

Poetry Series

Timothy Venard
- poems -

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(a Poem Of My Island)

1- My Island (Intro)

There is a field far away
Where neither moon nor sun is seen
Amongst the grass, and the straw, and the hey
Is a pool where an island has been.

This was my island and it was mine,
And its inhabitants are my friends
They're strange and weird, but I think they're fine
And they were until they're ends.

But who are they who live there
What kind of lives did they choose to lead?
If you want their lives in front of you bare,
Then I've got some poems you should read.

Timothy Venard

(a Poem Of My Island) 2- The Man With No Life

He does nothing all day
He just sits there and stares
He has nothing to say
And no one who cares.

He once had a wife,
(Or that's what I heard)
She ruined his life
Now he won't say a word.

And who is this man with this trouble and strife
He has no name, but the man with no life.

Timothy Venard

(a Poem Of My Island) 3- The Crying Boy

There are allot of stories about the crying boy,
The one who cry's out in the wood.

Some say he's death,
Some say he's blind,
Some say he's just
Out of his mind

There are allot of stories about the crying boy,
That no one ever understood.

They say he's home,
They say he's lost,
They say he died
In the great frost

There are allot of stories about the crying boy,
If listen closely you could hear him if you would

I say he's scared
I say he's sad
I know that he's
Utterly mad

There are allot of stories about the crying boy,
The one who cry's out in the wood.

Timothy Venard

(a Poem Of My Island) 4- Places To Go (1/2)

On my island you should see:
The dog-fish harbour-
Where the fisher man sits,
In his little boat
With his walking stick.
See the great ship M.I.S sir.
It sits in port, Ever alert

Also see:
The great mountain,
Right in the middle
The great mount Wicker,
Only climbed once,
By sir Doug Fisher,
Climbed this once went mad twice.

Also see:
Old aunt cafe
Run by old Beth
(Who's a hundred three)
She makes the best cakes,
That i have ever seen
But beware of the coffee
(It isn't what it seems)

Timothy Venard

(a Poem Of My Island) 5- Places To Go (2/2)

One village is called little Decknsvil
And it's people are all blue and green
Another is called Pictor street
And it's people are incurably pale.
Yet one more is called Niteon,
and its people are never seen
The last one is called Miniburgestry
With only one man, the size of a whale

Timothy Venard

(a Poem Of My Island) 6- The Fisherman's Wife

The fisherman is a very boring man
All he ever speaks of is fish.
But his wife on the other hand
Has interesting stories to tell
But she won't tell a sole,
And it leaves a hole
In the history, of my island.

So i spoke to her,
And she agreed o speak
And she got out a small box.
And i watched with excitement
As she took out some photos she had.

They were all black and white.
And they all were obscure
But she looked at them
With a twinkle in her eye.
At every picture there was a tale,
Like the boys who once played by...
And the parties by the....
Or even the mountain climber who stopped for...

The stories were great
But more important still
Was the look in her eyes
as she reminisced about old times

Timothy Venard

(a Poem Of My Island) 7- How My Island Ended (Final Poem)

Good things never last forever
All things must turn to dust.
I knew my island wouldn't last forever
But I never thought it would end thus

The Greeks called him Pluto
Some people call him death
Others call him fait

Whatever the name
He came,
Over my little island.
He came
He walked on its shores
He came
This time in the form of a hurricane
He came
Hundreds of miles an hour
He came
Over the little lake,
Where my little island once stood.

Good things never last forever
All things must turn to dust.
I knew my island wouldn't last forever
But I never thought it would end thus

Dedicated to Carol, Susan, and Sally- for all their comments

Alternative ending ONLY in e-book

Timothy Venard

(a Poem Of My Island) 8-How My Story Ends (Lost Ending)

My island never ended
It's foundations are solid diamond,
encased in a crystal dome
held up by unbreakable towers
that are made of purest gold.

My island never ended,
but the story soon will fade
because nothing is stronger
the world around my island
will fade and die someday.

My island will live on
in it's little lake.
It's inhabitants unaware,
that the world around it is dieying
out side the crystle dome.

but i will not tell them. And so remember this.
when the world is ending, ignorance is bliss.

Timothy Venard

2020

Shops are open,
But the streets are closed.
The sun is out,
But the children are in.
The world walks circles,
But nothing ever changes.
Spring, summer, winter, Autumn,
Melting together.

A single thought,
To fifty heads,
And nothing unique,
And nothing new.
The world's greatest thinkers,
Forced not to think.
And the greatest works,
Forgotten.

Nameless politicians
In nameless buildings
Deciding the countries past, future, and present.
Police listen to conversation
Privacy is ignored.
And if they hear something new,
They have a problem, that they will fix

Beware my friends of 2020
And Orwellian hell of fascist design
Money for all
And equality for none

Timothy Venard

A Broken Heart

A broken heart
A single tear
A broken heart
A pain for years
A broken heart
A ruined life
A broken heart
A blood stained knife

Timothy Venard

A Hero?

Her hero is pretty and thin
Her hero is a hero to many
A hero of fame and a hero of fortune
A role model, a hero of glamour
Her hero is a hero to many

His hero is fit and fast
His hero is a hero to many
A hero of sport, a hero of games
A role model, a hero of victory
His hero is a hero to many

Her hero is clever yet plain
Her hero is a hero to few
A hero of science, a hero of logic
A role model, a hero of knowledge
Her hero is a hero to few

His hero is a hero of art but he is poor
His hero is a hero to few
A hero of word a hero of writings
A role model, a hero of language
His hero is a hero to few

But that's the thing with your heroes....
Hero worship is only skin deep.

Timothy Venard

A Poem From The Waling Woods: 1- The Waling Woods

The waling woods
Their quiet now
A strange name you'd think
For a wood that's as silent
As an infants dream

But years ago,
Oh so many years,
The woods were alive
And restless
And so were the people in it.

For miles and miles
One could hear the woods cry
Carried on the wind
And as alive as fire
And as cold as dead

The waling woods are sleeping now
Some say they're actually dead

Timothy Venard

City Of Blood (From The Original Play By Timothy Venard)

over the hills by a little bay
is a little street where the children play
they think all is well.
but aloof in the air is a terrifying smell.

blood...
in the in the air
blood...
in the streets
blood...
in your veins
if your hart still beats (slow and dark) ...
well dose it?

I see a girl
I see a boy
I see a body
I see BLOOD
city of blood...
city of blood...
CITY OF BLOOD
ALIGHT WITH FLAME.
BURN IN HELL FOREVER.

Timothy Venard

Diktat

Diktat-

Take away their freedom to keep peace

Diktat-

The ends justify the means

Diktat-

And though their country's left to rot

Diktat-

We're free, even if they're not

Diktat-

War is peace

Diktat-

Slavery is freedom

Diktat-

Ignorance is power.

Timothy Venard

Diving

Lift up your arm and grab the next bar
Pull yourself up, put your foot on the other bar
Climb the ladder
To the top
To the very top
Up high
Up so high
So very very high.
Now jump.
Leap into the air
Fly,
For one split second...
Fly,
That feels like for ever
You fly,
And you fly gracefully
And beautifully

Then you fall
So fast
So very very fast
Fear it
Enjoy it
Whatever you do,
It astounds you.

You plunge
Strait in, ,
Into the cold
Into the wet.
Water engulfs you.

As you swim to the surface
You climb out.
And climb up the ladder
Ready to dive again

Timothy Venard

Exams

No pressure no pressure
This test only counts as 70% of your grade
No pressure no pressure
But you better not fail
No pressure no pressure

You can do it
It's really not hard
It's three squared times five
Divided by the cube root of pie

Deep breath
In then out
No focus.
No pressure no pressure
You've revised all day
No pressure no pressure
All the answers just slip away
No pressure no pressure

You can do it
You only need to try
By how are you supposed to know
Seven time pie?

Timothy Venard

God's Judgement Of Man

As God spoke to man,
Mane spoke back.
'I, ' said the mouth
'can sing your praises,
I alone can talk of your greatness.'
'but is it not you, ' said God,
That lies and gossips?
Do you deny that you will give orders?
Orders of war? '
The mouth was silenced.

'if man cannot live for that,
Then the superior strength is:
The ear! That hears, and learns of your greatness.'
'is it not you though, ' said God
'that listens and enjoys gossip and lies?
Do not pretend to ignore the fact
That you will listen to thing
Best left unheard! '

As the foot stood, the Lord interrupted,
'it is no use! I know more than you
Of the greatness yu can do;
You can walk and explore my glorious creation!
But you will explore and question what you see!
You will march armies to their deaths! '
In protest, the mouth spat at the Lord!

God turned and for the first time,
Noticed the soft 'bom bom, ' of the heart.
You, ' said God!
'You who loves and is humble,
For your love and your love only,
Shall I let man live! '

P.S. I wrote this as part of a little project when I was 12, and I know it's rather dull, but I like it. x T.V. x

His Internet Girl

Love is great it really is
But now I fear for it.
Text it or send it
The text to break her heart
The easy bit over and skip the harder part

It's my friend you see
He has an internet girl
He's never met her,
Never seen her
And yet he says he loves her

It's been about a week,
And now all he says,
He's met someone else
And it's going somewhere
So he'll mail her a smile and text he a kiss
And that same way he'll easily end it

(the person this poem is based on, is happy in a relationship, not made via the internet)

Timothy Venard

Last Night I Saw An Angle

Last night I saw an angle
But I couldn't see her face
Her light was all around me.
But I couldn't see her face

I looked into her smile
But i couldn't see her eyes
I spoke with her for hours
But i couldn't she her eyes

Am I so blinded,
By my sins, like all man kind
That when I look at an angle
Blackness fills my mind

Timothy Venard

Lewes: A Curious Little Town

The sun is burning the sky orange
along gorgeous green enclosing hills,
and as the sky gives way to the stars,
the street lights begin to glow.

Turn left, then right, down here, and along this!

As I pant down the steep slope of Keere Street,
you see the stars burning bright,
OH! there's southover Primary!
Remember going there when we were young?

right, quickly, to the side, just up her!

There are still lights on at the station as we pas,
and here we see the high-street,
the curiousness of it all, , with all the hidden gems,
we've got time, is suppose, shall we go for a walk there?

so we do, we walk.
the high-street is lit in a warm orange glow
eliminating the empty shops,
which but an hour ago were full.

down the path, across this road, down this alley!

AH! the Needle Makers! Only Lewes could have
a place with such unique eccentricity in it's walls,
as this, our Lewesian Bazar.
embodying the spirit of the town!

Up this, and down this hill, over this bridge!

here's the old grammar school!
it's hard to believe, it's been around near 500 years,
with it's famously mad teachers, and students to match.
It's been at the heart of Lewes this whole time.

cross the road here, along this new path!

You see that church, here at the top of the High-street?
That is St. Anne's! The oldest in Lewes,
isn't it just beautiful? the idea that here,
people have been worshipping for over a thousand years!

Down his slope, over this fence, and through this gate!

And here at the Paddock, with it's ancient green trees,
it looks beautiful at night, with the stars shining though the trees,
and trees whispering in the dark!
in the shadows of the great old castle in the background

Lewes is perfect! a quant little town,
with many-a quant and curious place.
a strange town, full of strange people,
Never still, for that would be dull!

Timothy Venard

Life Is Too Short...

Life is too short for fun,
No matter how hard you try.
'Don't play 'till the work is done
And it ends the day you die.

Life is too short for games.
There's just no time to play.
You can't go while the work remains
And your childhood is taken away.

Life is too short to live
It's only enough for work
Happiness is something no one can give,
And life becomes berserk

Life is too short for love
But not too short for hate
Money is all we love.
Why do we think it's so great?

Timothy Venard

Life Is...

Life is loveing
Life is calm
Life is hated
Life is hard

Life is for lovers,
Life isn't for love
Life is for poems
but not for the bard.

Life is eternal
Life will soon end
Life is for waiting,
to see how it ends.

Timothy Venard

Love Calculator

It's harmless fun
should be a laugh
that was the view of every one in class
ok then type in your name
see who your paired with and see your shame
harmless fun i typed it in
the sound in the room was a terrible din.
Her, the one, my one true love
This was the name on the calculator above
The smile on my face was whipped of instantly
As out from the din- came a loud scream.
"eww that, I'll end up with that"
She looked as though she'd rather end up with a rat

Timothy Venard

Love Is...

Love is cunning
Love is blind
Love is surprising
Love is in mind

Love is for dreamers,
Love isn't for dreams
Love is for thinkers
Love isn't as it seems.

Love is every where
Love is everyone
Love is in the air,
But it isn't always fun

Timothy Venard

Maybe

Maybe

I hate that word

It's yes with the possibility of no

It's like the sleet of English

Not quite yes

Not quite no.

It may happen it may not

Why can't you just give me a straight answer

I don't want a conditional tense

I want the answer I asked for

And nothing more or less.

Timothy Venard

My Christmass Stroy

On this cold December night,
Thin mist has set
A new moon has risen,
Set to never set.
Almost alive,
It watches

On this cold December night,
On my warm relaxing bed.
My heart still heavy,
My eyes unclosed
Although i dreamt
I never slept

On this cold December night
I cannot sleep for trying.
Try as i might
I cannot drift,
From here,
To the land of quite

On this dark December night
I must rise, for I cannot sleep.
My heart is breaking
I cannot think
I do not want to
I'd think of her

On this cold December night
I look through my window
Trying to clear my mind
And i see a great site
A single, lonely Christmas tree
And it inspired such great joy
My whaling heart was settled

On this cold December night
I am fast asleep
Setteled now

I just lay still
On this happy December night

Timothy Venard

My Heart Is Calling

My heart is calling

My heart is calling for you

My heart is calling for you and it hurts

My heart is calling for you and it hurts, please answer

My heart is calling for you and it hurts please answer, i can't stand it any longer

I can't stand it any longer

I can't stand it any longer I'm going to find you

I can't stand it any longer I'm going to find you, no matter where you hide

I can't sand it any longer I'm going to find you, no matter where you hide

because I'll look everywhere

I'll look everywhere

I'll look everywhere for you

i'll look everywhere for you, would you look any where for me?

Timothy Venard

Playing With Fire

Fire is wild
And cannot be tamed,
Do not be tempted
To play with the fire.
Those who do are permanently maimed

And every time
We try in vein,
To tame the fire
The tryer is slain,

And it seems when it that
The tryer may succeed,
The fire rebels
And he is burned.
Allowing another tryer
To try his try

So let this be a warning my friend
You cannot play with fire,
'till someone else is burned.

Timothy Venard

Sing Softly The Songs Of Your Angel

Sing softly the songs of Your angel
Let Your angel let you sleep
For Your angel, in her wisdom
has begun her angel's song.

Sing softly song's of Your angel.
It holds the angel's power
It lets the angel let You laugh
It lets the angel make You cry

Sing softly songs of Your angel
In your angel You must trust.
Your angel only cares for You.
Your angel won't let anyone hurt You.

WHEN YOU ARE LONELY
JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES.
SING SOFTLY SONGS OF YOUR ANGEL
YOUR ANGEL IS WITH YOU

Sing softly the songs of Your angel
Let Your angel let You sleep
For Your angel, in her wisdom
has begun her angel's song.

Timothy Venard

Stupid Girl Escape Him

Stupid girl don't do it
Can't you see he's bad?
Stupid girl ignore him
Can't you see he's mad?

Stupid girl resist him
Can't you see he wants one thing?
Stupid girl i can't watch this
Can't you see your suffering?

this poem is dedicated to a friend of mine who made all the wrong choices.- it is dedicated to some one who has had relationship trouble, - her boyfriend doesn't miss treat her in any way, and they are happy together.

Timothy Venard

The Ace Of...

Everyone has an ace up their sleeve
But witch one is yours
Be yours Spade or club
Or any kind
Mine is the ace of hearts

But which card is up there
But witch one does depend
On how you act and how you think
Or idiosyncrasies
But i am the ace of hears

If you're nice it is spades
If you're mean it is clubs
Or if you're rich in knowledge
Then your ace is diamond
But mine is the ace of hearts

The heart is complex
And hard to explain
And impossible to read
The heart is never closed
So my aces...is the ace of hearts

Timothy Venard

The Conformists

Look at them.
They are all the same!
No individuality
No ideals
No life

Lifeless forms,
Moving with the crowd
No opinions
No ideas
No life

Every person just like the other
Impossible to tell apart
Nothing unique
Nothing real
Nothing!

They have no voice of their own,
They sold it to the devil to fit in.

Timothy Venard

The Flyting Of The Fixies (A Nonsense Poem)

'twas too hot and 'twas too cold,
'twas too wet and 'twas too dry,
'twas too calm and 'twas too brindy,
sence the flytings of the fixies
are delate

The fixies sat and quaited,
for the signs of weather changes,
and sence the fixies waited,
in the saftuy of the hest.

but one brapid fixie,
swantered up and flewted the hest,
but this stragous fixie,
who was too prein to quait the hest,
never realstood the warnger,
of the tootoo weather

but many a fixie looked at him,
and shabragraced,
did join this one strangous fixie,
eager for their 'ases,

'tiss too hot and 'tiss too cold,
'tis too wet and 'tiss too dry,
'tis too calm and 'tis to brindy,
sence the flightings of the flixies,
left each one dead upon the gearnd.

Timothy Venard

The Heart Of The World

I looked into the heart of the world
And blackness and darkness overcame me.
My heart broke
My tears fell
As the world I thought I knew
Was no more

All innocence escaped me
Sucked in by that black hole
That is the heart of our planet,
And where satans demons rule

I looked at devastation
I looked at blood and gore
I saw nuclear destruction
I saw hell, and saw no more.

Timothy Venard

The Lunatics Lullaby

Let me lul you by lullaby
Sweet lunatic,
With the lunatic lullaby.
The strange ballard
Sung by the loneliest of us all.
By the misunderstood.
By the lowly lunatic.

Let this lullaby
Of the lunatic,
Named the lunatic lullaby
Move o'er your ear,
And enter your heart,
Like a hyena laugh,
Or a woman's scream
Off the calling of the lark

Don't fear the lullaby
My lunatic
The lunatics lullaby.
The lines are only words,
And the melody can't hurt you.
If your already mad.
The lullaby won't hurt you,
Unless you allow it to.

Timothy Venard

The Outcasts

What lies outside my bars,
Where the wild beast run free?
Why am I forced to lurk in the shadows,
And never to show who I really am?
While ostentations peers,
Amaze and amuse their friends

Who am I?
I am the beast
I am locked up
I am unable to be accepted

The light of freedom shines on the young.
But not me
The light of courage shines on y friends.
But not me
The light of confidence shines on my friends.
But not me.

Who am I?
I AM AN OUTCAST

Timothy Venard

The Second Motel I Passed

-room one
Occupied.
Do not disturb.

A piercing scream
A muffled shout
The crack of flesh on flesh.
And a sob,
A hopeless, pathetic sob,
Like a the wail
Of a cornered dog.

-room two.
Occupied
Do not disturb

You can hear children crying
Hear the mothers sigh.
'oh he hit me'
'no I didn't'
The endless drone
Like a chicken pen

-room four
Occupied
Do not disturb

A whimper is heard
A grown man
Of at least 35.
Cry pause cry.
Cry gulp cry.
Time to move on,
The sound is sadder than a wolfs lonely cry.

Room five

Do not disturb.

Nothing.

Timothy Venard

The Trilogy Of My Heart Ache 1/3 – Why I Love You

I love your hair
I love your eyes
I love what you say
It's always a surprise.

I love your laugh
I love your voice
I love the way
You make me rejoice.

I love your hummer
I love your grin
I love you
But you love him

Timothy Venard

The Trilogy Of My Heart Ache 2/3 – Why Do I Deserve You

Why do I deserve your love?
I have nothing to offer you
I'm not that bright
And 'ait good looking
There's nothing beautiful inside me.

Why do I deserve your love?
What have I done to deserve it?
I have run no marathon
And swam no mile
I have done nothing good at all.

Why do i deserve your love?
You deserve something better
Some none handsome
Someone smart
But nothing will need you as much as my heart.

Timothy Venard

The Trilogy Of My Heart Ache 3/3 – Pain

Pain is her
And she is pain
The girl I love
Drives me insane.

She causes my pain
And drown in my loves sea
For she loves another
And can never love me.

She if joyful pain
And my pain brings me joy
My love's story is bitter sweet
It is my deadly toy.

I gave you my heart
But i fear you were scared,
Well, why should you settle for me,
I'll let you be, I'll pretend to be dead.

Timothy Venard

The Working's Of God

For she had turned away from God.
How could he love her still?
Could any God, great and good,
Love what a wretch as her?

For he had never known God,
And all that he could see,
Was the wool pulled over his eyes
By the peers who knew him well.

For her arms are red and bruised,
For she felt alone
And couldn't see God's grace in her
And she was unworthy of respect.

He didn't want to do it.
The pressure was just to great.
And now he was alone and scared
And still, God loved him.

But then one day she found a place,
A place where she felt safe.
And there the lord God came to her,
And rescued her from herself.

He felt nothing but shame
But he was still forgiven,
And one day he'll hear and realise
And then he will rejoice

Her arms are still red,
But the marks are starting to fade.
But one day in church, she found the lights
and realised God saves!

One day he'll hear of how God Himself,
Came down in human form.
And let Himself die, so he might live,
And hopefully he'll accept.

Timothy Venard

Venard

Oppression forced the move
The sudden change of scene
Forced to move because of beliefs
And for them, you must leave you country

Venard, Venard Venard.

From France, to Ireland
From a homeland homeland
you will never see
that's the fate that awaits you

Venard, Venard, Venard

But now you have a new start
As technically you don't exist
No records any more
A fire saw to that.

Venard, Venard, Vemard

dedicated to my nan

Timothy Venard

Why Carpediem

Carpediem

It means seize the day;
Try and enjoy life
The sky's not that grey.

Easy for them to say
They have Don't have it bad
They don't know how you feel
And it drive you mad

They can seize the day
If they bloody want it
But in this day and age
The day ain't worth my spit

Your life maybe be hell
And it turns you insane
Carpediem
A phrase for the mundane

So why should I Carpediem
Should I conform and live life for them
I take my dignity
That's my Carpediem

Timothy Venard