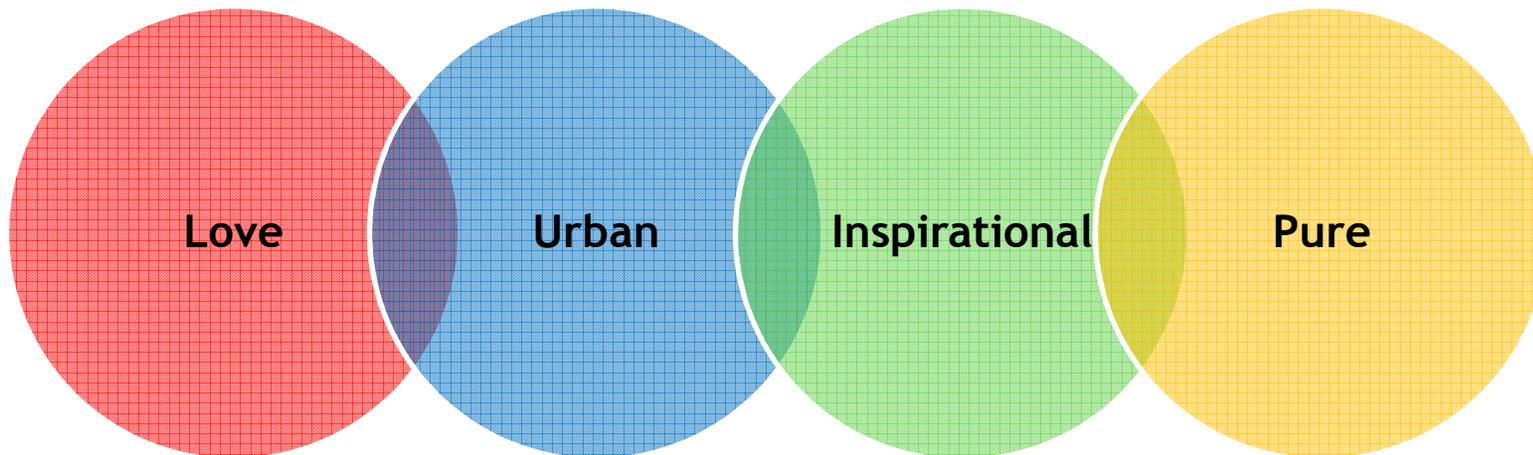




UNITEDWORLDPOETS VOLUME 1

Get Inspired by the UnitedWorldPoets!



UnitedWorldPoets Volume 1 is a free eBook brought to you
by www.unitedworldpoets.com.

All poem content copyrights belong to the authors who may
be found at www.unitedworldpoets.com. You may freely
redistribute this eBook in any way except for commercial
use. This document is not to be sold.

LOVE

POETRY

Love poetry has driven people to
write poetry for decades.

The Poetic Curse by Katherine Michaels



I find myself-- landed at this site--
wondering why I have been cursed to write--
not a novel of adventure, thrilling or pure,
nor a screenplay to draw moving pictures' allure,
not even short stories to enchant in repose
one's late night attention to dream within prose--
but words set to rhythms that they hold and command,
enticing my mind and guiding my hand
'til, like fingers of grass through a March meadow's wind,
I grasp my poor fate which I cannot rescind---
to give of the form of words given to me---
thus am I cursed to write poetry.

How can poetry make the world a better place?

A Day 2001 by cpoetseye1



There was a long line to heaven this day,
that stretched for more than a mile.
A place where the good and wonderful go,
to stay for more than a while.

Eternity will last for the good of heart,
the attack on their souls, I think not!
There was a long line to heaven this day,
I can never say I forgot.

Our brothers and sisters are free at last,
to not know of what we suffer.
We will remember them all forever, forever,
until our days of last will pass.

We'll meet them again where all is forgiven,
no evil thoughts to bare.
There was a long line to heaven this day,
for all of us who care.



From The BOTTOM Of My Heart by Rea Martin Hechanova Lloren



I Felt
Real Loneliness That
I Wanted To Forget
You In My Life
Thinking
Maybe It Is The Right Way

Leave Me
You should Never
Love Me
Maybe You Should
Forget Me
Never Ever
Come Near Me

Say Goodbye
Please Do Not
Let Me Cry
Do Not
Try To Touch Me
Please

Go Away
Do Not
Talk To Me
Now Is The Time To
Walk Away
Do Not Ever
Try To Love Me

Pls. try to read the poem from TOP to BOTTOM then
from BOTTOM to TOP....comment pls....

Opposing Thoughts by ShannonMason



Shivering still.
Numbing feel.
Fever chills.
Opposites kill.

Two Opposites going opposite ways
Opposites attracted to opposite things
Are these Opposites one in the same?
Opposites pulled by opposite reins.

Opposites tainted by the opposite crowds
Constructed opposite opinions now
Opposing teams playing opposite games
Are these Opposites one in the same?

Love desired love and Lust demanded lust
But falling for lust just seems so unjust
Just when Love felt enough was enough
Lust fell in love and Love wanted lust.

Opposites wanted opposite things
Are these Opposites one in the same?
Can Love and Lust find lustrous love?
These Opposites did what opposites does.

Still, shivering.
Feeling numb.
Chilly fevers.
Opposites won



This Shiver by anji2011



This heart, those eyes
bare truth, no lies
This shiver, those lips
I feel it to my finger tips

This soul, those words
unlike any I've ever heard
These thoughts, that man
makes me feel like no one can



URBAN POETRY

If you're not a fan of urban poetry
then you haven't read these urban
poems.

My life. by mynameisrachael.



I lay here in this lonely bed,
Surrounded by these paper covered walls,
thinking about my past and all who was in it.
I think of what little i've accomplished and all the bad i've done.
I cry.
My life has become nothing.
Rare friends come around that i lose.
The music blares.
It heals but also reminds.
Tears are shed while memories are spread.
I glance to the photos of the good times.
I miss my friends.
I've become worthless, just as a penny.
I miss my friends.
I've become worthless.
But i'm still young, i can grow.
I hear doors slamming and voices screaming.
Argument.
All they do is fight.
It's unsoothing.
I turn my music louder and close my eyes.
My memories become videos from the past.
I watch to enjoy.
A smile, followed by tears.
I miss that.
What have i become?
A monster.
I never see friends i enjoy anymore.
What can i do?
Try to go back to what's probably lost?
I don't know.
Lonely isn't so bad.

Life To Life by Solo



Solo4Life back
They say it's a new site I'm serving the same true facts
Like when I was on my knees in the dark and I asked God to watch my back
Suicide came for my heart but mind just fought back
Life to life we in this fight
From out the shell we born to die
Smiles are nice but what's inside
A crowd of lies that spells denies
But I'm so far in my head that I'm touching the sky
There's so many struggles from where I've been
But still in my soul love resides

*****Freestyle** 2 by Future***



Please don't look at my outward
appearance and make a false judgment.
My outward only reflex
what anyone else can see
nothing more
made from dust is my exteriority.
you will look at me and think
stereotypical thoughts
but who are you to say where my roots were brought up
if you see me walking on the street
or waiting in line publicly
don't be too quick to judge my existence please.



Down Hill by Lq



Down here brown bags, covers fear.
Alcohol in stomach, belly covers beer.
Pants sags, life lags, still no fear.
Mean mugs and these drugs is all we share

Down here in the ghetto, when I was a kiddie.
Around the middle part of town this little dispute turned into Whos going to shoot first.
Worse then the crime was the punishment.
Death was promised to who evers not running it.

First was "the mean mugs":

Instinctive signs to show no love, distinguishing gestures between two thugs.
Wearing a pants sag, drunken, high and steadily mobing stearing, with a mean eye.
Walking towards each other, like ones gotta die, because pride wouldn't allow either to turn their head.
or say hi.

It was then that I learned why the dying was dead.

As they approached I fled. I didn't want to see either of them shot or me dead.

As i was fleeing I turn around to see them, just before the policemen shot them both just for being.
My heart dropped, eyes teared, I ran back over there so fast I didn't hear the cop say stop, "put your hands in
the air" and as I dropped I was awoken out of my sleep from all the shaking, that dream was deep.

It showed me that by running away from my problems I would have to keep on running.

Never solving them.

Just running till I'm dissolved in.

So unless I address my opressors, I will forever be opressed.

Life Goes On by ShaSha Washington



people say life's too short to hold onto grudges and angry against family or even friends.
cause grudges are a waste of perfect happiness.
you have to Laugh when you can.
always apologize when you should,
and let go of what or things you can't change.
Love deeply with passion
and forgive those you've hurt you quickly.
Take chances, give everything
and have no regrets.
Life is way too short to be unhappy.
You should take the good with the bad.
you should smile when you're sad.
Love what you got
and always remember what you had.
Always forgive but never forget.
Learn from your mistakes but never regret.
people would change & things would go wrong.
but always remember, life must goes on.



INSPIRATIONAL POETRY

Even the most confident people can
be inspired by great poetry.

With Thanks And Love by franny50



With Thanks And Love

For all the love you freely gave
The outstretched hand through strain and stress
And words of praise you often lent
Of hope and smiles you quickly gave
For all the joy your presence brought
You lit the paths, which I thought gray
And delivered moments rich in dreams
Your life passed quickly, I often thought
But memories stayed and soothed my tears



The Comfort by cylda alan



lift me high upon the mountain
when the storms come to the sea
lift me high upon the mountain
my lord shall comfort me

create a song in my heart
a song CHRIST will have known
create a song in my heart
a song of faith shown

glory,glory let us rejoice
salvation is hear
glory,glory let us rejoice
embrace HIS word with no fear!



love letter by drea.c



there's something about you
i don't know what it is
the way i feel for you
how can these feelings exist

is it wrong to fall, from a picture of you
and have all these feelings
i'd travel cross the vast of land and seas in hope to find you
so we can have our happy ending

in a quest to find some one special
to pursue a love romance
to have some thing blissful
let's give us a chance

is it wrong to say i need you
and that i want you
i don't know why must this distance play
with a heart so true

i know with absence of each other
it won't be easy
but it will get better
once were together

pouring my heart and soul
i wrote this is in a little love letter
this indescribable warmth you gave me
i've never felt . . . never
October, November, the 10th of December
the day i'll come see you
remember, our first day of forever

this is not a game, i don't wanna play
in the days that your feeling blue
i get the same pain
just remember i'm needing you

i know for now
the miles can seem so far
but i want you to know
that there is a piece of me were you are
and every day i hope you would
think of me and remember
that i'm missing you too

i will fly, run, jump to you
do anything you want, to get to you
so please say a prayer for me
our future begins, on this day till eternity



Inspired by dimplezam



Inspiration from sadness
That's the way of life
From hardness and pain
Comes strength to prevail and fight

You may have won the battle
But you'll never keep me down
Fought hard up to eleven
Now it's the last round

Who do you think you are?
Try 'n to steal my joy
You'll never get the victory
It's on and time for war

You are already defeated
You never stood a chance
My destiny's been set
In God's master plan

You tried to attack my family
You messed with my heart and home
You hid yourself in places
You never really belonged

You're nothing but a wolf
Dressed up in sheep's clothes
But it's time to pull off that disguise
And show who you really are

I'm Disgusted, Repulsed
By just the very thought of you
Step away irritant
Because you'll never come through

From this day forth
My heart's doors are closed
To negativity and strive
Open only now to Love, Peace, Joy, and Life

Life sweet life
Only The Giver can give
He came and gave his own
So that I might live

So...

Round twelve here I come
You may be the hardest of all
But with this strength from God
All things are possible

A Truth, A Tomorrow- Starting with Today by Dominique



Maintaining to obtain an educated flow,
Pronunciation is utterance of communication as we all know.
I seek silence,
Serene guidance.
But, when air does escape from creases of lips,
Eardrums enable a rhythmic eclipse.
Step...motion...penetration,
Blurred vision caused by dilatation.
Inflammation of a critical situation,
A debate of self preservation.
When speaking to an individual it should surpass advanced,
For hours unable to retract from a trance.
Bare soles tread on the road of ambition,
Everyday a new step to a revolution.
Yet, we set the bar at satisfactory,
Entering the new millennium with children that are considered refractory.
Resisting intellectual endowment just to conform,
Labeled patches of resilience upon our souls forever to be known as the norm.
I may tip toe around shattered and scattered opinions,
As rigid shards create infliction- I will not surrender in submission.
I speak from a tattered point of view,
Submerged only a sophisticated few.
It's a truth to our civilization,
freedom of speech and still constricted to deprivation.
Not the disadvantage of someone else taking it away,
But our willingness to embody dismay.
Increased vocabulary just a subject in educated script,
Broken English- Now a culture dug from the crypt.
I am not disrespecting a society of unique values,
Because I find it quite appealing to our future virtues.
But i still find it saddening to believe that the teenager rarely picks up the pen,
Or even sits to read of an author's imaginary men.
A new generation has yet to come,
A new rule of thumb.
And as I age,
16 years young as i write on this page.
I vow to be one sophisticated mind that is remaining,
Creativity withstanding,
Step- slowly in amazement and complexity,
Motion- for help in this reality.
Penetrating- the minds of many,
Hoping to make a difference if any.

PURE

POETRY

Having a pure mind created these
great pure poems.

Selfish Greed by MaeaM



We care so much about money
But, honestly what's so great?
Was there ever a point in time where
we just shared, or gave a bit away?
Redefine the defintion of share
it should come out to barter
which over time came to the bill
which changed it all forever,
but still we were so greedy taking more than others,
Our selfish souls need to change
But, so does everything.

-Mae Sinclair



A time for Prayers by GlowingIdols



A time for prayers,
As good versus bad,
Much evil walks the land.

Don't be racist, be kind,
Don't be a terrorist,
Be mindful of your neighbors,
Love of Faith must stand together.

Apart we are nothing,
Spread the love of the Spiritual Faith,
That comes from the Almighty God,
Walk in his light, his path.

He exists and is real,
Supreme, merciful Lord of the Worlds.

Man Is No God by martinhr



A man can simply say,
"This is my land,
I found it first!"
Yet isn't Earth too great
To settle for greed,
Greater than bloodshed
Over homes we need?
See what mistake you've made?

A man can simply say,
"I cannot be held responsible,
For what is done is done!"
Yet should an applause be given
While operating fraud,
The whole crowd left
To question what will come?
See what mistake you are?

A man can simply say,
"Let this be war,
Until we have won!"
Yet what will he gain
After many have died,
Senseless fighting
For a forgotten ideal?
See what mistake you'll make?

Man has dawned...
...Man is lost...
...Man will surely fall.



Earth by Stephanie McKenzie



The sun shines from in the early morning
to the evening time;
then the moon settles in from dusk to dawn.
Sometimes the rainbow can be seen,
flaunting its amazing colors in the sky.
These are manifested on planet earth;
the only part of the universe that is suitable for life.

With all the hassling and fighting,
killings and bombings,
suffering and misunderstanding,
people are still sustaining and smiling.
No signs of unhappiness or weaknesses,
can't tell what is on their minds,
or the bad experiences they had.
Some of them are charming,
successful and very helpful
color and creed...not an issue,
they are respectful and true.
I am glad we are a part of this world.

We have four different seasons.
The flowers are not always blooming.
The birds are not always chirping.
The leaves separated from the trees.
The weather changes constantly.
Sometimes it is humid; sometimes it's a heat wave.
We can't stop nature's courses, they are applicable.
But we still have the opportunity to confront the days,
with so much beauty still existing in this realm of life.

The people, the animals, the insects, the fowls,
the deserts, the plains, the valleys, the waterfalls...
the oceans that stretches across the land,
the crossroads where we do meet,
and discuss the challenges we face in this place.
It's not a perfect globe, but it is fascinating
and accommodating to all organism.

It is overwhelming sometimes,
but we are blessed with the gift of life.
It is temporary! No existence is everlasting,
except that of the powerful and the merciful God.
So before we go running, complaining,
and leaving this beautiful core behind;
take time out to breathe the wonderful air,
enjoy the wind that is blowing,
admire the sun and the stars that are glowing.
Earth is a blessing formulated by God.
Love and appreciate it!

-By Stephanie McKenzie

The United World Poets By Honcelita Marcelo



I am happy today and I feel so okay.
Being in a world very few could unfold
Cleverly passionate yet Others can't hold.
In here, freedom is free. That's what I wanted
Relaying facts in the way I crafted.

In this world just across creation-
Everything can always be. I could solicitate
Or investigate, be vindictive or indicted.
From villain- in this world I'll be a hero
And that no one could oppose or veto.

I will not elaborate the simplicity of magic
You can be a King and I- a Queen, just think
Grab those rains -file them then drain. then,
Collect the stars or sprinkle them to your dame
A wondrous world we're in-Lots of things to be seen.

We could be honest or we could just lie.
Or we could emote first, then cry and sigh
We could mold a figure, show the stolen treasure
You see, a day or two they will be a tableau
Of a Great Protest. Next day- we are being sued.

The wealth of Billy Gates, we may have none---
With $E=MC$ square we maybe through and done
But the language of words may have drain the bests
Who knows they do think we are also their threats
Extraordinary? We simply are the best of the nerds.

And above all- what makes me happy today?
Knowing from place to place we stayed.
Different colors, cultures-different gender
Not the same age- some wise and clever. And
Seeing one or two of the same Feather.

So this world is such strange place to be.
United world poets-Classic! And so we'll be-
Taking part on cool prose and poetry
Will you go somewhere else to hide and cry?
Come out of your Lair. Be proud! Just try.

Thank you for reading this eBook brought to you by
UnitedWorldPoets. To read more great poetry and to unite
with these great poets please visit
www.unitedworldpoets.com the poetry community for
poets worldwide.

