

Poetry Series

**Kim Jones**  
**- poems -**

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Kim Jones()

# A Lonely Heart's Denial

If only you could see  
Just how hard it is for me  
to be nonchalant around you  
than maybe I could move on.

Now I am stuck in this place  
It's been so long I thought it couldn't happen again  
but you're all it takes  
to prove me wrong.

I know I want you  
I can't see anything else when I close my eyes  
but I know you would break my heart  
You're not meant for me.

You have her and I have my pride  
together we would only hurt each other  
if only I could make my heart see that  
then maybe I would be okay.

So don't fall for me  
I know you will say there's no chance of that  
but I just want you to know  
you're not meant for me.

Kim Jones

# Angel Lies

After all of this time,  
All of these tears and struggles,  
I finally have to move on,  
You have her to love,  
I have my cold death to embrace,  
As I become a corpse,  
I wonder passingly,  
How could I fool myself that much?  
How could I possibly not see that you loved her?  
The bittersweet song playing in metaphors  
Using the last of my breaths,  
I shudder with the injustice of the day,  
And I drown with my own tears,  
As they fill the casket,  
The funeral procession making it's way to the sea,  
So they can all see me sink in the black waters,  
When all I ever wanted to do was fly,  
You prevailed to make me believe you cared,  
I finally see that you lied.

Kim Jones

# Before Your Time

I sit here as a child

watching the eyes that once smiled

blink out

Doubt

fills my mind

as I try to find a rhyme

that explains

this sadness ripping into me like rain

rips the sun

'Run! '

screams my mind,

trying to help me find a line

of thought to get me away

from this place of decay.

But I can't leave.

You're gone and I'm stuck here to grieve

until the sight

of you losing your life

fades away.

'No, please stay! '

I call to your memory

for I know I will never be

okay

and I need you to remain with me

for if you leave

I will have to be

my only friend,

again.

I sit here as a child

watching the eyes that once smiled

go out with the dawn

you once lived wild

but now you're gone.

Kim Jones

# Cathedral Black

The only right,  
Is the wrong,  
When you wish to save your life,  
The only place to find sanctuary,  
Is the place to find death,  
New is the brightness,  
That shines in all corners,  
But yet with it,  
Brings darkness even darker,  
And the flight of the mockingbird,  
The last chance you would have had,  
Has made the only impression it knows;  
The Cathedral Black will always stand.

Kim Jones

# Dead Rose

My cold, dead fingers  
Pried away from his face  
Are still reaching  
Reaching for something  
Reaching for his forgotten love  
The truth was so heavy in my heart  
I knew that after all he could never love me  
Who could ever love me?  
I, a broken spirit who puts on a show  
Only to be invisible,  
To be alone in my misery  
I knew he could never love me  
And yet it still hurt to see him give his heart to her.

Kim Jones



# Fears

I fear my trust  
Whether it be trust in others  
or others trusting me  
For I am not to trust  
Or be trusted.

You want proof?  
Well I have no need to prove it;  
for it is already proven,  
If you look hard enough,  
You will see the reason;  
This reason is enough to keep them all away,  
My heart has hardened into diamond,  
You can cut it with only diamonds  
And it cannot be melted.

The problem with this:  
I am more fragile on the inside than I would care to admit,  
And my scars, instead of help me,  
would rather hinder,  
for they open every day,  
And I have to heal them before they become infected  
The virus of infection is ever near,  
this infection is fear;  
for I fear that my heart will open,  
And everyone will see  
All that I've hidden in the shadowy depths of my secret sanctuaries.

Kim Jones

# Fly Away Home

Fly away home,  
back to where the grass grows green and unfettered,  
back to where the sky shines blue as  
the robin's egg.

Fly away home,  
back to where your  
dreams take you and your  
heart has never really left.

Fly away home,  
back to where their ugly voices  
can't reach you,  
back to where they want to keep you from  
in their intolerant ways,  
for they never have seen  
a flying thing,  
so beautiful,  
so free,  
and seeing you reminds them of their own  
ugliness.

They never have known such  
beauty, majesty,  
as you have known,  
so when they cage you up  
and set their cruel words and wondering eyes on you,  
so like predatory cats,  
don't fly hysterically against the bars,  
for you'll be dead before you can even  
begin.

Just close your eyes  
and fly away home.

When they open your cage to  
force you to sing,  
when you fight back but  
fail,

don't scream in fury,  
for you'll lose your voice before it can be  
heard.

Just close your eyes  
and fly away home.

When, at the end of your days,  
you've been freed from your cage but  
you never made it back to your  
sanctuary,  
don't be afraid;  
now you can just close your eyes and  
fly away,  
home.

Kim Jones

# Forests

As the life I led,  
Goes on without me,  
I wander in my path,  
My lonely, unknown path,  
And I come across a forest,  
No paths going in or out,  
And I wander in,  
I find sadness and malice that has never been found,  
In the heart of the forest,  
The jealous bird taking flight,  
In the middle of the night,  
Found in the darkest time of day,  
Is the pain that people can't find,  
No one has ever known,  
No one except me,  
Only because I took a chance,  
And went traveling into the uncharted, unexplored forest,  
It burned me,  
It only burned me.

Kim Jones

# Forgotten

Where I stand has caved in,  
I'm lost and forgotten,  
No one remembers which side I took,  
Nor should they,  
For it is a different side now,  
What I saw as being forever,  
Something that could heal old wounds,  
Has just cut them open and made new ones,  
I never heard anyone say, 'I'm sorry...  
For everything I put you through,  
For every time I let you down,  
For every time I forgot you',  
Yet they always come to me expecting me to forget those things they did to me,  
Those stinging words that were said,  
And I pretend I did forget,  
For they expect too much of me,  
And I will never forget the words,  
The wounds,  
The ripping of my heart,  
For they expect too much of me.

Kim Jones

# Happy

Whenever I'm around you,  
I forget my sorrows,  
They all just melt away,  
My mind is calmed  
from the tempest raging it's way through,  
And all I can ever think about after  
Is wonderful, happy you.

You make me smile  
day and night through  
I can never forget that you're there  
whenever I may need you.

There is life yet to live,  
And my writings are not quite true,  
I write of my isolation,  
But I've always had you.

You're my love,  
My life's masterpiece,  
You're all I've been waiting for,  
Only you hold my locked heart's keys.

You know how to reach me,  
When, for everyone else, I'm too far gone,  
You know how I feel before I feel it,  
You know what I view as right and wrong.

You paint me pictures,  
Of the most wonderful days,  
you and I laughing,  
the whole night away.

I will always love you,  
You're as critical as the air I breathe,  
To you I will always be true;  
because you make me happy.



# Hurt

I'm a closed book  
hidden away in the depth of my eyes  
only because of the light that they took  
away from my skies.

I promised I wouldn't ever again,  
but promises are easily broken  
when they aren't written in blood.

He's getting too close  
and it's getting harder and harder to push him away  
He doesn't know  
I hope he'll never know.

Once I realized what was happening  
it was too late.  
The pain comes and goes in waves  
relentless, unstoppable waves.

It's hard to rip someone out  
once they've become part of you  
but I can't let him close  
he'll just hurt me like everyone else.

Kim Jones



# Ice

You ignore me as I walk past,  
Everything slows down,  
I turn back to stare at you  
while I have the chance,  
And you just move on  
With that glare on your face,  
Daring the passerby such as myself,  
To stop you and ask you what's wrong,  
But I know more than them,  
I know why you're this way,  
I know, because I caused it.

As I stare, suddenly in slow motion,  
You turn around,  
I see your beautiful dark blue eyes  
Swim with unknown emotion for a moment,  
As you recognize me and all I was to you,  
Before that fateful day,  
then you shut down,  
Your guard comes up,  
You give me your coldest stare,  
And after that, all I can think is,  
'Cold and burning like dry ice,  
And only I know why,  
I'm sorry, so sorry.'

Kim Jones

# In The Dead Of The Night

In the cold of the night the pond freezes over  
it turns into ice of the deadliest kind,  
it looks deceptively strong,  
when in reality it is quite thin;  
take one wrong step and you'll be trapped in.

The clouds emotion's are swelling  
In the dead of the night  
The wind's strain is telling  
as it screams with fright.

In the last of the night the heartbeat is thumping,  
it's unevenly violent,  
reminding the bearer of the burdens to face,  
and as dawn breaks it loses the race,  
it gives up it's fight and forever goes silent.

Kim Jones

# Into The Unknown

On the brink of the abyss  
with a blindfold tied tight  
should I step into the mist  
or retreat back to the light?

I don't know what's in there  
whether it be ground or a fall  
I don't know if I dare  
take the step and risk it all.

If I choose to turn back  
into the ease of the light  
forever I will lack  
the comfort of sight.

Now is the time for my decision to come  
shall I jump into the darkness or go back to where I'm from  
I put one foot forward hesitantly  
and step in the dark so again I can see.

Kim Jones

# Journey's Beginning (Fresh Start)

The stormy sea parts it's thunderous waves  
as the sun breaks through the clouds  
and forces warmth into the cold depths  
where nothing lives but that which survives all else.

The birds begin to sing again  
as the emerald needles from pine trees  
taller than man's imagination  
scratch the sky, forming holes where clouds once blocked all hope.

The world begins to breath again,  
as though it had been holding it's breath,  
when the earth stops shaking  
and finally finds it's place in the universe.

This fragile beginning leads  
to a much happier end  
when a word is spoken  
and a heart changed.

Kim Jones

# Lie

Through the tiny cracks,  
In my depressing shades,  
A ray of sunlight strikes my heart,  
Then all is black once again,  
With the pain this is so great,  
I forced my heart to acquire a wall,  
An impenetrable wall,  
To hold back all those tears,  
And hide all of my forlorn secrets,  
From the greedy, self-concerning world,  
Who would strike me down in my weakness without a second thought,  
And I paint a smile upon my face,  
To never be broken, even in my darkest strains,  
When I cry and cry,  
Still I will lie,  
For the greatest of lies is always,  
'I'm fine'.

Kim Jones

# Lilting Death

When hurt becomes no one,  
When pain becomes hurt,  
When the blood-red skies,  
Call my name,  
I will be the one to hold up,  
Up the sky and up the problems,  
Having no time for my own,  
I become settled for a world of gray,  
And when I go to work every day,  
I gain the biggest lie,  
The lie no one had time to deal with,  
And it ended up competing with the sky,  
Yes, yes, that very sky,  
Which I hold upon my shoulder,  
And back then I always asked why,  
Now as the cold strips me of my dignity,  
And steals my heat,  
I have only to wonder if they will ever find my cold, shell of a body.

Kim Jones

# Little Bird

Say nothing, little bird,  
You who are to be unseen and unheard.

Scream loud, little bird,  
To those who shush your pleas and call you absurd.

Make tears, little bird,  
You who cried out and still was not heard.

Stay low, little bird,  
You who was gagged, and forced to hear every word.

Take flight, little bird,  
You who was never noticed or heard.

Live your life, little bird,  
So that you will always be both seen and heard.

Kim Jones

# London Bridge Is Falling Down

I'm sick of these clouds  
That are always over my head,  
I can't fight them,  
For I know they are right.

I'm fighting my way through the world,  
Shouldering my burdens every day  
Simply to come home and while releasing them,  
Have heavier ones jump me from behind.

I'm like a wave,  
Trying to go somewhere else,  
But eventually always coming back in  
And now I have to be free or drown in my own sorrows.

Kim Jones



# Lullaby Man

The song swells inside of me,  
Reaching it's climax  
As I end the symphony with a final note,  
It's done it's job to make me feel new  
New and polished; confident somehow,  
I suddenly come back to reality,  
And I remember all that my past has made me,  
I remember why I'm here today,  
I lost my life to the sorrows that haunt me still;  
I have not gone unaffected from this.

I have a wall,  
A towering wall  
That blocks everyone out from my true self,  
I put on a persona just to please them  
While I hide my true feelings away.

A lullaby caresses my thoughts,  
Drags them out into silence,  
I must protect my wall, however,  
So I run away.

This poisoned lullaby turns out to have a name,  
Though I will not speak it here,  
For he almost got my secrets out of me,  
And that cannot ever occur.

This man is all I could have ever wanted,  
Yet I must run still,  
For he is so close to stealing my heart,  
I might just let my secrets slip.

'Run away, run away, '  
this lullaby goes,  
'You have always run away from the truth,  
You know I love you; that I'm good for you,  
and yet you are determined to flee.  
I have almost gotten hope back in you,  
Hope that you could stay this time and be safe,

But you keep fighting this, fighting me,  
Just let me say this: I will never let you fall,  
I will never try to see  
These secrets you so deftly hide away from me,  
Love me now, and you will never have to run again.'

I'm so afraid of this plea,  
That the love-stricken man makes,  
I can't stay,  
But...for the first time in a long time,  
I want to face this,  
I, I think it's time  
time to turn and face this,  
finish this rhyme,  
I'm in love!  
There, I embraced it,  
I love this lullaby man,  
And for the first time in my life, and hopefully not the last,  
I have forgotten my past and reminded myself that I can.

Kim Jones

## Mean Truth (As Good As Dead)

After you created your own world,  
Your own alibi,  
You tore us down,  
As if we don't have the right to speak,  
As if you are the one we all should look up to.

Well I have news for you, buddy,  
I will NOT take no for an answer,  
I WILL make it in this world,  
Whether you get a say or not,  
So either deal with it and back off,  
Or fight me,  
Just know,  
I will have a say to your life, your words,  
Just as much as you have one to mine.

Kim Jones

# Moving On

I don't want to love you  
Yet I can't stand to hate you  
I don't want to need you  
But thoughts of you help me through the day  
I don't want to know you  
Yet I can't stand to forget you  
I steal a peek into your eyes  
Your words with their fiery mystery  
Egging me on to listen  
I know what you are  
I know what games you play  
Yet I can't stand to move on  
You always made me better  
Far better than I ever could have been  
And you always broke my heart  
Every time I got too close  
So here I stand, shunned and hated  
I don't want to love you  
And you certainly don't want to love me  
But I just can't move on.

Kim Jones

# Nevermore

The heart beats wildly nevermore,  
The song to be sung waits nevermore,  
You, my friend, stab me in the back nevermore,  
It's too late to fix what you have done,  
And by regretting it you are making it worse,  
I am what I can't be,  
And I apologize for that,  
For being in your way all this time,  
But you can read me as well as any open book lying in wait,  
And I can't let go of the secrets now,  
For you, my friend, it is too late,  
Too late to help me,  
Too late to fix yourself, because in your eyes,  
You were never broken.

Kim Jones

# Ocean Tide

I gave my all and I've burned out  
Just like a star with a reason to fall  
My heart is safe and my guard is up  
You try to reach me but my ocean tide sweeps you away.

My fear is hidden, trapped in my soul  
It's tucked away in the emeralds of my eyes  
Where no one can see past my wall  
For my soul is vulnerable and secret.

My love has dried up,  
in the desert of what once was  
I can't change what has happened  
I can't let it happen again.

I'm sorry that you can't find me,  
I'm sorry it ended this way,  
but I've learned my lesson;  
It's always safer to run away.

My ocean tide has swept you up  
And now you're too far gone  
The stars of mine are all burned out  
I hope you've just moved on.

Kim Jones

# Opposites Attract

My muse awakes  
With stone-cold eyes  
Innocent as he will ever be,  
He dives into the day with a determined glare  
Against all laughter and lit up faces  
But I cannot stand to see him this way  
So I make it a mission to make him smile once a day  
And I will always try to smile back  
Even if I've fallen below our feet  
Because, as he will never know,  
He and I are moon and sun,  
On the opposite sides of the world without much to say,  
But always enough for millions to think.

Kim Jones

## Opposites Attract (Part Two)

You look at me from the corner of your eye,  
A world apart, without much to say,  
You and I are moon and sun,  
One in night, one in day.

I look in your eyes with hopes of the world,  
You look back guarded,  
With a shield of fake happiness for life,  
And now I'm left to wonder with what you really said as we parted.

Kim Jones



# Promises Made In A Time Of Desperation

I can't promise you that I won't let you down,  
I can't promise you that I will always be around,  
All these promises I can't make,  
All these promises I can't take.

As the last tear of blood falls from my eye,  
The only appearance my secret wound inside will make,  
I quietly whisper that which no one wants to listen to,  
And it's stolen by the wind for another hopeless soul to take.

Kim Jones

# Regret For Something That Can'T Be Fixed

My life shows agony,  
But only if you look hard enough,  
My face betrays nothing,  
But you will see a deep regret if my guard suddenly goes down,  
I didn't believe it could end this way,  
So I didn't even try, because I was expecting it to be effortless,  
And now I live in the deepest of regret,  
Only because I trusted,  
I let my guard down,  
I had hope,  
And that's why,  
I put up walls,  
That's why I trust none,  
And run away from hope,  
Because I had to back off,  
While regret prevented me from being happy,  
I prevented myself from seeing,  
The hurt and betrayal,  
That came in such angelic form,  
That I believed it came from Heaven,  
And it's too late to change that now.

Kim Jones

# Ripped Pages

Wounded,  
Broken,  
Lost,  
I've fallen,  
Been diseased,  
It's spreading,  
Panting,  
Wrong,  
Shattered,  
Blurry around the edges,  
Sad melody playing in the background,  
Never gone,  
Ripped,  
Forgotten,  
Pain is too real,  
Unremembered,  
Whispered screams,  
Items falling,  
Fireflies show,  
Barely survived last time,  
Ripped pages.

Kim Jones

# Seeing Straight For Once

Trapped behind the veiled curtain,  
Where on the other side the crowd awaits,  
Expecting the lie on my face to play out perfect,  
And the despised words on my tongue that are completely unsaid,  
To paint a beautiful image of what life 'is',  
While the demons inside lie in wait to tell me that the worst has happened:  
I have told the truth for once.

Kim Jones

# Smile

Life is like a tumbling stream,  
you never know where the bumps will be  
but you always know it is for the best.

When you make a mistake  
you've got to learn and let it go  
you can't hold on to it forever.

You can't control what's meant to be  
and you can't control everybody  
so don't even worry about it.

What's the use in worrying  
about what everybody thinks  
if you can't change it?

The only thing sure about change  
is that nothing will ever stop changing.

So hold your breath when you're in a tight corner  
and try to lose yourself  
in the good of kindness to yourself and others.

And don't ever forget how one single word or look  
might change somebody's life forever  
So always be the one to step out and smile.

Kim Jones

# Sunset (Fading Light)

To look at his face  
Is to look at the sky  
It fills me with wonder  
And makes me want to fly.

I see the storms come and go  
I see the sun rise and fall  
I just wish he'd know  
That I'd been there to watch it all.

I've been there to help  
So secretly I almost didn't know  
What I was doing  
Or when I'd have to go.

But I had to leave well enough alone  
And rip my heart away  
For I knew I'd be in trouble  
If I dared to stay.

I'd say something I only meant to think  
And on that day  
I'd have to face the consequences  
Whether to leave or to stay.

Kim Jones

# Taking A Fall

I remember when I fell,  
the day I found out he  
loved another  
and cheated my love out of me.

It was cold and wet,  
I couldn't get back up,  
A part of me died that day,  
Another gave him up.

Kim Jones

# The Bloody Clothes Of War

I wear the bloody clothes of war  
The wounds that I show  
Coming from traumas  
Concussions that rattle your heart  
And never leave your head.

The blood that I oppose  
Stemming from the life I missed  
The hope I skipped past  
The love I never felt.

The wounds that killed me fall deep  
Hitting my bones  
Some even shattering  
Leaving me motionless on the floor.

The tears and blood I cry  
Fill up the casket and spill out  
Until everyone in the room drowns in them  
But I somehow find a way to prevent myself  
From showing the crowd that I am dying, not dead.

I wear the bloody clothes of war  
War with everything  
War with everyone  
But also the worst kind of war  
War with myself.

Kim Jones



# The Con Artist

The blank page is telling,  
Taddle-telling to be more precise  
The quivering pen strains to come up with emotion,  
My strongest emotion in that I work with  
I find an apology is in order,  
For my emotion is not agreeing with the words I write,  
It's telling me to move on,  
To get a life,  
To find a way to end the day with a different tune than what I always play  
The peripheral agreement between my guilt and my heart  
was made in deceit, but of the nicest deceit  
for it saved me the trouble of choosing a road to follow,  
and it saved me the regret for the one I didn't.

My heart and my guilt have quite a temper,  
the temper which I have not the confidence to concede,  
the temper with which I have not the pain to conduce.

My heart and my guilt have quite a sorrow,  
the sort of sorrow with which tomorrow will not reduce,  
the sorrow of sorrows with an incoming plague,  
to kill off the fake words on my tongue that beseech me to leave them be.

Yes, the agreement between my heart and my guilt have such an arrangement,  
The sort of arrangement I have not the slightest idea to rid of,  
The arrangement in question leaves the hardest kind of forlornness behind,  
And brings me to a place deep inside where I will be fine.

Kim Jones

# The Executioned

I'm hung on a noose twenty feet high  
All grace is gone and now I must cry  
They have been tricked, so now I will die.

The damage is done; the lie has been told,  
The heart being burned turns out nothing but mold,  
And their mistake is realized as my corpse turns cold.

The trusted adviser was only a cover  
I tried to tell them, but my voice was smothered  
And he's content stealing my life until he finds another.

Kim Jones

# The Final Storm

I feel the burden of knowledge  
The burden of love and dying hope  
I feel the sorrow which I have clung to like a drug;  
You know it's bad, but you're addicted,  
And I cry  
These tears are not like they were before,  
No, this time it's different  
It's like the first spring rain after a cold, sad winter;  
It refreshes you, it cleans you  
And I know that I'm letting go  
I'm finally moving on,  
He and the sorrow which have co-existed for so long  
Can't hold me here anymore,  
They can't have me,  
I take one last, sad look at him and what could have been,  
And what was that never should have happened,  
And I let them go,  
My past is now my past;  
Nothing more,  
I will move on and forget for once in my life,  
I will breathe free air,  
And for the first time,  
I will live my life the way I always should have.

Kim Jones

# The Funeral Bell

This song of the world,  
Everyone sings,  
We all know where it begins,  
And how it ends,  
No matter how badly we want to change it,  
It's always the same,  
Coming as a shock of pain,  
And with the rain that falls in steady rhythm,  
Breaking the crowd's hearts alike,  
The slap that comes with reality,  
The fear that comes with understanding,  
We may all run a great race,  
But the real winner in the end,  
Is death.

Kim Jones

# The Knife (You Left)

The snowflakes drift around your hands,  
pure white,  
thick,  
quiet.

Looking at the world around me  
you'd think everything was calm  
as we stand in the middle of this winter field.

But you left.

You left, staining  
the white snow around my prone body  
crimson red.

Kim Jones

# The Last

The last moment in a day is spent with the dying breath of a lost soul  
In the moment of triumph  
The last sorrow is spent on the person who is just another face in the crowd  
Who never got a moment to explain  
The possibility of a happiness that everyone had felt but him  
The last message that goes into the ancient telegram, meant for a century later  
Imitates the romance that Paris is known for  
And soothes the jealous heart of raging madness  
That a love lost has caused.

Kim Jones

# The Reality-Teller

'Once upon a time'  
the story starts in a frenzy  
waiting for the listeners to freeze  
'there was a girl who had a hope,  
but that hope flew away on the breeze'

'she followed with one last prayer  
that she would catch it before  
it turned too late'  
the reality-teller spoke with a hint  
that she herself had fallen in such a state

'the girl ran with bare feet  
through thorn fields that never ended  
just in search of that last hope  
that made life so beautiful  
and with it she would never mope'

'she promised it would be the last  
she asked anything from anyone  
if only she could catch  
that last hope  
that made fire in her heart like a match'

'but, alas, it was not meant to be  
she was put through torture to get it  
and she never did.'  
'what about the happy ending? ! ' asked Bobby Jay  
'in life, there are no happy endings kid.'

the reality-teller walked away  
leaving poor old Bobby Jay  
to live in the misery of knowing every day.

Kim Jones

# The Record Player Spins Still

Waking up from this dream,  
This delusional care,  
Stemming from regret and denial,  
Of the goodbye that could never exist,  
Yet I tried to force it to breathe,  
And my life crashes down,  
Through the tears,  
Comes a realization,  
And a fear,  
Of the impossible,  
Maybe it's time to leave,  
Maybe it's time to stop this pattern,  
Maybe it's time to move on.

Kim Jones



# The Red Rose

In the silent, gray world  
when the gutters begin to cry  
the plants begin to curl  
and the flowers begin to die.

In the midst of this all  
there rests a single red rose  
that lies fixed, so as not to fall  
above the heart that everyone knows.

The coffin of brown, dead leaves  
cover the once-live ground  
and the birds weep and grieve  
for the now-silent sound.

The single red rose  
cries with a lonely tear of blood  
where a new life grows  
deep in the dead earth's mud.

As the red rose dies  
a new strength is born  
for spring never lies;  
renewing hope in the forlorn.

Kim Jones

# The Traveler Beyond The Stars

Gray beyond my years,  
I'm a weary and hardened traveler,  
The only one who can scream and all that is heard is silence,  
I'm a grieving and desperate traveler,  
The one whose scars remain as new,  
I'm a weakened and tortured traveler,  
Only able to live in the pitch-black night and not in the warm sunshine,  
I'm an isolated and cold traveler,  
The fact that I can't be seen at all,  
Makes me a sad and exiled traveler,  
Through all the hazes of goodbyes,  
I'm a forgotten and hated traveler.

Kim Jones

# The Truth

The day that ends with the blood-red sky,  
Is the day that I will simply die,  
It's the day that you and I,  
Will fall apart without the support of the others' eye,  
On that terrible day of the blood-red sky,  
I will run and you will hide,  
But there will be no relief for neither you nor I,  
No matter where I run and you will hide,  
For you and I are doomed to lie,  
Unless we both see that we will die,  
If we, for any longer lie,  
Then we confess our truths to the sky,  
And both will be lost under indecision, but none will die.

Kim Jones

# True Beauty

A glance up into the eyes  
of a person unknown  
tells all:  
the understanding of the unloved,  
the understanding that comes with bitter experience,  
pain, loneliness, hurt-  
the questions meaning more than the voice ever would.

And yet...  
in the eyes of a person unknown it can be seen:  
a hope, intense as the sun burns,  
waiting for the moment they would be  
worth waiting for,  
hoping and praying and fighting and  
losing and picking themselves up again and  
retaining the belief they were worth loving no matter what  
until

The eyes of a person unknown  
become known and treasured  
for exactly what they're worth.

This is a person's true beauty,  
the kind that won't decay,  
the kind that lasts forever.

Kim Jones

# Trust

The song playing loud in my head,  
It's all I can hear  
as I watch you walk away;  
I watch my only chance walk away,  
I'm numb as I watch my hope walk away,  
I raised my hopes,  
And they brought me down,  
The song playing loud in my head,  
It's all I can hear,  
Until suddenly the words ring in the chaos,  
'Your heart is lost now,  
Your trust is gone'  
And I know it's true,  
For you were just another person I trusted  
that let me down.

Kim Jones

# Upside Down

Cold and broken,  
From the social horror that could cause a very saint to sin,  
And run away,  
It's curious how life never waits,  
For you to catch up,  
I'm invisible,  
Untitled,  
Stuck in the place where people never occur,  
Untitled,  
It's upside down,  
So lost,  
No one can save you now,  
You had your chance and now you have to back off,  
The regret playing over in your head,  
As strong as the pain from the non-existent goodbye,  
It's upside down,  
Unfair as life is,  
It's upside down.

Kim Jones

# Waiting For An Angel

I see him every day,  
But does he see me?  
I hear every word he says,  
But does he hear any of my own?  
His stormy blue eyes with a secret,  
Looking into mine,  
His accidental brush of my skin,  
His rare smile that I would die for,  
His sweet voice,  
Everything about him reminds me why I love him,  
Why I would die for him,  
He walks past and questions,  
'Will you be my friend, or just another backstabber? '  
Always in his eyes,  
I reply, 'I will be anything you need me to be! '  
Why can't he see?  
He walks past,  
I have to cope with the fact,  
That he will never speak to me,  
Unless I speak first.

Kim Jones

# Walls

I put up walls to protect myself,  
Then they came down,  
Suddenly the world is falling,  
Forever down in the breaking point of light,  
The beginning and the end,  
The cold knife made it all impossible,  
It being in the middle of my back,  
The world goes red,  
Then black,  
And I tell all,  
No more.

Kim Jones



# Weakness

I know where I have been  
I know the sorrow people look at coldly and clinically  
I know that no one but those who have been there understand it  
It is a place  
This forsaken island is built out of fear and hurt  
It is purely suffering that is relived and re-felt every day  
It is a state of mind,  
but not only that,  
it is an addiction  
You stay there so long that not even dreams will help  
You say that sadness and death is your friend  
But he is always your enemy  
You build walls  
You build fake smiles:  
some do it to be noble,  
some because they are afraid  
The pain racks you,  
It feels like a heart attack  
It is an addiction because once you are there  
you never want to leave  
There are two ways to make it hurt less,  
One, there's insanity:  
You forget who you are, how to feel, and ultimately, what troubles you,  
And two, there's death  
Some know they can't do it themselves,  
so they turn to others,  
and some have been on the island so long  
They just don't care anymore  
I know because I've been there  
and I'm alive because I got out.

Depression is an addiction  
It is also a weakness, but only if you let it get that far.  
I hope to never let myself become weak again.

Kim Jones

# When It's Enough

A deep and foreboding hurt  
lingers,  
fighting and forcing  
its way down, hoping  
to take root.

Like a weed,  
it squeezes all the life  
out of anything near  
and lively.

It is fought and battled  
with every last breath  
but with the wind of change,  
a new hurt is presented as a seed,  
planted,  
and grown  
and suddenly,  
the gardener finds themselves wrapped about  
with the thorns.

When does one learn when it's enough?  
Sometimes it will only hurt more  
trying to save a cause  
that is lost and resistant  
than it would hurt  
to simply move on.

Kim Jones

# Whispers Of Secret Death

With the wind there blows an enticing secret  
Egging me on to do what I should have done many years ago  
Still I know better than to follow those whispers  
For they lead to one place only: death.

The flute of secrecy played in every soul  
Has finally infected me as well, I believe  
Like a disease it starts as a thought  
And grows to be a small spot on my skin  
From hence it magnifies to cover my face  
I am suffocated into life despaired.

The story of mine is not commonly known  
And sometimes I'm glad of that  
But mostly it's simply a tool to isolate  
Until I'm forever alone.

Kim Jones

# Who Do You Think You Are? (Payback)

Who do you think you are,  
To come here and rip up my dreams,  
Like the old roots of a fallen tree?

Who do you think you are,  
To come here and tell me that I can't do it,  
That no one will ever care?

I'm here to say what I can't say to your face,  
Because you might just swing your ugly words back,  
And wring my heart like you did before.

Who do you think you are,  
To think you're better than everyone else,  
To think no one but you can feel their words?

I know you feel lost,  
I know you have your own burdens,  
But I also know that's not an excuse for what you've done.

Kim Jones

# Words Unspoken

Unspoken words are free  
Freer than the birds who fly  
and bear the chain of gravity and mortality.

They hover, clean and white,  
waiting to be molded by  
the abuser, who knows nothing of them  
but how they can be used to hurt.

And yet, they wait, despite  
the abuse, hoping-  
beyond our comprehension of what to hope  
really is-  
they hope that someday things will change  
and the abuser will learn what unspoken words really are:  
Freedom

Kim Jones