

Poetry Series

Joseph D. Smith
- poems -

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Joseph D. Smith(May 12th,1988)

Joseph D. Smith is a long-time author and poet, who started writing in 2003, mostly that of poetry. Short-stories are apart of his art, while he focuses the most on poetry and article-writing. Joseph is a philosopher and scientist, who heavily theorizes on the nature of reality and the mind. His understanding of conceptual ideas are of the highest capacity!

Cross In The Darkness Of The Night

There was a cross in the darkness of the night,
Grass swaying as if waiting for something to happen...
It was a cold, dark, and foggy night,
The wind was a light breeze with the hums of the dead.

This cross was forsaken,
For it's wearer was forever taken,
Taken by the winds of hell...

To no avail,
The cross was dead...

Forever was the cross forsaken...

Joseph D. Smith

D Aunting - H Aunting

D aunting - H aunting

A unting - A unting

U nting - U nting

N ting - N ting

T ing - T ing

I ng - I ng

N g - N g

G - G

Joseph D. Smith

Dumbed Down High School

There was once a high school accused of being dumbed down,
Two sides existed on how to run the school.

On one side there was this snob,
On the other there was this parent,
But both wanted each other out of the job.

The parent wanted the school to remain the same,
While the snob wanted the school to gain
some intellectual standards.

The parent argued: 'We want to teach kids, not insult them! '
A valid argument, for school is for teaching,
If the standard was too high, they would be preaching!

The snob argued: 'Well, what is it to be teaching? '
Another valid argument, for what are we teaching?
If the standard was too low, they would be babying!

They argued and they fought,
They fought and they argued!

Nothing was right,
All was out of sight...

The school eventually closed... Nobody won... The end.

Joseph D. Smith

Enduring Judgement, Alone

Your beautiful mind,
Your hazel eyes,
Turned black
inside my heart.

I know that I had sinned,
Yet you would give me no chance
for a friendship again.

I may have been psychotic,
I am back in control,
But you couldn't take it
my heart so bold!

All I want is our friendship
not a relationship,
But what we had so long ago,
Yet you let me go.

I don't care what he says,
I am not trying to steal you,
If he wants, he can sue,
Because my heart is so blue.

You may not trust me,
But I have changed,
The lies will stop
here and now!

I have lied, yes,
But I just didn't know what to say,
But to say 'I'm sorry'.

From now on,
When I have nothing to say,
The words will stay
In the depths in which they belong.

Please,

Bring me back to your heart
otherwise, I am alone...

Joseph D. Smith

Habit Of Insanity

Deep inside of the tunnel... I don't want to go.
There is this place inside... I remember the details
oh so well.

When I forget to take my meds... I will go into
this dark place.

There is no stopping it... I am going insane.

It is a habit... I will not cry!

You will not turn back... Please do not go!

Deep inside of the tunnel... It will keep you.

Deep inside of the tunnel... You will return.

There is this place inside... You will want to forget it.

When you take the pill... You will be gone.

There is no stopping it... You are feeling my pain.

It is a habit... You will regret it!

You will not turn back... Please stop!

Deep inside of the tunnel... You will be stuck forever.

Joseph D. Smith

Oh The Fat Irony

Frogs float on water so gently,
While I sink so deep.
Flies buzz around food so silently,
While I get fat so steep.
If I had a dime for my troubles,
I would still be poor
with so many liquor bottles...

Joseph D. Smith

Re-Ish

Repeat
This love
Burning so hot.

Repent
This hate
Eating at me.

Relent
This pain
Hurting deep inside.

Joseph D. Smith

The Cat And The Gnat

There was a cat with a stylish hat,
The cat sat on a red gymnastics mat.
There was a teeny-tiny gnat,
Much too small to fit in the cat's hat,
Who tried to outdo the confident cat.
The gnat tumbled around on the mat,
The cat grumbled jealously at the gnat,
The cat then ate that over-confident gnat!
The cat tumbled on that very same mat,
Much like the delicious gnat,
And he took off his vibrant hat.

Joseph D. Smith

The Evil Child Who Was Never Born

Once upon an ungodly night,
God appeared to a disturbed young child,
Who hated his mother.
He would do anything to be rid of her,
So God had a proposition;

'I will send you back in time
to the time she was born,
All you have to do is catch her alone,
And kill her...'

The little boy loved the idea,
So he listened further;

'The best way to do it
is to smother her with her pillow.
That's all there is to it! '

God sent him back to her birth,
Right when she was alone...
This demon-child
could barely hold back his excitement,
He jerked her pillow right from
under her and done this vile deed!
In an instant she was dead...

This evil little bastard faded from existence,
Till this day he was never born...

Joseph D. Smith

You Fear You' Anger

What do you fear?
Does it make you angry?
What do you hear, about fear?
What does it take, to make you angry?

Believe what you want...
You want things your own way...

You let the abuse happen,
As long as it doesn't happen to you,
Or as long as it doesn't apply to your situation.

What are you afraid of?
Why are you angry?

You fear what you don't understand.
And you become angry as a result of fear.
In order to defend your own freedom,
You must defend the freedom of everyone else!

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