

Don't Let That Brat Steal You Away From Me

An Exxon-Valdez accident mouth, sputtering
it's inane, flirtatious words. I'm right here.
Who do they think they are? I know,
warm in the groin whores, all of them;
shrink-wrapped in designer clothes,
tagged with pulse-quickenings fantasies,
yearning to be taken advantage of, please,
give me a new tweet, fucked into oblivion
on 1,000 thread count satin sheets.

They all want a piece, tenderizing your flesh
with their sex, butchering you to bits:
prepare to be served to the greedy masses
in easily digestible chunks, they'll chew noisily
with their unrefined manners while dining
at the table of established guests.

A lithe and supple body, perfectly postured
in a finely upholstered chair, easily bent over
the bedframe, a fake performance for followers;
searching fingers caress your perfection and
I've had enough, leisurely, I slit their throat
with a cutting glance, thick, arterial blood
soaks their tailored clothes and ruins dinner.
Honey, I've done it again, let's go
somewhere else.

Grab 'n Go Poetry

Trite verses, freed from their shrink-wrap trap,
are ready to feed your need for pleasure;
low literary content at a bargain price,
be careful to watch your intellectual diet.

A kitsch cover adorns the commercial paperback;
a collection of printed words left to stand lonely
and justified to the left on quasi-vintage pages.

A cursory browse foreshadows disinterest;
the pages are destined to remain pristine and
free of the abuse that comes with each re-read.

The cover flaps are closed shut and the words
keep each other company as the paperback
is slipped back into the bookshelf's open crack;
a casual read separates you from the artistry.

The Questions that Linger and the Silence that Haunts

Let This Be My Autobiography

Enclosed between cover flaps
and spread out paper thin,
stamped, eternally in ink.

A voice echoes from page
to page, endlessly repeating
originally original words;

stuck on an endless loop
without the ability to create
anything new.

Get to know this edition
of me, don't worry
I can't ever leave;

my words forever remain,
an artifact I've left
to ease your distress.

Writer's Desk

The fugitive curses a meaningless pursuit, the clock observes with its discerning eye as a thousand fetid eggs tumble free in each pregnant pause. Brittle shells splatter as nauseous yellow runs down a drawn face, slinking through the wrinkles of a furrowed brown. Frustrated in the despondent silence, an inability to harness momentum in its sweaty energy. Mounds of rancid clothes, claustrophobia stuffed into every corner of the squalid room. The road dizzily spins upon itself, lost in a cul-de-sac daze while putrescent puddles stagnate on the scuffed floorboards. The razor rhythmically slices, the perpetual subdivision a torturous reminder of this bespoke, rancid squalor. A tender breeze caresses the curtains, erases the daydream, as a liberated gaze watches clothespins line dance in their oblivious, blue-skied bliss.

The Questions that Linger and the Silence that Haunts

All Portraits are Self-Portraits

I entered myself, stepped through the yawning doorway
of consciousness and searched your gaze for the unnamable.

I am helpless to the effect of your naked form, the moment
bent to your desire as your body glistens beneath studio lights.

You've asked the unanswerable question of me; I'm translucent,
visible clear through, weightless, like the air we both share.

We remain separated by the interruptive shutter clicks
followed by silence where the wispy vapors of sentiment drift.

I try to resolve the cognitive dissonance; the artist captures beauty,
not to create, but to preserve themselves.

The Questions that Linger and the Silence that Haunts