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Poems

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Poems

by Nathan Klein

Nathan Klein's poems were written as part of a creative writing group using the theme of *Where we Live*.

WHERE WE LIVE

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For my part of the project I tied in the theme of *Where We Live* through a series of poems. The aspects of the theme that I based my poems on included interpretations on where we live mentally, spiritually, chronologically, geographically in the universe, and on earth. I used the theme to pinpoint just where it is that we all truly live; even in those areas where a pin has no place.

I wrote four poems about where we live, I dedicated each poem to a different aspect of our place in living in the order of where we live in our desires, in our purpose, in our physical world, and spiritually.

A Nomadic People (unable to be satisfied, we need nothing yet want everything, which in itself is a contradiction since we cannot have two opposing things, this is what keeps us stuck in a type of a circle)

-Focused on going
Without even knowing
A destination or even a direction
Hoping to reach some sort of perfection
Feeling as though we may know what we want
But then our greed quickly steps in to haunt
This insatiable hunger makes us to be
So blinded and running that we are never free
We are a nomadic kind
We take whatever we want and see what else we can find
All we have is more than we need
And on that excess is what our desires shall feed
So we live in this rush to consume all we can
And this may be seen as the destruction of man

Always Mourning (This poem is about how human purpose in existence has been stolen by our proficiency in satisfying our physical needs to survive and a loss of reason to pro-create, the lost purpose needs to be replaced, but that replacement is left to the individual)

-An alarm clock sounds
It coaxes one out of bed
An aching pounds
A pain all through one's head
Another day to get through
Only hoping to pass the time
Without discovering something true
Even in one's prime
Knowing there is work to be done
Yet a greater knowledge points out another way
One could just try to have some fun
And get through each day in play
And should we try to pro-create
In a world already crowded
Another purpose lost in this current state
Leaving judgment even more clouded
It is this option that rots the mind
An option prominent in present day
This leaves no purpose for one to find
With no need to do anything except maybe lay
And so it goes, A listless life
So what I propose, Is to find purpose in this strife

Insignificantly Small (in this poem I was reflecting on how amazing and unlikely the planet we live on is)

I received a letter today
An invitation to somewhere far away
It asked me to come learn from it
The things it would take to create the human survival kit
I went to this place in the Indian Ocean
Where I would learn an entirely new notion
They taught me how earth is so insignificantly small
And how the universe is infinitely bigger than this ball
It is just one spinning rock
One in an innumerable flock
But what I learned from my schooling there
Was not a reason to feel despair
It allowed a kind of inspiration
Instead of belittlements manifestation
The institution found earth's only insignificant quality is that it is small
And it acts as the universe's curtain call

The Scavengers Plot (In this last poem I hide my subject throughout most of it since I feel the subject hides many things from plain sight as well)

Thirty doors surround me
Signs and colors used in extravagance
Alluring to the mind
Beckoning to the soul
Each door trying to be so original
An action that only brings an inverse
These doors are carnivores
All feeding on the same species
Scavengers who prey on the easiest target
Looking for those abandoned from their herd
Then, like vampires, taking each victim
And having it live to bare its mark
To spread their new race
Offspring of these branded people
They have the symbol touched onto them
Yet with age it may wear
And opportunity to be natural
But it may come with a great loss
Disowned by one's family
With many new doors and people to face
I find myself in a crowded room here
So many people wandering with me
Some sit
Some study
Some remain behind a door
To find a religion Requires an ancient lore