

Poetry Demo

Clocktower Life

I sit in a room illuminated by the light bulb,
 Inside of a lamp,
 Powered by electricity.

My eyes look out the window and see cumulus clouds
 Which hold rain,
 That will fall upon my gaze
 Again and again.

I drink from a soda bottle and see the cap fall down,
 Ping ponging,
 Towards dust bunnies
 Underneath my bed
 Towards it's fallen comrades.

I see the clocktower outside
 Tick Tock,
 minute hand,
 hour hand,
 second hand,
 self Sustaining.

Someone save me from this prosaic world,
 Angels, trumpets, light or excitement,
 Yet clockwork sight awaits me in this,
 Dreary encounter of modern,
 Day dullness.

The Cost of Study

My studies are gems connected,
To the teeth of crystal sharks.

These predators take my hard earned,
Green paper into the ocean below.
Bills line it's glimmering walls,
I'm just one tiny snack for bankers.

I yelled.
Sharks pulled.

I see the reflection of beautiful clear skies,
Far above my waters on a bill covered ocean floor.

While I drowned in debt.

Rent Is Due

(Set days after the Firefly movie Serenity)

I paid for a ship.

The brown and rusty insides were mine.

I paid for the crew.

Their smiles are a constant reminder of what I've loved and lost

I paid for my mistakes.

Jayne is such an ass.

I paid for their protection.

I see River and Simon every day which means I've kept them safe.

I paid for the war.

God is no longer here.

I paid for my bullets.

Zoe counts them during inventory.

I paid for this life.

I sleep with a gun under my pillow and can't sleep right.

I paid for my family.

Their funerals could have been nicer.

I paid for my love

My ship is still flying with Inara on it.

I'm happy with my investments.

Onto the next job then.

Life Is A Play

Tragedy follows my legacy

Like a best selling novel

Nerds fawn for my poise

I

Do

Not

I want my Romeo

I will get my man and

Rip away his heart

So I can clutch it

Near

Me

Until death do us part

We shall drink our poison and laugh

Society sucks

Whoever is held by one name

Is no friend of mine

I fade into the black

Sit offstage and let my

Voice die down

Litany For Superman

You are the bread and the knife,
The Crystal and the wine.
You're the spark plug that lights my car,
The bacon that fills my stomach.

You are not a single fish,
Inside the glass bowl.
Nor are you the puddle in the street,
Or the cracks on my sister's feet.

It may be that you are the moonlight on my face,
But you are also the stag leaping in front of my car.
You are no angel nor any myth.
You are an idea that is not afraid.

Your soul lights the fire of my locomotive train.
Your clothes flap in the wind as you fly to save another.
You are named after my pet duck which is dead.
You are the kickball at recess but not any of the children.

I want you to be the stream that guides our fish.
I want you to be the disease that makes doctors care.
I want you to be the wind that lifts up my kite.
You will be the sneakers that carry my world.

You cannot be the only one who knows the way.
You won't be alone with your stuffed animal.

Medusa's Complaint

I sit alone in my stone temple,
Snakes the only company I keep,
My heart aches for companions,
Only these statues are in reach.

I trace the curves of their mouths,
Hoping they would say "Hello!"
Yet once again I'm disappointed,
Once the silence stays with me.

Companionship did not matter
Until the option was taken away
While I sleep my dreams take me,
To a place where I can forever stay:

Where other gorgons like me
Can look upon each other
Their expressions loving
They will accept me there.

Then I awaken
To stone grimaces.

My Mystery Man

I liked that man in the store
He approached me and asked,
“Do you know where
The applesauce is?”
I calmly say aisle 5
He walked away not noticing
The disaster he left behind.

He was so tall and muscular,
Skin like a marshmallow,
Voice so secure, back straight,
The scent of food around
Was not making me salivate
Like he did that day.

I didn't even get his name
He said seven words
I didn't even get his name
I felt like kissing him
I didn't even get his name.

I walked out of the store
Looking for him in
The parking spaces
Trying to see if anything
Was left behind.

I found nothing but garbage,
Empty bags, rolling soda cans,
The cold night air hit my face
When I realized it again:
I didn't even get his name.

I soon forget about the man
Then remember the next day
And the day after that.

I blush thinking about

What could have been?
Then burst into tears,
What could have been?

Could I be walking with him?
Would he put his arm around mine?
Can he make me like him?
Would this, make me,
Less of a disaster?

That mystery man.

Fear Of Needles

I can't look at them.
The adrenaline-
I feel my vision swim.
They're going to draw blood.
These doctors
Will find something wrong.

My insides aren't pure
They have been tainted
With something, I can't see.
One soft pinch and my life
Ends.

They'll find something.
I know they'll find something.

Something nobody can see otherwise.

That's why I fear needles,
I don't like surprises.

The Hangman Cometh

I bestow my judgment
Towards this little town.
The guilty know my intent
When I come with a frown.

I am the Hangman
I have come to them.

I judge their sins
Then put them in coffins.
I judge their crimes
These men are truly rotten.

I am the Hangman
I have to judge them.

While I set up my ropes
I see the eager crowd's faces.
These people have high hopes
That the fallen leave no traces.

I am the Hangman
I have no love for them.

They gleefully see the person
Cheer for his poor display.
I watch another drop from the stage
My heart is filled with dread.
For I fear this town shall face
The Hangman once again.

I am the Hangman
I will come for all of them.

I leave this town
For another day is closed
I lay my head down
So the Hangman is not exposed.

I am The Hangman

I will come again.

Cafe Life

Got some coffee in your nose,
Sweet scents all around,
Cares fly away into the sky,
While a fluffy cat crawls in your lap.

Sit in front of a laptop,
With a heat in your chest,
Let everyone know how,
How you studied for your midterms now.

Hear the jingling of coins,
The swipe of student I.Ds,
While the world outside,
Keeps moving on without you in it.

Briefly hear the music,
When someone walks by,
IPods leak out their thoughts,
Someone really enjoys Rolling Stones.

