

THE LEGENDARY GRADUATE

POETRY FROM THE HEART



JOSEPH D. SMITH

The Legendary Graduate

Joseph D. Smith



Dedications:

From Joseph: To those who believed I could.

***Anger and Frustration* by Joseph D. Smith**

It's very real,
It's very firey,
Yet so cold,
And so bold...

The anger within,
It's burning a hole inside!
It can only begin,
With no sight of the end...

The frustration comes out,
Sometimes I just want to shout!

Nobody knows how I feel,
What if none of this was even real...?

The anger and frustration burns deep within...

Bloody Mary Bloody Merry by Joseph D. Smith

Bloody Mary,
Bloody Mary,
Bloody Mary...

I will someday see you,
But I will not come alone.
I will bring someone with me,
They will have to come along,
Otherwise it will not be...

Bloody Mary,
Bloody Mary,
Bloody Mary...

Someday we shall see
If I have the courage
to meet you,
But without someone
to be there with me,
I will be gone before you
know it...

Bloody Mary,
Bloody Mary,
Bloody Mary...

This is not a bloody merry,
For of your furry,

I am afraid...

***Breen Kirbson* by Joseph D. Smith**

A man once asked me to do a tattoo,
So I asked him what kind,

He said:

"Do one by Breen Kirbson!"

Breen Kirbson... That damn snake!
Boy was this guy in for a surprise!

"Breen Kirbson you say?"

"Yeap! He's the best I hear."

That's far from the truth...
He's been known to put tat's on backwards,
Or upside-down.

I got to work,
I done the shittiest job I could;
It was the biggest mess of a back-piece
I could muster!

When we were done he looked at it,
Boy was he ever pissed off!

"What the hell?!"

"What?"

"I told you to do it like Breen Kirbson!"

Exactly.

***Cross In The Darkness of The Night* by Joseph D. Smith**

There was a cross in the darkness of the night,
Grass swaying as if waiting for something to happen...
It was a cold, dark, and foggy night,
The wind was a light breeze with the hums of the dead.

This cross was forsaken,
For it's wearer was forever taken,
Taken by the winds of hell...

To no avail,
The cross was dead...

Forever was the cross forsaken...

***Daydreamin' Timin'* by Joseph D. Smith**

Daydreamin' of a time when I was happy,
I track my timin' when I was daydreamin'.

I live the life of my dreams when I daydream,
Thus I feel euphoria of the pleasures I dream.

I feel happy when I daydream,
The endorphins rush through me when I dream.

Euphoria, pleasure for ya!
I always have a rush when I daydream.

***Dead or Paralyzed?* by Joseph D. Smith**

Which would you rather be?
Dead or paralyzed?

Wear your seatbelt
and it could save your life,
Or it could paralyze you.

Which would you rather be?
Dead or paralyzed?

Don't wear your seatbelt
and you could be dead instantly,
Or you live unscathed.

Which would you rather be?
Dead or paralyzed?

I'd rather die...

***Deep Inside of The Dead* by Joseph D. Smith**

Deep inside of the dead
There is no dread.
Deep inside of their heads
They are dead.

Deep inside of the dead
There is no hunger.
Deep inside of their bellies
They are dead.

Deep inside of the dead
There are no feelings.
Deep inside of their hearts
They are dead.

Deep inside of the dead
There is no pain.
Deep inside of their bodies
They are dead.

Deep inside of the dead
There is no soul.
Deep inside of their shell
They are forever dead...

***Dumbed Down High School* by Joseph D. Smith**

There was once a high school accused of being dumbed down,
Two sides existed on how to run the school.

On one side there was this snob,
On the other there was this parent,
But both wanted each other out of the job.

The parent wanted the school to remain the same,
While the snob wanted the school to gain
some intellectual standards.

The parent argued: "We want to teach kids, not insult them!"
A valid argument, for school is for teaching,
If the standard was too high, they would be preaching!

The snob argued: "Well, what is it to be teaching?"
Another valid argument, for what are we teaching?
If the standard was too low, they would be babying!

They argued and they fought,
They fought and they argued!

Nothing was right,
All was out of sight...

The school eventually closed... Nobody won... The end.

***Exploit To Exploit* by Joseph D. Smith**

"The kids are exploited on TV!"

"Those poor handicap people are exploited on TV..."

"Those midgets are exploited on TV."

You hear it all the time,

Exploit this, exploit that!

What about the ones who want their exposure?

Do you want to tell them no?

Tell Steve Irwin's daughter she can't be on TV...

Tell the miracle autistic girl who types she can't
be a miracle...

Tell the little people they can't be an inspiration...

You heartless fool...

***Habit of Insanity* by Joseph D. Smith**

Deep inside of the tunnel... I don't want to go.
There is this place inside... I remember the details
oh so well.
When I forget to take my meds... I will go into
this dark place.
There is no stopping it... I am going insane.
It is a habit... I will not cry!
You will not turn back... Please do not go!
Deep inside of the tunnel... It will keep you.

Deep inside of the tunnel... You will return.
There is this place inside... You will want to forget it.
When you take the pill... You will be gone.
There is no stopping it... You are feeling my pain.
It is a habit... You will regret it!
You will not turn back... Please stop!
Deep inside of the tunnel... You will be stuck forever.

***Happy and Carefree* by Joseph D. Smith**

You feel happy and carefree,
With a touch of euphoria and glee.
Your heart is calm and soothing,
Your mind is quiet and calming.

Now relax,
Just chill and lay back.
You are peaceful and content,
Your power is at it's full extent.

Deeply into a dreamy state of mind,
You are free to be reminded,
Reminded of the time you were free.
Be happy and carefree.

***Head-o-Lice* by Joseph D. Smith**

There lives some creepy-crawlies in your hair,
You will want your head to be bare.
They crawl and itch, They itch and they crawl...
Oh so dreadful... Oh so pitiful to the victims...

Your head itches!

There lives some dreadful lice in your hair,
You will want to pull off your head.
They crawl and they jump, They jump and they crawl...
Oh so dreadful... Why do I have to worry?

***Hi! I'm Frodo!* by Joseph D. Smith**

My dear stranger,
How I remember thee.
Reining from the Philipines
You complemented my hair,
You said you liked it,
But then you called me Frodo...
Really?
I look like Frodo?
Frodo Baggins?
Although you called me that,
I tip off my hat
to you my dear stranger.
I will never forget!
Somewhere in the back of my head
I am Frodo Baggins,
Thanks to you my dear stranger.
I will never forget how cool that
day was,
I tip my hat off to you again,
for that was funny,
How cool it is that I am Frodo,
I will never forget your good
humor
My dear stranger.

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