

Velveteen Dreams

Across the room,
With your coquettish smile.
Where are your eyes,
They've been staring,
for quite awhile.

Such diligence,
You wipe her face.
I'm an observer,
to love's endless chase.

She slides back,
drink in hand,
Who may know
Cupid's plan.

I guess that's where you are
Just like me
Mostly stuck
Staring from afar.

So lets dance the Swedish Polka
Lets sing a jubilee
Our loves have gone and passed us
Here's to drowning—
In our, misery.

Our First was our Last

The party it was good it was fun.
We drank and drank past the point which we couldn't see,
Then we laughed and cried
We were on a spree.
Hugs, kisses, and more
Our love poured on to the floor.

But that was hours past,
Before we had downed,
The last glass.

Our rides are here,
And despite our promises,
To continue to see each other,
I know this might very well be
The last time that we meet.

So tragically,
On the first day that we speak.

The car ride home confirms my fears,
As I'm reminded
By the deer
That these things come
And these things pass
I'll wake up alone,
I already forgot your name— alas

I don't have trauma Chili's just fucking sucks

We're at fucking Chili's
Getting drunk
And you expect me
to be having, a good time?

This is the opposite
Of how to unwind,
Now I'm doing time
Inside a cell,
That's just my mind.

If you wanted fried freezer appetizers,
Fine— I guess Chilis makes sense.
But you should really look around,
Before you ask, why I'm so tense.

The man on a first date who's underdressed
sits across from a woman who wore heels far to nice for this shithole that
the busser keeps cleaning as our server sits leaning watching
the hostess seat a family of three now their daughter dances with glee but
isn't it strange how children can watch UFC at this at Chilli's Grill and Bar
while the culture war claims another victim not far from this restaurant
I can't stand, hearing these children squeal.

If the next time,
you suggest Applebee's,
Please— re-read this poem,
Imagine how much hatred,
That will be flowin'
And how nasty,
The next poem, I'll spin.

Cult of the Worm

I am a worm—
Tunneling deep, towards
the center of the earth.

I am a worm—
It's what I've been,
since my birth.

Storms can never stop me.
Water is my friend,
along with all the rot
that I see.

I am a worm—
Feeding on,
The debris, of the earth.

I am a worm—
This has been my task
since birth.

Radiant light sears my flesh.
Now the black tar,
sizzles me to my death.

Far from the comforts, of my home,
Birds peck—
to my dying groan.

I am a worm—
Dead crust,
On the surface of the earth

I am a worm—
This is all,
That my life's been worth.

What goes through my mind when you order

I
am a drug dealer

Not of cannabis, amphetamines, or similar chemical delights
My product, is socially acceptable
Nearly Universal
My product is on every corner
Causing a restless leg, and a restless mind

When you withdraw, its just a headache
A headache that grows into a dependence

Louder
Faster
Shaking

Scrape together your change for me
I am for the bourgeois
For the proletariat
Fine china—or crappy cans
Oh— I will make it into your hands

Sweet or bitter
Soon, you won't even care
Drinking acid just to get your fix

Somebody has been beaten for that cup
Bruised and abused
Used and left to rot
I don't buy your fair trade
The workers still suffer the same

So, I guess to summarize
Your venti americano will be
Four dollars, Seventy-Five

Wilderness on Fourth

A wise man once said
Flee to the wilderness—
The one within if you can find it.

So I did
A wilderness within the paved roads
Cookie cutter houses
Cars always rushing somewhere
As if there's really anywhere to be.

Across the railroad lines
relic of a past time
tools to go deeper
into a shallow stream
Blanketed in snow
Blindingly bright
the world does glow.

I found peace, in snow covered woods.
I remembered, a long forgotten good.

Wilderness on fourth street.

Answers in tow, I returned.
Back into humanity—
Back into civilization—
It was only a few short steps away,
Always within sight
Ashy black tar
Permanent reminder of where we are.

Back across the railroad lines
towards cars and the present time
An older man nods
An understanding bob

A good friend of mine once said
Take a walk up fourth street
There's a place you'll like

Answering Machine

When the voice of your father,
Is laughing in the wind,
Whose shoulder can you cry on,
When are you going to come home?

I slashed the tires
So we could go dancing,
in the rain.
You opened up,
But all I heard was pain.
It was my shoulder,
That you cried on
for awhile,
before, I had to go home.

There's you, surrounded by brilliant light
There's you, can't go down without a fight
There's you, far away from home
And There's you, forever on to roam.

You sang to me
Words so soft, intentions too sweet.
Sun rising, we greet the day.
I spoke a little
Before I clammed up,
All the way.

I can't cry on your should,
I've gotta go home.

When the voice of my mother
Is laughing in the wind
Whose shoulder can I cry on
When will I make a home

Road

Out across the highway,
Just before the turn.
Your brown hair,
Bloodied—
Past the point of no return.

One more body,
Tossed onto the pile.
Your lifeless eyes,
Betray your doeish smile.

If I see another corpse,
Something in me
Is going to break
I just know.

Drive to the bridge
To watch the sleet and snow.

Shivering, before I take the plunge
Through the trees
Your countenance,
Takes its place—

A white tailed deer,
With all its grace.
Scraping up roadkill pays,
But I had to sell my soul.

Dreaded

Dreads are just matted hair,
But I know—
Something more is there.

Dreads are just matted hair
Hours upon hours of devotion
Twist after twist,

rinse after rinse.
Tightening of a scalp for what
Just to spend a few bucks

Dreads are just matted hair,
is that why you stare?
They are so alien,
to you so dirty
to me so clean
They've lived a life you'll never know
They'll live on and forever grow

In them, are the annals, of my history—
Snapshots of euphoria captured in a medium of my own
They are louder than the hate you give
My dreads are not dreaded

Dreads are not just matted hair,
There is more
Here

Storm

With enough cigarettes,
I can make it
through the storm.
They're the light in my hand,
That keeps me warm.

But after the storm,
I'm still ragged
and worn—
from the light in my hand,
something else has been born.

There lays the pile of my regrets,
black tarry ash
polluting—
once beautiful grass.

I've done more damage
than the storm ever could,
It leaves a rainbow,
something,
I never could.