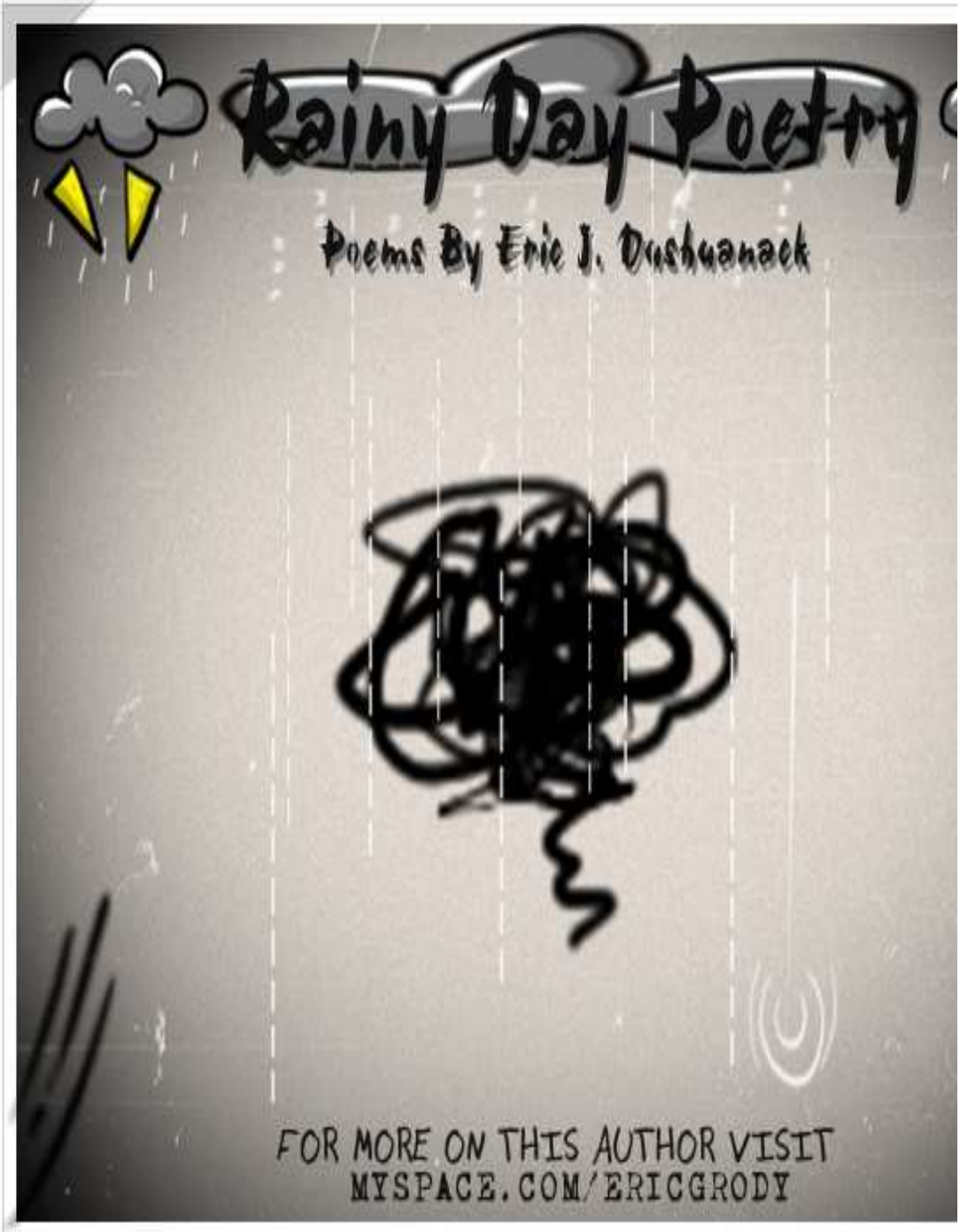

Rainy Day Poetry

Eric J. Dushuanack

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-FOREWARD-

THIS IS A COLLETION OF POETRY BY ERIC JAMES DUSHUANACK,

IT FEATURES SOME OF HIS BEST WORK ON A WIDE VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

THESE ARE SELECT POEMS TAKEN FROM OLD AND NEW JOURNALS

FROM ERIC'S PERSONAL COLLECTION.

I JUST WANT THE READERS TO KNOW THAT THIS IS MY VERY FIRST ONLINE

PUBLICATION

OF MY POETRY ANYWHERE!

I HOPE THE READERS ENJOY READING THESE POEMS

AS MUCH AS I ENJOYED WRITING THEM.

-My Fear-

The silence is razor sharp as it fills my ears,

I feel like a coward here hiding from my fears.
Must be silent so the fear dosent discover,
Dont want my secrets to exist uncoverd.
The fear trys to shred my blanket of serenity
And turns me into a man of manic,
And sends shocks up my spine of sheer panic .
My heart races sickly in a cold sweat,
This panic attack is far from over yet.
I cross my heart and hope not die,
i feel so dizzy as i cover my eyes.
My hands are wet is that rain? No its tears,
I never did like confronting my fears.

-Halloween Again-

Dead leaf scents in the air and as they cruch beneath my feet

Its' Halloween time again the day of tricks and treats.

Tis' the day where zombies monsters and goblins can be

Ive been pondering since January witch one Ill' be.

Old haunted houses with iron gates of rust

Get used to the spooky suroundings and simply adjust.

If you dont hand out candy youll' discover your tree,

Beutifualy decorated with white tee pee.

Bobbing for the apples in the dead of night,

The candle of the jackolantern is the only light,

To light up the festivities of good ol' fear,

To celebrate this unique holiday only once a year.

That is it, The end of October

Now its time for a season thats much colder.

-Late Or Early-

My body is wired yet my mind is tired
Its 4:01 am.
Im still writing this poem in the dark all alone
Why am i awake at this time writing poems with a tired mind?
Late or early i dont know how confusing
Im' going to fall asleep I need something amusing
I look at the clock its now 6:00 o clock this is boring
I must get up bright and early in the morning
I glance at the clock again hold on a second Just Wait.....Its not night time Its morning and i think im already running late.

-Invisible Friend-

Dear long lost friend, where have you gone how have you been? Remember the ol' times getting in trouble evil minds? Well to me it all seems foggy waking up early for school tired and groggy remember how we were friends till the end if i were in trouble you would defend. Remember graduation and how i never got there too cool for school dident care. Looking back now we should have finished school and went trough life succesful with correct tools. Its weird friend but i cant recall your name maybie memory loss is to blame or maybie my minds full of mist because this best friend doesent exist.

-The Typical Love Poem-

Love and the things we said. Those summer nights we spent in our bed. We held eachother so tightly we bled. Best friends we could talk all night i knew things to say to make you feel alright. And i remember your taste i remember your beautiful face. I miss that time, those moments, our love, your hair, your skin, and your thighs. I thought forever i could drown inside your eyes.

-The Panic Monster-

The aixiety hits me at a sudden pace. It controls my body and numbs my face. Get me to a hospital i think this time ill die. I never do then i ponder why. Its a chemical imbalance inside my brain, It drains on down like aixiety rain. I need my meds give me my main course. I wish i could go back and discover the source, Because beleive me I would rid of it if i could and live the normal way every man should.

-A Lie Of Better Days-

My body is restless
it don't want to sleep.
My eyes are so dry, they don't want to weep.
My minds so angry although Ill' never kill
Addictive Personality, Give me those pills.
As i write this reality awoke.
My life is complicated, Such a big joke.
Perhaps life gets better or so they say,
I'm looking forward to a lie of better days .
Forever and for always.

-A Cold Blue Winter-

Its cold outside with the winter snow,
No more grass nothing to mow,
I'm inside this warm building because Its twenty below.
Waiting for it to melt waiting for the heat,
Waiting for frost bite to attack my feet.
snowmen, candy canes, and Santa clause,
Midnight masses at the shopping malls.
give a gift, receive one as well,
Send a Christmas card through the mail.
Winter is here and i just have to say
make this Rotton snow melt away.
I suppose im not a winter kind of guy,
Wake me up in june,
Im' going to get some shuteye .

-Im' Sick-

I'm Sick Of Me I'm Sick of you.
I'm of my toe sticking out of my shoe.

I'm sick of the sun i like the rain
Im' sick of this poem and how i complain.
I'm sick of the drugs and people who use it
But i love mine and how i abuse it.
Now people have called me a walking contradiction
So is this poem fact because it could be fiction.
I'm so sick of my head and how it feels light
I'm sick of passing out and how i just might.
I'm sick of the Noise from the crappy TV
I'm so sick of you, your so sick of me.
I'm sick of the people who put me down,
I'm sick of smiles and sick of frowns.
I'm sick of this life its simple and basic
But most of all I'm sick of being sick.

-This Month-

In this month i am not the same, Read this poem I proclaim.
In this month kind of warm not yet cold
The legends of Halloween was foretold.
In this month i just cant explain
the unknown feeling inside my brain.
In this month I hate it when it passes
skeletons black cats and trick or treat masses.
In this month dead leafs on the street
i hear them crunch under my feet.
In this month a day before its colder,
In this month the Month of October.

-Rainy Day-

The weather is horrible outside such despair
Stuck inside the house its to wet out there.
These sort of days just create dismay
Now what shall i do with my rainy day?
Watch tv, clean the house, cook some food, talk on the phone,
Or sit here dry and write this rainy day poem.
The ideas were flowing now its as if i got writers block
Sometimes im creative but on occasion im dumb as a rock.
lets not get off the subject this poem is about the rain
and being stuck in the house and how its so very lame.
So rain, sun, even snow can come as it may
But the moral of this poem is to make the best out of your day.