

Poetry Series

**Derrick Puente**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

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

**Derrick Puente(10/15/1981)**

# As Stone

The chisel broke the mold  
The marble fell away  
Featureless the stone  
Came alive that day

The dust fell from the air  
The sound of work stood still  
Art proved revelation  
Could be wrought by human will

The stone it mimicked flesh  
The sinews and the veins  
The lips parted to speak  
The words of ill-gained fame

Immobile though the wind  
Would try in vain to make  
You part of nature's plan  
But that was not your fate

A colossus for posterity  
A byword on the cusp  
A taste of immortality  
That craven human lust

The chisel forged from stone  
Some semblance of real life  
For marble knows no other way  
That to be carved by strife.

Derrick Puente

# Before The Eyes Of God

The gamut sprung by forcing  
The cruelty of a fraud  
To sanctify his doings  
Before the eyes of God  
With what incantations can  
A lie become  
The unsavory truth is  
That there isn't one  
Build your lamentations  
Break the yoke of fate  
Ride swift towards the setting sun  
Before the night grows late  
Feel the stinging breeze  
When twilight comes to dance  
Mourn our tribulations  
As all you gave to Chance  
Abundant in your wisdoms  
You play the game so well  
That paved the road with gems and gold  
Right to the throat of hell  
Divine then why you hunger  
Strike a bargain with  
Whatever man approaches  
Whatever god of myth  
Discharge then the guilt  
Troy will swiftly fall  
But the sickness has you backed,  
Right up against the Wall  
The stain of human hands  
Is shame enough to build  
The case that you alone  
All your life you've willed.

Derrick Puente

# By The Light Of The Moon

The moon stands in its own milky sea  
The long ages know no other light as its own  
It's reckless light waxing, wading, always retreating  
To some dark pit where nightmares swallow  
Each dream in silhouettes and shadows  
Thirstfully I remember your hands  
How often they clasped my own  
You were my gentle moonlight  
In the deathless sea  
The richness of your fingers  
The love of voiceless reason  
Here upon my jaded lips I feel  
Your fading fingers  
The night is pregnant with your memory  
My mind is as the boundless starry  
Dreaming as I am prone to do of you  
Arguing with sanity I live for repetition  
Glowing in my inner eye, golden as the flames  
Of seafaring lighthouses  
Some nights you play the siren  
Driving me towards the careless shallows  
Others you are coy like the muse of poetry  
Budding in its time, leaving when most desired  
And yet still some nights you play the Pharisee  
Demanding the allegiance, you yourself decline  
Those nights I spout soliloquies  
To your absent hearing  
Then with ghostly fury you interpose your philosophy  
Trying for election, failing Socrates  
Yet I would have you just the same  
Beaming in your wonder  
In your ever altering ways  
Here you are surviving in my tragic mind  
Feeding on my sadness like a bitter wine.

Derrick Puente

# China

Your silence impervious  
What good do tears or pleas  
My heart imperious  
In truth men are enmity  
Towards goodness and reason  
Imposing only self  
What good is a marriage  
When emptiness is felt  
The pattern if tragic  
And ode to Euripides  
Impulse had met freedom  
In another's ecstasies  
For this we are broken  
But we were cracked before  
The dishes are shattered  
Through the apartments floors  
The ashes are modern  
10 packs of cigarettes  
The phrases are hollow  
Devoid of sentiments  
Insulated unhappiness  
Loves been sacrificed  
You have your Voodoo  
And I my Hanging Christ  
You have your keeping  
Silence as a wall  
And nothing will break it  
Nor the distance of the halls  
That separates us like China's  
Great unyielding stone  
Marriage is voided  
Defaulted in the loan  
The one we had wagered  
Would give surety to try  
But there is no saving-  
There is only goodbye.

Derrick Puente

# Deep As First Love

The dagger thrust deep as first love  
And I feigned for prosecution  
Yet this is just reciprocity  
Some call it the human condition  
To suffer what we bind to the world  
On the verge of apocalypse  
Oh, and your lips, that peppermint twist-  
Deep as regret can be.

I ran to the merry pied-piper  
To play me a dirge of you  
So at first sight, wisdom took flight  
Deep as the throat of Hell  
The dagger is bathed, the crimson is paid-  
Tell me no more of Heaven  
Henceforth they and I, give court to the Lie-  
Deep as first love can be.

Derrick Puente

# Engraven

There you are pixled and framed  
Like someone of ancient fame  
On my wall and on my desk  
All encompassing east to west  
How an imagine does define  
The history that at that time  
In depths of passion still unknown  
For even now they ever grow  
You would question, "Is this your way?"  
Replied I, "Love comes what may"  
But a camera knows to true  
It could never capture you  
Look the light betrays you here  
The glory cannot ever near  
The truth within your crooked smile  
The weaponry of careless guile  
Your simplicities were your power  
Even to this very hour  
Now my earnest wish and drive  
To bring a photo swift alive  
But like the image burned on paper  
Your spirit is gone like vapor  
Soft you go, whisper soft  
My love don't leave I shall be lost  
All these lessons do avow  
That the past won't disallow  
Behind and act of treachery  
Wallowed in my lechery  
If life cannot renew in frame  
Perhaps by some great painters fame  
Would it please you to live again?  
To forgive all that brought the end  
But inception meets the disgust in me  
Like a devil heralding  
Could I by some line of skill  
Meet the mercy in your will  
I would breathe the Breath in you  
As some ancient magic brew  
But this I speak to desk and wall



For they alone contain my all  
Here I try to quench the thirst  
Undoing my betrayals curse  
But you are lost and gone to time  
But never to my static mind  
I have seen him at your side  
Making all I said a lie  
Thought I rage and give commands  
How do I hallow what's damned?  
Now I trifle with alchemy  
Enslaving some great rarity  
Of lead I will transform to gold  
As the love I too often sold  
In my great munificence  
Resides my unpardonable offence  
There you are pixeld and framed  
And I alone carry the blame.

Derrick Puente

# I Raised My Hand To Scarlet

I raised my hand to scarlet  
Fleeting though as love can be  
I took you like a poet does-  
All in memory

And when the purple hour  
Tumbles in the sky  
I raise my hand to scarlet  
And let the blood run dry

Until my heart is cooling  
And flame has left my breath  
The yellow in my fortitude  
Courts the hand of death

When the dark encumbrance  
Bathes me in its blues  
I raise my hand to scarlet  
And standing so accused-

I fumble in the darkness  
The blackness all around  
The scarlet has forsaken  
And in the loss I drown.

Derrick Puente

# Like A Dream

At your last Reich  
At the meridians seams  
You killed the god  
That innocence dreams

You plucked the shade  
That nudity made  
Echoing shame  
Like wordless blame

The pastels have bled  
The Earth can't recall  
If Mankind was king  
Or Pawn at the Fall

Time burns the days  
And still they can see  
What's given to Death  
Cannot be made free

The solemn sands  
Scream like the grave  
Inglorious truth  
Sublime price to pay

Ridicule faith  
Besides who are they  
Enthralled to a past  
That makes us all slaves

At your last Reich  
At the meridians seams  
Your Philistines  
Loved Death like a dream.

Derrick Puente

# Lost Intentions

In inward conversation  
Stagnant pools of dreams  
Rummaging through thunder-  
The lightning in between

The grating echoes whisper  
Within the deep ravine  
Wonder-less the mystery  
In this vast extreme

Devote yourself to hardness  
Endure, for who can say  
If the rains will come again-  
And wash the past away

I plunge into old dreams  
I try philosophy  
I'm met with indignation  
The pools mirror the seas

Slowly I am drowning  
Encircled by the stones  
We forged to make a palace  
We carved to build a home

But when the blossoms wilt  
In the sultry sun  
The smell of dying flowers-  
No one can outrun

Left with rage it's only  
The last thing left to try  
Dreams forsake the valleys  
Stars deny the sky

Part your blistered lips  
Speak so I can know-  
What happened to the future  
Where do intentions go?

Curtained by the mountains  
Reverent to the old  
There's little left to build with  
When the worlds been sold.

Derrick Puente

# Not The Port But The Grave

When the battle turned  
The general could tell  
That life, it would be simpler  
Now that the despot fell

Through the smoke and haze  
On through the open graves  
Blood is the great sacrifice  
Of which we all will pay

Yet hope it glories strong  
Right at the victory  
Masking common dreams  
And hard reality

A footfall may exclaim:  
"The journey will begin! "  
Yet who's to say what Fate rules out  
When hope will rise or bend

The hand has felled a city  
A word has killed a king  
And like the Zephyr blowing-  
Look what Silence brings!

Crawling on a heated knife  
To the point of flame  
We tread on like a single soul  
Whose passions wax and wane

Laying in the rubble  
Among the aftermath  
A stone was once a temple  
Until our Faith met Wrath

Love, she reigns in ruins  
Her strength is in our tears  
But we pray to fall again  
And give our tears to Fear

He's there among the darkness  
Muddled in dark thought  
So simple, yet so treacherous-  
Can the 'self' be fought?

Divide then all our principles  
Our ethics and their cause  
And see the villain hidden  
Under a secret law

When hope abandons one  
It abandons all  
For we are judged by Terror  
To remain enthralled

Yet as the violence yields  
To the breaking storm  
Look unto the seas  
A hero taking form

They sail on towards Immensity  
Not knowing where they'll land  
And as this mortal rows-  
Lift then too your hand.

Derrick Puente

# Returned

He forced it on himself, like prejudice  
Year by year it came  
Strong and bitter  
Never sweeter  
When enjoined to pain  
Can the Vikings do it?  
A cold Germanic horde  
Force a king to do it  
Cut down Damocles sword  
But love is never finer  
Bleeding forcefully  
And life is never truer  
Down upon the knees  
Lie, you knew your Keeper  
Knew himself a fraud  
Forced his heart to buckle  
And brought him back to God.

Derrick Puente



# Sleepless Dream

You are like a sleepless dream  
Bathed in stardust  
That hangs on the words  
You speak in my bewitchment  
Breaking fast like a rogue wave  
Over the banks  
Seizing the shore  
Like lover leaving-  
Never to return

And you carry the bouquet  
Of my engagement  
Held fast like a moth to a flame  
Burnt on a wing I endeavor  
To limp all the closer  
Until I,  
Can taste the fount of your pleasure  
And cast my nets to the dawn  
Telling the sun "Do not bother"  
I have a great light of my own.

Derrick Puente

# The Bell Jar

Distortion descends in this fatal haven  
Palpable as an irreverent dream  
Wisdom supreme, electric it seems  
Go on then, I shall quote the raven

The dykes broke and the darkness seized  
Like a lover who knows to descend  
When ungovernable truth, deadens the roots  
Masking itself artlessly

Lady Lazarus sleeps in a landscape of snow  
Bland and stopped as a dead baby sleeping  
Ariel's plea, under the mirror-like sea  
Lies behind the stores of the past

The vulnerable are always with us,  
In their acres of misgivings and doubts  
Partial to rain, the rebirth in pain  
The psychic regenerate route

Unpublished words are as no words at all  
The writer breathes in the reading  
The ritualizing of print, awakens the flint  
And the colossus can stand proud and tall

The stifling lure, of new fabled cures  
Supplementing the suppliant's needs  
Yet dread as she was, it was only because  
For her art she could only bleed

In the bell jar, mischievous minds  
Can't contain their plans of escaping  
When it descends, look to no end  
Hope goes on, waiting and waiting

Like heresy's need to be free  
The soul cannot live as a slave  
When the mind is a master, whose sadist ways  
Points directly to the mouth of the grave.



# The Heart Of The Warrior

With vision trapped in honey and ashes in the mouth  
Journey's always end, pointing arctic south  
Beginning with a footstep made on unsure ground  
It only took a mile to find our two feet bound  
Resistance, such a weapon, is a warriors' excuse  
But it shall be worn down and made of little use  
The windows to the soul, they drip honey from their wells  
And ashes is the mouth, testify the journey's failed  
The spirit battered is a cloud begging imagination to mold  
Though we failed the mission, we must fight against the cold  
With hands that shake and shiver, from the freeze, from the pain  
Faces devoid of color, and live now all but drained  
Where is the mighty zeal that begat the warrior way?  
I tell you it is somewhere, lost amongst the fray  
The generals of industry know the soldiers' fortune can't endure,  
If they are made to fight another coward's war  
And we were like the wolves whose honey eyes are honey soaked  
The ashes in our mouth shall tie the noose from freedom's rope  
On the ground in front of us I see blood from wounded knees  
But there shall be no master to hear our calls for peace  
The consequence of determination was the ax that felled the tree  
Still it was just a fall better days await both you and me  
The journey and the night have been long, and the wounds run deep  
But the fight is far from over, we must sustain another week  
Life is but a journey that starts within the mind  
The battlefield is calling we must stand the test of time  
The fallen warrior knows that the last measure was his heart  
And there is where the journey ends, and where the journey starts.

Derrick Puente

# The Light Made Of Stone

There in the Spring causality struck  
There in the virgin glory  
Fumbling rains masked the sun  
Until the vessels emptied  
This summers dog-days, infernal fray  
Slow and abounding in whispers  
What can I learn, for what I yearned  
Drove itself towards these dunes

Telling the winds I was a storm  
Whose clouds have dissipated  
In the cool eve, you've scolded the Spring  
And taught me discrimination  
Your tongue wrung like the sluggish sun  
Unveiling those secret wounds  
Yet Autumn is here, in some humble seed  
To save me from your pelting glory.

Derrick Puente

# The Mercy Fields

To drown in a sea of forgiveness  
Or with the stroke of a brush heal  
To suffer for Powers unyielding  
To dream of strawberry fields

'The water is tempting no worries  
The pull of the current will ease  
A hand full of stones and a mission  
And Death will hand me his keys.'

'A stroke of a petulant color  
Indigo on a vibrant red  
A pull of a careless trigger  
And a titan of color falls dead.'

'The fruit seems humble, but mighty  
Lascivious victual on the vine  
Perhaps just a portion will gather  
And clear the clouds from my mind.'

'The sands have a careless hunger  
They thirst eternally  
With a bite of a serpent I'll conquer  
Rome shall never claim me! '

'Dachau in a jar I have sealed  
Entombing a heart that is wrung  
With the invisible hand I will tumble  
For only the good die young.'

'The poppies are falling from heaven  
They take everyone as they are  
Even fame I say, can be lonely  
Nevermind I dream of afar.'

'Love unfulfilled has no mercy  
Destroying like only love can  
Profoundly it feels like we're dying  
The bane of unconquerable man.'

'My ruin was the doom of a woman  
In the scandal of love for a youth  
Silence was my only refuge  
Death came with the speaking of truth.'

'Without wisdom two hearts can be broken  
When love is met on a whim  
Age is Loves only reason,  
But careless when the years are trim.'

'Guilt is a powerful demon  
Worse when the guilt has a claim  
To prosecute you like a felon,  
Who killed the Messiah for gain.'

'Shame is ungovernable sorrow  
The world will seem like a dream  
Every hour distorts the future  
Toppling both mother and queen.'

'Like a swan whose summers have ended  
Whose glory has faded with Fall  
The Siberian Winter is calling  
And the lion must heed the call.'

'Beauty is nothing, its vapor,  
For it does not mirror the heart  
With a Dr.'s consent even idols  
Can render their beauty apart.'

'The Word is miraculous genius  
Giving reason and comfort to man  
But the bearer of words finds no solace,  
When he just stops giving a damn.'

Do not call it a crime, when it's mercy  
Is the only thing left in the end  
When the soul has given up trying  
When the spirit can no longer defend

So sweet the last supplications

When all is shattered and gone  
When Sheols' hands are enshrouding  
Where we don't have to be strong.

Derrick Puente



# The Princess Of The Poesies

Her face defined my youth  
As the first buds of May do Spring  
Around the banks of Summers' touch  
Beneath the banks enthralled  
By heavens larger than the skies immensities

Let the Golden Age-

The fertile fields, green with you  
She was the Princess of the Poesies  
Duchess of the Roses, Maid of Make Believe  
And I was, Lord of Hoses, Prince of Soldiers  
Knave of Everything.

About the carefree hours holding court  
By oak and beehive flowers  
Playing at the mercy of a sun  
To bold to let our internal candles  
Outshine his lofty furry  
And we played among the streams

Subjecting them to our wishful natures

We chased the noon mercilessly-  
Lovely are the ambitions of the young  
Dreaming common daydreams  
Blessed by the innocent curiosities  
That drives their genius towards  
Worlds where nothing dies  
We'd battle sleeps inebriations  
The dews of starry nights  
Where maidens dance  
On stars and boys,  
Fly like birds whose

Home is where the heart can be

And cats, dogs every insect  
We'd come across, spied upon  
Our happy excavations  
Into the root of prodigious  
Joys few remember when

The Lion creeps towards his Winter

We cared little of time, but  
Besieged the falling eve with curious  
Curses towards nights incessant greed

To have its share of day  
Now the days seem ever shorter  
Lost in a world where I left her  
Dancing enslaved to dream.

Derrick Puente

# The River Runs Dry

From an antique memory  
Whose pale springs have turned to dust-  
Whose sole survival hinges on redundancy  
You rise on the horizon-  
Of a boundless artists mind  
Commanded only by what he can dream  
So I conjure passion  
Stretching forth my hands across  
Your forgotten springs  
I think to dip my pen into-  
The wells that have run dry  
To reason with the angels  
Why I crave insanity  
Yet the reaching of our boundaries  
Flays me at the line  
I rage to bring to life  
What time has now confined  
The brimming is within me  
The fountain of your kiss  
That mingles in the sorrow-  
Of this great abyss.

Derrick Puente

# The Sparrow

I cry like a wounded sparrow  
That spent his tears in spring  
Wandering for recompense  
Lost in suffering-  
That had a taste like iron  
Rusty on my tongue  
Washed away by the feeble tears  
That trickle from the young  
Burgundy and brimming-  
Boiling within  
The sun is a cruel warrior  
That magnifies all things  
I crave to bed with darkness  
To shy from breathless words  
To spread my wings, and sing my songs  
Like the other birds  
I cry like a wounded sparrow  
Mimicking the spring  
Trying to wash away  
My deathless suffering.

Derrick Puente

# Wayward Things

When fire denies it flames  
It prefers to liquefy  
Pretending that its water  
It finds a way to cry

When wind ceases to blow  
Stagnant in its will  
It gathers in the North  
And then the Earth grows still

When night resists the dawn  
The horizon makes a choice  
To silence all our dreams  
To seize a child's voice

When love is made to give  
An account of why it lives  
It withers to obliterate  
All the things it is

When the voice of multitudes  
Whispers secret things  
It marks the way for demagogues  
To crown themselves as kings

When childhood is lost  
To time or evilness  
The safety of our innocence  
Transforms to wantonness

When suicide can seem  
Like Mercy is to Grace  
We know how hard it goes  
When we are at that place

When the evil in their eyes  
Mirrors then your own  
We justify the very things  
That cannot be atoned

When fire denies its flames  
It prefers to liquefy  
Pretending that its water  
It finds a way to cry.

Derrick Puente

# We Grieve

Swept in like the Cholera  
A balmy afternoon  
Heralded by a foot soldier  
Who knew the words of doom

The day begat a mortal blow  
The lungs forsook the wind  
To pacify the vile design  
The apex of our Sin

Time was flint to valor  
Nature had its way  
Buckled erect shoulders  
To lie down in the grave-

Of hewn earth made of the many  
The multitude in Death  
Who swept in like a whirlwind  
And caught all in its mesh

Once we pass the living plain  
All memories unweave  
And though we are as vapor-  
Still in this life we grieve.

Derrick Puente