

Poetry Series

chloe young

- poems -

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chloe young

i write poems that are almost completely made up with scenarios and situations that i create in my head with people that i create there too.
'i open my mouth to say-
my words are projected between heavens.'

Buzzer

sometimes i wish my brain was a buzzer
and when the bleakness penetrates it,
there would be a massive noise piercing
directly through my ear hole,
i could shiver and shake it off, the buzzer
could create a seizure of happiness
and i could glow.
or, maybe it would go off too
often and darkness would swarm me,
deafness would make me manic
but then at least there would be
a reason for how i am feeling.

chloe young

Calcium

i tried to stop your calcium intake so that you would never grow
i wanted you to shrink so that i could keep you in my pocket
and you could gnaw through the fabric and plunge onto my toes.

i would walk you everywhere that i go. you would see all that i see
eventually, you would be so small, you would crawl into my ear
and scratch through my skull.

you could infiltrate my thoughts and penetrate my nervous system.
and then maybe you could feel all that i feel and realise that's it's you.

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Clutching

i can see the muscles strain on your
back when you lay alongside me, they
look like rib cages and i lay there too
and envisage that when you sleep i could
reach in as a spirit and seize your heart
and feel it pulsing in my palm.
it would tickle my fingertips and
send waves up my arms to my brain and
my backbone would quiver, overpowered
with ache. i would inhale deeply making
your heart in sync with my notions
i would be able to control the flow of
your blood, i could smother it and
clutch it so tight that it swells. i would imagine
that it inflated so because you were dreaming
of me clutching your heart.

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Communion

i have relied on circumstance and fate all of my life.
god has never shone down on me and occupied
my life with luck.

i have lived with compromise and attainment without the need for belief
i have never had a calling or had the
ghost pierce through my organs and save me.

today i watched you make your first communion and
you have never been so bright. your innocence,
highlighted in your glow. faith enveloped you
and you enveloped me.

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Crushed

i see the dust encrusted on your eyelids and your once elusive skin hanging over your juttred bones. everything has fallen.
not only our city, but everything in me.

i have seen my family buried under tonnes of bricks- their blood flooding at my feet.
my father's skull crushed and my
mothers torso separated from her legs.

i have seen this city collapse. i have seen my city engulfed in screams of pain, screams
of help, screams of death.
it is decimated in the scent of annihilation, of rotting flesh.

however, seeing you sprawled on the floor, crowded in dust and stone. your chest
appeared risen- was this your last gasp for breath or your protuding ribs? your legs
entrapped by brick, their surface,
looked crushed into miles and miles. your blood and core slushed
together.

i did not take it a long time to hit me, that is bullshit. i saw you dead. i saw you
smothered and hammered to the floor by the house you wanted to run from and i told
you to wait in.

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Every Millimetre

If i could have your arms as a pillow, i would bring it everywhere, even on the bus. I would wrap it around me if i was cold. I would put half of it on my shoulders if i was at the cinema. I would put them behind me if i was looking at the sea, and make it squeeze around my stomach until i felt you in my bellybutton.

I want to be a fish gliding through your veins, come out of your mouth and kiss every millimetre of your lips.

I would make your hair a hat and in the morning i would run it through my fingers, i would drag it up my stomach and around my chest and have it entwine with mine, resting near my nose and stay like that until your smell was gone.

I want to sit under a blossom tree with the sun coming through in little streams. Only with you.

I want to sit in front of the painting 'scream' for five hundred hours, so when i look at you, you would be even more beautiful.

I want to watch every breathtaking sunrise come up from behind your face. See your eyes glisen, with morning moisture and yellow light.

I want you to always be happy. Your heart shimmers in your eyes. When it is not there,
neither am i.

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Grief

grief struck me like a lightning bolt
the anguish thundered in my gut, tasting the
sting of it's acid decimating my throat

you were never a nice man, your habits
ate away at my bones. my skin has been desolate
of adoration, my heart barren of beating

but when you allowed the sickness to overcome
your wit, i became your carer again, i was able
to caress your skin and wash your pores of bad

i was necessary for you, you howled for me.
my palm engulfed your fingertips while
you were lowered to rot in the ground.

i wake up every morning with a kick in the teeth, blood
swelling in my temples. remembering your last words to me,
'words mean nothing when i can feel your heart in mine'

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How I felt for a year after you left me in the park and your swing kept swinging- like a pendulum towards my heart

loneliness crept on every breath

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I smoke and I think of you

i wake up and i think of you
and i look out of my window
it is grey and the lights stopped
glittering a long time ago
and i smoke and i smoke and i smoke

i pour my coffee and i think of you
my mugs are stained, the blemishes plaster the
cups and never come off. they have left
their mark, exactly they way you stamped yours
and i smoke and i smoke and i smoke

the shower beats my skin and i think of you
i scrub; i scratch my pores with soap
but the filth resides, it clings and
fills my orifices. i am choked by dirt
and i smoke and i smoke and i smoke

i exist through my days and i think of you
everything is dampened by desolation and every
one has your eyes. this city repulses me, it sneers
at me and growls 'there is nothing to keep you here'
and i smoke and i smoke and i smoke.

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Ocean

inhaling the ocean breeze and feeling it empty my lungs makes me feel completely intact

i can taste the salt in its entirety on my tongue and i try to scrape it all off with my front teeth

i feel the waves roaring over my heart, liberating it from veins and its arteries, the sea filling the orifices of my organs

the shores stones crowd at my toes and break my skin, but i am cleansed

i stride into the water and it seeps into my nostrils and my intellect becomes infiltrated by the sea, my lungs are suffocated by the wet

and i am completely intact

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Pacific Ocean

i wish i could swim the pacific ocean and back.
and when i came back to sit in front of a burning burning fire
until it dried me to the bone.
and for my skeleton to be hung above your bed
to act as a catcher of your night terrors
and it would work
because you would know that i was magical.
because i swam the whole pacific ocean and back.
for you.
chloe young

Pinkie Finger

when i was drunk i rang you and you didn't pick up your phone.
i came to your house and bashed the door until
my knuckle bones ripped in two. my fingers were
ripped from my palm from trying to reach you.

i left my pinkie finger in your post box.
when you found it in the morning you
rang me up and told me that you had it for breakfast
along with my dignity and left me alone
with my infidelity.

chloe young

Sea (Haiku)

the sea engulfs me
into a world of despair
i want to be free

chloe young

Sunday Afternoon

i like sitting beside the window feeling tortured by the torrential rain, wishing that it was pounding at my surface, scratching away at my pores.

having bluegrass melodies sweeping up my ears, filling them with banjos and voices as cavernous as the grand canyon

and watching you laying on the carpet, your legs crossed, rolling a cigarette as if you were caressing skin,
being careful as if you were rolling my veins, controlling the blood flow to my heart,
making it swell to burst.

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Tight (Haiku)

if only you could
hold me as tight as a nail
fastens wood to wall

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Triangle Rooftops

I used to live for everything; for the naked trees in the autumn, for the smell of hope in the spring. Every time that smell came I would breathe deeper. I would look out of my window at night and see the city lights gleaming up at me, they screamed, 'you can have this, you can have all of this'.

My youth was enveloped in faith and ambition. Faith dictated my every move. Faith in the table that would hold my drink. Faith in the bath that would get me clean. Faith in my heart that would guide me. Faith in myself to get to the lights. Myself? Myself is conquered in question marks and lists.

Now loneliness dictates my every move. It shoves me into dark places and binds me to things that my mind cannot commit. I am swarmed by darkness and acres and acres of hope that cannot be tended to or sown. Every ounce of me has abandoned myself and I cannot retrieve it.

I reminisce over pages and pages of me and there is no middle ground. I was young and I was free. I was nineteen and I was lost. I am nineteen and completely tattered.

I look back on these pages and I see images of flowers with three petals and houses with four windows and triangle rooftops. I see people with bright pink skin and everything in 2-D.

Then I look back on these pages and see hearts with your name scrawled across them. I see paragraphs and books dedicated to you. I see everything that you ever said to me. I see all of my faith scribbled in you.

Now when I look out of my window, the lights glare at me, they scream, 'YOU LOST HIM, YOU LOST YOU! ' And when the spring comes and I breathe deeper, every cell in my body becomes decimated by your scent, every organ rots remembering you. In the autumn when the trees are free and naked and cold, my bones shake without you to cover them.

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Words

i feel choked by my words,
they are swelling inside my skull
and they are lathering me in sentiment and folly.

my pen has become my enemy
and a regret that i cannot conquer.
they join inside of me

and plait themselves together in sentences
weaving into my brain and stifling their
surge to my fingers and suffocate my wit.

if i could i would wrap my mouth
around my head and heave the knitted words
from my brain and lay them
onto my white blank page, but,

my words, they imprison me, they grip
me behind steel bars of language
and i anguish, i anguish.

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