

Poetry Series

Aidan Keith
- poems -

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Aidan Keith()

Consuming Sleep

O, why hast thou ill-fated me?
Were e'er you called: defect? disease?

Extracting life and energy,
The grappling reach of fractioned dreams
Benumbs me anesthetically.

Reposed, quiescent harmonies
Are ghosts adrift the cryptic sea
Of memories and fantasies.

Receptors dull, I cannot see
The honking geese nor buzzing bees
That wrestle you to wake me free
From your shrewd spell: unconscious freeze.

But you, in time, adjourn your scene,
And I, now up, fall to my knees
Abhorring sleep, all it may be,
For missed responsibilities.

Aidan Keith

For Her

She is beautiful.
She is beautiful with make up on.
She is beautiful without it on.
She is beautiful right after running miles on the treadmill.
She is beautiful when she isn't smiling.
She is beautiful when she is smirking.
She is beautiful when she is smiling.
She is beautiful inside.
She is beautiful out.
Her hair is perfect.
Oh, she is beautiful.

Sometimes she isn't paying attention to me and I will stare at her;
She can feel me staring so she looks and I turn up a smirk,
Then full smile,
Then she follows;
I love making her smile.
I love your smile.

Aidan Keith

Lilies

Ideally, working through the day;
Instead, trade chores for hours of play.
A little longer 'fore you start;
First satisfy your selfish heart.

No warning when the black night comes;
Ironic dark, lights works undone;
Past goals of day so quick dart back.
Your drooping lids: deep sleep's attack.

Now, what great purpose served your hours?
Indulging flesh, in darkness, cowers.
What purpose served your final hours?
It matters not; they're laying flowers.

Aidan Keith

Song - Fightin' Man

I'm singin' this song 'bout a friend of mine,
Nicest guy you'll ever meet,
A country man who always took his time,
A man named Bobby Lee.

Now, Bobby Lee owned a country store,
He worked there all his life.
But he was drafted to the war,
Had to leave his precious wife.

Now he's a fightin' man,
Fightin' across the sea;
Now he's a fightin' man,
Fightin' for you and me.

Bombs are dropin', bullets flyin',
Sweat soaked through and through.
All around him bodies lyin';
Don't know what to do.

Best friend just got shot in the head.
His blood is runnin' cold.
Back home his wife is lyin' in bed.
His boy is 6 days old.

Now he's a fightin' man,
Fightin' across the sea;
Now he's a fightin' man,
Fightin' for you and me.

Readin' a letter his wife had sent him
About his baby boy.
Surprise attack, got shot in the shin.
Hate replaced his joy.

They're shootin' at him from every side,
They're shootin' everyone;
The only thing that's on his mind:
His wife and his little son.

Now he's a fightin' man,
Fightin' across the sea;
Now he's a fightin' man,
Fightin' for you and me.

Now he's a dyin' man,
Dyin' across the sea.
He'll never get to see his boy;

His boy named Bobby Lee.

Aidan Keith

Status

Don't look at me.
Do not speak to me.
I am not here for your hollow talk.
I am not here to amuse you,
Nor (and this notion immalleable with your comprehension)
Am I here to be amused by you;
You are not needed.
When I walk down the sidewalk
I expect you to venerate yourself
And fear my physical towering over you;
Accordingly, move out of my way
And do not challenge me with eye contact.
There is nothing that has, will, or could happen
That would so entice me as to associate myself with you.
Go away.
GO AWAY.

hello?

Aidan Keith

Waiting For The Lecture To Begin

Commotion,
Tapping,
Murmuring,
Giggling,
Chewing.
We, all of us sit
Facing each other.
I am Dorian.
They look.
I feel them.
They wonder,
Inventing in their minds
The internalities of the character
They make me,
But never getting in.
Better for them.
It is starting;
Now it is my turn.
Sit back.
Observe.

Aidan Keith