

The Quill

Day Long Poems
16 April 2009

Poem 1

The brightness was
Overwhelming sanguine, and yet secluded
In a cloistered dungeon
Deepdowndarkcold and all alone
I sit
I stand
erect
unflinching, and proud of
Everything I feel makes
not remember my brain blinking & flashing
but not what I said, or not what I did
but how I said it, and how I did it
Here's what I said: "Your mom, Amy."
And then I took the bucket off
"off" reminds me of my mother
Again, on again, off
The line and out of line
No more. I have forgotten
how to cry. and what sadness feels like on my shoulders
Joy leaves me like girls on Saturday night.
And then I realize, another dreary Sunday afternoon
So I call up Parnell just to see how he's doin
6. Let's go to the mall
7. And put on some lipgloss
7a. So that the apparatus does not chafe
8. the way my heart does when I see your face
like waking up to you cooking bacon
the poets protected my funds
So I could bake my buns
Without lighting the flame in the oven
But with the cucumbers firmly grasped in his palm
John Smith decided to sit on his lawn
Then started a game of chess by moving his poem

like the game of life and our useless roles within
The seasons change and life anew begins,
it reminds me of when my lucky charms milk turns green.
I hate it when that happens.
it's like I went to school naked, again
but this time I liked it
even though coconuts don't really go with peppermint,
I decided to give it a go. Heck, I was already underwater.
A place I could never be again
Until I returned in my dreams
But also, like, in your dreams!
I speak to you!
The words of your dreams are echoed in the springtime.
You never cease to be frightened by murderous daffodils.
Ancient thoughts give you thrills
I made you fall in love with my dramatic skills
They literally could not be worse
{Beat}
If I had to describe the flavor of my boogers, it would be "Sour Cream & Onion"
(but not like the chips)
stuffing slots like cream cheese
as it oozed out of the piping bag.
I scooped it up with a cup
Whatever feels right to me feels right to you.
and so I go to Stowe & cry to my bro
When will I be able to let my heart go?
For life is dreary cloudy and I cannot see the figure beyond the window.
But I can see the blue beyond the gray sky.
The place where clichéd symbols go to die
But death, in many ways, is the rebirth of opportunity and chance.
For death is not the end but the beginning of a new self.
The crocuses are watching us wither.

Poem 2

A million times ever, she
Looked from her window, and
Shouted! Shouted like
The world was falling down around them.
Resilience, however, has kept them afloat.
But soon there will
Be close to nill
Just like a pill
That is bitter on your tongue
And field is lit by the sun
But cold, cold are the cucumbers under the hills
Hills remind me of my mother
Lakes remind me of my father
Cold, still, unmoving: without smile, yet depth
Mom's leftovers left much to be desired
O don't know why I am not inspired
Look at the tops of trees
Annie's lights shining through blinding
and dancing through the scarlet eaves
without a care for autumn breeze
I walk with the small voice of truth
Feeling like John Wilkes Booth
Can I have a Baby Ruth?
But Ruth has left the building;
It seems the sky is falling
And hell's angels are a calling
But Doctor Gonzo doesn't fear their cries!
He barely thinks about the horrid lies;
that melt away as time flies
He quits his job and shouts poetry at the moon.
He shouts "I like that you have a small backpack so I can wrap my arms round you"
and then I said "I could have fit more books today"
But my backpack was just too small!
So I bought a big ass satchel to hold all my lovin'
And I continued on my way
Unsure of what to say
he wandered away...
which was good
until I realized short pithy lines were lame
So, deep breath, I composed a long drawn out treatise. Not lame
But strong, walking tall, flying even, a spark, a flame – to fame!
and then there was
The night before Christmas... and all about!
And then he said, "That polar bear has a flat ass."
but it wasn't very cute so he said "I'll pass"
"Don't worry be happy," sang the talking bass

Amy is awesome –
Make peace not war.
nature is a dirty, stinky whore
loose and sick she flounders on the floor
and when I'm done, she screams for more!!!
It is not a scream of a damsel
stuck in distress in a tower
a fortress from the city
imposed upon those in the sun
naked as we came –
Eyes wide open
not like I got soap in them.

Poem 3

When I hear that sound once more
I want to fall on the floor
And dance on the ceiling
And sing like you're in the shower
Where no one can hear
Soft whispers of long-forgotten days
pale tendrils of early morning sun
vanishing into the depth of the valley
where an enormous booger squish waited
ready to stick an innocent passerby
Who deserved better
what was better deserved
"Deserved" reminds me of my mother
As well as the guilt that follows, trapped
By expectations of success, irresistibly caught
A spontaneous line, pentameter dropped
Print is fine, edges cropped
the photograph of our love
was soon ripped to shreds
And on, and on (anon! they said!)
But the clock was ticking...
And the words were sticking
And the clock was ticking
Those kids deserved a good kicking
They were spoiled and bereft of discipline
Stripped of their kin
Now a void within
Truth is for tailors; _____ undefined
The ocean with its billowing waves
Flowing over salty rocks and sea urchins,
The waves break my heart.
So I turn the waves in my zengarden into squiggles,
Wondering, "how did everything go so wrong? I put on my scuba mask and
swam away as fast as I could. Only in my current state could I swim as fast as I did. The
bubbles were going to my head.
They fizzled and popped in my brain
like mentos and coke exploding
The fizzle makes my mind sizzl,
out of body, I begin to fly
higher and higher, until
The sun smacked the moon!
the moon took serious insult...
But you would cry too if it happened to you
Think about it...
So maybe I'll move to Wyoming of buy a boat?
p.s.e.m.a., goat

Rat and a blue moon
Beneath the gutters with them we all lie
Say what???
What is there to say?
I think I'm gay!
Yeah. I know.
It's never quite...perfect
p-e-r-f-e-c-t
powerful sex
makes me have wild screaming orgasms
because the monkey looked so funny
I offered him some money
so he did a little dance
and he got down, got down tonight
I like pie
And I enjoy a baby koala bears
they taste so lovely and light