

Poetry Series

Joseph Michalski
- poems -

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Joseph Michalski(April 15,1992)

I have easily written essays, stories, poems, and just about anything. Writing is natural to me. I do not just sit down and randomly write poems. If I am thinking about something... I might have a light bulb moment if you know what I mean.

A Rebels Life

In the beginning of my normal life
I had no concerns of usual strife
my parents were normal and mainly nice
They were unpredictable like rolling dice
Do I deserve such a normal life?

Times have changed and my life is a rife
I am like everone this will not suffice
I seek out the band and the abnormal
Rebelling at anything that is normal
Do I want such an abnormal life?

The time has come and I need to repent
For the wrong things I have done in the past
I stole some money which I gladly spent
Then ended a life with a deadly blast
Now I wish I had a normal life...

How I now live is not a normal life
I am in a place of eternal strife
For life I am in and eternal jail
never being able to post a bail
I think I deserve this abnormal life

Joseph Michalski

Enlightenment

The ego is in control
The ego is in possession

Controlling the mind
With an incurable obsession

The ego is like a drug
Irresistible as a hug

You will see the ego for all of its flaws
Then weaken it with your attention

At last you have become aware
So you no longer need transgression

Joseph Michalski

Fear In The Mind And World

We all will go through life
Through many rife hardships
We all live and go through strife
We can make careful partnerships
Trying to be wary
of the world around
It is unfriendly and scary
Only in dreams are we safe and sound

Or so we think
yet it is dangerous
Fear will always find a small link
Even to the place we keep most precious

Will you ever be free
From fear; still your run
Not knowing your own destiny
allows you some freedom and fun
You can never escape
From your own fear and fate
We all stand with our mouths agape
There is confusion and debate

How did you cast
away all of your fears
They say you looked into your past
and remembered the ones you held dear

In our minds and this scary world we are at ease
Fear can be anything from tears to a tease

Joseph Michalski

How We Soothe The Soul

Writing can heal
a troubled soul
Just like a meal
can make you whole

words made of song
In which we dance
and sing along
This is not chance

Some will play ball
Some may never
want to play at all
so remember

In many ways
we soothe the heart
For all our days
until we depart

Joseph Michalski

It Is Really Over

I disclaim my name
I disown myself
My y I blame
Not the chromosome itself

But the man, the worker, the sperm doner
He is strong, he is sadistic, he is my maker

If it was not for him
Then I would not be here
If it was not for him
Then I would have no career

He has taught me to work hard
Not to live in happiness
He has taught me to be on my guard
and, now I live in sadness

I live my life with few regrets
and, now I regret my father is my father
This is something I hope my mind never forgets
So, my father I will not bother

Once upon a time I loved him
Now my kind heart is filled with hate
Now our connection is dim
I willleave soon; it is only fate

I feel the sorrow and the loss
As if he has died already
He would rather be with a lame hoss
Than spend a moment of time with a son who is unsteady

So, when he is gone I shall not morn
and, when he is gone... his name I will scorn

So, I will change my name
So, I will own myself
So, I will go on in fame

and, my maker can go love himself

Joseph Michalski

Memories In A Land Of Gems

In a small land of absolute beauty
There is a blanket of gems everywhere
Only for awhile does it fade away
Revealing absolute tranquility
Instantly you realize that anywhere
Is not as serene as this place today

This beauty I wish would last forever
In this place I wish to remember
Memories of times we spent together

Another beauty will come; enmity
The gems fall across the lands; here and there
The sky is glittering with the suns rays
Diamonds with absolute clarity
Dazzling the eyes and freezing the ears
Thousands of gems falling throughout the day

When the gems fall there will come consummation
To all who are lost in colds dominion
Then they notice they are apparitions

For those who escaped the colds iniquity
There is the knowing of beautys ardor
Those who know beauty are content to stay
Away from the colds great hostility
Until the day comes and it is much warmer
When it is safer to come out and play

This beauty I wish would last forever
In this place I wish to remember
Memories of times we spent together

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New Love

I love you in many ways
Most of which happen day to day

You make me giddy with your smile
or even if you hold me for awhile

A poem or two
Is not enough for you

But maybe you need a true answer
Otherwise it will eat you up like cancer

I love you for who you are
mainly because You are my shining star

Even when I am away
I see you shining in my mind

Like the light of a new day
I will love you in a centuries time

(I dedicate this to the love of my life)

Joseph Michalski

Paradise In A Nightmare

I live my life day to day
In that time of paradise
I forgot to stay
By her side in her time of need
I lost focus of night and day
For my blindness
I greive today
Full of love and pain
I cry myself away
For my love in paradise
I try to stay
In this Nightmare I am

I grieve all night
I cry when she's away
When she leaves I fight
With myself in shame
When she stays
I am blessed with hope

Only time will tell
If we can last through this hell

For us both
I promise to be close

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Poetries Travesty

Poetry is not such a pleasure
To those who live in reality
and it will forever be a leisure
To those who live in insanity

The world begrudges poetry with its whole being
For it involves a complex explanation
and from this we believe poetry is not worth reading
For it ensues exaggeration

Hearing poetry for many is torture
To poets this is an old calamity
What will come to them in the future
The great poets of this world's society

One emotion shaped from a hand gesture
Made something in words; while dreaming
Yet even if poetry is not your pleasure
There will be a day we all will be believing

Paltry words speak of an insecure
Talent; tangible of tergiversation
and from this envoy we can ensure
That in this time there will be a transformation

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Writing Souls

I am a man of many faces
and I lie for no reason
Maybe it is because I have been to so many places
and I lie out of necessity and I commit social treason

For this I am alone
When I die none will care
When I die it will be me and my bones
When I die my coffin lid will always be in my glare

I will be food for the worms
My tombstone will see no guests
Over my grave will be a dark storm
and in my coffin will be vermin and pests

In words I reveal my poet's heart
For eternity; To all who read
From this world my soul will sadly depart
For eternity my soul I have freed

In the heavens I now look down
Seeing the wonderful world in which I was born
I can see the writers and poets; in their offices they frown
When they can not write; The world they scorn

When they have a breakthrough
and create a piece that will go down in fame
I can see that their hearts are truly true
and I remember when my heart truly felt the same

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