

Metaphors & Similes

It's all metaphors and similes.

Like raining cats and dogs,
more like bats and frogs,
or like up till dawn cause' you just can't sleep.

Can't seem to see past celestial dreams.
We hear the wakeup call, but we still snooze.
I see the Sun that falls and wonder whose, whose?

Treading thin timid waters like the rich man's thirst.
Even beauty can't tame this cool blue flame that sits asunder.
The wonders of Heaven and Earth, pondering the legends of the first,
I just can't fathom.
Like the one fish, two fish,
Who made the red fish, blue fish?
No, I know Dr. Seuss did, but I wonder what God meant.
Don't get confused and don't listen to loose lips,
because it's all metaphors and similes.

This poem was written when I was thinking about the biblical creation of the universe and everything that we have become as a world.

Love & Such Other Drugs

"Please, may I have some change? Couple dollars for some food?"

I walk pass with my head down, thinking I'm gonna need this money too.

"Please!"

The poor man shouts as I hop in my car and pull off.
Then I start to think about how I'm well off
How I have what some don't.

But I want what everybody else does.

Especially when it's three in the morning.
I mean so much on my mind and three joints deep.
Like six drinks and cheap wings with the blue cheese,
If this chicken doesn't help I don't know what will.

Maybe the Lord's will, but I fall short for
Temporary thrills even though my mind is ill.
I'm stuck with pills and other drugs,
Cause' I want what everybody else does.
You know.
Fancy things, happy dreams,
You know.
Love and such other drugs.

Because we all want what everybody else does.

Inspired by 2010's rom-com *Love & Other Drugs*, I wrote this poem after a trip to the convenient store in downtown Milwaukee.

A Vent

We all share feelings that each other can relate too.
 The feelings are mutual when you can see their pain too,
 and if you knew what I been through,
 you'd be mindful of my issues,
 and vice versa if I knew your mental.
 But I'd write you a better story if you gave me your pencil.
 The "day to day" has us trapped inside.
 I can't complain cause' my brother Kenny locked inside.
 I know your daughter misses you but I do too.
 Lately changing but change won't come soon.
 Our smiles fade when life gets gloom,
 but you push through for your kids' sake.
 "Mommy, Daddy, why such the long face?"
 "No reason at all," as you reminisce,
 thinking back when you used to be a kid.
 When momma used to wake you up,
 make a big breakfast that you gotta clean up.
 She turn on First 48.
 "See life ain't no game."
 But we still laugh, we smile like life is some kind of joke.
 I don't have to say what you already know.
 Truth be told my brother said,
 "No lives matter."
 This is America where it's
 "Let's pass this bill!"
 Or
 "Print more money!"
 #First world problems
 #Third world hollers
 But Life moves on like a number one song
 that we play over and over
 Sing to it, drink to it, maybe even sober
 Then we realize this life cuts deep,
 and we don't care enough to see
 And other times we care too much.
 Sorry I'm long winded I was silent too much
 If you made it this far, Thank You for such love.
 I don't think I'm anybody who know that much
 I'm nothing more than the ground you touch.
 Walk all over me and I'll let you walk some more.
 Call me what you want I'll let you call some more.
 We ain't perfect but we sure do try.
 Trust me my horse ain't high.
 I'm just Riding on this donkey that won't get too far.
 "Poor black man, why do you speak so harsh?"
 Lastly I say this,

I'm sorry to my mother but the belt didn't work.
Only for a little while but I just didn't learn.
And I'm sorry mamma but I wasn't raised by blood so excuse me if I show no love.
My mind is sick cause' I was dipped in sin.
Healing from the past but the future just won't give.
Love me now or just let me live.

Pardon my brusque tone, a ton of feelings were poured out into this poem in 2019
during the

Carson's Sonnet

I don't deserve the love that love brings nor the love that love sings.
My heart can't breathe, nor my mind can't dream.
Neither the utterance of thought or gesture or walk,
a stiff statue standing in the dark.
cool Carson cries a love unbiased,
her heavy tear falls and pours a plunder,
like thunder and rain clouds taking the sun away.
Please, darling don't cry.
I fall failing feeling;
a *Colour* of many shades, penetrating many ways.
Speechless I must say so myself,
the overbearing silence continues...
The wounded hound groans lonely,
To love or leave once upon a lowly.

I really wanted to do something special for my wife Carson. I wrote this poem in a traditional Shakespearean sonnet format.

Post Coital Bliss

at times it seems like just sex
but that's the thing about being intimate
feelings get intertwined and desires start to manifest
this taboo love
our kisses and hugs
a forbidden touch
maybe it's just sex
no strings attached
didn't think twice about what we had
the times we laughed
deep inside we both were sad
cause maybe it is just sex
who are we kidding this is just pretend
our hearts are not ours they belong to someone else
so it was only just sex
it would be a lie to say i don't miss it
distant memories become a fantasy
please don't be mad at me because it's not you
it's me
you're worth more than just sex
i'm just a toxic person
not realizing how much you were really hurting on the inside
trying to mask our pain with pleasure
our souls become conflicted
i guess that's what happens when we cheat love
like a drug it becomes addicting

This is one of my most recent pieces I wrote overnight thinking of past relationships and how they have affected my love life overall.