

Poetry Series

Renda Writer
- poems -

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Renda Writer(8/17/78)

Renda Writer -

Nah,
Not me
It can't be

Me,
Really?
For Real?

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - A Bowl Of Milk

I'm putting a little bowl of milk
Out on the porch step
It's just a little bowl of milk
I put it down and left

Wishing on a star
Looking out the window
From a far
Staring at the steps

It's just some milk
I know that you drink it
Maybe what I want to happen will happen
If I think it

Hard enough
But it's hard enough
To live with
The notion that the milk might sit still

But I'm still waiting
On the porch pacing

I know there's other porches out there
And other bowls of milk too

But this one's for you

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - A Drink

The ice in my glass
Just might last
Longer than the flash

Of a thought
That I lost
In the past

It's nice to pass
Time with a drink
When there's time to think

And to laugh
And that's when I think
Of the past

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - A Little More

I've been really getting to know my heart lately
I'm feeling its shape
And staring into its holes
With crying eyes

And I think to myself
Can't we try and compromise?
Couldn't we have tried

A little more

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Accept The Owl

Lights out
After a late night out
I wake up late
And embrace fate
For what it is

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Adoration

I adore you

She said that to me
And triggered something inside

We've got something
I really think we do

Crawling back into bed with me
To hold my sleeping hand

Man, this feels good

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Amends

Rediscovering myself
Walking from a small room
Into a long, lonely hall
And into a wide open space

Time to become friendly with my friends
Time to make amends

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Angle

Maybe I'm looking at it all wrong
Maybe I should blow off some steam
Maybe this is all a dream

How you look at it
Affects how it is

How it is
Affects you

That's how it is
It's so true

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Balance

I balanced on a horse named symmetry
But I didn't know
That he was epileptic
And so goes
The start of an epic

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Be Gentle On My Ears

I'd rather hear your feelings
I'd rather hear your idea
I'd rather hear your thoughts
I'd rather hear them all
I don't need to hear facts
Know-it-all

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Beliefs

Beliefs

Are your own

Make them

Make them your own

They may change

So might you

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Between Cyber Worlds

Where am I right now?
Somewhere between Facebook and MySpace
In between asleep and awake
A way to spend
Or a waste of time

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Blink

Maybe this is it
That time of broken back
and empty wallet
That time of broken spirit
and empty stomach
Maybe this is it

My time for great triumph
over great adversity
Maybe time has come
It's staring me in the face

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Brand New

Brand new
Brand spankin' new
Dealt a new hand
Feelin' like a brand new man

On the top of a hill
Overlookin'
Lookin' over the old land
That I once ran from

But now I stand as one
Stand up, stand tall, stand still, stand above
I'm this close
To understandin' love

Fizzle or sizzle
Regret or forget
Persist or resist
This is the best feeling yet

Clarity

It becomes clear as it gets near
No longer critical
Strong stride
Arrive at the pinnacle – the peak

I've been given a little bit of a peak
At the future
And now the incline
Doesn't seem that steep

Close enough to see
Its texture
Tough texture
Texture tough

I put a solid scuff
On the smooth surface of fear

What must I do?
I must persevere

Claim what's mine
Two steps at a time
One step away
Even one successful day can push the stress away

It's a plan that's well executed
A fact that's never refuted
Whatever's clever, I'm forever rooted

In a good mood
Now how did I do it?

Well,
I learned that life is a lesson
A collection of lessons to learn from
The first lesson that I learned
Is that learning is never done
And this is a permanent one

It feels like I'm on the brink of some big
Something huge
Gigantic, romantic, planted in fertile soil
Something too big to wrap my arms around
I think I finally found oil

Loyal to change
Life is more than a game
"Life's a bitch"
Well some people say this
But life is what you make it
So face it, embrace it, and make the positive switch

I realized this
And I thought of this poem
A brand new poem

But foolish of me to think
That even ink
Could properly convey

What I say and I think

So I never even wrote this poem down

No longer down

No longer broken down

No longer in the background

Feeling used used to be true

Feeling abused used to be true

I used to feel used

But now I feel brand new

I said I used to feel used

But now I feel brand new

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Butterfly In Traffic

I'm a butterfly in traffic
A touch of grace
Amidst the haste

A butterfly in traffic
A paper-winged sail
Sailing above the breakers

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Callused Feet

If the shoe fits
Wear it

So I'm barefoot

Scared to look
Nowhere
Running with callused feet
Til me and the palace meet

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Cerebral Ride

My brain's breaks
Are squeaky

Tyring to tell me
They're too tired

From a life of stop and go
But my radio

Is up to loud
For me to know

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - City Swim

My soul
Feels the need
To skinny dip

So I tread the city streets
Waiting
For the next big wave

Life is wide
Than the screen
Of the TV

Scene one
Is the city scenery

People watching
Is channel surfing

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Colors

Mismanagement damages the fabrics
Woven by the chosen few
The pointing finger chose you
Red light special
Code blue
Blue light special
Red light
Stop
Green go
Green money
Green grasso
Green leaves
Then the green leaves
Unless we start living green
Green seems
To be common
The common theme
The common ground
Is color
We're all brothers from another mother smothered by
The sun and the sky
Everything under the sun has not yet been done
And why?

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Correlations

Appreciate the sight
of an endangered species
more than a common animal

A wise man
speaks less than a fool

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Cubicle Cages

Work to live or live to work

For better or for worse
Most of us put work first

But what hurts worse
Is the world was built by blue shirts
But white shirts get respect first

It should be vice verse in the network
What's your net worth?

Evenly disperse
The paychecks and the perks

Who ever gets first
Is whoever knows how the network

And the experts
Do less work
While the rest work
Til' their heads hurt

Excessive stress and work
Is situation red alert

We're working for oppressive jerks
'Til our backs and our necks hurt

Interview is the first date
First impression

Flirt

Fired from a line of work
Surrounded by spineless lying jerks
Frowns surrounded by smirks

But now I'm outta work

Working hard or hardly working
This is hard
Cause not working hardly works
And it's hurting

Looking for a job in a city where jobs hide
All time jobless high
National debt is colossal sized
A need to eat and stay alive
Collides with human pride

War is prophesized
Even the prophets lie
And still jobs hide
Behind curtains of diversions
I'm nervous
Working on the side

Haven't found a job so far
Only found the sound of jinglin' change
Inside of an empty pocket

Listen close for the hot stock tip
Just to get to the top quick
And that's it

Now get back in your cage

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Definition Poem

Some short poems
are merely creative definitions
for their titles

This is one of them

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Drink Coffee

Drink Coffee

Write

Drink Coffee

Write

Drink Coffee

Write

Drink Coffee

Take a big dump

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Embedded

What's embedded in me
Is what's in bed with me

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Eyeball Mirrors

Why?

Why do I see?

Pieces of me...

In the eyes

of bums on the street?

Why?

Why do they know me?

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Felt Tip

I felt the tip of the felt tip

Pen

I feel needs at the same time that I feel an inability

To bring those needs into the picture

These obstacles

Require careful thinking

Where there's a will,

There's a way

I told this to my Mom on the phone

Why not fill a page?

Why not go from here?

Questions of free will

Question the pill

You take

when you fulfill

Your fate

With the taking

Of a pill

There's money at stake

Words pay bills

In a perfect world

This is perfectly normal

Normally

I would have said something by now

I'm feeding the Winter inside me

Birds have beaks

And some birds speak

A page is a canvas

The blank is the bank

Fill it in

Buidl from within

Bring the inward outward
Onward and upward.
On and on

Came in through the cat door
Backed into more
I'll finish when I'm done

Inhale it all
The tale is tall
Available for the call
Call your own shots and keep going
I'm going home from here
Crystal ball almost clear

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Filterless

I don't think
before I talk

I tried it once

But I sounded like
someone else

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Go Time

And so the mood for the day has been set
I've been left alone
Finally

Finding the task of finding me
To be blindingly tough

Even though sometimes continually trying sucks
And I've cried enough
I still keep climbing up
That's why I'm rising up
To find out what
Matters most to me

It's this

It's mostly this
That puts me in motion quick
And so I'm devoted to it
I'm focused with it
I go with it
And keep going
Can't look back
I'm going quick

The motion is quick
Even over broken bits
And rough terrain
It's all conjured up in the brain

But the heart was the starting point
I'm starting to point
My finger in the mirror
As I say

'Right on! '

Then I write on
The mirror

I sign

My name and the date

Renda Writer

1/18/09

It's go time

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Great Times

It's time for the birds to chirp
It's time to sit on the patio
It's almost time
To have the talk
About who we are

And what we're doing

It's time for a big breakfast
It's time to cook together
It's our time together

It's good times
Nah, it's great times

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Growing

Growing into you
It's just what... you're supposed to do

Growin up
And moving on
Turn it up
And turn it on

Growing, going fast
Like the sand
In the hourglass

Grow as you go
Listen, learn, and know
What you've gotta learn
Learn how to listen
While you talk

Let's grow
Let's go
Let's go take a walk

Go fast from the start
But pace the rate
Of your heart

Don't get burned out
Just keep going

Don't get down
Don't look down
Just keep looking up
And going up

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Haiku - The Beginning

He hands a stanza
To his hand and writes it down
He puts his hand down

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Half Hearted

I'm feeling pensive
Extensive time is spent
Bent, at the angle of a swan's neck

A half of a heart
Whole heartedly searching
For another swans neck to connect

Symmetrical feather-covered flesh
Representative of the love that I long to possess

Two long necks

Curved arcs
Even when apart
Hearts start to mesh

Now it may sound far-fetched
But a starving heart only fed carnal sex
Targets love, but misses
And starts to starve to death

Keep the swans together, yes
Hardened by the test
But softened by a tender heart
Within the dark depths of a scarred chest

Hardly any heart left
Daily denial of swan death
The city is a beast
And it's heart is Central Park - where the two swans rest

Well rested
Protected
Untested by city negelect

We are the swans
The swans are us
Right between the eyes

We touch

A complete picture

Picture this

A picture perfect bliss

Exists on swan lake, if I'm not mistaken miss

Act upon fate

See how the swans relate to this

Bare feet dangle in the lake by the fish

Just beyond the stairs and the fountain

High

But grounded

The square peg didn't fit

But the square peg rounded

When it found this

It's rare, but I found it

And I pronounced it like this

Love

And the swans heard us

And they swam over to us

And they gave us a kiss

Nah, no wait

That never happened

I just imagined it

Cause you don't exist

This poem is just a wish

You don't exist

Just ink from a pen

Held tight in a closed fist

You don't exist

But the swans do

But what do
The swans do
In the Winter?

Leave the lake heartless
Hearts break bitter
The lake can't take the litter
And I can't take the fate of a quitter

But I give up

Cause next Summer
The swans might not show up

Or I might not be there to see them

I guess it was wrong for us to try to be them

So I'm left half hearted

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Here I Am

Here I am
With everything in front of me

Where I'll go
Is up to me

But for now
Here I am

Here I go

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - I Got Her Voicemail

The missing of the kiss
A tender spot on the skin
A dull pain wished to be forgotten
When all has been forgotten

The clenching of a fist
While tears spin the passion
Into motion
Everything is open

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Ice Mice Tricycles

Ice mice tricycles
Price rice icycles
Write life typical
Bright light mystical
Fight right ritual
Type quite lyrical
Fight or flight
It's like a miracle
Guided by the spiritual

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Impulse Buy

The entire convenience store
At the gas station

Is

One big
Impulse buy

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Listening Close

I heard my own voice for an hour in a long shower
By choice
I annointed it to be the voice of power
Even though I felt like a disjointed sunflower

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Love

I want
to
be in love

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Manifest

I've manifested
Everything I ever needed
And a few things I didn't
And if you think I'm kidding
Then you need to listen
To the point
Cause the point
Is to point where you're needed
The point is to see it
Man, I've been tested
By every lesson I ever needed
And you can bet that I heeded
The message I was receiving
Then I put it into practice
Now I practice what I'm preaching
Man, I've invested
So much time, money, and energy
Into manifesting
Every piece of passion that ever entered me
I just happen to call it poetry
Somewhat of a celebrity locally
But honestly
I've reached a plateau
And now I just wanna go and see
What else is out there
I just wanna go everywhere
And stay there
I just wanna do everything
And do it now
See the crown I wear
Is invisible like
The invisible mic
In front of my face at all times
I'll manifest it all
In due time
I'll manifest it all
Through the mind

Renda Writer - Maybe

Maybe I should say something
Maybe I should speak out

Maybe I should reach down my mouth
Pull out a bleeding heart

And say it ain't mine

Maybe I should find something
Maybe I should decide on something

Maybe I will
Maybe I won't

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Memories

I ran forward
And never looked back

I ran forward
And skipped over the sidewalk cracks

I ran forward
Then I circled back
And did another lap

Around the track

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Mr. Mood

Mr. Mood go away
Get away from me
I don't need you
I don't want you
To be influencing me

Mr. Mood
You're no good

So stop stopping by so much
I wish you'd stop showing up
I hate the way you sneak up
On me when I try to kick my feet up

Oh please
Just leave
Leave me alone
Mr. Mood go home

I'm sick and tired of the switchin'
Mr. Mood, what's your mission?
I'm wishin' you would leave

You're like the other side of me
And I would die to see
You die

Mr. Mood
Get away from me

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Outta Here

There's a twitch
Inside of the skin
Something else it trying to win
I take a deep breath
Breathing in
I sit and think about
Breathing out
I'm breaking out
I'm leaving
I'm bout to break
I'm bout to break open
And break outta here
No longer stickin' around outta fear
I'm outta here

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Peaceful Pieces

A poem
Can be
Called
A 'piece'

This is a piece
Of a poem

A piece
Of a piece

I'm at peace
With that

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Perspective

It's all a matter of perspective
The back of a sign means nothing

(Unless it's a stop sign, because then...you would know by the fact that it is octoganal in shape...that it is a stop sign)

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Photosynthetic

This sunlight
Is making me squint

This sunlight
Is making me think

How light and life link

This sunlight
Is bright

Photosyntheticly fueling life

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Pillow

Is this reality?

Or a dream
That I dreamt
While my unkempt head

Rocked the pillow
Side to side
Over and over

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Planting Seeds

All the flowers
Of all the tomorrows
Are in the seeds of today

Who's a poet?
Anyone who wants to be
Who's a poet?
Anyone who wants to be
Who's a poet?
Me
And that's all I ever want to be
All I wanna do is plant some seeds

I'm the transformer
Transforming inspiration
Into little pieces of poetry
Nobody even noticed me
Transforming
A brainstorm
Into the form of a piece
I was forced to release
My thoughts to a piece
Of paper

My modus operandus
Is totally outlandish

When it comes to the business of passion
My passion is business

Who's a poet?
Anyone who wants to be
Who's a poet?
Anyone who wants to be
Who's a poet?
Me
And that's all I ever want to be
All I wanna do is plant some seeds

Should I shake myself loose
From the habits that inhabit my head?
Should I do something else instead?
Should I have fought?
Should I have fled?
Should I lie in bed or rise from bed?
Or fly instead?
Or search inside my head
For something else that rhymes with head?

Inside of a silent mind
Where I cried and shed
Implied tears
From five years
Recognizing my biggest fear
The biggest thing I dread

No rhyming words left
Sounds absurd? - Yes

It's better to kiss a miss
Than to miss a kiss

My skeleton is a coat rack for my flesh
Why do people have pets?

Who's a poet?
Anyone who wants to be
Who's a poet?
Anyone who wants to be
Who's a poet?
Me
And that's all I ever want to be
All I wanna do is plant some seeds

Nerve damage
Makes a person out of touch
With their sense of touch

My insomniac soul sleeps in the soles of my feet
And makes me sleepwalk to a beat

Where you gonna go?
Go with the flow
Flow with the go
Just go wherever the wind blows

Everything is inspiration
EVERYTHING

I'm running with untied shoes
Through an open field
Inside of an open mind
Hoping to find
Closure
Losing my mind
But finding composure

It's that old day after day repetition
Like I sold my soul to this condition
But absolutely no way I can hold this in

And so I broke tradition
And coasted toward a vision
I envisioned years ago
My experience showed
I wrote while I rode
And I broke the whole mold

Good things started to unfold
Good thing I found some good people
That's why I founded Good Peoples

Nobody in the world thinks like me
I drink white tea
I wear white tees
I don't do thai che
But I drink chai tea
I'm just tryin' to get my piece of the P.I.E.
All before the day that I D.I.E.

I'll split a word open just to see what it's made of
I'm the wicked synonym the antonyms are afraid of

Who's a poet?
Anyone who wants to be
Who's a poet?
Anyone who wants to be
Who's a poet?
Me
And that's all I ever want to be
All I wanna do is plant some seeds

Jim Morrison
Edgar Allen Poe
William Shakespeare
Jill Scott
Maya Angelou
Charles Bukowski
Langston Hughes
Eminem
Allen Ginsberg
Bob Dylan
Tupac Shakur
Nikki Giovanni
William Butler Yeates
Black Ice
Taylor Mali
Gil Scott Heron
Pablo Neruda
Shel Silverstein
Jay Z
Miguel Pinero
Ani DiFranco
Mos Def
KRS One
William S. Burroughs
Buddy Wakefield
Robert Frost
Henry Rollins
Beau Sia
Emily Dickinson
Leanord Cohen
Walt Whitman
Jack Kerouac
Nas

Gwendolyn Brooks
Thomas Lux
Billy Collins
Paul Lawrence Dunbar
Countee Cullen
Lemon
Sylvia Plath
William Blake
John Milton
Georgia Me
Percy Shelley

ME

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Relax With Me

Do you wanna relax?

Do you wanna relax?

Do you wanna relax with me?

Do you just wanna relax?

Do you wanna relax?

Do you wanna relax with me?

Right now

You can

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Running Feet

What would I say?
If given the chance to speak
To the running feet
Of a forgotten day
That got away?

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Safety

It's already there

Waiting to be written

Waiting to be translated

It wants to be safe

Between the paper's lines

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Same Difference

We all came from different places
We all came to the same place

We're all different
We're all the same

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Saver

I try
To spend the present
Not on presents
But on making the future
A better version of the past

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Scattered Observations

I swallowed a piece of a notebook
that I once wrote in

The lady at the bank knows my name

I see devils and angels before me
They're the same sometimes
Sometimes the same

Some women are in your life forever
Some are not

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Seasoning

The reasoning
Behind my writing
Is the seasoning
Of life
To make it taste better

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Shooting Star

Anxiety

Tried to be alive inside of me

But it quietly

Died silently

While in a fiesty fight with the unbridled light

Of my enlightened chi

What a sight to see

How it made an enticing plea

For a license to see

The likelihood of me

Finding a degree

Of panicky insanity

The agony of defeat

But under the canopy of peace

I found that writing is key

It's like lightning is striking me

Like life is inviting me

To sideswipe the sight of society

This is just a subtle slice of me

If only just a bite of me

Just a little bit of me

You see

This is me

And I've got a tendency

To rely on my pen dependency

My pend depends on me

And I depend on it

And so I mention this

I'm trying hard to summon the strength to come up in the ranks

But with nothing in the bank, it's hard to find the strength

To go the farthest lenght

And I'm coming up short - of breath

Nothing left

Coming up for air

Running from where?

Juggling love and despair
There's love in the air
And hate in the lake where I drown
I hate the fate that I found
But wait
That fate ain't mine
Cause see a straight line
Is basically round
When you wrap it around
The circle of life
What's the purpose of life?
Who was the first person to write?

Well I'm looking to that person for some personal insight
Acting like life is an act
Why do we act like that?
React to the trap set to let you loose
And then choose
To flip it and win it
If you're out of it, get back in it
Put your back in it
Relaxed and timid visions have given way to the mission of the day
The vision seen by the serene and steady
Creative, keen and ready to be me already

So hold on steady
For the ride of your life
The time of your life
The first time in your life
That you've ever known time

No time to stop
No time to start

Stop before you start

Stop writing and start doing
Stop reciting and start moving
This is the sight of a star shooting

Renda Writer - Silly Night

In my world
Romantic nights
Are born out of fun days

The night's silly notion
Is to think
That it can be
What it's expected to be

Without the day

Silly night

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Simple

This is a simple rhyme
This word
Then the next
It's simple poem time
What else did you expect?

Keep it simple, stupid
Simple, short, and sweet
Simple poets do it
But it's simply incomplete

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Someone's Stretching Me

Someone's trying to stretch me
And I know who it is
It's not just one person
There's a few people trying to stretch me

I guess this is how it happens
How it unfolds
And how it tightens
And unravels - like this

The phone calls create a constant ring
Everything is either being done now
Or will be done later
It's one big list

Even the things that we crave
Can one day happen
And one day become a drag
Every day happens one day

A lot to say
And not enough time to say it
Too much time spent
Saying the other things

Like being stretched
Stretched,
Stressed,
And messed

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Strange

Ideally
This is poetic
Poeticly
This is ideal

The only idea
Ever made real
My poems
Speak ideas
That I've never heard of

Like poems about love
Strange how
The only thing I really love
Is poetry
The only thing that can't love me back

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Stretched

Someone's trying to stretch me
And I know who it is
It's not just one person
There's a few people trying to stretch me

I guess this is how it happens
How it unfolds
And how it tightens
And unravels - like this

The phone calls create a constant ring
Everything is either being done now
Or will be done later
It's one big list

Even the things we crave
Can one day happen
And one day become a drag
Every day happens one day

A lot to say
And not enough time to say it
Too much time spent
Saying other things

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Tell A Wish

Tell a wish
Smell a fish
Edible dish
Meddle in this
Respectable mix
Envious twist
Measurable hit
Together with it
The vector is split
The bang of a fist
The strangeness exists
I'm no stanger to this
It came to this
Came to exist
It's a shame to quit
The aim is to hit
The grains and the grit
Painted a ship
With anger and spit
That came from the lip
A wondering whip
A pondering tip
Drop drip drip
Stop this ship
Hop on this tip
Bottle sip sip

Tell a lie
Tell 'em why
Beg 'em for an alibi
And the cattle cry
Pens'll never run dry
Running by why
Punch in the eye
Mother mother my
Mother may I
Say why
E-S-S-A-Y
Say Hi

Now wave goodbye
Ancient eye
Ace of the sky
Just a taste to try
In the face of a spy

Try a taste
Why waste?

A taste test
Man made flesh
Death came next
Breathing needed breathe
Feed need steps

Steps need feet
Yet it's incomplete

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Thai Chi

I don't do thai chi
But I drink chai tea

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - The Animals

I feel like the animals can sometimes interrupt the human experience
Which is why I would prefer pets that do not roam free
I don't much appreciate their integration into our way of doing things

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - The Balconey

It's one of those mornings
When the sky is clear
And the birds are out
And we're out too

Smoking the cigarettes
That we quit smoking
Yesterday
Oh how time flies

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - The Beach

With so many fish in the sea
And so many shells on the beach
There's so many reasons to be
Oh so in love with the beach

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - The Beast

There's an underlying beast
Lying beneath a sheath of skin
Underneath, Beneath, Within

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - The Crossroads I Guess

The inner strangeness has caught up with me
It's come out from the inside of me, on purpose
Cause it aspires to reshape me again from the outside
But at the same time conspires to watch me and nothing collide
There's two to three possible journies ahead
Blank knows how to party
Blank never sleeps
I jump into the blank
Not knowing who to thank

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - The Other Line

I saw a man
Fishing
Off the side of the pier

Fishing for a fish
And then...
His cell phone rang

He picked it up
And began talking

Cell phone in one hand
Fishing pole in the other

And then...
The tip of his pole
Started bending

He got a bite

And then...

He said
To the person on the phone

'Let me call you back,
I've got someone on the other line'

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - The Process

Here's the challenge
To channel the babble
That bounces around in the brain
To harness the hurricane
To gain perspective
And make a selective
Selection on what I say and don't say
You don't say
Yes I do
And what I do
Is take what I'm thinkin'
Relate it and mix it
Ejaculate it
Through the larynx
And spit it
Out
And once it's out it's real
That's why I never doubt how I feel

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - The Timing Of Now

The resurgence is as urgent and as urgently needed as breathing itself
This is long overdue and somehow right on cue
Something's happening, this is something to do
Something different, something new

The sandstorm will settle, leaving the air clear, crisp, and clean
Watch it all closely, you'll see exactly what I mean

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - They Like You

They liked you
Which is good

And you liked them
Which is good

This is good
You fit in very well

So far, so good

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Time

Time exists
In a bottle

That you can't

Buy at a liquor store

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Time Specs

Time is but a spec
And I speculate
Where time is kept

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Under The Desk

I crawled
Into a ball
Under my desk
And pictured
A sunset

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Unfinished Business

I never finished

My apple

Unfinished business

I'm drinking orange juice

Thinking of this

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Unspoken

I love
performing
I love performance
But
I will not perform this
Ever
It belongs here

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Walk With Me

Walk with me

Walk with me to the day

A walking contradiction

Walked in my way

Started to walk with me

Then walked away

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Wednesday

I'm floating
Down the river
Wondering
What the river's made up of
What's it a metaphor for?
What's it all for?

The silence is enjoyed
And implied
Relied upon
As a scapegoat

I'm floating
And she's driving

And the old one
Catches wind of the sin
We both cry
And hang up
Knowing we'll speak again Wednesday

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Write On

I write

What I know

This...

Is all I know...

Writing

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - Written On The Back Of A Business Card

Fire choices

Big choices to be made

Fire and ice

Sun rays

Life in the shade

Now start it with an action word

Cause it all starts with action

Renda Writer

Renda Writer - You Never Know

You never know
Where you'll find a poem

Renda Writer