

Platina Carolus

By

Charles Reed

"Connection"

What if Babylon was the serpent consciousness,
Running eclectic in a network,
A wiseful curtain leading to the fall of Adam,
Inspiring the nuclear family,
For there is nothing new under the sun,
Nothing in existence besides the one.
I see train cars in the vowels,
Then in the consonants of connection.
I see cars racing past trains into the future,
I see the tree hugger climbing to be with the birds,
I hope he just hugs his mother.
A connection is a continuous u-turn,
Back into what you've earned & asserted,
Connection cannot be deserted.
Dusk of my dreams, knowledge wakes me,
Waking up to tea in kintsugi pots & cups,
A light blue duvet in a queen sized castle.
A tray with my name on it,
Fresh trees, with leaves from backwoods sheathed clean,
My woman curls up in the sheets around me.
I get calls from poets & writers,
They call their child actually intelligent,
They freestyle & use AI for adlibs.
Emails, files, from old men & juveniles in piles,
Take my attention while my love listens.
The middleman is the peak,
The great connector.
I'm a poet, I love commas,
Breaks in my baby girl's story,
Blips from the phone as deposits come in.
We laugh 'cause it's both phones,
No music on, bank notes never get old.
But they love my empathy,

Linguistic therapy & confessional poetry.
Becoming an essential part of the economy,
As the world holds tears,
Clenches fists, standing ground,
Leaving no man left behind in the bush,
It's the proletarian's poems vs.the books.

"Triskelion"

Carpe noctem!

Oh dark sight of the soul oh the abandon of Abbadon,

Lie thy understanding on my palmistry,

Make me melanosis through poesis.

Show me the word that warmed God as he contemplate in Nyx womb.

My fire, my love is made in his image,

But poeta nascitur non fit,

Peak sun sub rosa,

Eveningstar Diogenes daimon sweet Cerberus,

Love is a dog from hell,

Hates bound hellhound & amor omnia vincit even itself.

So love me to oblivion, when our gaze gathers upon its lover,

Let us radiate holy,

Let us turn so black & blue, we turn the Gods of Hindus.

Bite sized blonde napoleons walk us around in Roman gown,

The people show us every light 'N' sound that can be found,

Every noun from here to outta town,

Til the gail comes down; Gale Force Wind.

Til this episodically emotional Ikarus is found,

Mastering mental air, alis volat proprilis,

Adonis & Andromeda, ad Astra per aspera,

Where my spirit may hide from God upon sraconis,

Bona fide Darlin', but still melancholic.

"Tubal-Cain-RG555"

A Biddy Mason bag from the bank on August 15th,
While Sarah rectifies & breed's love with freedom.
Cindy Campbell & Rico Brown brew up our Boule,
Tubal-Cains in lodges with blacksmith's to this day,
Vanta black masonic Afrikan excellence,
Respect the rhythm & blues,
The transitions & movements in God's music.
Burnt spoons & spools heavy with feral fiends drool,
Boom bapped & serenaded by kids, on their way to school,
Cops in puddles, hawling the village's middle age away.
Last night it rained heavy,
Whole bloodlines are now varicose veins,
Brains are obvious on the concrete,
Cutting lines in the kitchen, is crack on mommas back,
Crossing the line, means borders & disorders from the lack.
So we purloin the hills, suave & sage the sack,
To a golden palace with chandeliers to balance,
To the silver chez while in lingerie,
Sliding in a jade Jaguar,
Sounds like there's an organ in my Hellcat,
Peeking through obsidian windows like dark dimensions.
Honestly I just had to let the air in.
Woman of an animated past,
Red lipped rose, thorned heart valve.
You put me in survival mode,
You could swim in my palms,
Beads of human coolant box me in En Vogue.
Why would you send for me?
Now our souls sing a song.
I was in concert when you found me,
Pushing the feminine past it's boundaries,
She moaned to the moon & I thought of you,
Ripping my love into the room.

The current swept it up, tiger stripe stomach.
I must answer, are you my return?
Am I your Saturn?
I must ask you everything, 4 years away from me, 222,
Lord lows, I worked once, to speak to you.
Could we be friends or are we destined?
Could I stay in love with secrets?
Are we to circle associates?
Are we as good as it gets? No longer a question.
Traitors, buying & selling my open information,
All to see what they can get.
They stalk & prey on my day, the day the demons take me away,
The one time, Jesus is forbade from saying hey,
To witness the treacherous tumult of Tubal, Tubal Cain,
Please don't point out my pain, the good lord made me this way.
It's a long wait til the weight of life swoops in like an anvil,
Making me an expensive Vaudeville Villain,
I drink Wild Turkey & Hennessey, when the tide is turning,
Jinn or guy, I must know what side YH is taking.
The devil once thought he knew, wonder what he thinks now?

Thank you for reading.