

Poetry Series

**Christian Connor  
Schwantes  
- poems -**

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# Christian Connor Schwantes()

Remember,

The business man cries and so does his soul. But he keeps it all in his executive account.

If you'd like to contact me my email is:

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Enjoy!

# A Practice In Limericks

The tree was chopped and put into trash  
Surrounded by the high schooler's hash  
Get high they say to you  
You be acting a fool  
After school we are making a dash

Jeans are cool, jeans are rad, no passing fad  
The tight and the loose, muffing tops sad  
Squeezing on into them  
Is the modern day hyme  
So slip on in so you can feel fab

Bald is so simple, so true, so clean  
Not produced like a foreign machine  
Its easy, wax off wax on  
It's a flesh colored bomb  
It's good when a reflection is seen

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# Anorexic And Down 40 Dollars

I saw a crying shadow  
She wanted help  
Plea seeming so innocent  
Pieces of sand in clockwork  
The noise wasn't perfect  
Face telling time  
In the end she ran  
Ran with my kindness  
Into her pleasure  
Warm and fuzzy  
Heroin's heaven  
Into veins, cloud seven  
Not nine  
It's reserved  
For the right and honest  
Not the shadows that con us

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# Assembly Line Clowns

Pushed to produce, forced to fabricate  
Demons in the detail of what to calculate  
Parts of your soul that you had to amputate  
This is the toll for switching to cruise control  
Impurities implanted into the process  
Grinding down what good that was originally intended  
Into the nothingness that will soon be expended

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# Banks Reality Policy

Look, see the steel carriage  
The banks new marriage  
Abusing your wife, beating your children  
Stealing your money, greedy and sucking  
Dimes out your pocket, gold from your teeth  
Even your blood with their vampire teeth  
Slurp slurp, your ignorance tastes like bliss  
Slurp, you wanna try this?  
Trickle down fool, you believed that'd work  
Maybe I'll send you back to school  
To learn how greed works  
You're still picked on by the bullies and jerks  
Except this one puts it in you when you shirk  
Your mind, your inner rhyme, your sense of time  
Life's too short for your petty change  
Perhaps it's time to rearrange  
Start with what matters and work your way up  
So you're not stuck in the banks iron clad butt

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# Basic Rules

Your body will rot and your mind has forgot  
The reasons why it made me  
Keeping me bound to your logic  
Your looks  
Childhood books  
Survival, that's me  
Perception  
Never free

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# Bottle Caps

Remember when it was simple  
When everything only meant a little  
I didn't drink a lot  
We never screamed and fought  
I barely remember those times  
Back in two thousand and five  
Innocent to a fault  
You were the pepper and I was the salt  
But then in two thousand and five  
I found what it took to survive

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# Catching Arrows

So now we wait in anticipation for things to happen  
We keep on spinning  
Shooting of sparks into the misty night  
Stereotypical  
The fog is thickening, my hands keep mimicking  
The idea of holding you  
Girl I love you so  
But I know it's time to let you go

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# Children

Catch a caterpillar not a butterfly  
Seeing transformation is the best  
From simple to complex  
From the floor to the sky  
Two dimensions of reality just in one life  
Are we like butterflies? Or are we just flies?  
Rather to be growing and blossom, or swatted  
Despised.  
So change the colors, see how we thrive

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# Chinese Rhyme Trap

Look at this puzzle  
Is it a trap or dog muzzle?  
To clamp your jaw between stereotype and prediction  
Hold firm your conviction to make a new depiction  
See it through, cuz what else you gonna do?  
Sit and think or masturbate to Jen Brink?  
Reacting helps, a tap at the knee  
Check if you're still moving free  
Don't just 'let it be'  
Come on, you're dealing with me  
It's you, you, you  
So see it through, cuz what else you gonna do?

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# Church Theatre

Strike the match that lights the fire  
Burning like stars that pass us by  
Twinkling like candles competing in church  
Sing the chorus and start to fly  
Hallelujah to the lips of lusciousness  
Praise to the hair of fire  
Images traveling down the wire  
To the center of souls, out for hire  
The gospel of gloss with passages of perfume  
Put out a price, making deals  
Soul frayed from misuse  
Three inches less than what you need  
The games of a stage actress name  
Condescending rules focusing on personal gain  
She's been playing to many trivial games  
Eyes that shine unnaturally  
Every man's halftime fantasy  
All stars fall, rising bright  
Playing into the identical demise  
Of the stage actress lie

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# Diner Conversation

How do you know when you're in love?

Is it when your thoughts become simple? Imagine, not being simple

Fun that freedom brings, but their eyes bring you to stay

With your heart disobeying, your mind keeps replaying

Misled by their tone

Controlled by your phone

So you sit there and wait, your fingers hesitate

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# Feelings Of Vomiting

I know what it takes, but I don't want it  
This world is not mine for the taking  
My back  
Its breaking  
The breath of a planet  
Pushing me to its core  
I know it gets hot  
Sure it'll hurt a lot  
Screaming at people for answers  
Following what I heard was right  
Doesn't right come from years of masterful insight?  
Who can say who knows more  
Dali lama, Gandhi, Al George  
Doesn't how long you live change what you care for?  
Eternity is a long game, so let's get down and get with it  
Hold still and don't fidget  
Words are what are coming for you  
Underneath is the feeling tying a noose  
Roped to your ankles, crawling for air  
While you run, I'll follow you there  
Innocent tug and you'll trip  
Because the truth stays in no one's grip

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# Fire Light

This is no in-between or American dream  
It's the real things I find around  
Not the people in cars or the cats at the bar  
It's the real things I find around  
Castles of sand, there is no call or demand  
Only you, the me, the we, the free are things I find around  
Seeing moonbeams or friendly warm faces  
Things that matter most are not technological, philosophical or logical  
Things I find around  
Simple Simple Simple Simple  
Living in clips, fragments of snippets  
Things I find around  
The way you see it, the way it moves you, the way it hits you, the way it is  
So simple its complex  
Starts with a feeling then moves to your feet  
The real things you'll find around  
Seeing people stand there and bob to the beat  
Not gamers, nay-sayer's, mismatchers, crap players  
Just real things you'll find around

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# Girls In Back Rooms

Training Nights  
Training Days  
All the eyes looking this way  
Our breath gets shallow  
Getting hard to swallow  
Hands start to shake  
Heels start to beat  
The ground takes the heat  
Ill start this dance  
Trust me, it'll move fast  
So, hold tight  
It's gonna be a beautiful night  
Arms moving in perfect sync  
Legs tangle  
I know what you're about to think  
I am your partner  
Trust me, you're free  
Your body's safe with me  
Dance just one more song  
This song can last all night long  
You are my porcelain doll  
Never fall, always spinning  
Grab this hand  
Take this journey  
Never look back  
Tossing and turning  
Heated and burning  
This is where our lips meet  
Is it how you thought it'd be?  
When you can't even feel your feet  
So, keep dancing with me  
Until everything you kept inside is finally set free

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## H 2 Fate

Need to write, need to write, need to write  
My brain is spitting things into oblivion  
A magic carpet it's riding on  
No Disney songs, just a whistle in my ear  
Of all the secretes I keep there  
Irrational though is the battle I fought  
But the wind wipes it away  
Into cumulonimbus clouds they stay  
Collecting and clinging, they bind to each other  
Till they rain down on roof tops removing the buffer  
The truth will come out one way or another  
To living rooms, bedrooms, bathrooms and basements  
Water is the substance found in all places  
Drip, drip, drip  
Stay dry, don't lie  
Need to write, need to write, need

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# Mating Call

The problem with poems is how the soul seeps out.  
Through the cracks of the consciousness,  
Meditating on mastering the marvelous  
Pondering perfection to perform to the other sex  
Getting caught in drama of simple text  
Looking ahead to contemplate what comes next  
They're just games, the poems we rearrange  
Feelings felt by all, short and tall  
Something you never meant to say  
Casual banter, prices we pay  
Ridiculous feelings of fruitless fanfare  
She's heard it before, what more could there be in store  
Say simplicity and honesty, often mistook for perfect harmony  
Full of oddities and modesty are parts that create this monogamy  
But for the record, simple and true  
Feeling like such a fool, just boy's in preschool  
Let's be friends and strive to understand each other till  
The end

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# Occupational Hazards

Have you ever held a whore so close you adore her?  
But everyone around you can only abhor her  
You're fooled by loves simplicity  
You can't even articulate its basic felicity  
Instead complicating it, to completely castrate it  
She has just been in a rut, which by your definition makes her a slut?  
But I say why call the kettle black when you're the one who's always found on  
your back  
I don't see what she has done to you  
Maybe you'd be the same if you couldn't have gone to school  
Drop-out, cop-out are the names that you gave to her  
But what really have you started to favor?  
Maybe your ego or two percent body fat  
Are you really gonna say she can't compete with that  
I am not asleep  
I can feel what I seek  
It's more than just skin and bones  
It's a harmony with different tones  
No one can tell me how to feel  
She knows because her past has been real  
Papered and perfect are you ideal mates  
But I want a girl with some down to earth traits

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# Planned Obsolescence

The nation of greed  
Manifest the nation of need  
The hand that once fed us  
Has planted the seed  
It has started to grow  
Taking us whole  
Binds us to the blind man's path  
The nation of greed  
Finds its need  
Squeezing our sin so tightly  
Golden reins with diamond veins  
Upon a sleight of silver bones  
Make your own choice  
The box is black  
Lock it, or pick it  
Jack it, who cares  
Pandora's recession  
Only choose once  
So what will it be  
The land of the free  
Or the home of the need

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# Pollen Season

Put this note where someone can see the other side of me  
Attaching ourselves to this world with threads thinner than hair  
Cradling others, grass stuck in pairs  
Swaying in satisfaction, roots eaten by ennui  
Moving with the earth no matter how we tread  
Except we can choose who will sleep in our bed

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# Private Party

Chew chew chew Crunch crunch crunch  
Smack go our lips  
Licking your fingertips, I turn over in bed  
People ask me how I rest my head  
But what is rest?  
Little naps.  
Breaths of death.  
We build ourselves these nests  
So sing with me, dance in my house  
Touch, brush, mash and love  
Fly from your fears little dove  
Let go and fall  
Turning these clouds into castles  
Meeting the ground in its solid state  
Chew chew chew it  
Slip slide smack it  
Holding a body in darkness, feeling the same  
Only in detail lie the differences  
So sing with me, dance in my house  
Moments fleeting  
Originals repeating  
Let's make it a first  
Everything can be new like our clouds morning dew

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# Quantum Sight

Blurs and flashes wiz by  
While all of life seems still  
It's a fleeting glimmer  
Chemical reactions at levels unknown  
Unifying under unknown laws  
There is a collapse  
It breaks down into a void  
The colors gone  
Never cold, just nothing  
Absence of sense  
Timeless time bends  
Sealed again  
Time to mend  
Before time breaks again

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# Runaway Darling

It's getting harder to breath  
This isn't tag or make-believe  
I'm running on fumes and about to crash  
So darling,  
We could take a trip to Rome  
A place with olives on oiled stones  
We'd look like kings, love  
Fat tummies and heel wings  
Seeing statues and beautiful things  
Or darling,  
We could take a trip to France  
Where people don't know our dance  
Drinking the night away  
Till it seemed like yesterday  
We can eat the finest bread  
Holding each other we'd rest our heads  
Maybe darling,  
We could take a trip to Spain  
Enjoying the warm summer rain  
And thank god for each other day  
Because with you I'd have it no other way  
I'm bound to stay  
Holding to you  
Oh darling

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# Scalpel Please

You can try to write song  
Try to write a rap, but none of that counts  
It's what's said in the aftermath  
The bomb doesn't have purpose till it explodes  
Like science without frogs, dissecting a song  
The beauty that's created when the right words come out  
Is not planned like chess masters making the other clock out  
It's like a bee buzzin, or buds blooming  
Simple as a kid's toothless smile  
Or lovers who haven't kissed in a while

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# Social Songs

Lyrics are harsh and filled with classical malice  
Drinking in tears dripped into its chalice  
Where logic binds it, time can't define it  
Suicide seems suitable  
Euthanasia created a melodic fantasia  
Composed with the hammering of heart beats  
Sung by the choir of the simpletons  
The heart is beating between the sheets  
Received by the lifeless as a roaring sensation  
Tempo caused by the lure of temptation  
Another piece of unoriginal creation  
So slip on in and find me hiding  
Humming away a model tune  
Hoping for a revolution conceived too soon  
Into the night I'll be dashing  
Off for treasure, with you as my tether  
Before lyrics fall, crashing

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# Soggy Waffle

Everyone sits in circle  
Waiting for their turn to talk  
But no one gets up, walks out the back door  
Everyone stands and looks back  
None look for attack  
Coming from behind  
Jackal's friend Hyde  
You all seem so silly with that look in your eye  
The briefcase and beer can make it disappear  
Stand! Run!  
Grab your car and your nun  
You can't get out of here  
Building the world on tradition and task  
The soul has rusted  
The brain  
Busted

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# Systems Theory

Raw, exposed as tissue torn from its host  
Nagging of constant reminders  
Emptiness proves it  
Emptiness provides it  
Fish nailed to walls, heads stuffed with gauze  
Kneading in the ecstasy of orgasm  
Pricking at the purveyor  
Telling secrets, told in translation  
Having let it out, oral masturbation  
Relinquishing responsibility  
The cosmic emptiness seeks supplies  
Hand tools and names it tries  
Reflections in fractions forgotten  
Sight is the past, keeping the present unpredictable  
Emptiness manipulating the dependable  
Raw, defined by its past prejudices  
Just like a cold coffee's kiss

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# The Fatty Assassin

What's it like to be caught in war stricken strife  
Fearing for child welfare and wife  
I wouldn't know because I'm home safe  
Only Fox News to get into my brains  
Pumping in propaganda  
My morals rearranged  
So I turn it off, shut it down  
Nothing in my house will make a sound  
I sit there and I  
Count my blessings  
Say my prayers  
Think of souls in electric chairs  
In my mind its  
Rat tata tat, rat tata tat, tat  
Bullets getting stuck in America's fat  
Plump and diabetic, weak and prophetic  
The mighty will fall and the fat will roll  
This prophecy is not written in scrolls  
It's written in menu's and taking its toll  
So I sit there and I  
Count my blessings  
Say my prayers  
Think of the souls in electric chairs  
In my mind its  
Rat tata tat, rat tata tat, tat  
Obese humanoids crippled with fat  
Poisoned and defenseless, more wings and more stress  
No pope could bless this  
Look at Memphis  
Or stop  
Look at the people  
See in their faces  
Addiction to sugar, obsession with fat  
So what general would have a happy meal with that?  
Get out of our homes and play with your neighbors  
Our hearts are not meant for this mandibular labor

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# The Isles Of Dreaming

He sits there wondering his place  
Blinking for answers  
Sitting because no one stands here  
In the isles of dreaming  
Far away  
Never leaving

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# Ticking Time Bombfriend

Hey insanity can't you wait till I count to three  
Come on give me some roam to breath  
It all seems to slip real slow, I only noticed because I went against the flow  
I see what you're doing  
Turning my will against me  
You better start running ill only count to  
One two three four  
It's you I find behind the door  
Sleeping with no shirt on to take my princess  
Better put some shoes on you'll be trippin to payless  
Insanity  
You can't fallow me  
I know your smell  
Something along the line of rotten egg shells  
You're nauseating, you're ugly  
What could you want from me?  
It's not like I ever had that much sanity

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