Poetry Series

Bryan Riley

- poems -

Publication Date:

April 2010

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Bryan Riley (September 2,1966)

I have lived on the North Shore of Massachusetts all my life. I began writing poetry at around age 14. I hope to enhance people's perspective through my poetry.

Works:

The Book of Laments/Minor Progressions/Requiem for the Exiled Princes of Eire/Poems for the Clinically Insane/Afterthought: A Crying Out/In the Shadow of the Sun/Shipwrecked at the Edge of the World/The Necromancer's Last Request/The Other Side of Nothing/ A Pocket Full of Angels/The Ghosts of Yesterday

3 a.m. Ramblings

At the eye of the storm there is no life,
save a sort of deathless silence
-it rages all around
The horizon is white and blue
That impassionate
>
sometimes
<
infuriating

she...

How many of us spend our days
chained to mediocrity?

A whisper of silence
-a whispered rush
-a feathered touch
-the whisper of traffic
in the still distance
Whispered voices
in the darkness
-hmmmm:
I love you

Strange majick
electric pulse
Neon: flashing
life, death, rebirth

Skirting the wastelands
-the dead time
Sickening white in the
pale of a candle's light
Silvered disc pulsates
with a borrowed fire

Stolen sequence
frozen kisses
Masterful cadence
shadow of self-
a fold in time

Here and gone.
Time to pray

Finally, silence

The beating of her heart-
my hand upon her breast.
The pulse at her throat
nakes me want to drink...

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Angel (III) : Fallen

Fallen angel at my feet
To what purpose have
you brought me here?
To look at this with
nothing more to fear
than your own shadow
dancing on the
winter sky
Try to remember the
time before the killing
wind lay waste this
barren shore

Before you run away
in shame, remember
why I've brought you
here- to hear the
chiming of the bell
which leads you solemn
to the fire
To hear these sermons
I would speak of
strong and virile,
soft and weak
Your spirit trembles at
my touch to find you are
beholden thus-
No tainted word lest
I retreat and find you
fallen at my feet.

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Censure

Solitude:
To be solitary,
though not
necessarily alone,
in one's 'oneness'
That was how
she found me;
warm and glowing
like a candle.
And she knew
which parts of me
to feed, and they
were 'well-fed'
And bleeding out
all the bad, so
that my demons
were properly exorcised.
And then,
trivializing every
word I had
ever heard,
so hard I had to
close my mind.
And she, like an
idea I once had
which, once spoken
aloud, ceased
to exist...

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Conveyor of Souls

Conveyor of
souls
Purveyor of
truths
: casts no
shadow
-Come gather
'round to hear
the tale:
Undaunted
youth knows
no boundaries

: Beauty, captured
under glass to
fight for breath;
to die a
fluttering death

...To cast no
shadow in
the full of
the moon...

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My Cousin (?) The Lobster

After I had contemplated
all the possible delights
of the internet garden,
searching for things I would
have no later use for, I
reflected for awhile on the
strangeness of the
previous night's events-

In my dream it was the
lobster, hunched on the
beach, singing a haunting
song about his homeland,
waving his already-manacled
claws in three-quarter time
at the incoming tide- He was
turning red; perhaps from
the sun, perhaps from an instinctive
memory of the thousands of his
brethren marching into thousands
of pots of boiling water before
him- maybe it was anger

It is believed, according to
some, that lobsters can feel
pain- that lobster biology is
similar to human biology.
But can they feel angst?
The pining quality of the lobster's
song would seem to suggest it.

And so the lobster, perhaps
yearning back toward the
cretaceous, that time long
before the boiling pots, is
just a smaller version of
myself, my own shackled hands
hovering just above the
empty page, preparing to
write a sonnet the
world will never hear.

Bryan Riley

Rat Race

In an instant-
gone!
pulsing, beating
bleeding
crushing the air
out of the
lungs
Frantic, rushing
toward
No Particular
Destination-
screeching to
an unexpected
halt
confused:
cold
tired
AFRAID

all crashing in!
Sto-p (hush)
-Breathe...

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Sad Goddess

Sad goddess sit
upon your
throne of night
Gaze into your
darkened crystal

See the ships
that touch the sun
the slice of life
the death of beauty

Fair maiden watch
from on your
pedestal of
starlight

Fall the watchers
from dead waters
froth of madness
tear asunder

Old woman
die from
captive bondage
drink the stinking
waters foul
the poison

Dear lady
touched not once
in passion
coursing winding
down to silence

Starlit fire
shine on brightly
warm and
breathe the
drunlen whisper

Sad goddess
sit high upon
your chair of
naught

While all the rest
is cursing
grinding
up to
violence

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Skating

We went
round and round
the indoor rink
My hand cold
and damp with
the sweat of fear
So soft and
sweet she was
I knew I
had to hold her

Whirling,
    whirling,
The others became
less real and
faded away
as our hands
grew warmer
in each other

The music stopped-
I came undone.
I wanted to touch
her hair of fire,
but I couldn't find
the words to tell her
i was just a boy

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