

Poetry Series

**Nicholas Lind**  
**- poems -**

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## Nicholas Lind(1990 July 18)

I have been through bumps in the road. The small things in life makes living worthwhile. I feel that everything you do must be true to yourself. I look at the world as one big mystery filled with infinite knowledge. If you cannot see something or understand it that does not mean it's not there or not true. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. I find everything beautiful. Nature is absolutely amazing. Clouds, the sun, space is over whelming. I'm high on life and always will be. I enjoy expressing myself through words. I feel I can get my point across better. I am not here to criticize you of your work. I feel everything that is written is beautiful in its own way to its rightful owner. If I find something not of my liking I feel there is no reason to judge or comment. Positivity is what I shoot for. I love working with people. Being a team is always fun. I'm also into writing stories and music. Hope to one day write a book.

# Many World's

Pinecones crunch below my feet,  
Little brittle seeds squished beneath,  
Hear the sound the crackle of life,  
Destroyed small worlds not in my sight,  
Was it there? Was it really alive?  
Could my feet have stopped the breathing of life?  
The air of something running its mind,  
Mysterious foot left nothing behind,  
I vanished so much in so little time,  
But I guess its ok it's not in my sight,

Night comes close so I kneel down,  
What do I see?  
Nothing but towns,  
Cities, countries, buildings all kinds,  
Now demolished by steps of mine,  
Was it there? Was it really alive?  
But I guess its ok it's not in my sight,

Broken dreams a world I killed,  
Tears of regret water just spills,  
Flows down my face slipping off cheeks,  
Falls on this pinecone squished by me,  
Wait it moves!  
There's something I see!  
It's growing again the color of green!  
New world of life!  
I know what this means!  
We're all alive!  
A beautiful thing!

Nicholas Lind

# My Moment

Withered down sickled skin,  
Layers paved my way,  
Stricken down got back up,  
Scars create my faith,

Fizzled dreams dropped my tears,  
Eyes just stay alive,  
Stepping over every stone,  
Life becomes defined,

Seeing what I never saw,  
Feeling where I am,  
I love this path I follow,  
Creating where I stand

Nicholas Lind