

Love Poems

1900

Struggle against chains

Clanging,

Clinging to flesh

On fire

so cold

Eyes meet yours,

Lips part

Astonished

Look away. Can't. Look away.

Breeze blows tears,

where did it go or

why?

Clang,

Clinging to flesh

Melting away Into

A freezing puddle or

why?

Dearest

Dear dearest,

Whatever be thy name

If your lips part the fibres binding

My soul

And your fingers free the beating Of

my heart

The tart taste of past follies will leave

my mind

And you will find a spirit too

devoted,

too.....

blessed, restless longing!

Too kind to kill, too

warm to will upon

Naught but what aught

To be.

Lady

I saw a lady play her hair like a

harp Lighting the dark with the glow

from those golden threads and

shattering lonely silence with those

golden notes

If she smiled at me I would be Reborn
Floating up so light uplifted with the edges
of those lips, Moist lips, ready always
ready for the kiss that never comes

She plays, Oh she plays

Dew drop drool drips from my lips As I
watch And listen in
Those sirens by the sea, They never knew
this kind of beauty
They made music for sailors
My golden lady plays for the stars

The stars, they shine tonight
She with their light
Them with her light
They shine tonight The Stars.

My heart

My heart
Beating in her pocket,
She knows not that she took it.
My eyes
Paralysed
Until she blinks.
I wish that she would kill me
And end this glad misery.

High School Romance

Pretty boy makes a pretty toy
For all the girls with sexy hair
Get him high and unzip his fly
There's nothing he wouldn't dare

High school ro mance

Naughty girl'll take you for a whirl
So long as you chain her comfortably
Get her drunk and check out her trunk
Beer and presents make her yours affordably

High school ro mance
Got me in a trance

Baby, give me one more chance, he said
Baby, one more More! More!

It's depressing dressing up to go to
That

Cadillac cars you watch from
Afar as the knights and their conquests
And the queens and their conquests
Mount or
dismount those
How many horses

Listen to sing-song talk take a walk
by your table in the lunch room
And think,
Why can't I care about cars or sports
or math or dances or the idle talk-
for-talk
And think,
Why can't I speak song-song like
so many pretty glowing people or even...

Settle down growing clown
You've had your chances and you'll have
chances still
Every time somebody says...

What do you want?

Flaunt your fall for
Deeperdeeper
All to see
 They were there
 They didn't care
 Don't let them care

You think this is me, Son?
HA!
I'm happy
And when things get crappy I
remember
I've had my share of fun

You think this is me, Son?
That would be easy, wouldn't it?
Alone and discontent
Another victim of
Kids can be so cruel now
Bow down to the iron-fisted rule Of

expectation

Talk, damn it
Say something
There's your problem

Growing, growing, going out into
the world soon

You still haven't answered the
question
Now confess: What are you?

What are you?

High school romance
Got me in a trance
Prancing crazy mad pulling hair so
scared so angry in love

And what is love?
We all ask and answer.
We all have an answer
And what is love?

Ask me again again
Ask me again
When I'm in it
Again
I'll describe for you a
Dimension

Go to school, Be cool
Study hard
Think of your future

But then, I didn't
Not ever
And now I don't know where to
Go
Just another drop out
about to bitch and pout And
why the hell not?

Moan and groan and
Mourn the dawn
Say, Burns my eyes
Say, I'd rather see the moon

At night you're a knight in fragile
armor With dreams to run to and
Monsters to slay

Oh the moon is rising
The sun is falling
The moon is falling
The sun is rising
Watch the days fly by
Feel the hurt that stays . . .

The sun is rising
Strap on your back pack and
Don't forget your coat, It's
cold out
Waiting for the cheese

The Band Will Play Poetry Collection

The music starts
They break all hearts
The curtain parts
They break all hearts

It's a beautiful day in
Sin city
Ain't nothing but play in
Sin city

The twins win again when
They play the stakes
Only out to make some
Bubblegum pops in our
Desert dry faces

Plucking Threads
With my lute, make a tune and
a chune Twisting thoughts and
emotions Weaving them into the
beauty web
Sing a song to pull the pain and the
heartstrings. Playing (music / with the
people) It's the only way to play that
is (they want it) okay
Devoted to the rhythm and the message
In a Bottle Throttle the crowd throttle
yours and their organs with a tug and
a finger dance Near dead more alive

than ever they smile at you
Pull a lung Whip a vein a heartcord
Spill (spatterspatter) the jugular Cut skin
and wear it as a coat
 this is the way

Steel drums beating

bum bum bum
enemies retreating
we're warriors

Hell

What's policy?

"What's our policy on this?"

"Our policy is to do the right thing."

"How do we know what's right?"

"Policy tells us that."

"What's our policy on this?"

"Our policy is to do the right thing."

"How do we know what's right?"

"Philosophers tell us that."

"But their words are too big and they all disagree."

"What's our policy on this?"

"Our policy is to do the right thing."

"How do we know what's right?"

"We feel what's right."

"Well then terrorists and serial killers and dictators and other mad men butcher the innocent innocently."

"Shut up you damned philosopher."

"What's our policy on this?"

"Our policy is to do the right thing."

"How do we know what's right?"

"Poets tell us that."

"But you'd have to be a poet already to understand the poets."

"What's our policy on this?"

"God[s] tell[s] us that."

"How do we know God[s]?"

"God[s] tell[s] us that."

"What's our policy on this?"

"Oh hell, kid, go ask somebody else."

Class

Sitting in a classroom
Ass in my face
Want to go to the bathroom
Brooms sweep-sweeping the floor
Janitor Janitor Janitor
Let me in, Let me in
Janitor Janitor Janitor

Urine exploding in my pants,
Sophisticated cover-up taking place
Cross, I cross my legs masculine style
Might work, might work for a while
Face it, man, you wetsa your pants
Face it, man, everybody sees

Sitting in a classroom,
Tummy feels funny
Want to go to the bathroom
Mop wipe-wiping the floor
Janitor Janitor Janitor
Let me in, Let me in
Janitor Janitor Janitor

Now I - uh oh!
Now I poopsa my pants
My underwear is too tight for doodi
It spreads, oh it spreads
A chocolate cushion between my seat
and my seat

Pee and poo, Whachya gonna do
About that doo, whatcha gonna do
Peepee Peepee Peepee
And poopsie in my pantsy
Pee and poo, Whachya gonna do

News

The girls pawled across the ground
lost their heads

The water you tap,
It's dirty
Not healthy
Don't drink the dirty water
Lies! Lies!

Our filters won't clean that
Very well

Cher's still walking,
Leno's still stalking

People burn at
the rock concert
Faces melted because
pyrotechnics rock

War on
A madman
By a stupid man
And the many unseen strings
On all the many sides of the 2D object

Glorious days
are harpooning me
With glorious images

Turn on the TV.
Click

Flip through the paper
Find the comics
Count how many
Aren't political
aren't ----
Ink stains my fingertips

Laughing, aha
Laughter dripping from
Our eyes

T3's killing on the big screen soon
sequels can sauncdk
Dollars from pockets

Visions of the future
use
Symbols for the present

Piss is
Burning my eyes,
Squirting
From a fire pistol
Aimed at hurting

Dry cum
Is on my cheek,
Sticking
Like so many charges
Aimed at convicting

Fresh shit
Poisons my air,
Squirshing
On my shoe sole
Aimed at disgusting

Hard spit
Rolls off my tongue,
Scorching
Like hot torches
Aimed at killing

Hags

Hags are pushing cold nipples my way,
Touching my warm skin with the frozen tips,
Sucking my soft hair with the frozen lips

Hags are reaching
For warmth,
For youth,
For innocence

Hags are reaching,
For heart,
For nerve,
For the true love

Exhausted naked skin heaves,
Blue peeling lips tremble
Many sets of breasts fountain coarse brown milk
I am expected to drink or drown

Shit

A guy wakes up in shit. He starts walking
to try to get out of the shit, but the
stuff just keeps getting deeper. He
can't stand the smell. If he doesn't get
out soon, damn it, he'll...

The man sees a small shitless area. There

is a flower growing there. He picks the flower.
He pulls the smell of it deep into his lungs.
The smell is glorious. Everything, all
the shit surrounding him, vanishes, and
there is only the flower.

The flower fades with time, fades
into memory, and there is only the
man. And the shit. The shit
comes back.

The man keeps walking, happy. He
remembers the flower.
He doesn't know if he'll ever get out
of the shit, but he remembers the
flower.

Netting a Catch

Chicken on a string
Spins in the water,
Pushed by currents.

Chicken on a string
Writhes in the water,
Attacked by crabs

Pull that chicken in slow
Don't scare away dinner
Pull that chicken in slow
Get your net ready

Snatch up that chicken,
Snatch up those crabs

Heroes and Villians

Johnny the bull pulled back his head then
whipped it ahead,
Mean glare in his eyes.
Timmy the twirp fluttered hypnotic his cape
to take charge and make that bull charge!
Confident stare to his eyes.
Johnny knew all the tricks `cus he'd taken some
licks in his day and he was ready
to pay back his fallen brothers with blood
Timmy kept his cool as the still bull
asserted its rule and Timmy said, "You're dead."
Johnny knew what to do so he bucked,

backing up, and puffed smoke from his
nose while kickin' dust with his point
toes

Timmy was wary, a warrior no more. He'd
never seen the shit hit the fan, nor the likes
of this calm character Johnny, before

Timmy was scared

Timmy ran

Johnny was lean and they'd made Johnny
mean So when started to charge this muscled
creature so large nobody knew what to do
Except Johnny that is

Johnny wore Timmy as a trophy on his
horns that day,

No clever bull's vengeance could've been
sated any other way

Beating on a window

I hear him!

Bringing promises and kindness
 promises of kindness

A kind of kindness in and of itself

But I know him

 Fear him

Quiver when he knocks,

Beating on the window.

Lord Tylor

Lord Tylor came riding fiery steed from out of the
Scorching the grass and putting peace to rest
Forever

Lord Tylor is a spirit, angry and cruel
His burning hands will freeze you,
His burning stare will steal something from you

Lord Tylor is our spirit, mighty and fair
His skeletal body will mesmerize,
His animate cloak will hypnotize

Lord Tylor ripped a hole in my chest
To get out.

Now he's running free,
Now he's running free.

Stranded

Floating up and down,
Rocking in a chair,
Beware these brittle bones
My phone is ringing and I can't answer
Beware these brittle bones,
Rocking in a chair,
Think I'm gonna drown.

My boat
is a little boat
My boat
takes me everywhere
My boat is aging

The wood
is funny,
The wood's
kind of leaky
The paint's
all chipped away
The boat
Smells kind of funnyfunny like me

There's no motor,
Nor windnorsail
Sinking - i'm sinking
There's no food out here
Starving - i'm so hungry
Lost my paddle days ago
I'm drifting, drifting, lost at sea

Glazed eyes grow wide as
Prune ears ring inside as
There's an island on the horizon
Just out of reach, Just out of reach
Now I'm sinking faster . . .

Simon Sade

My stale tears
 ain't
 gonna
Charm no foreign
 eyes
 tonight
My stale tears
 ain't
 gonna

Buy no more pitty,
Get me by no more.
 People seen that show
already before
 We'll jis havta buy
another trick
 And turn
another trick
The going's rough but we're tough enough
For whatever
The going's rough and getting gone
And when the going is gone
I'll sleep happy
In my gutter.

Misc

Growth is what
green oath says where at
why they're fat
grand bay spiders lean on fat
bogus falling apart . . .

Sold you to the issue, have I?
Try not to work too hard at attaining truth
be told by your elders when the telling matters
the good old days are haunting our memories
because we killed them
I think, sir, you are mistaken in your
initial evaluation of this most
vexing situation.
If you were ever trapped inside the
outside box then you should try
leaping right back into the box
Strange sounds like vacuum cleaning
Attack, calling out the lizard
current of air fights to
keep the house warm
and thoroughly shuffle dust
His eyes are watery when
he looks up at stars

Equip the turtles
let them crawl
equip the turtles

We will race the turtles

With our rabbits
Our rabbits are sleepy

boom boom | look out
| there they go!

The loser was sleeping
Now he is weeping

It is so sad when
the dreamer does lose
but when everyone's a dreamer
What else can

When did it happen my child
sit for a while and discuss
When did things turn my child

Your wife is dry and ragged
She is mean to the turtles
and jealous of the rabbits
Can I have her?

Do you want closure?
We all want closure.

You have so many things you don't need
and most of them hurt you
things aren't going so good
Let me at least help you a little
Let me take your wife.

Wild flies chew on
cheese crumbs scattered
on the floor

Open forum
An egg
Climbs a stone wall
Together again

Smiles fake happiness
even when I'm really happy
Kindred
Are spirits
And a kind of
Vampire

set

Pizza pie crumbles in my throbbing
Jaw, swollen in irritation at a theft
Of underdeveloped pieces of the whole,
Opening and threading holes with
Strings in place of useless white
Pieces that are, were a set

Beat the fish

with a chicken head
Dead chickens peck fish like hooks
Bloated blue and acqua green
Marine animals of all shades fear Mr. Chicken
Why watch water flow?
No reason,
The chick is,
The fish are,
Dead.

Dine and

Pitch a tent
Outside the rest-
Room,
Waiting for
the towl man
to return to
Active Duty
Sounds like doodi
Which is the duty
you accomplished

Change

Change is
Fine if you're into that kind
Of thing.

Change is
Okay for the young

Change is
A still river.

Start - Finish

Start to finish
Is a time,
Elapsed to
Allow for

Continuance.

Start to finish
Is
Finite.

Time marches on,
with the ants
I'm marching on

Shorts

*Bounce, balls, in your ball
sack*

...

Fine line between
all things

...

The answers
are in a
Bottle that floats
underneath the
surface of the
splashing splashing sea

...

Why fight this?
Make a wish on a burning hair
and your wish
will burn
like the hair

...

My finger
is
Sticking up

...

Wrap string
around your finger
makes you remember

...

Mantra

Break a bone

Snap

You'll heal

...

Want

Want to get in here?

Thumpthump

Let me go fetch the key

...

Shut up

ya

square!

shedap

shuddup

...

I've created.

Go to sleep or

Read more.

...

Sending someone from far away

To take your young ones

Sending someone with a gun

...

I was thinking last night

My thoughts ran away

and they forgot to take me with them

...

Neutral light

Blinds me

To truth

...

My top head is
Spinning a tornado
The tornado is
Sucking me up

...

Neutral light
Blinds me
To truth

...

What do you stab when you stab?

...

Look over your shoulder
to find
The best salt cloud
Falling
Onto the hard ground
For you
Are very lucky now

...

Animal noises
calling me down from the rocks.
Curious noises
calling to the strange beast
Up there.

...

broke
bust
base
bargain
beastie
burrow
band
bitch

...

match that
tact aflame
Off - track

...

It will
give you
Balance
for
the road.

...

Time to
Go to
Then to
Do to
And to
Take from.

...

Too subtle
to matter

doesn't doesn't
much

...

The mark is
miss the mark

...

WASH YOUR HANDS! motherfucker

...

An uncle asked
me once, "Why
is your "." bloody?"

...

pure as
the rain -
bow

...

pure as
white snow

...

pure as
ass

...

pure
as is
possible

...

pure as pure

...

pure is
pure

...

Skin is like a banana peel. You have to pull it away to get to the tasty.

...

Buildings fall like Satan fell,
Deserving or not.
Who knows deserve? DESERVE!

...

I am a silly monkey.