



THE SMALL BOOK OF POETRY

AURTHOR RITEMAN

The Small Book Of Poetry by Aurthor Riteman

Push Over

Push over

Thud... thud..

I hear the door shake,

Hatred makes the floor quake,

It stems from what we make,

We reap what we sow,

Though some wish it wasn't so,

The creation gives us a buzz,

Though we hate what it does,

Thud.. Thud..

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I hear the door break,
Why give when all they do is take,
They get what they want,
And leave us to create again,
What they will one day return to take.

Monstrosity

Monstrisity,
We hate what we make,
We say it's a wretch,
It's a terror,
It makes us quake,

We abandon our love,
Like taking off a glove,
And throw it away,

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For another day,
For our creation to sit in sorrow,
Until it's beaten morrow,
When we will end our monstrosity.

Stolen

Welcome in friend,
how are you today?

Very good, seems to have no end,

very good, keeping the daemons at bay?

Yes! Indeed they will never force my hand,

they will never kill your brand?

They have nill chance to break my brand,

very true, for you are pure,

more pure than not does god see you,

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for now farewell, another day we'll meet,

farewell my dear friend, good day to you,

three years did pass 'for I see him,

Welcome in friend, long time has passed,

true have i been busy with work i have,

I am here to put you on my knife,

your power is to be mine 'for i doth pass,

you kid?

I kid not,

for what power do I posses that you wish to obtain?

Your kingdom, your throne, your wife, and your main,

take it for I wish you, spare my life,

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nor you nor your family will escape my knife,
take that "your highness" now your wears I doth keep,
power will take the best,
keep pure what you think,
and all will lest hate your action,
to keep you from being Stolen.