

A Broken Heart

Do you know what really fucked me up? As I told all of you previously, I just suffered a MAJOR HEART ATTACK. Well the other day I suffered some backlash from that, I was doing a light workout and passed out. When I came to I was in medical and they told me I was having some problems with my heart rate but what ~~the~~ really tore me up was they asked me for the contact information for my next of kin. Since my mother died in October of 2010 I haven't heard from anyone in my family, I told them this and they asked if I had a friend or anything, anyone they can contact in case I go through a serious emergency? That is when I realized that there is no one in the world who cares if I live or die, no one who worries about me. Do you know what they do to a prisoners body if he dies and they have no one to contact, he gets buried in a cardboard box, in an unmarked grave, in a prison cemetery of the state. This realization that no one give a shit, whether I live or die, made me do something I haven't done since the day my mom died. I cried :/.

here is a couple of my poems, I hope you enjoy em. PEACE ☺ DANNY.

Soulmated

As I look into
the summer sky,
I watched the clouds
as they float by.
In a meadow with
plentiful flowers in bloom,
we lay holding hands
the sun at full noon.
I cannot help but
rejoice in your love,
the spirit of life
shares our joy from above.
My heart beats with glee
for you and no other,
my friend, my heart,
my soulmate, my lover.
By Danny Welch

King of the Sky

I watch the hawk as he flies so high.
Master of the Air.
He soars and swoops with stunning grace.
Splendor in his passage.
Piercing cry to announce his supremacy.
Chilling the blood of prey.
A fierce hunter with handsome plumage.
Beauty designed toward death.
Such freedom of purpose in powerful wings.
Envious is my heart.
The bird of prey I wish to be,
to know of my own majesty.
By Danny Welch