

The moment I became a monster

*Stars were out in full force tonight. Sky lit up
with the moonlight reflecting off the river left me in daze.*

*I felt like a dreamer yet bored by the sophistication of the drunks
that are dinning next to me. A party I was not invited to yet attending
thanks to my lady in red who is roaring with laughter as she dines and
fornicates with the other attendees.*

*I was ready to leave the minute I walked in the door. Greeted with a
glass of champagne and looks from those who knew I didn't belong
here.*

*Yet the lady is a dear mutual friend of the host and I was forced to
accompany her like some prom date who just got picked at the last second.*

*I could have been home indulging in my own adventures, or having
a nightcap at my favorite spot just around the corner from our home.*

*I'd give anything to be there now. Instead I'm engaging in conversations
with these poor bastards wrapped up in suits conversing about there latest stocks
and bundles.*

*Better drink fast and maybe have a chance to cut out early due to being a little
to inebriated.*

My lady in red however is jiving with all the rich suits.

*They gawk over her and why not she is stunning especially in red. Drinks
flow for her while I stand in the corner looking at my watch waiting for
her to fall over so I can take her home and take myself out of this boredom.*

"Oh where did you get those earrings", one man says.

"Can I get you your next drink honey", another man says.

*There wives look over in disgust while I look away pretending I don't
know her. I order another drink and take my frustration and
sadness outside to the balcony to smoke a cigarette.*

*The air is so clean outdoors. So clear and with beautiful smells all
around. Makes me want to stay out here all night.*

*I take out a smoke and begin to light it while gazing at the
bright stars that make me glad to be among them and not inside.*

*I hear ruffling over to my right, as if someone is going through
a bag or purse of some sorts. A woman with a cigarette looks over to me
just as I look to her. "You have a light by chance"?*

I walk over to her with the flame already lit ready to go.

*The smoke is so heavy I can't make out who she is or what she looks
like. "Thanks", she says.*

*The smoke clears and all of a sudden I see this clear green-eyed face with
bright red lipstick and a small mole on her left cheek. She was wearing a black dress
to match her shiny but not to dark black hair.*

"Your welcome", I said. She looked very familiar but I couldn't really pinpoint it.

I couldn't hear a sound, no roar of the crowd, not my lady in red and her drunken babble. No music, no breaking glasses, nothing. I only saw her and her alone.

Starring deep into her eyes I could see the moon reflecting off them.

She looked as if she wanted to speak and I did as well but nothing was coming out.

Both our cigarettes were burning out, but we had not noticed.

"My name is...is...is... do I know you from somewhere"?

Her hesitation drew a smile to my face, I thought it was rather cute.

"I was going to ask you the same...my name is..."Whack!!!

Just as I was about to introduce myself the door flew open and the sea of drunks we're as loud as Time Square. My lady in red was leading the pack. I could hear her inside drinking herself to sleep, but yet flirtations as always.

Guys still flocking to her surly trying to see if they have any sort of chance with her. I'm not thinking of her right now.

I turn my attention back to the woman in black. We both share a laugh.

She pulls out another cigarette and I do the same and light them both. Her smile could light up a room.

"Are you here with anyone"? I was curious but not willing to act on anything.

"No I'm the host of this party. I throw one every six months for some political big-shot, but I never enjoy myself. Everyone here are a bunch of rich filthy suits trying to get their Johnston's wet. It's pathetic".

I felt like I was talking to myself but as a female. I was at a lost for words.

"So what brings you here fella"?

"That lady in red on the piano inside".

"Oh Vicky"?

"Yeah that's her".

I felt ashamed to point her out, I couldn't even look at her she was so drunk I didn't know if she was talking or vomiting.

Always my luck to, meet a beautiful woman and the one your with messes everything up. Makes me wonder why I'm with her and not with the lady in black.

She walks to the balcony and I join her. We both stare out at the starry gaze sky. Are cigarettes in one hand and a drink in the other.

She tells me how beautiful the nighttime is. I look at her nodding my head, "yes it is, but not as beautiful as you".

I hear a slight snicker from her. "Your very sweet", she says.

We share another quick gaze at each other then back to the sky.

"The sky can be so enchanting to look at when your with someone".

"I agree", I said.

I put my smoke out then out of reaction grab her hand but only for a split second as he turns to me and I pull back.

"My apologizes, I didn't mean...".

"No, No, it's ok".

"You know I haven't meet someone like you before", I say to her.

She blushes and flicks her eyelashes.

The smoke fades away, I realize her cigarette went out.

We both are still wondering what could happen next.

*I feel her hand close to mine and this time I don't
turn it away. "Are you feeling it to"? I wonder loud in my
thoughts.*

She looks over to me.

*"Your eyes tell me you know what your doing". And in that heat
of moment she leans over and kisses me.*

Kisses me long and good.

*The hair on my arms rise, my heart about to pounds it's way out
my skin.*

She pulls away.

"Wait...Wait, what about her inside...your woman?

Don't you love her"?

*I couldn't answer. Maybe I do and maybe I still wonder
why it is I am still with her.*

*"I have to go back inside", she tells me while beginning to
back towards the balcony door.*

But right before she enters in she looks back to me .

"What was your name again? I never got it".

*Right before the word came out...Whack! Again the door
flies open. This time the lady in red is there shouting
her drunk ramble.*

"Honey, we...have to um go home I think".

The three of us stand there in a brief silence.

The lady in black looks back to me and grins.

"Very nice to meet you", she says.

I know what that means.

Maybe we'll see each other again.

Doubtful.

*She walks away like a cool wind. I can still
smell her lipstick. I touch my
lips, reflecting on moments that just passed.*

*Maybe it was for a moment, but a moment
I felt true love. Deceitful yes. But I know it was
for that brief moment. I'll carry that smell till
the day I may see her again.*

*Until then I have to my lady in red home,
the night is finally over.*

If it's ok with Cole

*If I could show you my wholesome feelings in just one way
I'd give you song.*

*Magic from my voice, let it carry to your ears like
ocean waves. For only moments I can hear the sounds like*

jazz, echoing from the sky like shooting stars.

My only hope they bestow wishes onto you.

Would you like to fall in love?

Let's do it.

It sounds so easy.

To Cole Porter it sounds like a breeze.

I could see your eyes shine, the minute the words come out of my dry shutter of a mouth. To shy to say the words.

To shy to dance around your laughter.

Yet the minute the song come on, I smile with thoughts of you staring towards me.

I blow you a kiss.

It's rewarding to know I have no fear in showing how much I truly love you.

At the end of the day my darling what else could I do.

Telling you in riddles will not satisfy my urge to show my true in depth feeling of a hopeless romantic shouting at the top of his lungs what's true romance. In song my words are pure and not made up lies read out in a fairytale.

"Let's do it, Let's fall in love"

How beautiful the sound can make?

In deep heartfelt words only to express the shimmer of your glow. Let me jump on the piano and let my finger key in the notes as they do on the typewriter. No love letter tonight.

Just me and you, dancing on stars that flow in universal tundra and in the end us both held close looking for air across the milky way.

Are eyes no longer wandering, as they have found are key shadow hidden in the moonlight.

"Let's do it"

Sounds so easy and yet maybe out of reach.

I'm too tired to turn the dream away.

There's still so much to be said.

So much to feel.

And yet have we fallen in Love.

I've fallen for the unmistakable smile you gave that made me think of radiant sands at the ocean tide.

Coming in strong but I hold you close only to find you hold me closer.

Now "Let's do it, Let's fall in love"

Waking up in a helpless void.

Not knowing if your there or in my imaginative thoughts.

I try to process, but all I see is you.

*I'm still at the piano playing your favorite song. Hoping
you sit next to me, hand over mine.*

Never taking our eyes off each other.

Sounds swift in our direction.

*There seems to be no end anymore. I haven't
found the gate to exit out of. Maybe it
doesn't matter to us anymore. Maybe it never
did.*

Let us do it.

*Is there anymore we could go on saying that could
keep our hearts at bay.*

Movements of my feet keep the party going on and on.

*Take my hand and let us dance to tunes that
find us outside the purple hideaway of deep love, and now
yell at our souls can bare what we have.*

"Let's do it, Let's fall in love".

I can hear the sound now. The sensual sound it makes to my ears.

*I shall bring it to your inviting lips as we kiss our way to
moonlight bay. Never looking back as we leave our shoes on the
mat. I have finally found my eternal star and it glows brighter
than the moon, the sun, Times Square.*

*Mankind's kitchen has now cooked up two lovers
warm as the inside summer night. Unable to contain outside
feelings of the unknown. I only see my darling.*

Smiles on the cobblestones. Sparkle that beams heavy towards me

*I'm in a heavy daze, my feet instilled like glue. But why move
when she is there looking at you.*

"Let's do it, Let's fall in love".

Falling in love is only the beginning.

The Pier

*It's a muggy night, the rain storm from the night before
made for a foggy and dreary evening. The sun has set and the street lights are
becoming brighter as he walks the lonely pier of Santa Monica beach, wearing a
long tan color coat to protect him from the slight chill that is in the air.
The fog has covered his shiny brown shoes that would light a Christmas tree and
his hat snugged on tight not to blow off from the light wind. He walks sad,
head full of built up emotion and no one around to hear his cries. I think he
likes it like that, the lonesome sound the ocean brings almost like his alter
ego that sounds more clear He's missing his one true love, the one he most
desires to be with the most. Wishing for
her to be next to him hand in hand, sharing the stars that have lit up the sky
brighter than the sun. To share the late night blooming seagulls that flock
near and the satisfaction of a lonely pier made for the two of them to share*

alone.

He walks further down

the continuing his thoughts of his once love. Why would he torture himself like this by coming to a place where love is never the answer but a question you ask yourself every step you take along the

ocean view. He sees a little bench facing the night time water and stops and sits looking at the moon reflected in the ocean. The wonder comes to his mind about where she is and what she is doing and while all this runs through his head he's also wondering why he still dwells on it? But in his heart he knows he still loves her. Oh this night, though his mind is going in eight different directions he is only focused on one

thing. Sadly however his heart and mind are two different things going in two different patterns but believing in one hope.

He continues to sit

and gaze, the small waves coming onto the sand, not a sound of no one near by.

He's able to think with no distractions but maybe he could use one. He reaches in his coat and pulls out a flask and takes a drink. Whiskey. It always helps especially in these times. He doesn't drink much, he never was the drink and drive type. "Why would she leave"? he thinks to himself but his

thoughts are so loud you would think he is talking aloud to himself. The thought of him now living in a romantic hell is hard for him to cope with but knows for now this is the life he will walk with. He gets up from the bench and continues down further of the pier hoping to get more of a sign and not a road block leading him to nowhere. The waves are getting bigger and the wind is

picking up. The moon is so full and bright and the fog gives the moisture letting him know the cycle is there and the pollution of the city is far far away. But yet it's still not enough for him. So selfish with love all he can do is wonder and hope to wanting his love back but not a sight of her to be found. He reaches in his pocket again this time to pull out a cigarette he's been

dying to have just didn't know when the time would be right. Once ready to light it he is stopped dead in his tracks. He sees someone wearing all black or maybe just a long black coat, its to hard to make out, to foggy and far away. He steps closer to get more of a glimpse. A woman with short blond hair blowing

freely in the light wind holding a cigarette in one hand and what looks to be a tissue in the other. Her appearance reminds him of someone but to distracted to think who. She looks over and discovers he is staring back at her both

wondering the same thing. For a second his heart beats fast but only for a second. His mind is racing and she hasn't taken her eyes off him yet. His legs go stiff but still has the feeling of he's still moving. He then realizes his

legs have been moving, he's been drawing closer to her as if his body is forcing him to go to her. She wants him to come over no hesitation with her, eyes locked onto him as if she knew he'd be here. The fog begins to die down as they get closer to one another. She turns to him not a sound out of either one of them both wondering what got them to this place at this very moment. She says hello in a soft and mellow voice wanting not to be to firm. He whispers to her saying "I'd knew I see you", but not to loud he's not sure where

is head is or who the woman is but something of her reminds him of someone if

only he could remember who. She says to him "yes the wind and ocean light brought me to this location and now I don't know what to do my love". Why would she say my love? he thought, what on earth does she know that he longs to figure out? He's quiet for a moment looking deep into her eyes looking for an answer, he tells her she's the first bright thing he's seen in this foggy darkness. He wants to hold her tight and kiss her long and forever never letting her go. Just as he speaks the fog begins to grow darker and thicker, she moves towards to give him a kiss a kiss that lasted seconds but to him it was forever. She tells him she loves him and at that moment she fades away with the fog taking her away. He doesn't move just stands there looking at the water wondering what now. He then blows a kiss to the spot where she once stood and walks off never looking back but always remembering.

What's Left to Love?

Resting on my hands, tears of Black ink spewing from my pen. Wondering if I was ever in love. Wondering what love truly is.

I think of Allen Ginsberg.

That old saraphen, who loved and yarned for the ideal day love would strike him. His beautiful natured soul, not knowing who he was and what society wanted him to be.

A dreamer.

Yet what is there to dream of?

The moment the typewriter goes off, feelings set in.

His unsettling thought that acceptance is unkind.

Being free and open will only frighten the normal Joe's of masculinity.

Oh Allen! You are a dreamer and a man of love. I've felt it in your poems.

I felt the yearning for a gentle touch.

Someone to hold.

And with beauty like Allen Ginsberg,

Kenneth Patchen also expresses his love in poetic and visual outlooks that go deeper beyond the pages.

Looking to a Generation contrived with war and loneliness. Kenneth Patchen you give more than just the insight to a Country torn by the almighty dollar and the uncontrolling who's right, who's in charge mentality.

But a romantic look at the inside of who we are as humans. And loving yourself as a creature of God.

Installing a sense of hope to readers all

around with jazz influenced pros of war, god, and love in ways not all

can cope to understand, but finding it in a cool breeze of general emotion. Though harsh with criticizing the human nature on where it's been

and where it will go. He is very sensitive with his true feelings of knowing true beauty and how One is never ashamed to show pure beautiful emotion to the love he cares for.

Your soul is see-through and shutters to let out the cries for others to hear, waiting to understand what's real and what's fluent in our hearts. We are not made of stone in which you express in your poems, but we are here to listen and to learn and to wonder. The imagination can be as powerful as the words written on paper.

And Mr. Pete Winslow, you dreamer of romantic value. I

read your words and read your soul as it flushes out the most beautiful sense of love written fixations.

When I read the first line "O god of spring forgive me", my heart goes numb and feelings of past loves start to ring my memory like a snow globe. You bring the real romance of someone who just loved.

Someone who has felt the walks in the park, hands held tight, so close you can smell the perfume.

Love maybe blind in your eyes.

To me you've made me want to fall in love again. But as Chet Baker would say, "I fall in love to fast".

Let my eyes drown in tears of your truthful words as they spring there joy to my soul. I feel your sorrow but know it only picks up like wind in time.

In the days of my young readers digest.

When nothing made sense and teachers gave you pop-up

books to ease your mind. My nose dove into Edgar Allen Poe. If a romantic can be a cold blooded killer,

Then Jack the Ripper was romeo.

I could only make out a few words early on in his readings.

But story after poem then back to story, I found the mystery is Mr. Poe himself casted in his beloved and indulging poems and stories of murder, horror and shy intakes of love coming around in small corners.

Are you still searching for Annabel? I think she's seen who you are.

Star Crossed Imagination Intrigue Passion

Could it be you were hiding behind the horrific drama that took place at Rue Morgue for anyone to see a man truly in love? Romanticism is upon us all.

Because of your words, your stories, your imagination, I truly feel in love with the Ideal true nature of poetry.

When I think of spring, I think of my once love.

In winter I draw out doors to hide me away from staring to close to the past sanctions and keep my head in a clear daze.

Write only the feelings that contract my memories not to go black. Because Love is out there, I can't keep away from it

to long or I will go into a dark exile. I think of all those who wrote the tales of summer romance, and dreaming eyes looking back and fourth at one another to know that they're real.

My imagination runs amuck and in the end I look to the stars and the city streets. Not to find filth and junk.

But to find the lost subject of my next poem. To find that glare of beauty that makes me go weak.

To find the star that shot across my eyes and into my foolish unfitting heart.

The next muse to my day. A romantic till then end they say.

Maybe...

Or just hopeless, looking to fall in love

then just fall. No it can't be all there is. However the beautiful words that make your twist your hair.

The soft story you read that made you smile from summer till fall.

I can only hope you understand it's not me. It is the soul of my words.

The beats of my heart.

Thank you Ginsberg, Thank you Patchen,

Thank you Winslow, Thank you Poe,

Thank you Baker on the sonic sound you provide.

Given me more reason to dream Given me a reason to fall in love.

Left In Time by

I think somewhere is nowhere, and endless without

who or what is known.

There are no poets anymore, just ideas we're all living fantasy driven lives.

Angry with no hope, no reason to care, no reason to smile.

Everything has turned to dramatic death, with heaven being out of reach.

No more looking to the sky, the stars, the moon. No more looking to God to ask the question of where life stands. Do we dream anymore?

No romance, no stories of love. I feel cheated and unworn.

Like caged beast, frustration kicks in.

I'm hammered to the wall. God help.

Nothing left but cigarettes

and flat beer to relieve the pain. Nothing left but empty streets, and doors that crumble before the first knock.

Nothing left but you and I breathing shallow. Wondering if the dreams are over. Placing my imagination on ice.

Wondering if I still have an imagination left to place.