

Poetry Series

spirit lahti
- poems -

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spirit lahti(8/19/95)

I live for writing poetry. With poetry i feel i can escape into another more vibrant world of color and sybolism that lies in ones inner most being.

Alive

One teardropp washes down my cheek,
Followed by a waterfall of others,
Some might say seeing is believing,
Others say you don't have to see to believe,
As for me,
I'm caught between the two,
On one hand
I know what will happen,
On the other
I'm not really sure,
But as my time fades away,
So does my strength,
And as my strength wilts,
So does my fate,
My sight is covered by my tears,
I can feel it coming.
For,
Once my life ends,
A new chapter begins.
I can feel my heart beating,
Though that is a mystery to me,
My heartburns,
Though the rest of me is numb,
I pull the dagger out of my chest
And fall to the ground,
My once tear filled eyes lie open,
My clouded vision fades to a dark amber,
Then a crimson red,
My body lay limp over the ground,
Then moments of my life wash over me,
The heartfelt struggles,
The never-ending happiness,
The pain.
And I ask myself,
Why not let this be the end?
Why fight when I can let the sorrow take me?
My heart begins to slow,
My lungs start to fill with blood,
And my crimson filled eyes close,

And for once,
I feel alive.

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Blessed

let the sunshine erase your darkest morning,
let the sunshine filter away your tears,
let your laughter and happiness progress,
let your worst moments be your strength,
let your memories and good times be the highlight of your life,
let your tears and grief be forgotten,
rest your worries on god's shoulder,
place your love in his heart,
inhance your life with experiences you've overcome,
may your tears flow of happiness,
may the threads of your life be beautiful arrays of rainbow,
happiness is always there, god is always your shoulder to cry on,
if all is lost, you are still loved and blessed.

in dedication to my neighbor who recently lost his dogs and house.
without your inspiration and carisma i would not have been able to write this
lovely poem.

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Bored

death

waiting

not scared

finally coming

dying

death

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Downbeat

time passes by
comes and goes as it pleases
life flashes by
so fast
so slow
no were to go
lifeless
its gone
no were
your wrong
life
virtue
death
sin
living
dying
its all the same
everyones to blame

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Meaningless

my dignity is gone
my heart has withered
my sight is fading
what more do you want?
go ahead take my soul
thats all thats left anyway.

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Momentary

momentarily gone
momentarily there
momentarily everywhere
no one to turn to
infectious life
spreads
gone
wilting
sorrow
pain
no one gains

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Untitled Words

He who lies awake does not sleep,
He who takes gives plenty in return,
He who lives alone is full of love, and
He who paves the way for others leads the way for himself,
He who lives in fury therefore dies in pain,
And thy presence is a gift even if not to thy eye,
T'was between our feelings we were forever bound,
And to our people we are forever crowned.

Existence is significant, death is an adventure,
And he who dies shall live forever.
Life is irrelevant if not counseled by fate,
Tainted things of thy past live forever in thy future,
For what is death if not a creature?
Fear rests in thy conscious for it is all but awakened,
Breathing is pointless if your sins are overtaken,
And thy life is forever lost in perpetual sorrow of thy destiny.

And thus life goes on if that is what's left.
He who sleeps, does not wake,
He who gives takes plenty in return,
He who loves is all alone, and
He who lets others pave his way follows like the rest,
He who dies in pain therefore lived in fury,
And thy presence is a gift even if not to thy eye,
T'was between our feelings we were forever bound,
And to our people we are forever crowned.

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