

## For The Demimonde

No longer will I give away my poetry for free  
People don't appreciate free shit  
I now understand why some people choose  
to become prostitutes

Yes, some are chained to a drug of choice,  
but who can blame them?  
Lucid reality is bad enough  
Who wouldn't want to escape in mind  
all those fetal-positioned nights  
protecting vital organs and  
attempting to feel close to someone  
even if it is oneself

Some are shackled to bedposts  
and have been since innocence  
Silenced and enslaved by chemical bondage  
Trafficked to sate a sick lust

Brown and blue eyes  
back and forth  
across the Rio Grande  
Desperate Eastern European eyes  
Ancient Buddha eyes  
witnessing horror

They are all spirited away  
I wish they had spirits  
to liberate from their corporeal prisons,  
an omni-benevolent god to have kept  
their poems bound in an eternal  
chapbook of beauty and utopia

Instead, their silent, inky tears dissipate;  
their tortured poems are read by no one

Here I comfortably sit:  
air conditioned, smoke-filled lungs heave  
as I fail to write a wailing, egocentric lamentation  
As. I. Should.

## **She Always Leaves**

She always leaves  
but she comes budding in spring  
Soon the sky will be full of laments  
Suddenly, overflowing my eyes with her emerald light,  
I pause to wonder where winter ran off to

Throughout summer she leaves  
parasol shadows for everyone to chase  
And I'm jealous, but far from angry  
Lying underneath her  
I could not deny her shade to others

The chill returns  
I gather her up in playful piles  
that blow away at night  
and crunch in other ears  
Her smokey fall scent clings to me

She always leaves  
Something to remember  
Something behind  
To travail the winter  
for her return in another form

## **Phototropism**

The crazed mind is like a tree cast in afternoon shadow:  
Tortured, twisted, yet contorted towards the light

## American Poet

The poet's voice is a beacon  
A light for these dark ages  
Its blackness is spilling  
over Technicolor heads  
weeping on the shoulders  
of imaginary friends  
now available in high definition

America only knows the sickly glow of prime time television,  
solitary computer screens and impenetrable clocks  
Their children won't miss the desolation angels  
burning on forests of crosses  
as it's announced by the new God

Bulging beer bottle eyes reflect Super Bowl secretions  
staining fields of football recliners and drawn curtains  
Tracer memories chase the dying sparkler  
towards the celebration of victorious oblivion

Hardened hearts listlessly pump lard  
through thick veins fed by all-you-can-gorge buffets  
dotting the fat American landscape  
over which rolling steel monoliths  
carry slothful, salivating beasts to the troughs  
and back to weary couches and a faint hope

Closed doors don't invite the poet drowned by TV cacophony  
The screams of the poet's pen will call to the few  
feeling their way through the wandering American night  
back to the hearth of the heart

## **Tabula**

Kick open your third eye  
To prop the easel  
Supporting your mind canvas  
And paint me in shades of you

The spectrum of thought on your palette  
Is whetted with Dionysian tears  
And I emerge in shades of you

Embrace me in your brush of petals  
Mix me in serendipity and fear  
To converge with shades of you

Spread me over your canvas  
Tabula Rasa nevermore  
Suspend me in shades of you

Meticulous gaze capture my soul  
Reflect me in shades of you