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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**

Kelly Biers (English)

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*Tyler Corbett, Graduate Student Mentor (English)*

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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