

Poetry Series

Michael Buchanan
- poems -

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Michael Buchanan(3-30-94)

I am only 15 but i have had enouph hurt in my life to last forever, writing poems is my passion in a way, its my way of expressing my sorrow, i dont think i have ever written a happy poem so if you want to be cheered up dont look through mine, mine is just words put in order to make a thought.... I am unique in school and am constantly writing there, i would put my previous poems on here but i have a few hundred of them and i dont like them, its funny that my teacher always wants to read more yet im failing his class all the time, he tells me if i can write then i dont need to be so intimently into english.....but Like i said this is just a passion of mine and i love it, Read some more of mine and put comments if you would like

Alone

I break down all alone, surrounded by people, who dont even know i exist, i dont care in the end all we do is die, might as well die alone, i dont care if im known, i wont need to be after tonight. ill make all the friends i need as i dine in hell. Take this knife and slit my wrist watch it bleed and i will succeed. Goodbye i dont need any of you now. too bad

Michael Buchanan

Begger

begger begger in the night. begger begger dont run away from my sight, have a bed to sleep in tonight, for in the twilight you will go back begger begger, goodnight

Michael Buchanan

Betray

Here i stand, floating in time, knife to the heart, from my best friend, i trusted and loved them and here i am, opened my heart and stabbed into it. im the one to blame they only did what was in their nature. i choose to open up, and forget the past, too bad it came back to bite me in the ass. cought like a fish, unsure of what happend or what will, all i know that this is real, and this is hurt, hurt you were never worth. Pain that will never end and lonleyness that will slowly seep in and take over.

Michael Buchanan

Cry

Why do we have to hurt, Why do we have to cry. Why do we have to feel, this pain inside, Wishing to take our lives away and make them better, Wishing we never met her, Knowing we made a mistake, And for that i Will take this life i don't deserve to live, but stuck with this chest full of pain and full of hurt, where the heart went is a mystery and if it will come back is un-certain, just lower the curtain, and i will end it all. and before the end of the day another child will fall.

Michael Buchanan

Dark

the night has come, the sun has died. Forever will come tonight. the clouds block the moon, and the ground is a few hours i plan to be there. Next to you mom, next to you dad. Next to you all who fell from your great role. i am nothing. i have nothing. you left me nothing but pain and hurt. nobody could ever understand how i feel. every night is another night i tell, myself that its all a nightmare and i will wake. yet i never do. so i will take my own fate and my own end. Grab the knife grab the gun it dosnt matter how but i promise to you god that tonight will be the end.

Michael Buchanan

Day By Day

here i am day after day, doing the same thing, to my dismay, nothing will change with me, and nothing will get fixed. i feel like i fell in a deep ditch and cant get out of the hole without your help and all you do is turn your back, thats the fact of the matter, leave me to die, not a single person would cry, not a single soul would even try, they'd laugh and party. Not a single one sorry, or sad, they would be all glad, and it drives me mad, knowing no one cares, not a single one shares my pain, no one reliezes its not a game. im really gone. yet they all just keep dancing along to the happy songs. Its all the same

Michael Buchanan

Dead

Here i lay nice and peaceful, cold and unmoving. coiled in a ball dead. i got fed up with life and got fed up with love and hate and all this debate so i grabbed the gun and took a life, in order to keep sane i had to hit the ground with no one to blame. there has to be the end to every game mabe il find the end of this one...

Michael Buchanan

Death

Death is the feeling of sorrow,
the first star in the sky
coming to get us in the night,
feeling of fright,

we all may fight the feeling
but it will come in the depth of the night,
and we will loose sight,

yet we deny and cry for those who fall victim,
the wall closed in
and loss of our friend
all for the same feeling in the end

Michael Buchanan

Death Comes Tonight

You lay eyes open in your bed, time is 3 in the morning yet sleep is no where to be found, for the death that is so close keeps you awake and keeps you in fear of the presence of this power of this darkness only one thing is for certain death has come.

Nobody can know why, or know how, to get death to come or go, . There is no performance there is no show, everybody is so scared that if they live like they are dying then they really will die, but death is an intitiy just meant to scare us all for he comes tonight.

Is it really a he, or a she, or an it, just another intaty, everybody has a name for it, passing, sleeping, dead, lost, forgotten, all things that mean the same for tonight is the night that death comes.

It has no warning for the waking eye, as the victims lies awake each night waiting fo rhte frist strike for the sickness to start, driving them insane. Death comes tonight

Lost from the pain of knowing deaths toment you raise the gun you grab the knife you pop the lid \, and you shoot, slice and swallow, as you die we can all watch at your funeral as we know that Death came that night.

Michael Buchanan

Death Tune

Here i sit in the rain. Singing a tragic song of pain.
A little boy so young to know. How life hurts and love burns a hole in your heart.
The little boys only intention was too have fun and now hes at a funeral for the
laying in a casket for the deed he did, took the life of his mom, playing with fire
and fake playing with a gun lead to his brothers ng his baby sister led to
drowding and in the end, Daddy blew up the house killing a few. only him and his
son died that night. gave the world the biggest frighton what might happen to
live, just to kill. little did they know that he knew just what to do.

Michael Buchanan

Different

i look around at all the people around me and all i see is the similarities they have to each other. yet no one is like me. no one feels my pain. No one is brave enough to show how they feel. No one cares enough to love. Everyone believes they know hate. Nobody has gone through the life i have. No one has felt the pain i feel. No one could ever make it this far off the pain i feel each and every day. In each and every way. I know its odd and i know its different but i dont care. i want to be different. but not from everyone. For everything there is another isnt there. For every pot there is a pan, for every white there is a black. Things intertwine. Just as Ying and Yo. So where is the other half of my peace. There is a constant war until you finally come. until you finally show your face. oh' how beautiful that face will be the day we finally meet. My soldiers will lay down their weapons and call it a truce. my mind will relax and i can finally be with somebody who knows how i feel and feels the same but no longer pain but happiness and love. no more hate for the man who killed my soul no more hate for all the unexpected plans. I can slay my demons and welcome my angel. And like glorious god had intended it to. i shall be in heaven on earth.

Michael Buchanan

Dont Understand

You dont, you cant, so dont bother, trying to understand whats inside of me, because its deeper the the well and darker then a cave in the middle of a new moon. You dont need to know and you dont need to care, theres nothing here for me to share, its already fair, and i dont need you to bug me, infesting me with your questions, and bit by your remarks, you dont understand do you, you cant see the truth of what your doing to me, down underneath, that beneath the skin, there youve been bugging and annoying me, to the point of break, one i must take, for our sake. Mabe when its over you might get it because right now you just dont understand.

Michael Buchanan

Drown

today i drown in a pit of sorrow, deep in my chest, digging deeper with each word you speak, in my mind that is so bleek, i cannot see, why i did, but i went with what i felt, i delt with the hand i was delt, and i lost, fold tonight, with the razor in sight, i lost, chips all in, strait from when i seemed to begin, but it dosnt matter now, im already gone, i already drown, from all the blood that the razor found

Michael Buchanan

Eternal

The eternal night, the internal pain, and the external sorrow, lost all sanity, i cant fix it cant you see, im just like he who was baried into the ground, only im a breathing dead, im the undead soldier, who will fight on forever, my soul forever stuck in this dementation long after my blood dries and my body decomposes, night and night fight after fight wont someone please please make this right? !

Michael Buchanan

Everythings Alright

in the world of make believe...you stand next to me....dont you see the wrong of right...and the pain i suffer each night....when it ends i cry to sleep, knowing that the morning oh so bleek. And when you stand next to me....i dont think you understand the demond thoughts inside of me....and dont you know, that no matter how far you go, im hear waiting in the night, just to assure you that everythings alright. even if its not, its only for the nightfor the day is new...and there is pleanty more pain to go through

Michael Buchanan

Fake Life

Throw a punch, hit me down, beat me up, as i lay on the ground, i hope your happy, i hope you feel dominant, for your nothing more then a pathetic kid, looking for answers in all the wrong places, trying to be cool when there is no joy there is no hope, all you do is look for some more dope to help your problems dull them out, just to sober up and see again.

Dont you see there is no end, you have no chance, this is your life, is this your dreams, is this your hopes, spending your life running from the unkown, hiding in fog waiting for it to clear to make more.

What kind of life do you call that, how can you say that you know that you are ruining your life, if you did youd stop, youd lower your fist, put out your hand in surrender and let people in, just to get help, to get rid of this nightmare you felt and kept alive each night with the drugs and hurt, your life just never really worked

Michael Buchanan

Fate/Rot/Thin Line/ Twisted

blood and hate
twisted fate
pull the trigger and prove my fate

roses die
peadels rot
you pushed me over
wiether you no it or not

crossed the line...
from wrong and right...
never thought it would end up the way it did last night
between sight and sence i lost control
and ended the life i enrolled

clean slate...
twisted fate...
blood and hate...
ready for the thousands of scars and thousands of hurts...
proving life will never work

Michael Buchanan

Fire

here i sit
in my world
of hurt and sorrow
from the day
you once said you loved me
and just moved on with somone else
and left me sitting here
a burning fire with no boundry
of pure hurt and hate

Michael Buchanan

Forget

forget today, and forget tomorrow, don't feel my sorrow, its my burden to bear,
and my chance to care, yet i ignore it and keep running, running away, from the
past when i should face it, but you make it hard. harder to face and harder to
change what i did, i was just a stupid kid, who broke your heart, now i am just a
lonely adult doing my part, each day getting closer and closer to my day of
happiness, Death

Michael Buchanan

Gone

This deep fog surrounds us all, deep in our eyes, the proof that we cant deny,
Please dont lie....we can all see its not fine, the worlds time is almost up, and the
kind words matter no more, this is war, deep inside, the truth were trying to
hide, it was too late as we all died

Michael Buchanan

Grow

In every dark ally,
Pain Shows.
In every broken home,
Tension rose.
And in every desperate hour,
The cemetary Grows.

Michael Buchanan

Hard To Write

its hard to write these simple words that come out all akward, it all falls into place in the wrong spot. i cant get it right and i cant get it to make sence, but i keep trying over and over type and erase, , keep doing that when i know that no matter what i write it will come out wrong so why bother writing and erasing when i can just simply write about not being able to write. writing the wrong words is too easy and putting them right is all wrong, not meant not possible. so i just write about simply how hard it is to write at all.

Michael Buchanan

Here I Sit

Here i sit in my room, bleeding velvet, razor to wrist, unable to resist the pleasure since you left, i lost all sense and all feeling, why cant you just walk back in and let us make believe it never happened and we could be happy again, and maybe ill put the gun away and stay for awhile just to see you smile...

Michael Buchanan

Hurt

How can it hurt so much to watch you walk away...when i know that its only for the day....why do i hope and pray it will last through the night.....and mabe in the morning we could end the fight....and soon rid ourselves of this fright and see such a beautiful sight....you and me with our son flying his little kite....only to wake up in the moning to realize just a night mare for only one of us to share.....a night so unfair

Michael Buchanan

Lost

lost in this darkness
you couldve saved me
lost in the darkness
the light has faded
im gone away
never to come home
i am lost in the darkness
i am happy
for i live not a single more day

Michael Buchanan

Lost Inside

Lost in a forest of sorrow. for the wind cries for me, and the trees stand saluting my past. i will sit here lost within myself knowing it was all laid to rest. Holding the gun of peace to my head in that forest my thoughts will end. and my and my soul wil decend down to hell for the end. Though the last thought before the trigger was pulled was how did this all start. where did it go bad? Why was i always so mad?

Michael Buchanan

Love

What is this feeling in my stomach when i see you, what is this new beat to my broken heart, when i talked to you. what is this sight when i gaze into your eyes, you have 10 guys all after you and your mine, read the signs if you cant mabe they fit cuss im at the end of my wit trying to understand this feeling inside, the feeling of hurt as i watched you cry

Michael Buchanan

Love And Hate

(this poem is dedicated to that feeling inside that is buried away when you want it most, just like her)

love and Hate, slways the same debate, followed by my scared memories, and times to the cemetary, looks like fate came, and took her away, and i cant stand the pain, its insane to know, shes really gone dissapered away from the world away from me, no more can i hold her close and tell her i love her, shes in the ground, no way around it being over, i go everyday just to show her im still here, even if shes not...

Michael Buchanan

Master Plan

i lay here, snuck into your room,2 in the morning and ignoring the threats made by your dad. I always kept to the master plan. I love you and wanted to keep you by my side. watching you breath slow and deep, never making a peep, i got up and wrote this all down. The two kids, the dog in the yard. Everything working out like nothing was ever hard. That was our master plan, didnt matter what your dad said, i could never leave you sad and hurt, out in the dirt roads that we grew together, so tight we could never fall apart. Today is our perfect master plans perfect master start.

Michael Buchanan

Me

Here i am right in front of you,
Cant you see me,
Am i here at all,
or am i missing,
why do you sit and cry,
and keep repeating whyd you have to die,
when im right in front of you,
am i loosing my mind,
i dream of a day,
a nightmare really,
the death of me,
something thought make believe,
yet somehow true, the blood proof of it all, '
goodbye everyone as they say goodbye to me

Michael Buchanan

Missing

Where is the missing key to the missing puzzle
. why cant you see,
the missing peaces in me,
where are they all at
and where will they all go,
wheres the missing ring to the missing hand,
why cant you understand,
and where did the boy who was here ever go....
is he missing just like me.? ?

Michael Buchanan

Missing Her

(This poem is dedicated to my X-girlfriend that i miss dearly and i messed up being with)

Why must you sit in your room and cry. Please dry your tears and tell me your fears. I am only myself but i will do whatever i can to confort you in your time of need. Baby if you cant see how i feel, mabe this will open your eyes, and cut your ties, and stop the pain, and soften the hurt. Baby cant we please just make this work. Im ready to try. and ill keep trying until the day i die. hopfully youll be by my side.

Michael Buchanan

Night

(I want to dedicate this And pretty much every other piece of writing to one of my good friends Stormy for showing me how to express myself in writing. So thank you Stormy)

Daylight slowly seeps down under the horizon, the air chills, all you know is that there in the darkness there are kill happening as we speak, thier future so bleak, they were too weak to continue, the silver moon will turn to red, as every hurt soul will bleed, in the silver sheen, no more then a screen, you can still watch and still can hear the pain lifting into the air, people showing the lifes they live arnt fair, so there will be no more time to share, goodbye to all i love, and goodbye to all i hate, see you in the time after fate, once i clean my slate and farewell to all those who care.

Michael Buchanan

One Thing

Wait before you leave, to go on your journey and forget about me, i might as well ask even with odds of uncertainty, will you please stay here with me, i love you and cant let go, please just say something move or do something, its worth nothing having my love then go, if you do it will be the end of me so....Not that you would ever know, or show feelings to tell me how to act, how to react. how to love how to hurt, go ahead and walk off, this pain wont last too long, only eternity. So what are you waiting for are you coming or going, if you cant choose walk off, im not worth it, im not worth anything anymore, i never was, and i will die the way i can, in pain and misery. Goodbye to you my love this is teh end, cant you see this is the last time youll ever see me.

Michael Buchanan

Pain

Pain and hurt, Screams into the night. Of all the tortured patients all on the outside. While i sit here, in my damp cold room, silently screaming from the pain on the inside and watching the blood sweetly and soothingly flow down my wrists. hand clenched in a fist, blissfully slay the vain, watch as i fall to the ground, Not making a single sound, another victim dies tonight fighting a harder fight

Michael Buchanan

Perfect

perfection is just a word, a word of un-using. for nothing is perfect, not me and not you. we all make mistakes and we all suffer. The only thing that really matters is if you can look at yourself in the mirror and see something as close to perfection as possibly possible.

Michael Buchanan

Reborn

Everything starts so small, it grows till it is tall, but the truth is that all its doing is waiting to fall, dead on the ground to be sucked up and regrow, be born again, into a new area into a new way. Same mind, same soul, grows up the same, in every way, new and old both collide how is everything so new if its the same as what died

Michael Buchanan

Riddle

you know what, writings always been a riddle to me. i never understood how to put the words just right to click into your mind and get your attention. It is always just words put together, i dont know why i wonder if it was ever, meant to spend the worlds precious time typing out the feelings that we know and the feelings we just cant show. This is another riddle waiting to be solved. evolved from nothing into confusion and hurt. as we all realize at some point the riddle i write has no end. just meant to dissolve into the past. fading fast. I knew that it would never last. and this riddle never solved. Time and time again, the riddle falls.

Michael Buchanan

Romantic Poem

[look i got tired of making a bunch of depressing poems. so this is my attempt at 'love poems or romantic poems' please write me a message or comment the poem and tell me what is wrong or missing]

Desperate to try to get your attention. your amazing, your beautiful, your talented, but you dont even know who i am. I am just another face in the hall, another member of the population. Where do i have to go, what do i have to do. I would climb the highest mountain just to watch you go down. i would jump off a bridge just to catch you. And you dont know any of it. you know nothing of my love. you know nothing of my feelings. everyday i just grow farther away, i wish i could pull you close to me and never let go. but The world dosnt work like that, the world was build off of pain. I am no slave of pain, i will not fold my hand. if i am patient. mabe i will be there jsut in time to catch you before you fall. and mabe someday you will know who i am. Before its too late.

Michael Buchanan

Silent Death

Death sweeps through the night, Silently taking its victims, Im no stranger to death. Yet hes a stranger to me. Why does he have to come, and make us cry, as he takes us all one by one, until the day to die, He give no warning and they give no cry, death is everywhere, even here even tonight, waiting for the chance to strike. here he comes I should say goodbye in case he chooses me for tonight

Michael Buchanan

Sorrow

sorrow is my only happiness.
pain is my only friend
and happiness is my only enemy.

love is my only weakness
Hate is my strength.
and Death is my only wish

Anger is my only feeling.
Calmness is just a word.
and Worthless is my only meaning

Michael Buchanan

Sun/Moon

Every day must come to an end. At that end. the most beautiful of sights come. The moon raises with its foggy mist it covers the land. Dark and scary the way god had invisioned it. But this can not be for the entire time. For once the moon has rose it has to retreat to the darkness as the light comes to relinqish all fear with safety. The house of the rising sun, the windows shimmer with dew. from the cold night before it. The new day has begun, just to go through the same process again. And once more that precious moon will come out and gods wraith will show. As we all stay in the protection of our homes, the darkness is what we call the unkown, and the sun is made out to be the hero. And the moon a simple zero.

Michael Buchanan

Sweet Child Of Mine

lay down my sweet child
On the dew covered grass.
The final moments,
The last of all breaths to breath
Just another soldier dieing,
Cold and hard his body shall become,
his mind so bleek.
The once unique soldier lays,
So much like the others.

Close your eyes and sleep,
for one last time.
one destination, no last retribution,
nothing but prayers and tears.
As we mourne his passing.
And his Never-Lasting years
and his forever living fears.

Michael Buchanan

Tattoo

how could you leave, how could you walk out that door, leaving me laying in a heap on the floor as your jet black jeep rode away, down the dirt path, farther and farther. Mommy and child gone like that, how bout that fact, a father of a disappearing child. It drive you wild, how can you stay calm, when you look at your arm to see his name and think of who you have to blame, knowing its never going to be the same.

Michael Buchanan

Thank You

We all take things for granted, we dont even notice, how we get all we wanted, without thinking, we eat everyday, theres people all over the world starving of hunger and we have computers to chat, man thats wack we shouldnt be doing crack or any drugs, we should grow for the poor leave it in front of the door, and walk away, happy that we made someone else happy. But no we will keep using the computer and continue ignoring them all. Who cares if they fall adn die, it isnt us and it isnt our lives

Michael Buchanan

Trapped Within

i am boxed in, i am trapped. Inside along with all the pain in my chest. i dont understand why. why did you leave, why did you walk out. what did i do what didnt i know. how to make you happy again. i need you. you are my air, your are my sight. you are my everything. without you i am hopeless. without you i will die. slow and painful. Your like the grim reaper. take my heart and then rip it up letting me die slowly. I dont get where you belong or what you are looking for but why must i leave. why must it end. where did the times go. where did our love go. Well now i am 10 feet under.6 feet for normal and 4 feet just to feel close to the man who took me away. Now lets see you come back to me. youll come around....the only thing i didnt expect is that your not alone. So i will never love again. and if i do. so help me i swear i will end up in the ground to never dig myself back out. This is for MoMo.

Michael Buchanan

Unknown

here i sit, acting like a pro, typing words unknown, no clarity to my thoughts,
thinking and thinking of what to write, to try to find words to make it read right,
when it all comes out wrong, nothing can change that, Trust me ive tried, cant
work all it does is lie, take whats true from inside and change it so you can
confide in its meaning clearer at first then in the end. This is one i wont do that
too, im tierd of it all not knowing what to do..and how to change everything to
please you.

Michael Buchanan

War

All the blood and all the violence. All the pain and suffering. What for? Why must we go to serve for our rights just to die in hopeless fights? Sleepless nights, Terrible frights. Facing death day by day waiting glad that death came, put you into a frame on the wall. Kind of like summers fall, its deaths call, Why bother to build a wall, the call is out and about, what now to do what now to say, nothing should ever be this way. All the blood and all the violence. All the pain and suffering. What for? Oh yeah; THIS IS WAR! ! !

Michael Buchanan

Why

Why is everything different,
why is nothing ever the same,
why does everything always fall apart,
why do we have to blame.

 Why must we live,
just to die....
why do we love,
just to cry.
why does god punish,
us all with these whys,
so many questions and
No Answers tonight

Michael Buchanan

Why Cant You Understand?

Everyday i wake up hoping for a new start, but you dont understand how much you hurt me and how much farther you push down the blade laying on my wrist, waiting for that release of built up pain and suffering. Why can't you understand the pain you cause?

Everybody looks at me like i am wrong, all because i dont belong with the world that hates, the one that discriminates me for being me, hates me because i am what i have to be. hates me because they know that i cant hide behind a shield and have faced it all head on. Oh, why can'tyou understand the closer you push me to hell?

Every sercond that i am away from you, is another second i fall apart. Awaiting the day i cruble and fall. and you wont care at all. I know i shouldnt love thou who hast nothing but hate, but i cannot control my want for love, my want for warmth. my want for thee who hates me. Oh why, oh why, cant you understand, your the only one for me and how much it hurts?

Every time we meet, i know that it will always end with goodbye. We cannot lie to ourselves and pretend to be ok, i know you cant feel the same way about me, you cannot love me like i for you. you know not of what love truely is for you throw the word around like it is meaningless. too bad that i cannot do the same and every day i take more blame. and though i may be hated and hurt, i will still be better then you can ever make me out to be. Oh why, oh why. Oh why cant you understand that even a raindropp sparkles before hitting the ground, and even though you think you rule me, i am free and you and i were never truly meant to be.

And now i finally see maybe I hate you to.

Michael Buchanan

Wrong And Right

i cant feel a thing, beat me more, knock me to the floor, nothing new, everything is true, your always right, beat me bloody just like every other night. you cant give me a fright, not no more, every since 4, i feel like a fish on the shore, i dont belong but cant get away by myself and noone seems to want to help, like ice cream in the sun to mealt ending of ice, like rolling the dice. cant win always loose, no way to choose.

Michael Buchanan

You And Me

i painted a picture, A thought of you and me,
Once so close now far apart,
What came along, who tore us apart

Michael Buchanan