

Anthology of A.S.

A.S.

Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To my younger self; we are still writing.

*To the people I love that are cemented through my words. You live eternally in the pen I hold and
the heart I pour. Thank you.*

About the author

A.S. began writing poetry at sixteen. What started as simple declarations of self-expression and the romantic turmoils of adolescence soon revealed a deeper potential. Over time, poetry became less an outlet and more a deliberate craft ? an art form pursued for its beauty, challenge, and solace.

The name Adam Shirley was once adopted as a private disguise, a quiet mask for early work. Now, A.S. moves beneath initials alone, and the other names whispered into existence by those who know them well.

summary

The Broken Youth

Blossom

The Mender

untitled

Graduation

Yami

Cafuné

Morning Stroll

Orpheus

Lover's Spout

The Green Eyed Monster!

Infinite

Fire In Her Eyes

Sock Puppets

The Violet-Backed Starling

Unison

Masochist

7269

Watching

Sunflower

Stuffed Animals

Mellow Timbre

P I O V I A

The Optimist

NEPENTHE

Athene Noctua

Love In The Morning

Mars

Your Hand in Mine

Smugglers Cove

1001010 [La Rose I Loved, AVER UNA MAR] 1000001

Blissful Solus

The Second Tuesday

Vulgaris

08-03-15

There's A Poet In my Cabinet

She's a Smitten Shrew

Las Rosas en Mi Jardin

Hamartophobia

In This Corner of The Galaxy

There Are Drawings On The Wall

Genesis 7:4

sequoia

black imago

I Am Not Your Patient

The Desert Eagle at Mercy Street

Midnight in Paris

you are walking poetry

season's farewell

why i don't cry

and I am happy that you are happy

The Dead Poet

Oh What A Morning !

People Scare Easy

A Consolation

untitled

what you are.

A Eulogy for Narcissus

The Child Is Working Right now

A Candle in May

tree of permanence

A Stoics Confession

Lady Providence

and she is punished, by love.

Aftercare

The Broken Youth

And alas!
How my vision was halted.
By the blinding facade.
And before translucence came along.
All light was gone.
Therefore I stand.
With transparent vision.
There lies the hidden truth.
Feelings revealed from the broken youth.
Thus from where does one cease the bewilder.
Where does one perceive.
A feeling, that can baffle the fool.
Hence an epiphany is commenced.
But do not go against.
For it is considered as truthfully cruel.
Luminescence you will follow.
For a light will guide you, though at times it may blind you.
But do not fear, my dear.
For that same light that blinds.
Gives you a remind.
Of the façade.
That blinded your eyes.

Blossom

For you were a blossoming flower
In which I always ignored.
A blossoming flower
In which blossomed no more.
For I was too late
To view the flower I adored.
For I was oblivious
To the blossoming flower no more.

The Mender

For her wings were torn, broken..

Futile.

He mended her wings as if a mother kissed a child's cut.

Unfurled her wings she did so and white and scintillating they were.

As if a siren lured her sailor into the afternoon crimson sea,

As if the child's cut was magically healed.

She dispersed her wings yet she did not fly.

For she'd rather stay on land with her mender,

Rather than soaring through the lonely sky.

untitled

Butterflies I feel.
Yet my mind denies it.
Oh heart must you reel.
From it's deep brown eyes.
That are voids of nirvana.
Into oblivion yet now I am lucid
Able to perceive because of my rapid heartbeat.
Why come now?
For you were always the sun,
Providing light in my world.
For you were always the sea,
Where the tranquil waves swirled.
For you were always my scars,
In which reminisced of the past.
For you were always my legs,
In which made me run fast.
To your warmth, I neglected.
For I was the cloud which blocked your light.
For I was pollution in which the sea ceased to fight.
For I were the sleeves which hid your scars.
For you were the broken legs,
That was hit by my broken heart.

Graduation

And so I held so once more
For I knew I would soon become
A ghost of your memories.

Yami

Sweet lavender

.

Your luminous petals delicate to the touch

.

Yet your scent potent enough to leave a mark

.

Your slim tall stem arises

.

And breaks the minute you're in crisis

.

Impeccable you are, yet you can't see

.

Your colors, your grace, you evergreen leaves

.

Belle eres, la hermosa del jardin.

.

No te alarmes

.

Porque un dia marchitaras

.

Pero tus semillas van a sembrar.

.

Violeta. Hermosa. Lavanda.

Cafuné

Cold blue water
As he steps in
His skin glowing in the moonlight
As his body submerges in the water
He holds in his final breath
And sinks in
From the water turning from forest blue
To as black as the morning crows,
He sinks in.
As he allows his deep brown eyes capture the last of the light that the full moon emits,
His long brown hair flowing so graciously like a flower in the wind,
He sinks in.
And before it's over he feels the warmth of a hand,
Pulling his undressed body back to the surface
As he feels the warmth spread to his arms, his legs, his chest.
Through his hair, where fingers run through.
From his lips going from blue violet to a coral pink.
As his eyes open, those same ethereal brown eyes, .
He sees once again, the gleaming of the moonlight.

Morning Stroll

Cherry Blossoms Fall.

Autumn Clouds Cover The Summer's Sun.

Fall Have You Commenced?

Orpheus

And so he kept walking ,
As anxiety grew,
As doubts birthed,
But his oath was impenetrable.
To not look back,
For she'll vanish,
He was resolute and unwavering.
Once he reached the surface,
His impatience relinquished.
He turned back.
And there she was.
Present, revitalized.
She gave him one final grin
And vanished.
Unfortunate prophet not realizing,
That although he reached the surface,
His mesmerizing wife did not.

Lover's Spout

The wrath of two dominants,
Empower the room with violence.
The sounds of cries and shrieks terrify.
The children underneath the bed to hide.
The guilt and blame that is bestowed upon them
Will be baggage to carry for their life until then.
The fights, vivid like the northern lights.
Incessant insults, is what results,
In the children no longer being children,
But being adults

The Green Eyed Monster!

**The green eyed monster looked around.
The green eyed monster never found.
Something new, something pretty, or something blue.
Until the monster sat down.
Flaunting that big old frown.
But what she sees is a shiny crown.
That will go perfect for her new gown.
She took it away from the innocent clown.
Put it on her head and head on to town.
But fell in a lake that was colored brown.
She kept on yelling as she drowned.
But no one helped, it was a ghost town.
So the green eyed monster desperately said.
" Don't be relieved cause I'll never be dead!"**

Infinite

Those eyes,
Morose like that of an overcast sea.
But the embrace we held in our eyes,
And the desolate expression you bestowed upon your face,
Changed instantly to that benevolent smile I've always known.
The sun came out, and the sea was luminous.
And for a moment,
Our world was infinite.

Fire In Her Eyes

Taming the crimson sea is that of taming the wild tongue that is infuriated with passion.

Sock Puppets

It was the warmth of their hearts
The passion in their eyes
The comfort they found inside one another
That sowed them together
Skin to skin
And from there
All cold ceased in the world.

The Violet-Backed Starling

She walked while carrying a bucket of blue
She threw it on those she didn't even knew
Because she was alone in a world full of yellow
And the only blue girl, was a lonely fellow
Except for this boy who was the color red
But the blue girl rather ignored him instead
And went on to go find her someone blue
But the red boy persisted, because he knew that he too
Was a lonely lad, with a blue heart inside
But the blue girl desired to be a blue boy's bride
But by the time the blue girl lusted for red
Red had found himself lying on his death bed
For his blue heart was cold, futile, and broken.
And the blue girl ran to him, for she had words to be spoken.
But by the time she got there the red boy was dead.
Leaving his corpse, that was vibrantly red.
She gave him one last kiss, as a symbol of her love
And found her body transform so gracefully like a dove.
She no longer cared she was the only different girl
For the world was her oyster, and she was the pearl
She no longer cared about being a blue boy's bride
For the love she had for the red boy was to be forever inside
Of her blue red body, a mesmerizing darling
And she was free, and was called the Violet-Backed starling.

Unison

I thought I was the only one dancing, but you danced along with me, and from there.. we danced unison. Thank you.

Masochist

Every single touch that came from you
Was that of a knife piercing through my ailing heart
And from there, I became a masochist.

7269

The bursts of laughter heard from fifty feet away
The cool Saturday night
Leaving me inarticulate
Euphoria in the moon
Latin songs play a couple houses away
The cheering of one's celebration of their birth
Out they are yet in here I lay
With the sound of millions of tears shed on the other line
I listen
I dare not to speak
For what the mind seeks is for ears to drink their tears
Oh Saturday night, let there be glimmer
Of millions and millions of fireflies waiting to shine
Can one truly reach euphoria?
Oh dear Saturday light
Bless me as I sleep through your night.

Watching

I watched

A child laughing in his mothers arms.

I watched

A couple holding hands while walking through the park.

I watched

A dog running to their owner.

I am watching

The child crying in his mothers arms.

I am watching

The couple that no longer held hands.

I am watching

The owner running to their dog, that was lying on the street.

I am watching.

I am waiting.

Sunflower

You are my yellow, the warmth of my heart.
The inspiration that will never depart.
The feeling I get on my nose when the night breeze hits my face.
Or the fields I see sway, by the gentle winds grace.
You are the quiet sound of rivers and birds.
The feeling I'm left with that cannot be expressed by words.
For the crimson sky that replenishes my soul.
Is the missing puzzle piece that makes me whole.
You are the yellow ring with a dark core.
A dark core of enigma, allure, and more.
You are my sunflower, tall and bright
With petals that smile with innocent delight
The scintillating droplets of morning dew.

Are the epitome of how much I love you.

Stuffed Animals

*Stuffed animals are peculiar really.
Before you hold them their cold and lifeless
But as you name them, give them their own personality
They're alive.
Stuffed animals are lovely really
They calm the fears of frightful children
They dry the tears of crying innocence
And become the hug you always long
Stuffed animals are like our children really
We care for them, love them, hug them and adore them
But we are the children really
We are loved by their own warmth that we created
Stuffed animals are beautiful really.*

Mellow Timbre

August left, she went to go talk behind my back
September left, told us to wake him up when he ends.
October left, he decided to leave without warning
November left, I told them to leave.
January left, she did not tolerate a morose person.
February left, they got lost in nature and never came back.
March and April left, they became too impatient with me
May left, she denied everything.
June left, he failed on his first attempt at bravery.
July left, he didn't want to deal with my pensive thoughts.
December please don't leave.

PIOVIA

For it can be associated with both the shock of sadness and the finding of solace.

Each drop is but a cold incandescence that ironically brings warmth to your heart.

A graceful sway, watching those feet lift like wind, and the rivers in their eyes, camouflaging with that of the earth's cry.

Watch their skin luminesce as their lips bend like that of a sanguine child.

The bright glistening water that makes your appearance grizzled.

The rain that ceases the moment, that captures the aura.

It is when it ceases that the bright literal warmth commences.

And that of ironically can bring the despondency into a hopeless heart.

The Optimist

Watch the optimist smile.
With the bruise on her shoulder.
And the cut on her knee.
The optimist stands tall.
And smiles with glee.
With the stab on her heart.
And the purple in her eyes.
She will never stop smiling.
Till the day she dies.

NEPENTHE

Scintillating stars.

Falling like that of the first snow on a winters' day.

Moon as bright as midnights gold.

Shadowing light of midnights day.

Wind flees from heavens sight.

Crimson sea from crimson night.

Dungeon dark as dungeon cold.

Perish my sins from blessings told.

Athene Noctua

For the colour of the cave covered the day
Impeccable lights are here to stay.

The cry of crickets and the rivers running.
Mosquitos swarming the air -- buzzing.

The sirens singing their melodic trance,
Alluring sailors into their perishable dance.

For I beg, and I beg no more
Than the static sailor lying on the sea's door.

To live inside Zeus -- the creator of whole.
And sprang out with armour, facing my dole.

Not I will live inside his cavernous dwell.
Incarcerated in his eternal quell.

Athena -- It is I, the goddess of wisdom and war.
Unyielding every doubt and deride he swore.

Love In The Morning

Morning dear, have you no hear.
The roses bloom once again this year.
No shadows no rain--exultation in sight.
Let the roses croon to your grave tonight.

Mars

Young souls in unison,
The song of our euphoria played, and we danced with no judgment
We say, " too-ra-loo-ra, too-ra-loo-rye-aye!"
And at that moment I swore, you meant everything.

Your Hand in Mine

It's three in the morning
Let us go on a trip
To one of our long voyages to the deep abyss
Where our flaws and sins are put on display
For both of us not to act in dismay

Let us go on a trip, you and I
To maybe go hike up Eaton Canyon on a lonesome morning
To hear the sound of water and the sound of your footsteps walking alongside with me
Both the smell of fresh flowing water and fresh flowing sweat

Fresh flowing feelings we will soon regret.

Let us go on a trip, you and I
To discover the mysteries of our feelings a while
Looking up the moon, and eating Chinese takeout
The inevitable mutual feeling that will become our blessing and our curse.

{Note to you, this was my first}

May I proceed to say how lovely you look today?
With you hair combed back and your face beaming with purity
Your spirit lies awake on my dormant soul.

Cover up my legs and protect my dignity
Lie awake next to me with an eternal lingering sense of conflicting feelings that will forever conflict us.

Let us go on a trip, you and I
To the store that's only two blocks away
Buy two cokes and a peppermint say
And walk on the street with the awkward yellow line.
As you stick your tongue out and put your hand in mine

Smugglers Cove

I walk towards the sea with-
Utter enthusiasm as I hear the-
Roaring of colliding waves settle into-
white scintillating serenity.

The sharp cold stone bruise-
My feet as I enter the
Oceans door

As the waves embrace
My legs, my stomach, my chest I-
Regress but the waves did not do
The same.

The kingdom of blue grabbed me by my-
Collarbones and gave me no-
Sand to stand on.
No air to breathe.
No strength to swim away.
But the waves, wanted me to-
Stay.

You roared, you pushed, you shoved you water down my-
throat.
But there I laid on the-
Cold stones that bruised my
Feet.

As I saw the
Roaring sea turn one again into-
Pure serenity.

In the ambience full of water-

I was drained.

1001010 [La Rose I Loved, AVER UNA MAR] 1000001

For a year you filled my mind with complexity.

I denied all emotions that wore my insides out.

All I wanted was a platonic bond-
But the river drowned.

I laid in the world of contemplation
Dressed in black feather, a hundred copies of me
A murder.

I professed my love to the drawing you've possessed.
A simple work became an object of revelation.

I threw the boomerang and it never reciprocated.

It was a dark June.
I walked as the scorching sun burned my black hair.
Tears released from my eyes
As so my body.

A warm February
Seven months of your absence
And two encounters filled with pity.

I walked and the sun kissed my black hair.
And although tears shedded from my body.
My eyes remained optimisticly dry.

But on the breezy last February, you professed your once love.
Hoping to birth your past desire.

You threw the boomerang- it reciprocated.

You were astounded.
But I was not.

For five days I experienced but a dream.
Your honesty churned my stomach
But fluttered my heart

On the second tuesday you sank the Ferry
Then again, you let fear get the best of you

Darling you left me where I once was
But I know this place
And I can get back.

In the desert I was, incessant exhaustion.
Hitch-hiking my way
Tears and pain-
Barefooted, I am no Beowulf
I slay no beast.
But I have returned
And I am present in the midst of all existence
And as I stare at the framed picture
The picture that held eternal love

I stare with revelation, I see it all.

That I am to be Beowulf
And you be Grendel.

Blissful Solus

I stand alone
And the present is the past
And though times have changed
My loneliness will last.

But don't be mistaken
Because in an empty room
I find a benevolent solace
Not an unmerciful doom.

I seek no tinker.
I seek no pacifier.
No counselling thinker.
No optimistic liar.

What I seek is peace
A resolute silence
No one here to speak
No verbal violence.

It is not an escape
Nor a cowardly act.
It is not a plea for help
So don't dare to enact.

I will stand alone
In this comforting peace
It will not be forever

But I choose when to speak.

The Second Tuesday

It is a madness stricken
A deadly sign
A madness of beauty
Of utter divine
Slit my wrist and pull my hair
Relinquish me from synthetic despair
Throw me across the room
Pin me against the wall
Hold me till I bleed
But never let me fall.

Vulgaris

Triangle mirrors.
Filthy brown rags.
Blood on the pillows.
Feel me drag.
"Remember who you are" they say.
"Remember who you are" replays.
Through my face.
An infinite swell.
To change its grace.
Would be a coin down the well
Close the windows, cease what's revolting.
Close the windows, cease the molting.
Run away from the human spears.
Run like you have for the past 7 years.
Black curtains grow to cover thy dermis.
Black curtains to thank for serving thy purpose.
Purple, Red, White, Brown.
Colors that inevitable will astound the millions of windows that dwell on thou.
For ceaseless thoughts that will warp thou face.
Self rotting chants are now thine bass.

08-03-15

Before August came, may I say
That an unfamiliar face appeared today
Tall, lanky, pale with black hair
An appearance that landed an infatuation at stare
I'd sit at the wall with my lunch on my thighs
I was a shy soon-to-be sophomore, afraid of saying hi
Not knowing your name, your grade level, or even your friends
But my heart fluttered at a stranger, there was no end
I couldn't help but stare at such a mysterious grace
And then you turned around and I.. well..ran away
Like any innocent sophomore I fell for you deeply
We would message all day and night, till I was sleepy
I regret my insecurity, my shyness was a mess
You were shy too, you didn't even know how to dress
Because we were shy of being ourselves around each other
It must have been what ended our love, we didn't even hold hands
What a bother
You could have been my first kiss, and I could have been yours too
But to forcefully part ways, and start off as new.

There's A Poet In my Cabinet

*There's a poet in my cabinet,
And at times he shows up,
Drinks up all my liquor,
And is on my bed, throwing up.*
*There's a poet in my cabinet,
So lost, and in despair,
He turns dead flowers into beauty,
His poetic powers, so rare.*
*There's a poet in my cabinet,
He doesn't want to come out,
During the times where I need him,
He refuses and pouts.*
*There's a poet in my cabinet,
And alas he reappears!
Bursting with creativity,
Ready to shoot it like a spear.*
*He holds my hand and runs,
And jumps with glee !
Grabs my journal and my pen,
As he stares at up at me,*
*There's a moment of tranquility,
Yet a burst of creativity,
I begin to write,
I finish,
I read it,
Poetry.*

She's a Smitten Shrew

*What a shrew
She's cold, best to say
Her smiles solemn
And her hugs are of rare day
Her distaste towards sweet talk
Towards hand holding and kisses
Leaves flowers shriveled
Makes animals vicious
She's home at last
With the scarf released
Sits outside in the night
With heart chocolates to eat
She sings and laughs
And blushes, oh my
Has this shrew been smitten?
With flower reviving smiles
She implies
There's a glow in her face
And a knock on the door
She skips with grace
Could there be any more?
They sit outside, with heart chocolates to eat
Sing, laugh, and dance, to once again repeat
"Can I hold your hand?" He dare ask to say
She pauses and smirks
Looks at him with quirks.
Nods her head no and dances away
What a shrew
She's cold, best to say.*

Las Rosas en Mi Jardin

Dear Mother, dear dear
You warm me with discipline, lessons, and fear
Don't be alarmed, they were the puzzles to my brain
She is never ostentatious, never in vain.
Your love is the warmth of a blanket in winter
Your kisses are wound healers for when I get splinters
Te quiero mama, aunque los veces que me grites
Lo haces por amor, nunca nos olvides
A querer, a respetar, y a reir a tus chistes
Gracias por siempre a la vida que me diste
My sweet mother, alive as you are
I'll break when I lose you, you'll feel so far
Away from me, which is selfish, I'm sorry
I'll cherish these moments, these laughs, these tears
forever
And always.

Hamartophobia

It may have been innocuous
Words meant to cease the flood but ultimately boiled my skin with fear,
I got third degree burns, and the flood that was next to my room-
Kept drowning me, I knew how to swim so was it wrong of me to not plea?
Perhaps to conceal the appearance of normality is a sin
If so forgive me my God
The water kept pulling me in but all you worried about was getting your feet wet
Never lusted for the water to take me in till now
Distances away, I felt your hand in my neck
Your eyes piercing mines
"You are my God, and to disobey is to sin for eternity"
No matter the amount of blood on my skin
Dripping dark as red
It is only you that matters in the end.

In This Corner of The Galaxy

*And here we are
Standing at this corner of the galaxy
And if I could choose where I could go
You'd maybe think of Barcelona or Uganda
But I'd choose the corner of the galaxy
Because I want to be where the last stars shine
Where our expansion ceases
And our oceans of curiosity and infinity cut.
And if I could choose anyone from the past, present or future
You'd think I'd choose Albert Einstein, or the future inventor of time machines
But abnormal brilliance is not my first language
So here we are
At this corner of the galaxy
Why not Venice? Or the Netherlands?
Perhaps, because I wanted to show
That as I am surrounded by the millions of stars that finalize the end of this expanding abyss
I'd rather gaze at you than all the stars that luminesce around me
And as we stand in this corner of the galaxy
We watch the earth cave in
The world dies, and the galaxy is not infinite.
But here we stand, timeless and everlasting*

In this corner of the galaxy.

There Are Drawings On The Wall

The kitchen drips with oil from mothers cooking
And small roaches crawl in the tiniest of cracks
The floor, broken, like glass, I feel the sugar pierce my feet
Voices from every corner, they are like talking planners
Shrimp soup boils over the tin foiled oven
Lacking insulation, the smell is the only warmth we receive
There are drawings on the wall, I should clean it, but that's what I said ten years ago
Tacky wall colors, and fake paintings of flowers, a bed in the living room
Embroidered with instability.
The clock in the wall that misreads time, tells the time of the occupied
Luxury is but a concept of the aesthetic, not the poetic
There is a harmless fire coming from the bitten thin walls
And my foot bleeds from the sugar in my feet
This is home, and home this will be.

Genesis 7:4

My granny told me that when it rains, it is because God is crying.
But I refuse to believe in any God that cries for any other reason than his own killing.

I asked my mummy why God wants us to get our clothes soaked and our dirt muddy.
But she said it was because of the clouds.

"So, are the clouds... God?", I asked.

"Go count the raindrops in the window." She says as her hand with chipped red nail polish shoes me away.

Maybe the clouds are God, I see them everywhere.
Maybe when the clouds are white and puffy, like a cotton ball, he's happy.
Or what if when they're dark and scary looking... he's angry?

Maybe the raindrops that fall down are the prayers he releases back to us.
Maybe he doesn't want them, maybe that's why he cries.
"That's probably why he makes our clothes wet and gets our dirt muddy."
I say as I bow my head and feel a warm raindrop fall against my cheek.

"This is not fair." I mumble as I angrily throw my small black crayon at the clock.
I go sit by the big window that is embellished with its teardrops of its own.
Maybe God is crying because of our prayers.
I wipe my tears aggressively with the sleeve of my already soaked sweater
But I refuse to believe in any God that cries for any other reason than his own killing.

sequoia

Collide with me in the sunset sea
As you drape your arms around me
Rekindled hearts and forgotten parts
Our feelings set before thee.

Shelved memories and amputated scars
Hitting my head on the roof of your car
Is the only pain I did not foresee.

Regrets of pain I can consent
Regrets of tears in which I cannot repent.
But to not regret is that I did not forget
The serenity that you brought in me.

I cannot bid my part
Though you have bludgeoned my heart
And numbed every single body part.

You have broken the trust
Due to your trauma with lust
But to blame will not ever occur.

And although you have left the pot to boil
And have feared to plant seeds in the soil
I hold faith that is is fixable turmoil.

To thank you is infinite
To love you is definite
But if you are gone
With a bullet in my chest
I will cough up my blood
And wish you the best.

black imago

I am a fisherman that was banned from your sea
Commercial boats and money green
Was something I couldn't promise to you, see
I am but a commoner, a discrepancy in mud
But I applaud your engagement, and your profit of love
To bid your farewell would be histrionic, I know
Because you will forever breathe in my works that I bestow
Upon my little black book, and my bitten off pen
The leaves that fly when I meditate in Zen
And the library halls of neglected books
You hesitated on Emily Dickinson, but only took
One second to choose William McGonagall
But to criticize, would be shameful, I agree
So, when I go back for my eyes to drink the sea
I promise you stand last on the thoughts of my brain
But I oath that you will always stand first when I begin to rain.

I Am Not Your Patient

I am not your patient
So do not call me by number
I am not your patient
So do not coerce me to slumber

Do not force feed me pills
Of rusted steel and guessing games
Do not force me into guilt
Of my copper pins and my crooked brain

You've discharged every patient
And have christened their doors
So untie me from the moping widow
And clean the shackles off these floors

Do not etherize my cognizant eyes
And do not look at my vital signs
Report this as a medical crime
Your patient I am no more

I am not your patient
So do not enter this room
Incinerate all records and perhaps
I'll come out of this womb

The Desert Eagle at Mercy Street

*Ten minutes before I attend my ceremony
(Though I must admit, the suit that they gave me is horrendous)*

*And dear mother did not invite me to her gathering.
but I bow no arrow, I I heard it was a somber mourn
(I do not bemoan the cold)*

*And I walk into my house to see all of our picthres torn.
My Yosolo, do you not love me anymore?*

I lament my invisibility towards your presence in the latter of our liason

And I weep for my regret of not having certainty in your moments of hesitation

I stand, Yosolo.

*Pay me with soil
And galore me in a basket of velvet*

*I have allowed the desert eagle to fly over my head
And to contemplate exacerbated the dread.*

*I have arrived with my arms crossed and my eyes have dozed
And warm rain falling when the doors are closed.*

My Yosolo is dead, and I won the war

*In a bed of fresh cut grass
I lay a far.*

*Cease the white roses.
And cease the pitiful weep.*

*I am at Mercy Street now,
So leave me to sleep.*

Midnight in Paris

cold spring nights
comfort blisses my shivers
explorations without fright
can't contain my hand, it quivers
the unexpected occurred
but to object you'd be wrong
my heart to be stirred
the venue was dark but you gleamed with color
and although I was smaller I felt
as tall as the building you told me about
without a doubt-- you are walking poetry
and tonight, I felt like an heiress
on this cold night, it was a
Midnight in Paris.

you are walking poetry

You are walking poetry
because your strides are like stanzas
your eyes speak of rhythms
and staring would bring bonanza.

You are walking poetry
and to hold you would be to read
El Dorado of literature
a safe haven which bleeds--
a *kanon* nonetheless
[to which my muse I digress]

That you-- are like a bookstore in the fall
and I can read your old and new
of past cries and yesterday's highs--

to which are only of the few
that can keep me awake all night.

and as I sit on the steps
to which births my poetic sense

I listen to the summer wind that Matt Elliot blows
as the sound of the flying plane grows--
Closer, to the mother of art, to which brightens these nights.

You are walking poetry
Exaltation in sight.-
Words that define fauna and flora
As your existences pours a soft water night.

You are the nostalgia of children chasing
on the streets of neighboring familiarity

To which glows on your skin-- and brings an iridescent rarity
of quiet trails and daylight's croon.

You are poetry in motion
The purple lavenders of June.

The quiescence of winter- and the zestfulness of spring.
you are the morning birds that awake me with a sing

But alas I know that the morning birds will fly
And all that breathes with thee will die.

But I do not worry that it will stop

And I do not wary of the time.

Because you--- are walking poetry

You--- are pure literature crime.

season's farewell

You asked me if people are seasonal
meant to only exist in your life for a while
and through all the holes you have disappeared into
I fear at the thought of being one
which you question, which you imply
that I may be soon to die-- in those memories of yours
do you ask me to find a reason? An easier way to say
that the fall of your thoughts have arrived to end our summer's day
I couldn't be wise, because I was loving like a fool
kept pouring my heart until it called me cruel
you stop and call me kind but I can't help but refuse
for I was your seasons love-- and I was the loving fool.

why i don't cry

My mother always said,
"Sabes que para llorar no vas a solucionar nada."
Which in translation means
"You know that crying will not solve anything"

And the thought roamed through my mind
It angered every tip of my hair and every pore on my skin

Because logically speaking she is correct

Say if I were to fall and break my leg, crying won't heal it
And if I were to be left by the love of my life crying won't bring them back

And as callous as she said when I had tears in my eyes
I continue to refuse that her saying is right

Crying won't solve my life, and crying won't clear my skin
And crying will not fix the wounds of my broken heart that is thin from
The countless moments of blinded vulnerability
And the infinite seconds of insecure stability.

Mother, where are your tears?
Because maybe I've stolen yours

Because these past few years
My eyes have been at war
With the warm salted water, and the swollen red eyes
The heavy slumber after, and the morning after cries.

And to my surprise, my problems are still here
But to say that would be a lie, so now I act like Shakespeare

Crying will not replenish you dead flowers, and will not water your dry grass

It will not bring back your ex, who in my opinion was an ass.

Nonetheless that is not what I want to convey--

You should not cease what is underneath your eyes

And do not be ashamed to shut down and cry

But here's another quote, another piece of advice

If you are going to cry a river, just don't drown and die.

and I am happy that you are happy

and I am happy
that you are happy
that I've even burned down
every inch of your liveliness--
in these memories that I've drowned

and I smile at your new love
and wish you the best

because like her I know, that you are different from the rest

I'm over you now, so no one worries about me

because your existence becomes the stanzas in my burdened poetry.

I do not want to despise, and I do not want to disdain

but how is a fisher supposed to feel gay about a fish he was not able to obtain?

To speak unpoetically-- my heart is just in pain.

it remembers your voice, grace, and dark hair.
it remembers the day of that vulnerable red stare
it remember the cold, from the calm March night.
and the last time I felt reciprocation in sight

and now, I see no light
all I feel are needles
pinching at my face

the shameful dime of envy
leaves me with a bad taste
I caused this heartbreak.

I illusioned myself with rigged thoughts.
hoping I'd think of you less and less
but in all result
eith my hand in your vase trying to steal your heart
but you can't pick pocket a love that already been set apart

that wednesday night
that left me with fright
knowing subconsciously that this--
would be the last of your sight

the last of your eyes
how I wish I could turn back time

and prevent this demise.

but alas, I digress.

so let me repeat
I think of you less and less
you don't invade my brain
and you don't take up my time
I don't think you're full of grace
and your eyes don't glisten..

they shine.

The Dead Poet

I am your dead poet.

Your romantic writer,

I can transform kisses into verses,

And make sure it rhymes with-
your pesky, little eyes

unaware of your demise

you are now literature to die for,

literature to ride for

*the type of write who **never lies whore.***

Let me steal your poems so I can recite,

what lies beneath-

your nonchalant strides.

Oh how I wish I could be dead poetry,

And maybe by then your lust will revive me,

but for now I'll do my part

and bludgeon you with my art, and--

climax the core of your palpitating heart.

I am your dead poet,

So let me bid you with a kiss.

Necrosis of trust,

Push me as you thrust

Death has never felt like such a bliss.

Oh What A Morning !

Unusually bright!

What a sight.

I'm happy from morning to night!

I awake with eager,

and smile with promise

Oh what a morning!

Sunrise has never been so honest.

People Scare Easy

*People scare easy,
Say something nice,
And like Crown and Anchor,
They've scattered like dice.*

*People scare easy,
Just hold their hand,
And like feral cats,
They have scratched you and ran--*

*Far, far, away.
Why can't you stay?
You scare so easily,
Like vampires fear day.*

*Not worth your time,
You fear of demise,
Of thrill and euphoria,
You create a dystopia,*

*That's seduced your brain,
Devoured, so greasy.
Bravor is not in your favor,
You scare so easy.*

A Consolation

*I smashed all the windows,
and threw out picture in the shore.
I will love you just the same--
but it does not make sense anymore.*

*I will hold you dear so tightly,
and send my love inside your core.
My darling, I've fallen in love
but the love that I've fallen is not yours anymore.*

*When I first held you it felt like youth,
and we were back a year or two.
But now I lust for something new--
and it does not make sense to be with you.*

*As unfortunate as it sounds.
I think you feel the same,
Our words are vacant,
and our bond is less than the tamed-
tiger that tires through the terrain, while tired,
because all that are left are intertwined wires that leave her no desire to rekindle this fire.*

*I leave you dear so lightly.
I will continue to send my love inside your core.
And although we once fell in love.
It was a love that will never make sense anymore.*

untitled

You can despise my blood that you quench,
And sow your narrative on the biased leaves
Thus henceforth to which they believe
But alas the watcher, knows; as we all suspect.
That the powerful waves to which I was unable to reject
Drowned me in sorrow, trauma and repent.

Apathetic to be when I view your keen of most;
find courteous grudges. Are you really seeing me or seeing who I am with, please.
I've found connoisseurs who can act more phony.
Can it be known that I have blown all winds of direction; deception-- I was blinded to foresee.

As the clashes of the ocean find a source of zen.
I pity all your fools and bid if they can find any, by then-
I submerge, I submerge.
To the water I am gone.
I submerge, I submerge.
To false graces, I was never wrong.

what you are.

Like morning dew,
are the hints of you,

5:00 AM walks and pod-cast talks,

your drowsy smile,
a feeling so mild,
do you hear it too?

the morning walk whispers,
"I love you."

A Eulogy for Narcissus

Decadent leaves fall into the eyes of the trees,
Aren't you tired of your futile deeds?

Your brittle blade cuts through the deepest shade
of the veracious, violent viridian
that cements in your core
The gruesome narcissistic high,
That leaves you wanting more.

Ramifications of relegation are of only satisfaction to my own,
They say there's beauty in every life but in you I see only bone.

Feed your addiction to the murky waters that you bathe in
and bask yourself under the same scorching sun, that you've burned all your bridges on.
For there is no better way to phrase, I am sure these moments are the highlight of your days

How I pity you, you poor nature child.
If you were the level of spice in my menu, you would be mild.

For you have let the eye of society scrutinize you into a new persona
And all you identify with is your drug-store purchased aroma
You're a laughing stock at many, and a role model of none
The only time I'll pay attention to you will be while writing this poem.
For after that, I'll be done.

I suspect you'll keep staring
 At your reflection in the river
 Frozen by your superficial temporary beauty
 And your stubborn ignorance, may you wither.

The Child Is Working Right now

Consume your needs, consume her knees
All for a seasons discounted greed

her fingers blistered from needle pricks and beatings
your desire for your fall haul only keep repeating

two cents, four cents, seven nights with no gods day
two cents, four cents, a sixteen hour shift on her 11th birthday.

A Candle in May

A radiance beaming around you

You comfort my soul and itch me with
Warmth

Will the elements of sound reach us once more?

as the sparrows croak their morning galore

I wish to lay on your chest, and feel your heart rest
As morning both nears lastly arrests

And introduces my muse, who speaks through her phases

How my muse never stops and ceases to amaze as I urge to lose myself around you

Feel the love I place inside you
Morning, noon, and till daylights end

In you, my heart will always bend.

tree of permanence

**I wish to be filmed like the dead wife in the movies,
she lives through the art of her lover.**

I don't believe I desire to be dead, but, contrary,
become immortal through the eyes of someone who

etches you into their skin of artistic expression.

Quite frankly, I've found myself in a position
where everyone I've loved has become a root from the tree of permanence.

And yet, I stutter when I answer the question:

"Whose muse, are you?"

To struggle at the tip of the tongue
to voice where I've evoked art from someone else's heart?

unpredictable acts of love
and indirect forms of "I love yous."

The dead wife pulls at your artistic strings
that play a melody that yearns?

sonnets that create an inebriated stare.
I seem to have forgotten

that my soul aches to be kidnapped by insatiable inspiration.

So, I create,
to keep my soul and mind at prime.

In my life I've chosen to be the artist that loves,

and not be the one to say

"The artist, is mine."

As I sleep, knowing what awaits

I'll wake up in my second life

And only then, luck can grant me the favor?

And have me be, the immortal dead wife.

A Stoics Confession

Sowed my mouth while keeping you at arms reach,
knew I'd gnaw my arm off whole.

The shadow of every thought of you
Caused me to pause my clock at solar noon
The sun, disapproving the manipulation of time and continuity
Bathes you at sunrise and sunset.

I've even attempted memory loss,
But I'd brood over the fact--
May's embrace succeeded in permanence
Through the fibers of my knitted brown sweater.

Your curiosity
Paired with my piss-poor responses
Still Stubbornly bled a yearn I wasn't deserving.

Feigning indifference over a state of existent plenitude.
In an ardent plight, my love for you? causing an involuntary judder?
Clings onto the threads my knitted brown sweater.

But that's what I secretly hope for, every time.

Lady Providence

As my body reclaims the surface of the water,
I open my eyes to find myself before the fate of my father.

Treading in the waters of choice and fate,
Is it cowardice to swim back toward the cobblestone path,

where moss of consequence has crept through every cracking crevice.

Or to swim near shore, and let the sand warm my cold feet,

but certainty oscillates like a wind-chime in doubt.

The ripples propel me to choose a path.
The sole of my foot beds into moist sand.

Whether this be my first or second life,
should I trust providence to bloom beneath my feet?

Will she serenade me toward the path in which I've yet to commit?

Through her honeyed voice, the present calls to me.

I stare at my father as he drinks his black tea,

and start to wonder.. if that will ever be me.

and she is punished, by love.

White lace draping her crow like crown.
Will the veil mar the face of selected oath?

Heels softly clack on the pearlescent floor.
Magnetism pulls her toward the west door.

Afterlife bleeds through stained glass.

What awaits her punishment?
What awaits her punishment?

He's coming in.
It's coming in.

A glass-like stare-
Not even a lamb can mimic such innocence.

Echoing steps soften when it nears,
but he lingers.
It shadows.
His haunt, cursing you infinitely.

Her commandment-
Buries her,

And she is punished, by love.
She is punished, by love.

And there is nowhere she can fly.

The dove follows the crow through the sky.

Aftercare

Andrea, seems like you've left clothes on your bed again.

There is also this odd smell coming from your purse?did you forget to throw away your leftover brioche buns from that one bakery?

Throw it away, Andrea.

I do so.

I gag and wash my hands once more.

I have to clean the restroom once more. God, I hate when

I try to throw the trash out and something wet touches my fingers.

Take the trash out, Andrea.

I do so.

I gag and wash my hands once more.

As I clean my room, I hear Kenya scratching the fresh walnut litter.

The sudden pungent smell?seems like she took a shit.

Clean it, Andrea.

I do so.

I gag and wash my hands once more.

I see my partner. I am in his room.

I can feel him pulsing on my rested leg.

Suck it, Andrea.

I do so.

I gag and wash my hands once more.

I am at the wildlife center. A pigeon is brought in.

Seems like trich.

The technician holds it up for me to smell its canker-filled mouth.

Smell it, andrea.

I do so.

I gag and wash my hands once more.

"Trich? Can we rehab the guy?" I ask.

"Nope. It's a euth."