Poetry Series

Fab Ricciardi

- poems -

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Fab Ricciardi (Aug.29,1962)

Fab Ricciardi is a freelance writer, a published poet, and aspiring playwright.

Born in Milan, Italy in 1962, he is presently residing in Toronto, Canada.

Graduated with a diploma in Computer programming and Systems Analysis, but a love for food took him into the food industry, and became involved in all aspects of the food business, from sales to manufacturing and distribution.

He then trained as a chef and traveled extensively while perfecting his cooking, (most recently managing a resort restaurant during a 1 yr. stint in the Caribbean.)
He also worked as a bodyguard/bouncer and did TV/movie work as a stunt extra.
The experiences encountered in his travels and various job positions fuelled his love for writing and the arts, and began to avidly write and paint his stories.

He has written for food magazines, such as Fine Dining, Ontario Rest. News, and various trade newspapers.

His poetry has been published in various Toronto newspapers, and can be found in many poetry websites. He's written and submitted several short stories and plots for TV and/or stage adaptation.

Works:

The Alcoholic's Morning Thought

The Alcoholic's Morning Thought is a collection of writings based on the heartfelt poetry by Fab Ricciardi, written during what he describes, as an alcoholic's brief moments of clarity. He tells a story through poetry, narrated with simple words spoken from the heart, the street and the soul.

The poetry is haunting and disturbing at times, as it allows people to enter the mind of the alcoholic in its truest form…through his heart and soul.
It is made up of stories that could be understood by all, in simple prose verses, depicting the daily destruction of a tormented soul and his fight while trying to find a way out. A way out from a world unrecognizable by those who have never been through it, but a world very familiar to those who've been there or know someone that has, or is going through it.

The words are written from his own thoughts, his own pain and pleasures during, before and after the drinking is done, and also from a compilation of the whispers of the many broken souls he encountered during his drinking days. Through his poetry, he tells stories of forgotten memories, of pain afflicted to himself and others, of morning thoughts and of daily wishes for a better life.
Through the haze of pain and pleasures endured during many years of drinking, we see a man's quest for a better world, narrated through his poetry.

The poetry is not meant to teach a lesson, but rather to interpret one person's writing from his heart and soul, to allow others to understand that this is not a story to be kept hidden in a closet. This is a tale meant to be shared, and to let people understand the feelings of grief, fore longing and helplessness felt by the alcoholic as the poison takes over. A black and white existence in a colour filled world.

Somebody Or Nobody (Published by Libri XPress,2006)
Poetry from the heart, the street and the soul)

A collection of poems through the course of a life from birth to death and everything in between.
A must-have for all to enjoy.

…And She Smiles

I cannot take my eyes off of her,
I look at her, just a quick look,
She catches me,
…And she smiles,

One of those,
"I see you looking at me" smiles,
I smile back and try to hide from staring
With just slight up and down glances,
She catches me,
…And she smiles.

But I am lost now, I close my eyes
I can picture that smile now,
This time she's in my arms,
I can feel her lips next to mine,
I can see her hazel eyes
Looking deep into mine,
Telling me to hold her tight,
Yet gently though,
As she is a precious flower.
I tell her I love her,
…And she smiles.

We smile and nothing else matters,
If only just for a while,
Suddenly I'm snapped back to reality

The bus pulls up, I inch closer to her,
Our eyes lock now,
Gather up some courage,
My words tremble as I speak,

"Please,
after you Miss, "

…And she smiles.

Fab Ricciardi

A Moment Of Clarity

An expression of grief offered in a moment of clarity.

A point in one person’s life where the afflicted becomes infected with impure thoughts of memories relived through moments of past drunken existence.

Displaying powerful and violent imagery with dumbfounded visions.

Unreachable, unobtainable dreams and idealistic, unrealistic, versions of a once corrupted life only to be redeemed with, and only through, brief moments of clarity.

The present now tainted by surrealistic presence of the actual past forever destroying the perennial hopes of the ordinary life.

This is yet another expression of thoughts escaping the reality through a moment of clarity.

Fab Ricciardi

A Note To God

Dear God,
I have not given up,
But I am resigned to the fact that everything will happen just as you wish.
Feel free to take my eyes, my voice, my limbs, my heart and my soul if you wish,
I will gladly offer to you, My Lord, all you ask for and so much more.
Guide me as your soldier through this battle of life and love
Teach me to accept the injustice offered by others and right their wrongs
Show me the proper way to handle the weapons needed to fight your fight
Lead me and let me guide your soldiers to the path of righteousness
Slaying demons and converting non-believers to see that your way is the only way.
Together with forces united, the world will not suffer as much anymore
For united, we are strong, in love, in heart, in hope, so that wars will no longer exist,
Famine will end; suffering, pain and destruction will no longer be words we are accustomed to.
Please God, forgive me for my past sins, I am yours, in body and spirit.
I am your warrior, your follower, your child and I tremble awaiting your touch/
I have not given up,
But I give you all my worldly possessions and everything I have ever taken from this earth
Which was never meant to be mine and mine alone, I just want to do your will
And I accept all that is to become of me, giving up all of me to be yours and yours alone!
With love, your follower, your warrior, your disciple, your son,
Fabrizio

Fab Ricciardi

A Poem A Day

Forced to write
A few lines at the time
Just to be polite
Follow the bottom line

Not sure if it makes sense
Writing without direction
Spoiling the innocence
Defying all protection

Four lines in a row
Rhyming to please the ear
A poem begins to flow
Writer’s block no longer here

Another piece has come together
It all went down somehow
Ink on paper will last forever
Another poem has been written now

A poem each day
I promised to write
On New Year’s Day
When it all felt so right

So now one’s laid down
I promised one a day
I begin to frown
Do I like it this way?

Fab Ricciardi

A Poem's Evolution

I gave birth to a word today
Then added some more to form a poem
I watched it grow through the years
Just like a child some might say
Charting its progress
From a crawling position
In all fours
(Four lines per stanza)
Slowly attempting to rise
(Haikus?)
Soon walking on their own
(Rhyme and reason)
Now fully standing on their own
And screaming at times
(Prose)

I celebrate as I witness
The evolution of my poem
She has now evolved on her own
Into metaphors and similes
Once plain words
Now becoming tall and strong
Standing on their own
Now evolved in my child
Whose name is
Poetry

Fab Ricciardi

A Scar On My Body

A Scar On My Body

I did not ask anybody
For this scar on my body.
It will never go away
Forever it will stay.

Once you are bit
You're bit for good.
So they say
So I understood.

It's called a tattoo
It may not be for you.
But when the ink is in
The fun will begin.

My first tattoo
It will not be the last.

The red, the black,
The green and the blue.

The next tattoo
Will sure come fast.

Some say it's crazy,
Some say why
To them I say

You won't know 'till you try.

This new scar on my body
I willingly placed,
It will never go away
Forever it will stay.

Fab Ricciardi

Abortion?

Unwanted relation
Forceful penetration
Living in damnation
Begging for salvation

Steps to destruction
Loathing satisfaction
Embarrassing conclusion
Potential delusion

Declining information
Describing defamation
Individual opinion
Forced into oblivion

Distrustful operation
Performing operation
Decisions, decisions
Who’s to say
What’s right or wrong?
Decisions, decisions

Fab Ricciardi

An Empty Page (Poet's Dilemma)

Hey Poet,
What do you see
When you se an empty page?
Do you look for a pen
With which to write about the rage?
Or…
Simply stay in your place
And stare into space
And remind your mind
To go back and rewind,
And then play and replay,
Events, places or things,
That you seen, heard or felt before
Without a care, or dare,
To find punctuation, grammar or proper pronunciation
With which now to announce your poetic emancipation?

Is that what you see when you see an empty page?

And what of all the broken dreams
Of this life, now not what it seems?
Are they simply nightmares
to wake up screaming to,
When you cannot figure out
What this life is all about?
Thus leaving without a doubt,
That the name of the game
Is to simply fill the pages with words of,
…Whatever,
Love or rage,
So that the once empty page
Will no longer be
Just an empty page.

And fill those pages with
Words and words and words,
To be read for all the ages,
As it is your God-given gift, and duty
To now fill those empty pages.

So, poets of the world,
Please,
Let me ask you,

…Now what do you see,

When you see an empty page?

Fab Ricciardi

Armageddon

Absolute insanity
Forecasting Armageddon

Powerful forces driven by impotent leaders
Leading confused, ruthless soldiers
To the end of Genesis

The end of the world soon to come

Deprivation of senses
Through white walled chamber doors
Opening up to ignorant souls
Handicapped by incredulous beliefs

Following blind paths guided through hell
By faceless, shameless warriors
Following public speakers

Too few followers privileged
To understand the hidden meanings behind their words

Words that could only be demystified by
Educated farmers or drunken educators

Spiritual leaders preaching
Genesis and Armageddon
As if both were one and the same

The unconscious awareness of the eternal being
Surrounded by forbidden reality of unspoken truths

Poets and artists coloring a darkened world

Canvasses drawn by faceless souls
Bright colors hiding behind a black and white existence

Leaders and followers, dreamers and warriors

Spiritual intellectuals preaching the reality of the
Death of Genesis and the birth of Armageddon

Fab Ricciardi

Armageddon to Genesis

Absolute insanity
Forecasting Armageddon

Powerful forces driven by impotent leaders
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Fab Ricciardi

At Death's Bed

Having kissed your lips,
I wish that would be
The last thing I taste,
Just before I die.

Having looked into your eyes,
I wish that would be
The last thing I see,
Just before I die.

Having held your hand,
I wish that would be
The last thing I touch,
Just before I die.

I tasted your lips,
I looked into your eyes,
I felt your touch,
And,
If only for a while,
I lived in your heart.

My soul at peace
…I can die a happy man.

Fab Ricciardi

Cadillac Dreams (Ode to the Cadillac Lounge, Toronto, Canada)

? A pink one like Elvis'
Or a black one like Sammy's
A stretched one like Jerry's
Or an oldies like Tony's?
And I, drift away…
Awaiting the realization
Of my Cadillac dreams,
While riding the streetcar
To nowhere destinations,
To a job I detest,
To a woman I no longer love,
To a rat infested apartment,
To a stinking bar
Where nobody knows my name!

And yet, I still dream
My Cadillac dreams,
Of loving what I do,
With someone I love,
And a great bar like,
Sammy's Cadillac Lounge,
Where Alaska Mike and
Everybody there
Knows my name! !
But, that is not reality,
My dreams now interrupted
By the blaring horn of a car,
Impeding my way
Up the streetcar steps,
Onto that stupid ride,
To my stupid job,
And my stupid girl,
And my rat infested apartment,
On my way to that stupid bar
Where still, nobody knows my name.

Yet I still dream
My Cadillac dreams!
Sweet rides
Of love and happiness
To the Cadillac Lounge,
Where everybody knows my name.
Sweet rides without despair,
Without hate,
Without rats, or
…Am I just dreaming?

Fab Ricciardi

Daydreaming

Sharing a dream with you
for a better tomorrow,
where skies are blue
without much sorrow,
where laughter
reigns supreme,
before and after
chasing this dream.

Sharing a dream with you
to live fully each new day,
making this dream come true
with whatever comes our way,
holding hands
and smiling more,
becoming friends
more than before.

Sharing a dream with you
is easier somehow,
for as I awake it seems so true
I'm living my dream, here and now,
so with hand in heart
this much I can say,
the love for you will never part
and it grows stronger every day.

Thanks for coming into my life
and being a part of my dreams
that I dare not wake from.
anymore

Fab Ricciardi

Demons

Woke up screaming in a cold sweat
Sheets were crisp and soaking wet
Demons scattered as the room was lit
Blood was dripping bit by bit

Liquid poison through my mind
Tranquilizers to help unwind

Now I lay me back to sleep
Hoping demons I shall meet
Demons underneath my bed
Demons living inside my head

Demons and I, one and the same
Playing for keeps in this deadly game
And
Yesterday's dreams keep haunting me
Why won't they let me be
Or, could it be…
That yesterday's dreams
Are dreams no more
They're the demons inside of me
Trying to even up the score
For the many things I've done before

I'm looking for salvation
But I'm living in damnation
Searching for redemption
Without any satisfaction

Demons calling out my name,
Demons and I, one and the same
Ok,
…I'm coming!

Fab Ricciardi

Deprivation

Deprivation

Deprivation of senses
Deprivation of sleep
Deprivation of feelings
Deprivation of dreams

Deprived of feelings and senses
By tortured reality
Deprived of dreams and sleep
By surreal truth

Deprivation of faith
Deprivation of hope
Deprivation of love
Deprivation of life

Deprived of love and faith
By unforgiving religion
Deprived of life and hope
By wishes of death

Deprived of deprivation
Deprived by deprivation

Fab Ricciardi

Disgusting

The obvious disgusts me

Everything that symbolizes
What is supposed to be
What is expected of us
Is…
Disgusting

Maybe because the obvious
The white picket fence
The two point two children
The keeping up with the
F#*#ng Joneses
Is what is really
Disgusting

You just can never have enough
Can you?

I've seen so much
I did so much
I climbed the highest mountains
I swam in oceans and seas
That few only see in books

I lived, I loved
I laughed, I cried
Yet still
Through it all
Because of you
I am still
Disgusted

You phonies disgust me
Pointing fingers in disdain
Your white picket fences
Your picture perfect world
Your spray-painted greener grass

Open up your closet doors
Skeletons sure to pop out
You disgust me
With those happy faces
Hiding behind a sad mask of reality

You're disgusting,
Go to hell,
I'll meet you there!

Fab Ricciardi

Don’t Count Me Out

You’ve tried,
Lord knows you’ve tried
You’ve done your best, but I’m still standing
And
After all is said and done, that’s where I’ll be

Still standing.

Don’ t ask me how I do it
How I manage not to let anything bother me

Nothing bothers me, except the thought
That there are so many like you
Who want so much to count me out.

Why do you care about what happens to me?

Don’t you have your own life
To worry about, to cry about?
Don’t you have your own dreams?

Why do you let me bother you so much?

Why am I so important to your life
That you must talk about me all the time
Whether good or bad
Whether happy or sad?

Why do you so anxiously wait for me to fail?
Wait to see me get knocked down?

I don’t know much, but
This I know
I don’t really want to disappoint you
Nothing will ever bring me down.

I’ve been hit hard, but I don’t bruise easily
I don’t really feel much pain anymore
So
Take your best shot, but please…

Don’t count me out.

Fab Ricciardi

Dreamer

Obey your dreams,
Let them be your master,
Be a slave to your dreams,
Never let them go,
Listen to your dreams,
Let them guide your hopes,
Fear not and believe,
You will achieve,
Dreams never die,
Wake them up,
Keep them alive,
Don’t let reality
Catch up to your dreams
And above all,
May you always dream, in
Technicolor vision.

Fab Ricciardi

Empty Bed

Here I am
On this empty bed
Memories of you
Ripping through my head

I now lie down
Same way that I wake up

Alone

Feels like
I’m missing something
Someone

You

You walked into my life
I blinked
You were gone

Why?

What was it that took you
So far away?

What would it take to bring you back
Help me fill
This empty bed

Endless days
Restless nights
Cannot sleep anymore
Since you walked out my door

Questions left unanswered
Dreams now shattered
As I lay by myself
On this empty bed

Fab Ricciardi

Existance

Trials and tribulations
of day-to-day life
lead us to an existence
of suffering and denial
An existence of disbeliefs
and unspoken truths
spoken with forked tongues
uttering undeniable lies
Have you ever been fooled
by this lie called love?
Hours and hours
and days go by

Just a simple existence
of a life that goes by

What of all the broken dreams?

The shattered hopes
of a not so distant future
slowly disappearing into another sunset

Slowly anticipating yet another sunrise

Still you just watch it go by

Yet another day

Yet another lie
Have you ever been blinded
by the bright lights of the dark?
Shimmering flickers of light
leading us to an abyss
as dark as the deepening pits of hell
Heaven's gates seem
permanently locked
keeping out evil worshippers
and unsatisfied souls with
no redemption, no forgiveness
just wandering souls
trying hard to maintain
an existence of a simple life
that never so simple it shall be.
Awaiting the afterlife
small price to pay
for wanton forgiveness
out of this damned place.
I just laugh and watch it go by
just another dream, just another lie.
Another lie shattered by powerful waves
onto awaiting submissive rocks
splashing abruptly on its

sea-shelled shores.
The life i see
The life i dreamt about
might be different than yours
Yet much the same.
The laughter, the tears
the joy and pain
of a day to day existence
Just a mirrored expression
of our parallel lives

As yet another day
yet another lie
yet another year
goes by.

Fab Ricciardi

Fear Of The Unknown

Fear of the Unknown

The fear of the unknown
Does not scare me anymore,
Waking up in pain, same as the day before,
My eyes adjust to light, trying to make things seem right,
Yet shapes and figures, I can barely make out,
Leaving me troubled and deep in doubt.
My hands no longer function the same as before,
It’s hard to clean and dress myself, can barely open the door.
So the door remains shut, keeping me locked in,
Leaving me to play alone with the demons from within.
My feet cut and scarred, I cannot feel them anymore,
My legs now feeble and weak, I cannot walk like before,
So what else should I expect, to now hurt me so much more?

Well, I’ll take what you give me and
oh, so much more, ‘cause
The fear of the unknown,
Does not scare me anymore.

…Bring it on!

Fab Ricciardi

Final Goodbye

Are you ready to die?
Are you prepared?
Did you say your goodbyes?
Did you say your farewells?

As you lay your head
On your pillow tonight
Think what would happen
If you just don’t wake up

Anything left unsaid?
Anything left undone?

What wrong
Would you right
If just given a chance?

Well
Here’s your chance
Everyday of your life
Use it
Use it well
So you too
Can be ready
For your final
Goodbye

Fab Ricciardi

Forget It All

Forget the rainbows and the pots of gold at the end of them
Forget the happy endings at the end of the fables
Forget happy times and joyous smiles too
Forget it all, this happy story’s not meant for you

Forget what you remembered
About the warm fuzzy feelings
Of happy people and happy days
Good times and fun-filled nights

Forget it all
Nightmares will now take over
Forget it all
Life will now take over

Not much to be happy about now
As you begin to forget it all
Metaphors and similes
Of what’s good and right
Will soon be replaced
By the darkness of the night

Stand proud and tall
For the stories to be told
Of the rise and the fall
Will now be scary and so very cold

At the end of the story
Long before it gets too gory
Once and for all
Please
Forget it all

Fab Ricciardi

Freedom

To be free, totally free
You must have been
Enslaved some time before,
You have to know
What it’s like
To have chains
Bounding your every move.
Someone or something
Must have opposed you before,
Held you down,
Locked you up before
And
When you finally break free
From the chains
That are holding you down,
Will you really be free?

The road to freedom
Is not an easy one,
Many of us don’t realize
How locked up we all are,
How enslaved we all are,
Locked up in our life,
Enslaved in our jobs,
The nine to five rat race
The tedious daily routine,
Wake up
Kids to school
Go to work, eat
Pick kids up
Go home, eat
Go to sleep

Is this what living
Is all about?

When will you be,
Totally free?

You will be free
When you realize
That
There are no rules
There is no schedule
You just live
Live to the fullest.
Live, Love
Laugh, Learn and Teach

Live
And
Be free

Fab Ricciardi

Have No Fear

You've been knocked down yet another time

You think it's time to throw in the towel

Just hold on one more round
Take a deep breath and shake it off.

Get back in the fight and have no fear
If you believe in what you're fighting for
Never down will you go again.

If you think you can reach for that far away moon
Stretch out, grab a hold of it and don't let go.

There will be many that say this can't be done
Just believe in yourself and your dreams.

Have no fear

Grab hold of that moon, and don't let go
From up above
With moon in hand
Say hello

Say hello
To those below

To those who said
This can't be done

Fab Ricciardi

I Am Lost

I Am Lost

Find me,
I am lost,
I need to be found,
No longer willing to play the game
Anymore,
Cannot hide
Anymore,
Places where I once safe was
Are full of other beings lost, ’
That will never be found,
Please find me for I am lost

Fab Ricciardi

I Changed?

So you think it’s easy

You just sit back and criticize

Any idea what I went through?
What I’m going through?

It’s easy to just point a finger

Wish I had it that easy

Had to do things on my own
For so long, much too alone
But
I apologize if I’ve changed
If I’m not the way I used to be

Sorry if I changed

I choose not to live in the past
I choose to go on
This time, my way

You can all point your fingers
But
Why not look in the mirror?
The person in the mirror
Is the one you should care about
Do not worry about my worries

Sorry if I changed

Just let me live my life
This time, my way

What’s inside will never die
You cannot change the way I feel

My blood still bleeds red

Sorry if you think
I changed

But you see

I’m still the same

Fab Ricciardi

Idols And Titles

Phoney idols
Living up to their titles.
Names given to them
By ones they don’t know.

The pope of the street
You should hope not to meet.
The king of the ring
Just got pinched in a sting.

Now these idols
Gotta live up to their titles,
‘Cause in the big house,
They’re no bigger than a mouse.

Keep your nose clean
If you know what I mean,
Beware of the dangers
When talking to strangers.

The heat on the street
You should hope not to meet.
Fallen idols
Making up to their own titles.

“Bullet” just got shot,
“Jailbird” just got cuffed,
“Blade” just got stabbed,
“Assassin” just got killed.

Phoney idols,
Fallen idols,
Now trying
So hard,
To live up
To their titles

Fab Ricciardi

I'm Not Ashamed

I am not ashamed
Of the things I've done,
I am not ashamed
Of the things I said,
I am not ashamed
Of the things I saw,
I am not ashamed
Of the things I heard…

For I am deaf
I cannot hear,
For I am blind
I cannot see,
For I am mute
I cannot speak,
For I am mindless
I cannot think.

People without shame
Of things said and done,
People without shame
Of things seen and heard,
They should all be,
But yet, I,

why am I
Not ashamed?

Fab Ricciardi

Iraq II (Thanks for Nothing Mr.Bush)

Iraq II

I need to tell you a story, for some may never will,
We've been there before, now once again,
Death and destruction will pave the way,
For this old story, I am now forced to tell.

Two spineless men leading their forces,
They will never meet mano a mano,
Two spineless men hiding behind kids,
Kids now trained to become men,
Trained to fight and to react as P.O.W's,
Just in case, but now reality kicks them in the face,
They are captured, beaten, tortured and killed.
The fear in those kids faces indescribable,
No poet in the world could spell F E A R,
As they see it written in those kids faces,
Yet their leaders show up on CNN,
Standing tall and proud,
Telling their stories fierce and loud.
Those kids, sorry,
Those men, will never hear their stories,
…Their ears have been cut off, or, they're just dead.

The innocent, the young and the old,
Those poor kids, their mothers and their loved ones,
Why? Why, you selfish bastards, Why? ?

Bush, Saddam, never Mano a Mano,
You spineless men, will never meet face to face,
Of course, except,
In Hell!

Iraq II

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Those poor kids, their mothers and their loved ones,
Why? Why, you selfish bastards, Why? ?

Bush, Saddam, never Mano a Mano,
You spineless men, will never meet face to face,
Of course, except,
In Hell!

Fab Ricciardi

Joy Child

May life always smile upon you

Like a joyful child
Let yourself run wild

Whatever the season
Be happy without reason

Some days may seem dark
Brighter days will come

Whatever you do

May life always smile upon you

Fab Ricciardi

Just A Thought (A Zen Moment?)

Where have you been?

You ask

Where are you going?

I reply

Where have you been?

You ask

Where are you?
I reply

Where have you been?

You ask

Where I came from!

I reply

Oh, I see,

You reply
I
f you want to know
Where you're going

…

You have to know
Where you came from

Fab Ricciardi

JUst Rhymin'

I’m a radical, suicidal,
Maniacal,
Somewhat
Empathetic, sympathetic,
Apologetic,
To the
Resistance, persistence,
Existence,
Of a
Residual, intellectual,
Individual,
Somewhat,
Radical, suicidal
And a bit maniacal,
Yet I persist,
And I exist!

Fab Ricciardi

Let Go The Fear

What are you scared of?

Do you fear what you cannot see?

Do you fear what you cannot hear?

Are you afraid of the night?

Are you afraid of the past?
Or
Just its memories?

The night unleashes your senses
That
Really scares me

The past slowly creeps up
Its memories
Forever haunting me

Shadows lurking
Around the corner
Their inaudible sounds
Frighten me so

Dreams that once scared me
Are now full of colors

Cannot explain
This thing I feel inside

These dreams of mine
Now all seem so real

No longer paralysed
By deadly fears
I'll wash 'em down
With a couple of beers

Tired of waking
With my face full of tears
Be scared no more
Let go the fear

Fab Ricciardi

Let Me Dream

Please don’t wake me
While I’m dreaming,
I’m having so much fun.

Things seem so much better
In my world of dreams.

The real world
Sometimes hurts,
In my world
I never cry.

The real world
Sometimes stops,
In my world
I never die.

The real world
Wants to know,
My world
Doesn’t ask why.

I’m not a poet,

I’m not an artist,

I’m just a child
With many dreams.

Please,

Let me dream!

Fab Ricciardi

Let Me In

Tell me about yourself,
Let me in

Tell me about your dreams,
Let me be part of them

Tell me about your fears,
Let me protect you from them

Tell me about your wishes,
Let me fulfill them

Tell me about your heart,
Let me love you

Tell me about yourself,

Let me in

Fab Ricciardi

Love and Time

Love and time, hand in hand,
Through the passage of a life.

How many words, poems and songs
Have been written by lovers and poets alike,
Describing this amazing feeling called, Love,
and begging for more of a simple thing called, Time,
Asking the great timekeeper in the sky for more of it,
Or to have it wound back, for fore-longed memories,
or to stop it, to bypass some painful moments,
or simply speed it up, to embrace the arrival of happier times..

Love and time, hand in hand,
Through the passage of a life.

They say absence makes the heart grow fonder,
I don’t believe that’s true.
For my heart beats weaker and weaker,
Every minute without you.
Filling each waking minute with distant thoughts of you,
Filling the nights with fairy-tale dreams to one day make come true,
Thinking of you, and thinking of ways to make time fly by, and suddenly
Thinking of ways to slow down, and stop time from flying by.
Cursing time that keeps you so far away from me, yet
Cherishing time that brings you here to stay with me.

This simple wish, of more time and love,
Has been granted and delivered
From the Angels up above.
So here stands, just another writer, just another poet,
Speaking of love, and simply wishing for more time,
To perhaps be able to utter and hear those words of Love
Words, softly whispered and spoken through the years,
From mother to child, from one to another,
from man to woman,
…From me, to you..
Just like
love and time, hand in hand,
Through the passage of a life.

Fab Ricciardi

Man Again

Steadily increasing the pressure upon yourself
To release the unnerving thumping of
Truly undeniable passion
Thrusting yourself deep inside her lonely existence
Surrounded by inexhaustible thoughts of pleasure
Believing the impossible promises, and, lies of love
Once again I crumble into your
Womanhood
And I become
Man once again,
If only,
…Just for a while.

Fab Ricciardi

My Song

Let my song
Be a song of joy,
A song about peace
A song of love.

Let my song be heard
By the young and the old,
Let my song ring loud
Through mountains and seas.

Let this song
be heard by the deaf,
Let this song
be seen by the blind.

Sing this song
Shout it out loud,
Sing this song
Strong and proud.

Let this song
Reign forever,
Waste not this song,
…This song of life.

Fab Ricciardi

Once Again

Looking for inspiration
Nowhere to be found
Living in desperation
With no one else around

Stories of woe and discontent
Foretelling dreams
Of a life
Not well spent

Once again
My back to the wall

Once again
I await another fall

Fab Ricciardi

Photographs And Memories

Photographs,

frozen moments of past lives,
never to be lived
quite the same again.

Muted portraits
of special occasions,
holding on to memories
never to be forgotten.

Scenic snapshots
of places visited
forever embossed
onto private postcards

with unstamped destinations.

A visual diary
of unforgotten memories

pictures of an existence
depicting its past.

Simple memories
of dreams fulfilled
portrayed by non-fictional characters

smiling at their past

Photographs and memories
are all that’s left

Fab Ricciardi

Pleasure Without Love

Exhausted my energy trying to compete
With some Energizer bunnies
and the stick they would be found in,
when forensic studies would later determine,
cause of happiness,
indecent penetration with objects of fornification.

Secretly pleasing what your body requires,
While denying my own manly desires.
Your hands maintaining mechanical erection,
My manhood now lost without direction.
Dubious pleasure disregarding passion,
Welcoming advances of a stranger's intrusion.

Spent all my time whispering sweet nothings,
When all you wanted to hear was a buzzing hum.
Guess my job is finally done here
I've given all I could, but have no fear,
If you want to feel the love I left behind,
Just turn that thing on and let yourself unwind,
Please yourself for a few minutes or an hour
Then cuddle to that stick to rekindle the fire.

So goodnight lover,
Guess I'll see you later,
When you're done
With your vibrator!

Fab Ricciardi

Prejudice

Black, white,
Yellow, red, or
Green,
What does all this mean?

Is not your blood
As red as mine?
Do tears roll down
Like mine do, when I cry?

You said you'd be my friend
Right down the bitter end,
I'm a little scared now,
Please, just hold my hand.

Don't quite know why.
They just won't let us be,
They all say
You're so different from me,
Yet, we laugh and we cry
Just the same.
I do not understand
This word,
Prejudice,
What does it mean?

Yes,
I know you're black,
You told me so
The first time we met,
But,
You'll have to help me out,
I see no difference,
I see no colors,

'Cause you see…

I'm blind.

Fab Ricciardi

Premonition

Like a wilting flower on its final hour
My life is coming to an end

So many things undone, so many things unsaid
If only I had followed instead of having led

What a strange sensation, this life so much frustration
So much sorrow, seems no hope for a tomorrow

Tears and fears throughout the years
Let me find that Great Beyond
Where the sun always shines and laughter reigns

Take my hand and lead me there

I am not afraid to die, though I sometimes wonder why

The pain, the anguish, the sorrow, the tears,
The lies, the cries, the worries and the fears
And
All for what, all for this?

Now I know why
I am not afraid to die

Fab Ricciardi

Pride

Pride

Pride is a sin,
That keeps you locked within,

The yes,

the please,

the more,

Pride hits the slamming door!

Keep your head up high,
Pride will not ask why,

Step on those below,
Step on up to the show.

Pride is a sin,
Not just a simple sin,

It takes a mouse,
Not a man,
To make pride
The drive within.

Pride is a sin,
That keeps you locked within,

The yes,

the please,

the more,

Pride hits the slamming door!

Fab Ricciardi

Purgatory (Between Heaven And Hell)

Words once heard, inside my head:

Satan speaks first:

Denying yourself pleasure, for you fear the pain
In a state of confusion, life is only an illusion.
Strange behaviour, looking for a Saviour,
Redeem and repent, for your time not well spent.
Dreams become nightmares,
A snake gave the apple, chased out with evil stares,
Out of Eden's gates, into that deep, black hole.
Spent a lot of time between Heaven and Hell
What's yours, I can now make mine,
Your pain, I can well foretell,
Stay close to my fire, feel the warmth in your soul.
The pleasure you desire, only I can console,
Deny not the pleasure, do not fear the pain,
In your state of confusion, life is only an illusion
Follow me, my child!

STOP!

God interrupts:

I am the Saviour,
Redeem and repent, for your time not well spent.
A snake gave the apple, so what?
It was not you.
Hold my hand, I will make you feel fine.
Listen to me, and listen well.
This much I will foretell,
No more wasting time
Between Heaven and Hell.
Feel the warmth in your soul,
If true pleasure you desire,
I will help you gain control.
Deny not the pleasure,
Fear not the pain.
Life is not an illusion,
No need for confusion.

Believe in me,
Believe in yourself,
Then this I will tell,

You'll no longer be stuck
Between
Heaven and Hell.

Fab Ricciardi

Rage

An empty page
Waiting to be filled in
Telling of the rage
That we are to find within

The rage is with mankind
Why are we killing each other
If we had the chance
To just rewind
Did we not all come
From one mother?

Adam and Eve
Were our parents of yore
They were told to leave
Showed the way
Out of Paradise door
So now
The door is shut
The damage has been done
The rage exists

Nothing’s been done about it
It’s getting worse

The page will be filled
With all the rage
That lives within us

Death and destruction
Conquering love and joy

What have we become?

Fab Ricciardi

Roller Coaster

One of a collection of thoughts written during brief moment of clarity, put together in a book meant for stage adaptation called 'The Alcoholic's Morning Thought'
Roller Coaster (The Alcoholic's Joy Ride)

“Come on up, come aboard. Pay the man for the ride. You choose the price, whiskey, beer, tequila, wine, gin, why, even aftershave will do. Whatever you need will get you aboard. Strap yourself in, it’s your poison, your ride, and believe me, it’s going to be a bumpy one.”

So you hold on to your ticket to ride, glancing at the excited eyes of your fellow riders anxiously waiting to feed the starved exhilaration pounding inside.
Finally buckled in you ask the one sitting next to you, “First time? ”
The reply is a comforting, calming one.
“No, not my first. I cannot even remember how many times here. It’s really addictive, don’t worry, it’ll be a lot of fun. Trust me! ”

Now salivating with anticipation, you’re suddenly snapped into a jarring start in a snail-like pace towards the first high, your mind wildly wonders. You can see the top, yet cannot even imagine the ride scheduled for you on the way to the bottom.
Your heart now racing ahead of the ride, you suddenly find yourself at the top, and what a view. That thought lasts only a very brief second, and you’re now faced with the full vision and feel of this far too realistic ride.
The exhilaration of the rapid downfall is momentarily calmed with another slow anti-gravitational pull to the sky. Once again, you have just enough time to reflect on how cool and fun that was and wonder if it could ever get much better than this.
Before you know it, you’re whisked into another spiralling mind-twister, this time you don’t even have a chance to think. You’re thrown upside down and looped again, the feeling of unstoppable exhilaration now suddenly switches to desperate wishes for sudden inertia.
Your arms holding your body down in fear, no longer freely waving, swaying in the air, the laughter now replaced by fearful screams, silently wishing for the end of the ride.
Eyes tightly shut, wondering to yourself why you ever stepped foot on this crazy ride, hoping your prayers will suddenly be answered. Promising yourself you’d never do this again, and
“Everybody Out! ” The ride mechanic screams out.
The seatbelts unbuckle and you follow the crowd, off to the left.
You hear yourself telling the others how silly you felt being so scared.
“That’s it? I wanna do it again! This time my arms in the air. I’ll laugh, I won’t be scared”
As you make your way through the busy, serpentine crowd back to the ride, you cannot help but peer to your right at the long line-up now waiting the boring, humdrum, predictable round and around Ferris-wheel trip.
“Fools” you tell yourself, “They’ll never know what they’re missing.”
You strap yourself in for yet another ride, and off you go once again, just one more time.
But,
Every now and then, the roller coaster, much in need of repair, worn out, from all its twists and turns and ups and downs, can at times break down.
As you’re violently plummeting right off its once stable tracks,
“Fools! ” you hear echoed
From those fools on the Ferris wheel.

Fab Ricciardi

Scribbles

Scribbles

Scribbles
More scribbles
Trying to put ideas on paper
To throw everything
Well not everything
But most thoughts
As they come to my head from
The second I rise out of bed
So I begin to write scribbles and
Scribbles is a hard word to write, by the way
Due to its double B's followed by the L
Try it
It's the loops that'll get you

My point has now been proven
Scribbling words on paper as they come to my head
Primary method for writing a new poem
Straight from the Poet's head
He found the method
Pen or computer is the medium
To splash the ideas from its brain
Paper or a screen the canvasses
That will hold the master's touch

Voila,
Scribbles has allowed me the pleasure of
Helping me to create yet another poem
Maybe not a traditional poem
Some would call it Prose
Or perhaps

Just

Scribbles

Fab Ricciardi

Solitary Confinement

Solitary confinement
All by myself
All alone
In a darkened room
The lights are on
But nobody’s home
The room is lit dark
Nobody there
Morning turns to night
Sun becomes the moon
Bright lights
Darken the room
In a darkened room
All alone
All by myself
Solitary confinement
Suddenly
Bright lights
Flickers of hope
Coloring the dark
Brightened room
Candles lit loud
Hope again alive
Truth reigns again
No,
Wait,
Someone
Turns off the lights
Again
Once again
All alone
In a darkened room
All by myself
Solitary confinement
Nobody there
Just me alone

Fab Ricciardi

Spare Change

Hey Mister, got any spare change?

Pleas don’t just walk away from me,

Look into my eyes, I am not an animal,
I am human, just like you.

It’s cold outside, Christmas is approaching,
But Santa can’t hear me, nobody hears me.

Used and abused for reasons unknown,
What did I do to make Dad hate me so?

Mom would not believe me,
I could take it no more,

The street the only place,
That would open the door.

I am scared and confused,
Got nowhere else to go,

So here I am,
My story now you know.

Please don’t turn your head in shame,

An animal I am not,

I will not accept the blame,

I’m the one they all forgot.

My life is tough,
I really want it to change.

By the way, Mister,
Can you spare some change?

Fab Ricciardi

Spontaneous Combustion

Spontaneous combustion,
of a tormented soul,
mixing fuel into a fire,
burning out of control.

Ashes and smoke,
clouding my senses,
indecent exposure
to the windows of my soul.

Into the abyss, a deep, dark fall,
fearless tolerance to blind ignorance,
visual disbelief,
yet, the eyes see all.

Spontaneous combustion,
an emotional cocktail,
shaken and stirred,
an exotic concoction
of pleasure and pain,
disturbing the sleep
of a tormented soul.

Twisted confusion
of realistic illusion,
hazardous eruption,
full of lies and deception.

Spontaneous combustion,
a chemical reaction,
good versus evil,
fighting opposite attraction.

A premeditated plan
leading to destruction,
nothing spontaneous
about this combustion.

Tempestuous fire,
burning out of control,
a delirious conclusion
to MY tormented soul!

Fab Ricciardi

Staring At The Ceiling

Like a prisoner
Lying on his cot,
Staring at the ceiling
Looking for his God,
I, yet again
Another hospital bed,
What is it this time
Tormenting my head?
Tried the straight and narrow
But it may be now too late
To dream about tomorrow,
Life will have to wait,
Dreams and wishes
For something better
Wil not come true,
Neither now nor ever.
So here I go again,
Lying on this cot,
Staring at the ceiling,
Looking for my God.

Fab Ricciardi

Suicide (Just A Thought)

i
Looked over bridges
Trying to find a way down

Counted the pills
That would empty the bottle

Looked at razors
Thought not about shaving

Learned to tie knots
Off a fisherman’s rope

Where to go
From here?

There has to be
A better way

There has to be
A better day

Don’t think
This is the place

Don’t think
This is the time

So for now
I say goodbye

Off to find
A better place

Fab Ricciardi

Tainted Souls

Trying to redefine
What the truth really means.
Denial, abuse, and violence,
Fills the now filthy, polluted air.

An unforgiving truth
Remains and resides in the soul,
A soul left tarnished,
Tormented and tainted
By violated spirits
Strangled by the truth.

Irresistible pleasures of
Deniable wisdom,
Softly caressing the
Tortured being,
Blinded by the truth of its
Surreal existence.

Unforgiving humiliation of
Denial and temptation,
Endless stories of
Redemption without salvation.

Cluttered confusion of
Denial and illusion,
Tainted, tattered souls
Looking for excuses.

Redefining the desire of
The soul’s inner fire to
Allow retribution for its
Wrongful contribution.

Tainted souls
Never to be cleansed again,
Tainted souls,
It’s way too late.

Fab Ricciardi

Take What You Need, Lord

Take what you need

Take what you need, Lord…

You asked me for my eyes,
Please take them.
You asked me for my hands,
They're yours.
You wanted my legs,
Do with them as you will.
You asked for my strength,
I no longer need it.
You asked for my sense of being,
It's all yours.
You asked for my heart,
It only beats for you.
Everything you ask for,
Is all yours.
I have no need for the things you ask for.
They all belong to you to use as you will.
I trust your guidance to help me give back,
To help me return some of the gifts I was so freely given.
I pray I satisfied all your needs while on this earth
Let me follow my angels above and
take heed of the virtues and values instilled from above.
Please God, let me be your slave, guide my way,

…Looking forward to that Great Beyond.

Fab Ricciardi

Tattooed Poets

Much like this once empty page
Or, an empty canvas
I too started out blank
Without feelings, emotions
Ambitions or dreams

Much like this once empty page
Now tattooed with permanent ink
Tattoos now permanently
Mark my body
Leading a tattooed revolution
Of artist and poets
Marking events and memories
On once blank canvasses

Each mark delivering a message
Mummifying rites of passage
Tattooed revolutionaries
Are the messengers
The message is simple
Do not judge
Listen and learn
If you're honest
Your pillow will be
Your piece of mind

Do not sleepwalk
Through this illusion
Called Life
Let the ink in, and
Let the fun begin

A world without color
Is a day without sound
So start painting
Participate in this
Tattooed revolution
Of pen and ink

Tattooed poets
Carrying the message
Through once blank
Empty canvasses

Fab Ricciardi

Tha Chosen One

Why must I be
The chosen one?
Miss out on all the fun,
Had reasons to believe
My life worth so much more,
Yet now I must conceive,
It just don’t matter anymore.
So why must I,
Be the chosen one?
Sent out to lead and take the first fall,
Stood alone by the crumbling wall,
Went down last when the ship sank low,
Looking for an exit when there’s no way out.
Why must I,
Be the chosen one?
The reasons are yet unknown,
Why this chore was given to me,
But the truth remains for all to see,
It’s not always fun
To be The Chosen one.

Fab Ricciardi

The Alcoholic’s Morning Thought

What a headache,
What happened last night?
Don’t remember much anymore,
Yet, the mirror
Doesn’t hide much anymore,
My face starting to show
The beating my body is taking.
What once was a fresh smile
Now looks tired and drawn.

Lips scarred by now
Empty, broken bottles.
Eyes once alive and full of hope,
Now bloodshot and full of despair.
Night after night,
Self-abuse and denial.
Drinking to ease the pain,
Yet hurt myself much more.

Started drinking to forget.
To forget what?
What I once had?
Who I was?
Why and, what if?
Started drinking to forget
So now, I forgot, and…
Every so often,
(After a couple of drinks)
I start to remember,
After a couple more,
I remember why I started,
So
I start again.
Can’t take it no more,
Gotta sober up,
Gotta go clean,
One day at a time
Yes, but
Not today,
Maybe tomorrow.
One good last drunk
Then, that’s it,
I promise
After tomorrow, no more.
No more, I tell myself.
I tell myself,
On my way to the bar

Fab Ricciardi

The End Is Where It Starts

Where does it all start?
When does it all end?
It starts with the end.
The end is always the beginning
Of something new.
The end of a relationship
Feeds the blossoming seed of a new one.
The end of school vrings us to the
Starting gate of life's 9 to 5 rat race.
The end of life gives birth
To the eternal soul and its afterlife.
The end of Armageddon is the
Birth of Genesis.
Once it's over,
It starts again
And so continues the circle of life
Life goes on,
Until
The end
and once there
…It's a brand new start.

Fab Ricciardi

The Fury And The Beast

The Fury and the Beast

Unleash the fury
Release the beast.
Release the beast that lives within,
Let it rip through what held it back before
Free the demon and all its rage,
Free the demon and all its might,
Release it, unleash it,
Let it fight a good fight,
Unleash the fury,
Release the beast,
…Set yourself free.

Fab Ricciardi

The Hidden Meaning

Is it about the hidden meaning behind the words,
Or more about the words hiding behind the meaning?
Is it hard to decipher what the truth really means
When all around you are speaking in
Mumbled lies and twisted double-entendres?
Do you, or, better yet, can you, really feel like
You belong in this world of pretenders
Hiding behind sad masks of reality?
A world filled with discontented dreamers and non-believers.
A world disrupted and polluted because of the disbelief
Felt from those who once dared to dream, to believe, and to
Try to pursue the pursuit of happiness, thus realizing
That the distrust felt by some is the same as that pronounced by many
When realizing that the impossible and unachievable
Dream of a life without misery and worries is awakened
When the truth is no longer a dream, but suddenly becomes reality.
A reality however that becomes tainted with the truth found
Inside the real meaning behind the false wording of
Unspoken thoughts and mispronounced words,
Forming multi-syllabilical, make-believe sentences.
Do not seek the hidden meaning behind the spoken words
For it is the unspoken words that will clearly decipher
The meaning of the truth, or its natural counterpart,
A world full of lies and words misunderstood and undeciphered
Left to be scrutinized and challenged,
Once again, attempting to discover the true meaning
Needing to be explained to all, forever and ever…Amen!

Fab Ricciardi

The Painting

Hung against a once bare wall,
Admiring the masterpiece
Standing before me,
I picture its creator
Waving his magic wand,
His multicolored brush,
Paint speckles
Dripping onto the easel stand,
Adding character and style
To that once blank canvas.

Colors in the artwork
Describing the moods in his life,
Grey mountains, perhaps
The many he climbed,
Seas of blue, perhaps
The many he swam in,
Boats with white sails
Venturing like the unknown
Destinations of his past travels,
Green grass of once
Prosperous pastures,
And the background of
A breathtaking orangey-red sunset
Reminding him of the
Many past loves of his life.

Now glass encased
Within a golden frame,
The bottom right
He signed his name,
Dutiful confirmation
Of a labour of love.
The painting is complete,
What a life it must've been!

Fab Ricciardi

The Reason Is You

The Reason is You

I needed a reason to believe again,
I needed a reason to dream again,
I needed a reason to love again,
I needed a reason to be me again,

I needed a reason
To make dreams come true
I found a reason,
That reason is

…YOU!

‘cause…

I know that you’re right,
You quench my desire,

Your eyes are my light,
Your love lights my fire.

Your heart gives me strength,
You’re in everything I do,

Your smile gives me warmth,
You are my dream come true!

Oh girl, can’t you see,
Without you, I just can’t be me.
And It’s so, so plain to see, that
You…
You Complete Me.

I needed a reason
To make dreams come true
I found a reason,
That reason is

…YOU!

Fab Ricciardi

The Scream Of The Butterfly

Listen carefully to the silent scream of the butterfly.

Frightening sounds of inaudible silence,
Creeping slowly through metamorphic existence
Deleted by horrified shrieks of pleasure and glee.

Hard to believe that creating a world without boundaries
Might be easier to imagine, or maybe, harder to,
With just a pair of graffiti mirrored wings.

A world without boundaries becomes a world possessed.

Possessed by unjustified truths and lies,
Spoken by incredulous liars and fortunetellers.
How many dreams and unforeseen truths
Are left behind when this world comes to an end?

These are the moments when one finally
Realizes his impotence towards mankind.
The screaming butterfly comprehends at this moment, that it too,
Has become enslaved, trapped into the truth of day to day life, and
That nothing could, would, or ever will matter in this insignificant
Time warp called, Life, or, Love, or just, simple Existence.

Can you hear my scream?

Expecting more should not be such a quiet, destructive wish.
The paradox of our existence lies in each one of our lives,
Where absolutely nothing entraps our thoughts, and allows us into
The open mindedness of nothing like we'd ever seen before.
How else could I explain this unforgivable excuse for personhood?
Why do I have to spreads my wings and expand my wisdom
To allow other mindless executioners' freedom?

Can you hear my scream?

Never before have I felt so empty, so drained out of my world,
And, even thirsty. I do not wish to fly anymore.

An absolute unforgiving world that even its own Creator
Stands stunned and dumbfounded, silently screaming.
Watching his creation, his domain, crumbling,
Right in front of His eyes, self-destructing into oblivion,
Jaded by the dubious reality,
Of…
The Screaming
Butterfly

Fab Ricciardi

The Web's Invite

The Web’s Invite

A web woven
With meticulous detail
Inviting its prey
To a forbidden dance

Temptation too strong
Undeniable magnetism
Entertaining the need
For eternal bliss

An enticing invitation
For instant gratification
And
Unforgiving humiliation

The trap has now been set

Forceful domination
Of a perilous dance

Enraptured delight
Into submissive capture

A web woven
With meticulous detail
Entrapping its prey
Into frozen surrender

Caught in the web
Nourishing its thirst
Its lust now fulfilled

The dance has just ended

The hunter
Now the hunted
Trapped in a trap
Unavoidable to avoid

Struggling to avoid
The web’s relentless clutch
Desperate to deny
The web’s bloodthirsty cry

Fab Ricciardi

The White Palace

Staggering through the narrow corridor
Holding the walls so they don’t collapse
I stumble my way into the tiled palace
Kneeling to my throne
Once again praying for the release
Of the evil poisons corroding my body.
I turn on and watch the cold-water…fall
From the tap, tap, tap
Gathering up enough strength and courage
Just to put my hands together
Trying to capture a pool of
SPLASH! To awaken and refresh my senses.
All the while a damned construction crew
Keeps drilling away at the pavement of my mind
A two ton wrecking ball rhythmically
Pounding the walls around my head
In musical unison with that damned crew
BOOM, DRILL, DRILL, BOOM, DRILL, DRILL
BOOM, DRILL, DRILL, BOOM, DRILL, DRILL
That water rush hits hard against the facial wall
Redefining my conscience if only for a while.
The flavoured toothpaste tastes rough
Almost chalky, coarse sandpaper
Scraping and deodorizing my inner
Beer and tequila-chasing orifice.
Slowly climbing
Above the cold pedestal bowl
Suddenly startled
Staring through the reflective window of reality.
In an amnesiacal state
Cannot clearly acknowledge
The person on the other side.
No introductions needed here
Walk away
No desire to shake hands with the devil.
Not just yet.

Fab Ricciardi

Thump

Does he make you thump?

Does your heart skip a beat
Every time you hear his voice?

Does he make you thump
When you see him
Walking down the street
Coming towards you?

Do you look at your phone
As if it was a T.V. set
Watching it
Waiting for it to ring?

Does he make you thump?

'Cause if he
Cannot make you thump

…Well, then

Please,
Let me make you thump!

Fab Ricciardi

Time Goes By

Time goes by
The sun rises as another sun sets

Dreams will be born
Lives will be torn

Life, full of joy, full of sorrow
All in hope for a better tomorrow

Minutes go by, watching hours turn to days
Minutes go by, many months, many Mays

A baby is born
Quick, dress him up, send him to school
Before you know it, he'll learn the golden rule

He'll soon grow strong, healthy and wise
Raise many kids, maybe one or two wives

Off to work and don't be late
You have to work hard, you have to be great

Run over here, run over there
Look at your silver and now thinning hair

Where did it go?

You want to know

As life deals you yet another blow

In your final breath

In the face of death

Time, (You whisper)
Please stop…

Time goes by

Fab Ricciardi

Time Of Life

Time of Life

Precious, endless, unstoppable, time.

Days turn to nights
Todays into yesterdays.

What is, was and what could be, is.

Take time to live your life in full

Take time to smell a flower

Take time to pick up a child

Take time to play

Take time to laugh, and sadly enough
Time to cry.

Your future will soon be your past

Your past just a memory.

So do not try to stop time
For you will only stop yourself
From living at your fullest

Take time to bundle up your losses
And
Turn them into gains
Without ever looking back at what was.

And be so grateful that you do have that time

…The time of life.

Fab Ricciardi

Time, Gone

Time,
A moment that will never be lived again,
An apparition, a mirage, an instant,
Going, going,
Gone,
Never to be repeated again,
Never again.

Moments once lived,
Seconds turn to minute,
Now hours, now days,
Now going,
Going,
Gone.

“Time, ”
You plead
“Time, ”
You beg,
“Can you stay,
Just a bit,
Just a little bit longer, please? ”

Time,
Live it, and everything in it,
Love it, and everything in it,
With all you got,
And so much more.
Time,
Live it, Love it,
Before it’s going,
Going,
…Gone.

Fab Ricciardi

Tired

I’m tired

I’m sick and tired
I’m tired of the pain
Tired of getting stuck in the rain
Once again
Tired of getting drunk
once again
Just to stop feeling the pain
To stop hurting again

Tired of looking for answers
To questions I already have answers for
But I really don’t want to know
The truth within the lies
Tired of lying
Tired of being lied to
and
I’m tired

I’m sick and tired
Tired of all this shit
Tired of waking up only hours
After laying down
Because the pain to exist
Seems more real than
The reason to exist

Tired of being tired
Tired of being sick and tired
Wondering if this
If this is all there is
If it could ever get
Better than all this
This
This feeling of being tired
Too tired to exist

Fab Ricciardi

Tranquility

I’m tired

I’m sick and tired
I’m tired of the pain
Tired of getting stuck in the rain
Once again
Tired of getting drunk
once again
Just to stop feeling the pain
To stop hurting again

Tired of looking for answers
To questions I already have answers for
But I really don’t want to know
The truth within the lies
Tired of lying
Tired of being lied to
and
I’m tired

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Wondering if this
If this is all there is
If it could ever get
Better than all this
This
This feeling of being tired
Too tired to exist

Fab Ricciardi

Unfinished Business

Cannot seem to find the words
As easily
Anymore,
The words do not flow out of my pen
As they did once before.
So poem after poem
Goes unfinished
Undated
Unsigned,
In my big book of lies.

A book I had once filled
With promises, with hope,
With love, with desire,
But now there's no more
Light to light my fire.

Unfinished stories
Unfinished business

Something like this year
Whose end draws near
Resolutions and solutions
Broken
Started
Restarted
Written and rewritten
In my big book of lies.

As another year passes
The big book reopens
I start anew
This will be the new
New Year
A fresh start
This will be the right one
These will be my new resolutions
These will be my new solutions
For rewriting a new story
As another year fades away
From my once easy to
Write in book
Where now
I can't seem to find the words
Easily anymore

…Unfinished business
As yet another year goes by

Fab Ricciardi

Visiting A Cemetery

How peaceful this place is, each headstone tells a story.
Some cut short by time, some lived it at its fullest.

Yet I hear the stirring of their souls, as I walk by each grave, some rumbling in discontent, others playfully chanting children songs. I feel their past pains, I can feel their present comfort in the afterlife. It's very dark now, but I have no fear here. Their spirits will protect me from harm. Soft whispers guide me to happy places, I can hear them, I feel their spirits. For the most part, it is a happy place here, I lie down beside some freshly dug graves, the stirring cries for help I cannot make out yet, is it perhaps too soon for their souls to speak to me? I kneel beside a few who had their lives taken away way too soon. They tell me they are in a very happy place, though they miss their loved ones, knowing that they are suffering in this hard life, without their dearly departed.

So I begin to think of the unawakened spirit of the living and of the reawakened spirits of the dead. How peaceful it must be so far away from here. This world, where hatred and fear rise above love and happiness. Destruction seems imminent now and yet we're still here, each new day carving out another piece of our miserable life, until there is nothing more left to feed the hunger for survival as we begin to slip into an other life.

The dearly departed inform me of their plans to keep casting shadows of hope upon us left here still suffering in this inhuman act called humanity, certainly protecting us from the evil deeds of mankind, helping us to avoid what we've become.

I scream out to my Angels above to free us of the despair and madness around us, thus allowing us to perchance keep dreaming of a better world, a better life, with newfound hopes and reawake our unfulfilled dreams, while we pray for the impossible… A new day without pain, hate, despair, and sadness. A new day where joy, love and happiness are given a chance to destroy all the wrong in the world.
I dream of death, and I am not scared, my dreams are lucid, almost surreal. The hereafter as they tell me, is a warm, inviting place, the welcome mat is always ready, I know many that live in this place, and they're all anxiously waiting for me.

I will await this day too, surrounded in the comfort of my cemetery friends, they have so much to tell us, why don't we just take time and listen?

Fab Ricciardi

Wanna Get High

I wanna get high
Just so I don’t feel low anymore
Maybe
I just don’t want to feel
(Period)
Anymore
Nothing feels good anymore
Nothing feels right anymore

When I’m high
Drunk or stoned
It all feels so right
It all feels so good
Just like it should

When I die

Fab Ricciardi

Waste of Time

Dedicated to my Ex Wife

Three in the morning
Tossing and turning
The last three, four hours
Total waste of time.

Cannot stand to hear
Unbearable, relentless
Ticking of the clock.

The last words spoken
Walking out the door,
Echoing in my head.

Another sleepless night,
Memories and pictures of days gone by
Kaleidoscopically twisting
Inside my daydreams.

All this time,
Time that went by,
Total waste of time.

Like it never happened,

Places,
That were never visited

Words,
That were never spoken

Promises,
That were never fulfilled.

What of all the dreams?
Just a waste of time.

Now four in the morning
Time keeps moving,

Another useless hour
Drained out of my life.

Look what you've done to me
If only I would have known,
You were just,

A waste of time.

Fab Ricciardi

We Are In Time (Obama's Time Has Come)

We Are In Time

WAIT no longer,
We've waited long enough
And now united,
, Yes, we can!

A man named Obama,
Told us so,
WAIT no longer,
The time for change is now,
We Are In Time,
This is our time.

The time has come,
To believe in hope again,
To believe
that dreams can come true,
and, to hope
for a better tomorrow.

United,
We will undo the damage
That has now been done,
Wars will be no longer,
And liberty and justice
will prevail once again.
Committed for change,
Together in action,
Young and old,
Black or white,
Rich or poor,
Will forever prove that,
Once united,
Ordinary people
Can accomplish
Extraordinary things.
And,
Once united,
The world will be,
That better place.

WAIT no longer,
For a change to come,
We Are In Time,
For peace and love,
We've waited long enough,
To wish for more.

Well that time has come,
Now united,
... Yes, we can!

Fab Ricciardi

Why Ask Why?

Is there a reason
To demand areason?
Is it forbidden to dream
Forbidden dreams?
I cannot be
Who I want to be
Without being criticized
Without being victimized.
So, why ask why,
When know that the need to exist,
Is nowhere near the reason to exist.
Why must there always be a reason?
Why not just let me be?
Leave me alone to dream
in my forbidden dreams,
where it’s still legal to dream,
while you live in a world
where it’s forbidden to dream
forbidden dreams,
So…
Why ask why?

Fab Ricciardi

Will You Listen?

If I speak,
Will you listen?
Shall I betray my brother,
Just to beseech my mother?

I've been calling
Out your name
Kept on wondering
Who's to blame.

I was sent to tell a story
Of forgotten dreams of glory
Now here I stand accused
Feeling tired and abused.

Forces of evil
Delirious and lost
Blindly searching
The forbidden ghost.

Was I wrong to assume
False prophets of doom?
Fallen soldiers forever muted
Left alone and undivided.

Frozen worlds melting into each other,
All as one, no mother, no father,
No freedom and no way out,
Shameless guilt without a doubt.

Watching all of this
In desperate silence
But if I speak,
Will you listen?

Fab Ricciardi

Wolves At The Door

A stone will not bleed,
Or so they say,
Yet they will find a way
To make this stone pay.

Once open doors
Now forever shut,
Unforgiving creditors
Will not accept a …”but”

Stories that would make
Walt Disney blush
Spell out the mistakes
Of my financial crush.

Can no longer find
The simple way out,
Stop and rewind,
Learn to shout.

The wolves are at the door,
They’ve been there before,
Yet never so hungry,
Now needing so much more.

Needing more
To feed their thirst,
Money or blood,
Not sure which one first.

The frozen stone
Will now begin to bleed,
The wolf once so alone,
Has now begun to breed.

Windows and doors,
Once open wide,
Now found on empty floors,
To keep you locked inside.

The wolves are at the door,
Not quite like before,
Beating down the door,
Now wanting so much more.

The once solid stone
Now bleeds through and true,
The music has set the tone,
It’s sad, and oh so blue.

The wolves are at the door
It’s blood, not cash they want,
They’re hungrier than before
I will not give’em what they want.

The blood will not wash away
The stain will forever stay,
Wolves at the door
Begging and needing so much more.

And it’s not fun anymore,
With hungry wolves at the door.

Screw You,
I ain’t opening no door!

Fab Ricciardi

Writer's Block

Writer’s Block

Defeating writer's block an easy task when I simply put pen to paper.
I'm consumed in sheer euphoria, following the rhythmic movement of my writing stylus as it makes its way across the page, as it dances from left to right, from top to bottom and sways from side to side.
I glance in sudden amazement, as I realize that this quiet dance of calligraphically heightened dimension has now taken form of a poem, a letter or just a simple thought, accomplished simply with a systematic arrangement of a few letters and words, that are now forever immortalized on this page and in this world, for years and years to come.

Fab Ricciardi

You

I know that you're right
You quench my desire

Your eyes are my light
Your love lights my fire

Your heart gives me strength
You're in everything I do

Your smile gives me warmth
You are my dream come true

Without you
There is no me

You
Complete
Me

Fab Ricciardi

You Have All You Need (Thoughts after a tornado)

A fire, a tornado,
A hurricane, a Tsunami,
A break-up, another divorce,
Bankruptcy and foreclosures
And now…It's all over.
How could one be expected
To start all over again,
When everything you worked
Your whole life for, is now, all gone,
Burnt in the ashes, all swept away.
Like it never happened,
All your hard-earned possessions,
Down the drain, broken and lost.
All done with the blood, sweat and tears.
Now, to start all over again,
How does one start all over again?
It's not easy, but it's not hard either.
You already have everything you need.
You wake up and walk out the door,
All on your own, without anyone's help,
Without canes, crutches or a wheelchair,
You still have two arms and two feet,
Ten fingers, ten toes and your eyesight is good,
Your mind functions well on its own,
And your body is not wired to
Breathing or feeding tubes.
So now,
What are you crying for?
What is it you're so upset about?
Look around,
You already have all that you need.
You are free to do as you desire,
Pick up the pieces left from that fire,
Pile together all that's leftover,
Before the hit, before you took cover,
And pick up the pennies
That now fall from heaven,
Take your time and do it all over,
Blood, sweat and tears,
Will help you recover.
One thing to remember,
Through the years of desolation,
That it's all about the journey,
And not the destination.
The journey's long and hard,
But you will succeed,
It's easy to do,
…You have all you need.

Fab Ricciardi

You were there

I have written hundreds of poems,
Thousands and thousands of words,
In so many of them,
You were there too.
I have traveled high and low,
Somehow, you were there too,
I laughed and cried,
Did you feel that too?
I sang at times too,
Wishing I was in Key Largo
Humming You're My Everything,
And other memorable ballads,
Did you hear those songs too?
Years have come and
Years have gone and
I had wished for you
To be there with me too,
Then the truth remains
And it's plain to see,
Like it or not,
You were always there with me.
For I took you with me,
Here, there and everywhere,
The journeys were many,
Some were pleasant and fun,
Hoping I'd see your sweet smile again
Some were long and painful too,
Wanting to protect you, make you feel safe again,
But through it all,
Through thick and thin
I want you to know
I carried you in my heart and soul,
And, through it all…
Yes,
You were always there with me.

Fab Ricciardi