

Poetry Series

jerome moore

- 75 poems -

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... revisited

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jerome moore

about the poet

I also
dig
the French
they
speak from
their
bellies.

jerome moore

Alley littered with Yesterdays news

hanging on the high brow off urbans nocturne,
Impotent bowels weigh down the boulevard,
there is too much shit with no place to go.

how it stinks

Boulevard
has its dirty mouth, no clean clothes, and a taste for liquor
Boulevard
Has no job, and a hangover that leaks when it storms,

Decency is rotting under milk crates with the rest of them.
The harlequin all meet on the corner cafe
ready to eat up your baby dolls,
oh what sad girls walk up and down the boulevard.

Spotlights show vermin through projector still screens,
chalk white bone painted caricatures on alley walls.
By day its worse,
dried up like a desert.

In the glass the flash bulbs
hold this city captive,
under lock and key
and the alleys
are littered with yesterdays news

jerome moore

Antipoet

and with a blast of silence
i experience all and nothing
and become further consciousness
a place where the chains of perception are lifted
and I am free out of mind and body
the walls are burning down around me
and I am nowhere

jerome moore

Back Alleyhaiku

The pope on his knees
back alley, outer heaven
Throw'n trip six's

jerome moore

Beat The Devil

Like a bull out of its cage,
charging upon the red narrow streets,
I pounded the pavement through riverside corridors.
My cadence was erratic,
dictated by the music in my ear and I couldn't stop.
When I rode the time moved backwards,
all to my first bicycle a huffy BMX,
where I learned how to pick myself up off the ground,
dust my pants and soar.
Since them days I've lived life behind bars.
The Buzcocks were in my ears telling me something goes wrong again.
I headed East on Charles street,
swallowing something,
a fly that didn't quite satiate me,
and spent a few blocks trying to hack it.
The world was decaying around me,
Sic transit gloria mundi! glory fades...the glory fades.
I took commercial avenue to Longfellow.
I zigzagged in and out of joggers, students, and tourist types.
Trucks, vans, cars, and busses were all in my way.
I saw insatiable sailboats floating across the bay, trapped.
They reminded me of lost kites (lost in the clouds) ,
lost in the way they held onto and went into the wind.
Suddenly I took an oblique right somewhere
(you got to love one-way streets)
and met Cambridge Street.
I followed it all the way down to Tremont.
I was chasing the devil
Memento Mori

jerome moore

Call girls have the loneliest of times at christmas

Holly sleeps until 5pm when it has already began to darken.
Shaves her legs into the toilet, checks the blade for rust.
Keeps a flask of gin in her zebra stripe stockings for cold gods.
Before she showers she shits and reads an old newspaper
with a photograph of her from years back, wrapped in ermine furs and lit up like a
chandelier.
A guest of a famous Spaniard film directors premier. She remembers when the carriage
turned into a gourd and the tiny town was all an icy model inside a snow globe. She
stares down at the bathroom rug and flushes the toilet.

She head out to the icy streets of loneliness.

jerome moore

Capsoletes and Alpha Romeo!

she shot me her death ray eyes,

'YOU TICKLE ME COLLEEN'

How about we stay here for tonight and walk into the sunset? '

(She left something under her breath) as she said to me through cracked walls

'Why don't you take a walk Montague! I have a some capsolets to kill'

I obstinately protested her paroxysm and deduced they were of a playfully passionate nature and she was indeed hard to get.

'Build us a tire swing? '

' Ah jesus Right now? '

'Yes! right now if you have back for it '

Finding a length of rope under a hedge I toss it over a swollen branch of her young mulberry tree, then go into the garage and find a jack,

I spend twenty minutes taking the tires from her old mans Alpha Romeo and throw three of them loon-like into the cloudy lake.

With the fourth tire I make her damn swing, and tangle it up into the top branches because right then it hit me what she left under her breath, '... I'm splitting'

jerome moore

Cats Cradle! Cats Cradle

Upon our first meeting I began to rhyme.
You sucked the saliva from my tongue, then hid away
when I came up on you clumsily stumbling
you grabbed my pupils and hindered me,
closed me, and inspired me,
but you ever failed to tempt me.

My shoulders bare of savage sands took you by surprise,
the freckles played games in the lolling sea.
and it could not pull us apart, you and me.

Your body began to quiver when the gusts arrived.
with conspiracy behind moonlight and mountain.
Spilling droplets with slang stinging drag.
In time. They all took a stab at you.
They threw their robes at you,
smothering your decadence with their virtue

farewell avid tier
farewell sunshine
cats cradle! Cats cradle.

jerome moore

Colleen Says

Never, have I seen a boy with as many scars as you.
It's almost like they are an inherent nevus with roots linking your mind to your body,
your history with this present moment, your hardships and armor.
I first noticed the one on your upper lip when we made love in the hall.
And, When I saw it, in my eyes, with secular clarity I felt a deep passion for you, and
began searching the cosmos of your body for more blemishing marks.

They all spoke to me loudly some of childhood with your adventurous spirit getting into
trouble, others of punishments inflicted by your father, some even spooked me
tremendously, I imagined the struggles you have had, and all those constellations
linked by a thread each scar with the histories, of great legends, each with its place as
if without them your skin will loosen and you would unravel in my arms.

What I am trying to say is this, You wouldn't be complete without your scars.
The ones on your knuckles and over your eyes
The tiny bites down your neck, on your wrist, your ribs and your surgery scars. All of
them!

Even the one you have on the paw of your left foot, you thought couldn't find that one,
my bear? how could I forget my favorite, I imagine you do sometimes, I see the
memory of that one is particularly painful, and cannot blame you, I imagine you off
your feet for weeks. or unnaturally wandering with a slight limp. I want you to love me
tenderly and completely. if only you could taste the dopamine in my saliva, you'd know
that those scars can be mended, taste my divertimento.

I want to trace the bulging veins on your arms which are like the rails connecting your
memories to your scars like highways, freeways and expressways, I want to see your
throbbing scars your throbbing sex I don't want to be afraid, and I want them to be
mine. I guess all this means is that without you I would unravel.

jerome moore

dancing under artificial prowess

I am a man who has never seen painted eyes weep.

The bloody ends of the fading firmament
dropp glittered lashes into her bright pools
that skate on a hand mirror.

The stars never blush
The breeze never falls from the sky
The Moon never bites
The droning of machines constantly whine

To build my house out of match sticks
and set off fireworks to its gables
that cut me like scissors

Its unnatural to be awake nightly like this plugged into power grids
drinking in decadence, dancing under artificial prowesses.

And I see the Earth Flicking us off like flees.

jerome moore

destructive retrograde

20 americans killed in combat
who shouldn't have been there
20,000 Somalians killed in american bombings
black hawk down
death squads and extermination programs funded by the CIA
what a ratio
the media lies.

jerome moore

Duel Between Friends

oh brother,
go into the wood and find a shrub
carve your best bow
when you feel you have, meet me on the beach.
as the tide rolls in ebbing drums and outward flowing wandering lost, one of us shall
be sent with it, drifting with the rise and fall of the sea,
I have crushed berries and made my face up for battle.
If I shall falter know this, I have fought, and won, my battles are never an end. I have
fought and stood stagnant with my demons, to sink like a stone to the depths of the
sea would be my greatest passion.
I have painted my chest with swift strokes so you couldnt miss the mark when we
touch put twenty paces in the sand and fire upon me.
my chest is open dear comrade, and I tear.

we will set a fire
we will catch our lunch at the first light

oh brother cant you see the embers burn in me
the breaze that comes and goes your breath your sweat your grin
I am a roaring fire.
thirsty...

jerome moore

Exterminating Dante

His body mauled by white leopards.
then scant black Wolves scatter his bones
His new journey; an eyeless search
into some humpty dumpty-like absurdity.
Dante hitching down the road to hades, waiting for the next guy, with his warnings and
fearful enlightenment.
History needs a fresh page, one that can grow organically here and now with the
science of earth of consciousness.
Those who are with crucified limbs stretching from Heaven to Hell, shackled by this
pernisious bondage, pledging obedience to an odious faith becomming hearded abjectly
to an abstract master.
indeed 'Abandon hope all ye who enter here'
I see a wheel of a knife thrower.

When mastery is hard to find
with the lie being like nightmares to justify snoring.

jerome moore

ey these neon nights tumble around on my black and white film please excuse me for being an animal tonight.

I miss your hair and deeply crave it all over the place,
even if you cut it like a boy I will find a new way to miss it.
I need your feet they are always there when I reach,
Its no fetish.
Just wait, Its terrible i can't focus I crave you.
I was invited to this indian joint spicy spicy spicy oh I'm Blushing!

For some strange obscure but not all that pliable reason I want to summersault
all over your place and make out with you on the fire escape and fucc you all over the
elevator, pardon me for sounding like an animal.

charming? I also feel like breaking glass.
Darling if i had the pleasure of being with you at this precise moment I would take you
softly and eat up the satine that cloaks your thighs then softly explore the reaches all
walks of your body, everything and all and roll and roll around and around beneath the
temple of your bedsheets completely naked before you touching and fighting to breath
sweating and gasping whispering and clawing and friction and becoming lost deep
completely.

Feel my palms on your knees, I am barely touching your thighs, my chest melted and
molded to your breasts and we are like a carousel lit up at sun set spinning around
around like wild tenor nights under the canopy of southern stars and ether, we are
sweating like crazy, can you feel my sex its big purple and throbbing erect feeling
satiated eating up your soft prickly skin with its perfume and my tongue lolling and
dancing in your mouth like a hummingbird you feel it like a blue bird in your ribs, there
is fire in your belly.and each time out fleshy tongues touch my sex rests at yours
barely spreading your lotus honey...
Please excuse me for being an animal tonight.

This is terrible gone if i was with you Id explain and applaud, laugh at that if you will I
am silly and want you.

I will slowly revel in you like thousands of tiny feathers finding a place to rest.

If I was in your presence at this precise moment I would unravel, like come undone.

jerome moore

Folding screen

I want to stand behind a coromandel folding screen
to watch you shed and undress those clothes that hide you.
I want to see everything you hide from in its tattooed shade,
with a voyeuristic eye to your boudoir like a keyhole.

Your beauty is transpiring like a confessional,
your silhouette like a playful flame blown out by the wind!

'I want to see you change from behind that screen.
Then I want to ask you why you let yourself go so easily?

jerome moore

Forty Miles From The City

Forty miles from the city.
Their radiator messed up,
the buzzards drooling,
ready to pull the plug.
They have his trumpet,
dry bread, hot water...

The Temp outside is hell
The Earth is hell...
The car looks like hell
An exiled pugilist:
The one hundred reasons just to die,
The chorus is the car radio, It speaks Poetry!
The couple must keep one another awake, not fall asleep.

Somewhere threaded through the canyons is a siren, a coffin spitting exhaust.
The madmen are on fire, the clergymen are visiting the meat-house, the women are in
the dusty bars, The children eat ice cream in the morgue, walking the road to el
dorado, paved in rhine stone, smog and jazz and crooked mammoths they dream and
throw blue silks to the desert sky.

Tomorrow is gonna be one hundred plus and she applies lipstick.
In late evening, two fans circling overhead, they sleep tangled in their mess.
With thumb out to the clouds they begin the doldrums of death.

jerome moore

Frottage Heavy petting mutual masturbation

She tells me to meet her where the street dancers busk it.
leaves In the crowd I find her and begin a frotteuristic grind ≈ 'i want your body on me'
electric hands on her waist her butt rising in heat and sinking like on the tide of the hip
hop. Then I follow her into a changing stall at the galleria where we engage in heavy
petting, then we finish ourselves off in the elevator to the street of mutual
masturbation ... When I get to the apartment with a new shower curtain they are sitting
at the table eating some sort of Pasta and meat sauce Cam telling her to EAT! ...

News: sexual assaults on bunker hill, car arson in alston, bodies found gang style
cement shoes...

jerome moore

Full Blotto again

dinning in the wine glass, its cheap

Jimmy says to me

'Relax kid,

dames come and go,

let em!

nothing keeps you warm at night

like a bottle of scotch,

and it dont talk back neither'

And the pamphleteers click their heels to the rev rev revolution, counter clicks chanting a tragicomical cha cha in the spriit of sacco and venzetti.

The spider women patch up our social unions, with Goldman waves in their hair. Helen Keller reading from their well embroidered quilt.

The workers discuss economics and property, Marx-like oiling the machinery.

They march, but not to destroy!

They dance, but not the dance to death!

They sing out but not out of tune!

They chant and drum, locked spirits in solidarity.

Under earthly clouds that look like Gandhi and Che, Huey Newton and Malcolm X

Denizens flout the banksters, thumbs to the air from ruby noses,

passing shoulder to shoulder the maudlin ladies of unbridaled appetite, whos faces are in the blender.

The kids who sleep on the crusts of the street venders peddling Bakunin to the holes left in the wall.

In lady liberty reflects a femme fatale, while sleepy dreamers wait for godot.

and the sponsored law derisively cracking peace like a tin egg,

with drug deals going down in Harlem.

I take action to my breast and she has vanished in my cataract passion, spirit of my being, heart of my house, she opens her blue umbrella which seems to be lost in the sky, tragedienne, audaciously taunting the NYPD her Artimus bow strung with chortling and yelps, her legs bursting out of her red dress. mother revolution, She is in the air. full blotto!

and I took my rights for a walk.

jerome moore

give her a little freaky freaky she looks frustrated

I was feeling at that precise moment or me seeing her sober, but she was beautiful. And she was looking right through me though, which honestly made me uncomfortable, like I was in the line of fire. I sensed the pressure build up in that tiny room like we were trapped in a tea kettle. Under the placid top layer there was a boiling core waiting to erupt in its tin belly and ricocheting like a gun scream in a belfry. I looked at the debris, which covered the kitchen floor. Camden was dancing around the kitchen island like a man on fire he had a broom in one hand and an oven-mit in the other. Leah was screaming like a sub-humanoid in heat. "You treat me like a kid! , I am not an idiot! "learn how to cook and I will stop treating you like a little girl" Leah became irate, the air didn't smell like burnt meat anymore, it had more the aroma of hemlock all was either melting or burning into the night.

jerome moore

Heil Marry

Heil mary full of grace
GOD is love
GOD is in business
GOD is base
GOD is a tyrant

Heil mary for the Army with this years record suicides
fun facts which the brochure hides

jerome moore

Her Zebra Painted Legs.

As when Pinochet seized control of La moneda in santiago neon sunrise.

I see you as a Pinata

exploding at the temples and the beaches, Like a blown safe.

From you I see:

wax lips,

plastic diamond rings,

Crackerjack prizes.

stained popsicle sticks,

lolipop flutes,

Shadows like nylon tights nailed to my feet.

wooden hands,

screams,

firecrackers,

crayons,

sugar cubes,

falcon feathers,

tiny umbrellas,

and all your marbles spilling... spilling...spilling... beneath my painted zebra legs

I hate seeing your head breaking.

jerome moore

homomatopoa

Hiss,
Grunt,
roar
Gibber
growl
screech
Humm
drone
buzz
chirp
whistle
tweet
boom
yelp
cry
Bell
bark
squawk
woof
howl
quack
croak
cackle
cluck
hum
scream
chatter
pipe
sing
roar
oink
coo
moo
groan
trill
whinny
pansy
fop
shush
Roark!

jerome moore

I Have Died On My Birthday

I walk
through empty fields
empty diamonds
there is smoke fire ash
clove
chain links on the fence.
my mind is listening to things
it has never.
Sitting on the empty bench,
home team with no visitor.
to be born again
from this ash,
fly away fly away.
running wild in the streets
spinning on these Ferris wheels.
one time I was content but I asked for space
now I got it,
its so dark and empty.
where does it end?
I walk alone these days.
we were simple
we didn't have to use words
just feelings.
how simple were we when the autumn took
to the pages of my journal
the world was ugly
but in our shell we heard Oceans
waves rocks birds.
we jumped in
when the rain came
hung our feet out the windows
of cars
attics
there were beds
strangers beds, our beds
we made love over the sleeping city
we stretched our curious wings
I thought it could bring us back to life
I made my nest now I have to sleep in it
cha ciao
we've seen the country in license plates
we fought through the fog smoke
when we got hit out of the sky and fell into the soil the soot
I tried to bring you back to life

I fall in love with shimmering pieces I see through the mirror
much too often I drown narcissistic and shallow
much too often
I can make mosaic out of memories
My imperfections
My idiosyncrasies
My tragic loves

between you and myself

jerome moore

I tell you Courtney what your room is missing is a Black panther

I tell you what your room is missing is a Black panther

We stood at point!
where your kitchenette met your dinning nook.
We did our circus act without a net,
You revealed me your new brazzier with nude lace.
We melted crayons with a hot glue gun,
where you melted my toes, my palm, my neck.
We took our chalk to the street,
You drew upside down crosses on the church wall I drew a pentagram.
We wrote BLACK PANTHERS ALL OVER NEW LONDON!
where the alleyways sucked their bellies in, and the bums vomit.
We ate hummus pizza on the rooftop with shiraz wine,
you asked me if my batteries ever ran out and I threw my shoes over the ledge.
We laid distant while the nighthawks drag raced with the cops!

jerome moore

Idlewave

They did well in sexual and crystallographic earth,
with their expressions and dialects ad hoc.

'be your own shit'

'never piss into the wind'

it is a light conversation we hash, intensified by drums

startled then trampled by a thirty key detailed roll in the hay,

its the type of motion, its tidal wave from a role in the bay but now its a darker wave
or as he asked disaster?

jerome moore

if my baby was a weapon

If my baby was a weapon
Shed slice off my eye lids.
She turns me like a skeleton key.
We built a scarecrow and hid in his ribs!
We threw dishes across the room and fucc out loud.
In a factory turned loft apartment the snaking river leads us home.
Staring up from her bed at the crack in her ceiling
we watched for the ladybugs that come from its womb-like vestibule.
In the fields we throw laughter to the wind
and she spread out on our picnic blanket under the stain glass canopy

her panties ruffled under the vestibule like dead leaves.
and her juices spread like honey next to the tall glass at the bottom of the world.
and I was blindly stalked by her scent into to a bloody mulberry tree.
It was all clear when she'd smoke then blow it through the keyhole, now it
seems forbidden and undone.

jerome moore

Jealousy Is Born

to the pundits of the flesh and pulsing things.
Your institutional love (religion, state, Ethics)
To the men who believe woman want to be dominated, and held under a monogamous
monopoly. owned as concubines.
For woman who, with age, brings war, who need securities like: money, home and
fancy things.
fraud formula of body and spirit unto death.
therefore the legal religious and moral sex charade supplies the whips and chains for
an unnatural love, tortured by this stupidity, ignorance and prejudice, they both remain
docile.
Eurydice never had to worry about dogmatic bondage,
Orpheus held an ethereal love without guard, just poetry.
Take any couple tied together, dependent upon each other
in feeling and thought, sheltered from outside interest or desire, and could it not
become hateful and unbearable in time.
they bring out the shabbiest of human traits in their longing to be individuals once
more. courage and liberation could save these poor souls, from the green eyed
monster who lures them into its murky mire.

jerome moore

Just Be Sure Not To Rock The Boat

Martyrs are for the check out line
And saints are for the tail gaiters.
Faith has always been fed to the poor,
And corporate interests
Has always been a feeding frenzy, off shore.
Jesus has become like Santa, forgotten with age.
And humanity is in a new age,
Where revolutions only move in cycles,
Always coming back on itself.
Feminists are for the today show,
And the police protect private property.
The media writes the history books.
And the capitalists store their monies like blood.
We need progression; we can spare the rod, and eat the meek.
Or eat a banker?
Our texts are destroyed, without war, bombs and blood.
we kill each other with government approved narcotics guns and poor living situations;
with road rage and mistaken identities, in false flags and fast food, the Nazis didn't
realize what they were doing to their fellow man.
Reality is mirrored on late night programs, and Pluto is better hidden away.
The workers are sacrificed to the Moloch, the bogymen, the Politian's.
The american dream is for those who are sleeping,
and realizing this is like turning on the light to catch the darkness
boycott Authority, Question the church, Know your history, burn it all down to regrow,
turn off the television, put your phones aside and talk to your comrades, dont just serve
the owners, serve create sustain, and be happy. Just be sure not to rock the boat.

jerome moore

like I being shot by a diamond

I ascended the stairs, stopping on alternative steps.
A memory had cracked the sky,
For the first time in the 4 years since it happened,
It was as if I was shot with a diamond.
There We were Colleen all those years back watching Apocalypse Now,
in my bed,
but not really watching.
I got up and asked you if I could put you in the torture rack.
You stood up, slipped me your underwear, and I lifted you up onto my bare shoulders;
gently, spinning around my room
until we both couldnt take it anymore.
I woke up and heeded back down the stairs.
there will be others how could the breaze just fall out of the sky?
tides pay no toll.

jerome moore

Lust For Life

I look out across this restless sleeper car blind, then to my side.
The face I saw bone-like under that gloomy window light, terrified me.
I know this train is breaking into the future, past the thread of my youth, beyond my
Childhood, my defeats and my worth while victories.
I look under the lamp, there was an empty seat, and see my brother, happily married!
I look to the emergency box in the front of the car and
I think of my mother, beside me bringing me out of my unconsciousness,
her face like the glint of breaking sunlight through winter ice.
And I sleep for a minute, maybe several then wake to my bed.
What else could I need besides her hair, her shoulders, her craziness, her little nose.
She dropped her head on my shoulder and we saw the sunlight break through dense
fog,
wafting through windows like ghostly curtain, a newfangled frontier.
When we got off the train it was morning. The storm glazed over my hometown, under
the umbrella of night.
And I looked out to the cemetery and saw all its restless residents dancing? It was
beauty
Just then she hit me with powdery snow, it exploder like new year celebration and with
it came a drunkenness, a lust for life and we rolled around in peace like everything
made sense, and nothing was finished.

jerome moore

maine woods

Rooftops echo like a canyon lake
crashing all around me it leaks
thunder growls hard and loud in the bushes
loud enough to put fear of god in me
drops drip into the tent like time
I share a tent with my brother both shaking wearily,
and I cry a little in front of my brother and he understands,
as the rain collects in puddles under our human bodies shaking
and the storm is quiet until the window closes

jerome moore

Memento Mori

Like a bull out of its tragic cage,
charging upon the red narrow streets,
I pounded the pavement through riverside corridors.
My cadence was erratic,
dictated by the music in my ear and I couldn't stop.
When I rode the time moved backwards,
all to my first bicycle a huffy BMX,
where I learned how to pick myself up off the ground,
dust my pants and soar.
Since them days I've lived life behind bars.
The Buzcocks were in my ears telling me something goes wrong again.
I headed East on Charles street,
swallowing something,
a fly that didn't quite satiate me,
and spent a few blocks trying to hack it.
The world was decaying around me,
Sic transit gloria mundi! glory fades...the glory fades.
I took commercial avenue to Longfellow.
I zigzagged in and out of joggers, students, and tourist types.
Trucks, vans, cars, and busses were all in my way.
I saw insatiable sailboats floating across the bay, trapped in their crystal swells.
They reminded me of lost kites (lost in the clouds) ,
lost in the way they held onto and went into the wind.
Suddenly I took an oblique right somewhere
(you got to love one-way streets)
and met Cambridge Street.
I followed it all the way down to a seething Tremont street.
I was chasing the devil
Memento Mori

jerome moore

Mendicant heart

polarity of reptiles
rubicon of evolution
mendicant heart
fear of money
survival and dominion over finite resources
equation of surviving with overindulgence
consumer perception
control of circles
our female sun

and the moon was inverted
as if the Earth rolled over on its side
and I let out a sigh

jerome moore

Moments Before I Face The Village

The wind, sound as a wave clapping on the rocks
clove smoke wilting lilies the table collecting dust.
its brash the colds sway and burn rash
body limp I sit in my drawing room flimsy curtains décor
what is this? the wind speaks
i have nothing left to give this room warmth
the oxygen poison
skeletons line my walls
the throne is boarded up.
artificial stimulants run through my body
the taste of charred clove wick used to hold your breath
the rush of blood through my body you used to excite with sight, touch, smell and
taste
chemcles mixed in a drink a cocktail shot to my nerves with movement and I move my
feet in tune to the music drunkenly swaying into dark alleyways, stumbling and ranting
leaving the bar-front doors blowing windward.
howling into the night
sic transit gloria
the fire comes to life
the lune cry out
in sad verse
what are they saying in there mysterious tongues?
no more wood
I cut the table down
waiting for the day
the light
that which burned most effortlessly
brightly is that made with hands of craft
I sweat it out, and by dawn hope is crust in the earth.

keep for me the locket tangled in your tarantula grip
keep in you the memory of me for I will remember for we
shall overcome
does love truly fade?

jerome moore

Mummifiers Two

A winds veil is tangled
into the tops of those trees,
and the ashen clouds roll in then.

The alfalfa receives white powderstep makeup,
while gymnasts hang there tights on swollen branches.
and Crooners hide in bunches behind the maidens lilly white reps
their Trumpets burried nose over tail wailing frenetic-like bop.

The mummifires and the widow;
touching the soil were the jackle once hid,
fingering the sea where the ship once lay
tongue and cheek sailors whisper in purity, rings of blood diamond
off love lost horizons and bitter clandestined nights.
The plague of being this.
Lost at dark in the growling infinity.

jerome moore

My eyes the color of water

The fool
Thinks
He could
Cast
Off Those
Chains
of LOVE

But Soon
they will
Become heavier
than Ever!

and my eyes the color of water

As she forgot of that ocean pulling her out,
she wakes without a song and then drowns
without a sound.

jerome moore

My Little Cyclone

My little cyclone,
my little storm.
It Is autumn, again.
Its you, again,
and you have layed an unencumbered burden on me
by not forgetting.
I cant hide it,
how you've been playing around my senses lately, no,
not like allergies.

I look up to the amputated clock, see its gloomy eyes and sing to myself, rememeber
that melody?
I thought I could forget.
Like clockwork you come running your dress floating above your strong legs, like
flowers. returning to our fallowed out fields.

But,

You are still out there in the cold,
in the darkness which waits at my door.
The pure fire that I had made, that morning when
I left you there sleeping, has covered up for warmth.

I dig callus hands into the moist soil where we had roots,
my veins sucking up nutrients to feed my weakened bones.
Satiated, I run, with wanderlust, back home
to catch the breath you feathered towards me, with hints of oh, pumpkin spices.
You are out there!
knowing we have lived all seasons in our one,
a whole day under the sun,
a whole lifetime of everlasting moments,
closer than those dying to escape,
we have been bored with words,
on levels above consciousness, beyond common love.

bring me your delicate hands,
Because, because just knowing you are out there:
exploring, making impresions, learning,,
and inspiring.

To know I had tought you (as you say)
the important things in life.
To know that I measure my steps to the day I rest
at your gate once more,
without ruminations on the time, and you,
can bury your hands with mine.
my little cyclone
believe me that will be one of my golden moments.
I cannot, my little storm, I cannot,
rebuild without your love.
I need your hands, your arms, your eyes.
I need your your fingers,

delicately rubbing my neck through my hair,
cradling my jaw, and resting upon my chest.
Grabbing my lower lip,
your tongue tracing along the dry cracked brim, allow me.
nursing my tattered feet (my feet that are bleeding) .
I hear the beasts in the alleys, they walk not far behind me, crying.
You always seem to destroy me and I am eternally grateful.
My little cyclone. my own little autumn.

jerome moore

My Ribs Melting Under The Glowing Weight Of A Swollen Blue Flame!

Yet for tonight I wish I was in the candles wax,
my ribs melting under the glowing weight of a swollen blue flame.
nestling into a warm splash! While sending my perfumed thoughts
my smokey dreams to play around in my desolate screams
in my dumb glum bleak creaking prison,
to escape loudly into the chill streets of night like late started bloc parties
to escape by way of splintered stone walls and innocent iron bars!
The whimsy cadences of the sparkling speckling snow translated
via my sharp piano key fingers,
to chase the blue blue blues away.
Only in the red red ready day would I harden again and put my body together.

jerome moore

my valentine

The sky wore black like elegantly
like a burnt out bulb; like
silence, a lullaby DOA.
a tidal wave of drums.
Leaves, birds, confetti
wiring exposed
and the red balloons take off to the sky above Rome
to shards of rain,
Rooftops echo ilke a canyon rattle
and the streetlamps hang
from the young ladies eyes

jerome moore

Naked in the Color Splash

As a Crimson glider sinks to the belly
of subterranean stairwell,
pierced through by tin can rooftops.
It scrapes the walls in a pitiful foray.

By the window,
by the Basement level studio,
by the wooden ships, cardboard airplanes, paper eyes
standing against origami corners,
standing, she holds her nose,

seamless wallpaper languishes her tiny hands,
her moist palms, her tender wrists, her boyish arms.
An eye traces her tiny golden hairs, and she knows.
smiling while her firing squad, christ-like, blink their flirty shutters,
in a ruse native to the naked city.
in a way a lost crucefix rests at her breasts.
Tiny exposures, flashbulbs and meters that run. etc.
Model who lay composed naked in the color splash,
faints from heat,
faints from lack of a soul,
faintly laughing, and completely crazy.

Model covered by searching blanket of exhaustion
oozing into cracked floorboard, smles, sighs, tracing, measureing, exhausted,
pariah-like, spinning round and round and round.
'be rude to me, rude to me rude to me. show me something, anything'
getting off, where she got on.
chewing her bubble-gum in a neo beatnik calm.
blowing bubbles to the wind.

jerome moore

niku

eternal black sky
mountain vista window fires
sad stars shimmering

jerome moore

On Writing A Novel Pt 1

Idea

Brainstorm

Write ideas on a mirror

Characterization

message

Words: Whats the word, catch a breeze, stand on it!

End

Beginning

Middle

Punch the MIRROR

Take each fragment

base your structure off of them.

BAD IDEA!

jerome moore

On Writing A Novel Pt 2

Freedom of Bondage

Paradigms

Shapes

Photography as theft

Life behind screens; plasma, windows picture frames, glass, Mirrors, filters

Its all about survival

End To Dichotomy.

jerome moore

Our lost weekend melting crayons!

Reflecting on the lost weekend from beyond the sand valley carousel of cape cod,
I dig the lost hours the thoughts, the gallivants, which melt in the purest crayon wax of
our souls.

I dig the diamond lattice in crystallographic earth facets like a house of mirror
or some bleak bleeding laboratory blowing girls dresses up from their gooseflesh legs
by compression air jets and floor tricks that reflect from my inner loupe grinding the
light through roadside glass and mica rotating in minds eye on fun house dizzy and
whimsically revolving exit funhouse wheels that spills us to our seat, and casts confetti
colors around my eyesight like the inside of a rain drop.

I reconstruct these moments connected in the lotus of thought the flowering palm of
wisdom

Each moment!

Each feeling!

Each idea!

Each painted cage...

Watching them shuffle by on lotus like; the peeling elephant painted, the open black
panther cage, the straw stuffed lion cage, the monkey mini top all starving dirty like
and I dig it all like ZaZa zen of a circus train splitting down the rail lines like moving
pictures before my eyes speared to the reels in a fervent heat which redden my skin
protecting me from the naked blue sun.

jerome moore

pale hazy night

The stars hang down
up there like sparkling fires
touching their crown to the glass
of mountain top window pains
singing eyeye yah ya

and I see them touch the farrel dancers
in the streets.

jerome moore

Perpetual Tan

contrary to popular belief,
I do like bread.
Its just dough i can't stand
nor skins, bucks samolians...
I don't need a perpetual tan
to tell which way the wind blows.

jerome moore

Please Remove Your Eye Makeup

Mascara

Let us pretend you are defending your eyes,
when inquisition rains bring skies twinkl'n downwards
in the night; putting faces aside, burning peripheries that
I can only remember in visions of nights back when
derelict busses hummed along and silent bums cried.
Torches are lit and raised like ether to the greys of daunting
shadows, led on by a pipers piquant fog,
Shells hanging from your diamond eyes on cut-up chain-gang roads;
with echos and clicks,
with sirens that laugh.
lighting lashes in its cul-de sacs,
rocky and spine-like.
Through it all I have your eyes defended by mascara
under this canopy umbrella sky your fires open wider.

With that erotic mascara melting away
and beneath it I hear you sigh.

jerome moore

powderfinger

I trace out a forest with my fingers.
Trees rise like cities.
Naked branches blush under the full evergreen.
The sun or moon looked like a orange creamsicle
and night is falling like a black veil every step I take.
Visions of indians behind the embancment of the railroad
brings me paranoia and the swans slung out on the pond like garden light bulb
reflecting in the sky.
It all escapes me as the day goes colorblind.

jerome moore

Puss(y) at the byron house!

MEEEEEEAAAAAAAAA OOOO WWWW WWWW WWWW!

jerome moore

Put a tiger in the gas tank.

a meal of knuckle sandwich and humble pie

krupa could make swiss cheese out of Roach
If he can catch him that is.

Roach is burning in the ash tray
while Krupa is burning up the drapes

Roach is in putter around outer space
he places your finger on the pulse

Krupa is like an octopus arms all over the place
Roach is like an electric eels embrace

Roach knows foreplay but krupa surprises me
just depends on my mood I guess

jerome moore

readings of sex

You may be irresistible
with those glasses,
your face, your nose, your cheeks, your neck!
all your fleshy parts
naked before me.
The diamond of your room reflecting from pains
and lenses.
Our glasses tangled
like two bodies wrapped by nori
like calypso oceans.
Without them you are blushing
and I am blurry.
I felt both kisses
on my neck
and said it before
long before
just with someone else's words.

jerome moore

Real state

Sally getting drunk at the bowling alley then arriving at the casino passed out, can barely stand 5 dollar bets arm in arm between two people blindly pushing buttons, eats shit once I fell so she wouldn't be on the ground alone, pappy with the pinched neck, Jude, Julia, Whitney, Mustang Sally, she had two bloody marries pitcher of beer and pizza at the bowling alley, I stole bowling shoes, snaked peoples turns threw all gutters, Sally drinks 4 or 5 shots barely standing call... tells about her dad friend who everyone calls HB for Hardly Breathing... she chokes me in an elevator, bleeds from her head... all the losers crane after the drunken girl stuck like the middle reel on a money machine...

jerome moore

Remember those cruel months?

Remember when I found you my dear fawn?
Remember those cruel months fed from ages;
how we danced those months eyeless.
How we first felt when we were shy.
Reserved out on the eyebrow of the forest,
your laughter on the tattered gazebo floor,
karma, the drooling grapes of wonderlust,
of mystery in bed with purpose?

Remember when the band would play F major, K332, just for the two of us,
and when we couldnt get free from the brambles of boredom,
how we would watch the log trucks pass, smelling their oil and chewing their saw dust?
We dreamt of our escape under those intervals by the melodies of sweet beat
woodsman and wolfdogs...

starved of your laughter
i would fall from clumsy barstool knees to faceless floors out of arcane tarpit
desperation

Hugo make me a boy so we can escape as brothers.

jerome moore

San Jose Nights

I stand bare-footed in a room where sad bony dogs chase their tails.
The open air wafts with hints of Cansadas and tangy fried plantains,
and the poison exhaust of lawless taxis and overcrowded buses, snaking through the
narrow frantic streets like battalions of red ants.

Casa Ridgeway tucked away in a shanty like painted closet on avenida six calle 15

friends for peace

revolutionary

Archbishop Oscar Romero,

Mahatma Gandhi, /

Martin Luther King,

Mother Teresa,

Linus Pauling,

Anne Frank,

Chief Seattle,

Aung San Sun Kyi,

Leo Tolstoy,

and George Bernard Shaw.

candle light nocturne

pleasure echoes around the sleepy casa and the rains fall in the terra firma gardens

the night moist air invades our love and the dogs howl to the night that fell asleep

jerome moore

scintilating like sparklers

It turned from a swell party on the coast to a sweltering inferno.
The horizon spectators child like winking at us;
from the baptising breakers to roman candles buried deep in the sand,
crabs flirting, and several nori naked bodies
crested the seas brow.
The romans lined up and fired at the moon,
Phoebe vomited in my shoes,
and kent never came back.
The cops showed up and we scattered like sparklers,
into the beach house allies where we put out the lights and someone pushed a drumset
down the stairs.

It was a swell party until someone somewhat died
happy birthday Mike!

jerome moore

Sega Genesis prelude to Saturn

ABC
then turbo controller
XYZ
Start select D- pad

Short for direction pad

Final fight 3
Golden Axe 2
Sonic spin ball

16-bit
streets of rage 2
3 dollar game genie rental no book

Sega genesis prelude to saturn

jerome moore

She Opened Her Legs... To Let The Light In

She opened her legs to let the light in.
She opened her lips like budding tulip,
in the spring awakening, addled with pollen

We made the bed and tuned the radio.
The summer sun was overhead
and the radio played brocade.

By the autumn hour she would be with the wind
and the leaves floated past me as dying embers
looking for peace.

The air was dry when winter came she was everywhere, she was not here
I felt numb, my lips had cracked, I prepared mexican but couldn't get a light.

And she returned yet her youth revitalized
me but it was too late My guts were frozen,
and I took the freight train back home to live

jerome moore

she washes her legs in the fountain

sitting on the perch of the fountain
she sang to figures holding their basins
her voice cracking their ears
her voice swelling in the clouds
ripping them to tatters
her stockings are ink stained
sitting on her perch she washed her legs
and the fountain flowers fall to her feet.

behind her was a city of sapphire
surrounded by mountains of coral
and glass pine trees.

she finished washing and left a blood trail to her bed.

jerome moore

shopping list

recrute an insect army so I can feed of the life of the people
Burn all my Novelis
make Sally cry
avacados
Chickpeas
Bananas
don perignon
Jumbo memo book
return library books
give one suit to homeless
kidnap my brothers dog
analyst appointment
cardio
Blog
Finish watching Detour
make mom smile
destroy social life
rearrange sun room
get drunk
get over fear of social laziness
pick up fingerless gloves
Sun salutations and meditation
raquetball with Brian
Bomb the shit out of Bear hill
burn my girlfriends boxes
cut my bangs
work on gameplan

jerome moore

Sky reflected from her mouth

The waves kneaded the beach like fingers
on flesh, like shadow on light.
Sands pulled at until drowned.
The clouds like tattered sailors curse and throw earrings
to the swelling sea
Stars, the orange cream swirls, jocund breeze, horizon undone.
and it all reflects from your mouth: and in it I'm lost then found then lost again.
pearls of teeth, sweet jellyfish tongue, cavernous ribs of eternity.

jerome moore

solidarity in lines

unemployment lines

lines of books

Lines of cocaine

Food stamp lines

Theater lines

Grocery store

car wash

school children

Soup kitchen

club

abortion clinic

Delicatessen

traffic lines

crosswalks

Traffic Jam

Lines on a map

Jules gets home and un-loads his rucksack

Gods laziness

Because of the machines and computers we will all end up lonely human beings

jerome moore

Standing Against The Streetlights

walking in skidrow frisco faces without forms,
smiles and scorns, winds and horns, breath without substance.
Some of these women young enough to be my sister all akimbo-like
It was a gauntlet getting out of there man, on the end of the line there stood one old
enough to be my mother I nodded ' ma'am, and her made up face looked like slime,
and flecked off her leathery skin like rust she must have been the oldest running trolley
in town that night.

jerome moore

The Curtains Hung Out The Window Like An Old Flame

Couldnt tell how many years went by since the war.
We may still be fighting somewhere, hell who knows,
heros have the worste of times.
Well, How have you found me again?
I was almost gone.
I was on the lamb from your laws
I was a free man.
And how you crept in!
with the mint,
with the lemongrass,
with the wild beets.
The morning will never come the same way again.
I dont know why everytime I hear bells I think of you swimming.
I couldnt say why I still want to smash every glass bottle I hold.
or how I still hear you whistling from time to time at crowded bus stops.
How you were able to find me, so young, and now and again still, in the Autumn of
youth.
I told said this before your dentures fell into the toilet bowl.
now my car wont start.
I walk past the chapel at noon.
and throw my fifth crashing to my feet,
watching the ants swim in a pool of whiskey.
The army ants will go for nothing but your bones.
There is always war somewhere.

jerome moore

The Darkness

Walking out on the cusp of a darkened heart
The warmth pulls out to the breaking point of the icy river
and I see colorful neon surf crash through the holes in an abandoned factory, almost
like the holidays still occupy abandoned places.
The musty scent of frozen pine and chimney smoke hides the fact that the night is
quiet.
and I see the blush and tint as if they were on my canvas where i shall place the whites
and where the moon accents the darkest of lots.
I let out a moan like I am spiraling down the head of a Jazzmans trumpet, the
darkness, the darkness.
I come to lines of trees where a snake of white bulbs climbing half way to the canope
squeeze the color from my eyes,
and I shiver at the sight of the steel bars standing bold against the glowing parlours,
and wonder how they can trap the bitter snakes between their bars.
I walk waiting for a car to backfire
I walk waiting for anything, even a black panther.
I admit I am losing it every step further into the heart of darkness.

jerome moore

the rebel

Lauren I wander wounded-like, this labyrinth that has cut me with broken bottles,
and I have seen the moon blush which whimpers purple shades around our weathered
alter.

Remember that alter I feigned for you?
Though Ive breathed through and swallowed bundles of smoke for you, the signals I
feathered and fashioned towards you?

Remember?

Laying in our gourmet grotto at the brink of a pernicious pool, Indian summer? Me
reading to you, readings echoing through the cypress like whisperings an effigy to
Eliots' hollow men his straw men

Remember?

when our audience broke twigs I started up and you wrapped me in your pinions, said
dear boy read some more. I read you Neruda how you liked Neruda coming out of my
mouth. We were piano keys played by the surrounding nature and which often echoed
upon themselves scintilating
rebellion. like the firecrackers that fell in ten stories, raining down on Soho streets.
And Ive been walking these streets for days, looking for you, anything of yours.

When I return I hope you are gone, I know you will be gone due to the horns that have
begun to grow out of my head and the howling I hear far off in distant trails.
Why lie I don't really think about that anymore all these words are broken
Lauren what can I possibly rhyme with you Florin? Foreign? Boring...

jerome moore

the sea deceives me

The pages of the calendar fall to the ground,
crunch crunch crunch under our feet,
grinding themselves to dust.

Hours and numbers, days and months cover the earth with mosaic colors
as if a tempest had broken open a damn and they flood out into our fields, we rake
them up, unspoken we burn them, we stuff them in threadbare and patchy clothing, we
make scarecrows up to look like our former selves,
others we stuff in gutters and drains.

There are pages from a hundred years back in some darkening silence in the deepest
of woodlands, these leaves mixed with the dirtiest of branches; histories at the foot of
precipices slouching on the meanders of rivers flowing into the sunset, they dwell in
the pits of caves, and in the nests of baby birds.

We lay our backs down and swim through the pages, we fall asleep and neglect our
lazy day, the sounds and the smells, the tastes and the textures of the times we've
inherited (we have (and the time ahead.)

New years take shape and more time buds, the seasons pass and we decorate the
decaying earth.

new days are piled up: in piles of bills, piles of events, piles of junk mail, invitations
torn and abandoned, occasions attended and written about, solidarities and intimacies
cherished and worshiped

They are still there in the air- you act as if they're not passing by,
new pages swiftly sway in the winds hand and rest on the earth. In numbers and
records.

The pointless statistics of time, taken time and time again.

We waste our time on something like memories and plans
until time our runs out for us

like counting the fallen leaves as a derelict train creeps through the country - how
absurdly endless a task

time is not statistics nor even measurable

time is not a standard of options weighable,

time is not a parquet floor where a curtain stretches, that you shoot marbles across,
or even throw a rug over then slowly rock yourself to sleep on

time is chiseled in caves and evolves with man

time is all things existing and all things alive

time is being and being is timeless

(time isn't for a spitting audience but for the expression of the mind the body the
expansion of the soul; don't sit back and watch life ebb into the dirt; create explore,
and experience its glorious spray and the endless internal tributaries to your mind.)

(The motions of our glorious feet sweeping and gliding acting out the moment part in a
tenuous spectrum of soapy film and endless possibility that will survive untouched by
the stone pillars of sleeping spectators)

jerome moore

The world is one typographical error

It's like a puzzle,
poet and time.
Where one used to balance the square,
another now circles.
Like a carrion bird,
he survives, in the bomb craters,
and sideways alleys.
A new age brings a new type,
profundity and perfunctory,
or a paroxysm and paradigm.
hand in the others coat,
to keep fresh, to keep warm
What one has built and abandoned,
the new poet destroys to feeds on.
Nothing is eternal
Its allways being proof read.
The world is one typographical error,
In time, his fingers, crane-like and hungry,
inconsistently try to correct.
But every language has its soul,
and every soul has his voice,
lost in translation.

jerome moore

This Cosmoccocic Treadmill

This cosmoccocic treadmill, if I may borrow from Miller. This Cosmoccocic treadmill we find ourselves contending on. This monomaniacal rat race full of its solecistic gods and managers, its presidential parties with their tautological bull shit. Shit that oozes down to the perspicacious jetsam of society the bum's -who are washed into alleyways, washed from clean and copacetic streets, of marble banks with Parisian balustrades. The radical thinkers, the students, the protesters, washed from the streets by financed police states. These banished souls wise to the puppeteers behind the political curtain, voiceless alone but with style; while the old rich birds fast with novena and the chthonian saints with the miasma of stale alcohol fast with hunger and fuliginous grease found in alleys and roadside gutters. These ragged saints have no ounce of hope for provender or carom let alone enlightenment and peace. They do have something. Inferring that which the rich lack, an insight to the struggles of domain. Hardware stores, grocers and community centers evicted by bank of America when corporate-Mart moves into town. The pulse of transgression and flux metamorphosis kept out of the claws of capitalistic vultures.

jerome moore

this is not plagerism Made in the USA

Made in The USA

the models move to act like birds blindly culminating on a wire
saying things like let me sing you my blues

expose of virgin spring lines
dancers with legs extending weeks
oranges shed pulp white flesh
violets and buttercups
Romeo and juliets
moan from the backseats of breathless cars

jerome moore

tigress-like resting under limpid pistil torches

walking out of the sea
my baby digs me,
blushing, crawling, prowling,
nursing the rhodas with delicate perspiration.
My baby leads me.
to burn, to scratch, to heal.

tigress-like resting under limpid pistil torches.
While stamen soaked alphas secrete anther (rather satyrically) ,
She milks her young like a wet nurse honey bee.

My baby feels me crawling up her dress
pollens float off her plum lips like thirsty bubbles
I kiss her until the sun breaks,
and we dive into the sea.

jerome moore

trace the sky as if giant fingers took the horizon and lifted it over your eyes

Snake oil,
passwords.
like a wound that gushes
like a house that floods
I jumped a train the other day,
I put my faith in rusty bars.
The sun was falling westward,
The sunshine tickled my scalp.
Inside the warehouse boxcar.
Inside no breath meetings,
crawling caterpillar-like.
Painted on its inside
'GOD Is dead'
'There is no Gravity'
'This is it'
and I felt my mind cocoon
I felt my brain suspended.
We entered a tunnel
The darkness swallowed me and
I never saw daylight quite like before.
And I put my faith in earth.

jerome moore

Viva Mas

Drop Bars not Bombs
Make Chai not War
Baseball not Bombs
Books not Bombs
Make Love not War
Drop Tuition Not Bombs
Blondes not Bombs
Beats not Bombs
Drop Class not Bombs
Make Art not War
Flowers not Bombs
Food not Bombs
Make Levees not War
Drop Seeds not Bombs
Bread not Bombs
Beauty not Bombs
Drop Television not Bombs
Make Solidarity not War
Build Trust not Bombs
Bring back Food
Boycott Banks
Bring Life not War
Make Tracks not War
and this is the way the long road Ends Not with a bang but a whimper

jerome moore

We need to kiss more!

We haven't even kissed yet.
Well not the new Jeremy.
You might hate it!
you could love it?
It could be your favorite flavor,
or what you think about
wrapped around your toilet bowl.
It could be your manic regret,
or make you forget...
We truly need to kiss more!
I remember how you kissed
and crave you
like a drowning man needs air
I'll kiss everything,
everywhere

jerome moore

wild nothing hike

We stray from our pride
lions wounded and dying
hungry and alone

jerome moore