

Poetry of old

By
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Prisoner of the Eye

It is the eye first to see
to size up and put down.
It chains a person to an opinion
and the only thing to set it free is the mind,
but your mind is the prisoner of your own eyes.

The Last Resort

This is what I am
and always will be.
I am here but not important,
I am but I'm not.
Used only when needed,
when no one is available.
That is what I am and
that is what I'll be.
The Last Resort
Hey, that's me.

Pain and Suffering

Pain and suffering go hand in hand,
as rain feels good, it can sting your hand.
The pain you've felt, the pain you feel
can cause you to suffer and never heal.

A Past

A Past I hold, that has never been told,
but held in faith and admiration.
For what is held
my knowledge unfolds, a truth unkown to me.
A painful reality, a place shown to me,
the pain and horror of love.
A man it may create
A world it may shatter
A hope Create, a Hope Lost,
A Past I hold dear.

A Fallen Moment

I have fallen from my pedestal,
a penance for my crime.

I await the day, when he will pay
a heavy price; my fine.

I pace my cell up and down
till my heart stops still.

I feel as a panther, stalking,
just waiting for the kill.

My superior, a replacement for me,
I think, perhaps, for sure,

Is tottering from his kingly throne
for he produces no one's cure.

A plague among man, I have walked,
a savior to no other.

For a place and time to one
can be just a fleeting moment to another.

And this everlasting dark moment
is my price, for my pride.

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Myths of Lore

Gaze upon the flames, above the stary sky
watching spirits reign and comets fly by.
Backing from the dark into fiery light,
He will grind his teeth and show his holy might.

Those of the dark will shy away,
losing ground to give way to day.
Paving the ways to tomorrow,
leaving peace again,
leaving the dark no gain or sin,
giving way to peace again.

Witnessing the birth of a man, the birth of light.
Creating the life of a man, makes not right.
To make a man, to let be, is might.
A shadow of what could be cast in the light.
Shadows will fade away,
losing ground to the growing day.
Leaving memories of once before,
soon to be given to the myths of lore.

Given

Let those things guide you and find in you something you've never found before.
Forgive what is to be forgiven and live with what is given.
Bring to this world the light in you and hope to cure what ails your soul.
A soul in doubt, a soul cast in shadows and false glamour.

It's only a soul that is unclean.

A soul that can be cleaned off.
A soul that can be awakened to a greater use.
A greater function than moving this shell.
This ever so heavy shell of guilt and emotion.

If only this shell would shed a new skin and produce a lighter burden.
Then this soul would be free and light and of good hearted nature.
A nature one loves to be a part of forever.