

Leaves of the Poet Tree

By : Andrew Aitken

A poetic Anthology that showcases the works of over twenty artists who differ in not only age but emotions and life experience to bring you a wide variety of expressions the human spirit can feel and immortalizes into art form.



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Leaves of the Poet Tree

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One
single
word or
seed planted
with the right
intention could bring
forth change in such a way
that it creates life on its own.
No branch that ever stood alone could
stand as tall, or proud as a tree.
They have a group of connected
branches who may sprout in different
directions but are unified with the same vision
of growth. We as human beings yearn for ways to
express ourselves to one another as we grow.
Poetry is a lot more than just words or sentences it
captures the essence of a soul and emotions of their heart and
then immortalizes it forever in art form. Together in this book we have
gathered a few artists who are the branches and every poem they
have created is
but a single leaf,
We hope you all
enjoy the

Leaves of the Poet Tree

Leaves

^ Forgiveness^
^ I Feel^ la
^ My Pile of Glass^
^ Re-Born^
^ Christmiss^
^ Just Be^
^ Lion Tamer^
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^ Dare I Dream?^
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^ The Cycle of Life^
^ My Lighthouse^
^ Love Tester Sonnet^
^ Tears For Grace^
^ Child of Mine^
^ Lost^

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â Summer Loveâ
â Judge Me Notâ
â Love Was Lostâ
â Your Listâ
â It Comes Like War Drumsâ
â Bestâ
â Movementâ
â Usâ
â Therapeutic Solitudeâ
â A Sad Storyâ
â I Sleep Tonightâ
â Boy And The Bearâ
â Warped And Twistedâ
â Numbâ
â My Greatest Addictionâ
â The Purple Haired Girlâ
â Life Is Beautifulâ
â Work In Progressâ
â Dreaminâ Another Sleepless Nightâ
â Anything But Dreamsâ
â A Dark Day In Sanityâ
â Is It Wrong?â
â Marsâ
â A Thousand Moons"

â Forgivenessâ

By Corey LeBlanc

Forgiveness is a lesson learned
a gift one must cherish,
itâ s based on trust one has earned
â cause without it trust would perish.
Forgiveness is a bridge thatâ s built
on troubled water it stands,
itâ s made of courage and of guilt
itâ s constructed by ones hands.
Forgiveness lies within the skies
in heaven and in me,
I know if I apologize
forgiving you will be.

â I Feel. . .â by Peggy Cudmore for Gracie

I feel. . . a loss of words
as I realize Iâ m about to be a mommy
my heart throbs in anticipation
of the precious life growing inside of me
I have never known a love so strong and a bond so tight
sometimes when I canâ t sleep at night
I close the door, shut off the light
rub my tummy and hold my baby tight

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I am scared of where we might be
and of all the things we might need
so as I lay, I begin to pray
for our lord, God to find a way
he will hold us both tight all through the nights
when we may feel alone and things just arenâ€™t right
youâ€™ll always find mommy close and never out of reach
you and I will always be each otherâ€™s strength when we are in need
Thank you my love for giving me strength
when your mommy felt like she had no way

â€” My Pile of Glassâ€” by Andrew Aitken

A heart is but a piece of glass
fragile as it beats
anytime it can be broken
or come to bring you peace
just know itâ€™s yours to give
but watch who you do give it to
the beginning might be an act
next your heartâ€™s beneath their shoe
I donâ€™t want to feel this way
there is nothing I can do
Iâ€™ve fallen for this trick before
because love is what I pursue
they say that time heals all
and heartbreaks never last
so Iâ€™ll continue to search for you
while I sweep up my pile of glass

â€” Re-Bornâ€” By Sandy Somodi

I hear your voice when the wind blows,
I feel your touch when it rains.
I feel your warmth when the sun shines,
the winters ice numbs the pain.
Although youâ€™re no longer with me
I know youâ€™re still around,
I take long walks after sunset
and I hear your footsteps on the ground.
I sit down by the water
and look into the nights sky,
I find the shiniest star
and see the twinkle in your eyes.
I will forever miss you
daily I weather the storm,
but I have come to realize
nature has let you, be re-born.

-In loving memory of John Frank Somodi 1957-2010

â€” Christmissâ€” by Elaine Turner

Christmas with a broken heart
isnâ€™t much of a Christmas at all,

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on the stage it feels like Iâ€™m flying
but behind the curtains I fall.
I look upon the memories of yesterday
as I live with the nightmare today,
on the surface Iâ€™m happy
but inside I cry the day away.
Thereâ€™s a smile behind a tear
Iâ€™m happy but inside I bawl,
because Christmas with a broken heart
isnâ€™t much of a Christmas at all.

â€” Just Beâ€” By GuerrillaxxProject

Clipped wings and yet I still fly free, befriend your enemies, let the tensions be
and just be, the one to see the key to living free, which can be feeling free.
To be as real as can be you will see the real are few, but theyâ€™re not far in between
and when pushed into a corner itâ€™ll be like Foreman-Ali.
If you freeze in that moment take a second youâ€™ll see
that itâ€™s really just your brother standing across in the ring,
now canâ€™t you clearly see how unnecessary thatâ€™d be
itâ€™s like getting taxed on your cut and then paying their fee.
Now feel free to disagree if you see differently
because by no means do I think that I know everything, far from it actually.
Thereâ€™s plenty to see, especially while drinking tea,
extracting DMT from the leaves, of the tree of life.
Ubiquity, is allowing me to clearly see
the sea of lifeâ€™s energy in front of me.
Painting a scene which is too obscene to be seen,
so it seems that once you see the need to achieve harmony,
youâ€™ll achieve within the need to be what youâ€™re intending to be
and just be.

â€” Lion Tamerâ€”

by Ian Mater

She tames the lion, her whispers keep him calm
with the softest of touch and the sweetest of song.
â€” Oh mighty lion why are you crying?
Why do you lay there in tears while you weep?â€”
The lion replied with tears in his eyes,
â€” see I have all of this power yet I am so weakâ€”
â€” You are not weak you just need controlâ€”
she gave him a kiss and healed the king's soul.
King of all beasts, lord of all lands
brought to his knees by a warm gentle hand.
The maiden she stayed with the lion she played
for she was his truest friend,
and so they lived on, their love growing strong
onto infinities end.

â€” Voidâ€”

by Adam â€” Toastâ€” Middleton

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This poison we call life runs through our veins
the chalk outlines of people we knew and friends we loved
the clock is ticking but weâre waiting for nothing
as the walls are painted with passion and misery
The snow falls and masks the sin
weâre left hollow and cold with no place to begin
our lives keep repeating and the places weâve been
we fall asleep at the wheel in hopes to find closure
The music plays as the world keeps burning
with silent chords to guide our way
our diamond rings and silk possessions
shine under the dim lit city streets
while the children cry for love and attention
We shower ourselves with pride as others pretend to care
their downcast eyes cut through us like daggers,
alone in a world of pain and agony
where you can open your eyes but you can never see
Our broken hearts find refuge in a life weâve never lived
as the tides bring forth a new concern,
we stand our ground but crawl to affection
only to die two feet from heaven
a thread of life, a world of thoughts, one beat left from everlasting
a soul divine, a tearful dÃ©cor, the only way to say youâre sorry
the gift of lust, the open mind
and the only way to tell your story.

â Dare I Dream?â

by Daniel LeBlanc

I have never felt the summers dew
in the deep dark forests of Africa,
never touched the sky so blue
or the icy plains of Antarctica.
Unseen is the beauty that lurks amid
this world forgotten of knowledge so rare;
if I seek these treasures will I have gained?
Or will my repertoire still be bare?
Will I acquire the taste of all these mysteries
or will the scepter-man toll too soon?
Will I find worth upon the peaks of Everest
or leaping bounds upon the moon?
These questions all lead to one response
which I have searched for in perfect depth
tis not what one attempts to knit
but the purpose for which he intends to use it.

â If there is one thing

you should always remember -Andrew Aitken
it is to just liveâ

â **Theyâ**

by Casseh Siena

It all began so long ago
a place in my mind I dare not go
but deep down Iâ ll always know
as time goes on my pain will grow.
Weâ re brought into this world
so young and naÃ~ve
then weâ re taught to betray
and we learn to deceive.
When we realize the truth
and lose our belief,
theyâ ll tell us weâ re crazy
and prescribe us relief.
Theyâ ll teach you to trust
make you re-think your every thought,
they do whatever it takes
to get what they want.
Theyâ ll chew you up
and theyâ ll spit you out,
theyâ ll call you pathetic
for having self doubt.
Theyâ ll tell you to stay strong
and fight like a soldier,
but then, put the weight
of the world on your shoulder.
Theyâ ll preach about Karma
how the awful will pay,
but the ones who succeed
carelessly cause dismay.
So surrender your words
and put on that mask you hide behind
because Iâ m not trusting anyone
if I canâ t read their mind.
Call me cold hearted
and call me unkind,
but Iâ d rather be bitter
than to live my life blind.

â **I Live Not To Existâ**

by Alicia Martin

I live not to exist
but persist in a better future,
I take only what I need
to succeed in life itself.
Trust not in what is given to you
but what can you make with it,
fight for those you love
and in trust that is enough.
I wake from a nightmare
only to find Iâ ve yet to fall asleep,

through the looking glass
I reflect an inner demon
I thought was at bay.
As days blend into weeks, then years,
I ask myself. . . is this really my life?
I work, I sleep, eat, work, sleep and eat
in my robotic nature I merely exist.
So when do I begin to live?
Ambition is not to be taken softly,
to come from nothing
and believe that it is never to change
is nothing more than a cop out.
To come from wealth
and believe life should come easy
is nothing but selfish.
To strive and make it better
only to be kicked right back down
again and again,
is nothing more than courageous.
for every time you stand
an outstretched hand is felt in the distance,
take with it what you can
advice, encouragement.
It is with these stepping tools
that you are truly able to show your worth.
Writing is a way I feel
it is real, and all that I know.
I fear not criticism,
for this is the purest to what I have to offer,
Love life.
You cannot change me or exchange me for anyone else,
all I want from life is simple
to be loved, free and happy

â Silly Little Thing Called Loveâ

by Krysten Dawn Hare

We stood in the doorway
his hand on my waist,
the clock ticking loudly
almost in haste.
He moved in closer
his eyes locked in mine,
I long for his kiss
for one moment in time.
His lips meet mine
I feel the sensation,
no longer must I wait
to give into his sweet temptation.
My knees go weak
my palms become sweaty,

the world disappears
all that's left is him and I!

â My Escapeâ

by Andrew Aitken

Iâ m stuck in an everlasting fog
in which every step takes me deeper,
I wish I could escape this place
I try to climb but my hill gets steeper.
I feel like a prisoner
only bound with invisible chains
getting ripped apart by everything
Soon Iâ ll be gone with no remains.
It seems a key's presented
a light to fight the dark,
I think I could set this place on fire
I hope that youâ re my spark.
If I canâ t escape this place
thereâ s a place I can escape,
I close my eyes and think of this
I start smiling and life is great.

â The Hostâ

by Evening Giroux

Alone in the dark, resting your head
silently breathing, lying in bed
though you know youâ re alone
you feel something there
there is nothing but dark
and a stench in the air
a presence is near
itâ s lingering close
itâ s been here before
youâ re this monsters host
you must treat him well
â cause he keeps coming back
night after night
itâ s the same old attack
he lingers in close
puts his hand on your head
you feel teeth in your neck
as he sucks out the red
leaving you weak
and so close to death
you canâ t even speak
you struggle for breath
the room gets so cold
and your vision gets hazy
you already feel as though
your pushing up daisies
you try to inhale

your mouth tastes of mud
before you can think
you crave human blood

â The Cycle of Lifeâ

by Kaytee Taylor

This is the way life is
you love, you smile and you live,
you lose, you cry and you die,
life isnâ t supposed to make sense.
But if everything went your way
you wouldnâ t be the person you are today.
Everything happens for a reason
I once heard my friend say,
if everything happened for a reason
why is it the bad things that stay?
The bad things stay
so the good things can make their way to you
once they come your way
the feeling of joy will stay,
until the bad things come back your way.
Itâ s like Iâ m stuck in a cycle
the cycle of love and heartbreak,
the cycle of happiness and tears,
the cycle of life.
Itâ s just something that weâ re doomed
to live with until we die,
there will always be the bad times.
Although we think we will never see the sun rise,
it rises every day.
No matter the pain,
all you have to do is open your eyes and believe,
believe in change and believe in forgiveness.
Sometimes a second chance is needed,
because the first time around
it was just too complicated.
Always forgive, never forget
never have regrets
and never dwindle on the past.
Yes there will always be those thoughts
that cloud the back of our minds,
and one day they will arise and then youâ ll realize
thatâ s just the cycle of life.

â My Lighthouseâ

by Peggy Cudmore

There were once rough waters that could not be contained,
I lost myself in the maze of all those forceful waves.
The current was so strong it kept pulling me under
I couldnâ t reach out because there was nothing to grasp.
I thought in this moment my heart wonâ t last,

so much pressure and confusion.
The wind, so strong
I thought this was where my life was ending.
Then out of the darkness came this magnificent light,
all of a sudden my senses were not in a fright.
I pushed through as this strength led my way,
Iâm now saved from what was my most darkest of days.
My lighthouse is now in my heart
so when that dreadful darkness and confusion comes. . .
my lighthouse pierces through it all,
to keep me from drowning
now and forever more.

The â Love Testerâ Sonnet
by Corey LeBlanc

Do I need a way to say I love thee?
I find my love in your eyes of hazel
and other traits about your face I see
such things worthy of appraisal
your body is so fine, itâs shape so fine
the curves of your body, so like a road
upon which I drive night after sweet night
the first time your naked body you showed
to me brought about such new sensations
baffled, I knew not what to do with them
like the rosebuds from the earthâs gestations
when you pick a rose, Iâll cut off the stem
my dear, I see all of this in your eyes
I truly hope that our love never dies

â Tears For Graceâ
by Adam â Toastâ Middleton

Oh gentle day,
which rains down like April showers
youâve taken with you a life, a friend
like a starving child this pain devours
our fragile hearts.
Oh quiet end,
with painful thoughts and ringing ears
youâve made your point that time is sparse
these soothing voices are all she hears
when deep inside their hope is fading.
Oh show the way,
with eyes blind and feeble cores
dependant on the love of others,
if only life could have left her more
while weâre left here with tears for Grace.
-In loving memory of
Grace Louise Keenan 1933-2008

â Child of Mineâ

Samantha Somodi

for Alanna

10 tiny fingers and 10 tiny toes
counting these is a moment Iâ ve chose
we share a very special bond;
this feeling truly is beyond
and each day that passes I learn about you more
everything about you I certainly adore
my love for you will never perish
and each passing moment I will forever cherish

â Lostâ

by Sheila Somodi

Drained of all my innocence, I looked towards the dark,
wanted to find happiness but didnâ t know where to start.
My empty mind speaks empty thoughts, all my dreams are blank,
my thoughts are just an empty sound, my head an empty tank.
Crying out loud while scratching words of hatred on my wall,
running fast but way too slow, soon Iâ m going to fall.
Self inflicted pain leaves me useless and abused,
scars upon my wrists, arms and legs I have bruised.
Useless to the world and useless to myself,
I'll kill myself, slit my wrists, and then I'll go to hell.

â Poem of the gods

subtle yet very complex -Corey LeBlanc
syllables alignâ

â Summer Loveâ

by Sandy Somodi

The first day I met you
was the day my life began,
down by the water with you
hand in hand.
Itâ s like a fairytale Hun
a real dream come true,
I never knew love
until I met you.
I always miss you like crazy
when you go away,
I long for your touch baby
and wish you could stay.
I knew it from the start
from our very first kiss,
that this is for real
my complete eternal bliss.
I remember walking with you
through the sand,
it felt like heaven

when you stopped to kiss my hand.
Forever and always
tillâ death do us part,
you know youâ re the special one
deep down in my heart.

**â Late at night we meet,
no one would understand us -Dez
except you and meâ**

**â Judge Me Notâ
by Alicia Martin**

Judge me not
by the colour of my skin
or the words to which I speak,
the god to which I pray
or streets to which I sleep.
Judge me not
for who I chose to be,
for I am free.
Dawn breaks
as does the start of our millennium,
where neither man nor child
bares this darkness alone.
For the light shall shine,
so divine,
as does the future that awaits us,
Judge me not
but accept that I am different

**â Love is absolute
it is found everywhere - Derek Fisher
share it with the worldâ**

**â Love Was Lostâ
by Katana Thompson**

Love was lost and never found
because of no ones, all around.
Tie you up and hold you back
until your mind begins to crack.
Then theyâ ll let you go,
with thrill. . .
knowing your life
will never be fulfilled.

**â Your Listâ
by Andrew Aitken**

This isnâ t a poem
but Iâ m giving you a list,
of what the world sees in you

or show them what theyâ ve missed.
Youâ re beautiful, youâ re smart
youâ re what a woman should be,
you reflect that onto those around you
look what you do to me.
Youâ re more delicate than a flower
with a soul stronger than a rock,
the ambition of a free spirit
and more reliable than a clock.
With more heat than the sun
and more depth than the oceans,
my love for you can start in B.C
and reach the Nova Scotians.

â It Comes Like War Drumsâ

by Bridget K Ferguson

for Matthew Cox

hard rhythmic extrusions threaten
my heart escapes from behind my ribcage
the thumping echoes vociferously.
It comes like war drums
my chest swelling, abounding
with captured breath, unemerging
clumsy hands fumble, interlocking
embracing beside my cheek.
Gentle vibrations rise from within
overtaking my bodies core
a jubilant assonance climbs up my throat
absconding from between parting lips.
His feelings indistinguishable
synonymous with my own
the proclamation transpires
unequivocally, I love him.

â Bestâ

by Dane Falkiner

My best friend is dead
dead to us all,
and dead most of all to me.
Standing here amidst the trees and crows
Iâ m no longer comfortable under the boughs.
With her died all my trust, love and lust
but all I can hear is how much better I need to get as a must.
I see no reason and I hear no rhyme,
there is a madness to the season and all I have is time.
Iâ ve lost friends, lovers and confidants
lost to the whims and whines of wants,
soon my job will be done,
soon the season will have won.

â Movementâ

by Evening Giroux

To make a big change you donâ t need to be tough
you donâ t need to be big, you donâ t need to be rough.
You must make a point in which all can relate
to free peopleâ s minds to see we make our own fate.
We have to stand up, make our voice heard
because no one can listen to an unspoken word.
We must fight for beliefs, push back with our might
we are in abundance, they cower in fright.
We can only be beat, if we all give up
they have us in chains, the system's corrupt.

â Usâ

by Peggy Cudmore

I left so much unspoken
and here we are now
our love couldnâ t save us
we were so close to having it all
and I had to watch you walk away!
my tears stung the skin on my face. . .
the knot in my stomach was agony
I would have held the cold hand of death
then to have suffered in these moments
Such torment. . . such pain
the words my lips spoke. . .
were only a whisper of what my heart held for you
we continue to hide from the light
as the darkness further consumes us,
my love for you will always be
because it will never be over for me.

â Therapeutic Solitudeâ

by Adam â Toastâ Middleton

Here again alone and lifeless
open sores and clouded eyes,
these shadows pass and turn to glass
while written words drown out my sighs.
Colours fade and turn to shades
as our footsteps scar through sacred canvas,
knowing not where serenity dwells
weâ ll bare ourselves and tread through seasons.
These people seek an early grave
but bathe in lakes of holy water,
while see-through walls hide shameful years
and cellar doors hide sons and daughters.
A child is born from mothers fluids
but dies before it reaches arms,
like yesterday itâ s thrown away
and guilt is buried in its place.

Whatâs left to lose when all is lost?
And all I taste is your reflection,
Iâll trek through plains of winter frost
and fall asleep in your reflection.
Your porcelain smile brings solitude
while choking life from satin souls,
bemused and frightened you bleed your hate
and translucent scars spell your glossy truth.
A vivid story in sadness wrapped
hidden deep within yourself,
just like a tree submersed in sap
or printed truth in shallow waters.
My body dries and organs fail
a thousand years canât tell this tale,
the lights burn out, the curtains close
eternal sleep this life bestows.
A penny for your wooden grin
a dollar for your fallen friends,
so take me soft into the night
and sing me into a rivers end.

â A Sad Storyâ
by Elaine Turner

Once upon a time there was a thing called nature
and we all took her for granted,
we chopped down about three trees
for every one that was planted.
When our ancestors looked at this land they saw
a place so beautiful and vast,
now the ground we use to grow our food
is the same place we bury our trash.
The same water in which we need to live
ends up swallowing most of our waste,
it gets a little worse every day
the solution!!!! hide the taste
Think of the ocean as really big bathtub,
and the land spread out as your living room
how long can you hide your garbage?
Before there is nothing left to pollute.

â Some say art is dead,
I say they are wrong because - Andrew Aitken
itâs in you and meâ

â I Sleep Tonightâ
By Daniel LeBlanc

I sleep tonight
no wake in sight
but the dreams I dream
bring terror and fright
the last corpse burning

I have new vision and sight
a girl, soft maiden awaits her destiny
trouble and fear belate her purpose
and the day will come slowly upon her surface
emotions overdrawn, no world of fantasy
if I shall meet this vision untrue
the hand of luck shall then construe
the fortune that will become of us
unperceivable is the land before me
the rapture so explicitly sewn for three
sewn for three in years of harmony
a tale only told for one
a dictionary of knowledge
of a new generation already begun

â Boy And The Bearâ

by Andrew Aitken

for Ava

A Boy was trying his hardest
to search for meaning in his purpose,
the love in his heart was empty
but hard to see on the surface.
No one knows his true feelings
his heartâ s a room without a door,
a few in the past have been inside
but he wasnâ t taking visitors anymore.
but with dark, always comes light
and every wrong will soon be right,
he now has vision in his sight
his whole life changed on that winter night.
Now, he can love again
he will protect her from anything thatâ s out there,
she is his cub, his reason for life
the boy will always love his Avabear.

â Warped And Twistedâ

by Krysten Dawn Hare

Harsh words, violent blows
hidden secrets, no one knows
eyes are open, hands are fisted
deep inside Iâ m warped and twisted.
So many trick, too many lies
too many whenâ s, so many whyâ s,
nobodyâ s perfect, nobodyâ s gifted
Iâ m just me warped and twisted.
Sleeping awake, shakinâ on a dream
listening loudly to a silent scream,
call my mind, the numberâ s unlisted
donâ t expect much Iâ m warped and twisted.
On my own, alive but dead
look at the invisible blood, Iâ ve bled,

Iâ€™m not gone, my mind has drifted
you guessed it Iâ€™m just warped and twisted.
Burnt out, wasted, empty and hollow
todayâ€™s got yesterdayâ€™s tomorrow,
the sun died out, ashes sifted
Iâ€™m still here, warped and twisted.

â€” Numbâ€”

by Casseh Siena

Sick of feeling sorry for myself
sick of blaming everyone else,
I know the truth, I know itâ€™s me
the one Iâ€™ll never let you see.
I refuse to let my loved ones in
my mind is filled with crime and sin,
but it matters not because no one dares
to actually show they really care.
The few that say they understand
wouldnâ€™t survive a day in my hands,
this emptiness that never leaves
a mind that races and a heart that greaves.
Veins filled with lithium
slightly tainted but still not numb,
I try to find my temporary fix
but no matter what this feeling sticks.
I used to dream of horror and disgrace
but now I dream of a pleasant place,
where I am finally set free
and given back my sanity.
I awake with a smile and a blank stare
only to realize my reality is the nightmare,
this life Iâ€™ve lived, full of lies and shame
but what I wouldnâ€™t give to be myself again.
It makes me sick what Iâ€™ve become
I pray for the day that I become numb,
forget all that Iâ€™ve suffered through
and forget everything Iâ€™ve done for you.
Your scent I breathe within my lungs
reminds me that rock bottom never comes,
you just keep falling down and down
and at the end thereâ€™s no soft ground.
Just a pit of jagged rocks
this pain you feel it never stops,
you feel them pierce and rip you apart
the only thing left is your still beating heart.
The only reason it is beating still?
is because you never give up the will,
the hope that, that day will come
where your eyes will flicker and youâ€™ll become numb.
Youâ€™ll go back to the days before drugs

homelessness, crime, and useless loves,
and you will finally be set free
and given back your sanity.
The pleasant place behind your eyes
will replace all your shame and lies,
youâll forget all the things youâve suffered through
youâll forget all the things you did for him too.
Because those things theyâll matter not
your crimes and sins will be forgot,
eternal slumber will finally come
and youâll know what itâs like to finally be numb.

**â Shading my feelings
in itself is emotion -Corey LeBlanc
hidden in bottlesâ**

â My Greatest Addictionâ by Justin Preston
Eyes shut, bodies compressed
emotions flare without regret,
the sound you breathe
the expansion and compression of your chest,
lets me know this is whatâs best.
The fiery heat that travels out your mouth and across my neck
the rush of it all is such an addiction.
Itâs like nothing Iâve had
itâs become my greatest addiction,
the high wears off as it comes to an end
and this unknown drug is put away again.
Our eyes begin to open
and this perfect fantasy
just came to an end.

**â The Purple Haired Girlâ
by Corey LeBlanc**
The morning sun had risen fast
on a mountain that resembled something odd,
a small lake we had just passed
bearing colourful fish like cod.
But in the distance I saw a girl
with hair of eggplant in every curl,
complemented only by the Lilac flowers
and the autumn leaves that were swaying in the breeze.
The atmosphere had some peculiar powers
with a scent of lavender that came off the trees,
there was a rainbow above which created peace of mind
and delivered a sense of beauty, so I find.
The girls locks remind me of my child life
or the skin of a well ripened grape,
with her beauty that was chiseled by gods knife
upon her bare shoulders, soft hair drapes.

Leaves of the Poet Tree

She stood beside a bridge over water
next to who I assumed was her daughter,
and they simply just walked away
into the distance of the sun.

I sit right here with my thoughts astray
to capture that scene that had begun,
for on that morning, I saw the sun rise
and it brought tears, to both my eyes.

Life Is Beautiful

by Andrew Aitken

Life is beautiful, if you only give it a chance,
what about love or the thrill of romance?

The greatest things in life are the things you embrace
and bring into your life to put a smile on your face.

One thing to remember, even in the darkest of night
dawn soon approaches to bring you some light,
and if you look up you'll see the skies not the limit
your light shines as bright as every star that is in it.

Staying true to you, that's the independence you seek
and knowing yourself is the key to being unique.

If you ever feel like you're all alone, on your own,
there's billions of things to do, don't be afraid of the unknown.

How will you see what you're supposed to do? If you won't even glance,
see life is beautiful, if you only give it a chance.

Work In Progress

by Adam Toast Middleton

A coincidental juncture leads me down this road again
a darkened past,

a jealous rage,
the notions keep evoking trends.

To pry too deep,
to pierce the hide,
turns interest into fury.

To hold your tongue,
cut out the eyes,
and silent you'll be surely.

A fortune I have squandered,
a good thing never lasts,
salvation lies inside the eyes
of a good man who has passed.

This envy leads me far from grace
an anxious wrath,
an empty cage,
my mind will never leave this place.

To scrape the soul,
to cut the ties,
turns hope into damnation.

To keep the dream,
say your goodbyes

and abandon your temptation.
Forever I have wandered
through emotions much too vast
and found out that hope could save our lives
if hope could only last. . .

â Dreaminâ Another Sleepless Nightâ

by Kaytee Taylor

As I lay here and stare at my ceiling
I canâ t help but wonder, am I dreaming?
I feel like Iâ m in another dimension, slowly being broken down
piece by piece Iâ m falling to the ground.
So, whatâ s left now, do I put myself back together
or just fall apart forever?
As I lay here I canâ t help but think
why do I do this to myself? I think I need a drink.
Numb the pain for the next few hours
walk a mile in the rain to the nearest lighthouse tower,
look over the sea and watch the shadows
Iâ ve got the key for the door in the meadow.
Lay in the grass, watch the clouds thicken
thunder rolls in, everything goes quiet,
eerie silence all around and within a second
I am nowhere to be found.

â Anything But Dreamsâ

by Dane Falkiner

Tortured by nightmarish visages and broken dreams,
she cries at night for someone to come save her.
Broken and bound down by his own shame
he is helpless to heed her call.
Both souls yearning for the other
and bound to do nothing but pine,
soon some day we will give the darkness
reason to whine.
We all have our strengths and weaknesses
but ours is hidden well,
while we get dragged on anotherâ s path
straight to hell.
Itâ s a fateful boon to love another
and not to know how to say it with meaning,
but I can prove to her
that no time soon will I be leaving.
To save her I grit my teeth and bare our fates together
ready to shoulder her slings and arrows,
willing to shield her from her boogeyman
just to see her smile if but for a little while.
Iâ ll be the monster and you just be beautiful
take my hand and close your eyes with me,
we can go anywhere you wish,
just say the words and I swear

that our destination we wonâ t miss.

â Poems are magic
you can make something appear -Elaine Turner
where nothing once wasâ

â A Dark Day In Sanityâ
by Adam â Toastâ Middleton

In a hollow grave lies a broken man
who holds a promise, wrapped in moonlight
and built with summer sands.
In a meadow beside a white house sits a memory
known to no one, draped in guilt
and found throughout the lands.
As we stand in herds
with our plastic cups filled with confidence,
we sing our thoughts
and find our hearts held in other hands.
We dream this dream and bask in ignorance
as words bring forth romance,
weâ ll mask ourselves in innocence
and together we will dance.
Our eyes meet slowly
as we leave our bodies to watch the city burn,
it melts the skies and scolds the trees
as the smoke engulfs our lives,
the air is dry and the ashes rise
while we listen to their piercing cries.
The windows scorched,
the beauty torched,
as the world meets itâ s cruel demise.
The clouds conform and bring the rain
only to drown out the screams,
the earth re-born weâ re far from sane
and watching as the world gleams.
These markings fade as you leave my side
and we go our separate ways,
alone again with nothing left
to get me through these hollow days.
The only thing I wanted was to sing these thoughts to you
to heave my heart into your hands and make this dream come true,
but hope is for the foolish and the fools are always left behind
so Iâ ll walk this road with my eyes closed and slowly lose my mind.

â Is It Wrong?â
by Corey LeBlanc
Is it wrong that I miss you?
Tell me if itâ s true
â cause I canâ t stand not knowing
if you miss me too.
So is it wrong that I miss you?

Your present lays by my bed,
a bittersweet reminder
that plays with my head.
The memories past
and the memories gone,
why didnât it last?
I miss youâ is it wrong?
Is it wrong? If I miss you
can you please tell me so,
Will you tell me to stay?
Could you tell me to go?
Would you say nothing and turn me aside?
If I tell you I miss you, it comes from inside.
Is it wrong if I miss you?
So what if I do!
Itâs not like I care,
Okay, maybe itâs true.
That I care for you more
than the Earth does the sun,
If I tell you I miss you
itâs because youâre the one.

â Marsâ by Andrew Aitken

The beginning was surreal
what happened next was bliss,
the anticipation of walking
then the passion of our kiss.
The road was so long and dark
but I felt you light the way,
I let you in my heart
and offered you to stay.
It seems that we were evident
to go on different roads,
to walk a different path
my hope further corrodes.
The only thing I have now
of you and me is this,
a memory, some photos
and a promise on my wrist.
For I thought that we would make it
didnât think Iâd end up scarred,
I donât blame you for what happened
but it hit me pretty hard.
I got over you in time
and Iâm sure you have too,
but every now and then
I come to think of you.
How you might be doing?
I still today, replay the very first Hi!
Or how our hearts were intertwined
beneath the red glow in the sky.

So now I see our heart
always shining high above,
thatâs when I have to say goodbye
again to my first love.

**â Friendship is a gift
do not take it for granted, - Derek Fisher
it can be brokenâ**

**â A Thousand Moonsâ
by Ian Mater**

A thousand moons passed in your arms
fading sunsets by your side,
a thousand times Iâve seen dawns light
breaking in your eyes.
I think of this, the things I miss
like looking down above you,
a silent kiss, in dream state bliss
to let you know I love you.
Youâve held my hand,
we walked the lands,
over water, earth and sky.
Pray memories wonât fade away
dust in the sands of time.
In my heart I hold you close
for dreams they do come true,
and in my heart I love you most
for in my dreams itâs you.
Familiar ghosts under street light posts
smiles scattered on the winds,
your essence in the fires light
the colours draw you in.
So beautiful a sight to see
rare soul of rainbow flame,
dance around the fires edge
the colours rearrange.

**â A poet I am,
but a father is the thing -Andrew Aitken
I am proudest ofâ**

When I first started writing this book I had written a few poems of my own for it and really wanted to share them with the world, I have always written poetry as a hobby but never really showed anyone so a book was a big step for me. I reached out to some of my friends and said I was planning to make it and invited anyone else that wanted to contribute and was overwhelmed by the creativity that was produced. Time is the most precious thing any of us have so on behalf of the branches featured in this book and everyone who helped in its creation we thank you for taking time out of your life to read it, in return you helped support a group of writers and authors to have their voice heard and express their feelings to the world. You have nothing to lose for writing your thoughts down and everything to gain, if you get stuck for words on how youâre feeling to someone or even to yourself try writing a poem. Whether it is good or bad times it will help you through whatever youâre going through but you wonât know unless you try and when you

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try then youâll know.
Write something for yourself
youâll be surprised at what you say.
-ANDREW AITKEN

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