

Poetry Series

Matthew Cole
- poems -

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Matthew Cole(August 22nd 1989)

Hi my names Matthew Cole and I'm 20 years old to some I'm young but god I feel old and tired. What to say... I live now with my baby girl Clarissa we are planning to settle down and start a family. Well for all my friends on poem hunter thank you. Any who, I love sports... Football mainly and I'm an easy going kind of guy. Love my family there isn't anything I wouldn't do for them. My friends are my world When I need someone to talk to there always there for me. Well if you want to know more just send me a private message.

Peace out...

A Single Shed Tear

A single shed tear

Slides down my face

I got the call

I hated to face

The voice so soft

such a loving heart

Now she is gone

My grandmother away

Nevery really knew her

But family is family

I'm so sorry I couldn't be there grammy

I love you

Rest in peace

your okay now

Love you with all my heart

Matthew Cole

Don'T Say This To A Cop

I can't reach my license unless you hold my beer.
That uniform makes your butt look really big.
You're not gonna check the trunk, are you?
Didn't I see you get your butt kicked on Cops.
I bet I could grab that gun before you finish writing my ticket.
Hey, you must have been doing about 125 mph to keep up with me!
Good job! I thought you had to be in relatively good physical condition to be a police officer.
I was going to be a cop, but I decided to finish high school instead.
Bad Cop! No Donut!
Gee, that gut sure doesn't inspire confidence.
When you smack the crap out of me, make sure you smile pretty for the camcorder.
I pay your salary!
Gee, thanks officer! That's terrific. The last officer only gave me a warning too.
Do you know why you pulled me over? Okay, just so one of us does.
I was trying to keep up with traffic. Yes, I know there is no other car around, that's how far they are ahead of me.
Sorry, I can't hear you over the radio. No, I am not turning it down. I love this song.
Well, when I reached down to pick up my bag of crack, my gun fell off my lap and got lodged between the brake pedal and the gas pedal, forcing me to speed out of control.
Aren't you the guy from the Village People?
Yes Mr. Budweiser, I haven't had any officers tonight.
When the Officer says 'Gee Son....Your eyes look red, have you been drinking? '
You probably shouldn't respond with, 'Gee Officer, your eyes look glazed, have you been eating dough nuts? '

Matthew Cole

Don'T Take It Personaly

Heres all you need to know, men are stupid and women are crazy, and the reason women are crazy is cuz men are stupid.

Matthew Cole

For Anyone,

For any person that's ever betrayed me intentionally hurt me or too-timed me,
I'm not going to dwell on trying to make your life miserable and tell you I'm
going to fight you, better yet, I'm gonna sit here & tell you karmas a mother
f****r and you'll get yours.

Matthew Cole

Gun Control

How do I feel about gun control? Break into my house one night and find out

Matthew Cole

I Try

I try so hard

To make you smile

I try so hard

To brighten your day

I try to love

But all is lost

Somewhere I find the space

To love you

I love you I really do...

Matthew Cole

Killing After Anger

Build me up

Tear me down

Say you love me

Think I cheat on you... F*** NO! ! !

I wanted to marry you

I saw something in you

I still do

I love you

Truly I still do

But I hope this guy was worth it

Now I'm pissed

Honestly if killing wern't illegal

WTF! ! !

Matthew Cole

Military Christmas

'Twas The Night Before Christmas,
He Lived All Alone,
In A One Bedroom House
Made Of Plaster And Stone.

I Had Come Down The Chimney
With Presents To Give,
And To See Just Who
In This Home Did Live.

I Looked All About,
A Strange Sight I Did See,
No Tinsel, No Presents,
Not Even A Tree.

No Stocking By Mantle,
Just Boots Filled With Sand,
On The Wall Hung Pictures
Of Far Distant Lands.

With Medals And Badges,
Awards Of All Kinds,
A Sober Thought
Came Through My Mind.

For This House Was Different,
It Was Dark And Dreary,
I Found The Home Of A Soldier,
Once I Could See Clearly.

The Soldier Lay Sleeping,
Silent, Alone,
Curled Up On The Floor
In This One Bedroom Home.

The Face Was So Gentle,
The Room In Such Disorder,
Not How I Pictured
A United States Soldier.

Was This The Hero
Of Whom I'd Just Read?
Curled Up On A Poncho,
The Floor For A Bed?

I Realized The Families
That I Saw This Night,
Owed Their Lives To These Soldiers
Who Were Willing To Fight.

Soon Round The World,
The Children Would Play,
And Grownups Would Celebrate
A Bright Christmas Day.

They All Enjoyed Freedom
Each Month Of The Year,
Because Of The Soldiers,
Like The One Lying Here.

I Couldn't Help Wonder
How Many Lay Alone,
On A Cold Christmas Eve
In A Land Far From Home.

The Very Thought
Brought A Tear To My Eye,
I Dropped To My Knees
And Started To Cry.

The Soldier Awakened
And I Heard A Rough Voice,
'Santa Don't Cry,
This Life Is My Choice;

I Fight For Freedom,
I Don't Ask For More,
My Life Is My God,
My Country, My Corps.'

The Soldier Rolled Over
And Drifted To Sleep,
I Couldn't Control It,
I Continued To Weep.

I Kept Watch For Hours,
So Silent And Still
And We Both Shivered
From The Cold Night's Chill.

I Didn't Want To Leave
On That Cold, Dark, Night,
This Guardian Of Honor
So Willing To Fight.

Then The Soldier Rolled Over,
With A Voice Soft And Pure,
Whispered, 'Carry On Santa,
It's Christmas Day, All Is Secure.'

One Look At My Watch,
And I Knew He Was Right.
'Merry Christmas My Friend,
And To All A Good Night.'

Matthew Cole

Red White & Blue

I struggle to see my objective for the sand blowing in my eyes,
I hear the sound of explosions like thunder from the sky,
My mouth is dry and my body aches,
I must push on no matter what it takes,
the lives of so many innocent keeps running through my mind,
I know this is why my country has put my life on the line,
So don't lose hope America we do this for you,
For all your soldiers bleed red, white and blue.....

Matthew Cole

Still Wondering

Starring down the barrel of a hot bedded 45

Just wondering...

What has my life come to?

As I lean back to forget whats happened

I let up on the guns safety

Knowing theres a single round waiting in the chamber

Slowly I raise the gun...

I release my finger of the trigger guard...

Just to put it on the trigger it self

As memories fly through my mind I start to cry

Trying to figure out...

What have I done?

I realize I'm not as happy as I want to be

I press my head hard against my pillow

Still tears poor down my face

As I remember the name...

I realize I can't give up

I made promises

I intend to keep

Crying like a baby

Trying to figure out what happened last night

I slowly put the gun down

As I let up on the magazine release

The magazine hits the floor with a loud bang

Pulling hard on the slide

The bullet ejects and falls next to me

I lay staring at the ceiling

Still wondering...

What would have happened if I had pulled the trigger?

Matthew Cole

We Never Give

We Never Give

Rocky granit paths mortar strewn
faces controlled disciplined white
is the finger guarded of trigger
eyes constantly roam.

Brothers sisters both the same
those around me I know by name
always game.

Life of mine I chose to risk respect
of some no welcome kiss

We die For You..

Matthew Cole

White People

Black people started wearin there pants low... White people called this saggin,
Spell saggin backwards... Those sneaky white people. =)

Matthew Cole