues last?

I need someone to love me,
i need someone to love.

Just don't think i should bring anyone down,
By hanging around!

What if they ask; 'HOW ARE YOU? '
and ruin any chance i may have in this town.
Or is this the end
stuck here again?

francis

An Afternoons Walk

As i ramble by, the forest beckons me.

Down a familiar path i go

The birds come and sit then flit

their song is sweet, but not sung for me!

i keep thinking about you, babe,

as the water flows by

my eyes swell, but never cry

i wonder where the water flows

i wonder where it goes

Some say time is a river

this causes me to shiver

For here i'm froze

Where does it go, where does it flow

Back to the city streets i go

there's one i'm to meet

I walk slow, iv'e met her before

To like her is easy, loving her improbable

a few hours i spend

Wondering; should i have come at all.

Now i'm in a little deeper

with guilt, i make a promise to return

The walk home was long

too much thinking to do

i speak to no one

at the forest, i'm gone!

francis

Each Day I Cry

Each day goes by, i notice not the sky

nor the color of the tree

The color of my true loves eyes are too close to see,

My mind is as far away as she

her thoughts are not of me

There is no love left in me

i let all slip away

I notice much in my blindness

love has left me that way

It takes too much to only get by

I wish i knew you better

and you had time to not pass me by

francis

Envy

We all want what God, in his heaven has.

Do you not want the power to make a flower grow?

Or the power over rain and snow?

How about life or death, .

would or could you use it wisely?

Who would stay and who would go?

But mere mortals that we are

can't even mend a broken heart,

be it yours, or be it mine.

All the better, in such things,

we are not a part!

francis

Feel Like Thinking?

as i lay thinking
i wonder about above
do any creatures, other than man love?

when you step on an ant does another
ants heart break?

if you think that's deep
try this:

what about the stars bright
and the suns light

are they afraid to touch their own
for fear of starting a cancer in the sky

and as it goes why do they resemble so
an atom?

are we only a hangnail on the finger of god?
is size only relative?

so much to think about
as i thought of my friend

why is he preoccupied with suicide
doesn't he know?

dust to dust, doom to bloom
ashes to ashes, die as he must!

i'm sorry to say there's no where better than this
oh i do believe in reincarnation

but does anyone realize how long it takes
for dust to a human make?

francis

From Hell To Heaven

I have a story to tell

from my private hell

Not being clear

I recall not it all

Of what i do, i will surely tell

I loved many times

of those i tried to love well

I was never good enough,

or tall enough, strong or weak enough,

to hold to a single one!

I'm glad it's over

I'm sorry i loved at all

Lord, you know i'ts true!

Now in my private times,

i stare at the stars and dwell,

reading and writing,

and happy as hell!

francis

I Love Em All

above all; i love.

even my misery
is dear to me

i don't believe in
love melting at my feet
fryin in the noon day sun!

i believe in buses
i catch on the run

i believe in
the moon and sun

i believe in the reality
of man

i'ts those damn shooting stars
that i don't understand!

francis

I Remember You

Yes wev'e met before

I remember not when.

I believe we were friends

or was it we were lovers

I don't recall,

life moves too quickly!

Your face is becoming clear to me now!

It was the best parts of you that you kept hid.

To get close to you was a chore!

I replay the past,

our affair did not last!

To make love

we tried our best,

but both had others on our mind.

You left quickly, without a word to say.

I stayed awhile, resting with a smile

francis

If Anyone's Got A Line, I Could Sure Use It Now!

Here, as everywhere

it's true.

There's nothing new under the sun!

Only rehashed words and poems half done.

Love affairs that eventually melted in the sun

Only hopes and dreams, fading,

One by one!

francis

I'M Goin Somewhere.

I'm going somewhere

i never been

Your more than welcome

if you dare

Listen to that cold whistle blow

The doors wide open

The scenerys changing

come along, if you care

Down the line, there's Bill

Over the hill there's Lill

Once, they were strangers, now their dead,

Asleep, forever embraced

At night, at times, I can see their face!

The world hasn't beat us yet

Wer'e still standing on our feet

So your free to come along.

on my final voyage.

Nothings changed much,

Dave 's still on the riverbank sitting on a chair

The only thing thats really changed,

is the price of fare!

francis

In Control

the morning came knocking
earlier than usual today

couldn't wait to
start the day

been up all night
fell asleep on my keyboard

awoke with letters impressed
on my forehead

should have known
it was time for bed

money kept callin
so i went on my way

lucky i didn't kill someone
for on the steering wheel i lay

asleep at the wheel
all for a days pay!

francis

Life After Dark

I'm running out of paper
and i still have so much to say

i'm running round with myself
trying to make sense of it all

i wish i was smart enough
to put it all down in 10 letter words

these 4 letter ones
are hard to put any thought into

most times it's the words,
they know

they're sure of their meaning
that stands out

it still doesn't even out
to express a million dollar idea

with 4 letter words

its like taking a trip
on a sinking ship

it sure was a good tour
untill the end

it depends if you only got on
or are fighting to get off

while trying to get a thought across
you can surely get lost

good writers can get it across
in a few words

an art sorely

lost on me

someday i'll get it right
says i

learn to say good night
without saying goodbye

francis

Love

Always apologizing
Wondering if i should stand or sit

What a mess
I love being with her

but must leave to be
content and relieve the stress

Remember this, don't
forget that

Call too much
i don't trust her

Don't call
I don't care

Hard to make sense of it all

So why am i in love
Do i need to hurt
To know i'm alive

francis

Slowly Into Winter

the leaves slowly cascade down
to the ground
as winter turns slowly to winter

the wind blows them around
untill the cold freezes them to the ground
as winter turns slowly to winter

i return each year to find my leaf lying here
each spring it renews it's promise
this year i didn't wait! after the first spring storm
from its branch it was torn, it lied to me again

so this fall, before the free winds blew
i went to my tree and picked the loveliest leaf icould find
and kept it with mine
untill winter turned slowly to spring

francis

There's More To Love Than Sanity!

I live on the edges of sanity.

My desk's a cluttered mess!

My children live thousands of miles away.

Out in New Mexico'

My lovers somewhere in China!

Say's she loves me,

but i don't believe so!

My life's a bloody mess.

There's something i'm missing,

somewhere, i have to go.

My life's moving way too fast,

but i'm moving too slow!

You'd think i had

someplace to go!

I

francis

Third Stage

there was a time the clock ticked slow
then, i moved fast with somewhere to go!
now, like the weather i change
now, i show my age
deep in the lines of my face
in the colour of my hair
no longer the rolling stone
more like a rock
i need a kick to get me home!

francis

Time Drift

sitting at a stop light
i let my mind drift away,
i'm somewhere far away.

don't know how much time i've got,
on this earth or at this stoplight
forgot where i was or was about.

a pretty young woman crosses the street
in front of me, we're both afraid to let our eyes meet.
niether one of us is getter any younger!

another chance i watched walk by
what is this fear we have to simply say hi?

i tried my best to love you
i see pieces of people drive by
the radio plays low, a love song from long ago

someone blows their horn
its time for me to go!

francis

Tomorrow

New mournin in the city.
New mournin in the town!
Time to thank the lord I'm still around!

Made it through the night,
slept real good! slept real tight!
Woke up this mournin, must have done something right!

Ideas floatin all through my mind,
some God given, some contrived.
Gonna change my way of thinkin, gonna be kind!

Nothin to worry about, nowhere to go
today i'm gonna watch the river flow
Watch the people come, watch them go!

Nothin better than the way I feel!
Nothin can get in my way, the lord gave me this day!
Nothin to do, hell, I might even talk to you

Don't think i'm crazy, don't think I've nothin to do
Just cause i'm talking to myself.
Just somethin I do, to avoid talking to you!

I've got tomorrow, but i'll never have you!

francis

What Do I Need To Do

Am i the only one
who disagrees with you

Am i truely dumb
or a genius

Love me forever
do we have that much time

Am i really that hard to love
do my ideas truely disturb you

Must i always be agreeable
would that you cause you to stay

If loving you truely is unimportant
well then what is

francis

What Works?

When the pain of body or soul

torments me so.

i admit iv'e turned to prayer.

As hard as i know, on my knees i fell,

and asked a forgiving God for forgiveness.

As hard as i pray, the torment goes not away.

People die, i feel the pain and broken hearts

stay that way!

Faith. like grains of sand, is slowly swept away.

If prayer isn't the answer, what is?

francis

Why Do I Write Such Silly Stuff?

the wind blows my window
i'ts near time to go

across the cold alley way
the dried leaves blow

outside every one's looking at me
but, their eyes look down; afraid to talk

is it them or me, my sanity or vanity
that makes them balk!

it's a San Francisco wind
blowing in

blowing the leaves around
i wanted to travel

but i'm locked in Chicago
with the Albuquerque blues

with all i have to lose
with the whole world from to choose

i'm back in my room, alone
with the any where i'm at, i'm still the same blues!

francis

Why?

why am i so
much the way i am

i love you
but, say and do foolish things

and laugh in the face
of what sorrow brings

i'd like to write
about it, while the birds sing

but someone always comes around
to disturb any peace i've found

my words disappear
like the wind

like the dust, as i get off the bus
on the other side of town

i enjoy good food
but, can't eat a bite

my love is gone
my god! , it's going to be a long night!

francis