

# Poems

## **Poems**

I tried to throw up  
But it never works out  
My words landed on a page,

I am seasick-

I'm cemented to the ground.

## **Gerald**

Gerald got it from his father  
Who got it from his fathers father  
And collectively 8 times it's happened  
And 8 times it'll happen more  
Yes, their bald spots persist throughout time

Not toupees nor creams  
Shampoo solutions or laser injections  
Never fruit juice or baby spit Cow  
pee, goose fat, cocoa beans and a  
major list of other things Could  
grow their hair back

Living as hermits, using ball caps as shells  
Concealing the blunt hairless oval atop their scalp  
They cry inside as life is their prison

So sure honor, he might of been drunk driving  
And sure, Gerald killed a family  
But let's see you try being bald And fight  
to hold onto your sanity.

## **Schadenfreude**

I hate you  
I hate you  
I hate you  
You're a villain  
You probably punch children  
I don't even know you  
But that's not important  
I need others to know  
I hate you

Life was so boring before we could humiliate  
Working retail, holding anger in  
So I'll characterize you to be the daily conflict  
To be a star  
To be a hateful red star  
I'd like 15 minutes  
I'd like 15 more  
To be the center of attention  
And call out your aggressions

I hate you  
I hate you  
I want you to die  
I want you to lose your wife and child  
And get doxed as people drive miles  
To burn you down to the ground  
Your phone being flamed just isn't enough

This is what you'll get this  
is what you asked for  
For having one bad day  
And cutting in line at the department store

## **Nirvana T-shirts**

Nirvana T-shirts

Nirvana T-shirts

Everywhere I go I see

Nirvana T-shirts

How did they get here?

Why do I care?

Sonder drapes

My mind escapes

Everyone's style

Doesn't last awhile

But if I wake up

And if I make up

I will be reluctant

But for sure to keep my eyes wide

And appreciate your world

As I nurture mine

So, as it is

Nirvana T-shirts

Nirvana T-shirts

Let's all wear Nirvana T-shirts

## **Contact**

You really miss the contact, so suck on her finger  
Then crawl outside a window, you never were belonging there  
Fall into a dead space, sleep all night just dreaming  
About how it could be better, there's nothing better than bliss

You really miss the contact, so take off all your clothes  
You want to feel the same way you felt this time last year  
But it isn't goanna save you, and it isn't goanna save her  
I don't know what you're thinking  
Except how you love her there

You really miss the contact, so go back to this time last year  
When you could hold me, and I could hold you  
Even if now we're just parasites, stuck onto each other  
Fall into a dead space, sleep all night just dreaming  
About how it could be better, there's nothing better than bliss

You come down at midnight, I wanted to live life,  
But I guess it's alright, so lay on the bed That's  
how you love me there.

## **The Night**

The night breathes a casket full of frozen times of tearing  
And though that's true, we fake it out, until it becomes distressing. The  
alluring glow of you brings home a guilty sense of ease  
But this won't last, the ship will wreck and the sea folds onto another.  
Of broken homes, friends that lost hope, on land we will recover  
I kneel at the shore, aching in pain, holding out my hand

## **Photos**

I went about painting every portrait black People quickly forgot about their uncle Jack Suzie, their neighbor, Trixie, their dog.

Mothers, Fathers, Sisters, Brothers

Spouses, Children, and even themselves

They didn't even question why all their photos went black It was almost an excuse to utterly forget the past.

## **Guilt**

I await the guilt

I study my shame

It's thrashing force  
The calm disarray

As it skies down my window  
I see through the pane

The river it pools  
Flows through my veins

The rains viscosity against my figure  
Bludgeoned array of unsettled fears  
Engrossed my body, held onto tight

Picked my eyes  
Exsanguinate my ears Cut  
my tongue  
It's this each night.

**Creator of Life Maker of Sunshine, I am Death and I am the Moon**

Enriched by each golden ray  
Somber as each freckle brighten  
Formulated again each day  
Holding my hands to invite them  
Clasped in a hearted motion  
Forged by Poseidon Dipped in  
the silver moon  
Morning, evening, and noon.

Bitter notes of sugar on a salty tongue  
Waking up late, when the day is done Still  
a burning ghost of the day lightens.  
A casket splattered with pecks  
Cracks in a pristine furnished hatch  
Escapes the fumes of stars  
Freckles return to our hearts Enriched  
by each golden day.