

Poetry Series

**Jesse Bauer**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2010

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

## Jesse Bauer(12/06/1990)

I grew up an outspoken child, always having my own opinion about things. I was never popular for it, and often it made me the target of ridicule. I started gaining weight at only 9 years old and never did get thin again, giving more reason for the other students to mock me. Despite the years of ridicule I lived through, I only wrote one poem dealing with the issue after the tragedy at Virginia Tech, 'Rise.' My family was never stable and constantly fought about any issue that came up. My parents never loved me, often they would threaten to throw me out or even kill me for my disrespect for them. I wrote only a few poems about such things. Most of my poetry deals with love, and more often the bad side of it. I enjoy writing about situations that many teens have or will experience as a way of either consolling them or at least preparing them for what may come. For now I hide my emotions behind laughter and comedy, hoping no one will notice the real me living underneath. Acceptance is a rare thing these days.

# A Girl

A girl trapped behind the bars of age  
trying to escape, to write a new page.  
Mommy says, 'no.' Dad says, 'don't go.'  
But a girl has to chase her heart, has to know.

A boy stole a girl's heart, left west for the setting sun.  
Waiting on the love of a girl. Waiting for one.

The sun rises on a girl's eighteenth year.  
a girl's happiness brings on a tear.  
Before that sun sets in the west  
a girl's already in a boy's arms at rest.

A boy stole a girl's heart, and waited for that day.  
a girl looks back on it now with no regret and no shame.

A girl got away from the prison of age  
and wrote a novel of life from that new page.  
Mommy said, 'no.' Dad said, 'don't go.'  
But she caught her heart, and now she knows.

A boy stole her heart, and held it for her.  
he never gave it back, but he kept it pure.

Jesse Bauer

# Absent Passion

(Verse I)

I can't sleep in this bed tonight  
Without you here  
And your side is empty now  
I need you here right now.

For so long your pretty face  
Could light the world  
In my darkest hour now.  
I need you here right now.

(Bridge)

I wish you'd see that  
I can't move on so empty  
and living so lonely  
in a bed that's now my own

I want you home  
I need you with me  
But you're gone  
Come back, my absent passion.

(Verse II)

I drink in the hopes that  
this lonely soul  
Will finally die and drown  
I need you here right now

(Bridge)

(Chorus)

I want you home  
I need you with me  
But you're gone  
I'm cold and empty  
Please come home.  
And we will never be alone.  
Come back, my absent passion.

(Bridge)

(Chorus)

Jesse Bauer

# Alyssa's Love

Grace, kindness, and with such beauty.  
Any man would kill for her.  
Life passing by this girl so fast,  
Much of it is left a blur.

Alyssa, the name, sweetly said.  
More so by the man she admires.  
A story of pain and being hurt,  
Written for girls that it inspires.

The man she loved, was not a man,  
But a dreadful waste of time.  
Together for more than a year,  
He committed an adulterous crime.

Alyssa, not lost for long found him.  
A new man who treats her right.  
A full love between the two,  
Not faded by her first love's blight.

Happiness to both of them,  
May their love last against years.  
Through good, bad, hard, and easy times,  
Through joy, and fear, anger, and tears.

Good Luck

Jesse Bauer

# Axe Murderers Anthem

On a lonely night, late at work again,  
Your wife is at home, in bed with your friend.  
You go unaware, night after night.  
While your friend slips in with the love of your life.  
Working hard in the office today,  
Your boss tells you to call it a day.  
Pulling into the long gravel drive,  
You go upstairs only to find  
That friend of yours sleeping  
And your wife started weeping.  
So you storm outside to the shed,  
You want that cheating whore dead.  
You fire up the grinder and sharpen your axe  
Your friend comes in and tells you "relax"  
Quite the demand from a man who's so bold  
Now you drive that axe deep in his skull.  
Rip out the axe, throw his body in the bin.  
Stomp up those stairs, hands dripping with sin.  
It's time for your wife to know how you feel  
Your axe is so sharp that her skin, from bone peels.  
Lying there screaming, sheets turning red,  
The axe comes down through her heart to the bed.  
Sit down softly in your big lazy chair.  
Your work is now done, at the TV you'll stare.  
Watching the game, the national anthem she sings.  
And sanity slips away on great devil's wings.  
The axe murderer's anthem plays in your head.  
And the blade is held closer with every word said.

Jesse Bauer

# Beautiful You

It feels too fast, but hard to slow.  
Why should I? There're miles to go.

And when I think of beautiful you  
It's all so right, it's all so new.

Your body smooth, skin gentle.  
Eyes sweet, and so sentimental.

Curve to curve, my view enticed,  
A work of art by God and Christ.

You're quiet and yet not silent,  
Hidden thoughts like an un-bloomed violet

Deep thoughts of my unknowns  
Careful thoughts so words are set in stones

In your heart, I only hope for a place  
Being first to make you red in the face

Making you shy, and yet you hide it.  
Beautiful you, with your face, don't confide it.

What I can see is miniscule so far  
Significant though, details of an art.

I look forward to knowing more  
For now I haven't much to adore.

It's early on and words too few  
For me to know that beautiful you.

Jesse Bauer



# Clean Slate

Friendship turns into this hate.  
Hate carves its scars into my slate.  
My slate is stone, and it remains.  
The scars they cause suffering pains.  
I hurt myself, fed my own flame.  
Now I'll live with my own shame.  
My words were harsh, but not unspoken.  
And now our bond by words is broken.  
My anger hates, and so it lies.  
Because of this, our friendship dies.  
The stone is carved, and it will last.  
My slate will always tell my past.  
One day, may we forget this hate,  
then I will have my own clean slate.

Jesse Bauer

# Cold Shower

Your parents would fight  
and they looked down on you.  
You could hear them at night,  
every word that they threw.

It made a scar on your heart,  
and an ache in your soul.  
finally tore you apart  
and you lost all control.

(Chorus) Let the cold of the water run over your hands  
you've had this planned, but they won't understand.  
Let the blade of the razor be still in your hands,  
And your friend's scream rang through the night.

You lie under a cross  
that girl's friendship was proved.  
She cried for her loss,  
although you never moved.

You're six feet underground  
and the preacher prays.  
That girl won't make a sound  
for a number of days.

(Chorus) Let the cold of the water run over your hands  
your pain is a man's, still above you he stands.  
Let the blade of the razor be still in your hands,  
so you don't have to hear them fight.

Now it's peace and quiet, every night.

(fade out) No, you don't have to hear them fight.

Jesse Bauer

# Cry To Sleep

She hides in her covers and cries herself to sleep.  
Tied to half-truths and whole lies, the reasons she weeps.

Bound so, by a contortionist of hopes and dreams.  
One who is there when she needs a shoulder to lean.

He just seems so perfect, she cannot leave his side.  
But for him, she is lost. By his law, she'll abide.

so tonight she will hide under her blanket, dear.  
crying for joy and for sorrow and, too, for fear.

Jesse Bauer

# Dear God

Dear, God:

I just thought that I'd confess. As your son, I'm not the best. I have sinned and not lightly. I have lost the grip you've held so tightly. The straight and narrow is hidden in my crimes: lust, lies, hatred, and swearing so many times. My hope is that your love will forgive, though unworthy, I want to live, in your kingdom in your heart. From your grace, I shall not part. A vacation south is not in my desire; your highness is far beyond a searing fire. I'm lost and lonely, unsure what to do, so may I come and stay with you? Please write back in any form you want, the best is a letter, but please make it legible font. Thanks again for taking this time, to read my prayer and bless my rhyme. I look forward to your letter. I believe that's all it takes to feel much better. Forgive my writing, it's sometimes messy. I'm writing with love.

Your son,  
Jesse

Jesse Bauer

# Dreams

Alone in my home, alone in my dreams.  
Alone in my thoughts, my life, and my screams.  
Alone.

No one can hear me. No one can see me.  
No one will answer my pitiful plea.  
No one.

Heavy as a stone, or light as the air.  
I can be whatever I dare.  
It's my dream, it's my wish,  
Only I care.  
I'm alone, it's my dream.  
I will not share.

Dreams are tangible, dreams are a fate.  
Dreams are the only thing I don't hate.  
Dreams.

Take me away, take me with you.  
Take me to find a world that is new.  
Take me.

A house in the hills, or a lake in Vermont.  
I can go wherever I want.  
It's my place, it's my home.  
The real, I daunt.  
I'm alone, it's my thought.  
Your world is gaunt.

Save me from people, save me from death.  
Save me before I must draw my last breath.  
Save me, dreams.

Jesse Bauer

# Family

Look me in they eye, tell me that I am great.  
You can't? Typical, you never did love me.  
You only... fight me... you only force my hate.  
Always the same damn thing: all is above me.

You don't want me.

Show me something, show me that you care at all.  
Give me hope for reason to see you again.  
You'll see I'm gone a year from this coming fall,  
My life with you, every moment, was in vain.

You don't need me.

You're not good enough, you'll never be my son.  
Famous words from an unknown dad. It was mine.  
Fine then, just leave, I certainly won't care none.  
Harsh words from an anonymous mother; mine.

I don't need you.

No support, no recognition in all hell.  
That's my family, if you can call them so.  
It's this thought that my mind always stops to dwell:  
When I'm gone, home is the last place that I'll go.

I don't want you.

Jesse Bauer

# Father Figure

This fury builds inside me,  
my father breaks me down.  
His voice rings in my ears,  
I cannot stand the sound.  
He says that I'm no good,  
that I'll never make him proud.  
Sometimes I almost believe him,  
and his voice grows ever loud.  
The ringing in my ears,  
it makes my body tremble.  
With my worthless father figure,  
I have no one to resemble.  
He thinks that he can break me,  
but two can play this game.  
From now on it's just anger,  
and I spit upon his name.

Jesse Bauer

# Forgiving

He swore that he would love you.  
Said that he would stay.  
Even now, when at school,  
others point and say,

(Chorus) God, she's such a loser,  
a druggy and a boozier,  
I heard that she's knocked up, too.  
He never really loved her,  
he pushes and he shoves her.  
She lets him play her like a fool.

A love that lasted for awhile  
is now a thing of lust.  
He takes advantage of your denial  
and love him you must.

It's sad to see a girl could be  
so young with a growing womb.  
But her baby grows below her heart,  
'cause he takes all the room.

(instrumental)

(Chorus) God, she's such a loser,  
a druggy and a boozier,  
I heard that she's knocked up, too.  
He never really loved her,  
he pushes and he shoves her.  
She lets him play her like a fool.

He hits on other women  
and you keep on forgivin'.  
You know you're just his good time.  
He's gettin' off in your bed,  
it still won't go through your head.  
You believe all his sweet lies.

(Chorus) God, she's such a loser,



a druggy and a boozer,  
I heard that she's knocked up, too.  
He never really loved her,  
he pushes and he shoves her.  
She lets him play her like a fool.

(fade out)

You tend to every last whim,  
I wish that you'd get past him.

You barely make a livin'  
but always, you forgive him.

Jesse Bauer

# Give Me A Home

Oh, give me a home  
Where the dank bud is grown  
And you smell it from miles away.

Where often is burned,  
A cannabis herb  
And the clock says 4: 20 all day.

Jesse Bauer

# God Loves You Still

You may have been battered, broken, and bruised.  
A lover has left you hopeless and used.  
Parents have beaten you, seen you abused,  
but don't let all that fade your will.

When that girl left you, a few words were said.  
She got to the point, she wished you were dead.  
To get past all that, and see life instead,  
just look beyond your window sill.

A wish can come true, you 'can' win the fight.  
When you've done wrong, that don't mean it ain't right.  
You'll still be alive at the end of the night.  
Be thankful that God loves you, still.

Sometimes you're lost and don't know what to do,  
When this world goes crazy and falls down on you.  
Get back on that horse, somewhere the sky's blue.  
Keep walking when life leads uphill.

When your uncle died, he went without pain.  
When you heard you let your tears fall like rain.  
a good man's in Heaven, he won't complain.  
Just know those are hard shoes to fill.

A wish can come true, you 'can' win the fight.  
When you've done wrong, that don't mean it ain't right.  
You'll still be alive at the end of the night.  
Be thankful that God loves you, still.  
Oh, just be thankful that God loves you, still.

Jesse Bauer

# Goodbye, Girl

Nervous girl, hands are shaking.  
Tears rolling down cold black metal.  
Why was she crying? this has to be done.  
Holding back, a sign of weakness.  
Wiping her eyes with a wet sleeve.  
Again the taste of iron on the tongue.  
Friends' faces blinking through her mind,  
hands still quiver, biting down on steel.  
A tooth chips, just pain, but tears fall more.  
Visions of smiling, laughter, wiping her eyes again.  
Twitch of the finger, eyes closed.  
Just a click, safety.  
A sigh of pain, relief, she pulls back,  
why was she waiting? this has to be done.  
Push of a button and again she bites.  
Same faces, same smiles and laughter.  
Then one view of her reason.  
The reason only she knows.  
Freezing, tears stop, cold and hate in her eyes.  
Anger dominates the mind.  
No more crying, this has to be done.  
Looking at the family photo, waving goodbye.  
Twitch of the finger, eyes wide open.  
A crack then silence, no one makes a sound.  
No one there to make it, quietness.  
Rapid footsteps through the house  
then a mother's scream, a father's tears  
a brother emptying his stomach.  
Selfish girl, stupid girl, what have you done?  
Twitch of the finger, one life lost.  
More lives ruined.  
Forever.

Jesse Bauer

# Hometown

Growing up is just a dream.  
Childhood memories gone by.  
From Missoula, Montana,  
but to later say goodbye.

My freckled best friend, Wesley  
Was always there for a laugh.  
Matchbox and Hot Wheels for him,  
Video games were my craft.

Friends would come and go at school.  
We all had cliques and fassions.  
The way we dressed, even spoke,  
Would separate our factions.

Jocks, preps, and even emos,  
Never connected at all.  
Like genocide between us,  
It rekindled every Fall.

Like the school, the town was so.  
But much larger than our packs.  
Rich and poor, their parts of town.  
Browns, yellows, reds, whites, and blacks.

Farmers here and lawyers there.  
The students and the bums.  
Separated by their hate,  
Into campuses and slums.

When I was ripped from my home,  
And moved to podunk Newell.  
My first thought was disgusted.  
My parents were just cruel.

I left then, from big to small,  
One hundredth my hometown's size.  
The students hateful, not friends.  
I'm just fresh meat in their eyes.

With time i grew accustomed  
To life in a dirt poor place  
Friends would come and stay this time  
Not hating, talking to my face.

Now the whole school knows me  
I'm familiar with all.  
I've learned all I need to know,  
And look forward to the Fall.

Like the school, the town was so.  
Accepting not, the new soul.  
But with some time and knowing.  
It becomes one of a whole.

The farmers and the ranchers,  
That's all you can really see.  
But here, they live together.  
United as it should be.

I know now about my towns.  
They govern who I'll become.  
Moving to a new hometown,  
Surely must have changed me some.

I lost a separation,  
I gained friendship of a town.  
New moral fiber gave me  
A look of up and not down.

What else is your own hometown,  
If it's not a major part  
Of what will be your future?  
A piece of your puzzled heart.

Jesse Bauer

# Irresponsible

For 3 long years, I still come home,  
to the same old words, 'you're no good.'

It happens when I turn my wheel.  
Looking over the dashboard wood.

Seeing the house, it brings up hate,  
because my parents are inside.

perhaps I do not work enough,  
a reason they don't show me pride.

Maybe I was just dumb enough  
to ask what dish mom was making.

usually they don't have to know  
Why they tell the toll I'm taking.

Once I snapped, I was letting loose.  
to one word, I lost all control.

My parents, with their simple lives,  
would call me irresponsible?

I don't find it fair in knowing  
I achieve three times their doing.

and for once in those 3 long years,  
I handed out their own chewing.

School and work, with 3 jobs a week,  
FFA, 2 events at state.

And still, I have not yet to find  
a stretch to fit upon my plate.

I will not stand that single word  
when spoken to my very face.

I work this hard, and they don't see,  
so I won't have their own disgrace.

Jesse Bauer



# Just For Her

I'd never felt I was in love,  
I'd never been so scared.  
I'd never gave up my body,  
But for her, all this, I dared.

My heart has been so happy,  
My eyes, they almost shine.  
My thoughts are never sad.  
Because I have her as mine.

I did it all, just for her.  
I've done it all, just for her.  
I'd do it again, just for her.  
I'll love at last, just for her.

No one will love her like I do,  
No one can offer her this chance.  
No one would trade it all.  
No one will give her my romance.

I love her eyes, her lips, her face.  
I love her body and the way she moves  
I love everything there is about her.  
Katelynn, I loved you...  
But now it's over

Jesse Bauer

# Last Rites

I held it in for the longest time how much I loved you so.  
I always knew you'd never love me, And hoped this love would go.

It tore me apart at my very seams, you grasped my soul and squeezed.  
My heart always skipped when you passed by, but this time it's finally ceased.

The dreams I have, they never end, and they make me want to cry.  
By never being by your side, I feel like I should die.

I cannot make you happy, and that's all I really want.  
So if I have no purpose, then suicide will taunt.

I cannot go on living, in a world without your love.  
So tell me now as a final word, to give me that last shove.

I ask you, 'do you love me? ' That's all I can manage to say.  
For I know it's almost over, and that this is my last day.

You say that you don't love me, And so I start to turn.  
Your words were rusty daggers, and in my chest they burn.

I should have known to not come, and kept it to myself.  
I write a note of last rites. and place it on a shelf.

Maybe in my final words, someone will recognize.  
I couldn't live without you, so I live now in the skies.

My heart has been forsaken, when i offered it so true.  
From chest my heart was taken, because I offered it to you.

Jesse Bauer

## Lesson In Love

No care, no love, no loss, no pain.  
Without a heart, without a chain.  
No one ever crossed my path  
And loved me, to say, not in vain.

My life is mine, it's not to share  
And you'll soon find that I don't care.

A nourished flame builds up inside  
A withered heart that tries to hide.  
The burning of a growing love  
Sears away the times I've cried.

But it's mine, I can't share a life!  
Love is only a bitter strife!

Finally my frigid heart melts.  
The greatest pain I've ever felt.  
It feels significantly right,  
This painful pleasure I've been dealt.

Love.

Jesse Bauer

# Let Go

If I died,  
would it leave you asking why?  
If I died.  
Today.

As I try,  
still don't know what to do.  
Please don't cry.  
You know I'll miss you too,  
When I die.

Just need to let go, right now, have to let go of this life.

(instrumental break)

If we had to time to waste,  
would you still tell all your lies?  
Would you remember every taste?  
Or would that just slip your mind?

Each obstacle we've faced  
was just a goal before I died.  
And ever time that we embraced,  
another moment toward my time.

If I died,  
would it leave you asking why?  
If I died  
Today.

As I try,  
still don't know what to do.  
Please don't cry.  
You know I'll miss you too,  
When I die.

I need to let go. Oh God, please just let go of my life.

(Instrumental Break)

I'll try to make amends.  
I'll admit when I've done wrong  
and with all my heart intend  
to stay where I belong.

I don't expect my friends  
to miss me when I'm gone.  
We will all reach our ends  
before the final dawn.

If I died,  
would it leave you asking why?  
If I died.  
Today.

As I try,  
still don't know what to do.  
Please don't cry.  
You know I'll miss you too,  
When I die.

I need to let go. Oh God, please just let go of my life.  
Please won't you let go, today I have let go of this life.  
Just have to let go, right now, I must let go of this life.

If I died,  
would it leave you asking why?  
If I died.  
Today.

As I try,  
still don't know what to do.  
Please don't cry.  
You know I'll miss you too,  
When I die.

I need to let go. Oh God, please just let go of my life.  
Please won't you let go, today I have let go of this life.  
Just have to let go, right now, i must let go of this life.



# Life Has Become A Difficult Thing For Me

Life has become a difficult thing for me. Food no longer has a taste, colors are dull, everything smells of rot and decay like spoiled cheese, ruminating under the same pile of roaches day after day. I can't bring myself to make a move for the door to my basement bedroom. Each day, it's the same. I wake up, glance at that same dull, golden knob on that same faded, white door still barricaded by that old, splintering wooden chair, then look away. I make phone calls upstairs to beg my mother to slide another something else under the door, not even willing to leave my solitude to satisfy my hunger.

The bed sores have become unbearably painful, so much so that I have had to teach myself to sleep standing upright in a cold corner of my concrete prison. Often times, I wake up to find that another spider has found a nesting ground because I slept with my mouth open again. The remains from those in the past have begun to form a pile of silk and fly carcasses in the bottom of my closet. Weeks ago, I nailed a black towel over my window that I have not been able to remove, too weak from starvation. Every bulb in my room blew out during a beautifully dangerous lightning storm not long ago. Now the only light that can sneak its way into my room is the lazy little flicker of my stereo screen.

Living in blindness, I can no longer read the good book. The only thing that once kept me sane, gave me faith, gave me hope that one day she would come back to me. And now it's gone, lost in my sightless dungeon. I have lost my light. I have lost her. She was a light, she was a light that could outshine my Bible, could sear away that dreadful veil over my window, could scare away the spiders, and could even inspire me enough to leave my self-made confinement. She is my light, and she's not even here to shine.

Jesse Bauer

# Lights Go Out

This hole in me, I cannot see. When all the lights go out.  
And thanks to you, my heart's in two. In darkness, will we shout?

Something's missing, I can tell. There's a gap inside my heart.  
A gaping hole where you once laid. Back before the start.

I love you so, but not you to me. This happy face has died.  
The good has gone and you're the one who will surely know I lied.

I denied that I love you, I'd risen above you! My heart bled for you like a spout.  
Now there's nothing left of me, and all the lights go out.

Jesse Bauer



# Longing

In this moment, my utmost terror.  
Arms are heavy, held to ground  
Step by step, weighted down.  
Getting closer, soul grows bearer.

To leap from here is death for sure  
Looking over, hell of a fall.  
If I slip, I'd lose it all.  
Being pulled by lustful lure.

(chorus) Can't resist, can't pretend.  
I'm longing for my painful end.  
Can't hide it, cannot lie.  
It's only that I want to die.  
Hate me then, hate me now.  
Death seems the only way out.  
Can't resist, can't pretend.  
I'm longing for my painful end.

Cock it back, now ready to fire.  
help me now and take my life.  
Much less simple than a sharpened knife.  
Sanity held by a threadbare wire.

Barrel shaking between my teeth.  
Bullet lusting for my blood.  
Pull the trigger and it will flood.  
Lead rising from my chin beneath.

(chorus)

Clenching my fist on my poison death.  
Just 2 tablets? I think not.  
Being sure to die, it takes a lot.  
Break the seal and take a breath.

Taking in my sweet desire.  
I lock my door and seal my room.  
Choking down my sinful doom.

Convulsing hard, my body on fire.

(chorus)

Can't hide it, cannot lie.

It's only that I want to die.

Hate me then, hate me now.

Death seems the only way out.

Can't resist, can't pretend.

I'm longing for my painful end.

Jesse Bauer

# Lust Is My Disease

(Verse I)

I can taste your lips  
At my finger tips  
Though you're still so far away  
I can feel you every day  
Tragic endings now  
It's hard to live without  
Your breath upon my skin  
And the way we used to sin

(Bridge I)

And so I whisper  
It's true that love has left me  
But it's lust that leaves me empty  
And sometimes I scream  
It's true that love has left me  
But it's lust that leaves me empty!

(Chorus) The breathing, the moaning, the screaming  
Was always the best part  
The lusting, the loathing, the beatings  
Broke everything but my heart

(Verse II)

Drink another down  
Drink enough to drown  
But still I feel you breathe  
Desiring your reprieve

Passion at its end  
Dead, forgotten  
Now it all means nothing  
And always, it means nothing

(Bridge II)

And so I whisper  
It's true that love has left me  
But it's lust that leaves me empty  
And sometimes I scream

It's true that love has left me  
But it's lust that leaves me empty!

(Chorus)

(Breakdown)

Oh, a life without a heart  
Isn't easy to conceive  
But your body is an art  
And lust is my disease

(Chorus x2)

Oh, I'm empty now.

Jesse Bauer

# My Fault

I thought your heart was made of gold.  
Now I know it's icy cold.

That night we had was, to me, like magic.  
But now the story's become so tragic.

I felt that we had moved too fast.  
I wanted to take back that past.

We should've started with just a date.  
We wouldn't have come to this childish fate.

We haven't talked in a whole week's time.  
So now I feel the fault is mine.

What did I do to make you hate me?  
Why have I been so stupid lately?

You make me feel like I should choke and die.  
Like I'm not even worth a spit in the eye.

I want to try and fix what we did.  
Take it slow, and show what we hid.

I want to know if I did you wrong,  
To be sure of the reason that you're gone.

Talk to me about anything at all  
and tell me that it wasn't my fault.

Jesse Bauer

# Nicole

A simple name, but so much more,  
She hides behind "Nicole."  
Ignorance left my life so sore.  
He ripped apart her soul.  
Words were rare, hardly spoken.  
Our lips did all the talking.  
I didn't know her heart was broken,  
Through me her love was stalking.

(Chorus) My heart, my love, my sweet Nicole,  
Use my lips as your desire.  
My poor, my sad, my lonely Nicole,  
May your old love burn in fire.  
It's him you want, my sweet Nicole,  
His love was dry and now is old  
Forget the name, beloved soul.  
Now be mine, forever Nicole.

She wouldn't forget old love's name  
I reminded her of him.  
I'm sick of playing foolish games,  
Love seems cruel and grim.  
All his pictures and photos burn  
Nothing left to remember.  
Now memory shall not return,  
His face a smoking ember.

(Chorus x2)

Now I'm all you have, my love.  
Memory will die in flame,  
Along with all your thoughts thereof.  
And finally end this game.  
Remember not and love me more,  
My lips are yours to kiss  
You're the only one to adore.  
He is lost in a vast abyss.

(Chorus)

Jesse Bauer

# Personal Soap Opera

I've fallen in love with another girl,  
She's not my girl, she's my whole world.  
I like my girl, but I love her so.  
This feels like a prime time TV show.  
She has a man, he loves her too,  
My girl can't know. What to do?  
I'm in love, but so is he.  
I like her, but she likes me.  
My mind is such a travesty.  
This will surely end in tragedy.  
I may as well forget the like,  
and pursue the love with him in spite.  
Climax reached, viewers want a reason.  
They'll have to wait for the next season.

Jesse Bauer



# Pick Your Poison

Fragile hearts find razor cuts,  
Stressful minds find cigar butts,  
Broken hearts find alcohol,  
And suicides won't find at all.

Pick your poison  
Pick your death  
Is it hemp?  
Or is it meth?

Pessimists and depression,  
Dark presides and light will lessen.  
Teens see just the bad side  
Refuse to find a life not lied.

Pick your poison  
Pick your death  
Hit the drink  
And let love rest.

When tripping out is how you feel,  
Hallucinations are not real.  
You'll sit and stare at empty space,  
Blankness looming in your face.

Pick your poison  
Pick your death  
Suicide and  
Nothing less.

The world is lost and in its all  
'Cause when you're high, you have to fall.  
When you hit, the ground is hard  
And you'll be ugly, morbidly scarred.

Pick your poison  
Pick your death  
Reality's the  
Worst one yet.

Jesse Bauer

# Pincushion - Story Of A Work Of Art

The Story

By: Savanna Hilyer

The girl is holding a black hole. its her heart. All the pins are being pushed into her so she took her heart out and now its sucking things up, but she's trying to protect the ones she loves from being sucked away. The pins are the one she loves betraying her. She pulled her heart out so it wouldnt get stabbed, but now its turned into something evil to devour all other things. She's trying to bring things back to the way they used to be.

'Pincushion'

By: Jesse Bauer

Needles, pins... this stabbing pain.  
Here's one in my back again.  
Those friends who pretended to care,  
blacken my heart and bleed it bare.

My heart is dark, it bears a mark.  
Mark to betray, mark of decay.

Needles, pins... this piercing pain.  
There's one in my back again.  
I can't keep my bleeding heart.  
These pins will only tear it apart.

I don't want this, don't want abyss.  
The mark consumes, mark of doom.

Needles, pins... this killing pain.  
They're stuck in my back again.  
Blood drips down, onto the ground,  
Blackens, dies, without a sound.

Mark hurts more, kills to the core.  
devours on... my world is gone.



# Pretty Girl

I saw her right there at the state fair,  
In a roller coaster car.  
With her hair cut short in a pretty little sort,  
Lookin' like a movie star.

And I wish that I could have  
Maybe just one chance.  
To ask that pretty girl  
If she would like to dance.

With her big brown eyes it was no surprise  
That she was turnin' heads.  
I know that these boys see'em like toys  
Tryin' to get'em in their beds.

But I just want to have  
Maybe just one chance  
To ask that pretty girl  
If she would like to dance.

Later on that night, I saw that pretty girl again.  
I prayed to God for romance and when I said amen.

Well she was standin' right there at the state fair,  
Askin' me for a dance.  
Now every single day I make a little time to pray  
To thank God for that chance.

Now my pretty girl and I  
Are glad for what we did.  
And now we get to hold  
Our two small, pretty kids.

Jesse Bauer

# Pride

Up and at'em early each day.  
Long before the sun would rise.  
Strapping boots to his eager feet,  
wiping sleep from his waking eyes.

Fatigues worn with strength and courage,  
this is a uniform of pride.  
A life devoted to his liberal purpose.  
brothers in arms at his side.

America's pride. Our hopefuls and heroes.  
Sons and daughters of Red, White, and Blue.  
Protecting and serving our free nation.  
Duty and honor, a soldier's due.

Standing tall at the base of our flag.  
A soldier lives for all that is right.  
Not just for himself or his family,  
but for his countrymen he fights.

Jesse Bauer

# Real Beauty

I would write of your beauty,  
form a list of numbers  
numbering the details of your perfection.  
But my writing should seem a farce.  
When I'm gone and my scripting aged,  
fragile to the touch, yellowing with each year,  
one may find this embodiment of speech.  
When they read of such angelic beauty,  
they shall not believe what their eyes behold.  
Holding me an exaggerated liar  
for no one could ever have such beauty as you.  
For the mind to comprehend and believe it,  
is to sleep and dream of perfection.  
The realization of your loveliness  
is not but what would seem imagination  
beyond what any could conceive awake.  
So when one should find my numbered list,  
it would be detailed in perfection to your figure.  
Your eyes of gleam, your hair like silk,  
too many things to immortalize for now.  
My name shall be recognized as a dreamer,  
a name that writes of imagined wonders.  
Wonders of your beauty  
Wonders of your complex perfection.  
If only they could know what I have seen,  
they would know that your beauty is real.

Jesse Bauer

# Rise

"Don't call me fag, that's not my name! "  
Reborn in hatred through years of pain.  
Anger is built, they feel no guilt.  
Bullets fly, deadly sideways rain.

Rise-  
And see the white fade from their eyes.

Given names not his own, he would cry.  
Faggot, queer, wussy, never a "guy."  
Just pushed too far, emotional scars.  
Bullies, jerk-offs, dropp like flies and die.

Rise-  
Stand up for yourself, and their demise.

A nice boy, love and care in his heart.  
Bright was his future. Determined, smart.  
Until that gun... he had his fun.  
Half the football team was torn apart.

Rise-  
Not a fag, just one of the guys.

Jesse Bauer



# Sagittarius - Random And Funny

Sagittarius, the archer of lore.  
With a personality you will adore.  
Philosopher, explorer, open of mind.  
Half-horse, half-man, a rare kind.  
Folklore songs of this centaur are sung  
About how his bottom half is hung.  
And all the girls say, "Sagittarius,  
won't you please come marry us? "  
But this beast of myth denies their nookie,  
Until they satisfy his taste for cookies.  
They fire up the ovens and bake rare sweets  
Until they tire of standing and fall off their feet.  
Chocolate chip and oatmeal raisin,  
Sugar cookies, icy glazing.  
Sagittarius eats his fill.  
The girls flock, and do his will.  
Girls desire the lord of December  
For they hear tale of his enormous... member.  
But these stories appear to be a false account,  
Because when Sagittarius is up to mount,  
The girls find he has manhood like a pin,  
And each one must ask him, "is it in? "

Jesse Bauer

# Savior

Falling in a bottomless hole  
devoid of hope and light.  
Reaching out for someone's hand,  
wishing for a hero's might.

As you reach, you try to scream.  
No one hears you cry.  
The hole just swallows you further.  
You know you'd rather die.

At once, your eyes are blinded  
and someone grabs your hand.  
Through the light you almost see  
a crucified, thorn-crowned man.

Jesse Bauer

# Smiling Wide

Smiling wide with dying pride.  
I watch my blood hit the ground.  
Shaking hard and deeply scarred.  
Dropping blood, the only sound.

Pupils small as down I fall.  
Cruel world... what a cliché.  
Enticed mind... that blood is mine?  
It's not black... not even gray.

My blood... red. Just as it bleed.  
It's normal, but I'm all wrong.  
Same as you. Hah! And them, too!  
Still alive... but not for long.

Innocent... no mercy spent.  
I won't miss any of them.  
You hate me... relentlessly.  
Lying in darkness... condemned.

Smiling wide with dying pride.  
I lay in blood on the ground.  
No regard for how I'm scarred.  
No one heard a single sound.

Jesse Bauer

# Stitches

I feel this love like a heavy load  
our love a quilt that's tightly sewed

pieces patched in abstract places  
representing new things and new faces

But the stitches seem to be far too wide  
and i cannot cross them as they're tied

the distance great, my love, it withers  
as we grow apart, i'm cold and shiver

i want to hold you close to me  
and dream of us as we could be

i want to catch you in my arms  
and shield you from all life's harms

keep you safe for me to hold  
keep you warm from distance's cold

I'll cross those stiches at all cost  
though it may mean my life is lost

when i see you, our love will grow  
like wild fire in the wind that blows

the warmth will grow and all will burn  
the stitches melt, they twist and turn

they make a path straight to you  
and i have only one thing to do

this is my dream seen every day  
the path brings me to you through the fray

it shows me my love and all it is for  
and not a man on earth could wish for more



# Sweet Dreamer

I lie here sleepless watching you, with a proudly well shown smile.  
Knowing just to have you love me, I'll go that extra mile.  
My love for you, it flourishes, by day and days from there.  
That love grows on in every day, with more than I can spare.  
Your dreams go on forever, they change with every day.  
But see me in them every night, because I am here to stay.  
Sometimes nightmares cross your wary mind.  
But I kiss your eyes and your smile shines.  
I treasure the moments that we spend together.  
I would stay in this moment that we share forever.  
The end will never come for us, with judgement day ahead.  
If I die, i'll be with you, right here in this bed.  
And when we wake, I'll see your face,  
and I will know that this is my place.  
I thank God for these moments, too bad they must end.  
This night I'll thank him, for we can do it again.  
Your dreams will continue, and mine will as well.  
If you want them to come true, then I'll never tell.

Jesse Bauer

# Tears Of Glass

I dream of you each night  
I wait for you each day.  
'Cause when I fall asleep  
You take my breath away.

Holding you in our field  
Holding me, you're my shield.  
My world, your face shows a crack  
You shatter like a mirror  
The shards, to ground, grow nearer  
Crying tears of glass.

The cold knows that I'm repressed  
My emotions always hide  
But when I talk to you, my dear,  
In your words I confide.

The creek is dry, our flowers die  
The trees and the grass all dead.  
I look around and see you're gone,  
And without you, our field bled.

Holding you in our field  
Holding me, you're my shield.  
My world, your face shows a crack  
You shatter like a mirror  
The shards, to ground, grow nearer  
Crying tears of glass.

The land around is barren  
My tears of glass keep tearin'  
Killing off our field.  
You shattered and you left me  
You never would have kept me  
A wound that time hasn't healed.

Holding you in our field  
Holding me, you're my shield.  
My world, your face shows a crack

You shatter like a mirror  
The shards, to ground, grow nearer  
Crying tears of glass.

Jesse Bauer



# The Artist

I've known you for a time,  
but little do I know.  
You change constantly,  
your looks, your mind, your emotion.  
A talk with you brightens my day,  
I wish that I could only see you again.  
Your freckled face from long ago,  
still stuck inside my mind.  
As you've grown, it only holds on tighter.  
Your eyes have grown gentle,  
your hair has grown to a wildfire.  
everything has changed,  
but I can still see that face.  
The artist still lives in you,  
anime figures on your old notebooks.  
To me, just memories.  
To you, a fantasy,  
An enticement, a desire.  
Beyond those times we talked on the bus,  
my mind slips by on lost recountance.  
Still I wish I'd learned more.  
You strike my curiosity  
like no one else before.  
Ever changing.  
You are many things.  
The freckled artist.  
The fiery curiosity.  
You are missed,  
Savanna.

Dedicated to Savanna Hillyer (find her on )

Jesse Bauer

# The Crucible

A woman with but one live child,  
Of eight she had begun,  
Cannot understand what haunts her  
As a good Christian one.  
She asks of she who can speak death  
To raise them and ask why.  
They dance in the woods in moonlight  
Some dreaming they can fly.  
Barbados songs of death are sung,  
Into the pot go the spoils.  
A young girl with undying lust,  
Denied the fruit of toils.  
This young girl gone crazy with love,  
Tastes red of chicken blood.  
Impatient with the spirit world.  
Not waiting for her stud.  
The preacher comes to see the dance  
Girl screaming in her fear.  
If they had been found out tonight,  
End of it is not near.

Lover's sister now cannot wake.  
Eyes are closed, simply still.  
The preacher knows of what they've done  
Refusing to speak ill.  
Devil work suspected in this  
He will not lose his church.  
And there the little girl lie,  
Without twitch, nor a lurch.  
He who sees himself of power,  
Comes when he hears the news.  
His own daughter also sleeps deep.  
She of eight sees to weep.  
Fingers point to she who serves them.  
Death speaker, colored skin.  
Blame is thrown at the lonely slave.  
They covet unproved sin.  
Tries to say, she sees no devil.  
They won't believe a witch.

She would confess, but just to guilt.  
Saying lies she would snitch.

Many would hang; a tragic sight.  
Some good Christian old folk.  
Young girls, hiding from their actions,  
Proclaim from necks they'd hang.  
One man who Lover loves so dear,  
Would stand against the noose  
To end the lies of these young girls  
Through her try to seduce.  
Fingers point at this young man,  
A threat to their good name.  
He could take their sainthood away.  
Stripping them of their fame.  
In joy and sorrow, one repents.  
Lover's love is now barred.  
She plans to save him, run away.  
Young man would rather see her charred.  
He won't confess to those in black.  
And so on scaffold stands.  
They pray to God for one last time.  
Tight ropes, cracked necks, cold hands.

Jesse Bauer

# The Day I Died

Take a breath, it'll be your last,  
today we venture into my past.  
The day my world was all but dry.  
This is the day that I would die.

Upside down in a cold, shallow blue.  
Tied and bound, nothing you can do.  
Holding your breath, what little you had.  
Screaming for help from mom or dad.  
No one hears you, just the fish.  
Bubbles rise as your one last wish.  
Your lungs want to burst, but there's no air.  
Look one last time, still no one is there.  
Finally you breathe, but can't take in breath.  
The cold of that water is your lung freezing death.  
Water and blood replacing air that you lack.  
Your eyes go vacant, and everything black.  
Your body feels warm for one last time.  
And just as you die, all is sublime.

Jesse Bauer

# Typical Love Story

A boy falls in love, he doesn't know why.  
He tries to tell her, but always is shy.  
when he tries and he fails, he gets up for more.  
As long as she's alive, he'll have her for sure.  
a boy falls in love, he doesn't know why.  
this girl he loved dearly, she caused him to die.  
She brought him in, treated him a friend.  
She had no idea that she'd be his end.  
They went on together as friends and just that.  
They'd talk and they'd fooled and they'd have a good chat.  
They boy wanted more, he thought it was love.  
He took her to a cliff, high up above.  
He parked the car and turned off the lights  
Many cars were parked there on Saturday nights.  
He leaned into her, she gladly refused.  
He swung a fist toward her and left her face bruised.  
He began to get forceful and take off her pants.  
Slowly she started to feel warm, soft hands.  
He got in the front seat and drove to the bar.  
He came back quite drunk and drove very far.  
Still in the car, she wanted to know.  
What will now happen? and it started to snow.  
He leaned back and said, 'We're going for a dive,  
'after what I've done to you, I can't leave you alive'  
They came to a bridge, she let out a scream,  
and in this terror, the boy's car careened.  
Off of the bridge, into the river.  
And they died together, it gives me the shivers.  
Love can be hateful Hate can be lust  
The only things safe are the people you trust.

Jesse Bauer

# We Fail To See

We fail to see  
how relentless we can be.  
Breaking, never holding back  
'til the destruction can be seen.

I try to mold  
A better world to then uphold.  
Sweating, bleeding, hands are shaking,  
Dieing for a world untold.

Drink the water  
The poisons you pass sons and daughters.  
Can you taste the sensation?  
Pollution is used to fuel slaughter.

Breathe the warm air  
The life we breathe grows bare  
Burning, sweating, can't we see?  
Embracing every hot sun's glare.

Reap your rewards,  
Say a prayer to your lord,  
When the world is destroyed,  
You'll regret this was ignored.

Jesse Bauer

# Why?

Why have heroes? Why have hope?  
Why have idols? I ask you, why?

We all have goals, sometimes dreams,  
but we all grow up to die.

Why achieve grades? Why attend Harvard?  
Why impress Daddy? Why push for Yale?

There is no higher calling or cause.  
You mean just as much as those who fail.

Why high salary? Why a career?  
Why is money what brings out your best?

There is nothing to work for these days.  
All that effort means nothing in death.

Why become married? Why have children?  
Why have a family? Why live that lie?

Family prolongs this hopelessness,  
for we all grow up to die.

Jesse Bauer