

Poems of Experience

Posted by TheJester - 02 Jun 2011 08:22

Roll over, Blake!

This thread is for anyone looking for a place to share relevant and appropriate poetry. Writing has helped me to frame difficult subjects **to myself**. Post your own here!

This is the first and last time I wrote a sonnet. The style was experimental for me, and as poetry, it stinks. The content, though, is from the first time I realized that I have an addiction, and so I have kept it, unedited. It is about 6-7 years old.

Kitchen Door at Night

I feed him almost every time he comes,
Which is each night, his paws against my door -
He begs and howls, plays garbage cans like drums
So I'll give in, like every night before.
The door I unlatch, without care or thought -
My hand decides all of its own accord
And if I feed him, peace of mind is bought,
Yet if I don't, he'll howl and sow discord.
So now I lay a lavish spread each night
Without a mind for any long-term cost,
For in this way I shall not have to fight -

Rather give in, when either way I've lost.

I'm gracious not from heart or mind, but still

He seems to always manifest his will.

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by Yosef Hatzadik - 26 Jul 2011 19:16

Thank Zemiros for unearthing this:

[bardichev wrote on 14 Aug 2009 04:05:](#)

this heartzige niggun is dedicated to Uri and all bochrim

with love :bardichev

SOMEWHERE ON HIGH

FURTHER THAN THE EYE

THE SOULS OF TZADDIKIM UNITE

AND BASK IN HASHEMS DELIGHT

THEY ARE STUNNED TO HEAR

FROM THEIR KINDERLACH SO DEAR

A WAR WAS WAGED A BATTLE WAS WON.

OY! MOSHIACH CAN FINALLY COME

TZADDIKIM DANCE A REKKIDAH

VCHASSIDIM YOGILU BIRINAH

THE LAST GENERATION

HAS FINALLY BROUGHT THE GEULAH

THERE IS ON WOMAN WHO CRIED AND SMILED

YES YES IT WAS MY CHILD

HE DID THE TRICK

HE LAID THE FINAL BRICK

MY SON WHAT HAVE YOU DONE

YOU DID IT FOR EVERYONE

MY SON WHO WOULD HAVE BELEIVED

LOOK AT WHAT YOU ACHEIVED

TZADDIKIM DANCE A REKKIDAH

VCHASSIDIM YOGILU BIRINAH

THE LAST GENERATION

HAS FINALLY BROUGHT THE GEULAH

THE BOY LOOKS AWAY

YES HE HAS SOMETHING TO SAY

YES IT WAS A SMALL STONE

YES IT WAS MY OWN

MOMMY YOU WILL NEVER BELEIVE

FROM WHERE THAT STONE I DID RECEIVE

IT WAS NOT A REGULAR PART

MOMMY THAT STONE WAS ONCE..

..MY HEART

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by Yosef Hatzadik - 26 Jul 2011 19:17

The OFFICIAL GYE POEM page:

www.guardyoureyes.org/?cat=52

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by TheJester - 26 Jul 2011 22:35

(I wrote this as a teenager)

The Addict

In another reality you lie
Above this Earth's sky
Where emotions wither and die
Without graves.

I hold out my hand
To that barren place where you stand
In that desolate land
But it passes right through you.

Your lips move apart
As you pour out your heart
Yet I know from the start
I won't hear you.

As you fade gently away,
Softly, as light from the day,
With each vanishing ray
A part of me grows cold.

When you're gone, I'm alone,
Chilled to the bone,
Colder than stone

In Antarctica.

But inside I do burn

As I pray, hope and yearn

For your eventual return

From that place.

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by tehylimzugger - 25 Aug 2011 21:11

Late Night In Zion

by Matisyahu

We're the reflection of imperfection

We come from the infinite place of limitation

Rejoice in these days, make a correction

We're the completion....

Lights out, down for the count and can't get up

Meanwhile the enemy screams the boy is stuck

And the legs of the King are dangling in a rut

Fallen pieces, lost sparks, hearts cut

We're not alone in the madness

If we're here, then so are you

Deepest caverns underground

We've been searchin' for the truth

Scrape my knees on the hurdles, face down in the puddles....

Only one who'll get us out of this mess

The one who put us here

I've got a spear driven through my ear

Can't you hear the sound crystal clear

Pistols crashing chandeliers

Long for brooks of water like the deers

A man is just a man filled with faults and weakness

4 AM Jerusalem all alone and speechless

At nighttime nobody's home, roam streets in darkness

I feel I'm just a man, flesh and bones, homeless

Planting seeds, they won't sink in

I'm dried up, like the desert earth

How could these seeds give birth?

Water me down, liquify, I will not be cursed

From one into a million disperse....

Wisdom rains like water from the Heavens to below

Crush my earth, seeds grow, garden starts to grow

You know you've got to rise, although you like to flow

You can't keep staring out the window....

Earth, water, wind, fire we stay low while gettin' higher

Spark igniter, fightin' tired

Stay wired, lighten loads

Fly alive, weep, wail, chant, cry, let out a sigh

Energized, give my last dime, life shouldn't pass me by

Rise to the occasion

Keep these hearts all blazin

Build your life on a river of wax

Melt into space, we've been here since the beginning, not going away

Not going away....

A man is just a man filled with faults and weakness

4 AM Jerusalem all alone and speechless

At nighttime nobody's home, roam streets in darkness

I feel I'm just a man

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by kidushashem - 02 Oct 2011 00:44

Doing the strong

Reckoning from all along

Atone for the weakness

Dig a fire pit, I'm speechless

Annihilate the sinning

Beg the pardon of the king

'cause I don't know what I'm singing

But from the heart it's appearing

Cream of the crop

It's a one stop shop

Drive it up with the rock

Attack from the rear to the top

Get the emotions out

Cause enemy emotional drought

From the fire the salvation sprout

To win and now without no doubt

Making sense of it all

Too crazy make no calls

To the conscience

Just stay on top of the ball

Being in the present

To make the call

From the decision prior to it all

Grasp not thin air

Achieve the dare

Don't be scared

Your fortune's waiting

's all for the taking

No one's left behind

Just the mind

Will stay wondering what went by

It will be ignored

We hear the knocking on the door

Conquering I've won

I know I'm not done

'tis part of the action

Having no distraction

Knowing he's not gone

But I can feel good

Live in the now

Be in darkness or light

Access the inner depths of my soul

Not scared of reality no more

And I can love myself and the world

I know truth and love again

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by tehylimzugger - 02 Oct 2011 02:24

kidush hashem!

AMAZING JOB, BEAUTIFUL

GUITAR

(Get Up: Into Truck, And Roll....)

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by kidushashem - 02 Oct 2011 20:26

[Yosef Hatzadik wrote on 26 Jul 2011 19:17:](#)

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where we can't post...