

The Entire Goddamn Thing: Every Poem I've Written On This Website

ProfessionalPaperDigester

Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

To myself, for being able to write and express what I see and feel with all of you.

About the author

Read my bio, I ain't re-writing it here.

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Statue Upon A Hill

I set a statue upon a hill
Of which got torn gladly

His glowing glamour which grant thine eyes
The pleasure of his existence, to little resistance

A virtuous vision of vicious precision
To ambitious to ignore, yet less encore

Bitter taste asserts the tyrant into his place
Falling upon his intuition, losing his recognition

The statue set in stone & thought
Torn from scorn and ripped apart

Lost thoughts linger from longer lost goals
Older tales of blazing trails, desperate to prevail

Blinded eyes bicker behind blue skies
Despite its quiet nature, repurposed for failure

Ravaged and disgraced, it awaits the next statue to take its place

Spotlight

Every row, every column
Shadows casting rectangular glow
Each one, every one
Gets their spotlight for show

Every square, every student
Brings forth their patchwork heart
Eventually one, eventually some
Concedes and falls apart

Equal shine, equal share
He gives me the spotlight glare
Even this elegant heart
Doesn't ease the audience scare

Rise, And Taste The Greetings

Alluring shade portrayed against many blades
Suffocating with sunrise blood

Choking air and time with its fatiguing chime
Under a violent sky

Radiant sun emanates against the absorbing grays
Warm as an arctic flood

Smoking the ocean ceiling, the waves they rise
Tasting the evanescent dry

Rising on shallow ground, blood between my teeth
Head below surface yet grounded feet

Drowning in the hazel maze of totality
Only to awake an hour later

Ears of Corn

Easy be this country road
Many a face and hand to hold
Yet harder be the golden trail
Home to more than the common quail

And here I stand frail as petals
Lying in the soil mud puddles
Standing in talent's garden
As the farmer leaves his gate open

Big empty cornfield, already raised
Potential taken by potential unfazed
Reaper stands at the front porch
Awaiting the corn to approach

Yet healthy melons and squash
Glady roaming among the hogwash
Dodging the old road towards death
And the gardens puddles of Lethe

Even when deprived of their years
Began to rise did the ears
To watch the squash roll past
To reminisce of dream's past

Old fertile kernels gifted of substance
Never knew of their true purpose
And lifted their lives, from the waste
From the puddles of Lethe with haste

Puddle

A man stands upon a puddle
Deep as glass
Yet he believes it beyond humble
Density and mass
He searches the pacific raindrop
For that glance
He searches the top
In his trance
Only to see himself
Staring at a puddle
Expecting more
Nothing less

What I See

Staring through mounted looking glass
Clear lens guide middling eyes
For pure sight

Cannot be, for what I see
Breaks the glass, leaving me thinking
Does what I see stare back at me judgmentally?

Cracks sets, but the mirror suggests
That it wasn't thine sight
But the cracks of my mind
Reminding me of eternal inferiority

Set

Sheer red anguish across a clear riverbed
Harsh pupils rise above its moist glory
Crimson sky turning ever darker against the flying eye

His looming beams on tinted lash
My stars burn of passion and hurt
Globe moving faster, letting hurt to urning

I will return next oncoming eye

Here I Average

Here I stand in hooded robes
Layered black as furnace wood

Public rituals for modest goals
In an elephant sized package

Golden sabbaths and mausoleums
In an ordinary family dune

Here I stand an average man
Of which I'm told

Generosity

Come forth, friend, I wanted to notify you
Of my return to health, and my division of wealth
To those that helped and to thank you for...

Your generosity
Your selfless indulgence
Your purposeless assistance
And everything else you hadn't done for me

Sit next to me, good friend, I hear
A fever hits your beloved dear
And I shed a tear for her, and you'll thank me

So please, let the air I breath promote her being
It is what's due for...
Your generosity

Harlot

Damn you, plastic Harlot!

Love as artificial as your face

Draped in black and harsh scarlet

Further illuminated by the fireplace

Drawn to you. blinded by Merlot

To prove you as my eternal Disgrace

Deemed unworthy by assisted cum-shot

Love mistakes sex and beauty for grace

Bliss from the bedroom to the parking lot

From a queen-sized bed to a parking space

T'was, our love, a hand-made garnet

To the semen covering your face

My eternal disgrace

The New Thing

Now the snow around the globe
Has made Spring the new thing
Off with these pants, a new stance
It's shorts season, pants be treason
You'll go to hell and ring it's bell
For got not need another baboon shell

Second Weight

Fingers tied to a kettle bell
30 pound metal shell
Dragging its sins across the ground
Making harsh scraping sound
No longer running down the dock
Soft as a rock
A second weight no longer gone
What fingers had done
To rid my waist of its bell
30 pound erectile hell

Gifts

There was a lad I meant no harm
So in exchange, I gave my arm
Perhaps he wouldn't have taken both, if I gave him no alarm

There was a man, put in a plight
And so I let him have my sight
I didn't believe it that harsh, but it's best to stay polite

There was a girl, called me a plague
To settle the lass, she took my leg
First the left, then the right, lit alight like a powder keg

There was a friend that I held dear
And yesterday, he took my ear
Again the left, again the right, losing all that made me alive

Sat by a river, the calm was nice
And to that river, I gave my life

The Everyone

The Everyone doesn't know who you are, and why should it?
Not everyone can understand the art you created
Not everyone can understand the pain you kept welded inside
Not everyone can understand your praises the same
But The Nobody can what The Everyone can't; understand