

Poetry Series

**M.A. Wood**  
**- poems -**

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## M.A. Wood(10/16/1990)

I was born in Iowa, started writing poetry when I was 13, took a break awhile ago to write a Tolkien style book, which is still being worked on, but I'm writing poetry again. Missed it I guess. I am engaged, for about a year an a half. It is not easy, she is my senior by seven years, but I love her, so I can keep strong.

## **\*sigh\***

He sat by the window,  
He knew that he would never see her,  
Or, at least, she him,  
So he just sat there,  
Content enough, if loving yet not loved is content,  
To see her.

Lips a fine crimson, natural,  
Hair a black midnight hue, deep and mesmerizing,  
And her laugh, childish, pure.

He sighed contently,  
Knowing before the heavens would take him,  
He knew she could live happy...

M.A. Wood

# And Thus I Write Of Night And Fancy....

The moon,  
Her stars,  
Chase thee Sun away,  
Bring forth the night,  
The shadowy beautiful night,  
Bring forth your maidens fair,  
Oh gracious moon,  
Of silver crown and throne.

Oh let the muses sing their songs,  
Their jests on mortals free,  
Never tiring,  
Ever playing,  
Till,  
The wicked Sun,  
And his light comes anew.

And thus I write of night and fancy,  
Of the music and comedies of her servants,  
The moon, stars, muses three.

M.A. Wood

## Dance Of Ages....

Here upon the ground do I lie,  
The hint of death upon my eye,  
No longer can I see,  
The man I used to be;  
Though when the clouds float away,  
My eyes close upon the light of day.

So now I dance, the Dance of Ages,  
A thing talked by sages,  
A forever timeless era,  
Passing forever more,  
Though, no more, can you see the lore.

M.A. Wood

# Deathly Cold, And My Angel Of Mercy (Formerly Known As Shades Of The Past)

How can my face turn away the shadows,  
How can my face turn away the beasts,  
The phantoms,  
The shades of the past set before me,  
All flee like children,

How do I deserve this deathly cold upon my door step,  
For though you stand there upon the night,  
The cold surrounds me,  
A deathly shroud of black,

Your all i need to destroy that deathly cold,  
This fateful love in which we share,  
Can be our shield against the cold,  
I'll be your dagger,  
If you be my cloak,  
A shield for me,  
Is a love to you.

So my angel of mercy,  
Do you hold the future?  
Or the past?  
Or maybe the present,  
Which though weaker,  
Holds the most strength.

M.A. Wood

# Fate

Look at this world,  
What can you,  
We,  
All of us do,  
To change our Fate?

We look at the mirrors streaming the cities streets,  
We see ourselves,  
But not what lies inside...

Our Fate,  
If seen in our eyes,  
Would seem like insanity,  
Drive us mad till eternity,  
For,  
Due to war and humanitys stupidity,  
Its laziness and 'perfection',  
We shall surly die,  
Surly meet our Fate,  
Sooner then we will ever want.

M.A. Wood

## Fine White Lass...

In the north,  
I knew a fine white lass,  
But down south, they were cold as ice to me.

To whistle at a white gal,  
Though beyond stupidity,  
Was to be my epiphany.

I whistled at a fine white women,  
She simply glared at me,  
And now here I am, next to Death,  
Riding into Eternity.

Note: This was an assignment to write as aa african-american in the south. I hope I did a good job.

M.A. Wood



# Heavens Falling

Heavens falling,  
Though Hell is rising,  
The wandering stranger,  
Brings to light,  
What light brings to day,  
Shadows,  
Shadows that fill the world with mystery and doubt,  
Despair perhaps as well,

As we all know,  
Heaven is falling,  
Through the clouds,  
The last rays of day,  
Fade away,  
Because Heavens falling,

Scattering the clouds astray,  
But also Hell is rising,  
Burning maddened souls with fiendish delight,  
A new hobby I say,  
For those games the devils use,  
Are child's play,  
Compared to what Beezlebub,  
Or the devil nowadays,  
Is doing,  
Spreading flames of hated fellowship,  
To the murderers,  
This is a genocidal playground,  
In which to enjoy,  
Their lives greatest pleasure,

Soon Heaven and Hell,  
Which are still rising and falling,  
Will collide,  
And the great Crusades will begin anew,  
Like they did once before.

Blood and sin will spread like flame,  
Across a dry patch of grass in summer's noon,

And Beezlebub and the Lord will fight,  
As Christ and the Anti-Christ,  
Fight for the lands above and below.  
Because the Heavens are falling,  
And Hell is rising,  
And the devils are at play.

M.A. Wood

## Loves Eternal Dance...

Now the time has come for socializing,  
Cheers of hooray and hooray in the air,  
The Ivory Lady in this visage,  
Awaiting her knight of civility,  
No doubt she will weep, if he does not come,  
But fear not for this lady, for tonight,  
This moonlit serenade will bring her love,  
And together they shall dance eternal,  
Together they shall be in love deeply,  
And together they shall dance forever.

M.A. Wood

# Muse

Her voice rang through eternity, A life of loneliness,  
Echoing through the ages of men.

It rang clear,  
The voice of pain,  
The muse sang her soul,  
Sang her heart and mind,  
Bringing us mortals to tears.

We did not know,  
Did not comprehend,  
The thing which pained us so,  
But one wished, and wanted,  
So I went.

The wind blew heavy,  
Striking upon my face,  
The sun beat upon my face and back,  
I marched upon the mountain,  
And soon could not go on.  
I sat upon a rock,  
And begged to every cloud,  
To stop above me,  
And shield me from the heat of the sun.

No cloud came,  
No slight breeze,  
Only a fierce sun,  
And ruthless wind,  
Killing me slow and painfully.  
My eyes closed,  
Closed to rest,  
Rest from pain,  
Pain and hurt,  
Hurt which struck my very core.

Then,  
I heard it,  
The voice,  
My prize,  
The very thing my body ached for,  
My mind yearned for,  
My soul demanded.  
I crawled to the rock cleft,

To a shadow filled cavern,  
The voice,  
Came from here.  
I got upon my feet and stumbled,  
Deep I went,  
To the heart of mother earth it seemed,  
Till her voice rang clear.  
She sat before me,  
Caressing a broken skull,  
Tears swept down her pale cheeks,  
Black midnight hair,  
Streamed down upon her form,  
She sat naked upon an obsidian stone throne.  
Her eyes were closed from the world, Her song sang to the dead.  
Suddenly her eyes opened upon me, I stumbled,  
And fell backwards.  
A small smile crept upon her face,  
And she began to sing anew.  
I shook,  
I did not know how to talk to this,  
This...nymph.  
She cried as she sang,  
And her tears were of pain,  
And she made my heart sing,  
But of two songs.  
I got upon my knees,  
And the first song,  
Sprang from my lips:  
"Why do you cry, sweet nymph? "  
"My love has died, he is simply gone, the only one, simply gone..."  
She spoke and I did not know what to do...  
I've never heard such beauty,  
Yet so sorrowful as well...  
I got up,  
And slowly walked to her,  
Then fell before her feet.  
The room was lit by nothing,  
Nothing but her face.  
"But why do you hold him so? "  
"Because he was the only one, and after he passed, my life took no pleasure  
then this."  
Then she looked at me, and asked.

"And why are you, a mortal man, scarred and bruised and cut, here? What compelled you to come to such a dark place? "

Then the second song sprang from my lips:

"I needed to know why, why every morning I awoke to a voice singing in my head, why my heart sang of sorrow, and yet, of love."

"Love? No person, mortal or otherwise, said such a word to me, why do you say it now? "

Her eyes grew curious, her grip on the skull grew weak, and from beneath her chest, I could hear, her heart beat faster.

I reached out my hand,

And touched hers,

Hers a bright star under my rough worn hands.

She did not move, only looked at me, wondering, curious, like a newborn in a toy filled room.

Finally I said:

"Because, I love you, every morning I awake to a voice, and only a voice, yet I always wait for the bearer. The one I love, you."

Her eyes closed, and her hand left mine.

"We could never be I am thousands of years old, and you look less than twenty. For us to be together, you must be one of me, a vampire."

"Then will I be."

Her eyes opened at this.

"You would become damned, for me? "

"Yes."

"Then you shall be, but you must do one thing."

"What? Anything! "

"Every queen has a mate, the mate dies, but if it is willing, then it will survive."

"Then so will I be."

I knew I must have her,

Feel her,

Know her body and her touch,

And if I must be damned to immortality,

Then so be it.

Her eyes grew wide with worry,

But with something familiar,

For she saw it in mine.

"You would willingly forget the life you had,

To be damned for eternity, for me? "

"Yes."

She reached out her hand, and touched my face,

Her hand was warm,

Soft as silk,  
And somehow familiar.  
This muse,  
My way to a heaven known to no one but me, kissed me, and with every bit of  
energy, took me.  
And thus, I was damned, but blessed to be with her:  
My love.

M.A. Wood

## My Love...

What good is her voice,  
Her voice like the wind,  
When I can not hear it?

What good are her lips,  
Her lips red as a spring rose,  
When I can not kiss them?

What good are her eyes,  
Eyes like the midnight moon,  
When I can not stare deeply in them?

What can I do when my love,  
A blossoming sunrise,  
Is nowhere near,  
So far, so far is she that I dream, then awake in tears.

M.A. Wood



# Painted Horses....

As The days pass by,  
And the kids ride painted horses,  
Families smile again,  
Remember the memories,  
The memories of the Painted Horses,  
The time when you were a kid,  
And a time when a dollar was a dollar,  
You spent it fast,  
And without circumstance,  
Remember the memories of Painted Horses.  
When Prom flew by,  
And your date was again forgotten.  
And your pressure was there to stay.  
Remember the memories of Painted Horses.  
When your daughter was born,  
And all the faces were there,  
Smiling forever forth.  
Remember the memories of Painted Horses.  
Wake me when it's over,  
Before the clock strikes Midnight,  
Show me the memories that are now forgotten.  
Show me,  
My painted Horses.

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# Poem Of An Unloved Greek...

Why do you damn me Fates?  
Curse me to live unloved?  
Am I so unworthy?  
Are the Gods so heartless?

Forget my thread of life,  
Forget my need of love,  
Doomed either way am I,  
For the Fates do their job;  
Unstoppable by hands,  
At least these mortal hands,

Though what god would stop them?  
These Fates three whole them to,  
Everyone is entwined,  
God, Mortal, all the same,  
In eyes of Fates untamed.

M.A. Wood

## Short 1

I love her,  
I can't be beyond a dream when I hear her voice,  
Why must I dream but not hear for real?

M.A. Wood

# The Heart Of Her (Is My Serenity)

The heart of Her, is my serenity,  
Her kisses are a simple blasphemy,  
I hope to keep Her in my arms,  
Till the end of eternity.

M.A. Wood

# The Man Outside The Window...

I stood outside the window,  
Watching as you cried yourself to sleep,  
I know what I did was wrong,  
I know what I did caused you pain,  
But I did it for you,  
You must believe me,

I stood outside the window,  
And watched as you awoke from your slumber,  
You walked to me,  
But was unable to see,  
For my sacrifice,  
Was my life.

M.A. Wood

# Unnamed

A building, a flaw, a war of so much dismay,  
The vine which climbs, chokes the fateful sorrow,  
The blast, the cannon, the dreadful black machines,  
Striking, hitting, the walls do crumble,  
The marching folks inscrutable,  
Muscles full of alacrity.

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