

Portfolio Submission

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A Collection of Poetry, printed in the following order:

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- Storm Drain
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- Murder
- City Symphony
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Satellite

Spellbound in orbit,
Her stone gaze yearning,
With eyes entranced,
In an ethereal embrace.

Conceived in chaos,
Birthed in a battlement,
Her mother mad,
With cosmic calamity,
Estranged and forgotten,
Except in theory and thought.

Her pull towards her big blue sister,
Turns tides, washing wakes.
Living lonesome and locked,
Face set in stone,
Her father so far,
His influence encompasses,
Revolving her world.

She's a daddy's girl.

Her face so familiar,
I know it well,
But behind the surface,
No one knows her.

Porcelain perfection,
Masking mystery and more.
Beyond her father's features,
Behind her ivory exterior,
Her inner beauty doesn't
Glimmer, glisten, or glow.
She's always playing hard to get,
Phasing in and out.

When her features are full,
Ask her a question,
And decipher the dark side,
Of the moon.

Playtime

When the wind blows
Through the autumn leaves,
Or spring blooms,

The door to my garage opens
On its own,

Beckoning me to come outside,
To experience what I can't from the kitchen window.

I miss those days,
When a screen door's slam
Sent me on a journey
Through imagination and play
Into a new world.

I spend my time working:
Outside working,
Inside working.

Sometimes I want to kick my legs
And swing up through the playground heights,
Regain that which I have lost.

I want to play.

Tightrope

Built at birth and erected in earnest,
A tightrope inches along innocence,
Stretches across our lives.

Swaying and swinging, some choose to stay,
Wiggling and wobbling their ways through life,
Watching their steps calculating moves.

Some choose to fall into the net of temptation,
Gently gestured onto ground with ease,
Walking below the struggling strong.

Lives fraught with frustration
Enjoy ignorant indulgence.

With balance pole in hand
I'm walking the wire,
Loving the sense of pride
Dedication brings.

Walking barefoot

Living life confined,
Caged beasts crave
A new life.

Your feet ache to be unbound,
Yearn to tickle, toughen touch.
Smothered in synthetic soles,
They lost their
Souls.

Forced to serve others comfort and sloth,
Their owners determined to live lives of ease,
Forgetting their tender tarsalled vassals,
Forced to carry and degrade.

Understand your feet.
Let your tiny toes touch.
Look before you step.
Toughen to the terrain.

Stifle your friendly feet no longer;
Let your soles stand stained with green.
Let those you surround in cotton and leather free.
Feel the world between your toes,
And never forget your feet.

Belts

The line between embellished and embarrassed
Separated only by a leather length;

Sorted and styled,
Black to blue.

Holding up pants, keeping posteriors covered;
Waistbands around waist not ankles or toes;
Dressed to kill.

Slithering from its loops, the serpent can strike
A child or a wife,
With the helping hand of fury's might.

Once loose, it can terrorize,
Out of love in discipline
Or a simple bad night.

Instruments of foreboding fear
Chase my childhood dreams.
Noxious nightmares fill
The nighttime need.

Buy them hanging in the store,
Limp and ready to serve;
What purpose will you use them for?

Storm drain

Rainwater run,
Rush the runoff across
The slighted streets.

Carry our thoughts away.

Down deep, denial drains, leading
To conscience causeways, entering
Brokenhearted bridges.

Carry our regrets away.

The rain bears down,
Like an acidic tempest,
Eating away at the muddled memories
Of forgotten fights
With the polluted people
Now fouling the clouds.

Carry our fears away.

The same people, now shielded by black umbrellas,
Slosh through our puddle peace of mind,
Kicking the water into our faces.
We blink.

Carry our pain away.

Take it all when you go.
Rainwater run.
Carry you, carry me,
Carry it all
Down.

Red Underwear

As simple as it sounds,
With anxious anticipation
When confidence runs low,
I fill up on morale.

I slip on raging red boxer briefs,
A daring color if ever was.

Nothing can touch me in my red underwear;
It's the best thing that I could have done.

Flying high on soaring winds,
I tackle terrifying heights,
In my cape of crusading confidence
With big red keeping me aloft.

They hug my every curve and fit me like a glove.
I love my red underwear;
I never want to take them off.

Some may think it silly;
Others say it's strange,
But to me it's just a little way
Of getting through the day.

If I seem a bit more perky,
With zippy zap and extra pep,
I just might have a bit of red
Strengthening my step.

Murder

Strategically stated
With living lives listed,
Still breathing, belly up, bloated.

"Watch carefully now."
Check marked,

One down.

Grotesquely gathered,
With several severed, subdued;

“Did you see that one?”
Check marked,
Two down.

Belligerent brilliance,
Gutted, guttural, groaning.

“Your turn.”
Check marked,
Three down.

Anxiously ambushed, amputated,
“Oh you monstrous, monolithic mastermind.”

“Good job.”
Check marked,
No more.

Audaciously assembled,
Winged, wretched, wise men,
I saw them in the park teaching their friends
How to kill.

Are you familiar with crows?

City Symphony

Composed in city streets
On lines of light,
Traffic turns green,
Streaking the skyline.

Scaling steel structures,
Precious percussion pulses
Plate glass.

Beating the heartbeat home in
Counted communication,
Symphony sound synergizes sites.

Brass beats blaze the byways.
Eighth notes elegantly emphasize
The final crescendo.

Winding workers like woodwinds waft
Into high-rise rooms.

As the cut off sets in the sky,
Horizon streaks the decrescendo city day.

Genocide

Bamboo in my kitchen window,
Mom put it there since it was withering away
In my basement bedroom before I came back upstairs.

Three stalks said to be lucky
Waste away due to a tiny basement window.

Now, two stalks dead,
One thrives spiraling sunward,
Leaving the last two dried and desecrated.

As its leaves sprawl and green grows gleaming.

Life seems to do that,
Pitting friends and folk,
Only letting
The strongest survive.

Glow

Shadows shift whilst light closes eye,
So open the air to dancing we fly!

Hushed to the ears of the listeners around,
We flash for a call without even a sound.

Glowing and gleaming our silent signal does soar,
For a brief moment, yet nothing more.

Fear keeps our lights from burning ablaze;
This is the way of we small prey.

We want to be seen but fear being heard;
Out of this fear, we lose power of word.

We are so alike, but the same we are nigh,
For I am much bigger than a small firefly.

Hit Me

You knock me down,
And you know why.
It's because it's right;
I deserve to cry.

You've heard from your pages
And family's eldest sages
That the preposterous imperfect people proved themselves to be evil,
For they're the unholy symbol of your uneasy upheaval.

Hit me hard,
For you know it will make you a man,
To prove once and for all the strength of your hands.

You'll bind me with ideals of what I must be,
But it's a sorry, sad shame you don't even know me.

You see your beliefs as flawless,
Rightfully so,
For you've been told since knee-high to go by this flow.

Difference is evil,
Perfect that does not make,
So it's been put in your hands to both shatter and break.

You are so flawless, so streaklessly sheen, spotlessly perfect, and dangerously keen.
One like me can't possibly see, for I must be confused, so you make this scene.

I lay here where you left me in pieces on the floor;
I put myself back together,
But I won't stand for this anymore.