

## Free Sample

Below are the poems *Lines*, *Eyes*, And *The Eleventh*. This is just a sample of the epic poem that is with in my book *Exit*. I hope you enjoy.

### **Lines:**

The lines on my palm hold the secrets that I keep.  
Locked inside, never to speak  
They flow like rivers and veins.  
My Blood drenched hands only feel the pain.

The lines on my palm lets the readers see  
The man I used to be  
Nothing left but his ghost  
Just a hollow vessel without a host

My palms are as cold as frigid air  
There is nothing left they can bare  
These lines are a blessing  
And a curse... they always know the worst

They show the ups and downs  
The smiles and frowns  
They are the controls of our fate  
And it's always too late

These are the lines, the lines of time  
I'm just glad I can't read mine.

### **Eyes:**

When you look in mine

The world fades away letting you see

In a different way, no matter what I say

You're waiting for the day

When the pain fades,

You push, you fall, but it's different, there are no walls

A net, pulls you in, puts a smile on your chin

Two in one, but still apart

But when you look at me you see what could be

That's why you can't let me be free

**All you're waiting for is a sign, to cross that line.**

**The Eleventh:**

We will always remember that day in September.  
We will always remember that day in September.  
Another beautiful day turned into a dusty haze.  
In a day we will always remember, burring and turning, never  
    letting us forget.  
It's never going to quit, that stone blue day in September.  
It sits at the bottom of our nation's heart, Like a soul-ripping  
    Ember.....

As memories start to fade, people ask me where was I on that day  
    I was in 5<sup>th</sup> grade, it was a Tuesday.  
I sat in class and saw those towers get smashed and gutted  
    I still have the same questions as I do from the past  
    When I saw New York flooded with a wall of stone  
    Seeing all the pain of loved ones never returning home  
    We will always remember that day in September.  
    We will always remember that day in September.  
    People start to ask where was God on that day?  
    Why did he just let those people slip away?  
    Was he just busy stuck in heaven on 9/11?  
    As for me I was eleven.  
And what I saw on that day on the TV made me believe  
    That the devil lives in us all.  
    Think about that the next time you walk in the mall.  
    He is just waiting for us to fall.  
Just waiting to pull us six feet under, it's not just a deep slumber.  
    It's all the hate and pain of the world put in One  
    The devil is God's fallen son.

We will always remember that day in September.  
We will always remember that day in September.  
He's not trying to find me.  
He lives inside me.  
He follows me, wherever I go.  
Blackness always trying to show, backing my flow.  
There is always a shadow on my footsteps, heavy on my feet,  
making me stutter and repeat.  
The evil drips down my spine as I try to unwind and think about  
    this thing called time.  
My mom tells me I need to get into a better frame of mind.  
But after what I see in the world around me, it imprisons me,  
never letting me break free, destroying any faith leaving it in a  
    waste.  
The devil gets one more taste of the power that's within, with  
    every sin.....

..... is laughing at me because he always wins in the end...  
Will we always remember that day in September?

As for me, it's a scar on my heart, a hole in my soul.  
The first day I saw the devil and wasn't told.  
I was only a eleven years old and remember it like it was  
yesterday  
Because I look at in every day in my eyes, as I see through the  
lies.  
We will always remember that day in September.  
We will always remember that day in September.

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