

ANOC_Gaming aka Dylan Reitz

My Soul's Repository: A Collection of Poetic Chronicles

Poetizer | Publishing

Printed by Poetizer Publishing, 2024

www.poetizer.com

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My Soul's Repository:
A Collection of Poetic
Chronicles

To Lord Stanford, your unwavering encouragement kindled my passion for poetry. This collection of my writings is a testament to your belief in my talent and the inspiration you've provided. I am grateful for your mentorship, which shaped my love for words. Another thank you to my best friend, Keldon. You've been around for a lot. Also, thanks to everyone else who encourages me. Love you guys!

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The Mountain, The Hill, And The Cloud.

There was a mountain big and strong, there was a hill small and weak, there was a cloud just drifting by.

The mountain big and tall told the hill it was weak and small, the hill started to fade and grow cold, while the mountain felt big and bold, the cloud giggled with joy as the hill was treated like an old toy.

The hill was sick of it, so he told the mountain big and bold, that he brought love and families near, no matter what the time of year, then the mountain big and bold turned hurt and sorrowful, also a little rotten and decayed, then the mountain started to fade away.

Just Another Ball Game

Just another ball game I thought,
But I couldn't have been more wrong,
All summer we just fought,
We sweat all day long.
With the boys I would grind,
The coaches would make us run,
They would say the pain was in the mind,
The summer was anything but fun.
Game day was coming quick,
Leaving the long summer in the past,
We worked hard until the sweat was thick,
Only our finest were unsurpassed.
Game after game we will fight,
Game after game we will not falter,
Win or lose the brotherhood grew tight,
Win or lose our bond will never alter.
Now that the seasons done I must leave,
I will miss these boys forever,
The thought of saying goodbye will make me grieve,
It is time for me to walk into life's great adventure.
Just another ball game I thought,
But I couldn't have been more wrong,
It's not about the score or victories,
It is about grinding with the boys and the fantastic memories.

Depression

I cry all day, I cry all night, I cannot fight what is inside me. Like 1,000 spears being jabbed into my sides.

I try all day, I try all night, I try to fight what is inside of me. It whips me, it chains me up, it locks me up, it pulls me down, HELP! HELP! I CAN'T GET OUT!

I put on smiles all day and night, but on the inside i cannot fight. I've given up, it rules my life, there is no escaping it, so now I will die.

Off Of The Cliff

Walking toward the edge, looking back at my life of dredge, thinking I'm going to drive the wedge, I am going to take the final pledge.

I'm climbing the last bump, thinking back at me what a chump, all of the times I fell on my sad rump, I am going to jump.

I have crawled through it all, my entire life has been a huge brawl, I've been through the extreme long haul, I have decided to make the call, and end it all.

I am about to leap, i'm finished with this long reap, I will plunge my body and soul into the deep, I am ready to enter my eternal sleep.

Good Bye