Rhythms 2008

12 O'Clock
by Scott Tetlak

Each of these poems were written within 5 minutes to midnight

Reject: one.

Splendid uplift, vague generalization
Torn between appeal and greed
Mind believes it knows the need
Always the means for stimulation.
Put the information into action
Never shy from the structure
Find the release before the rupture
Struggling along looking for traction.

Meander

Hide, uncovered and go on trying
Between here and nowhere
Discover the undiscovered
Pull off the sullied covers
Push back the pusher
Don’t look to find
It comes, it goes
Only time, the time knows
Never gain but never lose
Can’t find the not looked for
Feel the belief without obligation
Understand the pattern before portrayal
Last long when not lasting at all
What goods not standing to fall?
Used.
Words here they come
Not caring which ones
Immediate dispersal, un thought
I figured I ought
To; see what came
None the same
As the thinking gives
And happy lives
Inside somewhere
But really does the happy care?
Does it gain or lose
Does the happiness walk in the same shoes,
As I do?
Or is it whole in itself
And I just use it to better me?

Yes, know?

Its all here inside
A good me, a good mind
Can I know it?
Will IT I ever find?
Does the belief in me bring definition?
Am I guided by a premonition?
So many question, do I have any answers?
I ponder over me and matters, onward...

My, only

 Somehow I feel you here with me
You left yourself inside of me
You said you are mine and me yours?
It feels I'll have you forever

74 - Poetry
In my mind.
Can I be your only one?
And you will be the only one I want
I give myself to you
And I only want you to have me,
Can we live together this way?

**Trapped, really**
*by Scott Tetlak*

We cart this body around displaying a personality
Mind and body no one considers duality?
My shell doesn’t represent my inside
This body just makes my mind hide
How can we fashion our outside to represent the in?
Without a body can one still sin?
Constructing our beliefs don’t make us weak
But do less struggles come to the meek?

**Found**
*by Scott Tetlak*

Patterns of tragic thought
Leading me to be distraught
Holding on dearly to the meanings I got
Never being guided by the have not
I escaped my dangers, my self inflict angers
I have dug myself out of the holes I’ve made
I have stood up and fought before forever I laid
The sadness has lifted, my moods have shifted
I have found a worth, to myself and my life on earth
I can’t really say what it might be
But I am happier than ever before in being me.
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Moment Reversal
by Scott Tetlak

Dust covers the memories I once had
Lost forever the thoughts which make me sad
I walked on into a life I couldn't control
But now things seem better, I am on a roll
I didn't care once, twice or a hundred times
But now I care some and write about it in rhymes
I learn new things and I am impressed
That nothing now makes me depressed
I laugh and shrug off the anger
And now my well being is no longer in danger

Tick, tick
by Scott Tetlak

Time, the merchant of pattern,
a noose around your neck like the rings of Saturn.
Metaphors devour a simple verse,
time ticks on an infinite curse.
In the wind it is not seen,
even with the senses keen.
Understandings demand determination,
knowledge comes with obligation.
Torment is always close behind,
trying hard to ruin a decent mind.
Run away and try to stay,
Cause day after day time leads the way.