

Anthology of poetic_person



Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

My Poetic Side

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My Poetic Side

My poetic side is dark
like a starless sky in August
or a rainy day in April;
it's neither African or not-African
it's left open, to be judged.
my poetic side,
is full of weird obsessions
like when good poets were born
Actually
most come in August June December
And many die in January,
my birthday month.
my poetic side
is also full of good poems
memorised in the agony of slow days
audens eliot's plaths and yeats
blakes kiplings and stevens
all that and more.
My poetic side is free
free like public days
and full of berries made
in the vineyards of the mind.

Ending Things

I'm putting aside everything,
Poems songs and favorite things
I'm putting away my smartphone too
Won't be needed where I go.

And this is it

The people I love look on
full of love and full of pity
Did they do a thing wrong,
Did I?
Did they say something stupid,
Did I?

But I'm putting pasts behind me too
And words long ago spoken
That show up to make a moment
Or spoil what was going just fine.

I hope there where I go
Are things weird and awful
Gods submerging in crystal lakes
Swimming with souls of various makes.
I wish to see our Catherine there
But if there's nothing
I will not care
For gods for souls,
For Catherine too.

I will have ended things
I will have ended things.

I mean to fly

We are loosing
We are loosing.
Things were going right
We were doing fine
We were a good pile of books
We were a compact cluster of stars
We were heading east
To meet the sun in it's rising.

I see it now, I do
The bridge's height is just fine
I throw a pebble down
To see how smashed it is
By the bridge's height.

I will be fine.

I will be fine all alone.
I will be like a star
Far away. Out of reach. A star.
We used to love them, stars
We were so fond of all the stars.
I don't mean to jump.
I wouldn't jump, who would ever jump?
I still have books to read
And sleeps to sleep
And things to see.

And things to see
Lots of things to see.

I am too young to die
I mean to try and fly..

Saturday, Before Noon

It's on a Saturday, cold
The rain of past weeks
Has washed pebbles and abandoned pavements.
How clean they look
From where I sit
On a bench, in the cold.

Song For Our Little Town

My hometown is full of drunken women
And alleys that smell like drunkard's urine
With little children here and there
That dissappear when stars appear.

I have seen madmen and preachersmen
In these smoky streets that smell like urine
And sometimes the madmen come
Preaching like preachersmen-
And they don't leave until our Town is still.

There's a small hotel here
And a small hotel there
They all compete in smallness,
The smaller the grander.
The tea is always hot and milky
And always cheap enough.

In the sun our little Town is sadder
It chokes with dust and tired men
And feels like some fringe of hell
The nights then become so much colder
But never mind the night.
No one minds the night in our little Town.

When the rains come falling
Sometime in April and in May
Our Town jumps to life again
Takes a shower; breathes alive
The little hotels are warmer then
The tea hotter the men more drunk
God is glorious for the rain,
Life happens when it rains

In our slouching little Town

He Stoops To Smell The Purple Roses

Surely goodness and mercy
will follow you all the days
Of your life amen.

Looking at a mirror to hear
The good Lord speak, like footsteps;
You hear the rustle and for all you care
For all you care it might be him
Or the devil in a casual stroll.

The devil in a casual stroll.

Muffle a prayer, Friend
say a prayer for yourself
Clench your fists and pray
Muffle your voice and pray

Pray that the devil, in his casual stroll
Sees a purple rose and stoops.

The devil sees a purple rose,
and stoops to smell.

He stoops to smell.

Let's Be Frenemies

If we can't be friends and be cool;
If we can't be lovers and be cool;
If loving you is an extravagance I can't afford
And being your friend a burden hard to troll;

If you loving me is a stoop too low;
If for one friend you make in me you count a thousand foes,

If our paths can't cross,
And yet our hearts dance in rythm like some stars;
Smiling when you smile,
Looking whence you look,
To glimpse a moment of who you are--

If we won't be what we can't be,
We'll let it be and we shall see,
And maybe in a frenzy of countless stars,
When we might look and see the same, dimming star,
Maybe we will be what we can be--
Maybe we'll become Frenemies.

The Way Things Are

In the beginning there was dust
And we rose from the dust like ants
We found old houses in old little towns
We built new houses to shield the old,
We played in the dust; with the dust
We made friends from the friends of our parents
And enemies from the enemies of our parents.
The world around us changed
And yet remained unchanged.
As we grew older
People died and others came;
The towns are still unchanged.

Let the sun shine on weary faces
Of working men and pregnant wives
Let the sun shine on faces
Of children in the dust and children on the desks.
Let the sun shine shining
On eyes of lazy cats
And dogs in the garbage
And goats in their sheds
And pigs, in their mess
And the flowers in the church.
Let the sun shine shining
On spinning dolphins far away
Let, let the sun shine shining
On town folks that never knew
Or heard the name Michelangelo
Let, let the sun shine shining.

There is a huge oak tree
(maybe it's not an oak after all)
In the middle of a field

Where I ran a marathon race once
With friends from early school
The shade was a comfort from the sun
The wind always started there
In the branches of an oak
(that might not be an oak after all)
Dried logs sometimes fell
From the odd oak, perhaps
And the wind blew on
Felling logs and rising dust
Into our eyes.

I See Laughter

What do you see
In the bending of the light
Where the trees and sunlight meet?

What do you see
In the eyes of a child
White and full of tears, like a lake?

What do you see
In the bare fields in the sun
Dry corn plants, waiting harvest?

What do you see
When you look at distant pylons
Outstretched, like giant eagles?

This is what I see
I see laughter in the sun
I see laughter in the sadness
I see laughter through and through
I see laughter still
In the slow approach of tomorrow's light

Will Our Names Survive?

*have the moments gone
when the sun reminded us
of pasts long gone;
how we used to think
this same sun tells the story
of what our past was like, and
is telling our stories now?*

Death Is Eternal

I *drowned*.

I died is the thing.

I wanted to write a letter

to you, to mom; to dear dad

but no I can't find my hands

my body slips away

my mind is *very* big,

and death

death is sweet, and huge

and *strange*--

slower than a train.

death is the thing called Eternal,

no wonder it can hold us all.

(*For Late C--,*

may she rest)

in search of lost time

What is gone is gone they say;
The tears in the eyes mean
Something bad has passed.

Let the flowing river flow
Let the setting sun set
Let the aging bird age
Let the dying little lamb
Die in its pen,
of cold perhaps
Let the hot flowers wither
Let passing time pass
Let let let.

I let the setting sun set;
I do so to forget--
To forget *is* the beginning
Of the remembrance of things past.

His Song, Her Dance

There's something in her gaze
There's something about his smile,
Curious like the sea.

They walk down the frosty isle
Because the eaves are too wide
And the July seeps through.

Then, at night
she moans
He sighs;
He sighs his way through the night.

The fluid night
The silent night
In their rented house
Where they slowly wait
For morning,
for a *baby* boy.

He stumbles, learning
He stumbles, all the way into *adulthood*
It doesn't rain
But the clouds;
The clouds are full of rain.
And he loves the rain
And so does she.

Remember--

Little by little the drops build up
To what *exactly*?
The sea perhaps! Or,
Or maybe just a jar.

It's July; It's cold;
The pews *are* wet like stones.