

Poetry Series

Barlot ...
- poems -

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Barlot ...()

I'm a fragment of an imagination.

A New Kind Of Aa

Opposite yet adjacent shapes broaden the vision
With solitude comes perspective-
Thoughts more obscure and more reflective
But somewhere appeared an incision
And no one could remind me of its history-
I've supposedly reached the point of insanity.
Me being the calamity produced by two helpless lives:
A father rotting in the grave, and his nagging second wife.
But still I feel as if my thought might shift
When I leave this town, and start to LIVE!
Give in to the pressure.
It's all about oxygen and carbon dioxide.
My symphony is stirring up some clout:
Welcome to my mind!
Now Playing:
My Fifth Glass of Wine!
Eh, love me before I love myself
Increasing incisions, failing health-
I'm drowning in the Fountain of Youth!
But I'm learning to swim.
So, let it be known through Guantanamo Bay:
A new kind of democracy is forming...in my gallbladder.
I need not start conforming to their ways
But somehow I still have so much to say
And we all know politicians to be loquacious
GRACE, GRACEFUL, GRACIOUS!
I hate the English language!
Give me a hammer and a sickle to match-
I've got a totally original plan for salvation...?
Breathe in, breathe out
Coup d'etat is what it's all about.
Put me in a rubber room
I've reached my quota for conflicting views.
Still the incision burns
With a salt of forgetting all I have learned.
It's a tough blow
But so much more than predictable-
INEVITABLE!
Inhale, exhale

Char just doesn't feel so well.

Barlot ...

An Elegy For A Felony

A face faded from the family portraits She keeps in the reminiscing-well
Tangible only when the thirst of loneliness needs to be quenched
And only then does your name come up in this land-grave.
I swear, Father, you were something...
Maybe nothing more than a patriot without a mother country
A sinner without a God
A projection of memories in my head
But something more than a 1.2 kilogram liver.
In our eleven years of acquaintance I know nothing more than the effects of your
genetics
And the St. Lucia parties where I hear I have your face
Nonetheless, I've created a home for you in my character list
With a fictitious analysis ranging from your love of your family to your love for
organic farming
Which I'm aware is a stretch-
I hear I have your imagination as well.

Barlot ...

An Everyday Effect

I woke up from one dream into another
Nothing felt
Nothing real.
There is no me today, so to say
But looks are quite deceiving-
An outer shell trapped in hell
But an IQ elsewhere
If anywhere...
Somewhere other than here.
Is it a personality borderline?
Or have I really just lost my mind?
Reward of redemption-
Revenue's a killer.
There is no way to avoid this mediocrity
Stuck for months in this treacherous pergatory.
I want to say I hate it
But quite frankly, I don't feel much today
Say what you may,
Say something of guidance
Here you have it...silence
Divided by 3.14...
What the hell is this all for?
It takes an ego to understand it
But requires nothing to reprimand it
The outcomes lie accordingly
In the outward planes of the IV quadrant
Who knew?
Who knows?
It's like being caught in a nightmare and trying to scream-
No one can save you from your imagination
From your dreams
The stingrays still prevelant and multiplying
You watch yourself slowly dying
But the coma of sleep is the excuse you keep replaying
All I'm saying-
When they hanged Saddam Hussein
The fuel for my creativity went up twelve cent a gallon.
This war is driving me insane
Vietnam, Iraq, it's all the same

When I took that acid to avoid being drafted
I never knew I would lose my brain
And only gain...
A sick disillusion.

Barlot ...

Bitter Farewells

You can't keep running away
From the things you can't control
Somewhere new becomes the oasis
When Murder Beach took its toll.

How many times will it take you
To find that everywhere's the same?
It's not always about you, Dear
You're driving me insane.

I'm not asking that you settle
Just stay the night and the night will stay.

You're consistent with inconsistency
But this is out of the blue
I wish I knew how to change your mind
But I've run out things to do.

If you weren't so irreplaceable
Then I might say goodbye
When you're waving farewell out the window
At least know that I tried.

Face the facts, Dear
We're all running from the same things
But it's not eachother
So don't go
Don't go.

Barlot ...

Character Introduction.

She was young some days.
Like Mondays and Thursdays.
On other days she just had a deep throat.

Don't gag, Sweet Jesus:
Eyes never yield cross eyes.

Barlot ...

Charlotte's Web: A Rapture Tale

I was drinking my coffee in a resort area bathroom
When all of a sudden, something started to happen
The ceiling turned into an ocean of green
But the floor stayed the same as it had been
The walls became a deep shade of peach
And the stall was moving out of my reach.
I screamed in fear as I laughed in bliss
With no clue as to what would happen next
My body shut down when I hit the ground
With a great bluster coincidentally making no sound
I questioned then if I was sane
When all of a sudden a calamity came
A Spanish rodent with large tentacles
Began assuaging my swollen ankles
All the while singing a rapturing rhapsody
With a voice so high in soprano capacity
The tone, the tone was raging in my wires
Reviving the feel of my middle school choir.
The rodent slowly became fiercely vicious
When he found he was dying of meningitis
I buried his body in the green overhead
As I thought he would be happier dead.
I was alone now in an aberrant trip
When I developed a scheme so high in wit
The doorknob was still in working use
But slightly bent in a way so obtuse
I reached for it praying to the rodent's Jehovah
That I would live to put use to my surviving ova
I turned the knob in hesitant suspense
Until I felt it was in proper sequence
The door swung open exposing me to air
But the earth that I saw was no longer there
Blackness swept the room I was in
Collapsing my lungs with original sin.
The rapture has come and now I am doomed
Oh what a tangled web I have loomed

Barlot ...

Child's Play

If a cow were about to eat me
As cows sometime can
I don't believe he'd take the time
To find that I'm vegan.

If a man were about to beat me
As men sometimes do
I don't believe he'd take the time
To find I'm a chauvenist, too.

There's no such thing as karma
When anger takes effect
So in order to redeem my points-
Peace must disinfect.

If a fetus were about to kill me
As a fetus sometime might
I don't believe it'd take the time
To find that I'm pro-life.

And if God were about to smite me
As God sometimes insist
Well, maybe he'll be a little mad
When he finds I'm Atheist.

There's no such thing as karma
When anger takes effect
So in order to redeem my points
Peace must disinfect.

Barlot ...

Classroom Is A Football Field

Buy my body on eBay
And ship it in the same cardboard box I've been trapped...
Out of the womb and into captivity
Out of my mind and projecting onto me
Like reality-
Always projecting and infecting everything that's pure.
The only cure is lobotomy,
Which I hear is painful.
Minding the fact that this is only a vortex
In which sex is regarded as filthy
And filth associated with their freebasing economy-
Put the rock over the flame for the bill to pass
Practicality might be normality but how long can it last?
Infinite blackness, whiteness, green
If you know what I mean, which you don't
Or won't unless you have it served on a platter
With other things that don't seem to matter-
You have the silver spoon
The Barium knife
But Carbon is your life in prose
If Picasso says your nose is your brow
Then that's how it's supposed to be
Even with me-
It's all about how you see it
And believe it and do.

Barlot ...

Contams In This Batch

Psilocybin solitude coursing through my blood
I am alone with my insanity
Wondering what's become of me
And without such, what could.
Thoughts focused on future...
Friends, family, foes
Everyone I know shares my destiny
Six feet below
The five feet of life in between-
Boggles me completely
I mean...
Scratching away the pessimist
Relying on the nihilist
My gut feeling lies toward trying
Dying is inevitable, however probable?
Profitable?
I swear, I'll think til the tint of my hair turns grey
Today...
Today...
Just seems to be dragging on
Everyone I know-up and gone
Thoughts just linger in the heat
As I lie dreaming of philosophy and beats.
True to my word, I must admit
Despite my rhythm and astounding wit (! ! !) ...
The strong desire to end it completely
Will only quit when my thoughts beat me.

Barlot ...

Death To Genetics

My dreams all begin with a death sentence
And the sequence of events falls to grey
Someone will say something like,
"The greatest thing about a man dying,
Is a woman will have to die too."
(Oh, I know you...
Must be thinking that I've drawn myself to drinking
But, Love, I must confess with that I'm through.)
It's just the nightmares won't stop coming
Something I've done that I need of my chest
Undressed and vulnerable
My thoughts fade to uncontrollable...
But, that occurs even in light
Tonight, just don't let me dream.
Crazier than I seem, I suppose
Lord knows I've had my share of spirits
Hear it once more, though:
I am the dynamic czar of the underworld
My name is Charlemagne
I carry guns in guitar cases
Beyond clinically insane.
A borrowed stanza reprimanded
Seems to suit the mood
However, sleeping is a different story
Four in the morning and I refuse...
Refuse to feel sorry for myself this eve.
I believe there's always a way to doze off silent:
Benadryl.
Ah, but of course, these straight edge ways
That I've fallen to these days
Chemical dependencies
Falling far from me:
Oh, Charlotte, your web is woven
And I've chosen
A new world order...
Quarter of the way through with existence
And already I've spent...
Way more than twenty five cent.
What wit!

It's genetic, I admit
My father and his leather jackets
My mother, the loving coke addict
Static buzz...
I AM ONLY WHAT I WAS BEFORE THEY LEFT ME
I screamed on the floor when I heard what was
And still to this day...
I dream of a better way
To have loved the two of you enough for you to stay.

Barlot ...

Deja Vu

The familiarity of the feeling burns deeper than the words
I feel absurd to have let myself be so ignorant...
So naive.
To believe that monogamy was mutual
And some rewarding redemption would make it worthwhile
It's all too much my style...
And look at where I stand.
I have everything I've never wanted-
A surplus of celibacy
Just to find he never thought of me
Now I see...but I let it go
It'd take someone with an actual brain to know-
It's never worth it.
The simple nonsense of recording it...
I am pathetic, alone, and all too young
To have ever let it go on this long
My time has been wasted
As he lays and embraces, my worst fears come true
But the nightmare carries on as I set the pins back
Just to be struck by another bowling ball
And hit the ground again.
I wrote this all too long ago
Simply shows...
Some girls never learn
Let it burn more
It's seem to be what I moved here for-
Masochist in the make.

Barlot ...

Dignified Death Rhyme

Shall I die before my time
My rhymes will be all that's left of me
Unpublished and unappreciated
I've made it...
All for nothing.
Crass and dry
Condescending and cruel
Fueled by...
Everything I never knew.
And everyone I did.
All reminiscing of a better time
When wine was consumed by the crate
A time when the date was unnecessary
And the time itself never was
Never is...
Do.
If only I knew what I would lose
My liver, a kidney, and well...
Dignity.
Though now I see, the time's far gone
Alone with a stomach lining
Whining about death
Breathing the breath I exhaled as a child
I'm back, I'm back
Weak, timid, mild,
Unpublished and unappreciated.
The beat played on til fingers bled
The beast of which will soon be dead
Pessimism gone to my head
Oh love how much I do regret:
I fucked a man who called it sport
Came up short in academics
Plagued by an epidemic of idiocy
Which, by all means, seemed appropriate at the time
So many years of selfishness
Only caring about losing myself in the whirlwind of substances
But in this instance...
Karma has carried through.
Too much damage to recycle and repeat

Concussion caused by chemical defeat
Repercussions reminding me just how pathetic
One becomes when they start to "get it"
But back to the beginning
The room has started spinning
Though I wish I could finish writing
Against death, I am not winning.
It ends where it started
Lips parted for the final phrase,
"I swear on my life, I loved you til my dying day."

Barlot ...

Eating A Human Wearing A Wool Sweater

It's like eating rack of lamb.
Or better yet honey baked ham.
You call yourself a vegetarian.
But your baby's back ribs are so American.
Be patriotic and chew!

Barlot ...

Emotional English

Half of my heart is a question mark
Ending the sentence of your tyranny
Threatening to set me free-
More like handing over a golden ticket.
Abusive is what you are
And have been in all my memories
How can I expect other to love me...
When the door slams?
And here I sit
A soul of sixteen-
All of my broken being...
Jumbles into that same old sentence
Ending with a question mark.
You scream for me to grow up
But that's where the problem lies
Every second around you, my childhood dies
We all know it has no afterlife
Because the door slams.
I'm grasping at straws here
But you're too occupied to see
Too much time with cocaine straws
Not enough time for me.
Even if it were an illusion-
Time, that is-
Your hatred isn't the solution
Take it from your DNA
The only way to solve a problem
If simply to run...
Far away.
But if it's not too much to ask
I do have a request:
Leave the door open for me.

Barlot ...

Fifteen And Flying

My thoughts are worth surpassing,
My life the war's controlling,
Every day more time is passing,
On this land have I been tolling.

My airplane has been put on land,
My cape torn off my shirt,
Sands of time slip through my hand,
I'm stuck here on the dirt.

Barlot ...

Food Not Bombs

I handed a cookie to a homeless man today
In a slurred speech he told me,
'God's got big plans for you.'
That might be true
That might be right
But tonight I'll be back to my social standard self-
Wearing overpriced clothes
Putting colors over my eyes and nose
And pretending to be...
Elite.
The money spent on my lifestyle
Could help 22 men on the street
But time shant allow such
Too much is wasted on politicians
And physicians and judges
Thoreau's rugged lifestyle is what I long for-
Building cabins and hopping trains,
Letting beats be the only fuel for my brain.
And when it rains, I'll be on that park swing
With the other beings who know about life
Strife and suffering are inducers of longing
And living and love.
Above all things is purpose
Which I now know I have.
Watching people take their bath in a fountain
And eat from the buckets we set up
And the plastic cups and knives and spoons.
Pretty soon it's not going to matter
Just occupying mass and matter,
Waiting for it all to be over
Or just the chance to be less...
Elite.

Barlot ...

Four-Twenty

We are the species we read about
And the ones put here to change-
So who gives them the right to control our every move?
As if we have nothing good to do!
My audacity attracts attention
And apparently handcuffs to match.
What happened to so-called 'Freedom of Speech'?
Did they take that away from me...like my originality?
I need to breathe.
But that might be against the norm they say
As they feel the effects of the illegality of the substance
Nonsense!
The hypocrisy of the entire matter is enough to make alters burn
Well, burn for me a fucking Messiah who'll further enforce the laws to keep me
smothered-
Scattered...diced...covered
That's the illusion religion creates for me now:
Another set of rules to control me-
Judges preaching like missionaries.
Democracy my ass, you tight ass bitches
The answer to my problem was shot in the WWII ditches
Not in a cow skin, dead tree, suffocating monstrosity.
Read between the lines instead of having words delivered-
This isn't a pizza place...
It's life.
You're being judged right now as you settle life here
You think you have years
But you'll soon see-
The world as we know it...
Purgatory.

Barlot ...

General Solitary Rants

Debit or credit
Paper or plastic
Some people get it
And others still ask it.

Cup or cone
Premium or Unleaded
It's only when I'm alone
That I'm choosing to fret it.

This too will pass.

Barlot ...

Good Clean Threats

I'm the dynamic czar of the underworld
They call me Charlemagne
I carry a gun in my guitar case
I'm oh-so-clinically insane.

My stories will make you sleepless
My morphine will make you faint
I'm a bounty hunter on Saturday nights
On Sunday I curse saints.

I run a line of cathouses
I strip the night away
My double-life gets somewhat confusing
But I lead it night and day.

I inject my blood with heroin
Lacking an alibi
I make grown men fall to their knees
Making my mother cry.

I worship Satan night and day
The rumors are all true
My cult is out to kill someone
My next victim might be you.

Bwah ha ha?

Barlot ...

I Got This

Calloused fingers dropp blood on the floor
Leaving pink puddles to match the past due notices
Nothing matters
Nothin' but the beat
Can't dropp it
Steady, steady.
Rockin' the bass
Rappin' the rhymes
I gotcha this time
I got the beat.
The bass thumps my heart beat
Drum pumps my blood
The melody flows through my head
This is gonna be good.
It's life in a stanza
A four-count existential ordeal
I can feel it like a treble clef
Cheffin' it up
Keepin' it real.
Can't dropp the beat.
No drama in my pockets
Nothing but the rhymes–
I'm a slave to the four string
Nothin' but a thing.
Steady, steady
Walk it out like a symphony
It's like my master.
It's me.
I got this.
I'm addicted to the beats.

Barlot ...

I'M Down With Eed

I gave my life to a society-
Who never will reply.
A storm is brewing internally-
If it could my heart would cry.

Pouring tears while pumping blood-
Oh Genesis, how we've changed!
Life has become a Revelation-
Now that normality seems estranged.

Barlot ...

Intake Makes Creativity Free

The walls turned into hard drives of data
And green permeated my sight
If there wasn't intake that night
Then nothing would have been.
All I saw was motor oil and mischief
And boys with girls with bare midriffs
But nothing was or would have been
Without tripping on the Robitussin...
I drank from filth without warning
The storming outside was not even regarded
Until that one broke my heart and...
Ran back to his land for his own party
Am I sorry? I doubt it's like such
I took too much, yes, but life does too
Is Do drains my thoughts
Make me high
Make me high
But if that's reality while it's occurring
Then outside the box, is it real?
To feel sensations like I did that eve
Makes you perceive entirely too complex
And want to leave this marketing vortex
I am alone, a collection of molecules.
The tools around know now what I do
But call me close minded for not being them?
It's been said before-
By Bukowski and me-
Eternally repeated in philosophies...
Drink your pot liquor and cover it with grease
When the lease is up, move again
When the life is up, shoot once then...
Fin.

Barlot ...

Jumping The Wagon

Words flow through with force
Feeling no remorse for the loss of ability
Simply feeling as if another woman's lipstick is in view
But the same goes with my love for you-
A turn in the chapter because of the mad laughter of a previous commodity
Because of me...because.
Straining through gravity to concoct brilliance
Resistance is naturally ignored once more
For the sake of my self and humanity
The calamity to which I produce
Can and will be used against me in the court of law
Where all past crimes will soon be saw:
Smoking herb with middle aged musicians
Stealing books on health and nutrition
As well as several misdemeanors associated with all that's in restriction
Like that other end of a live fence-
Sometimes it's not a good idea to go there.
But most of all...but most of all-
The beat must be uncontrollable
Despite those on patrol and in control
I let it flow and then I know-
I'm the best mother fucking kid a God could ask for.

Barlot ...

Laqueisha

Blinded by the glare of a dusty mirror
I try to gather my thoughts long enough to slumber
Ah! But there is so much I have left to wonder of-
So many more worries than dreams.
'Shake it off, ' I say in the prudent tone I generally use when bitching at myself
But I never seem to abide by my personal demands
The only result of such dialog appears to be a bewildered cat concerned with her
owner's mental health
As she very well should be-
The cat is more stable than I...I...I...
I don't believe she understands the responsibilities that come with walking
upright
But it's pi in the morning!
One would assume this is no time to question the negative effects of evolution
Maybe I should shake it off.

Barlot ...

Lay Off The Acid (Freestyling)

If anything is worse than being slaughtered,
It's being the daughter to a mother who's the father of the family,
I try to see out of their points of view but there's just no coming around when
my imagination has ran to Timbuctu to join the circus and set the animals free,
That's fine with me,
So long as I get to eat.
Who doesn't love an elephant for lunch?
The sound of the bones crunching in my mouth
Like the cat I hit as I sped down the street coming home from the place where
the omnivores eat,
Lying in the road like the counterculture making a statement,
As they sent their creeds to congress trying to have them passed,
But it didn't last so long as creed became a shitty faux rock band of bitches,
So they had to switch to public displays of their feelings,
Like the kids in the high school with their dealings of drugs and sexual devices,
Give them a hug and they run with it,
So says the sex ed teacher as she stands under the fluorescent light with her
cellulite shining underneath her clothes,
Like the sun in the sky as it blares into the labs of the scientists
Leading to stares as they declare global warning to all of the citizens on the
planet.
I didn't plan on wearing a wife beater on Hanukkah's,
Or playing my harmonica in the summer sun of new years,
I suppose the fears are irrational,
I'm just trying to be passionate to make up for your lack of opinion.
I'm not saying you're a bad person,
it's just hard to find a good woman these days,
Much less a man,
There's really no difference if you plan a time to think about it
But how can you have the time when you so obviously have to take mine,
With my imagination and daily thoughts too,
One day I'll get them back
Or I'll have to kill you.
It won't be a bloody murder just a brief knock over the head
Or hot grits thrown on your face,
Oh god I don't want you dead.
Sometimes I ramble and my brain goes to shambles
But there's just no one to share it with anymore
Except the black Muslims on the screen

Talking about being mean to the women and hormones in soy,
Making little girls out of the little boys,
Proving that there is always a sacrifice having to be made when you choose to
have a heart these days and say the animals shouldn't be slayed,
The bias in this ordeal is outstanding
Much like the improper English used in this selection,
Which I know will come over you like a urinary tract infection,
Which is one of the reasons why I can never see myself being married to a man
of your status,
You'll soon take me over with a psychedelic beauty apparatus,
The way you took over Rome during the fall way back when,
Oh yeah, I know you were around back then,
People who don't die can never be born,
Unless the soles of their shoes get worn,
And in that case I suppose it's their time to go
So says Ben Gibbard and Jimmy Tamborello
As they make their one record and call it quits,
Piece of shits,
Talented people should lock themselves in cupboards and lock the damn door
Just so I can keep ranting a little bit more with a larger audience who practice no
defiance.
What am I talking about in this half of a rhyme not divided in paragraphs,
like my mother always wanted me to use but there's just no being like her when
my imagination ran to Timbuktu,
Never to return again.
Fin.

Barlot ...

Learning To Walk

My essence is fading
Christianity's the bleach
The second I left Murder Beach...I knew it would happen
But it happened so fast-
Like everything else.
The phone seldom rings these days
As if I'm being punished for the things I can't control
Part of being your kid is being your scapegoat, I know
But this is too much-
Life takes it's toll
Sometimes
Same words
Same rhyme
Nothing is stable but my poetry.
In my quest for stability I found nothing more than what I run from-
Me.
Recycle your bottles and brainwaves to match
It weighs itself out with karma
Oh! let's talk about karma!
Maybe I've done something subliminally horrid
And now I'm paying the price
It's just...this way of life isn't the least bit enticing
Broken homes full of brain cells splicing...into an oblivion.
I fuss about being isolated
But here I sit-
A recluse.
Imprisoned inside home recipes
For the family's social anxiety.
If I had a heart it would be broken
But turned into a mosaic and placed in the garden.
Maybe some things do matter
Maybe everything is art.
Just leave me be-
For now...at least.

Barlot ...

Lover, Departed

With eyes the color of adrenaline
And a scent like that of cinnamon
A gentleman of his nature was one I can't forget
Simply regret...
Years of meaningless adoration
Salvation ending in tears...
I'm stationed in an old cabin facing everything He held near—
Like that book about the Granola James Bond
And my initials on the corkscrew.
If He only knew how much wine...
I'm fine, I'm fine
Keep in mind the difference of age
Five years apart is more than a stage of life:
Minimum wage and career
Lover and wife.
Ah well, sweet solitude
I've inked you past due
Though I thought you were through with me
Nothing to do with me
You managed to come through...
With flying hues of color
Another sign, says my mother, that I'm at loss of education.
A simple math equation and I'm through:
I minus you equals what I used to be
But to be what I was is old news
Much like the Republican Holy Crusades in Iraq
And once more we're back—
To my left brain.
Bane of my intelligence
Marching with the regiment just to show I know the basics
Scissors, paper, sediment
Oh my goodness gracious!
What once was the rant of me losing my confidence
In the love of my adolescent years
Has turned to sheer, sheer panic
Frantic...
Beating to the drum in my ear
So finish it...here:
As obscene as you may take it

I wanted nothing more than to make it...
To the climax of my novel with you.

Barlot ...

Luncheon Of The Boating Party

A Sauvignon excursion
A Cabernet-filled quest
The boat is now emerging
From its landlocked nest.

Jean-Pierre stands tall and lurking
With a cotton-laden breast
Elizabeth just bats her eyes
In her Sunday morning dress.

All converse amongst themselves
Under a striped canopy
No one seems to notice yet
The color faded from me.

I watch dear Anne turn up her glass
But she looks not to see
Death is blind to all the eyes
Of those with mortality.

No straw hat protects my head
From the summer sun
No wine flows through my compost veins
To make this party fun.

But oh the elite is laughing
Eating ham and buns
Perhaps it's their sheer innocence
That against me they have won.

The boat floats to infinity
As I sit, no eyes on me.

Barlot ...

My Teabag

We can stop it if I cared
But frankly I'm just too tired these days
As I sit trapped in a Valium haze
Where did they go?
And why did I stay?
I just wanted a new epidermis
And a chance to say
My love for your charisma....
Well, it will never fade away,
And neither with you.

Barlot ...

Mylan

Onomatopoeia.

I'll mash your head in like a potato.

Karma chooses the letters I write.

Onomatopoeia.

Eat your turkey sandwiches.

Your shoes are made of butter.

Maybe the president should be executed

Or forced to have a sex change.

Your bag is ringing

Is that normal?

If my body was as full of corn syrup as it is drugs...

Well, then I'd be fucked too.

Luckily, I am at harmony with my atomic bonding

Oh no, Oh yes.

I got this.

Onomatopoeia.

If she really were on fire, I'd smile.

Rip Ecclesiastes out of your Bible-

T'ain't nothin' but lies!

Is this the Constitutional Convention?

Elephant, Elephant, Whale on the wall.

Ad Lib Ad Lib Ad Lib Ad Lib Ad Lib Ad Lib

Your wall is ringing

Is that normal?

I'm alright already almost all done with this shit!

So sly

I hope you die

Why, you ask?

Because quite frankly the process of death is one in which I don't believe in

because if blackness was before we thought then one would assume it would

follow this void of illusionary time, and we'd continue to live in a rhythmic circular motion.

Onomatopoeia.

Barlot ...

No Reason To Stay

I think in rhymes
And the words just flow
I know I'll never break the safety cap
Lord knows the gap in my teeh
Is enough to want to dropp what I preach
But I believe
And see
And do.
Sighting the jibberish
Is slightly irrelevant
But never once did I stop to consider
I've grown bitter with the years
Her ever responding essence is...
So profound I can't react
As a matter of fact, I'm out.
It's enough to want it and wonder
But the plunder on your behalf
Of letting me witness your mishap
Now shows the truth.
My tooth and mouth are numb to pain
God damn my brain though-
It's a a tough bite to chew
Getting over you-
Just break a few more bottles
And maybe then I'll coddle a kiss
This...is more than I can swallow.

Barlot ...

Nondenominational Domination

Craving caffeine pills and coffee,
The room spins in circular motions.
The notion that this is normal...
Is seldom thought-
Much like your face on the body of a fetal pig,
And if you'd be as attractive under the chance.
Listen to my rants and I swear I won't repeat-
Only in the case if they're erased,
And then only due to time travel
When molecular structure is unraveled-
Mainly due to camels...
(The animal, not the tobacco) .
I saw a man riding past the window
Then Jesus told me to stop and wash his dirty toes
And tend the livestock.
I abided and then chided...
Some sort of liberal mock-
In which is expected of me...
'How cute, the little vegan girl is talking! '
The mocking proceeds in a Southern style.
In a while a new location is acquired
Though it seems still required to be off-
(It's in my genetics)
As well as being diabetic and tall.
I've got all the answers
And wit to match-
I'll hatch a plan for domination...
Nondenominational Domination!
(To please all factions of the church) .

Barlot ...

Oh Bitch, You'Re Weary!

The night was storming as she sat alone
Unheard voicemail on the phone
Meant nothing
Like everything.
It was that time of year
Where the memories poured
Past her layers of hair
And years of care.
The only barricade is redemption
Which left way back when...
The helpless addict showed signs of sin.
They've turned their backs
When she needed them
But then they just crawled back
As she sat and pressed ignore
The phone still vibrated in her head!
She's dead to them
She's dead
Send condolences to the list
With hardened fingertips
Who she once had futures with in the past
They never last
She can't grasp their attention like she used to
She's dead...
To herself
To everyone...
She's dead.

Barlot ...

Originality: Fallacy

Taken to the strings from the ink and pen
Thoughts somehow begin to formulate again...
And once more, I have the dream.
Destiny prevailed in the timeline of my youth
Though the biography is written, blood for oil—
Eye for tooth.
Things change, time shifts
Though my spirits lift-
There is always the downfall in confidence.
People I once knew now making it
And the girl I once was proves what I fear...
I'm faking it.
As I talk to the ceiling fan, blades all turning
She eats safety pins and bleeds chai tea
And the very thought of ever making it outside this room
Is stomach churning...
To be free.
But once was can never be—
There are those who start books and finish them
And those who give up on the plot.
To say what is had has been got
Is a fallacy
And a reflection of the incompetence that is me
It's all fun and games when there's a roof to hide you
Then times stops, hearts drop
And the man that once was beside you—
Is dwelling on the image that he once knew...
The ghost of you.
I've started once more with the same pattern
It's just so fucking hard to think in a new prose
Longer nose, stronger toes, but God knows...
Originality is only unique for so long.
Conforming to the thought of difference
And indifference
Gunshots fire at a cross section to remind you where you live
It takes a lot to give...
Blood for oil.
Eye for tooth.
Then you realize...

Creativity is the ability-
To accept déjà vu.

Barlot ...

Peace Like This Can'T Be Defined

It's in times like these when I wish I were special
Just so there will be an excuse to be this happy,
But is it really unfortunate to recognize a feeling
And have legitimate thoughts?

There's a bird across the stretch of land
But as I get closer, he'll fly
Why do I even try to tame the wild species
When I choose to act as a child?

The dictionaries indoors simply don't know how
They can't feel what this peace is like
But I feel it now, I feel it now.

Why is it that walking clears their minds?
If this were true for me
Then I'd walk the earth's perimeter
Just to know what carelessness is like.

I'm feeling sort of warm with a cold streak that cuts,
I suppose it's like a butter knife though:
It won't really cut things up
It's just another way for ONEIDA to make money.

The dictionaries indoors simply don't know how
They can't feel what this peace is like
But I feel it now, I feel it now.

Barlot ...

Peer Mediation Toleration Project

The repression placed upon me in such an institution
Is enough to drain all creative thought-
'Like dry rice in a colander',
Then I look at the rest of the world
And find that toleration is the only solution:
Children starving in Darfur
With nothing more...nothing less than genocide
And forced to hide in shrubbery
While their parents are shot dead on their knees
And tolerate the hate.
Yet America, land of the free
Does nothing.
Nothing more than starting wars
And holding elections
Finding cures for diseases, infections
But choosing to retain such information
For fear that someone might start retaliation
Instead of practicing toleration
One nation...one nation...under the leader
Who neither knows or shows any form of literacy
But expects so much from students like me
Just to make a few more dollars...
In the global market of knowledge.
Yet college is twice my annual earnings
So though I long for further learning...
It appears I can do nothing but want
And tolerate government spending.
While I sit in cold plastic desks
And think of the best ways to overcome
The other students carry guns
Just to make the situation worse
The curse of adolescence is one in which I hate
But I tolerate...I get along.
I hear songs of the days of slavery
But wonder what they're trying to say to me...
Other than fear the white man
Don't fear the reaper
Digging our graves deeper and deeper
Just to escape

And tolerate the different hues that we use to identify each other.
Love your brother
Drop the hate
Before it's too late...
Tolerate.

Barlot ...

Possible, Conceivable

Your name sparks in me a tissy
Wondering if you miss me...as much as I miss you
And thinking of the damage three months can do
And the ways in which we've changed already
Then I realize-steady and steady...we get it.
So if the glove fits-take her
If not-rape her?
No, no, no
Dialogue confusion!
Clearly the only solution is in the stars
Neither of us even have cars, it's true
Love ran on brainwaves-
Not fossil fuels
What is to come? and what do we do?
One million miles of solitude-
Until a destination is reached
I should've told you long before you left the beach...
But time is not at my will
Possibly not even real
Possible, Conceivable-
It's almost unbelievable how much attachment is growing
But unlike the eleventh finger from my wrist
This, my love, is not a cyst.
Well, I hope not.

Barlot ...

Prison Of The Southern Baptist (Love Note Home)

Oh my dear,
Every breath I breathe here...
Is nothing more than inhaled pollution and exhaled personality.
Conservatism's a bitch, Baby
And I'm feeling her wrath-
I want to run home
Come take me back.
Really, there's only so much church I can take
I'll confess my sins to you and we'll start a religion of our own!
Then you'll witness the off-shoulder stares
Only in prayers...will they acknowledge me
With Southern hospitality!

Bangladesh calls.

Is it me that's crazy or them?
Well, anyone that abides by a Republican is insane
I don't mean to complain
I mean, problems follow me wherever I go
But happiness has to be somewhere in the world
Waiting to be found
We'll discover it together
Anything's better...than here.

Bangladesh calls.

I tried starting a revolution
(Regarded as ear pollution)
But was quickly shut down...when I found-
Their closed minds are locked and George W Bush ate the key!
Ah me!
Baby, use my minutes
I need your soul
This drug-free abstinence is taking its toll
And well...
Bangladesh calls.

Barlot ...

Rabies In My Palm

Ah the moonlit melodies
And cliché connections of words
It's murder to think in such fancy ink
But never to record...
So, I sailed all seven of the seas
And rolled my pants above my knees
If you please...I believe there's a term-
Pirate...(one day I'll learn) .
For now I am just wrinkling
The twinkling stars call my number
But the slumber of sleep keeps it's grasp on me.
The medication and swollen joints weigh down
The burden of gravity is unwillingly found.
Alas! One could only guess my words 'fore now
They all wonder how my eleventh finger grew
Even if I knew...one would assume a silent vow-
It's not like a lady to kiss and tell...
T'was a wish on a dehydrated wishing well
In which I found my true destiny...
A rabid cat popped out to wrestle with me,
It conquered the battle and won the war
Bit my wrist to a bloody core
But no more would it bleed after while
Honey child...a thumb popped out
The doctors wondered how that cat had magic
They sent me flowers for they thought the digit tragic...
I accept the metamorphosis
And you better bet I get the looks
Oh, if only it were true, though
One day it just started to grow
And like my rambling
And Uncle Fred's gambling-
It, too, was a force of nature...
I am now the crack baby of the Savior.

Barlot ...

Sleeping On A Tablecloth

I took a break from the slavery of words
But when I returned, I found my style was nothing as it had been before
'What could have changed? ' I asked in distress.
My best response proved to be of no aid-
As it involved the lack of rainy days-
Which seem to be in abundance.
I then made a list of from then to now
Hoping to find out how...ridiculously free I've become:
The lack of fun being number one
(Meaning I sleep all day)
Number two revolved around you
(And how you've moved away)
Three and four were never conscripted-
As time never permitted such matters.
Egads! Once more I break the chain
My brain can't seem to help my central nervous system properly function
There truly is a fine junction between genius and insanity
The statistic of such appears to be me-
I can't even believe my own writing!
Sight some portions of your beautiful vocabulary
Mix it with passion for foreign catastrophe
And there you have it-
Me!
Minus the quest for a fair democracy.
Yeah, I've lost all faith in a nation as ours-
Under medication
Under the stars.
And here lies the problem in subliminal change-
If a new Constitution can't even be constructed in a country where education is
required
Then one would assume that a sixteen-year-old Bohemian shouldn't be so
inspired...
To participate in such nonsense, of course
There is no will in writing for me anymore.

Barlot ...

Slightly Endearing

My soles are exposed
And my toes are in action
The satisfaction of hitting the pills
Will be the end of my power...
In the next eight hours-
I'm euphoric.
Life is like digging through a grocery store cooler.
It's a rule of thumb-
Don't do it
But what about wanting the best that there is?
And wanting to live on the streets of Paris-
There just isn't enough the world has to offer me
Though it appears in this mechanical monstrosity-
I somehow keep the beat.
Who says substance holds you back
The simple lack of it gets to me
I'm a writer, you see...
Therefore I'm allowed to trip
It's hip to be cool
And cold to be...to be...
Oh humanity!
Talk about insanity...
What kind of society pays for their oil?
The coil of our problems-
Like tinfoil hats and alien invasions
The simple sensation of abnormality
Totally depletes the like.
Give me the mic...
And I might just throw up blood.

Barlot ...

Some Day The Party Ends

I am matter
But I don't matter
Just use me up and go.
I'm happy to please
All of those in need-
That's why I have 'friends'.
I am a resource
But not resourceful
I waste a lot of...time
Thinking of ways to make people happy
And make their sentences rhyme.
I am possessed
But not a possession
No one will claim me
I just want to be-
Free
As not to cost you money.
I hold content
But I'm not content
With the way things have become:
My house is my heaven
Not a 7-11
It's not open 24/7
The door is locked.
Walk all over my carpet
But don't walk all over me.

Barlot ...

Sonnet #1

My love shied far under shields of sharpness
Through tunnels and trenches, the like
I stayed behind to lurk in the darkness
And lie alone in my thought each night.
Two writers in search of a thesis
One in which we wait to see
The Gods in Heaven gave us words to please us
As well as giving I to you, you to me.
And I but a calling from your mind
And you but the iron in my veins
In hopes of the treasures we may soon find
My loneliness remains.
This city halts for the sound of your song
Captivating my ear drums for our lifelong.

Barlot ...

Sonnet #2

Forsake me not with bittersweet lies
The promises thou doth make are naught
Red lines and freckles permeate thine eyes
And like a hair in a trap, a heart is caught.
Our flawless love not without fault
A facade placed upon thine view
When all of the Iron Curtains are bought
A Carbon window seems to do.
And such the story of I and you
Two mismatched appliances
Though our love holds firm and true
Here forms Triple Alliances.
When the chord breaks on the stove of our love
My attention will turn to the Gods above.

Barlot ...

Sonnet #3

I grew up with you, I grow old you
And past linear galaxies
Our lasting bond will remain tried and true
Drinking cups of honest tea.
Love like this is shared amongst few
But also amongst the many
A man like yourself is much to pursue
A man of pure philosophy.
Count the molecules you see past your eyes
I'm captivated in the direction of here
Count the heart in which you categorize
A conundrum you are, my dear
It takes an aries to realize
Our love is imprinted to eternalize.

Barlot ...

Speaking Of Captivity

I pacify the pain with a midnight stroll-
The significant pain of growing old
Growing up
Growing out
Learning what life is really about-
Struggle.
The struggle of being nothing
While wanting everything.
Mortality is just mediocre-
Consisting of dashes and dots
Scribbles, ink blots.
I waltz my way down this dark lane
With stress flowing through my veins
It's time for rain
You prayed for rain
And delivered like a cardboard box
(Everything is these days)
It makes its way down into depths
Where debt will only be payed with death-
A penny for your trouble
It was a classic struggle
In which man versed the machine
And experienced highs and lows and in between
You were almost something
Almost nothing
Almost everything
But you were human-
A human on a midnight stroll with nothing to pacify but happiness.

Barlot ...

Still Blank With Words

Staring at the molecules floating past my eyes
And finding the appropriate species to categorize them
Just as real as the tangible-
A projection of mortality.
Vision weak with ticking hands
Atomic accuracy, dropping sands
Just relativity on what 'is' can be.
What we see isn't always our perspective-
A program installed in the hard drive,
A live production on fate...
Waiting for it to end
For the opportunity to begin-
Or be stuck in the middle too late,
Too long, too much, to die for-
Blacking out my eyes for vision
To gain precision and accuracy in thought...
Something only bought on the black market
In the year of our Lord: pi 22.
Well, what can you do...
To pass the realm of endless vortex
Just vex me, my Love
Vex me to life
Leading to death
Or maybe a combination of neither.
Either way there is a pattern
Of mass, state, matter.
Should've listened long ago when she knew,
'You are science. Science is you.'

Barlot ...

Suicide Note (Anything But Twenty Volume)

There's variety in misery
And right now I'm all twelve kinds.
Solitude takes the best of us
When we realize love is sugar-coated lust.
Is anything alive?
I'm not.
I lead an existence (not a life) .
Caught!
Human interaction is so cliché
I haven't left my bed today-
Basking in unfulfilled dreams.
I watch everyone grow
And then go.
'Money's not in your future'
'Hope's not in your heart'
It's growing dark-
Another day gone by
Swatting flies.
I hear the voices walking
I see the walkers talking.
Nothing makes me feel more out of place
Than these visitors from outer space.
Sleep is mandatory
Oxygen is another story.
It ends now.

Barlot ...

Sweet Nothing

There's no feeling in my body
But there's anger in my soul
Where's my self control?
In the trash with everything that used to matter.

I can't change the world
When we just live to die
Give up now and save your pride
What else is there to live for but trying?

It's easy to be happy
When you choose not to care
The wind blows through my hair
If it blew me away it wouldn't matter.

The sun has left the clouds to cry
The sky is growing dark
Broken lighters in the park
Won't light my path to acceptance.

There's no feeling in my body
But there's raindrops on my head
I'd give my life to be dead
Just to experience the beauty of inexistence.

Barlot ...

This Poem Was Never Written

An illusion of a single cell-
Prison cells with doors you can't open
And amentities only spoken-
Never tangible.
Administration: tyrannical
Justified with generic ink.
They tell me to think about their thoughts
But creativity can't be stolen
Nor bought for support of Bangladeshi labor.
If an American child is crying-they save her
But outside these troop boundaries
They'll say it doesn't matter-
'Matter cannot be created nor destroyed.
So if one is not employed by a US agency-
They don't matter, aren't matter
And can be destroyed overseas
As a way to pass my new policy.'
Well I'll be damned to write these words
Absurdity is blank as anything-
Blank as the bills in Congress
Blank as the list of heroes and heroins
And blank as my stare as I'm trying to comprehend-
Trying to understand why I'm here
And there but nowhere for certain
And somewhere behind a new Iron Curtain
Where thoughts are swept under an Aluminum rug
And decorated in fine Elemental decor
But once more...
Twice more...
A rearrangement will occur-
In the future of this fine brainwave,
This thought process that jump drives can't save.
Fleeting, fleeting memory
Defined by branches of Chemistry-
Organic, Theoretical, Physical, Fake!
Rape my mind with your textbooks
And drag me from the lake of all I've dropped-
Everything but the beat.
But now I sit in a hard plastic seat

With my legs folded to my chin-
The fetal position I acquire when I feel in defense of ideas.
I swear I get it-
They don't know.
22 days until I go
And arrive simultaneously.
The moment is a second, minute, hour
The moment is me.
I am the water Stalin drinks
This poem is blank.

Barlot ...

Til Death Did His Part

The pen is broken, the paper is jammed
He's too soft spoken to give a god damn.
The words were conceived, the thought now anew
Though not believed, his lies were all true.

The horns of a Taurus, face of an ass
Like those before us, his statements were crass:
I asked him to marry me, to this he replies
In a tone so merrily, "I'd much rather die."

And death soon came, months after rejection
Himself was to blame, as I answered no questions.
Six feet below dirt, married to the ground
It couldn't have hurt, "I will" was his last sound.

Barlot ...

Tizzy Tizzy Tizzy

A stranger peeps over my shoulder
Trying to read something he'll not digest
The rest of society takes him under wing
So reading a thing like this is just optional
But as his female realizes what he's doing
Her anger is brewing until it's apparent what's occurring.
Slap on the wrist, kind sir-
Words are poison.
They only want noise and...
A fresh brew, a vibration,
Macrobiotics, sensation, and more.
It's impossible to ignore what's the hap
Now, now, now
I am the law of matter
I am the magnetic pull
I am.

Barlot ...

Until The End Of Twenty-Two

Autobiographical prose and rhyme
The pages were blank
Until Father Time became linear.
Listen and you may hear...
The rants of a misdiagnosed minor.
Naming not legal on papers and documents
Try and commit a crime...
They won't stop it.
Just dropp the print for the record.
It's all occurred from creation to rapture
But the need to capture it all in a vocabulary achieved via American education
Is quite the limiting factor
Along with experience...
Which I hear from gods I lack
But back with a vengeance...
Personal pronouns-
The kudzu of my literary garden
Starting to feel the psychedelic sensations
And from cracked fingers, metal vibrations
As it unravels itself before my eyes
I remember
Flashback
A brain cell dies.
Something grows weary
Words shift to solemn
No one can hear me
Unless I call him...
We went through it together, I believe
But my soul is held together with glitter glue
While his hearet continues to beat
'Cry Tough, ' I'd tell myself if I could
But being the baby-killing, pot-smoking, liberal faggot I'm stereotyped to be-
I don't own a single goddamn mirror
So all I see...
Is your picture in front of me
And kudzu.

Barlot ...

Very Seldom Is It Just One

There are days I wish I were born without confidence
Hoping there will be nothing to lose
When it's blatantly rubbed in my chest
That I'm nothing more than second best...to the people I choose to admire.
As I sit around and aspire to be more and to have more
My dreams slip like dry rice in a metal colander-
Down the drain and into the abyss.
The understanding of me sealed in...this...this...
This facade put up by my dignity has been burned to the filter's end-
Exposing nothing more than the charred fingertips
That bend around my guitar as I play in a bar
For rooms paced with unfamiliar faces
Requesting the graces of those I know
But no one shows!
It's almost as depressing as dressing up with no where to go
And no one to see.
It's a reoccurring process-
It's an autobiography
Like the feeling in your stomach when you find your foes are right
Second best in the gene pool
Second best for life
Some days it makes me try harder to get the spotlight
But on days like today I want nothing more than someone to reach out and say
it's okay.
Ah! time is fleeting-
As my youth
Now there's nothing left to do
But flood this lasting pain away
And achieve solitude.

Barlot ...

Wal*mart (Rip Free Trade)

I'm completely uninspired
And at a loss for words
The growing amounts of Wal*Marts
Are clogging up my brain.

My children won't see flowers
Except on Aisle 19
Thanks a lot you capitalist pigs
Just kill the rest of the rainforest while you're at it.

Why, Wal*Mart, Why?

Go ahead and hire the veterans
Who can't count correct change to save them
Of course you don't have paper bags!
I guess that's just too much to ask.

You've shut down all the fabric stores
I hope that you're so proud
Now I have to buy the pattern from you
When I make my 'Protest Wal*Mart' shirt.

Why, Wal*Mart, Why?

I know this poem is tasteless
But who are you to judge?
You're the ones who sell Mary Kate & Ashley clothes
And build stores the size of Canada!

I would attempt to blow you up
But in order to get a bomb
I'd have to buy it from you
And wait in line for twelve hours.

Why, Wal*Mart, Why?

Barlot ...

We Got This

I can't bare the thought of his discussions
Wondering when he mentions me
Should hope be a thing with feathers-
If you're vegan, set it free.

My thoughts then fade to fury
Knowing I've been right-brained
His captivating creativity
Is eloquently trained.

So, write the chapter on my brows
With his homicidal hush
The fact of the matter has arrived-
I think of him too much.

Though when I read his ranting
His breath is all I crave
Let not my worries discourage him
'We got this' to the grave.

Barlot ...

Welcome To Webster's

Practically a rapture seems to occur upon waking
Though steady and steady it keeps the beat
Faking it...faking a smile to sell
But tell me Mr. Professional-
What becomes of proper politeness
And just how far can you get with a botoxed face and tanning bed tan
A man is just not a man unless he vents
Money well made and money well spent?
Oh Mr. Boss Man, pardon my grimace
If you'd just let me finish
Let me earn my ten bucks an hour
It's the power that's gotten to you
And the God forsaken black heart that got to me.
Watch me frown like the pseudo-intellectual existential lady I am:
Proceed to kick me to the curb.

Barlot ...

Windblown Lies

So you're the one in the back
Whispering preconceived death wishes from my lips
Expecting pity
But getting nothing from me
A little something from him
Allow me to be immature for...
A moment and say I got more
I have more.
But 14 karats can't prove love
Only 24 with a promise
Not a lie.
Of course, that's all he gave me
And tossed himself to the curb
Smoking herb in the alley
Is the only escape.
You wouldn't know
With ignorance bound in leather
The only way to go
For someone as naive as you.
It's a good day for heels
And black metal.
I'd say I have the best end of the deal
I'm on the other line with him
But thanks for the concern
I guess you'll learn
They all do.
I did.

Barlot ...

Yeast Excrement Consumption Gone Bad

For all it's worth
Your philosophies
And scars, incisions on your knees
Everything burned to a filthy crust
Jealousy
All over me...he's over me...
Nothing to do
With nothing to drink
To think in weak rhymes like this
It practically...tyranny-
I've changed myself to change the world
What once was a happy girl...
Is now nothing more than molecules
Oh but the ridicule of reverting
Is enough to keep me from converting to reality
And gravity takes its weight
It's great to be painless
But my brain gets the best of me
When there's no one to read my writing.
Never will there be a sighting at my grave
I'm young and dying
Just trying to save every memory
Every part of humanity
But the smell gets to me
Kill me once...
I'm so goth it hurts to believe.

Barlot ...