

Poetry Series

Dead Beat Poet

- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Dead Beat Poet()

I've been drifting through this life looking,
in search of somewhere with something to care.
For a over a decade now and count slowing,
the people who love me only do so by dare.

I remember growing up in little to nowhere land,
imagining what it would it be like to do a magic transport.
beam myself to San Francisco or someplace exotic with sand,
somehow be part of what is and with an import.

Listening in secret to Depeche Mode and the Doors sing,
who led me to embrace the rebel within one.
At the time I couldn't sing or play anything,
so I started staring at the stars while dancing right past the Sun.

To show the world I wasn't born otherwise wrong,
the U.S. Navy had my name the top of their list.
To prove to everyone and myself I didn't have to belong,
I could do anything I wanted with an open handed fist.

I know I've missed the show by a decade or more,
it's been a non-stop roller coaster ride and I've lost track of the time.
I've hit rock bottom and can prove it with a number on the door,
it doesn't matter anyway I can write what I mean and finally rhyme.

A Bar Called Tosca

Someone dropped you like a flower in everyone's favorite drink sitting and reading next to the old record player. We named her

'The Jane'tt We Freed'

We made her with Sweet Vermouth and even though she doesn't need it once in a while add a little more VOS*, at the Juke Box at the bar down the street from the seed.

They call it Tosca for now and the drink happens to be Ernesto the Bartender's glossy boss.

The Juke Box is missing a few records and we think that you are its' need. This is where I would like to put the picture of Depeche Mode next to the Juke Box at Tosca

I know you said the limit is 101 but once I felt the drift of your draft I thought it would be ok to go more and I couldn't help it anyway.

*VOS=Very Obviously Special

Dead Beat Poet

A Index Of Titles

A Bar Called Tosca
A Distant Little Half-Step Brother to Depeche Mode
A Room With No View
Abyss of Hatred
Agonizing Bliss
Alone Clone
Andrew John Fletcher
Angel of Severance
Anhedonic Flavor
Another Weekend
Behind the Mask
Bitter-Sweet Lips
Black Roses
Blind Smitten
Blood Hole
Broken Angel
Columbus & Broadway
Dakin Snoopy
Dance Worship
David Gahan
Death Smile
Division of Tears
Door Sex
Dream Valentine
Dying Drunk
Electronic Glitter
Empire Building
Empty and Hollow
Everyone Hates You
Everything Deadly
Evil Blush
Fag and Yank
Favorite Wish
Feast Alone
Final Wish
Fire and Halos
Fire Stuff
Following Park
Fox News and Benzoylmethyl Ecgonine

Franceska Berube Carrier
Fun Ring
Gallon of Sips
Gasoline Shower
Getting Laid
Gold, Oil and Drugs
Grave Dancing
Hauning Number
Heavenly Knife
Here I Sit
Holidays Alone
Insane Brain
Jerk
Kat Lawrence
Lamia
Laura-Jayne Brown
Lethargic Jerk
Let's Meet
Lifting the Veil
Little Star
Live in Effigy
Lost Hello
Lurking Rhythm
Magic Friends
Martin Lee Gore
Mating with Shadows
Melanie Smith
Merciful Death
Misfits and Freaks
My Bloody Valentine
My Little Hell
No Fun
Obvious Hate
Only Evil
Palm Sheets
Pandora
Paradigm Dance
Paula Lietz
Plucking Angels
Policy of Silent Truth
Pray for Fire
Question False Time

Read It Again
Reverse Halo
Ring of Death
Salty Blood
San Fran Seasons
Sarah Jay Oliver
Satan is Nothing
Sea of Sin
Sea Tranquility
Searching for Sin
See Horror
Servants and Masters
Shirley Betush
Shutter and Spew
Silence Your Breath
Slowly Bleeding Away
Snag and Twist
Some False Reward
Spewing Lies
Stiff Body
Still Their
Strange Hate
Strange Pain Angels
Stripped Stoned
Stupid Hitch
Talent and Doubt
The Evil in Your Eyes
The Future
The Rest
The World in My Eyes
Tiffany Horan
Tosca
Trine Plesner
Veil of Sandess
Vengence and Retribution
Warning Shadows
Waxing Pathetic
Weapons and Fruit
Whisper and Missed
Whore Friends
Why Christmas Sucks
Will and Order

Will Ball
Wish Death
Your Desire

Dead Beat Poet

A Room With No View

A room with no view,
is now what I'm used to.
If you don't believe me,
look and I'll show you.

Ten feet squared,
no john and no shower.
Someone knocked me,
from my golden tower.

I'm back on my feet now,
and fighting resistance.
Good thing that I'm full,
of endless persistence.

Dead Beat Poet

Abyss Of Hatred

I've been staring at you,
from behind your mirror.
You thought me away,
but really I'm nearer.

I feel much worse,
when you are here.
You're like a black curse,
now it seems clear.

Your abyss of hatred grants me one wish,
and this is what I profess.
Live forever turning circles to lines,
and when you're done we feed on your flesh.

Dead Beat Poet

Agonizing Bliss

I want to drink your blood,
as it drips from your eye.
It let's me live longer,
and gets me high.

You are now my victim,
and you thought it was love.
I put you on,
like a hand in a glove.

It's time to say goodbye,
there will be no mercy in this.
For you this is agony,
for me it is bliss.

Dead Beat Poet

Alone Clone

We all kiss ass,
we're all whores.
If the pay is enough,
get down on all fours.

If the need for cash,
wasn't the way,
What on Earth,
would we do with our day?

The future I see,
we're never alone.
When it's time to work,
send in the clone.

Dead Beat Poet

Alone Path

I wonder what it like,
not to be alone.
To have friends who care,
somewhere to call home.

That's not for me,
no matter my choice.
They will cast me off,
without ever hearing my voice.

Alone is where I belong,
never cross my path.
You don't even know my name,
it's time we take a bad bath.

Dead Beat Poet

Andrew John Fletcher

Your live rhythm moves me.
and all of the boulders.
When I see Martin and David,
they are dancing on your shoulders.

You drift from song to song,
without missing a beat.
When I hear you perform,
I'm alive in and on my feet.

You stand there and play,
with nothing to prove.
Thank you Andrew Fletcher,
for giving me my groove...

Dead Beat Poet

Angel Of Severance

Bring me an angel,
this time alive.
It's only needed,
for me to survive.

I'm bringing you down,
the stormy riders moan.
A new kind of town,
stripped to the bone.

Severance is calling,
she knows of your shit.
Be your own god,
and idol to worship.

Dead Beat Poet

Anhedonic Flavor

It's a new word,
I label myself.
One that I pulled,
from my old bookshelf.

It looks a bit steril,
any yes it's pedantic.
Let my show you,
to my new friend Anhedonic.

It means several things,
one has my favor.
To hear with taste,
and see in flavor.

Dead Beat Poet

Another Weekend

Another weekend,
alone and stark.
It feels like I'm living,
in the deepness of dark.

The sun, he comes up,
and lights where I walk.
But sometimes I really,
just want to talk.

When the moon rises,
she takes over me.
Alone with just her,
is where I need be.

Dead Beat Poet

Aslan Moonbeam

Aslan Moonbeam,
a very strange name.
I don't have to look,
to tell you're insane.

But that's a-okay,
we are one, they like us.
Now that you are here,
we are now 1 plus.

So load up the pussies,
and come to Frisco.
Your first night here,
we go to a disco.

Dead Beat Poet

Behind The Mask

Nobody knows me, not by name,
I smile at them and I'm just the same.
Another face in the crowd,
but behind the mask is pain.

A mind full of yesterdays,
regrets, hope and sorrows.
But the worst is behind me,
I can finally see tomorrows.

Dead Beat Poet

Bending Negative Reality

Follow your instincts because they're all you've got,
an educated guess is very possibly not.
When you're thinking to yourself it's like talking is it not?
it's called second-guessing because the first wasn't a thought.

It's more than a flip of the universal coin,
progression towards the mean of the top 250.
With the proper perspective we're all microscopic,
but think that we're just really nifty.

A proper attitude is the curtain and we are the stage,
doing it the hard way seems only right.
The stats tell us who and never answers why,
having some come by day and others by night.

It is no longer limited like an everyone spout,
the first sign is coincidence followed by pious.
The butterfly effect is looking from the inside out,
our public image is seen with the negative expectancy bias.

Look around and see who makes the you you know,
they want you to be someone they're not and be part of a trend.
We're doing what we're doing and don't even say no,
it's more important than anything your own reality can we bend.

Dead Beat Poet

Bitter Sweet Fright

All things exist from the proper perspective.
You are already a part of the subconscious collective.
To each our own is the prime directive.

Expanded realities in a bitter- sweet state.
A continuous journey between love and hate.
Exploring the depths of emotional fate.

Standing on the ledge is where it feels right.
Begin to listen and embrace the fright.
Step up not off and grab the tail of my kite.

Dead Beat Poet

Bitter-Sweet Lips

I crave a bitter-sweet choice,
the taste of your lips.
The smell of your voice,
and soft rounded hips.

I need you right now,
please don't go.
You can go tomorrow,
but go very slow.

Take everything off,
and prepare for attention.
My plan for you,
is too sinful to mention.

Dead Beat Poet

Black Roses

Please call me,
before you kill yourself.
I'll bring you black roses,
and a knife from my shelf.

I don't wish you dead,
but never alive.
When you are gone,
everything will thrive.

Please do it now,
we're all waiting.
When your heart stops,
there'll be no more hating.

Dead Beat Poet

Blind Darkened Mounds

You have newly formed mounds of darkened skin,
under your eyes where smiles and we used to be,
the aroma of loneliness flutter in the air from within,
every time you blink someone blind begins to feel-see.

The once was you is forever gone replaced with neo-nice,
every day has a new tormentor with nodes of perception,
the masses have been diverted from a solstice to sacrifice,
experience the non-obvious senses by neo-conceptualization.

What we are together is by introducing our subconsciousnessi,
neuro-genesis manifests with our ultra-spontaneous creativity,
cerebral transubstantiation is now upon us from a darkened sky,
prepare for atavistic redivivus after reading parisological poetry.﻿

Dead Beat Poet

Blind Smitten

I wish she'd come back,
to see what I've written.
I hope she can tell,
I'm totally smitten.

I will do,
all she desires.
For all she does,
is beautiful and inspires.

Now that I'm blind,
I finally see.
All that I can offer,
is me on my knees.

Dead Beat Poet

Blood Hole

I took a shower in your blood,
under the moon lit sky.
The stars and planets they said please,
we split you up like pie.

Except the black hole who we promised you soul,
is sitting there and waiting.
When we are done it's time for its' fun,
then begins the hating.

You can't escape or do anything,
for most of eternity.
When you're done you're not finished yet,
it's time for the next galaxy.

Dead Beat Poet

Broken Angel

The sun got brighter,
when you were broken.
An angel is killed,
when your name is spoken.

I made you a cake,
with magic poison.
But it only works,
on souls not yet frozen.

Please let me kill you,
under my knife you will fall.
I want to have you stuffed,
and mounted on my wall.

Dead Beat Poet

Columbus & Broadway

I'm sitting right here,
@ Columbus & Broadway.
People everywhere,
doing it the hard way.

Models here and there,
strippers galore.
If you look hard enough,
you can find a whore.

Italian food, Greek,
Mexican too.
They are all here,
just to serve you.

Buying memories,
souvenirs as well.
Stay long enough,
go straight to hell.

Trust me I know.
I've been there and back.
But this time it's different.
I'm going to stay right on track

Dead Beat Poet

Criticize Another Spelling

I spell the way I want,
without regard to fools.
When it come to creativity,
I make my own rules.

Every word has meaning,
usually more than one.
Dumb ass people like you,
take away the fun.

To criticize another,
is just a flimsy excuse.
To display your lack of talent,
with nothing but abuse.

Go back to your hole,
just where you belong.
I'm the one with talent,
you're the one that's wrong.

Dead Beat Poet

Dance Worship

People aren't people,
they're numbers instead.
Moving through silence,
always get ahead.

Get up every day,
and ride to the stage.
Take your small pay,
then back to the cage.

I found out,
the not so hard way.
However you do it,
take back your day.

The ride I'm on,
is a one-way trip.
Because rhythm is my god,
and dance is how I worship.

Dead Beat Poet

Dancing For Hell

I'm alone so often,
I can hardly tell.
Who I should trust,
to take me through hell.

It's a dirty job,
but you love to do it anyway.
If it's worth doing it all,
you may as well do it the hard way.

Dancing for you,
is all that I need.
Too weak to stop,
too strong to heed.

Dead Beat Poet

Dark Koken

Your mirror is broken,
you live by your lists.

Sleep to be awoken,
with empty clenched fists.

Make me your token,
we will not be missed.

I am your dark koken,
prepare for our trist.

Dead Beat Poet

David Gahan

The only reason I ever go out,
is to dance while David is singing.
With the echo of your words,
my ears are always ringing.

My impulse comes alive,
at the sound of your voice.
My dance a welcome need,
not a that and this choice.

When I hit the floor,
the girls begin their glancing upon.
But when it is I close my eyes,
it's only with you I am ever dancing until Gahan.

Dead Beat Poet

Death Smile

I no longer smile,
knowing you're alive.
My miracle is coming,
there's no way to survive.

Wait right here while I get the others,
their appetite is hearty.
Because with me it's just a killing,
and with them it's a party.

We cut out your tongue,
you can't scream any more.
In your death we unite,
behind the Black Door.

Dead Beat Poet

Distain Observer

I will always be alone,
of this I am sure.
I am more,
than anyone can endure.

I am an outcast,
wherever I go.
You think of the truth,
you can't even know.

Apart from the fray,
is where I belong.
You know that I'm right,
but wish I was wrong.

My existance disturbs you,
of this I'm aware.
Behind the Black Door,
walk if you dare.

You want me to die,
I want you to sin.
Take off your clothes,
then let us begin.

I don't know,
because I can't remember.
Ever making love,
with the opposite member.

I only like you,
just a quick flick.
You think it's love,
it's only a trick.

I want to kiss you,
all over your face.
For you this is triumph,
for me it's disgrace.

I will remain,
a distant observer,
above your distain,
as you maneuver.

Because you know,
way down deep inside.
I want you to run,
but won't let you hide.

Dead Beat Poet

Division Of Tears

When you are breathing next to my ear,
the transmission is clearly received.
All you wanted was everything dear,
regardless of who was deceived.

When ever I fall it's always for theft,
help me to discover your underhand.
You got all the love and what ever's left,
nothing was enough to understand.

I awake from the pain of my flesh tearing off,
my nightmares seem pleasant when you're there.
Unnecessary words only do harm and scoff,
I never promised my division of love would be fair.

The sheets are wet with my blood and your tears,
another night with nothing to lose.
If servitude is bliss when entering years,
it is with you whom I will choose.

Dead Beat Poet

Door Sex

I need you now,
it's really not my choice.
You take me there,
with the look of your voice.

Behind the black door,
I'll do my best.
To make you feel better,
than all of the rest.

Lay on your back,
put up your feet.
As the lights go down,
I'll turn up the heat.

Dead Beat Poet

Dream Valentine

I need you so bad I'm all empty without you.
I know it's an impossible dream to do.
The dream makes me feel extraordinarily new.
I don't think I could handle the real and whole you.

My heart will stop beating,
the moment you touch my hand.
My eyes will start melting,
and blood turn to sand.

You are always so beautiful too,
I still can't tell how you look when I see.
If I had only one wish I would give it to you,
and pray that you make it for me.

A midnight sound check on your vocal cords from me,
with the rest of your strings to follow,
I'll tune you up and then turn you on,
pick you up and play you till dawn.

Giving you pleasure is all that I live for,
wherever we've finished with one to do.
You've got another one coming,
or maybe even two.

I don't care what you think of me,
just treat me like your private whore.
With the bill paid well in advance,
now and forever more.

Dead Beat Poet

Dying Drunk

I'd rather get drunk,
than keep you from dying.
It's not just me,
everyone is trying.

Because no one likes you,
it's not my fault.
Don't blame me,
you're like bitter salt.

You say you'll soon change,
but never do.
Pour me another,
wait, make it two.

Dead Beat Poet

Electronic Glitter

MySpace, Facebook, Google and Twitter,
filling our brains with electronic glitter,
eyes full of sparkle,
and minds full of litter.

Friends with thousands,
but know only few,
maybe you're next,
just me, them and you.

My postings are read,
by thousands a day.
The phone never rings,
it's as if I'm away.

Eat, sleep, dance,
movies as well.
Alone in the crowd,
with secrets to tell.

You tell me yours,
I'll tell you mine.
We both need for more,
like the sunshine.

Dead Beat Poet

Elly Cox

Elly calls her computer names,
because she can't fall asleep.
Probably waiting for Jeff Buckley,
to sing her off of her feet.

Her info is full of bright range,
I'm so very pleased to see that.
She thinks she is so very strange,
looks nothing like a big ding bat.

I think you should use 'Peanut Brittle',
then take yourself out of your box.
If I can give you one bit of advise,
don't name your son Richard Cox.

Dead Beat Poet

Empire Building

I'm building an empire.
One, maybe two.
First one for me,
then one for you.

Will life be bliss?
That's not our bus.
The empire we seek,
is running from us.

We're going in the smart way,
through the back door,
the front one also,
and maybe the floor.

Dead Beat Poet

Empty And Hollow

You somehow think fate will find you a mate,
who thinks you're not empty and hollow.
But what I think you really want,
is someone who likes to swallow.

When you cross paths don't lose their face,
one chance is all that you get.
It won't be that hard to get very far.
Then forget that you had ever met.

When you end up in the back bathroom stall,
forget the tender embrace.
Go for the gold put their breathing on hold,
if not down the throat hit the face.

Dead Beat Poet

Everyone Hates You

I wish you were here,
inside my head.
Peeling your skin,
until you are dead.

Everyone hates you,
even your guts.
It does not matter,
you're totally nuts.

It would make us feel better,
if you'd just go and die.
We're not alone,
go ahead try.

Dead Beat Poet

Everything Deadly

I dug your grave,
before you were dead.
In case we get lucky,
and you die instead.

It just a matter,
of time you see.
Until you and your grave,
are happy as can be.

I'll be right here,
keeping it ready.
When you're around,
everything is deadly.

Dead Beat Poet

Evil Blush

I blush when I think of you,
and your black wing.
I know that you loved me,
and my money.

You pledge allegiance,
to the next evil race.
That provides legal tender,
behind a blank face.

I though you were different,
not like the rest.
Lucky I was wrong,
you weren't even the best.

Dead Beat Poet

Faceless Dancing

They sway to and fro,
with shimmering glances.
They close their eyes,
enter our dances.

The svelt seductress,
is how they feel.
Now you've met me,
you know the real deal.

Pale blue skin,
with black and blood lace.
I want to dance with your ass,
and couldn't care less about your face.

Dead Beat Poet

Fag And Yank

I want to go out,
but should stay in.
What I really need,
is to dance like sin.

The throbbing base,
and rhythmic drums,
makes you want,
to dance till you comes..

But the timing's not right,
neither's the bank.
I guess I'll just do,
with a fag and a yank.

Dead Beat Poet

Failure Envy

I wish it didn't matter,
but it really just does.
To believe in me now,
nobody does just because.

The pretense to failure,
of course there is more.
They all have envy,
but say they adore.

Behind my bare back,
they talk and they plot.
It's all just because,
I like to smoke pot.

My relationships are fragile,
no matter my wants.
I am no more important,
than their favorite fonts.

Dead Beat Poet

Fallen Poet Angels

It's killing time in purgatory for devils down on their luck.
A fresh delivery of fallen angels was recently made in a very large truck,
Every one clean as a mirror not a bloody feather left to pluck.

The banquet is beginning everyone put up your pitchforks and feet.
Bring us something red to drink and make feather pillows for our seat.
At this table we use our hands and the only thing to eat is meat.

Bring out an angel this time alive it is our favorite dining beast.
Grinding the bones into powdery dust then snort with those you hate least.
Drinking blood wine that was left over from the last fairy feast.

As a starter for the table fondue the fingers from the left hand.
Strip the meat from the limbs and throw it in a pile with the little lost lamb.
Add some salt send it to Earth then call it sausage and spam.

The cheeks and tongue go to the sushi bar down by the empty bay.
The gourmet parts are the eyes and heart but these are too much for one day.
We sit them on a pedestal instead and love to watch as they decay.

Take the head and stick it on a spike then just put it with the others.
When the rot has worn away we take the heads to their morning mothers.
They then make molds and with them cast three-faced political brothers.

From the hair we make pretty whigs and send them to the entertainment stages.
With their skin our bodies are covered and there are plenty more of them living
in cages.
For just deserts we send their spirits to the poets who with them fill the pages.

Dead Beat Poet

Favorite Wish

I give into sin with everything within,
I find myself alone again once and for all freely.
Fascination for everything you grew times ten,
when you came to me so helplessly.

I don't know what sound you are,
please tune it to the top fun.
I'll dance with you alone under a star,
until the break of dawn.

I really don't love you but like is not the word,
you will lose control and have to stay.
With my hands on your flesh time will fly like a bird.
my persuasive ways are beyond what they say.

With you on top there's nothing else on stage,
you can't escape if there is no barrier.
I'm like a virus of pleasure and rage,
you are the pigeon carrier.

Take everything off there is no need to deal,
you are about to be granted a wish.
It's my wish too for my next to last meal,
and you are my favorite dish.

Dead Beat Poet

Feast Alone

Your relentless lust persists to resist,
words of encouragement are what's in need.
They expect me to die by my slitting my wrists,
I know they are betting and smoking weed.

I'm mis-understood and under-estimated too,
I doubt this will change not even with you.
There is nothing you or anyone can do,
you can follow me down and never return too.

I do not think you will make it back home,
when I get what I need and hold you down.
It's time to feast and I like to eat alone,
behind the Black Door in the dark part of town.

Dead Beat Poet

Final Wish

Yes is was me I must confess,
behind your surprise b-day party.
Everyone you knew was there,
everything was arty.

We showered you with raining fire,
and razor blade confetti.
Then beat you with a baseball bat,
until we were all hot and sweaty.

Then we sang you happy-birthday,
and made it really fast.
When you made your final wish,
you didn't know it was your last.

Dead Beat Poet

Fire And Halos

Please don't ask me to kill you right now,
let's go on a trip instead.
We all hit the wall and it's how far you fall,
not what's on in your head.

The fire within,
is moving without,
Break free of your chains,
fear and self doubt.

I will drink you like water,
till there's left only sin.
Take off your halo,
let us begin.

Dead Beat Poet

Fire Laughing

It seems so natural,
wanting your hurt.
You think I love you,
I only flirt.

You say that you're helping,
and just show up.
But all that you do,
is slurp from my cup.

Your existence is optional,
from my perspective.
I've opened my mind,
to be more selective.

You wake every morning,
to the scent of my breath.
Wanting a kiss,
wishing for death.

When you turn,
from ashes to rust.
I'll scrape you right up,
nothing but dust.

A creature of habit,
is what you've become.
I'll set you on fire,
and giggle as you run.

Dead Beat Poet

Fire Stuff

I built a pile,
with all of your things.
Then set it on fire,
with gasoline.

Who are you now,
with nothing to show?
No one to show it to,
and nowhere to go?

I beg that you throw yourself,
on top of your stuff.
Doing it right now,
is not soon enough.

Dead Beat Poet

Following Park

If you're looking for the edge,
you found it in me,
Independence is what you seek,
in your need for me.

I'll be right here,
waiting for you in silence.
I will only step forward,
in your absence.

I can only feel pictures of you,
when you are lost in the dark.
The right words never come,
following you in the park.

Dead Beat Poet

Fox News And Benzoylmethyl Ecgonine

CBS, Viacom,
Fox News and more.
Taking your eyes,
off the path to the door.

Sweet flavored water,
and expensive white powder.
They share the same name,
and some of the power.

Reality sucks,
but illusion does more,
to make you wish,
like it was once before.

Making you laugh,
and sometimes cry too.
'Please make me famous! '
is the cry of this zoo.

Everything is not,
what you think that it is.
Walk through the door,
and become your own Wiz.

Dead Beat Poet

Franceska Berube Carrier

Franceska's hair looks hot when it up,
and you have the groove in your booty.
If I took everything in the world,
you would still have the beauty.

I'd like to invite you back to my lair,
for some desert and a fable.
You go get the whipping cream,
I will clear the table.

If you are at the very end,
I will break through any barrier.
My desire is on a one-way trip,
and you are the Carrier.

Dead Beat Poet

Fun Ring

I usually break their hearts,
but not wanting to see them again.
Ruining the things and all parts,
again and again and again.

I really want to die right now,
just thought I'd mention.
But the thought of your own suicide,
gives me hope for redemption.

It will be hard to keep you in my sites,
after you do it to yourself.
It's my turn next by rights,
there will be nothing else to live for myself.

I hear the angels begin to sing,
when you pick up my gun.
But you're not fooling anyone in our ring,
we know you're just having fun.

Dead Beat Poet

Fuzzy Expectations

Just because you want to love me, doesn't give you verse.
I don't love you now and most definately never will.
I won't love anyone it only gets worse,
like all the others you do it still.
You really don't know me,
but love me now like a pill.

If I live the life you want,
only you will ever be happy.
You can't possibly love me,
I'm your fuzzy shadow fantasy.

It's not the answers on your tray,
it's your fault I'm not what you seek.
It's the questions you never seem to say,
you're welcome to try and peek.

This is the end of something,
that never really began.
You be me loving,
it only works with a human.

Expectations can only be broken,
it may be better to live the illusion,
When you think of my nature as tolken,
it's the truth I wish for inclusion.

Dead Beat Poet

Gallon Of Sips

Being with me,
is not what may seem,
I never have fights,
and everything is clean.

Sure it get's lonely,
every night alone.
But I get stuff done,
when I'm at home.

If when we meet,
and we probably will.
Forget my indifference,
go in for the kill.

When you wake up,
the lion inside.
Forget that you run,
you won't want to hide.

So lay on your back,
and wet down your lips.
I'll serve you a gallon,
with all little sips.

Dead Beat Poet

Gasoline Shower

I would gladly give my life,
to rid you from this world.
The lines will become straight,
and circles will become curled.

Heaven doesn't want you,
and hell is why you're running.
Angels cry when they hear your voice,
and the devils think you're stunning.

I don't know what you are,
I no longer care.
Shower yourself with this gasoline,
and wait right here for the flare.

Dead Beat Poet

Getting Laid

I hate my bed,
I'm always alone.
The only thing I do,
is use the web and phone.

Maybe things will change,
when my life straightens out.
But that would be strange,
and I'm filled with doubt.

But if that happens,
and my future is made.
I may not remember,
how to get laid.

Dead Beat Poet

Glistening Fables

Dividing death with every last breath,
running in circles and climbing the line.
You will find no short cuts here,
it's the hard way every time.

Count your blessings to yourself,
there's nobody else to listen.
We will multiply and divide all your fears,
fill a lake full of tears and then make it glisten.

We all sometimes dominate here,
up is the direction we round.
There's not a common denominator,
begin with sin and from that expound.

Gold and silver are worthless here and there is never a fare,
everything is real and there are no labels.
You are ready now but only if you dare,
behind the Black Door are your own private fables.

Dead Beat Poet

Gold, Oil And Drugs

Change is the cry they always use,
to get themselves elected.
They make us think that we need them,
because the country's infected.

The people in charge have everyone fooled,
into believing that they are free.
But nothing could be more untrue,
if you look you too will see.

They sell us security and false hope,
but are really just liars and thugs.
All in the name of what they really want,
Gold, Oil and Drugs.

Dead Beat Poet

Grave Dancing

I love it when you cry,
it's like rain on my soul.
And I'll dance on your grave,
when your body is cold.

If you're looking for death,
let me show you the way.
You don't need a thing,
I paid the whole day.

I've been dreaming of your suicide,
since the day we first met.
The reason it's me here,
is because I won the bet.

Dead Beat Poet

Hauning Number

The number haunts me,
I see it still.
On every clock,
and window sill.

Nothing is real,
on that we agree.
But if that is so,
who's reality?

A series of bits,
into your brain.
If you take in too many,
they call you insane.

Dead Beat Poet

Heavenly Knife

My network of friends,
is just like my life.
Everyone cheering,
no one to hold tight.

Won't you please love me,
or just take my life?
Here let me help you,
you can even use my knife.

You living without me,
why even bother?
I'm ready to meet,
my heavenly father.

Dead Beat Poet

Here I Sit

Here I sit,
alone in my room.
Nothing to think,
but more gloom and doom.

A solitary life is what I lead,
without regard to want or need.
Nobody knows where I do sleep
nor do they care if I laugh or I weep.

Alone I go into the night
with all of my will and all of my might
People are there in plain sight,
they pretend not to see because of their fright.

But I know they'll be there,
when I get my next hit.
When once again,
I am the hit.

Dead Beat Poet

Holidays Alone

Holidays alone are par for the course,
when everyone thinks you are crazy.
It's better if you make them all think,
you're really just stupid and lazy.

They invite you to parties and hope you won't come.
They're really just being polite.
but when you're not looking they whisper and point.
And wish you'd just flee with your plight.

So when you're alone and wishing for others,
never forget the main rules.
Cash is king and so is bling,
and most of them are just fools.

If every body acted the same,
life would be boring without us.
We forge the trails and fill the sails,
and always see dreamland before us.

Dead Beat Poet

Independance Glee

We celebrate with glee,
yet another won war.
Will it end endlessly,
the need to abhor?

Thousands lay dead,
forgotten just like us.
To them we all belong,
on the same big bus.

The only thing that changed,
was the look of our money.
Who we pay our taxes to,
so much it's not funny.

We celebrate independence,
though don't know its meaning.
The holiday is ironically needed,
never realizing it's demeaning.

Instead of giving us freedom,
they give us the whole day off.
I decided for myself long ago,
that just simply wasn't enough.

Freedom is losing track of the days,
because you've walked the walk.
The illusion of freedom is a 401K,
from someone who talked the talk.

The really good news is finally here,
information has come in last.
The key to being the you you want,
is learning to see but let go of the past.

Dead Beat Poet

Inferior Ways

You need to get out,
they tell me in vain.
Buy me another,
drink to my pain.

The line outside,
is like the interior.
I cannot stand by,
and feel this inferior.

Thanks for the invite,
the ride and a drink.
Next time and always,
remember I think.

Give me a girl,
or something to say.
I'll be yours for a moment,
then we do it my way.

Dead Beat Poet

Infinite Zero Hero

People are stupid and yes that means you.
Lucky for us all it means me too.

Zeno was very correct when approaching the meter.
You can't get there from here without becoming a reader.

Some think him a fool and gave him his own paradox.
That's because they can't see the boulders from the rocks.

What he discovered and observed gets lost in rhetoric flow.
They all want to say they are in the in and in the know.

They couldn't have understood at all way back then.
He really discovered a new type of Zen.

He once was lost and is now my hero.
In my new theory of 'Infinite Zero'.

Dead Beat Poet

Insane Brain

I live in a house,
with only one door,
four red walls,
one wood floor.

Just down the hall,
to the left and the right,
six more doors,
one more flight.

I think they all fear me,
they think I'm insane.
Mission accomplished.
I'm inside their brain.

Dead Beat Poet

Intoxicated Eternal Oleoresins

I'm enveloped by the emptiness of your absence because our thoughts give me
needed nourishment
You swing into my daytime fantasies like our raw wet meat is dreaming in an
eternal aether conflict from afar
Between my heart and the world is a bridge of burning silk as the gargoyle flies
from the monument
Oleoresins of conifers down poppies and chain inks then hidden and clandestine
he enters the window ajar

Noiselessly he effortlessly glides over me with the shadows of the night ensuring
everything is properly dead
My mind traces his outline of horror with seduction and like incandescent asters
they pierce me as they do you
The echoes of our soft and inanimate embraces spread as magnets and remain
imprinted in the unmade bed
Tangled skeins of magical air with green lighted eyes and like huge bat wings
they obscure the sleepy blue

His eyes and his sighs of crystal drag along in our all frayed and split up memory
while giving this and that choices
From the corners of darkness on hooved tiptoes they advance with a thousand
silent whispers from goblin hordes
Fragments of soft mosaics and fuzzy childhood smells creep into our staggering
and broken dance of voices
Caught in our web of dreams I wake up from the dream while still in the dreams
and sense discrepancies of chords

A whispered feeling on my skin leaves me more than immobile in the cement
garden of anxiety
All creatures sleep with thoughts suspended in the immensity of long silence with
the right places
Astonishment seizes my insides and out for a moment with a sea of pale lunar
craters in zero gravity
Wandering comet streaks of iridescent light that is expanding over time in the
deepening of the spaces

Our sun has died with explosion and scattered the heat of a supernova that
creates a universe of liquidity

I am now

intoxicated within the depth of our faces﻿ .

Transmogrified from a poem by Marzia Puzkin; by request

Dead Beat Poet

Jerk

I found out the hard way,
being bipolar ain't easy.
If you're a guy you're a nut job,
and most of the girls are sleazy.

So it's off to see a group of 'normies'
most of whom think I'm retarded.
They say that they are my friends,
but treat me like I just farted.

They don't understand why I expound,
on the virtues of working your ass off.
They think this comes easy,
And I think they are a jerk-off.

Dead Beat Poet

Kat Flight

I will dream of cuddling you,
when I close my eyes tonight.

If I dare to dream while awake,
it gives me such a beautiful fright.

In the years we have been longing for,
the ever present sound of light.

In the dream I want you to remember,
between me and you is only a flight.

Dead Beat Poet

Kat Lawrence

Kat thinks that she's empty,
I think she's not.
May be a bit quirky,
and totally hot.

She digs Mighty Boosh,
they have their t-shirts.
To see her in one,
looks so good it hurts.

I like her in glasses,
with hair that has curl.
No part of the masses,
this is one special girl.

Dead Beat Poet

Lamia

I can't imagine,
a life without struggle.
One with work,
AND a life to juggle.

Bringing others joy,
is the path I have chosen.
Work every week-end,
a love life that's frozen.

I'm not complaining,
and I'm not full of bologna.
That is because,
I have Anhedonia.

That's why I can't wait,
for the return of Lamia.
That what's I call,
my good friend Cyclothmia.

Dead Beat Poet

Laura-Jayne Brown

Laura-Jayne Brown,
lies to herself.
She says she hates passion,
that must be someone else.

Just read her words,
you too will see.
There's a lioness inside,
waiting to be.

Your conscious is guilty,
for things not yet done.
Here's a bag of pennies,
let's go have some fun.

Dead Beat Poet

Lethargic Jerk

My body says 'Sleep',
the mind says 'No'.
The thoughts are racing,
with nowhere to go.

I take lots of drugs,
that sometimes work.
But they make me feel,
like a lethargic jerk.

I miss my old self,
the one with success.
And I'm damn sick & tired,
living under duress.

Dead Beat Poet

Let's Meet

I can tell you things that you've never heard,
and show you things you've never seen.

What is it that you do,
from which I may glean?

We can meet for lunch,
or maybe tea.
You can tell me about you,
and then about me.

It's not sex I want,
or friendship either.
It's an exchange of ideas,
over a pint or a liter.

You tell me yours,
I'll tell you mine.
If the energy is right,
together they will shine.

Dead Beat Poet

Lieing Grave

I Promised myself I would no longer smile,
when I think of you crying.
I started a new life without you in it,
and told you that I was dying.

At my grave we buried you instead,
you actually thought I believed all your lying.
Now you've got everything you need,
all without buying or trying.

Dead Beat Poet

Lifting The Veil

They say making rhymes,
is a sign, that you are Bipolar.
If this is so, can it be,
that this is a disorder?

Normal people can't understand,
the depths in which we feel.
Over-react and under-dress
is simply just part of the deal.

They can't see it.
Not the way we do.
That's why we're in charge,
and they want to be like us too.

They just don't know it,
because the veil hasn't lifted.
To show them the truth,
we're not ill. We're gifted.

Dead Beat Poet

Little Star

My little star sleeps next to me,
tiny nightmares light my way.
Why she's here it's hard to say,
please leave tomorrow, not today.

She sees me, not as I am,
but shades of dark-pale gray.
Now I'm awake and she's disappeared,
I know I'll miss her for the whole day.

As soon as I'm home it's back to bed,
maybe she's waiting within my walls of red.
And then I drift off to my sweet,
it's only here we ever meet.

Dead Beat Poet

Live In Effigy

We all live in effigy,
of those who came before us.
But we can't see we're but a tree,
standing alone in a forest.

So when the reaper swings your way,
don't think that you can lose him.
You are little more than a thought,
that can be changed on a whim.

So live your life to the extreme,
and don't you worry about labels.
Because the life you are about to lead,
is how they come up with those fables.

Dead Beat Poet

Lost Hello

You lost me at hello,
please say good bye.
If you stay any longer,
I'll probably cry.

You are no one,
of any mystery.
You have triple faces,
and bring misery.

When you're here we yawn,
and all made that choice.
It's only when you gone,
do we truley rejoice.

Dead Beat Poet

Love Whore

I am no longer an option,
for you to fall back on.
The empty you now feel inside,
is the part of me that's gone.

I felt so alone,
with you by my side.
It was as if,
I had run and hide.

You never loved me,
we could tell from your friends.
If ever asked what they thought of me,
they would only answer 'It depends'.

You picked up your things,
and took what was mine.
I gave you everything I had,
received little in return but your time.

Please don't remember me,
or the things I've done for you.
Oh wait, you can't do that,
everything you did I did for you too.

I am so much more happy,
without you in my life.
Your unrealistic high expectations,
are no longer part of my strife.

If I gave you everything,
you would probably want more.
Oh wait, I did do that,
I was right once more.

Dead Beat Poet

Lurking Rhythm

I know you're there,
lurking and low.
Waiting for me,
in the moon glow.

Take my hand,
go to the floor.
When the rhythm starts rhyming,
we both dance hardcore.

The floor is long,
a wooden sea.
Into my arms,
you're safe as can be.

Dead Beat Poet

Lynda Newland-Coraluzzi

See the Lynda star,
it shines so very bright.
There is one in the other eye,
you are looking at the right.

She's in a great new land,
let's hope Ohio isn't it.
The Psychedelic Furs and all of us,
deserve your dancing fit.

I'd like to meet you,
in a crystal clear jacuzzi,
The one at the Louvre,
a new trip for Coraluzzi.

Dead Beat Poet

Magic Friends

Being bipolar is magic,
it turns friends into strangers.
To them you're just as real,
as that baby in the manger.

Even though nothing's different,
they treat you like you're contagious.
And every word that comes out of your mouth,
to them it sounds outrageous.

So be extra careful,
whom you tell the truth to,
Because if you tell everyone,
the only one left will be you.

Dead Beat Poet

Martin Lee Gore

I've received two lessons,
from Martin Lee Gore.
The skill of rhyme,
and art of metaphor.

If it wasn't for you,
my soul would be silent.
You've led me through a life-long dance,
with no need to ever be violent.

There is nothing in my power,
worthy of offering you in thanks.
But dance with you from afar,
forever with my thanks..

Dead Beat Poet

Masked Poking

I need another poke,
just one more will do.
After you give it to me,
I'll need another two.

Poking is so much fun,
or so that's what I hear.
The toughest part is poking,
without feeling with fear.

Anyone can do a poke,
but to do it well is an art.
It's usually better for me,
if who I'm poking is smart.

Poking a friend is disastrous,
a stranger is sometimes intriguing.
You should poke at least daily,
more that that is fatiguing.

Poking is more enjoyable,
when more than one takes place.
I want to poke you whenever,
I see or think of your face.

If you've never been poked,
all you need to do is to ask.
The first poke is the hardest,
I suggest wearing a mask.

Dead Beat Poet

Mating With Shadows

Yearning for shadows,
to kiss and to mate with.
When it's for real,
is like climbing a steep cliff.

Dim down the lights,
climb into my bed.
I know you want to,
it's okay go ahead.

When you wake up,
I won't be there.
Look in my closet,
for something to wear.

Then I get back,
it's back to the sack.
Just one more night,
unless you put up a fight.

Dead Beat Poet

Melanie Smith

Smith may be common,
but Melanie is not.
It may be Photoshop,
but she looks pretty hot.

Like a Vampiress,
who takes more than souls.
She fills them with strength,
with eyes like bright holes.

But alas she is taken,
damn lucky guy.
The dangerous part of me,
says go ahead try.

An ocean away,
a country too.
I guess I'll just post this,
and then say adiu.

Dead Beat Poet

Merciful Death

I buried you last night,
without your heart and head.
I needed to be sure,
that you were indeed dead.

Stranger things have happened,
It would come no surprise.
If you came right back to life,
seeking my demise.

The most beautiful poem I ever did rhyme,
was the death you died.
You begged for mercy the entire time,
I never even tried.

Dead Beat Poet

Mile High Inner Howling

i have no plans tonight because for me,
everyday is Halloween without the fun start,
we're always looked at as freaks anyway,
why dress up when i can just be us and play my part.

Mile-high quality costumes with black lace and staff,
revealing your inner super-star hero whore,
the costumes you like the best and urge your laugh,
are the ones you wish too be and or galore.

Pitchforks up garderbeltz with crotch and cleavage revealing,
humanity wakes up once a year to party and see each others inner-self,
shiny black capes and revealing masks enhancing the mystery of being unseeing,

i don't stand in line or take kindly to fools so i'd rather be writing the next poem
for the shelf.

Dead Beat Poet

Mind Dancing

I don't know if it's real,
or that I'm insane.
It is too good of a deal,
made by my brain.

Rub it in,
with a little spite.
Use all of my will,
a shot of your spite.

I feel you rubbing,
against my grind.
When I am dancing,
out of my mind.

Dead Beat Poet

Misfits And Freaks

Misfits and Freaks,
I know them by name.
Because they and I,
are one in the same.

Their backs are all turned,
when we disclose,
our true other self.
The discussion's now closed.

Then we retreat,
to our own little sphere.
To them it's just like,
we were not ever there.

Dead Beat Poet

My Bloody Valentine

To trust in you was more than I dared,
the lust was over and your novelty gone.
You lied so often I no longer cared,
my need for you diminished to non.

You let me down so many times,
I noticed and began to count,
It was then that I discovered,
you lied in a very large amount.

The temptation was great I must admit,
the thought of hurting just you.
It's a pain that I somehow liked,
of course I know you did too.

The mirror shows clearly,
the benefits of our death.
I can smile more than yearly,
everyone has good breath.

I never realized how wonderful life was,
until the day were gone.
When you died my nightmares ended,
I could finally see the beauty of dawn.

The day your grave was filled,
the whole world took sigh.
Your silence a golden field,
everyone wanted you to die.

I visit your grave every Valentin's day,
to celebrate the day of your murder with glee.
I cut myself and bleed on you tombstone,
so you will always remember that it was me.

Dead Beat Poet

My Little Hell

I live a life,
of self-isolation.
So I may pursue,
a grand proposition.

Weekends alone,
weeknights as well.
Knowbody knows,
my little hell.

Is it all worth it?
I sometimes ask.
just for a moment,
then it's back to my task.

Dead Beat Poet

Naturally Evil Friend

You are naturally evil,
no special effort required.
If I lie even a little I die,
and may my jaw be wired.

The things you do and say,
are done with selfish intention.
The victories you now claim as your own,
were all of my invention.

Your every little step forward,
is standing on the foot of a friend.
Little do your new friends know,
befriending you is the beginning of their end.

Dead Beat Poet

Neither Nude Nother

Lucky for you i am a schooled power sea engineer,
lots of certificates coming with experience and such,
my trained eyes and hands can polish your sphere,
you'll never even notice when i push in your clutch.

Scarred skin and lost bones wrap my brittle skeleton,
my expectations are none for a very good reason to be,
what ever they are envisioned as just the opposite will happen,
no anything or responsible actions just more of my broken poetry.

I'm less than fine most of the conscious time like you wouldn't believe,
my internal silence is shrieking without making a sound or a noise,
i want to yearn to speak with you within a poetic rhyming sleeve,
far away as you can imagine from being one of the boys.

Your insides are all i can be infatuated otherwise with fear,
the inner-self is what can be seen in our dark broken mirror,
normal is nothing neither fun nor nice in my empty interior,
it only works for me when we depart you are jonzing for more.

I abhor skin-on-skin contact and never had a massage,
real pleasure is still way far off in the outer-aether,
sensationless and senseless at the same time,
two quantifiably out of controlling neither nude or
nother.﻿

Dead Beat Poet

No Fun

I shaved my pet cat,
for humor and sport.
That's what happens,
when you drink and you snort.

Doing dumb shit,
and spend lots of dough.
Is the usual result,
of boozing and blow.

Do that enough,
you'll get caught up in tort,
Drop the white powder,
or end up in court.

But be number 1?
always rope tow?
If it's no fun getting there,
why even go?

Dead Beat Poet

Obvious Hate

It's obvious I hate you,
there's nothing to say.
When I close my eyes,
do anything but stay.

I never knew sorrow,
till you entered my life.
I never loved you,
please hand me the knife.

I'll cut out your tongue,
and nail it to the floor.
You're nothing to me now,
not even a whore.

Dead Beat Poet

Only Evil

You will never be loved,
what can I say.
If you were only evil,
I'd keep you by day.

You're waiting for nothing,
except to see.
What's for dinner,
then what's on T.V.

Real moving pictures,
the only seed.
To make you forget,
want and need.

Dead Beat Poet

Palm Sheets

I feel as if,
my skin is on fire.
When you look at me,
I fill with desire.

It's a mad world,
we all know this.
But the two of us,
will only know bliss.

Between the sheets,
is where we will be.
Then we rest,
in a palm tree.

Dead Beat Poet

Pandora

I love my Pandora,
she tunes my brain.
With piano concertos,
and sounds like rain.

She makes me feel cozy,
and all warm inside.
I can listen to Depeche Mode,
when I want to cry or hide.

Mozart and Bach,
Nick Cave is here too.
The Smiths and Nirvana,
and of course there's U2

But the bands are all pissed,
because THEY don't get shit.
Not even the ones,
with Top 40 hits.

Dead Beat Poet

Paradigm Dance

Four Leaf Clovers need to take over,
as the new paradigm,
Because when that happens and we all take over,
we can say anything with rhyme.

In a perfect world,
the one just out of grasp.
There is no murder,
or pursuit of fast cash.

We do what we wish,
only sometimes eat fish,
There's always a dance floor,
and someone to dance with.

Dead Beat Poet

Paula Lietz

Paula Lietz,
is nice beyond measure.
To claim as a friend,
is a valuable treasure.

A home-cooked meal,
provided each day.
To nourish the body,
and keep hunger away.

To tune her own rhythm,
she listens to chants,
gives a rats ass,
and sometimes wears pants.

Dead Beat Poet

Peeling Red Letters

I enjoyed peeling your name,
off of my white wall.
I gave you all I had,
you brought little if at all.

Your red letters lay in scraps,
on my otherwise clean gray floor.
Next I get to scoop you up,
and throw you out the back door.

I know you didn't mean it,
I really just don't care.
I looks as if you just found out,
You get what you give and that's fair.

Dead Beat Poet

Placeless Petting

All night staying,
stabbing hands playing.

Everyone looks happy,
everyone feels crappy.

Imperfections don't lie,
don't even try.

Dancing while placeless,
seeking once caress.

Taking and tripping,
showing while petting.

Fire lights scream,
eyes lazer beam.

Calling head picture,
making us stricter.

We need compromise,
means being wise.

Frictionless moving reality,
relentlessly to be.

Taking over dimensions,
making our decisions.

Only you dare,
share with care.

Dead Beat Poet

Pleasant Nightmares

When you are breathing next to my ear,
the transmission is clearly received.
All you wanted was everything dear,
regardless of who was deceived.

When ever I fall it's always for theft,
help me to discover your underhand.
You got all the love and whatever's left,
nothing was enough to understand.

I awake from the pain of my flesh tearing off,
my nightmares seem pleasant when you're there.
Unnecessary words only do harm and scoff,
I never promised my love would be fair.

The sheets are wet with my blood and your tears,
another night with nothing to lose.
If servitude is bliss when entering years,
it is with you whom I will choose.

Dead Beat Poet

Please Let Me Down Again

Please let me down again,
because this time I'm waiting.
You think you've thought of everything again
you never looked at my intelligence rating.

You think you are playing me,
all of us we are laughing at you profusely.
The missionary position without you,
a warm receiver you will not find within me.

The things you've yet to be said,
about our twisted view of weakness.
Swimming round my swirling red head,
without you liking them I'm only useless.

Blind carbon copies taking care of the world,
rearranging the solution of going nowhere.
The velvety taste of a pint of blood curled,
with me to care is the great double-dare.

The world outside does not exist,
in your mind or your fake smile.
Roughing up the smooth is what you do best,
with you I will walk the last mile.

I want to see with your blind eyes,
you can't fool me any more times.
Being you being me made me realize,
I am you and you are me never rhymes.

The tears they stream on down my blank face,
leaving me alone and dead as always.
Washing away the shame of my race,
with pounding rhythm base and lazer light rays.

Your tender body speaks,
my native tounge you feel inside.
One-way tenderness your body scent reeks,
I am the ticket you need to ride.

The stars they shine so bright,
to hear them tears at my nerves.
I never know from my wrong from right,
my perception is in seeking intimate swerves.

Please tonight don't let me lose sight,
I only want to do it wrong.
Don't ask me to fight,
during your very favorite song.

The competitive world holding so dear,
grins at your confidence within.
They are for themselves each and every year,
it's no sin for us to begin.

There is no ride,
with my best friend.
I'm alone with myself,
to the very last end.

Shackled and bound,
dancing with the guild.
You pounded on my chest,
and now are my world.

You think that I'm a dream,
of a distant shared reality.
A long lost memory to gleam,
a now very real malady.

There is no concept of this or then,
we are all flying down to the sky.
Their pain alone will have it when,
there is no such thing as a bad high.

It's never any good,
without you wanting me,
I'm as wicked as you want,
as you command I will be.

Plucking Angels

Your name is written up in the sky,
in giant big red letters.
Written with the feathers of angels,
dipped in your blood for all of us betters.

An angel dies every moment,
plucking itself to death.
They pluck until they no longer fly,
or until they run out of breath.

You die a little with every stroke,
the well will soon run dry.
If it doesn't for each of your breaths,
there are a thousand angels waiting to try.

Dead Beat Poet

Poetic Martin Gore Remix: The Spoken Body (The Body Speaks)

The body desires
What the spirit seeks
a girl Driving blindly
requires flesh imprisoned Keeps

You keep debating me
Hollow is your tenderness
I pray too the soul's desires
I dream of your caress

Oh Oh Oh
Please stop I'm here To touch
I need just That One the The
When the waiting requires much

I'm a slave angel
Through this just world
At your mercy Of an Oh
I pray too follow

the body speaks
To the soul's mind
All else listens
I need What is mine

Oh Oh Oh
I dream For the promise much
I need one of the imprisoned heart
Please stop wasting the touch

What Keeps Your time
the heart will caress
the spirit seeks flesh
I need your tenderness

All else is hollow
The mind speaks What

the body will follow
The body listens When

Dead Beat Poet

Policy Of Silent Truth

Words only do harm,
once they are spoken.
What you need,
are vows that are broken.

Ask me no promise,
I tell you no lie.
I'll always be here,
if you need to cry.

Enjoy the silence,
of others you see.
When we're together,
you stand beside me.

Dead Beat Poet

Pray For Fire

You are swimming around,
in my liquid head.
First you splish then you jump,
and then you land in my bed.

I'm drifting in your beauty,
you are my last hope.
Weave for me the length of your love,
and from it make me a rope.

I just set my boat on fire,
and lit my last flare.
The moment that I saw you,
I used my last prayer.

It doesn't matter you're in the distance,
and off trajectory.
I will swim with endless persistence,
but only if you command me.

Dead Beat Poet

Private Unification Theory

When two brains collide,
things don't at all add up.
Your lust turned and cried,
please boil me a soft cup.

The random doubts of mine,
uncertainties of yours arise.
To twist our strings like twine,
will dissolve the need for lies.

There can't be only one,
you'll be the one that will do.
It's time for you to come to me,
it's always been me coming for you.

The now yours and mind,
are here because clearly.
Beyond the Black Door we find,
our Private Unification Theory.

Dead Beat Poet

Question False Time

The tears in your eyes,
I put them there.
That was my first choice,
next I don't care.

I'm no longer your friend,
there are no tomorrows.
Do your own self,
and take your false sorrows.

I've got to get to me first,
it's no question of time.
It only feels right,
when we're dancing the line.

Dead Beat Poet

Questioning Enduring Questions

The many types of questions that let us grow as real beings,
paving the way for the next chapter in our lives are usually,
factual, convergent, divergent and evaluative in nature.

Many of the questions in which we encounter are needed,
to explore abilities and reveal potential to ourselves and
others so that we may move forward and endure.

Factual questions are simply straight forward,
and are based on facts of awareness,
with little processing power they are often answered,
with a yes, no, right or wrong.

Convergent questions offer a finite range,
of acceptable accuracy with complex analysis,
cognition, comprehension and synthesization,
make your creative thinking ability strong.

Divergent questions explore alternate perspectives
and create variations of correctness,

scenarios may be based on logical projection,
and the conceptual ability to think long.

Evaluative questions require a high level,
of logical cognition and a predefined process,
answers let the questioners know,
within a comparative framework where they belong.

Dead Beat Poet

Read It Agin

Love is bright red,
sorrow is yellow.
Some poems rhyme,
this one does not.

I want to write poems,
and don't really know why.
But they won't seem to rhyme,
so why even try them.

If you think something's wrong,
read it again.
You do that,
I'll just sit here and grin.

Dead Beat Poet

Reality Key Shifting

The tearing you are feeling is the lioness inside,
she senses me here now and is no longer willing to hide.

It's only dirty when you do it with bad intent,
cleaning your clock until she shines for that I've been sent.

I'm unraveling your mind in a seductive proposal,
it's intoxicating and addictive and at your disposal.

Pretty girls are easy to get why is another story,
give me first a beautiful mind and then it's worth the glory.

You are standing naked cocked and loaded for wrong,
I am here with two double barrels serenading your birthday song.

I will strip you down all the way to the deepest bone,
it's only when this is done will you fully understand alone.

Then you will be ready for my hand in the full dance,
once we are of one mind there will be nothing left to chance.

My primary aspiration is to captivate the mind,
the body only gets to come sometime after this find.

It's not always that everyone else gets their way,
all that it takes is for neither of us to do but to each want to say.

I usually dance alone in the corner to Depeche Mode and Thievery Corporation.
from the sound of your profile we already listen to some of the same station.

I've nothing left to give but what's deep down inside.
the rest of the world took everything else and didn't bother to share the ride.

I would like someone to notice my actions with a bit of care.
from a safe distance I must insist to begin is as close as I ever dare.

Behind the illusion of a prince charming veil I no long wish to glide,
when I need it and reach out for hands I don't want yours to hide.

Perfection from a distance is easy like slicing melted cheese,
reality will reveal itself when you ask me to shift your keys.

I can promise you nothing if we ever met,
I assure you of this what you read is what you get.

Dead Beat Poet

Reverse Halo

A reverse halo,
is just what we need.
To break through the ether,
and finally see.

Dancing on stages,
not like the others.
Side by side shadows,
they'd swear we were brothers.

You've got the song,
I'll back up with dance.
I know that they'll love it,
if you give it a chance.

Dead Beat Poet

Revision Gliding

I am under revision,
don't look at me now.
It's the right decision,
do without knowing how.

Gliding a wave,
of Universal stream.
I need to rave,
dance away steam.

You're never there,
because I dance alone.
I dare you to care,
then take me home.

Dead Beat Poet

Ring Of Death

You know I'm not stupid,
I know where the love went.
It went with your stuff,
when everything was spent.

You never cared about me,
or anything I am.
You only want things,
and first class Pan Am.

Now that you're gone,
the birds can now sing.
Unless you are dead,
don't bother to ring.

Dead Beat Poet

Salty Blood

You are just like the others,
this truth loudly rings.
You never mentioned my name,
only my things.

You watched me fall,
and didn't reach out.
You were looking for someone,
with more clout.

I'm glad you are miserable,
it completely your fault.
You have \$\$ for eyeballs,
and blood filled with salt.

Dead Beat Poet

San Fran Seasons

In San Francisco there's no such thing,
as the seasons Winter and Summer,
It's always Fall or Spring,
and of course the Fog's another.

Dead Beat Poet

Sarah Jay Oliver

Sarah Jay Oliver,
is a lass from down under.
She makes funny faces,
and talks with thunder.

She is seeking a door,
which she can pass through.
One that is real,
not too good to be true.

She is really quite bright,
and can filter through bullshit.
What ever she does,
is bound to be a big hit.

Dead Beat Poet

Satan Is Nothing

You are less than nothing,
I can't give you away.
I put you on the market,
it crashed in one day.

You dream the nightmares,
for the whole human race.
Angels die a painful death,
when they see your face.

The biggest mistake ever made,
by the heavens above.
Giving you the soul of Satan,
and the face of a lovely dove.

Dead Beat Poet

Sea Of Sin

A sea of sin,
is where I'd rather be,
than feeling like,
I'm alone and at sea.

So welcome to,
my sweet embrace.
When we are done,
leave without trace.

I'm sorry but,
that's just how it is.
Come back tomorrow,
when I'm done with my biz.

Dead Beat Poet

Sea Tranquility

A captain with no ship,
is what I've become.
The past is the past,
it can't be undone.

I ask very much,
from my new crew.
But expect nothing,
that I wouldn't do too.

The seas will be rough,
you need ability.
But just beyond,
is the Sea of Tranquility.

Dead Beat Poet

Searching For Sin

What good are my eyes,
if I can't see your face.
When you enter a room,
my pulse picks up pace.

That's me crawling,
under your skin.
One word at a time,
searching for sin.

Together we'll make it,
all the way to the top.
I just can't help myself,
please don't ask me to stop.

Dead Beat Poet

See Horror

Who am I?
Still finding out.
What I know for sure,
is that I want to shout.

At the top of my lungs,
from every street corner,
about all that is wrong,
in our world of horror.

It matters not,
what my name might be.
because I'm always right here,
helping to see.

Dead Beat Poet

Servants And Masters

I'm not what you want,
don't look at me.
You're better off alone,
everyone can see.

The way that you treat us,
is full of disgrace.
You act as if,
you are your own race.

One day soon,
you too will see.
How to serve,
the master's we'll be.

Dead Beat Poet

Shadow Weaver

Master weaver of the kind,
weave me a shadow if you don't mind.

I took the blame for mistakes never made,
this isn't the madness you had made in trade.

With shards of glass stuck in you eyes,
you glance right by me and never realize.

My mouth goes dry when I spot your flag.
If you are the tail I am your wag.

Dead Beat Poet

Shadown Master

I am always your other,
without even a thought.
To dance with your shadow,
is to die and not rot.

My open eyes,
will always be broken.
Into your arms,
another has spoken.

It only makes sense,
to your shattered mirror.
Nothing is enough,
to make me feel dearer.

I am feeling so betrayed,
and now know why.
Please someone tell me,
why I shouldn't just die.

The journey is long,
and full of disaster.
You need to serve,
before becoming the master.

Dead Beat Poet

Shirley Betush

Shirley Betush,
your name sounds like beer,
The kind that I drank,
in my senior year.

She likes clever fashion,
but technology sucks.
From the look of your photo,
you prol'ly like trucks.

You seem nice enough,
and have some cool taste.
But 'Applied Psychology'?
seems like a waste.

Dead Beat Poet

Shutter And Spew

I cry tears of blood,
when I think of you.
You make me shutter,
and want to spew.

The feelings inside,
cannot be spoken.
All of the words,
and letters are broken.

To rip out your heart,
and taste of it's flavor.
Will be doing you,
and the whole world a favor.

Dead Beat Poet

Silence Your Breath

I enjoyed the silence,
of your last breath.
I came wearing red,
to celebrate your death.

You are as useless here,
as you were in your life.
Now I can breath,
and be rid of your strife.

You can't go elsewhere,
don't even try.
You're nothing but air,
up in the sky.

Dead Beat Poet

Slowly Bleeding Away

I now know hunger,
since you went away.
I'm empty all over,
you made me this way.

I've never been loved,
since you crossed my path.
You drained me bone dry,
then took a bloodbath.

What ever is left lay bleeding,
slowly draining away.
I need you to come,
but can't let you stay.

Dead Beat Poet

Slowly Bleeding Hunger

I now know hunger,
since you went away.
I'm empty all over,
you made me this way.

I've never been loved,
since you crossed my path.
You drained me bone dry,
then took a bloodbath.

What ever is left lay bleeding,
slowly draining far away.
I need someone to come,
but can't let anyone stay.;

I stripped you to the bone,
there was nothing there.
Like an empty emotion store,
your shelves were vacantly bare.

I don't like what I see,
when I walk your shoes.
You want everything now,
and never need to choose.

I love it when you cry,
it's like rain on my soul.
I'll dance on your grave,
when your body is cold.

I'll stumble to your grave,
and spew on the stone.
Because even in death,
you deserve to be alone.

If you're looking for death,
let me show you the way.
You don't need a thing,
I paid the whole day.

I've been dreaming of your suicide,
since the day we first met.
The reason it's us here,
is because we won the bet.

Dead Beat Poet

Snag And Twist

Pull down the wreath and brush your white teeth,
put this season behind us.
Tomorrow's the day we really all say,
what was worth all the fuss?

So go your own way and live for the day,
but never give away trust.
Because if you do this and you snag or you twist,
just consider yourself bust.

Reach out to others,
and see what you get.
They nod up and down,
then forget that you've met.

Dead Beat Poet

Some False Reward

Some false reward,
may be coming your way.
But not if you sit there,
and do only prey.

Tomorrow's the day,
they always say,
'Do this or else,
you must obey!

Things are now different,
I've got more to say.
Today is the day,
we are now they.

Dead Beat Poet

Spewing Lies

Shut up, stand up,
and get the hell out.
I have no more time,
for your spewing spout.

You're really not that smart,
and don't have much class.
Please let the door,
crash into your ass.

Don't ever come back,
keep your black lies.
If I see you again,
one of us dies.

Dead Beat Poet

Stiff Body

I will wait forever,
for you to burn on fire.
You're doing it now,
with flaming desire.

You make my body tense,
and a little bit stiff.
If you were waiting at the top,
I would fly up a cliff.

All that I need,
is to be in your vision.
For the rest of my nights,
that is my mission.

Dead Beat Poet

Still Their

How long have you been there?
waiting and watching my mess.
I can never tell your spite,
from your love & tenderness.

Sometimes I think of you,
just here for the entertaining view.
When I feel everything shiny and new,
nobody else wants me too.

I see all of the things,
you pretend too.
How long have you thought,
you were free to?

You didn't even bother,
to tell me what's next to do.
Not at least like you,
almost always like to.

We are always young,
compare two tomorrows.
Always dance with those you love.
Please don't ignore,
their shadows and sorrows...

Dead Beat Poet

Strange Hate

I'll drink to your death,
with a strange kind of hate.
I'll arrive very early,
so I won't be late.

It should come,
as no surprise.
I've taken your head,
and removed your eyes.

Now I can rest,
knowing you're gone.
All that's left,
is burial at dawn.

Dead Beat Poet

Strange Pain Angels

Strange love and familiar pain,
are some things that I have been used to.
Are what's left in this brain.
all that feels too,

Angels with broken wings seem my specialty,
not before but because of me.
They leave in silence want no trace of we,
not even a fond memory.

They are sending a message,
through shared dance sorrows.
To give us the vestige,
to strive for tomorrows.

Do that and this,
mostly have bliss.
Beyond the black door,
no celebration to miss.

Dead Beat Poet

Stripped Stoned

I stripped you to the bone,
nothing was there.
Like an empty store,
your shelves are bare.

I don't like what I see,
when I walk your shoes.
You want everything,
and never need to choose.

I'll stumble to your grave,
and spew on the stone.
Because even in death,
you deserve to be alone.

Dead Beat Poet

Strumbling Lifestyle Augmentator

Carving time with endless words written while thinking that we will never not go away without cost

remember very well the abandonment you are about to feel and always be ready to grow a bridge to another reason

imaginatively think what you do not know while standing and writing poems while waiting for imaginary help from being lost

autumn will bring us to what we want to agree upon and we can't halt or wait for the change of another season

we sometimes often remember those who waited too long for a second spring that never knew frost

expressing desire with trampled moments of confessing admiration into an autumn wind that forgot to rehearse

those feelings you keep hiding by holding up invisible hands to feel the shivers of touch and thoughts that incite

my warm embrace is cold to the touch with your tears of slyness taking it all in and graciously giving full reverse

lip sandwiches slow and steadily pick the passion while gently fingering as one at the next bloody monday dance fight

the way you wanted it but never expected that having your neck scathed would feel so perfect to traverse

wondering around in a state of disrepair among those who have the desire to return with who often despairs

your grabbing hands and my absent mind were two strangers who took just one look and linked like a rash

the gullibility in my verve and greed in your eyes of need to self-serve were
meant to be together with airs

minds and nerves are in rebellion and know things that we can do when it is just
our words in the trash

our nerves incite with the next dance and mere presence brings swollen lips
teasingly close to your affairs

don't look back to hear you own voice that you think sounds like your very best
and sweetest feature

the electro attraction that you now feel is very real and here is the reason

why getting to know you like i do makes me squirm as you as shake cuddle and
rollover like a creature

when you whisper in my ear your dreams and fears it is always with a cry

science shadows deception and missing is the feeling souls who strumble upon
strumbling and sniff out the future

your tempting audience gives yet frets that speech and poise will be intimidated
with emotional blunts

beautiful bodies and stunning nothings touched and learnt how to feel-hear the
crying shivers of anticipation

blood in the eyes is commingling so the pictures mostly seen are dead but still
swimming in a sea of cunts

walking down a flaming aisle just to caress a piece of skin so conspires with
subversively good intention

walk in my mind some lonely evening and stare at the distant stars and the
future results of inciteful stunts

shaking like the mind of a leaf with hands placed on chest to feel the cracking of
my next heart attack

to know how many rib cages have broken just so you could hear your once
favorite song

mentally tussled our eyes locked and they were lingering without permission yet
we could not hold them back

neither drawn away our eyes smiled and relented letting darkness take the
driving seat strong

courage and hope come to a point and then so too with chance will gently slip off
the one way track

earlobe skins nuzzled off by the imprisoning of your lips full of blood that once
was mine

to be the full partner in a shared half-life with one thing leading to the other
other

stolen moments that tomorrow never promised betray the mirror rehearsals with
a broken line

asking for dates of permission to wine and dine while playing the role of lifestyle
augemtator

minds play touchy feely and when it's done right always feels like the very first
time

walking along the darkened path of those who escaped from the point of no
return to clear

that which remains between the good-buy cove and what you lose

Terra claims and accepts the thoughts through words fused with fear

yellowing of fallen leaves after another dismal summer of nothing to choose
pierced by repeating blown winces and the drops of a dewless tear.﻿

Dead Beat Poet

Stupid Hitch

Please forget me,
leave no trace.
Don't remember my name,
or even my face.

I know when you're thinking,
of things that we've done.
You remember,
when I was the one.

You broke all there was,
for that stupid hitch.
A life of capture,
and be thought of as rich.

Dead Beat Poet

Succeed Drunk

My life is over,
for whatever it was worth,
A short gust of wind,
upon this dead Earth.

I wish I was dead,
or at least not sedated.
Living life sane,
is way over-rated

I wish I had you,
or someone to adore.
All that I have,
is a blanket on the floor.

I will never know,
the embrace of a stranger.
With a smile in their heart,
without fear of deranger.

Tearing apart your love,
a bloody piece at a time.
You always get what you deserve,
and usually take what is mine.

I'm really different,
please don't believe me.
You smile for everyone but me,
then pretend you're pretty.

I prefer to look at you,
not wearing my glasses.
I hear the single sound of your face,
breaking apart from the masses.

Too hip to cry,
too weak to stay,
Please come to me,
try it my way.

Just one chance,
is all that you need.
I'll will offer you all I have,
if only if we can succeed.

Dead Beat Poet

Sylwia Gorak

Sylwia glides from her own eyes,
the whisp of the whisperer.
You get this I realize,
of this I am sure.

96 Friends,
we have that to share.
To think it more,
is more than I dare.

I only embrace,
the empty you leave behind.
Your glare is weakening,
what's left of my mind.

The sound of her gaze,
draped in waves of black.
The distant echo of a wish,
with the last name of Gorak.

Dead Beat Poet

Talent And Doubt

Visions of yesterdays,
blurred with tomorrows,
lead to a path,
full of torment and sorrows.

A crystal clear vision,
of the future you,
is what you need,
to be and pursue.

Forget about fate,
or the easy way out.
Stare at the mirror,
see talent beyond doubt.

Dead Beat Poet

The Days And Nights We Dropped The Seeds

When you take the stage again the angels will stop their singing.
They have seen you with me every time and know that you are bringing.

You Sing Your Sound in a contest for the judge of Universal Sin,
that competition was held long ago and you were never an instead of.
We were busy and didn't bother to tell that you couldn't win,
it really wasn't a competiton but a Friendly Little Bet instead of.

The Universe Handed Me 5 Dice and I didn't trust them again,
I took them anyway and began sculpting myself three wishes to be molded.
The time came for the roll the dice and make My 3 Wishes Public,
there were others in on the bet and I am pretty sure that the dice were loaded.

□

I won the bet with the universe with the winner choosing its' voice,
We took all of the seeds we could ever wish for and took 12 with a VIP view.
The first wish wished was for a label for you and your friends to play on,
the other two to give them Something to Plug in and Someone to Plug Into.

We threw the seeds near London when you would now know as the 80's and
dated

Decades we love to be dancing in and the one when everyone danced with
needs.

We turned everything up and invited your parents and watched as they mated,
we will always remember this as The Day and Night We Dropped the Seeds.

I made the label to help me with the harvest and was always pleased and still
am,

I created star light and powered it with dancing to music on the the dance floor.
I made them promise never tell and named the lable Mute to remind them,
we light up the sky when ever you are playing and the needle drops behind the
Black Door...

The greatest secret never ever told was that I rolled the dice and made the
wishes,

with Composition of Sound and won when you became Depeche Mode.

That is when I realized why on the Earth I ever created the Laser.

Then we did a little dance on the crumbs that were made when we broke the
mold.

We will dance with you until the end of forever and then create beyond ever,
Your Three Wishes Will Always Come True for Your Music and Your Masses.
We will always listen and consider you our beloved Little Pleasure Trove,
Our 12 Seeds of Rhythmic Love is what we feel when we are dancing off our
asses.

One of our greatest joys has been dancing as you Prove the Universe Once Again
Wrong,
I was right all along and knew without doubt when I heard the silence of your
first song...

Dead Beat Poet

The Evil In Your Eyes

The world in your eyes,
must be painful to see.
Nobody loves you,
you're as alone as can be.

I would die a painful death,
if it meant that you were next.
How it is that you exist,
has me and the universe vexed.

I'd gouge out my eyes,
before I'd let them meet yours.
You have less value,
than a room full of dead whores.

I rinse my eyes with bleach,
after seeing your face.
You have more evil in a glance,
than the entire human race.

I never want to see you again,
or ever hear your name.
Things may have been different,
if you were only insane.

Dead Beat Poet

The Future

Some people act,
some people sing,
I just sit here,
and do my thing.

Building tomorrow land,
all by myself,
Without the aid,
of even an elf.

But that's okay,
I like it that way.
Because I get to see,
the future of me.

Dead Beat Poet

The Rest

I will never forget you,
because you don't exist.
The story of my life,
is fiction at best.

The echoing of your heartbeat,
is alive and within me.
I think it's time to make up your mind,
not to be like the rest.

Dead Beat Poet

The Voice Of The Universe, Part 1: The Days And Nights We Dropped The Seeds

When you take the stage again the angels with respect will halt their flying and singing,
they've seen you play with us since construction time and know that you are bringing,
in a hurried fashion you were dispatched to each other with photographic accuracy,
learning to spell and speak our sounds and kindly removing all of your complacency.

You sing our sounds in an ultra race for the angelic voice in the sea of our sin,
we felt the heed and decided not to say that you needn't enter to perform or win,
the competition was held a long time ago and you couldn't know what had been said,
it really wasn't a competition at all but a friendly little wager with the Universe instead.

The Revelators handed us 7 loaded dice and of course I trusted them wrong once again,
then came the time to roll the dice twice and we made the rolls with 7 wishes and a grin,
there were 7 others in on the non-bet and we know that they and the dice were loaded,
the dice were taken with an open fist and wished for 343 seeds to be molded.

We won the bet and the universe with the winner shouting in shame and song voices,
the next four wishes were for labels to play on and you all made the only right choices,
we also wished for the seeds to earn fans all wanting to dance for and with a VIP view,
other wishes gave them new instruments to plug-in and someone new to plug hard into.

We dropped your seeds near a town called London when the 60's 70's and 80's

were created,
we turned everything up invited your parents & then watched as they danced
and in sin mated,
We love to dance in these decades when everyone dated with pointed hair and
wanting needs,
we will always remember this and that time as 'The Days and Nights We Dropped
the Seeds'.

We made a special label to help us with the harvest and was very pleased then
and still am,
we asked them please never to tell of the wager and named 'em Mute to help
remind them,
we created star light and powered it with your spin good pains on the universal
dance floor,
we light up the sky wherever you are playing and when the needle drops behind
the black door.

We will dance with you until the end of our forever and then create beyond
never,
we will always dance to your voices and consider you our little pleasure
endeavor,
we grant that your wishes will always come true for your music and your masses,

we feel you as our seeds of rhythmic love when we are dancing off of our asses.

One of our greatest joys has been going out dancing as you write to us twice
again Wrong,
we were right all along and knew without doubt after enjoying the silence of our
very first song,
we dance through every night on the broken pieces that were left when we
violated the mold,
our dice were tossed upon Composition of Sound and we won when you became
Depeche Mode

Dead Beat Poet

The World In My Eyes

The world in my eyes,
is so very narrow.
I am the hawk,
you are the sparrow.

Flying in circles,
and looking for places.
Where we can land,
and blend among races.

Out of the shine,
is where we need be.
To make us feel feel fine,
so they can too see.

Dead Beat Poet

Theorhetical Transmogrificational Knotification

A knot is defined as a closed piecewise linear curve,

occupied in theory 3-D Euclidean space known as R^3 ,

our knots are different from what you often observe,

not a piece of string with free ends dangling loosely.

The theory of knots is a branch of math called Topology and other,

you are now challenged with the Problem of the Placement,

the embedding of one theoretical outline of space into another,

represented as boundaries of the aethersphere in tracement.

An essential elemental form of a knot involves embedments that
sync,

the unit circle inserted into three-dimensions of space in
groups,

two or more knots that are embedded together are called a
link,

aetherspherical knots almost always appear in closed loops.

Two knots or links exercise the equivalency principle,

if one can smoothly be transformed into the other,

if there exists a homeomorphism on R^3 to grapple,

which maps the image of the first knot to the nother.

There's no cutting of these knots resolve,

allowing them passage to be equidistant,

like people it's a difficult riddle to

solve,

if two given knots or we are equivalent.

Tame knots are polygonal paths in space-time that is three-dimensional,

all other knots crossing your math path are a Wild and strange norm,

knots that are equivalent to the unit circle are unknotted and trivial,

the non-trivial Trefoil comes in a left and a right handed form.

The Trefoil is not equivalent to the unknot,

it's only equivalent when,

the homeomorphism mapping one into the other,

includes a reflection,

the 8 knot is equivalent to their mirror images,

they are known as Achiralian.

Dead Beat Poet

Tiffany Horan

She likes it alone,
I can tell from her photo.
Tiffany Horan,
is a visual Plato.

She likes making films,
and using black paint.
Sexy as hell,
let's hope not a saint.

Let's go on a trip,
where you can sit still.
I'll take care of your needs,
and pick up the bill.

Dead Beat Poet

Tosca

I'm sitting here in Tosca,
drinking alone.
They say that's a symptom
of something wrong in the home.

Beautiful women,
to the end of the bar.
Do you think one will screw me,
in the back of my car?

Oops, you see,
I don't have my car.
Maybe we can do it,
in the back of the bar.

I doubt it though,
everyone would hear.
I guess I'll just sit here,
and finish my beer.

Dead Beat Poet

Tragic Weekend

My weekend was tragic,
how was yours?
I had to get down,
on all fours.

Every one has a blast,
important meetings did make.
I was the last one to leave,
and stop being fake.

You say I love you,
I think you are lying.
You think I'm happy,
I say I'm dying.

Dead Beat Poet

Transverse Our Multiverse

Lifelong thoughts are bound in multiverse,

a book written by hand and ready to expand,

colliding quanta without a hadron to transverse,

my theory of 13 dimensions for you to understand.

Everything is part of a system and works in some way together,

all interlocking in an aetherspher with relative butterfly effecting,

possibly maybe someday we could write part of it together,

two minds idea creating and in between poetically mating.

This is what brought me to be part of the continuum,

could there really be others who think this warped way maybe?

my needing is for hot intensive & instead got a cold medium,

what my presence causes is hostility and more bad slavery.

Flirting with someone from reality is all very new to me,

it's been so long since someone has listened to my song alone,

broken insides have burned down as well and striving to again see,

attacked just because wherever i go and have learned to think at home.

Despite my appearance i am really quite weak and not very good at doing stuff,
if there is any losing to do it has my name all over it covered in others druel,
leisurely impossible every moment of my existence is excruciatingly rough,
i really just want to be the worst of the best and join part of a school.

My pockets are empty as well as my soul with everyone demanding more,
there is no place to turn or anything to goal because all i do is wrong,
there is nothing left to pick but scabs so i hide behind my thick black door,
there's nothing more avoidable than a broken dead beat poet with no song.

The damage i have endured is very real and ongoing right now,
my leaky life boat has been drifting in open water and unmanned,
mating with your mind has begun the long healing avow,
liking the real behind me is something i can't understand.

What you think of me can't be correct,
an intriguing mystery maybe nice to explore,
my words may dazzle but i am really a big wreck,
your words bring me hope i'm not something to abhor.﻿

Ultravira X-Max Void

If you don't believe me just ask marzia
the alligence to status has crippled you all
everything i own is tattered and on its last wow
no parties to attend at a nice big or small house
the ledge of a bridge or edge of a switchblade symphony
do this or do that and this may or may not be reluctantly
it is the week before birthdeathday and i feel like such a louse
the opportunity cost of the other is missing the wow of the now
i killed myself a thousand times today and again nobody to call
years' empty and meaninglessness is only eclipsed by pain ultravira.

Getting fucked in the ass again is my specialty and i'm not even gay
the way to feel love has been long lost and somewhat long forgotten
your truth is not the whole truth or anything resembling a neo-state
smile to my face and lie to me while unbuttoning your red blouse
patiently waiting for my reign of existence to unfold into ribbons
i am reading for the whole truth but only get bits and smidgens
useless advise and cautionary warnings that are insults to a mouse
in the book of lairs they choose a picture of something like a primate
you finger the truth just long enough to turn it into something re-rotten
future predicting is how they decide on whether or not to decide to stay.

living in the poetry capital of the world and even a passing rolling stone
tis the season to question life and the existence it brings before intuition
the pleasure you offer is nothing compared to the worst of my pain de jour
the Other is time spent projecting on the thoughts and actions then expire
nobody knows who i totally am and nor do they want to after close inspection
the knockings are about to begin and this i know because of legal introspection
showing weakness to the wrong woman is like showing fresh blood to a vampire
the role you play on the life stage is to enjoy pointing others in through the out
door
saying and doing whatever you want because you think you can be everyone's
volition
it's the time of the year of celebration for the united and reckoning for those of
us alone.

i would jump off the golden gate bridge but with my black luck i would probably

live

i feel as if there is something to offer society but there is none that really want me

they find my weak spots and grind them with cutting comments peppered with salt

nobody ever misses me except strangers and those seeking ideas and the sublime

time warps on one relative track and does not reverse or repeat on the absolute other

we would love to get involved but we're too busy doing nothing with your long lost lover

there is only one reality for each of us and unfortunately for me she was part of mine

when something good falls in my lap there is effeminately someone like them to take it

it's been such an unpleasure to to meet the real you and see all of my fears pleasantly

all thoughts are electro-chemical and have both an emotional and intellectual aethersive.

Just because you can read a clock does not mean you understand time or how it works

i want to open the veins in my wrists or dangle at the end of a rope or step onto the track

i'm way too nice and always give everything away till there is nothing left at the end for me

what if all your dreams were like mine and when they came true were nightmares instead

the quantum essence of our thoughts commingle within the circulating flow of the aether red

if you see through my eyes you will never again smile and all humans will become undead

a mouth full of cockroaches would be preferred than the feeling after being inside your head

why would we want them when there is joy without others that is easy for us to almost see

it's as if i just finished swimming across the ocean and with one day rest have to swim back

we're always in the state of inner panic and likely like something resembling the murky murks.

The rumor mill is grinding away at your bones the dust is used to build walls

around your stay
crippled with no interest to live and when i sit down to write the list there is a
little of a something
do you really want to live more than one life if the one you are living now
completely fucking sucks
i never speak to strangers anymore and saying i love you only evokes a
diminishing giggle with nod
one of the only reasons i don't want to die is because i know how happy it will
make some people
if our minds are turned into the correct frequency we will experience why we
relatively are not people
if there ever was a woman who could light the fire of my mind and body i am
sure she is a dark mod
there is no group who wants me around as i am incapable of conventional
interaction or sucking fucks
the answer to the question is the same when asked of my plans and they are
always the same nothing
thanks but no thanks now that we've used you we no longer need but thanks for
all of your help anyway.

i am really not writing much right now because the tourchering of myself has
been taken over by eminent death
haven't seen a starry night in years because i rarely leave a one mile radius of
the big city lights of san francisco
this is the first part with part two being the first ten parts being rearranged and
edited to rhyme hopefully andor eloquently
every week gets much worse and much worse it gets i assure you naturally
without any interference from you or any spirit
belief fulfills expectations and the slowing of energy flow compounds inspiration
and absence of self something compared
only the lonely could understand that lonely when you write your suicide note
and there is nobody left whom to address it too
time experienced has two parts that are at rest over the square of one minus
velocity divided by light speed both squared
light is a particle and wave that bends throught time and space at a very raped
pace wit your each and every movement
then when you are alone with them you really care viciously with your gossip and
upward social networking conspiracy
it's the season to be alone and forgotten though there may be a roof over my
head but i wouldn't call home a disco
it's 3am and sleep is distant as the real is coming back and lucky for me the
doom and gloom are still ultramyth.

While millions are celebrating unreality with glee there are tens of thousands more who want to die like me
now sitting at my favorite cross corners of columbus and broadway watching the people with others go by
if you've ever placed a magnet near a cuompass you should understand the power of negative sophic blab
one could not mistaken my existence for living and when time is it anyway to say farewell to the stay
anything that should be said can be said in a a rhyming poem or phrases that make sense or sense
imagine having your hands tied behind your back being kicked repeatedly in the groin very intense
i lay in my wooden basket nightly petrified with fear expecting that any moment they will be at bay
the only people who are watching my back are those who picking out their favorite spot to stab
my shower runs only once in a while and there is no one around who cares about or sees why
because your gaze is painful i have learned to avoid eye contact at all the times that i see.

Our subconscious is steaming words on a steady flow but i've been paralyzed with real fear
sculpting with words my perfect counterpart only to have them edited with unclear reality
what you would do if you knew that every response you ever receive is translucent
look around and what do you see except nobody standing or sitting next to me when the game is over and i've already lost is it too late to throw in the know
transubstantiation is how we connect to the collective cerebral under-tow
today's the worst day of my life and tomorrow is expected much worse to be the only surprise you will ever receive are those give with something reluctant
it's rare for me to speak to anyone's face for more than a few times specifically what is in the space in between the pre and post synaptic nerve centers are clear.

December is always empty for me with nothing to do and no more big parties
how much time do you spend thinking about the future actions of the others
every meal is eaten as if it may be the last because it very well may be
family and friends are things of the past with our name on no guest lists
feeling like the elephant man with a highly contagious form of leprosy

running on empty and so lonely they feel terrible for the you that's me
kind-of-makes sense is usually good enough for me and the one twist
downward spiral is all i know and it knows me back very eloquently
their bed is full of my truth while my pillow only cry's and smothers
jealousy fills my emotionless void when i read all the obituaries.﻿

Dead Beat Poet

Undeserving Meaningful Perfection

Studious beauty under the dome
looking as if you've lost your way home.

Though just over there you are far from my reach.
If you want from me to learn
I will come to your side and teach.

I'm hiding in plain sight with my lonely disguise.
It's only when I am gone will you realize.

The curls of your hair graced the banks of your face.
You turned and almost looked causing my heart to skip pace.

I could never be worthy of your undivided affection.
You deserve nothing less than meaningful soul perfection.

I've got nothing left to give but what's left of my being.
That's just not enough everyone is clearly seeing.

I would like nothing more than a friendly smile.
If it were from you to me I would crawl a mile.

I know it wouldn't work and it's just not worth the try.
I am destined to love from afar,
from now until I die.

Please just read this poem and from it take a clue.
When you meet someone you like pretend they wrote it just for you.

Dead Beat Poet

Unulaual Spontenious Juxtapositions

A four way cerebral bonding occurred on a saturday night of transmogrification
meltingly savory pizza with exotic fruits induces the salivating senses
while comparing apples to apples with words of unusual spontaneous
juxtaposition
something else pleasantly present for the rest of the subsenses
below is the poetic interpretation of words we choose to please our
subassociation

our shallow bank accounts avoid touchy feely musicals
milti-dimensional Stonehenge led us to all natural big macks
the industrious leafblowers of fabulous London tunnels
are cleaning bathrooms & washing porsche boxer tracks
annoying recreational vehicles squash chickens as normals

pray for a courageous spontaneous combustion of pathetic sports channels
silly french wines drank by temperament feminists lead to the bellows
the glitzy backstreet boys in sync like a magical puff daddy with fellows
lovable south park does the mischievous michael jordan with medals
technological pigeons are looking for jobs like delicious toasted marshmallows

eat cosmopolitan airline food and then auction off their body as smitten
your playful hair is flying like flowing senseless broken monkey rivers
working hard to get new shoes and avoid seeing unhealthy t.v. as written
it's rough to have aids but there are still kaleidoscopic colorful slivers
elitist ozone layers of gloriously raw steak & potatoes au gratin

the arrogant gulf war was a result of the snappy 1970's twinkle
useless as romeo and juliete and appetizing as the scene of a crime
sweet mesquites and refined chimpanzees are profound like bull winkle
melodramatic fire fighters are insulting hillary rodem clinton and it's about time
filthy morticians touched me again on my first day at the new social school

the meek rush limbaugh is nothing compared to the grace of Frank Loyd Wright
our unforgettable Ocean reflects the cosmic rays of our shared systemic Saturn
my healthy 16th birthday included a comfortable Count Drackula without the
fright
stunningly wet water falls are as flirtatious as the stungun of an aethersphere
modern
augment a yearning love life with someone wild like Joan of Arc on extacy at

night﻿

Dead Beat Poet

Veil Of Sandess

The last three years,
have been pretty rough.
Forced to my knees,
but now I'm more tough.

If you look through,
my veil of sadness.
There is a method,
to my madness.

I've been searching for a movement,
for eternity.
When the answer for my yearning,
was let the movement find me.

Dead Beat Poet

Vengeance And Retribution

No one hears,
my cries for help,
Would it be better,
to post them on Yelp?

Screaming for vengeance
and retribution.
Without the shield,
of an institution.

There is no hiding,
when I find your trail.
You're much better off,
going straight to hell.

Dead Beat Poet

Wanton Cerebral Abandoning

Nice is relative to what your expectations see,
if liking emptiness you're going to love my sound,
a recent past path is paved with so much of nice,
being pushed empty with nothing else to be found.

You have cracked open my solid black door of isolation,
the triple chain stop-locks are still securely attached,
the limited perspective of my slanted visual observation,
indicates your physicalsphere is more than finely detached.

To need to rush the bodies because our minds have begun casually mating,
efforts made to hurt another are completely alien to either of me,
affliction of emotion should only occur if it is facilitated + consensualizing,
thoughts of soft touching bring real wincing of personal agony.

We have already shared cerebral intimacy without ever being alone,
our subconscious minds have begun the prance to start the holler,
there is no way to displace my vision with another moan on loan,
start with pleasant pleading and or paying at least one-dollar.

The only stabbing you'll ever drink from my dripping stein,
will come with pleasant pleading while laying on your back,
this is not offered freely nor for you to choose the time,
anticipating the remembrance of sharing the mind track.

The dacriphiliac inside only feeds on wantonly crying,
when it is pleading for more of what's on the inside.
when it comes to looking at each others deep dieing,
wantonly fear in the seeking what you will probably find.

because fear of you is unlikely it has yet to enter our minds,
because we've already looked and enjoy our tweeking around,
because by invitation we have already felt up your deep insides,
because your weakness and fears were all i wanted to be found,
because there is nothing left to reveal to another with no guide.

Yearning to respond with poetry is something like a trance,
there may be some day when mostly alone we will be,
you always get to share me is to be understood in advance,

only with our words can we truly see crystal dark clearly.

My house is on fire it's not wise to stop & rediscover pleasure,
neo-virginity has half a decade of waiting on the shelf,
although everyone is always looking up to me for the treasure,
i am the one who feels like a dark and lonely little lost elf.

Your words inspire me to touch like they want mi caressing,
would be proud to print & maybe stand along side,
there are even those who are already asking,
what you are writing and where it is you hide.

i have been falling down with everyone i know,
standing around watching and clapping aloud,
my poetic license has been rejected with glow,
while living in the poetry capital of the world.

This is all that i enjoy or want to ever do and be,
if writing is dumb then i'm a dense moron,
it is not possible to fear those like me,
because like you i am the only one.﻿

Dead Beat Poet

Warning Shadows

You waited forever,
I never came.
The shadows warned me,
that you're insane.

I stood there watching,
and finally found.
The sun never rises,
when you're around.

You always let me,
down with blindness.
Don't mistaken,
my hand for kindness.

Dead Beat Poet

Waxing Pathetic

The slinging of words,
waxing poetic.
Something tells me,
I'm more than pathetic.

Looking for friends,
colleagues and peers.
To keep me away,
from my deepest fears.

That I'm not the sum,
of my thoughts and actions.
It's really based upon,
money and factions.

Dead Beat Poet

Weapons And Fruit

Three stanzas long,
four lines each.
If my poems were fruit,
they would be a peach.

Just enough words,
to wet your whistle,
If my poems were weapons,
they would be a missile.

But they are just words,
and sometimes a letter.
Fumbled together,
to make me feel better.

Dead Beat Poet

Weighted Nightmare Needs

I never liked kissing you,
it's really not your fault.
My wallet is now hidden,
locked away in a vault.

To think I ever loved you,
is very laughable now.
Please stay far far away,
my life is now again wow.

It once was a dream,
then you appeared.
A nightmare ensued,
just as I feared.

I am once again alone,
just as it should be.
No weights of your need,
I can once again see.

Dead Beat Poet

Whisper And Missed

I need to find shelter,
under your wing.
To hear your heart,
whisper and sing.

I know very well,
that you don't exist.
If I died today,
Who would be missed?

You do not see me,
or care for my sorrow.
Because you only know,
what's on tomorrow.

Dead Beat Poet

Whore Friends

'Things will be fine' is their common line.
To tell you to just go away.
'Don't touch what is mine or drink my good wine,
and no, don't ask to stay.'

'We don't care if you fail or end up in jail,
where it is do you sleep or if you bleed.
Just keep us mind when your struggles are over,
we love it when you succeed.'

Because they'll be there,
like all the parties before.
Without knowledge or care,
just like a whore.

Dead Beat Poet

Whore Love

I am no longer an option,
for you to fall back on.
The empty you now feel inside,
is the part of me that's gone.

I felt so alone,
with you by my side.
It was as if,
I had run and hide.

You never loved me,
we could tell from your friends.
If ever asked what they thought of me,
they would only answer 'It depends'.

You picked up your things,
and took what was mine.
I gave you everything I had,
received little in return but your time.

Please don't remember me,
or the things I've done for you.
Oh wait, you can't do that,
everything you did I did for you too.

I am so much more happy,
without you in my life.
Your unrealistic high expectations,
are no longer part of my strife.

Dead Beat Poet

Why Christmas Sucks

Christmas sucks and I'll tell you why,
It's all about buy, buy, buy.
Sure there are friends and family too,
But only for some of you.

And the reason for the fray,
is not a virgin birth.
It's to celebrate the Sun's own way,
of warming Mother Earth.

So if you're depressed due to distress,
it's not because you're high.
It's the mind's own way of dealing away,
a giant big fat lie.

Dead Beat Poet

Will And Order

I'm above average,
and kind of a putz.
To those around me,
I'm known as a klutz.

The dorks all hate me,
the cool and nerds too.
Those like us,
are apart and few.

The day will come soon,
to rise and take over.
All that we need,
is the will and some order.

Dead Beat Poet

Will Ball

She has the name,
of a gay porno star.
I'll bet you she lost it,
in the back of a car.

Mirrors are smashed,
deconstructing perception.
What this artist needs,
is a sold out reception.

She creates for some artists,
who have certain needs.
The feeling of victory,
a tower among trees.

So buy her work fast,
before she meets me.
Because when that happens,
she will cost at least x-three

Dead Beat Poet

Wish Death

They won't miss me,
I do declare.
Just before,
I fall in midair.

I spin the chamber,
and the pot gets bigger.
Just before,
I pull the trigger.

She is out there,
preparing a dish.
Just before,
I get my death wish.

Dead Beat Poet

Wrong Swan

I am so pleased,
you are now gone.

If I could play music,
I would write you a song.

You think you're all right,
but know that you're wrong.

You want to stay friends,
I want you to go long.

Your way is now set,
I don't much belong.

You're really a vulture,
but think you're a swan.

Dead Beat Poet

Your Desire

I'm not afraid anymore of the black door,
behind is where I'll be waiting.
There is a dance floor and very much more,
and yes even maybe there's mating.

A nest broken halos,
I lay at your feet.
Along with myself,
seeking a treat.

Take me I'm yours,
for you to do with.
Whatever it is,
you desire or wish.

Dead Beat Poet