

Poetry Series

Alexander Shaumyan

- 68 poems -

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Alexander Shaumyan (July 12,1962)

Alexander Shaumyan was born in Moscow, Russia, in 1962 and immigrated to the United States in 1975 at the age of 13. He started out as a painter but turned to poetry as a more effective medium for expressing his message. His work appeared in many small presses and online journals. He's also done translations of Russian, German, French, Spanish, and Italian poetry. His translation of Nikolai Gumilev has been published online. His translation of Sergey Esenin's last poem appeared in GLAS, Volume 23-the internationally known journal of new Russian writing, edited by Natasha Perova. His poetry has been taught by Professor Gerald Smith at Oxford University, who teaches modern Russian poetry and émigré Russian literature. In 2002 he self-published three books of poetry: 'Spirit of Rebellion', 'Canzoni dimenticate' and 'Through the Eyes of Love'. He published his fourth book of poetry 'Place Where Light' Is in July,2003. All the four books received excellent reviews from Laurel Johnson of The Midwest Book Review. They appear in the November issue of the MBR Bookwatch. In 2004 he published two more books of poetry - 'What Is a Poet? ' and 'From Darkness Came'. His seventh book of poetry 'Thinking of Math and Her' came out in 2005. For more poetry visit my website www.shaumyan.com

Works:

Spirit of Rebellion,2002
Canzoni dimenticate,2002
Through the Eyes of Love,2002
Place Where Light Is,2003
What Is a Poet? ,2004
From Darkness Came,2004
Thinking of Math and Her,2005

12 Steps of Bad Poets Anonymous

1. I recognize that I've written more trash than anything worthwhile,
And I'm therefore committed to change my ludicrous lifestyle.
2. I give my life up to the Bottle to grant me genius that I miss
And beg forgiveness of bad poets whose asses that I used to kiss.
3. For I'm powerless without it - the mighty strength of Alcohol -
That gives me boundless inspiration, while sitting in a toilet stall.
4. No matter how great the effort, I cannot write a goddamned thing
Without my daily meditation with an alcoholic drink.
5. I drink and I become awakened to all the beauty that's within
Those sparkling ice cubes in my cognac, my vodka, whiskey, rum and gin.
6. I seek a moral higher ground within my realm of Alcohol,
That grants me peace and inner virtues, that I revere and extol.
7. Let's drink away our shortcomings until our heads begin to spin,
Until we all become connected to our geniuses within.
8. Let our words become true hammers to drop upon the sleeping minds,
To guide them from their lives of error, from pastures ignorant and blind.
9. Each day I make another toast to the Holy Ghost of Alcohol
And pray that it may give me guidance and peace to my tormented soul.
10. I'm no Byron, no Shakespeare, no Baudelaire, nor Rimbaud,
But every drink makes me immortal and fills me with supernal awe.
11. It's when my Atman becomes Brahman, my inner I, the God within,
And I begin to feel that oneness with the Eternal Everything.
12. With every glass of wine and brandy, with every alcoholic drink
I change into the Master Poet, like Rumi on an angel's wing.

August 16,2010

Alexander Shaumyan

A Capitalist, a Socialist and a Poet

A Capitalist, a Socialist and a Poet

Capitalist: What profit's there to be made?
Socialist: And how the workers will get paid?
Poet: Forget potatoes and your stocks,
The beauty's in the shining locks
Of my sweet darling-there she is-
An angel gliding through the breeze.

Capitalist: That's fine and dandy. What's the price
Of that sweet bosom and those eyes?
What is the bottom line, my friend?

Socialist: This dreamy nonsense has to end-
With millions walking unemployed,
What beauty's there to enjoy?

Poet: And in the starlight late at night
I see my lady burning bright,
And that is all I really need-
No public good or private greed-
I want my freedom just to be
Away from life's banality.

Capitalist: Good luck, my friend, but then again
You could've been a richer man.

Socialist: And while your comrades starve and hurt,
All you can think of is some flirt,
Who steals men's wallets and their hearts,
While you pursue your foolish art.

Poet: Foolish or not, and who decides
What to extol or to deride,
What we imagine, what we seem,
What we aspire to and dream?
And do we know who we are
Beyond some house or a car,
Beyond our jobs, beyond this life
That starts at nine and ends at five?

Capitalist: You could, my friend, be self-employed.
Socialist: Or one of many unemployed.

Poet: I find my meaning in my art,
While beauty lies within the heart
And shared equally with all,
Igniting passion in the soul,
Beyond appearances and lies,
Beyond demand, beyond supply,
Beyond your wealth or state control-
Mine is the freedom of the soul
To love and dream and to behold
The beauty of the natural world.
Not to despise, and not to claim
To have some answers to your game
Of rich and poor - it's all the same -
I want to live before I die
My life - not someone else's lies.

October 2,2009

Alexander Shaumyan

A Change You Can't Believe In

A Change You Can't Believe In

A change you might believe in
Was slowly compromised,
And nothing was accomplished
To better people's lives.

No bold decisive action-
Just posturing on the floor
Of the House and the Senate
And talks behind the door.

The public was left out
From hearings and debates,
Save for some town hall shouts
About the fascist state.

And so a monstrosity
Came to the light of day-
Two thousand plus pages
Of corporate giveaways.

So you can thank Obama
For this historic leap
Into politics as usual,
Where promises are cheap.

December 21,2009

Alexander Shaumyan

A Higher Way

If life has taught me
anything, it is
resilience
in battling these demons
that crush our dreams.
They say with age,
we learn acceptance
and throw in the towel.
Not so. My teeth and claws
are sharp as always,
my mind's awake and
ready for a fight.
No, I won't change with age,
I'd rather die in battle,
I'd rather dive into
this dark abyss,
than say it's over.
It's never over!
It has just begun-
this life, this thrilling,
exhilarating journey
along these countless
uncharted paths.
I'm bold and foolish
as before, no wiser
than your beloved
cocker spaniel Max-
mad, drunk and raging,
knocking down all doors,
smashing all windows,
tearing down all walls,
defiant of all rules, religions
and conventions.
And if I die, then let my death
be sudden
and violent and stormy
like my life.
For I was born into this world
with nothing, except
this passion and this longing
to create.
Oh yes, my love,
we're cast into this fire,
so others, too, may see
a higher way!

Alexander Shaumyan

A Literary Giant

He wore a grey overcoat,
A black fur cap with earflaps,
Felt boots and galoshes,
Addressing a large crowd
Of young writers in Flint,
Michigan, declaring
With a thick Russian accent:

'You, my American comrades,
What do you know about
Chekhov or Dostoyesvsky?
You who grew up with your
Abercrombie & Fitch,
Victoria's Secret Bras and
Fake Hollywood Orgasms,
And your thousand channels
Of mindless rubbish-
What do you know about
Passion and soul? '

And he looked around him,
Seeing the vacant smiles
Of his young audience,
Where some guy shouted:
'Peace out, dude, it's all good! '
And he looked straight into
His eyes, saying:
'See what I mean! This whole
Place is a joke and this
University is a joke! '
And then he said in Russian:
'Chyort poberi! ' leaving the stage
With his latest book under
His arm entitled
'Love in the Time of Futility, '
Which has won him
The Nobel Prize in Literature...

And he never set his foot
In that godforsaken place
Ever again.

May 25,2008

Alexander Shaumyan

Anarchy Is For Lovers

They came together-red and black-
In a revolt like no other,
And there is no turning back,
For anarchy is for lovers.

The truth is greater than the lies
Of hollow gods and class divisions,
For loving hearts all rules defy
With a transcendent common vision.

No wars, no boundaries, no states,
No need to subjugate each other,
No rich, no poor, no one to hate-
Just peace and love for one another.

They came together-young and old-
No hippie freaks, but with a vision-
They came together in revolt
Against all wars and all divisions.

They saw the truth, they saw the light
In a revolt like no other,
Standing determined in their fight,
For anarchy is for lovers.

Alexander Shaumyan

Baba Big Cheese Ain't No Turkey

Baba Big Cheese ain't no turkey-
He's the ascendant master
Of mood kinetics,
Who probes his inner thighs
And clarifies his thoughts,
While sharing his insights
And reviewing his direction
As he synaptically and
Telepathically
Connects with his
Audience-

Baba Big Cheese knows
Every little trick
In the secret black book-
He's mastered
The universal law of
Libidinal attraction
As he feels out the vibes
Of his female disciples,
Feeling the heat of his
Transforming erection
Rising like an inspiration
Of his polymorphous muse-

Baba Big Cheese is interesting
To watch at nighttime
In the late moon hours
When the sky is dark
And the crowd is drunk
With all sorts of mad
Visions and wisdoms
Borne out of alcohol
And translucent
Angels cascading from
Heavens, with whom
Baba Big Cheese
Communes on a daily basis,
Sitting on a park bench
And watching little children
Being clutched by their
Mothers, warning them of
Long haired metaphysical
Perverts, looking for
Action.

Alexander Shaumyan

Bleed No More

Bleed no more, bleed no more, my love-
Just go in peace towards your destination,
For in this life my eyes have seen enough,
Enough of broken promises and frustrations.

Just go on without a word or thought
About what we've done when we were young,
About that pure love that we once sought-
Just go on-what has been done is done.

I will not say I loved you any less-
Whatever was one time had disappeared,
Dissolved in memories and years of loneliness,
Transforming flights of passion into tears.

And what is left? What's really left of us,
Of those moments when we loved each other? -
I should've known that your heart of glass
Was never tied to any single lover.

So go on, go on your merry way
Towards another fleeting destination-
Whatever was is gone-it's time to say
Goodbye to empty words and affectations.

Alexander Shaumyan

Cheap Whiskey in Bed

There's an empty arena
Where Obama once was,
There is too much confetti-
Now I've got myself lost.

I was writing to tell you
Of my feelings tonight-
But the noise and distraction
Have drowned the light.

With the way things are going
I can hardly contain
The hurt and the anger
As the things stay the same.

Someone recently fired
Hung himself from a tree-
While some passing onlooker
Said: 'I'm glad it's not me.'

Welfare, food stamps, recession-
Rebels turned to old farts,
Holding on to their pensions
And postmodernist art.

Yes, we are moving forward
To some dismal abyss-
Four more years of a conman
And more homeless bliss.

Christmas trees in the White House-
Fifty four trees in all-
Just more glitz and more glamor
Without a soul.

While they bomb poor countries
With remote controls-
Deaths of innocent children
Mean nothing at all.

While they dance in Hawaii,
Take some ocean cruise,
Freezing homeless bastards
Sleep in vomit and booze.

Alexander Shaumyan

Colorless Green Ideas

It might be if I were or will be there,
I would somehow dance inside your hair,
But then again, I'd say that I am here-
The elemental joy of being near-

Around and inside yourself, myself-
Like books, that sleep or slept upon the shelf,
Miasmically and tragically appear-
Sweet sonorous, you beam and laugh, unfolding,
We are indeed inseparable, holding,
Caressing our memories, my dear-

There is, there are sweet nothings in this world
That block the lucid verses from the ear,
But if you try to listen, you might hear
The gentle waves like syllables of the heart-

As our thoughts encroach and depart
Within the sea of hopes, dreams and fears;
And what is I to say and you to say? -
In the bright light of the ascending sun,
Where our minds like wild horses run
Amidst all that is false and insincere-
Like Chomsky's colorlessly green ideas.

January 8,2010

Alexander Shaumyan

Command of the Language

I have the command of the language
When it comes to frisky sex and
Mathematics,
For I adore every conic section
Of your perfectly proportioned
Surface area-
From your sumptuous cones
To your magnificent ellipses,
And the congruent circles
Of your areolas-
Hidden by the hyperbolic veneer
Of your bra and your symmetric
G-string,

Don't get me wrong, for I've
Studied the subtle dimensions
Of your curvature,
And went off on many a tangent,
Deriving your continuous
Sexual functions,
That led me to your delta of Venus,
As my y changed with your x ,
In the act of orgasmic
Integration-

Since then I've learned
That pi is truly a transcendental
Number,
That no rational number can
Approximate,
And you are boundless
In your beauty,
Opening up my mind
To infinite possibilities.

January 12,2008

Alexander Shaumyan

Deborah, I Think You'll Understand

Deborah,
I think you'll understand what I mean
when at night I sleep on the surfaces of books
and dream of paper attics
Through the green mesh of your eyes
I see rooftops of innocence
and hills of joy

O how brilliant you are in the milky moon
O how tender is your walk through my eardrums

I collapse in my drunkenness
and watch the skies of wonder, O Deborah
I kiss the thin fabric of your lips
and journey through your hair

I'm lost, my love, in your negligee
of white horses and silky winds
Teach me the arithmetic of who you are
for I cannot add nor subtract your splendor

The rain falls blue above your wild eyes
my love
and I'm born again to wonder
if that sweet kiss
has made me whisper
upon your fair skin.

Alexander Shaumyan

Facing the Truth of Your Lies

Back in September of 2004 -
A couple of months after
My short stay in the hospital
For severe depression -
I tried to contact you to see
If you still missed me,
As you rudely told me
To leave you alone,
That you were married
And had moved, had your
Last name changed to
Your new husband's
And were expecting
A brand new child.

Two years later I learn
The truth through none
Other than that fake 'husband'
Of yours, who posted a message
In one of his hosting forums
Back in 2005 when he was 19
And you were 28.

And so I face the truth, that
You wanted me to face
So much - the truth that
You were always lying
To me and to others
About who you really are -
An insecure and confused
Woman with two children
Without a real father.

No, you were never married
To that geek, who's so good
With computers, who
Drives around fixing other
People's technical problems,
Putting 8-9 hours each day
And not going to school,
To support you and your
Two kids, who are not even
His in a biological or
Legal sense.

For you two were 'living in sin'
Together, as he puts it,
Being 'disowned' by the
Majority of his family
And his manipulative
Mother, who was using
Him to get back at his father.

Well, it looks like he traded
His mother for a new one,
Who's just as manipulative
And conniving.

And I wonder what you do
When he's not around?
Do you stay at home and
Play a fake 'good wife'?
Or do you explore new men
And new options?

Oh yes,
He calls you his fiancée now -
After two years of living together -
But knowing you, I wonder
If you really want to get
Married and miss a chance
That something better comes
Along?

Well, I wish you luck in
Your decision, but I
Just want to say that
I loved you even if I was
A fool to believe you.

March 30,2006

Alexander Shaumyan

For Lori Lynn

Once in my youth I saw her face
That's how my story begins-
I met a young maiden of stunning grace,
She called herself Lori Lynn.

Sprinkles of stardust danced in her eyes,
As my mind would meander and spin,
And her hair would shimmer in the moonlit sky,
Caressing her delicate skin.

She made me act like a little child,
And my feelings I couldn't contain,
So I wrote this poem to make her smile
Because I was slightly insane.

But, all of a sudden, a strange little bird
Snatched my poem, as I finished my gin,
Then it flew away and I never heard
From my beautiful Lori Lynn.

Many years passed, I grew tired and old,
And I couldn't write poems again,
As my world grew dull and my heart turned cold,
And I felt like a dying man.

But then one night, when I was alone
With my usual bottle of gin,
I dreamt that same bird, and it read me a poem
By my beautiful Lori Lynn.

Then I woke up and somehow I knew
That the answer was always within,
So I wrote this poem addressed to you,
O my beautiful Lori Lynn!

Alexander Shaumyan

God Bless the Freaks

God bless the freaks
And the deranged,
The ones who are
Violent and strange,
God bless the retards
And the geeks.

God bless the butches
And the femmes,
God bless all those
We condemn,
God bless the brainless
And the meek.

God bless the lowlives
Riding bikes
And punks in leather
Wearing spikes,
God bless the water
And the piss.

God bless the beer
And the sun,
God bless the soldier
And his gun,
God bless the bombs
That kill the kids.

God bless you all
For being numb,
God bless the dead,
God bless Vietnam,
And thousands more
That will be killed.

God bless all those
Who don't think,
Who scratch their ass
And have a drink,
God bless their shit
That doesn't stink.

God bless the holy
And the wise,
God bless the moon
And the sunrise,
God bless the war,
God bless the lies,
God bless this world
About to sink.

God bless the poem,

God bless the muse,
God bless abusers
And abused,
God bless your cock,
Your ass and tits.

God bless your mom,
God bless your dad,
God bless the sane,
God bless the mad,
God bless the ones
Who cannot speak.

God bless all those
Who say: 'God bless',
While working more
And earning less,
While blessing their
Oppressive pricks.

God bless you all,
I say to you,
This world you see
Is nothing new -
Whether it's cursed,
Ignored or blessed -
It is our home
Nonetheless.

March 20,2006

Alexander Shaumyan

He Was Known For His Ability

To create nonsense, come such
and what not (flailingly
and surreptitiously) he
was unopened, when she
(darker than life) underwent
through the narrow passage
of his undergarments, kimonos,
cheese sandwiches and galoshes-
it was really spectacular,
come to think of it,
as the crowd cheered in horse-
like procession-

it was all in the wind,
the chains, the valleys and
the lonesome meat grinders
swooned like a pack of
wild elephants and tearful
virgins, what if, what if,
reverberated now and then-

but we knew (at least you
were aware) the race was on
uncaptured and decapitated,
plowing away through the
corpses of ancient books,
thick accents, glued to my shoes-
ah that was, is, and will be
quietly as the rose unshields
its blossoms and too few
can remember

such things as childlike
curiosity and the touch of spring,
except in the pink of summer,
when all is ripe, she appears
to him, all the more invisible,
slowly growing-
one, ten, three thousands,
stars and supernovas,
created as if in sleep, to which
we woke one day
and capitulated, screamed,
laughed, knowing full well
the touch, feel, sight
and fragrant sound
of the waves.

June 9,2008

Alexander Shaumyan

Hitting the Mathematical Wall

(after Robert Frost)

Something there is that doesn't love the math,
That sends the frozen needles under skin,
That numbs the skull and stultifies the brain
Before the joy of math discovery begins
Comes sheer torment of quadratic functions-
And who can blame those poor souls that can't add
Two simple fractions or multiply
Signed numbers? -
For there is no reason they can't pass
Remedial math courses with a D
And join the mindless workforce
Of their peers,
Who care not for square roots or logs,
Nor volumes of some pyramids or spheres-
No, they want none of it
In their beer-filled dream,
In their dull and repetitious slumber,
Where there is no x, and no why-
No solution to their life's equation
Which drags itself each day until they die
And take this time a permanent vacation.

Something there is that doesn't love the math,
That wants all numbers and all symbols down,
And lonely is a math instructor's path-
Misunderstood and treated like a clown
By those who care not for what she says.
Gone is the beauty of geometry and space,
The golden ratio and isosceles triangles-
There is just this massive wall above her head,
Where ignorance prevails and knowledge's dead-
Where there are no more questions,
No more numbers,
There is just this nothingness,
Where there's nothing to be said,
Where all the search and all the discourse ends.

May 30,2009

Alexander Shaumyan

How Do I Love Thee?

I love you more than all the bull
That you'd been telling me,
I love you more than all those guys
That you had shagged for free,
I love you more than love itself,
For it is just a word,
I love you more than kitty cats
And chirping little birds,
I love you more than hollow lines
Of Hallmark poetry,
I love you more than little faith
That you'd placed in me.

I love you more than all your lies
And your bisexual ways,
I love you more than all your art
That I've come to hate,
I love you more than puny geeks
That you've been living with,
I love you more for teaching me
That I have more to give,
I love you more than empty sex
And lost virginity,
I love you more because I've learned
That love must start with me.

June 21,2006

Alexander Shaumyan

Howl Revisited

(for Allen Ginsberg)

I saw the best minds as
the stray dogs
of my generation,
wagging their fluffy tails,
howling apocalyptic
announcements in buses
and on subways trains,
in supermarkets and
colleges campuses-
barking about something
extremely important
like Kafka and busty blondes,
revealing the utter banality
of our ever collapsing
Western civilization,
reminiscent of some Goya
paintings, smudged with lipstick,
rouge, powders and mascara-
they were barking about
seasonal changes, orgasms,
and wars, presidential
elections, tampons and
brassieres,
caressing the pages with
full breasts, six pack bellies
and rising temperatures,
invoking revolutions,
erections and the first
amendment,
they were smoking Zen pipes
and snorting powdered
guacamole, mixing French
parlance with tea sipping
haiku moments,
they were starting arsons
and putting out forest fires,
they were saving the Amazon
and subverted the morale
of plugged up toilets
of our inner social fabric,
humping away at the foundations
of the sociopolitical structure,
because you knew, and we all
knew, as surely as the Pope
shits in the woods,
that the breakthrough
begins by embracing the animal,
by stripping away
the absurd conventions of
the literary establishment,

and doing away with the moral
bankruptcy of the power elite-
so the poets barked naked
and howled into the crowds
in the bitter cold of winter
and the oppressive heat of
summer-
they walked out nude,
armed with toilet plungers,
manuscripts, wrenches,
and weapons of mass destruction,
engaging in acts of poetic
terrorism at airport poetry
readings, bypassing airport
security, exploding poetic
bombs in airplane restrooms,
getting drunk and picking
fights with well-dressed
celebrities and CEOs,
puking their guts out
and shouting obscenities,
exposing the beauty and
ugliness of our collective
identity in words and in song,
and in the desperate
howls for some lost lovers'
affections.

January 9,2010

Alexander Shaumyan

I Had Felt You Skin to Skin

'No one here likes you,
Go away!
Get a clue!
Go back to your f*cking zoo
Or whatever it is you do'
-John Oszajca - I Hate You (My Friend)

I had felt you skin to skin
Through our days of love and hate
That had torn my heart within,
Leaving nothing on my plate.

I remember things I'd seen-
Your affection's noisy dream-
All the places where we'd been
Now are not what they had seemed.

So I cast this empty cup
Of the things that once felt right-
Of the things I'd given up,
That once gave me such delight.

Endless writings on the wall
Fade like some graffiti art-
What is art without a soul?
What is verse without a heart?

In this place where hopes died
I have found a new song,
Lifting me above the lies
Of a love that's all but gone.

October 10,2009

Alexander Shaumyan

I Have Gone Long, Long Time

I have gone long, long time
Not knowing where to find you-
Peace was never meant for me,
Only heartache and tears-

I have gone long, long time
Without you, darling,
Losing hope that we'll ever
Be together,
But I walked alone and stayed
The course-

I have gone long, long time
Thinking of you, knowing
It was you who would be
There in the end-

The light that would lead me
Back home.

I have gone long, long time
Loving you and missing you,
Knowing well that the path
Would be winding and filled
With pain.

I have gone long, long time
Through the rivers of solitude,
Through the nights of despair,
Through the crowds of anonymity-

Just to hear your voice crystal clear,
Just to touch your lips and feel
The warmth of your hands,
Embracing me.

I have gone long, long time
Through the hills of pain
And the deserts of banality,
Through the corridors filled
With empty laughter and ignorance.

I have gone long, long time
Just to tell you I love you, darling.

March 7,2006

Alexander Shaumyan

I Love You

I love you-
Do you remember how it was
When words were playful and seductive
And we felt
Such tenderness and warmth
Inside our hearts?

I love you
Just for being who you are,
Not trying to be somebody you're not.

I love you
Weren't just words, they truly spelled
A bond, a union between two souls who shared
Such joy and laughter and a sense of ease.

I love you
Spoke the sunlight in the trees,
And we were filled with childlike sense of awe.

I love you
Weren't just words-they were much more
That came fully alive in all we did.

I love you
Was the music of our souls-
Together we were beautifully whole
Like two stringed instruments in perfect harmony.

I love you
Like the sky, the moon, the sea,
I love you like this night that beckons me
Into your warm and passionate embrace-
I love you, darling,
Love your radiant face,
And in your smile I feel forever free!

Alexander Shaumyan

I Want to Be Where the Palm Trees Are

I want to be where the palm trees are,
Upon some sunny and sandy beach,
I want to be away from it all-
Out of touch and out of reach.

I want to lose myself in the sea
Or rest upon some moss covered rocks,
To roam about-wild and free-
Away from the crowds, schedules and clocks.

I want a blank canvas to paint anew,
I want a blank page and a childlike mind
To sit on a hilltop with a scenic view,
To see the world to which I was blind.

May 30,2008

Alexander Shaumyan

If Jesus Scratched His...

If Jesus scratched his balls
In the most indecent way,
Would a thousand angels
Turn into a pack of perverts,
And would you laugh at me,
My love, and say
That humanness is something
We desire,
When cast out of the womb
Into the fire
Of all that's human,
All that is insane?

And so what if Jesus scratched
His balls? Or rubbed his ass?
Or picked his nose
And told bad jokes, burping
Or passing gas? -
Would you believe that
He was just as human
As you and I?
Or was he just a myth
Personified?

And we have scorched the earth
In search of truth,
For which so many
Pointlessly died
In endless wars that spilled
The blood of youth,
Who for somebody's gods
Were crucified.

And so listen - there are no men
Or balls, or lambs to sacrifice
For someone's sins,
There's just this empty space
And therein
There is the light,
Where darkness ends
And love begins.

Alexander Shaumyan

In a Manner of Speaking

In a manner of speaking, I want to kill you,
said the drunk redneck to his wife,
In a manner of speaking, I don't love you,
said my ex (turned vegan) to me,
as I returned from a psych ward, hoping for
some sort of reconciliation,
And in a manner of speaking, the whole
world has gone to shit, that no mentally
unbalanced poet can improve upon,
In a manner of speaking, I was just a haiku
before I birthed an epic poem in 2008
and it went something like:
In a manner of speaking...

In a manner of speaking, there is plenty of
beer and loose women,
In a manner of speaking, there is plenty of
internet journals with useless information,
In a manner of speaking, there are plenty of
assholes writing about getting laid and anal sex
on MySpace,
In a manner of speaking, my friend got raped
a few years ago and now has occasional herpes
outbreaks, which are quite disturbing
to her husband,
In a manner of speaking, I'm losing faith in humanity
and love at times,
In a manner of speaking, we just go through the motions,
hoping for something to change or something
spectacular to happen.

But I don't really know any more,
trying to make sense of it all, screaming for some sort of
sanity that eludes me,
In a manner of speaking, I feel alone here,
unable to connect to what's around me-
I just told some guy at a bar that I was a Dallas Cowboys
fan and I don't even watch football,
and he told me to come in my 'gear' on Sunday,
In a manner of speaking, I feel somewhat liberated
because I have no clue as to what I'm doing,
knowing that there is really no escape.

January 8, 2008
-Alexander Shaumyan

Alexander Shaumyan

Internet Women

Gina lives in Florida,
Next to some Nicole
Who's dating Eric
With an artistic soul.

Heather likes to gossip
About some kinky Liz-
A real sexoholic,
Who really likes to please.

Ashley looks fantastic
In her birthday suit-
Is it any wonder
She is everyone's pursuit?

Stephany is blogging
About another ex,
Giving tips to everyone
On the joys of sex.

Jenna is a lesbian-
Forget about her-
Better talk to Courtney
Who'll make you purr.

Pamela looks tasty
For someone of sixteen-
Look for someone older
If you know what I mean.

Well endowed mothers
With some racy pics
Blog about literature
And Realpolitik.

Is it any wonder
That I'm so shy? -
With so many choices,
With so many lies.

Maybe it is Nadja,
Amber, Jill or Kate,
To give me inspiration
For another day.

Jessica is dazzling,
Kimberly's a star,
Looking so sexy,
Yet living so far.

If I lived in Texas,
Would you love me still?

Would we still be kissing
In beautiful Brazil?

In the streets of Italy,
Or in German bars,
Would you be my lover
If I had no car?

Would you whisper softly
Every single day:
'Mi amor, te quiero'
In some small cafe?

Yes, these streets are lovely,
Like these passing cars,
Like these lonely strangers,
Smiling from afar.

January 14,2009

Alexander Shaumyan

Jesus Burger

Feeling spiritually hungry,
I stopped by at an
Internet writers' joint,
Where I was served with
A Jesus burger, well done,
On a mystic Sufi bun,
With kosher pickles,
Kabbalic lettuce and
Shamanic tomatoes,
With that secret Zen sauce
And transcendental Maya,
With a large order of
Wicca fries and a bottle
Of flavored holy water,
And I ate it all up
Hook, line and sinker
Until I got a heartburn
From all the baloney -
So I started writing
My postmodern Marxist
Slogans that New Age
Consciousness is the
McDonald's of the masses.

March 26,2006

Alexander Shaumyan

Jorge era un feliz mexicano

Jorge was a happy Mexican
With the smile as bright
As Van Gogh's sunflowers
And Gauguin's exotic landscapes
Of Tahiti-
Immune to the anxiety disorders
And the psychotic episodes
Of his fellow bipolar gringos-

Jorge was a happy Mexican,
Wearing a poncho and a wide-brimmed
Sombrero with just a little bit dinero
And el corazon de oro,
That says defiantly ¡No hay problema!
While the stars seem to sing
In his head:
Para todo mal, mezcal,
Y para todo bien también.

Jorge was a happy Mexican
With the spirit of
Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe-
Drunk with life, drunk with the stars,
Drunk with the history of the Mayan ruins-

Jorge was a happy Mexican
With the rays of the sun in his hands
And the song of the wind in his heart-
Sí, era un feliz mexicano
Porque no tenía mucho,
Sino el espíritu lleno de amor.

February 13,2012

Alexander Shaumyan

Just Know That I Miss You

Just know that I miss you,
And now I know the facts
That you were never married,
That it was just an act.

It really doesn't matter -
What has been done and said -
Just know that I love you
And I'm not quite mad.

Yes, I've seen through women -
The things that they would say -
But I would not believe them
Or give them time of day.

And if you really miss me,
You need not look too far,
Because I always loved you
For being who you are.

March 23,2006

Alexander Shaumyan

Katrina's Wake Up Call

It's a far too familiar sight -
All the poor who were left behind,
In the cesspool that once had been
The great city of New Orleans.

No carnivals here, just death -
Sick and elderly out of breath,
Hungry children barely alive
In the heat and filth, left to die.

In the flood of drowning cries
They were given nothing but lies -
Promised rescue that never arrived
For the thousands still alive.

Private charity drives will roll,
But the poor have taken their toll -
Jobless, homeless, with nothing at all,
Having trusted the government's bull.

Billions spent on a pointless war,
Many start to say 'no more' -
Time to get the priorities straight -
Time to act before it's too late.

Yes, it's time to wake up again -
Every woman and child, every man -
To rise up for the people's needs
Against corporate lies and greed.

September 2, 2005

Alexander Shaumyan

Kentucky Girl

Yes, you are, yes, you are, my love,
You're my lovely Kentucky girl.

In your bourbon smile I can see
Grassy hills just as free as you-
Come, my darling, won't you sit with me-
We'll have a beer or two.

In that hair that shines like the sun,
Freckled skin and untamed, sparkling eyes
I can see the Kentucky sky
And the valleys where the horses run wild.

I remember when I was a child
And the wind would embrace my face,
I'd smile like you smile tonight,
Thinking this is the time and place.

As I stand here at a local saloon,
The same child is awake in me-
Struck by love in the Kentucky moon-
Thinking this is where I'd like to be.

And the moon seems to sign your name
In your eyes that sparkle like pearls-
Yes, you are, yes, you are, my love,
You're my lovely Kentucky girl.

Alexander Shaumyan

Laissez les bons temps rouler!

When death and suffering's around
And there is no one to call,
There's still a sign of life that's found
Within these silent streets and walls.

The government can screw the poor
But it can never kill their soul,
There is a spirit bright and pure -
Zydeco, Cajun and Creole.

You cannot kill the Crescent City
With contracts that would turn it all
Into a suburb looking pretty
With condos and big shopping malls.

Let them pour billions on construction
To ease the guilt of those who sold
The city's poor to face destruction
Exacted by Katrina's toll.

And when the streets are filled with laughter,
With jazz and blues to lift the soul,
Forget their phony hereafter -
Just live and let the good times roll!

September 16,2005

Alexander Shaumyan

Leave No Traces Fair

Leave no traces fair,
Nor flowers lily white,
No notes, nor wisps of hair,
Nor passions of the night.

Cling not to what you know,
Nor proud, nor humble be-
Let honors be bestowed
On ranks of vanity.

Seek freedom's inner essence
And light that shines in truth-
For fame conceals senescence
That clips the wings of youth.

March 10,2006

Alexander Shaumyan

Mary Had Six Little Lambs

Mary had six little lambs-
Six in all had she-
And they did some weird stuff
In their privacy.

Johnny chewed her underwear-
Such a naughty lamb-
While exposing his parts
On a video cam.

Tony was a film producer,
Shooting wild lamb chicks,
Posting them on internet
In some raunchy flicks.

Jim and Greg were real kinky-
All dressed up in drag-
There were recent centerfolds
In the Playlamb mag.

Pam and Suzie looked real nice
With their fine lamb jugs,
They were dancing for old goats
At a local club.

And when Mary was away,
All the lambs got loose,
Having wild and kinky sex,
Doing drugs and booze.

Mary had six little lambs-
Six in all had she-
And they did some weird stuff
In their privacy.

June 11,2008

Alexander Shaumyan

No Military for Me

No military for me,
No tanks or guns,
Or army ranks -
To hell with it all -

No military for me,
No stupid generals
Deciding who lives
Or dies -

No young recruits
Blindly following
Orders to drop
Bombs on children

No heroes, no trenches,
No waiting wives
Or crying mothers,

Nobody to fight for me
Or my freedoms
Except myself alone -

No deaths to mourn,
No dead children,
No crippled and maimed
Bodies and wasted lives

No military for me,
I don't need any of it,
None of your fucking
Bombs, grenades
And helicopters

None of your nuclear
Weapons to explode
Up someone's ass -

No military for me -
Just keep it,
Shove it and forget it

Wrap it in your flag
And throw it out
The window -

For I'm just fine
Without it.

November 11,2006

Alexander Shaumyan

Number Debate

Once pi and i had a debate
About which is better
A square root of minus one
Or being a Greek letter.

'Be rational, ' said i to pi,
'You make things complicated-
No matter how they measure you,
You always come truncated.'

Said pi to i: 'So what, my friend,
It's really no big deal-
I'm transcendental unlike you,
And you aren't even real.'

'But if you want to be exact,
Then you come nowhere near
To finding areas of disks
Or a volume of a sphere'.

Said i to pi: 'It may be so,
But you forgot to mention
That you're a point on a line,
And I have two dimensions.'

'For if you want nth roots of one,
Therein is my appeal-
I'll find all roots of one for you-
Imaginary and real.'

'And I can add and multiply
All points in a plane,
For I'm more than decimals
By real line constrained.'

While they continued to debate,
Infinity appeared,
Saying to both pi and i:
'You both are nowhere near.'

'You both are finite, real or not,
But I'd take a bet
That none of you can match the size
Of countable sets.'

So it was settled-pi and i
Were finally set free,
For both found that they're too small
To match infinity.

March 26,2008

Alexander Shaumyan

On This Tranquil Night

On this tranquil night
I imagine you and me,
Rekindling tender memories
Of how it used to be -

Some say the past
Is an illusion,
That the only reality
Is the here and now -

But what is here and now
If not a reliving of things
Long gone and anticipating
Things to come?

Life is an interplay
Of perceptions and illusions,
Of things that we see
And the things we imagine -

And I imagine you as beautiful
As ever and your gentle
Touch upon my skin,
My love,

While we get lost in the
Music of the senses,
Where the past, present
And future all merge
Into one,

Where we are free to love
And to begin again.

March 17,2006

Alexander Shaumyan

One Sunny Day I Dreamt

One sunny day I dreamt
I saw a world of pure light-
the purest light that danced inside
my heart and poured upon
the city streets with joy...
One sunny day I dreamt
I saw my love, her smile
upon me like a gentle wind,
somewhere beyond the lonely
shopping malls, beyond
the hungry beggars stooping
dazed and staring at the vulgar
wealth that burns the eyes...
One sunny day I dreamt a paradise!
And then I laughed a very silly
laugh that burst inside me
like a flock of birds that
seemed like people arguing inside
about vacuum cleaners, underwear,
cars, recession, pimples, prices,
and old wars...
One sunny day I dreamt my tears
were like precious gems inside
each living room and bedroom on
display, available to all at no cost!
One sunny day I was a poet lost,
directing all the traffic on
the streets with nothing but
my eyes...
One day-one lonely sunny day-
I dreamt I saw you, darling,
in this sea of lies
where everything is safe
and guaranteed, where
everything is sold to
satisfy your every wish
and need-whether you
need it or you need it not,
it doesn't matter much...
One sunny day I dreamt
I felt your touch that woke
me up to write this childish song...
I looked for you, my love, but you were gone.

Alexander Shaumyan

Period Doubling Route to Chaos

It starts somewhere at x and moves to y,
Zigzagging like a random, fleeting z,
While in my heart it seems to multiply
And run away toward infinity.
It starts like some equation in a dream
That sums up all the things I feel in me-
This sky, this night, this moon-all somehow seem
To resonate in perfect symmetry.
This nightclub, where I come to spend my time
And contemplate the female form disrobed
Before the cheering throng of horny guys,
Where I still find a certain glimpse of hope-
A random spark that fuels my fantasy...
And when it's over, all the drunks return
To their dull and unfulfilling lives,
Yet in my mind and heart it twists and turns-
That random switch that's keeping me alive.

Alexander Shaumyan

Pete the Artist

Pete the artist is a bipolar
Schizophrenic in remission,
Who gets supplemental
Security income and money
From his well-off parents
In Cheshire, Connecticut,
Who sent him to Choate
And to Harvard Extension school
So that he could boast of
A Harvard degree in English,
While his parents pay for his
Art studio, art supplies and strokes
Of genius, as he walks around
In his cowboy hat with Native
American feathers, earrings
And numerous rings on his
Fingers, telling everyone
That he works for living-
Pete the artist is really some
Caricature of what art has become,
As he shares his muddled
Abstractions and poetic views
Of the divine transcendence,
Zen, dolphin telepathy, pearls
And the ecstatic revelation
Of the Mayas and the Incas,
With some Gaelic bullshit
Thrown in for good measure,
Where all is majestic and pristine,
Like the Palmolive hands of
Jesus-Pete is a painter, poet,
Photographer, songwriter and
Storyteller, and an ego maniac,
Drunk on Stonehenge and pints
Of Guinness, Irish cliffs and
California surfing, Yeats, Neruda,
Borges, and the superficial
Waitresses at Delaney's,
Who care more about their tips
Than anything poetic-
But his bullshit is convincing
Enough to fit in with other
Hack writers and unrecognized
Picassos and Jackson Pollocks,
Going through the daily motion
Of creating really bad
Artwork.

June 18,2010

Alexander Shaumyan

Place Where Light Is

In these cold rainy nights,
In these streets, in these dreams
I'll walk in my solitude
To a place where light is.
Do not ask who I am,
Do not ask where I go-
I've lost all direction,
Yet I always knew this-
I'll find my way back
To a place where light is.

No, it can't be that far-
I've walked many miles,
I've seen it in a smile
Of a girl like a breeze-
I'll find my way back
To a place where light is.

I've been walking in darkness
Of frozen minds,
I saw hearts that were numb
And eyes that were blind,
I saw tears and pain,
War and disease,
But I just kept on walking
To a place where light is.

Yes, I know it's near,
By those mulberry trees
And those valleys of daffodils,
Where the hummingbirds sing,
Where my love rests in waiting
With a smile like a breeze-
Yes, I'll find my way back
To a place where light is.

Alexander Shaumyan

Places in the Heart

There are places in the heart,
that are still unmarred by
understanding -
those places that we have
kept hidden for so long
from all those prying eyes,
prowling in the darkness -

There are places in the heart,
filled with childhood memories
of laughter and joy,
hope and new beginnings,
those places that we revisit
secretly and tenderly,
those places that make us
feel alive again -

There are places in the heart
that know no boundaries,
no limitations, but unrestrained
happiness of a smiling child,
filled with wonder and love
for the world, feeling both
godlike and tiny, overtaken
by the invisible presence
that permeates the moon
and the countless stars -

There are places in the heart,
where life is filled with miracles
and questions lead to more
questions, prompted by infinite
curiosity and the desire to know
the essence of things,
there are places that only
you and I know,
those places that remind us
who we really are -

For we are the essence
of life's joy and discovery,
truth and beauty, love and
tenderness, that penetrates
the cracks of a fractured world,
we are those places in the heart
that know no end and no beginning,
but love and only love,
that sings through us like
warm summer rain.

Alexander Shaumyan

Poem for the New Year 2010

Alas, the sleazebags of tomorrow
Are our icons of today,
And every year brings forth more sorrow
With promises of better days.

Enough of Bushes and Obama,
Enough of change, enough of wars,
Enough of Clinton blowjob dramas,
Enough of Cheney, Biden, Gore.

I bid farewell to Michael Jackson,
There'll never be the King of Pop-
Half saint, half a child molester,
Who'd make us boogie till we drop.

And, Tiger Woods, your sordid story
Of secret sexual vagaries,
Has somehow dimmed the shining glory
Of all your golfing victories.

Good bye, old year, for I feel tired
Of all the bullshit that went on,
You were extinguished like the fire
That kept the faithful hanging on.

Good bye, old year, of overblown
And hollow words of yesterday,
I greet new year with eyes aglow-
May it bring bright and lively days.

December 31,2009

Alexander Shaumyan

Pretty Girls Don't Take Hallucinogenic Substances, They Are

Pretty girls don't take hallucinogenic substances, they are,
Pretty girls are like ether clouds inflating and deflating male egos,
Sometimes they give you a real cocaine high,
Making you feel like a millionaire executive of General Motors,
Or they can give you a bummer a trip and send you into the slums of
Chicago and New York City without your American Express or Visa,
Being approached by an unfriendly slum dweller,
Pretty girls don't take hallucinogenic substances, they are,
Wearing skin-tight pants and heavy makeup,
Never mentioning their children or social disease,
Always saying nice things at the right time,
Pretty girls never need protection, they are always protected by
Pretty boys, walking with hands in their pockets and talking
About boy's things, like sex and politics, or football and
Baseball, and never about love,
Pretty girls always teach boys about love,
The pleasures and the fulfillments of love as they open up
Their blouses and their legs,
Pretty girls don't take hallucinogenic substances, they are,
They are like short-action barbiturates or a good puff of a potent
Hashish mixed with opium,
They are like the lysergic acid diethylamide, though shorter lasting,
Making you see rainbow colors and cosmic visions of the other world,
The world of pure sensory awareness that pretty boys don't have time for
Because they have to stay pretty,
Pretty girls are like goddesses and muses awakening the boys' minds
To art, poetry and music for a short duration of a sexual intercourse,
Pretty girls don't take hallucinogenic substances, they are,
They are the centerfolds, the playmates, the actresses, the girl-next-door
Types, knocking on your window in a sexy negligee,
Pretty girls are mannequins and marionettes posing in pretty clothes,
Pretty girls are everything you want, except real,
And when their time is over, they are put back into their little doll boxes,
Making pretty boys look for other pretty girls,
But their time too will come, like a bottle of whiskey running empty
Pretty girls are exhaustible and played out,
And in the end, they are never enough...
But there is nothing like a beautiful woman.

Alexander Shaumyan

Razor-Sharp Love

razor-sharp love
I want
all of you
but there just isn't
enough of you
behind the silk
like a bullet in my heart
you poison my soul
with your horrible longing
you terrify
and immerse me
into your darkness
a fleeting memory
of your caressing tongue
on my chest
that's what you are
a black veil of
loneliness.

Alexander Shaumyan

Science Fiction Woman

She was my science fiction woman,
I was her science fiction man,
Yet our love was no fiction
In our science fiction land.

I wore my science fiction spacesuit,
She wore a spacesuit just like mine,
While we were floating together
In our science fiction minds.

She said her name was Taylor Trippy-
A flower child light years beyond-
She was a science fiction hippy-
A spacey and vivacious blonde.

She told me of our global warming,
Greenhouse gases, acid rain,
She told me everything I know
About the structure of the brain.

So we cruised through constellations
In our science fiction ship,
Transcending time and generations-
Forever free, forever hip.

She came from some unknown planet
In some uncharted galaxy,
And we were both kindred souls
In our cosmic fantasy.

And I don't know how I knew her
Or how we came to meet that night-
She was my science fiction woman,
Who traveled at the speed of light.

At night I look upon the ocean,
The distant stars where she might be-
She was my science fiction woman,
Who set my heart forever free.

June 17,2008

Alexander Shaumyan

She Storms My Brain

She storms my brain
in psychedelic colors
and discordant rhythms,
leaving me breathless
as I explore new shapes
and forms of knowing.

Like Lucy in the sky
and Marijane-
she storms my brain-
my strange new flower
with feverish bright petals
that leave me mystified.

She dances to the synesthetic
music of red and orange
notes that I can taste upon
my tongue, laughing like
a transparent angel
in a warm summer rain-
yes, there she goes again
storming my brain.

And I have no way of knowing
where I am or where I'll be-
I just come out deranged
and beautiful, smiling like
the sun. And she...
Well, she just laughs at me
and storms my brain.

Alexander Shaumyan

She's Been Tuning Her Chakras

She's been tuning her chakras,
While balancing her aura
And practicing vegetarianism,
Standing up for animal rights
As her latest fashion statement,
Surrounded by effeminate and gay men,
Who pay her countless compliments-
And I'm reminded of Madonna,
Once a talented singer,
Now obsessed with Kabbalah-
She is obsessed with surroundings
That harmonize with the shallowness
Of her love and her life
And her androgynous sexuality
Of casual bisexual encounters-

And she has seen God in her
Latest orgasm, while washing
The dishes and cleaning the toilet,
And she's determined to be the
Best mother possible, while
Becoming impossible to her daughter,
And she lies and puts on appearances
For everyone and for herself,
Not knowing who she is or what
She has become, but constantly
Trying to control what others
Think of her-and God forbid
They discover her various
Misdeeds and improprieties-

And so she lives like some
Wound-up toy, pretending to smile
And not to have any feelings
Except the sugar-coated love
That she sprinkles on everyone
Like a Hollywood faerie-
Saying I love you, love you, love you
A thousand times-
As if it means more if you keep
Saying it over and over...

But I have learned that all
Her life is an act, covering up
Insecurities with lies,
Lies and more lies,
Going back to the memories
Of a fragile little girl
That was abandoned
Long ago.

Alexander Shaumyan

Single

He's in his 40s and never married,
Never had the pleasure of
Fathering a child or having
A long-term relationship,
Living with a woman under
The same roof, maybe he's gay
Or just plain eccentric,
Not knowing how to relate
To his social world,
But I've stopped trying to live up
To what a normal guy in his 40s
Should be like, for
So many creative people were
Often loners or unhappy in love,
Expressing their sadness through
Their art - just look at
Van Gogh or Emily Dickinson
And countless others -
So I'm not worried
What others think of my
Bachelor lifestyle,
For I enjoy my freedom
Of having to answer to nobody,
Of not being stuck in some
Marriage just because it's
Comfortable or because
Of the kids, for I've seen
Too many fatherless kids,
Too many divorces, too
Many women abused by
Their husbands, too many
Cheating partners and
Too much dishonesty,
Too many people searching
For greener pastures of
Newer relationships with
Younger or more exciting
Partners, but I don't mind
Being single, answering
To myself alone -
It is by far better than feeling
Alone with someone else,
Staying in a destructive
Relationship, pretending things
Are going well - because
When I say I love you,
I mean that I love you,
Darling, and I do not believe
In any 'soul twins', or 'one light'
Or some other 'divine union' -
Whatever the hell it is -
For I believe in honesty

And tenderness between
Two people, who choose to
Be together, not some polyamory
Or open marriage, or some other
Alternative lifestyles with
Different sexes -
No, I believe in us and the things
That we have in common,
For I do not seek perfection,
Only the happiness of sharing
Myself with you if you want it.

March 15,2006

Alexander Shaumyan

Siren's Dance

She's a psychopath, now married to a geek,
Who brings the bacon home every week
From working as a local data dork,
While she just loves not doing any work.

I wonder why I loved this girl at all,
She is always thinking big but acting small -
She's better off being married to a geek.

It isn't love or honesty she seeks -
She only takes the most that she can get -
The little dork is just her little pet.

For if her equal were to challenge her,
She'll see her real self and want no more
Of all her games, control and jealousy.

But she'd rather be a little girl,
Living inside her childish little world
With a much younger prepubescent geek,
Who brings the bacon home every week.

Well, I've been trying hard to understand
Why it was so hard to take a stand
And walk out earlier, when I had the chance.

But I have learned to say: 'Enough! No more!' -
She's stretched enough my sanity and mores,
Finding a new boy or a girl next door
To share her bed and fantasies each week.

And so I go now, feeling stronger,
Finding her beautiful or charming no longer.

November 27,2005

Alexander Shaumyan

Some Women

Some women are like poison
That stays in your bloodstream
For many years,
Telling you remember me,
Remember me-
I'm the one who slept with you
That night, engulfing
Your manhood and ripping
Your heart out,
I'm the one who made you
Lose sleep and obsess
Every night over that
Fatal encounter when
Our paths crossed and
Our lives meshed,
And we promised each
Other the world-
And then she leaves you,
Making you cry, blaming
Yourself for something
You think you've done,
But you've done nothing
Wrong because her love
Was a lie and she keeps
Living that lie day after day,
As you keep hurting inside-
Yes, you have thought
The world of her,
Writing her countless
Love poems and trying
To encourage her art,
But she just trampled
Upon your heart like
She did with many others,
And you wonder if
There is any real love
In the world, for she has
Taught you how to hate
Everything that's fake,
And you keep wondering
If there is any truth
To anything anymore,
Or is it all just ugliness
And hurt, using and
Being used, being a
Victim or a prey,
While she laughs her
Way to the bank
And tells everyone
How great she is
And how she loves
Every guy in town.

February 24,2006

Alexander Shaumyan

Survivor

for Eric Hauptly

It's getting better and there's no denying
The bullshit I put up with and her lies
Are slowly diminishing and dying -
And I'm glad to know that I survived.

Some people are a bitter pill to swallow
When you begin to trust them with your love,
Only to find their affections hollow
And that your love is never good enough.

But they will reap one day what they have sown -
As they get tangled in their web of lies
Until they find that they are all alone
Because it's trust that makes true love alive.

Self-love and self-respect are cultivated
By recognizing love is not abuse,
That love is not about tolerating
Someone who's cheating and just hurting you.

So I am free to move to newer vistas,
To newer lovers, poems and new books -
And to my aging love - ¡Hasta la vista!
Your love is overrated like your looks.

April 11,2006

Alexander Shaumyan

Take This Body

Take this body, my love,
my body, my love,
feel my knees and my arms,
feel my fingers on your hair,
cold fingers, sad fingers,
kiss my mouth, my love,
ever so gently
caressing my chest and stroking my hair,
play with it-whatever is left of it-
I'm sad, my love,
and as I hear you laugh,
I feel the water around my eyes,
my brown eyes, the eyes of a poet,
the eyes of a stranger-
I'm a stranger, my love,
I'm a stranger in a strange land
of secret kisses and lovelorn faces,
of cold bodies huddled together,
hiding behind stiff dresses
and tightly fitting jeans,
I'm a stranger to a kiss,
I'm a stranger to a moist mouth
and a playful tongue,
I'm a stranger to a warm breast,
I stand here bespectacled and confused,
scratching my scraggly beard,
forcing a faint smile-
there is so much pain, my love,
right here in the palm of my hand,
right here in the lump of my throat,
right here in the tightness of my chest,
I'm strung like an instrument
with shrunken testicles
and immobilized toes-
see me tremble, my love,
see me shed a tear
onto this dusty world-
I'm with you, my love,
I'm with you alone,
I'm with you in embrace
of tender passion,
I'm in love with you
and that's why
I'm full of
tears.

Alexander Shaumyan

The Dawn of the New Beginning

This is the dawn of the new beginning,
Where everything seems in a state of flux
With new opportunities stirring and spinning-
The time for restoring my faith in love.

Where am I going? What am I doing?
Where have I been and what have I done?
I'm just going where the trouble is brewing,
I'm just going to have me some fun.

Time goes by and there are no answers,
As I consider the old and the new,
Falling sometimes, while others are dancing,
Screaming at them: 'What's the matter with you? ! '

Little by little the student turns master,
Little by little the master gives way-
With every blessing comes a disaster,
With every disaster come better days.

Torn from the womb and tossed to and fro
By unpredictable destiny's whims,
Always uncertain as to where I should go,
I dive in the water, learning to swim.

Thinking of everything that I was given-
The gift of the word, the gift of the mind-
All is forgotten and all is forgiven,
And still I love you-this I cannot deny.

Everything changes, nothing's for sure,
Torn between moments of sadness and joy,
Yet there is love of the heart that is pure
In this brief time we are left to enjoy.

This is the dawn of the new beginning,
Where everything seems in a state of flux
With new opportunities stirring and spinning-
The time for restoring my faith in love.

November 17,2005

Alexander Shaumyan

The Healing Wind

In this healing wind
all our scars of the
past are blown away,
torn away and scattered
around the earth,
and all our demons are
lifted and carried off
in the vortex of
the wind funnel
till there is nothing
left but these rocks
and the ocean,
and our hearts feel
at peace once more,
as our eyes
scan the distant horizon,
where the ocean
meets the night sky,
where the moon
hangs low, casting
its tremulous glow
upon the water.

In this healing wind
all our thoughts
are scattered in the
silent multitude of stars
that shine upon us
like new blossoms...
yes, I know we've been
through a lot
all these years,
and the loneliness
and the pain
seemed unbearable
at times,
but you don't have
to say a thing to me
right now,
because the healing wind
turned it all around,
gave us new hope
and new purpose
and new sails-
and breathing in
this cool night air,
we feel renewed
and alive again,
as we return
to what we always
knew as our home,
resting upon these

rocks, as the ocean
waves gently baptize
our feet.

Alexander Shaumyan

The Origin of Species

A dinosaur with feathers
Became a bird one day,
And with the warmer weather
The mammals came our way.

Some comet hit the planet
And dinosaurs were gone-
That's how it all happened
Millions of years ago.

Wild creatures roamed around
And ate the dino eggs,
Some close to the ground,
And some with longer legs.

The flora and the fauna
Exploded with a bang
With ferns and protozoa,
Then came the whole shebang.

A tiny eohippus
Became a horse one day,
A walking rhodocetus
Became the modern whale.

The rodents would abound,
And other critters too,
That's how it went down
Unbeknowest to you.

A bunch of monkeys happened
And early hominids,
Who hunted other critters
To get something to eat.

Some primates climbed the branches
And fed upon the fruit,
While others turned bipedal,
Looking like hairy brutes.

That's how it all happened
From looking at the skull
Of our ancient brother-
The great Neanderthal.

So we're nothing special-
We simply have evolved,
While life is still a mystery
That no one can solve.

So you can love your neighbor
Or drink a beer or two,

Remembering a gorilla
Has relatives like you.

Alexander Shaumyan

The Secret Revealed

The whole world is retarded,
Proving once again the infallible
Law of attraction of the prey
Attracting the predator,
And the predator attracting the prey.

But if you vibrate at a higher frequency,
You will only attract the lower ones,
Because the universe levels
Everything back to its retarded
State of perfection.

So you repeat again and again:
I'm stupid yet I'm perfect
Out of the fullness of my stupidity.

In the world where ugly is beautiful
Many doors open up everywhere.

Because it's all a matter of quantum
Consciousness, where the brain
Of the participant resides somewhere
Else, attracting the infinite
Possibilities of the retarded One.

Lots of lights flash in a room,
But the mind itself remains dark,
Hung like frozen Einsteins and Newtons
In the cosmic closet of Deepak Chopra,
Chopping away at the quantum
Sphincter of inner space.

Little children like stars sing at nauseam
In Pavarotti tenors and mezzo-sopranos,
Making cosmic orders of enlightened
Stupidity.

While a thousand monkeys laugh on
The horizon.

All is bliss - bless your ignorant
Lives.

May 14,2007

Alexander Shaumyan

The Splendor of Your Bullshit

Look, dude, poetically speaking
Or not, your bullshit does not
Impress me-no matter how you say it-
Briefly or otherwise; just know
That I am here to have fun, that's all-
No matter what you think of my
Use of language-whether drunk or sober-
I express what's on my mind-

And I don't need to throw chairs
Or tables, or toilet seats into some
Clever verses, calling out for some
Panspermic universe; life is
Mysterious enough, you know,
And you can call me an idiot, et cetera,
Et cetera, and that's just fine with me-
For I enjoy my freedom from
Your cerebral masturbation,
Your enjambments and your
Arbitrary breath stops-
Doo me, shooby-doo-bee, doo-bop...

No, I don't need your definition
Of what's good poetry and what's
Self-indulgent neophyte verse-
Your bullshit doesn't matter in the least-
No matter how many times you
Revise it, over and over and over...

It all adds up to nothing in the end-
The sofas, the chairs, the pillows,
That jar of mayonnaise that you left
Open for that fly to snack on,
Your stupid underwear, and your
Girlfriend who left you for a more
Good-looking writer, who knows
How to play guitar-it's all irrelevant-
Doo me, shooby-doo-bee, doo-bop, doo-hop...

And you will talk about it
Like some poetic zit on your butt,
That you discovered while showering
And composing your latest
Masterpiece at 4 a.m.,
Looking for that light at the end
Of the tunnel...
But there was nothing but cold coffee,
Dry toast, and an empty bed,
That was too small for your
Giant ego.

June 21,2008

Alexander Shaumyan

The Wisdom of Alan Twatts

The bullshit that can be named
Is not the eternal bullshit,
Pathless is the path,
Thoughtless is the thought,
Vague and profound
Is its practitioner.

A journey of a thousand thoughts
Begins with one shot of whiskey -
Formless is the mother
Of all the tiny funklers under
Your feet.

Look at it - it is invisible,
Touch it - it is intangible,
Smell it - it is odorless,
Taste it - it is tasteless,
Feel it - it is one big pain
In your ass.

Thought without miracle,
Confused like the clearest mud,
Just think - it is I that thinks
Or is not I at all?

Shine without luster,
Talk perpetual gibberish,
Do without doing,
Burp like a little child.

Hear one hand clapping,
Choke on the misty bone,
Laugh the laughter
Of emptiness.

It goes by a thousand names,
Some have called it
Bullshit, some have called it
Nothing at all -
It smiles like a fat Buddha,
If you see it on the road,
Kill it.

September 4, 2009

Alexander Shaumyan

Thomas Chickenbone

He was demented and well-known
By those who knew him not at all-
The thundering Thomas Chickenbone,
Who walked these famed poetic halls.

The younger lemmings aped his writing,
That came from his almighty quill,
That wrought much jealousy and fighting
Among his peers of lesser skill.

Larger-than-life, he walked alone,
Like some half human and half beast-
The brazen Thomas Chickenbone-
The bomb of poetry released.

He rolled his r's and hissed his s's
In every poem he would write
Like presidential addresses,
That he delivered day and night.

He was determined like a stone,
And no one could break his will-
The feisty Thomas Chickenbone
With balls of fire in his quill.

Some women said that he alone
Had stamina of a thousand men,
For mighty Thomas Chickenbone
Was very potent with his pen.

August 18,2007

Alexander Shaumyan

To the Masters of Pretentious Verse

Write what you will,
But your lines do not impress -
Your metaphors, hyperboles
And anaphoras do not contribute
Anything to my life
Or anyone else's -
You glorify madness
But have never seen
The frighteningly real
Darkness of the mind -
You're just buffoons
Proclaiming shallow
Prophecies that are
Dime a dozen, while
Your captive audience
Of comfortable middle class
Feels safe with the parameters
Of your fake madness
And artificial breath stops -

Your verses won't be missed -
There is no life or joy
To be derived from anything
You pretend - just hollow
Amusement from language
Perturbation - nothing more.

Good luck, my friends,
You have nothing to teach me
About being alive
Or living poetry -

For you, too, are dead
In all your self-importance
And hollow words.

November 12,2005

Alexander Shaumyan

Two Years Later

Life is a battlefield
Of choices made
And choices waiting
To be made,
Even if your choice
Is not to choose.

And I have made
Some choices
That I sometimes regret-
Like opening up to
A total stranger,
Pretending to be
An aspiring writer,
Who took my heart
And stepped
All over it,

While I tried
To believe that
There was
Something greater
Between us.

The only thing
That I found is
That some people
Do not live
Their lives in the open,

Hiding some dirty
Past secrets that
Bring on guilt
And shame.

And they try to flush
Their past
Down the toilet, but
The lies just keep
Building up
And the toilet backs up,

And the plunger won't work
This time.

I wanted to be your lover,
Not your plumber to help
Your lies from interfering
With your social life.

Even back then
You kept saying

That you loved me
But referred to me
As some friend of
Your nonexistent
Norwegian husband,
And you never wanted
Anyone to know about
Your fatherless children,

As if your children
Are a source of shame.

And all I wanted was love
And openness.

But all I got were lies,
Lies and more lies.

Well, it's been two years
Now since you wrote me
That love poem, calling me
Your soft and wild
Lover and a clutter in
Your pink laws.

But all the softness
And wildness have gone
Somehow, after I returned
To Connecticut, dissolved
In all the fantasies
Of some ideal love.

And all I have are just
Old love letters and
Pictures of you and
Your children on my PC,
Fading in hollow dreams
That I could ever be a part
Of your family.

Well, go ahead and
Pretend that we never met,
Cringing about my
Bad breath, dandruff,
Receding hairline,
And social awkwardness,
While hiding behind the name
Of your nine years younger
Adolescent husband.

I suppose he's good at
Fixing your computer

Troubles because all your
Big writing career
Revolves around
Internet gossip and
All the things
You'd like others
To believe.

Well, I don't take
Myself as seriously-
I once believed in us
And our future together
Only to have my books,
Dedicated to you,
Thrown in the garbage
And have you deny
Ever knowing me.

As Bill Clinton
once said:
'I did not have sex
With that woman, '
Even though the
Evidence pointed
To the contrary.

Well, it's been
Two years since
I've been 'that man'
That you choose not
To acknowledge,
And I'm taking my
Life back piece
By piece, refusing
To trash whatever
Tender moments
That we had together.

And we did have them,
Darling.

So, go ahead, and
Pretend that you
Never loved me,
Creating more
Lies and fictions.

It doesn't matter.

All that matters
Is that I'm true
To myself and to

My heart.

December 15,2005

Alexander Shaumyan

We Danced and Shook

We danced and shook,
took little steps and
tiptoed through
the darkness,
smiled in the wind,
spoke, reached
and touched,
we waltzed and shared
a multitude of
memories,
we stroked and opened,
whispered and cried,
held and caressed,
sang, stood, and ran,
we breathed each note
into each other's ear-
I understood,
you heard,
I smiled as you
revealed, rejoiced
and laughed-
we broke all
barriers and inhibitions,
with light and candor
in our hearts,
burnt, raged and dreamt
and never did
surrender.

October 1,2009

Alexander Shaumyan

We Hear the Time

We hear the time-beautiful time-
In the year when the truth is unveiled.

We see the time-beautiful time-
In the year when the light shines upon us.

We smell the time-beautiful time-
In the year when the earth is awakened.

We taste the time-beautiful time-
In the year when the false collapses.

We touch the time with the hands sublime
And the hearts like the sacred lotus.

We feel the time with the light divine
Bursting forth from the depths of despair.

We shout the time when the planets align
Like the sun with its sparkling hair.

We dance the time when the music rhymes
And we set forth where no one dared.

We breathe the time with our bodies supine,
Breathing in the transcendent air.

We speak the time with the language enshrined
In the nebulae debonair.

While the voices scream and the mystics dream
To the minds that are unaware

Of the time that in now, of the beauty within
That the surface things have concealed.

Yes, the time has arrived-beautiful time-
That the prophecies have revealed.

June 22,2012

Alexander Shaumyan

What God Wants

A torn mind of a nonbeliever-
That's what God wants-
A transmitter and a receiver-
That's what God wants.

All the bickering and the fighting-
That's what God wants-
To ignite a thought like a lightning-
That's what God wants.

I've searched a thousand faces
Just to see Him-
I've combed a thousand places
Just to feel Him.

Crowds of pompous fools
I endured
Just to find something true
And pure-
That's what God wants.

Lost in vanity and derision,
Lost in labels and hollow divisions
Of the liars whose hearts grew cold.

Authenticity-
That's what God wants-
Electricity-
That's what God wants.

Let the rain disperse all my doubts,
Let me free myself from the crowds,
Let me let myself just to be-
Letting God radiate through me.

Liberation-
This is what God wants,
Celebration-
This is what God wants-
Just to be creative and free,
Just to share God's voice through me.

July 16,2009

Alexander Shaumyan

Yes, It Just Might Be

Twisted fantasies of long ago-
The gap between
What love was
And what love now is-
And the sobering reality
Of being alone
In the world of perpetual
'Love is all' disease.

Too many lovers
Have gone my way,
Leaving me wondering if
It's all it takes-
One pretty smile,
One pretty face
To make you lose your head,
Make you lose your sleep-
One more set of lips
In hell's eternity.

But I've tasted too much
Along the way
And I can't pretend
That you're no one
Until you're loved
By some woman
Who waits and waits
Just for you alone
To share her love.

When I was a child,
I knew a way to be
Was to run with the stars,
Chasing butterflies,
And I knew my heart
Was as open then
As the moon tonight
In the placid sky.

And the ocean waves
Were my lovers then,
Not some thrice divorced
And life-bored femmes fatales-
Love was never some
Kids and house dream,
With a perfect car
And a gorgeous wife.

Love was just a way
Of being free,
Running your fingers through
A lover's curls,

Stretched in a field
Until 4 am,
Smiling foolishly
At a pretty girl.

I got sick of new love
With its razor blades,
Depressed chicks in black,
With black painted nails,
Phony savior poets
Crucified in trees-
That was never love,
Never for me.

Love was never some
Long-term pension plan
For some long haul dream
With a picket fence
And a dog named Ron,
Love was never some deal-
Signed and sealed,
Vowed in vampire's blood,
Not to be undone.

What is love but a curious way
To be idiotic in the world
That's bored,
With too much of everything
And nothing at all-
Just to be despised,
Just to be adored,
Just to be anything,
Just to be free...

Just to kiss a girl
With hot fiery lips,

Just to stroke her
Hair, her thighs
And hips-

Yes, it just might be,
It just might be,
Might be fun again
To be in

Love.

March 14,2007

Alexander Shaumyan

Your Insanity

It took me years to understand
Your insanity-
Your flowery rhythms and
Your mismatched attire
And shoes,
That smiled upon me
Each time you spoke
Something unimportant-

Yes, there is purpose in it,
I suppose-that some divine
Providence that lifts you
Higher than this mundane
World-but I found
It's this insanity that keeps
You doing what you're
Doing-

Like songs of crickets
And wild yellow flowers
That tickle your nostrils
And brush against your nipples,
And all the sarcasm
That make me laugh
At your girlish ideas
About the complexities
Of life and love-

Yes, I suppose I'd go fishing
With you among the stars
And read through your
Private journals of what
The universe was like
Before you and I were born-

But all I know is this
Here and now,
While the insidious clocks
Keep reminding of
Our mortality and
Superfluity of it all-

Yes, your insanity is
Infectious as is your youth,
As we volley back and
Forth between secular
And divine,
Between revelatory
And superficial,
Between exuberance
And routine,
Between just breathing

And being truly alive.

Beyond words lies the ocean,
Beyond rationality,
The spirit of lovers
In a tender embrace-

And there I am, I suppose,
Caught up in the insanity
That you propose-

And all I can say to you,
My darling, is
Yes, and yes, and yes...

May 21,2008

Alexander Shaumyan

You've Made Your Bed

You've made your bed, now go ahead and lie in it,
And I don't care if you changed the sheets,
For no linen can conceal your lying,
It's all about your destructive deeds.

It matters not - the one who sleeps beside you -
For in your linen there've been many more -
With no conscience or remorse to guide you -
You acted like it's nothing to deplore.

And I don't need your childish accusations
Or all the things you claim were done to you,
For there is no real justification
For treating others in the way you do.

So go on, put on your smile and makeup
And tell some others how great they are,
For you've always been a lovely faker,
While leaving others with long-lasting scars.

April 10,2006

Alexander Shaumyan