

Poetry Series

Brooklyn Joy
- poems -

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Brooklyn Joy()

Accepting

Unfrequented and dormant heart
May this shallow day depart?
Will this day rest with the shadows?
Will your body lie upon the gallows?
For I fret and fear; perplexed by thought.
For I wander facelessly distraught;
Through the seeking rivers facets.
Through a moments admirable accents.

Unwavering I lie enthralled
Unmoving I watch the aluminous way
Of this unwilling unmoving day
Shall you ever see my eye?
Shall you catch it, my little eye;
Resting amongst the glittering sky?
Oh for this day I do see
My head on your chest in restless glee

Brooklyn Joy

Cast Of The Willow's Shadow

Here I give to you the seem less sense;
Of the timeless clock still ticking;
Giving lonesome feelings a new suspense,
And my thoughts of you keep sticking,
Into my mind with a mockin bird's cry.
My soul cannot take your hear's shallow ticking,
For I can see deep into your mind's eye,
But I still smell the taste of your first hello;
A new rush had inflicted me head to toe.
Why did your love on my heart have to cast a maleficent shadow?
Why did you pull my strings in your puppet show?
Yetlook at me today, for I cannot be moved by your woe,
Or even pity that burdened eye of a vacuous raven.
Only to you shall my visious hatred I bestow;
Into your superficial mind so deceptive and graven;
That now lies deceased in your limp body, forever inthis contiuous tense
So slowly I leave your grave stone wishing you an eternal hellish haven.

Brooklyn Joy

Conditioning

Conditioning

Conditioned state it seems to be: your love, your life, your reality
Stimulated by our senses, vacuous ending facts remain
Remain, wasted to the mind of creation; wasted are the laws of man
Man of truth, truth of laws, truth of dictative limited states
A question is worth a thousand more, to this fact we yield our questions
We ask but disregard, we cannot release our comforting senses
Senses, emotions, realities; the prison of captive thought
We act to the response, but limited senses dictate the reaction
Limited senses make a captive mind; captivity is blind
Mind cannot reach into the unknown, for comprehension is lost
Human mind is a feeble thing; unknown leaves a primitive being
Known knowledge a conditioned state; retaining human reason
Purpose is lost without reason; chaotic webs spawn without purpose
Disorder challenges the mind, challenges notions, notions of life
Naïve our are thoughts, we press not, upon our imprisoning walls
We trust simplistic nerve signals, received through stimulation
Making us conformist beings, changing to fit our own comforts
Blinding, to this the mind of humanity is a conditioned state

Brooklyn Joy

Golden Years

Black cat's shadow holds my vision in an angle of attack,
Attack at the back of my mind; frigid and black.
Pen to face, a position I find myself in over and over again.
Again to the saddened state with my face to this pen.
Fire in the corner burns, with a continuous desire;
I envy my old days, with stupidity which I was dominated by.
By and by, but eventually these days were disregarded by I.
Now I have slight wisdom which furrows my brow.
My brow which sits in an intensity; ageless from the now.

Brooklyn Joy

Good Bye Aiden

Sitting in the room of shadows wondering if the beauty laden
Laden by the lonesome darkness guided by the night's amour.
Love it fills the night of question; about the doubtless future succession
For the morning's eve progression, progression towards the closing door

Hushing whispers of choice uniting, in the movement of the maiden
Oh the maiden lonely sitting upon the venerable door.
Sodden by the rains aggression; the wan face sits with no expression;
To avoid the precarious transgression, transgression of the note in his drawer.

Cannular heart pulses in a manner; that it burdens the day with thoughts of
Aiden.

Aiden, sweet Aiden smoldering the sun, that has shaken her core,
The man who consumes her mind's obsession, what an agitated depression.
Depression that was once progression, progression towards the closing door.

Brooklyn Joy

Immortal Earthbound

Tensening whispers reign throughout, a thought that filled my heart with doubt
Soft it rests within my breast heavily hanging and deeply oppressed
I seize it tight trying to flout, its meaning its purpose to do without

The thought the idea that weighs so heavy, has grown for years epic and Chevy
The red the crimson is all I see when I close my eyes to a tolerable degree
If only my sleep could come to pass so many lives I seem to surpass

The dark the dreary it stains my world seeping deep it lies unfurled
Beyond this grayscale my eye does not reach beyond the night I do not breach
My thirst consumes all living reason to human kind I've committed treason

Pain a feeling nothing more, hollow and empty a scabbing sore
Life a continuous burning flame, I extinguish the source without a shame
My veins burdened coagulated and black; my heart's beating has come to a slack

Here I stay in my perfective tense; everlasting in a visual sense
Yet to the world I do not exist; human life will eternally persist
Further and Further it goes to stay; to the obscured I leave a spiritual bouquet

Alone in my sadden state of unrest, alone in a crowd like an unwelcome guest
So their tears will forever whisper, unmovable thoughts clearer and crisper
Depart away depart the day, depart the life that has been set to stay

Brooklyn Joy

Lost Island

I know an island sitting;
Centered in the ocean expansionary;
Foamy clouds the water carries,
And sand sprinkled by the midnight fairies.

I know an island sitting;
Far beneath the starry navy.
Here I will stay, forever maybe,
Here, blanketed by the restless sea.

I know an island sitting;
Perfumed with a honey and nectar breeze;
Which races through the branches of arched palm trees.
I know an island sitting.

Brooklyn Joy

Moving Day

Morning star rests lazily low in the hazy dawn.

The sky of dawn; salmon and violet fade to azure as the sun reaches its height at noon.

The noon into the afternoon, which darkens into the evening.

The evening brings with it the velvet onyx spotted with stars of the night.

The night hushes all voices at the moon's mass at midnight.

Brooklyn Joy

Pulses Of Silence

The tingling kiss lingers upon the crimson lips;
Parted in an exaggerated expression of awe and desire.
I leave my saddened sorrow for the hope of a new morrow;
A new morrow which lingers upon my crimson lips.

Your pallid beauty obsesses in my mind,
And to this a realization occurs of the fullness of my hollow heart.
What I wouldn't give for the release to stay eternally in this stilled peace.
In this stilled peace beauty obsesses in my mind.

Deep I stare into the onyx of your eye;
Which pulses with such an innocent fury.
What a pathetic lust I carry, lingering like the taste of sweet sherry.
Like the taste of sweet sherry I linger upon the onyx of your eye.

These malignant memories of you I shall hold with such indifference;
Changeless in my timeless spectrum; rotating in a continuous sphere.
Immortal love is the feeling, the feeling of our hearts annealing
Our hearts annealing I shall hold with such indifference.

Brooklyn Joy

Yester Year

Tick the way the clock did stroke
With a will of devious thrills.
Oh morning heart you weaken the sorrow, of the burning light.
It hardens my flesh with a porcelain finish,
So soon I will find the mannequin forms diminish.
O ravenous crow you gawk at the crowd with such a disheartening growl.
Why must the window hold the shadow form, for which it gawks at the crowd?
The question less answer which whispers in my ear,
It brings out the truth of my morbidly disturbing fear.
The disturbing fear of the burdening light heart;
For which I answer to with the shameless cheer.
O cheer, a cheer from the conscience year lost in a plastered face.
I knew once of an eye glass for which I could fantasize;
A new reality, without this ominous fear.
O this worldly reality I can hold in my hand;
In the shape of a tear dropp which falls from eye to hand.
Gladdened state it all seems to be; for I will fall for all eternity.

Brooklyn Joy

You Made Us

Their motors will purr into the night; what an infernal atrocity
To the beds the children stay in a state of brumal sleep
Deceived by reality's hold; they rest into the break of day
Into the break of day their motors will purr

Upon the urban and rural they pour, devouring hopeful thoughts
Their movements shuffle to the pace, of the faintest of the hearts ticking
Steady they stop for the readying engagement; a droning mist seems to rest
A droning mist seems to rest upon the urban and rural

Hushingly so the children stretch, ready for a life of unintended living
Scarlet eyes bore into their heads, signaling the sign for extermination
Descend they do into the doors with weapons to the children's heads
With weapons to their heads the children stretch their arms

Synchronized are their screams, synchronized the weapons fire
So their motors will purr into the night, what an infernal atrocity
To the beds the children stay in a state of brumal sleep
So that droning mist will forever rest; upon those children's pillows

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