Poetry Series

Joseph J. Hernandez

- 19 poems -

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Joseph J. Hernandez (March 30,1992)

Born and raised in Los Angeles. I was close minded when I was younger thought poetry was only for feeble people. As a group older I had a different outlook towards writing. Now it's an outlet to express my feelings. My biggest inspiration is Jim Morrison.

' A poet makes himself a visionary through a long, boundless, and systematized disorganization of all the senses.Allformsoflove, of suffering, of madness; he searches himself, he exhausts within himself all poisons, and preserves their quintessences.Unspeakable torment, where he will need the greatest faith, a superhuman strength, where he becomes all men: the great invalid, the great criminal, the great accursed—and the Supreme Scientist! Forhe attains the unknown! ' Rimbaud

Alarm

Annoyed by the periodic morning alarm
Slow to roll over and hit the snozze
That rudely interrupted the comfortable warmth of your arms
Stress free, no longer confused
My morning spent in bliss
Am a fool to your charm
Troubled by your soft skin
Annoyed by the periodic morning alarm

Joseph J. Hernandez

Comfort

Irritation, boredom, and anxiety
Growing quick like weeds consuming miracle grow
There's an abundance of addicts like me
Some are private and discreet, others just let it show
Personally I enjoy the burning sensation as my lungs fill
From a bong that towers like old Oaks
Harmless compared to beer or pills
Unless you count the wonderful pain as I choke
When the thick ghost white fog has lifted
The echoes of my cough have faded
A fire red, valley low my eyes shifted
All of my worries and concerns suddenly belated
Few know how to flip a frown as good as this
A shoulder to lean on, helping hand, but I call it cannabis

Joseph J. Hernandez

Cracked Heart

I will tattoo myself like a pirate, mongol, or a viking
So others will fear this man as a brute
I could could happily roam the earth
Death, blind, and mute
Rather be pleasantly riding in the back of a black hurse
Having bitten the forbidden fruit
I could burn in the fires of hell at its worst
All of this is nothing compared to the heartbreak of your first

Joseph J. Hernandez

Cupid's Ache

You have Cupid in agonizing melancholy
He almost die of shock
Forcefully ripped out his arrow
Now his ideas you mock
Careless of this constant sorrow
In a rage he breaks his bow in two
Just to show, his anger as his continues tears flow

Joseph J. Hernandez

Cynical Point of View

The world's addicted to happiness
That will be history in the past
Like an old eccentric be satisfied in sadness
That will long last, sadtisfaction happy is fiction
That my cynical prediction

Joseph J. Hernandez

Extinguish

Cool the burning lite fire in your heart
In stagnate solitude it will tear you apart
As bitter warm tears from your eye
Start a stream, and your low whimper turns
Into a tortured cry
Remember this world moves fast and will
Past you by
Being storborn, happiness will elude
Vice, boredom, Idleness pursued
Wake up! Open your mind, free yourself
From that addiction
Learn from mother nature
Pacitence is the key to grow
So it's better if you take it slow

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Green Addiction

Always around an abundance of weed
So I feel no need to supersede expectations
With no goals or dreams mary jane is my inspiration
Without it I would die of starvation, extreme lack of motivation, and immense panic
Okay I realize this sounds a little dramatic
But now you know I'm an addict

Joseph J. Hernandez

Irony

It's ironic how a beautiful piece of art
Can be created in the darkest of places
How an old rusty cracked heart
Can be oiled by adorable lying faces
How bad things happen to good people
Or when it rains on your birthday
How the biggest tree, can burn feeble
Or when the quite ones have the most to say
How you learn what you lost after it's absence
When the dog has his day
How people tend to change for acceptance
When a friendship is thrown away
Is it ironic that irony is expected
Or how we always get caught unprotected

Joseph J. Hernandez

Ladybug

How to wish to be a ladybug
Then my life would have sum luck
I would spend my days on a flower she plucked
It would be my duty to highlight the beauty she found
Untill our flower dies and she she picks another off the ground

Joseph J. Hernandez

Love or Lust?

Tell me is it love or lust
I've been through this before, now it's hard to trust
This time it seems real
Tell me is it a hit in run kinda deal
Are you here to stay
I wanna give you my scared heart but,
Am apprehensive, afraid it's beyond repair and you'll just
Throw it carelessly away
I'll love you forever is what she'll say, unpersuaded
My heart just wants to know if you'll love before today would start
I had this game once don't wanna play
It left me torn apart in the worse way

Joseph J. Hernandez

MoonLike

I see her smile side ways like the moon
Call me a lunatic but I predict it
will also come down soon
Fair, plump, and very well blessed
Well dressed
But, when other get there rest
Alone with her guest
Shes open to any odd request

Joseph J. Hernandez

My End

I can hear this train calling me from my bed
I'll tell you what he said
I can relieve all your idleness and pain
If you paint my tracks in red
I know you're fed up
Your cup is half empty... not filled
Blaming everyone for what spilled
Ashamed of what needs to be killed
Now here's your chance
I know your beat down, tired, and worn
Follow my horn, and when we meet
The weary flower will have no thorns

Joseph J. Hernandez

O'Jim

O'Jim O'Jim
Your clothes are dirty
Teeth are rotting
To match your face untrimed
O'Jim
The sun has burned your skin
Blisters on your feet the size of his chin
Growing tired, weak, and slim
O'Jim
Did did u always view life this grim
Even after your bottle of gin
You seem unsatisfied and thirsty
What's wrong with him?
O'Jim
He's in his own fabricated world
Cynical mind set
Eaten alive by regret
Sitting with his head down analyzing his decision
Up before the morning sun
Tossed and turned
Got beat down pretty bad
He had to learn

Joseph J. Hernandez

Peace?

Put your trigger and your middle finger up
What do you get?
The worlds lost mistress
That no one will forget
Its at the back of our minds
Never at a rest
The richer get richer
The poor get less
Peace it will never exist
Not on my watch
Or my kids time, and there kids lives
I just hope to see them happy
Before my time arrives

Joseph J. Hernandez

Stone Heart

When you find a heart of stone
Do not grow attached
It dose not care if you are alone
It ignores dispair with a cold shoulder
Too arrogant and stoborn
Willing to take advantage and damage
When you find a heart of stone
Love doesn't matter
When all the pieces of your heart are finally gathered
Remember, A heart of stone can not be shattered

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Ultimatum

No more, I will not stand by and watch live from the front door
What a poor perception of this grey world
All the things I once adored will not hold me down any more
I will look ahead instead of the floor
I hate the feeling of regret
A wasted motion, but its difficult to forget that first devotion
Even if I could rotate the earth the opposite direction
To recede in time
Will I proceed to make the same mistake
I'm tired of this dilemma it's time to clear my mind and get baked, as I get the joint I understand the point life's trying to make
Why try to live a lie, reveal the truth and don't act fake

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Unmaterialistic

Isn't it obvious that mans materialistic persona is in vain
For example it's not about the luxuries in your life
That will keep boredom away
It's about companionship of others
Then with there aid you can fight want and idleness
tending to your garden, Life engulfed with misery will be pardoned
At the end the of the day you life don't mean shit
vice will hold a strong grip
Unless you have someone to benefit

Joseph J. Hernandez

Untitled

Tired, time to sleep
Eye lids grow heavy and weak
Lay my head, count sheep
After a day weary
I lay by riversides, dream
Stars enjoy the stream

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Writing

I write, but it will never be
As beautiful as a pond, cloud, or tree
Men can make wine with the aid of a grape
Honey is produced by a bee
Mother nature molds the elegance of flower
Poems are made by fools like you and me

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