

Poetry Series

Logan Glover
- poems -

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Logan Glover()

Awake

all the days i awake
seem to be all the same
the disappointment people can make
not a single day to claim

going nowhere
that what takes the most
and it seems so unfair
when you are only a ghost

everything seems to change
tossed out to the cold
and I'm still so strange
its getting very old

so i go to sleep
into the dreams of the deep

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Moving Along

life is dark
life is bright
aggressions sparks
unsuspecting delights

all moving on
working told a better day
fixing flaws that are called upon
as we slowly fade away

is there such a point
for why i am here
so much disappoints
but we still care

we still on moving along
not knowing if were wrong

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My Fight

i feel it is near
time to take my own life
i still have some fear
will it be a cut from a knife

will it be the bang from a gun
or the breakdown of pills
non of which are fun
but all of which kills

or will it be the decay or a mind
as it lives on
and new ideas defined
maybe theses wont be cons

if only i see the light
then may i put up my fight

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Quit

woken without sleeping
none of my dreams ever came true
all around me people are weeping
and i lay surrounded by the blue

as they sit back and laugh
ill be half consumed
all that remains is the staff
and the rest will be doomed

water over the head
the slaughter soon to come
i then i will be dead
and people will call it dumb

for now i sit
just waiting to quit
(this is the same as water but it wont let me delet this one so yeah)

Logan Glover

The Lottery

people buy lotto tickets just thinking that they can win
and they buy one and they loose
but it doesn't get under there skin
and they buy more as they choose
you can't win if you don't play
you cant be happy if you don't try
think about it being a good day
because things can change in the blink of an eye
as long as u believe they can
so take a chance
don't be a blind man
for you might see yourself advance
so you might have some luck
to find yourself not stuck

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The Puppet

fatal strings are holding me
there actions dictate my ever move
holding all the keys
my heart is wide open to be improved

without them i would simply fall upon the ground
why must these strings be cut
i am unable to walk around
stuck in a rut

am i the one cutting these strings
to many that what it seems
like a knife the feeling stings
it is me who takes it to the extreme

so please just stay here
so i can live without fear

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Trees

the calm all-knowing tree
now the birds come
how simple it all seems to be
no need to know where its from

the simple tree grows
and the birds inhabit
the tree has no foes
and then comes a rabbit

innocent and pure
and then the man
o so immature
comes with a plan

to cut it down
and make it into a run-down little town

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You

its hard to put my feelings into words
to express so much in so little
you make me forget about my life being a theater of the absurd
the feeling of acquittal

you and you alone is the reason i am still here today
you are the light of my life
my smart holy sway
the one that makes me put down the knife

you have always been there helping me by
we all make mistakes and thats alright
u make me not feel like i want to die
i love being able to say goodnight

for all of what i say is true
i love you

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