

Poetry Series

Kyle Hamp

- 265 poems -

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!! A Cotton Life

Perhaps if God had sewn
My Life together with angora,
I would live a life like silk and butter
And I'd not milk meanings from the mutter
Of my lips' failed attempts
To romanticize the swelling hives
Of cotton boll weevils
In my cotton Gutter.

Kyle Hamp

!! Frivolous

I ponder,
For lack of pondering,
My dying:
For I slack in living;
And I wander,
Maybe because I've a knack for leaving
Anything
That's ever left me.

Kyle Hamp

!! Ice Over Time

We sit in ice-
Frozen in time like the flaking pictures
She showcases on the forgotten bookcases.
I crack and break on purpose
While burning with determination
In hopes that my crumbling will bring about change,
But sun can't reach.
I've learned bookcases can teach.
They have whispered novels of knowledge unto my deafened ears.
Their words mean little,
But I am enlightened by their benumb longsuffering
For I know it too well.
We are alike.
Their books are solidified like that of my purpose's feet,
But we will melt over time
Because we are burning to change.

Kyle Hamp

!! Suicide in A Minor

Pounding the keys of life;
There's no margin for error.
One mistake is suicide:
A poet's terror.

Be patient just a bit:
I will bleed you pretty words.
I will sing all of my pain
And numb you like the rain.

Die young, save yourself.
There is panic in old age;
A tongue you cannot cage.
Yes, death is all the rage.

Kyle Hamp

!! The Monster's Bath

It plops into the water,
A monster,
As the steam snaking from the bath
Creates for me a vivid mirage of emotions.
I see anger shudder beneath
The skin of the thing like the
Quake of ripples that own the surface
Of a lake during a summer storm.
Anguish screams in its eyes
Like that of a deer,
Uneducated about the properties of water in winter,
That dares to hop out on that iced lake
Thinking that it's safe until it finds itself
Breaking through to an encounter with death
And the bubbling beneath the ice.
Waves and waves of emotion pass over
The Monster's face as it bathes and I drink them in.
When the heat and steam subside and the monster rises,
I recognize him.
I peak into the bath to see what's left being sucked down the drain,
But a little love remains to help me clean another one of his messes.

Kyle Hamp

!! The Same Damn Day

I'm praying so fervently
That my life is beginning to ache
Due to a build up of lactic acid
In my faith.
When is metamorphosis?
How long til a change comes?
Give me reasons to panic,
To cry,
To cherish,
To feel.
Stars don't leave bed til morning's light:
Magnify the swelter of a sunny day.
Validate me.
Fascinate me.
Incinerate me!
I'm weary of the same sheets and pillows
That I die in every night anyhow.
I don't want to drink from 'my' coffee mug in the morning
After a shower with the same damn shampoo and conditioner again.
I need to die, but I need to live!
I want to live to see another day,
But I don't want to live in yet another day.
I have before given birth
To a new day, not tomorrow,
But to a new day
Where I was happy
And new,
But only dreaming...

Kyle Hamp

! A happy pair.

I will love again; I will.
Not a soul is safe.
I'll throw my heart unto the world:
I'll share it for I've faith.

Shall I need to paint it red;
It will be fresh and fair:
My hands will bleed from washing it.
There will be a happy pair!

Kyle Hamp

! A heart that wants to stay a 'friend'.

I shall speak of Love and things.
I pray my words will give it wings:
To fly and never know again-
A heart that wants to stay a 'friend'.

Now throw your eyes unto another,
Never turn them from each other,
Bravely think of all your life;
Now have Those eyes, yet, brought you strife?

Kyle Hamp

! A sonnet writ for me.

Pen to me a lovely write.
Oh, tell me of your favor!
Whisper words onto a page
Of how my lips you'd savor...

Tickle Fate and chance my glance;
I do hope I will see-
Phrases bled to make me weak:
A sonnet writ for me.

Kyle Hamp

! A Virgin's Prayer

Love of mine,
Run you slow.
Need I time
My self to know.

Kyle Hamp

! As I dry my ink pale.

Despite the Burning words I speak-
There's a Heaven in my Hell.
I touch it just a time or two
As I dry my ink pale.

Kyle Hamp

! dark my skin

When I was littler I walked around blind
To the color of my skin...
It wasn't until I got SUNBURNED
That I realized...
Not just how dark my skin was,
But how dark everyone else is too.

Kyle Hamp

! Due to a man's Device...

And find you in a little storm-
Without your Own umbrella,
Pray for strength and shield your hair
For need thee not a fella.

Women keep your Hearts secure
'Less you will suffice-
Greater pain than Labor-ing
Due to a man's Device.

Kyle Hamp

! Erase me not all of your heart.

Lay us both upon a bed.
Not a word need to be said.
Sounds just seem to vaporize:
Time to metamorphisize.

Now numbness fills our every sense.
Love I love like this: intense.
Known I not a friend so kind,
But never shall again we bind.

Touch a pore and sample it.
Of this night, we will forget.
Glad that I have known you well,
But friends should never kiss and tell.

Clocks do tell us what to do.
Then is Now so forget you.
Still I am when you depart.
Oh, erase me not all of your heart!

Kyle Hamp

! Fate kisses her.

Fate kisses her.
Decaying gums.
Finds she back in Slums.

Hope misses her.
De-feathered thing.
But fly it with a Fling.

Hate disses her.
A cocky sin.
Drowns her Hearts in gin.

Love wishes her.
An unkind being.
Ran her fast and fleeing.

Kyle Hamp

! Girl...Meats...Poet

Shake your little 'jungle' heart!
It's soon to meet a cage.
Wilding through the lands
Is far improper for your age.

One of your nobility
Should not fall for a louse.
Will you eat his pretty words;
Is his heart to be your house? !

And what of child- My dear!
You know our needs: a rightful heir.
This hearty poet will not do.
My God, find me some air...

-

For mother.

Kyle Hamp

! Hell is very pretty.

Burning I have been- so long
That Hell is very pretty.
Never shall I dream again
Of God's angelic city.

'Wrongs' have morphed to 'rights'- and I
Cannot begin to start-
To ponder when and where I was-
When darkness Raped my heart!

No preacher could come save me
And no angelic committee-
Could resurrect my heart and- Oh!
How Hell is very pretty.

Kyle Hamp

! I fled.

I know it's wrong to feel this way.
I lack of you, but can not say.
In your bed I'm dead.
We're dead.
To this bed I wed.
I fled.

Kyle Hamp

! I had to take it there.

Pawned all of the life I had
And now these hands are bare.
Just a heart I had left- So,
I had to take it there.

Fetches I quite a penny-
For that ugly little guy.
Not a day I pass that shop
Do I find mute its cry.

Kyle Hamp

! I kissed you.

I kissed you.
Do you remember?
Our lips puckered in time.
Raindrops fell.
The sun dried up.
In that moment you were mine.
Clocks shot by.
And I flew home.
Well I walked, but that was fine.

Kyle Hamp

! I never touched a Rainbow.

I never touched a Rainbow.
But seen I quite a few...
I've never seen the Dawn's wet grass,
But heard I of its Dew.

A Love has never reached Me,
Yet sometimes Deserts rain.
Quick I'd be to drink of it:
As quick as Virgins wane.

Kyle Hamp

! I Will Rape Thee

I will rape thee-
With my savage love;
Born from the rural pot.

I will rape thee
And while I rot-
I will pray that you do not.

But, I will save thee
Because, honey,
You've needs: the sting of me...

And I will rape thee-
Because I know
Only to love and rape thee.

Kyle Hamp

! Kick thy bucket faster...

Kick thy bucket faster-
To inspire young delight;
And when Death claims she's master,
Do smile you bright; so bright.

Kyle Hamp

! Killer Man

I trust you with
My coffin.
You'll deliver it for me...
I don't know where or when or
How,
But you-
will deliver it
To me.

Kyle Hamp

! Kiss the dirt I wilted on.

Kiss the dirt I wilted on;
Waited, I, on thee.
Now I've bloomed another Doom,
But never pity me.

Kyle Hamp

! Living's a fine way to die.

Tough; your life: with Hinderings
And Hearts to weigh you down.
You need life to mend the things
That yearn to make you frown.

Fear thee not for there's a soul-
Oh just for you to pry;
A soul to show you tenderness.
Living's a fine way to die.

Kyle Hamp

! Moons drift on the Mississippi...

There's touch to water of dark mouths:
The lips of dashing Deer.
Tucked in safe is all the South,
But out I am: no fear.

Ripples dance, collecting-
Everything that they can stash,
But no rasping from the River-
Coughing up their little trash.

Moons drift on the Mississippi.
Fire-flies take flight.
Beauty bathes in cotton fields
For She is brave tonight.

Kyle Hamp

! Mother raised a honeybee.

Anger is a part of me:
A fire I can't suffer.
Mother raised a honeybee.
Oh Lord, do make me tougher.

Kyle Hamp

! My Only Grandma

Her hands ripple like pancakes
Being poured in a pan
And on them- wedding rings:
A ring from each man.

Her chest swells for her heart's
Tucked fat with sweet lovin'.
I'll miss her sweet smell:
Baking bread in the oven.

Kyle Hamp

! My Words kissed you and lied.

Lord do grant her peace of heart:
Needs she not a 'he'.
Guide her heart to your delight;
Just guide it far from me.

I've my leaks to weld and tar.
This hearts pre-occupied:
Bleeding; soon to overdose.
My Words kissed you and lied.

Kyle Hamp

! Now kindly light your fuse.

Sacrifice my body to your fire-
I would do,
But trust my ash would be the dust
That always followed you.

And tried you to relieve yourself
Of my sweet loving wind,
Just another grain of love
Your way I'd quickly send.

And dissipate my love might try,
But gladly I'd refuse.
My ash would take your breath away.
Now kindly light your fuse.

Kyle Hamp

! Personification of Love

I picture Love
a hooker;
For when paid-
it gives sheer pleasures,
But when scorned or left to fend alone:
It Burns...
genital treasures.

Kyle Hamp

! Pins and Dread

I have been to Down Below-
And by that I mean Hell;
Tampering with yarns and threads-
That I knew not well;

Spinning fast out of control,
Knotting up to die.
Drugs seemed just to verify
The Needles in my eye.

-

Judge not...

Kyle Hamp

! Pretty Little Dust

I'll make my little houses
From the Mississippi mud-
And wash my hands both in your tears
And go on like I should.

If I die before I wake-
You'll go on, I trust,
Making pretty houses
From my pretty little dust.

Kyle Hamp

! Quacking at the moon.

Miss I much my rubber duck:
I Laughed it 'round my room.
Now I lay out in cold fields-
Quacking at the moon.

-

Fun changes.

Kyle Hamp

! Rocking: back and fro.

Sits she in her rocking chair-
Rocking: back and fro.
Smiling with her pins and thread-
For knitting, Love does know,

But he does slouch upon a porch
Spitting out chewed seeds:
Bleeding from his ragged heart.
Love's what Sadness needs.

Kyle Hamp

! Searching

Untouched by filthy hands that'd wish to mar my self restraint
Pressure from all those around try for my heart to taint
Won't give in to my mind, I'll fight to stay until I feel
The need for just one other to cause true love to me seem real

May sound dumb I know but seems the best thing one should do
Kind of strange how I'm still me but glad I'm still as new
Those who flaunt do lay at night self hating with regret
Missed phone calls and plastic dolls won't ever make me fret

Sing the silence I'm yet again all by myself alone
Rape the world for lust and pain I'd rather stay at home
Sheltered from the cold harsh world that'd try to weaken me
Full blown love will find my eyes when it I choose to see

Kyle Hamp

! Sparkle, sparkle little heart.

Sparkle, sparkle little heart;
Blind you bright or glow.
Light my path for Eyes to view
The love I've yet to know.

Grin- Oh grin amazing thing!
You've put my mind at ease.
Never have I known such love!
I'm glad my heart does please! !

Now moan and moan you Tattered thing.
Just cry you Oh so loud!
This love that You did guide me to
Makes me, of you, Not proud!

Flake- just break my little heart.
Just...lay you down and die.
Known I not a truer Love
Than that of you and I.

Kyle Hamp

! Spit at Angels

We'll sit on clouds with bubble- Yum!
And share in young delights
As we pick the Angels- Fling!
Whoa, you knocked out all his lights...

Age might come to hinder- Oh!
But we will not be moved.
Kicking Angels in the- Well...
I guess God disapproved.

So we sit in everlasting- Ouch!
Just burning in a Hell.
Wishing for Someone to- YES!
Oh, whip that Angel's tail! !

Kyle Hamp

! That thing is so damn clever.

I do wish to love a soul.
Loneliness I never-
Chose to be in marriage with.
That thing is so damn clever!

Kyle Hamp

! The Bumble in the Bee

Your Oddity was made to show
The special time that God-
Took to craft peculiar ways
Of yours that seem quite odd.

So laugh your Cackle,
but refrain-
From dumbing down your stride.
You were made to skip and flounce!
Forever;
do take pride.

Kyle Hamp

! The Diamond Girl

She stepped out in her high heeled shoes.
Her scent was hotel soap.
Streetlights later dull pains she'd cater,
But she was not a dope...

Whores and pores and tears and fears
Were things she'd daily fight,
But when another'd touch her cover...
Shut, she would, the light.

Kyle Hamp

! The dying moon.

We'll panic 'neath the dying moon:
Mating in the dirt.
All will know when finally-
God does ease the hurt.

Raptured into heaven all:
Those who earned a piece.
Caked in mud and decadence:
Lost souls pray for a peace.

Kyle Hamp

! The Hanging Tree

I fear no one could love me
And what reason can I give-
As an answer to my aching;
For the lonely life I live?

I've never earned a Flatterer;
Nor ever have I laughed-
At an 'ugly' heart depleting
Due to someone else's wrath.

And I'll never love a victim;
For I wouldn't cherish Me.
But I'll seduce the moss that grows-
About my hanging tree.

Kyle Hamp

! The love of a cigarette gets him most places.

In a home full of open doors, open windows, car keys, and motivation,
Nothing can move a poet burning with inspiration:
Rolling on sleep deprivation,
Needing a word-ly separation...
Away from temptation,
Economic segragation,
Exploitation,
Degradation,
and love.
No...he still needs love.
The love of a cigarette gets him most places.

Kyle Hamp

! The Skeletonette in the Closet

In the middle of my tomb
He appears.
I'd banished him...
I resurrect from my flooded coffin
Hell bent on
Forgiving, but-
My infant heart shatters as I realize
For the hundredth time that-

Like prisms held up to sunlight
Tears, too, can play cruel tricks at night.

So, as my heart miscarries
For the hundredth time,
I stiffen as I remember-
My lack of you-
Need of you,
But even though you're Church Bells
Away from me
You won't again grant me peace
Or pleasure at night-

For I know you're warming up her thighs.
Yes...
I know you're warming up her thighs.

Kyle Hamp

! The Weaker Me

My right side is the stronger
Of this body that I own.
All through the day it guides me;
A dependence I have grown:

Writes the cheques I cannot cash,
And blocks the blessed rain,
Washes me and feeds me,
But it doesn't heal the pain.

My left side is the weaker
Of this body that I own.
All through the night it hides me;
The only love that I have known:

Holds a knife while shaking
And the pain it takes away.
Left tries all to free me,
But my right side wants to stay.

Kyle Hamp

! There's nothing poetic about a black boy.

Abuse in all days of his life-
Caused Struggle: his middle name.
Offers, he, not all his Sores.
Not all of him they'll claim.

A troubled heart, he's wounded, hurt;
Made by his world a toy.
Charred as Seed; it was God's deed,
But there's nothing poetic about a black boy?

Kyle Hamp

! This is the twilight of my life.

This is the twilight of my life,
But soon it will decline-
And I'll love yet another Love.
Yes, it's soon to be night time.

Kyle Hamp

! This life I'd die to see.

Do they laugh at me in heaven?
This life I'd die to see,
But don't make of me a joke- a fool!
How much bleeding's left for me?

Don't throw at me religion.
God's not in the sky.
He's not in the tabernacles.
Don't tell me where to cry.

So I'll walk the streets unanswered.
I'll kiss the whores and dirty;
Drink from them their tepid breath
And pray you grant me mercy.

Kyle Hamp

! What I was made to do.

I'll always be a Bleeding thing,
And this I always knew.
I'll never touch a hem to cure
What I was made to do.

Kyle Hamp

! Words and you should part.

Cringe I do at sloppy writes
Teeming with small errors-
Known to plague a baby Bleeder,
But of this I'm no Bearer.

I will not find slashed your wrists
Or fettered up your heart-
Because I comment so nicely
That words and you should part!

-

Speell chek.

Kyle Hamp

! Writing; I'm not: nothing.

I don't have a 'think' to think;
Nothing: I am writing.
Writ about as much as none.
Writing; I'm not: nothing.

-

a blank canvas right now...

Kyle Hamp

! Yes I do still wet the bed.

Yes I do still wet the bed:
With nectar like no flavor.
Reminiscent of a musk;
The ultimate de-ager.

Known by all the land who've loved-
Or simply had its tastes.
Sadly does my heartbeat- Beat;
When on the bed it wastes.

Kyle Hamp

! You don't Realize me.

I want you all to love me.
I want you all to care.
I want you all to guide me.
I want, my pain, to share:

So don't chastise me,
Don't revise me,
Don't despise me;
You don't Realize me...

Kyle Hamp

! You Know

Only you'd know
Why my body's still.
No life in my bones.
No life to will.

You and I know
Who caused my pain.
My last uttered words.
My eyes' last rain.

Could you have known:
The depths of my soul,
My lies and my secrets,
The hearts that I stole?

Only yours though
Was too far from my reach.
I studied its beating-
Turned ears when it'd teach.

Lost is my glow
And the song in my spirit,
But here in your arms
I think I can hear it.

Kyle Hamp

! Your sun I never chose to see.

You're so far from my Mississippi,
But I know you are the one.
I never dreamed of aliens
'Til you made for me a sun.

Now here I am a victim.
This I never chose to be.
This I never chose to write about.
Your sun I never chose to see.

Kyle Hamp

! Youth is dirty.

I lick your lobes with clever probes,
Alliteration, and rhymes so sturdy.
Still we choose different paths; different views.
You: Poetry is clean. I: Youth is dirty.

Kyle Hamp

. An Assumption

All the world knows I feel.
I'm sure they feel quite often.
I naturally just assume this,
So I assume they assume of me.

Kyle Hamp

. As I see you look my way.

When I see you kiss loose lips
This little soul just writhes.
Know I of the truth of you
And know I of these lies.

When I see you strut the streets
And as you tilt your hat-
To a body so dished out:
My eyes can't handle that.

Yes I see you visit them;
Frock them in their gloom.
I just want to kill for fear;
Fall dead right in that room!

As I see you look my way;
Retired to your loft-
Battered hearts smile knowingly-
And break ever so soft.

Kyle Hamp

. At least you're at Her door.

It's hard to teach a love your love.
One rock can't roll another.
Fate not time's the one device
That can soften, but not cut Her.

Now wait, you, patiently forever
And never ask for more.
Life might drown your knocking out,
But at least you're at Her door.

Kyle Hamp

. Can one erase a heart?

I can never write a thing
For lack of simply writing.
The same for hate and loving..
So, both, maybe I should start.

I do scribble flings without thinking,
And my heart gets sore from revising
All the words my lips go singing
Like can one erase a heart?

Kyle Hamp

. Die, I, pretty.

Find my body in a state-
That mesmerizes eyes.
Souls come forth to view it-
As it not so quickly dies.

Suffer skin and bone of mine.
The people they will please.
As I draw my dying breath-
I won't, for I'm a tease.

They'll shield me from the scorching heat;
My Mississippi burning.
Die I'll not in sweaty Summer;
Winter's what I'm yearning.

The snow will avalanche my form.
Then prances Spring so flitty.
Discover- iced: my cold remains.
Forever, die, I, pretty.

Kyle Hamp

. I love you...a little bit.

You're sugar deep in all my ash,
But place no blame on me.
Never did your heart I stash.
My soul you'll never see.

Weary; I'm not sure at all.
For this Race I'm not fit.
I'll try so hard to never stall.
I love you...a little bit.

Kyle Hamp

. I never wanted Mississippi.

Not a lot in Mississippi.
Fields and fields of cotton...
Trees here and there:
Blanketed in magnolias.

Our state flower.

People f*** it all up.
These Monsters spill life's cup.

I need nicotine to own this scene.
I am lost in living... I am lost in mind.
Big, great blue shines bluer than blue;
Cotton stains the blue.

Like cotton pains my World.

I never wanted Mississippi?
...no...
I've never wanted Mississippi...

Kyle Hamp

. I warned he should not man hers.

Now suffer you dull, nasty thing!
Just walk you through his keep.
I told you not to feel that way.
I told you not so deep.

'But could he ever love a soul? '
Quite sure he gave you answers.
Steered he Lips of wondering:
I warned he should not man hers.

-

she's a wreck without him...

Kyle Hamp

. I: your only pet.

I'll carry you oh love of mine.
Never you forget,
I: the apple of your eye.
I: your only pet.

When my Heart does ache for touch:
Look I'll to the sky.
Fly: you'll to your sweet demise.
Fly: you'll right to I.

Kyle Hamp

. Is This Really All for Love?

Gouge your big and pretty eyes;
Fry your cunning brain;
Slice and dice your charming tongue;
To feet will your blood rain.

Wring out every arterie!
Dry you up your heart;
Leak out all your salty tears;
For Love, did this, you start?

Kyle Hamp

. I've always Never's kiss.

Fawn I do to interest you.
I know it never works.
I know I never break your brow.
I know my beauty jerks.

Bleed always, I, for your gaze,
But never it I've missed;
For never, I, it's burned upon,
But I've always Never's kiss.

Kyle Hamp

. Just get me to a bath.

Night of simple pleasure.
Relationship me not.
Where to buy protection?
Now there's food for thought.

Poured him sugar doses.
Good he is at math.
An ambulance I'm staring!
Just get me to a bath.

Kyle Hamp

. Like sand I blew apart.

Stuck I am in Hate's quicksand:
Sandy is my heart.
Kicked, you, dirt right in my face;
Like sand I blew apart.

Many tears did wet my chest
And now I'm kin to mud.
Stuck; I am of Hate's quicksand,
But still I've some good blood.

Kyle Hamp

. Living with the Living...

Living with the Living
Is a funny thing to see.
Side by Side they hate each Side
That dares to touch their 'Me'.

Little Sides do grow up tall
Knowing not to love.
Only to, when cut in line,
Be quick to Push and Shove.

Juxtaposed from 'Death' and 'Dark';
Taboos amongst their number!
Not knowing 'til their Very breath
That Alone they'll go Asunder.

Kyle Hamp

. Love is doing this.

Cotton; feels my nostrils.
Sugar; tastes my ears.
Sticky are my hands and brow
And shredded are my fears.

Clouded is my thinking.
Working are my wrists:
On their own; my heart's a drone
For love is doing this.

Kyle Hamp

. Lover's words as Lover dies.

Dying words float all about.
Last said prayers to stay devout-
Flitter like gone butterflies:
Lover's words as Lover dies.

Battle within living spouse:
Sit and stay or leave thine house?
Fear thee not; for what They see-
Should be your life lived happily.

-

Move on...they'd want you to.

Kyle Hamp

. Loves me not my confidant...

Sorrow is my confidant.
The only one to hear-
Every ounce of pain I've bled
And every falling tear.

Loves me not my confidant-
For every single time-
He leaves me when my heart is dry
And rapes my every rhyme.

Kyle Hamp

. Make me pretty in your writes.

Born I was to homeliness.
Not ever a size four.
Content I am with chubbiness,
But can I not have more?

Read, I, of your literature.
Although you are no great.
Still your words do wreck my soul-
And rid it of debate.

Several seas divide us
And you know me not at all,
But won't a loving stranger-
Give a cushion to my fall?

Yes indeed I'm asking-
So I've never sleepless nights;
Cheer my brow and flatter!
Make me pretty in your writes.

Kyle Hamp

. My heart won't beat again.

Some find my love the strangest thing:
Immoral and a sin-
And now that you're among the some
My heart won't beat again.

Now I can't count the rhythm
Of the beating of my heart.
I'll never love again the way
You finally made me start.

Kyle Hamp

. Need to walk this life.

Burned my lives like morning toast.
All of them I know.
Recreated; fast each form.
This one I'll burn slow.

There's a need to view it all:
A chance for butter+knife.
I've a need to walk this time:
Need to walk this life.

-

My past lives were amazing.

Kyle Hamp

. Never get I naps in.

I don't really live my life.
It all just sort of happens.
Sleeping I am through it all,
But never get I naps in.

Kyle Hamp

. Now I'm forced by time's design.

Cast my Watch into the sea
To a life ever submerging:
Never finding will for air;
Raw Need never emerging.

I recall the end of time:
The minutes when we kissed,
But now I'm forced by time's design.
Our seconds will be missed.

Kyle Hamp

. Nowhere, Anywhere...With You

A breath I heard...was it yours or mine?
I was ready to run away.
Frightening it was...that confession of love,
But love begged me to stay.

The sun didn't shine in that room with us.
So we laid in dark; ears straining.
I waited for you to quicken me
With reasons for remaining.

Finally, you breathed so my ears could hear
And said you had to know-
That through a quake or wind or hell-
Would, with you, I go.

And where was my mind to scold my heart! ? -
To give a 'no' to you.
How far we've gone, I do not know,
But to nowhere, anywhere...with you.

Kyle Hamp

. Ode to Emily

Never did She venture far;
Her feet never did quest-
By light of yet a different star,
But pained, She, house arrest.

Kyle Hamp

. Out of Me

Weigh me down no longer- I-
Won't let you break my pride.
Can't walk around a day without
The dragging in my stride.

Out of me and into it.
Oh look how low I've come.
Rumbling in my belly- Oh-
Just leave to which you're from.

Lick my tears and use
To base the bottom of the pan.
Joining crowds and clear blue clouds
Won't stop my stubborn hand.

Throw it down....you awful soul.
Why not a grinning face?
My life is numb and all restraint
Has vanished, with no trace.

Drown it out with pulsing beats.
No use; let's try square one.
Back to deeds that sicken me.
Oh well... what's done is done.

Stone and rock, the earth is me:
Big block of dried cement;
Move the eyes- To left. To right...
This sounds like what I meant.

Kyle Hamp

. People steal my poetry.

Eyes weld open at the sight:
The last remains of my last write:
Torn and tattered; now revised.
Who, my heart, has circumcised?

Wet my cheeks and wet my brow:
The time has come. Oh Daddy now:
Happy? You don't know it. See-
How people steal My poetry!

-

One day he'll read them all.

Kyle Hamp

. Please just be fulfilled.

I beg you: back to normalcy.
Never hunger you!
Need you time to just forget-
That touch you hadn't knew.

Yes, blunders come and scar a soul,
But for this Thing they've killed!
Creep you not far from this door.
Please just be fulfilled.

Kyle Hamp

. Return to Innocence

Rags and things to clean the mess,
Dull pains below the belt.
That day for you was dreamy-
Filled with smiles you never felt.

Fresh blood of yours was turned foul, brown
And drops crashed from the sky.
You laid there with a crooked grin,
But I won't ask you why.

So given chance, would you die
To save your little soul? -
Take back that day in creaking clouds
To end this 'maybe' role?

This game you play won't crown to you-
A win, but common-sense,
Can give to you, to us a brief
Return to innocence.

Kyle Hamp

. She never dreamt.

Suicide in sorrow- Yes,
A bullet through her head!
Laughing, for tomorrow-
She'd be Flattering the dead.

But thought her of her Longing-
Or just maybe an attempt,
Would have sent to her Prince Charming;
But, of Love, she never dreamt...

Kyle Hamp

. Shelve my fairytale.

I never found that potion:
The one to wake and mend,
But I'm fine with just pretending
That I'm happy in the end.

I always knew I'd die this way:
Young and black and frail.
Now death to my dull living.
Now shelve my fairytale.

Kyle Hamp

. Sinners in the Eyes of Odd

I hate you, but your vocal chords
Send waves of pleasure through the hoards
Of people eager to undress
And much to your 'humble' distress;

But flatter me and take me home-
For church should be a brief 'shalom'
And not a show of flinging rice,
Over the preachers: shooting dice.

Kyle Hamp

. Slipping

Lying here draining;
Life flooding the room.
Heartbeat waning;
I know the end is soon.

Fingers cold and numb;
My mind slowly slipping.
Senses nearly gone,
But still I hear the dripping.

Frozen on the floor;
Give me back my life.
Footsteps running towards me;
Too late to hide the knife.

Kyle Hamp

. Society's Mind

Bound through the doors of my sweet prison
Not a condemned place yet but a fool's heaven
Study til my eyes bleed tears of question
No cause behind but the need is there

Pot of soup filled with accepted varieties
Segregate the peas from the string beans and carrots
Slop of a meal but accepted by those widespread
Bite the tongue as a voice from above rules life

Lies encircle the ears of society's concern
Self is all wished upon with the power of freedom
What to do with a future so bright and blinding?
Wear sun glasses and pray to breathe the last before election

Kyle Hamp

. Stalk I do your kiss.

I am such a silly fool;
Stalk I do your kiss.
Warnings never hinder me.
These thoughts wrap me in bliss.

'Heed to All, ' you ask of me;
That's something I can't do.
Hands might be quick to obey,
But what of my dreams too?

Kyle Hamp

. Strange, She

Caught up in your barbie dolls;
You had no eyes to spare.
I sat in mud and flamed my dog-
Just burning puppy hair.

A little mind so full of hope
Should not be cast aside;
For when it grows- there is no doubt
You won't have time to hide.

Now, strange He? No- stranger She!
You brought about this page.
Crushed my little puppy heart-
But now we are of age...

Kyle Hamp

. Sure Looks Better

Sifting through the wreckage of the life I used to lead;
Only shattered dreams and broken masks I once did need.
Setting of my jaw with shadows dangling on my chin-
Wondering where to stop before I feel I should begin.

Send me painted clocks of red and tell me the old man! -
Shut up in my bones and with no plans to ever stand.
Wasn't long before the seeds did harvest in my soul.
Aching struggle, but faith to keep on striving for my goal.

Redemption is all wished upon, but slap my pure blind mind.
No need to tell me lies, no need to leave my eyes behind.
This one sure will bleed the last; gluing all together.
This one now is all bled out; the other sure looks better.

Kyle Hamp

. The stutters of our hips.

Merrily, I beseech you.
The mutters of my lips-
Shall never speak to anyone
The stutters of our hips.

Kyle Hamp

. There's a Flower I've to plow.

If we're one, then would You bleed-
If I flattered a new seed?
Need I'll not the answer now.
There's a Flower I've to plow.

Kyle Hamp

. Vain

Its not been but a month
And you've already slain your words;
Of how you'd be a better me-
Of how we'd soar past birds.

We only wanted just a bit
To keep them up at night:
Tossing, turning, crying,
Wanting us with all their might.

Look at me; don't turn away.
I'll not be made as dirt!
If not for you, for me.
Oh, please don't make this mirror hurt...

Forever with you I'll be;
As your shadow, mind, your heart-
But as my heart you failed
Now decomposing I will start

Kyle Hamp

. Young I am.

If you disbelieve my Writes, then you can go to Hell!
I'll write vividly of your trip with Blood from my ink pale.

Young I am, but not a dunce.
My scholars knew me Not.
They thought I'd be another name.
They thought I'd die and rot.

I Bleed my mind onto a page;
And true I do bleed fast,
But in the end, we shall see
Whose blood will grow the Grass.

-

I'm young, but these poems Are really me.

Kyle Hamp

A banana peels eyes never.

Gently weep and pray a faith;
This they've loved forever.
Get just this if nothing else:
A banana peels eyes never.

Kyle Hamp

A beach boy in the Mud.

Down in heat, direction wise,
It's sweaty night and day.
Glow the sky: a drying heat,
But Brown won't go away.

Animals lay in the streets;
Their moisture running off:
Ditches fill with sickening.
The mention makes me scoff.

The Boiling gets too much for me;
I pray freedom from sludge.
I pray, God, gather up these bones:
A beach boy in the Mud.

Kyle Hamp

A Gangster's Dream

I saw a man die today.
He did not shed a tear.
The look of grief held in her eyes,
His mom, caused him to sneer.

Bad right through his hollowed veins;
The drugs struck with precision.
Care, he'd not for all his life
He'd 'die to go to prison...'

Kyle Hamp

A kiss to God.

Burn me not; I love you so.
Sins I wrote to man.
Kiss to God; spit to devil:
Save his biggest fan!

Kyle Hamp

A kitten when I'm bitten.

I don't think you know,
But I'm a tiger in the sack;
A kitten when I'm bitten:
This 'purr' here states that fact.

Kyle Hamp

A Laugh for the Insomniac

I dream to hang a braided rope
About my turkish neck.
For sleep has been a void-
Oh nothing ever rhymes with- heck!

Kyle Hamp

A Lulla- Lie-

Before I lay my head to rest-
I've some things left to say.
Please dear God don't bury me
Before the dawn of day.

Angels keep me safe and smile:
As I toss and turn.
Naughty dreams, stay far from me.
For God only I yearn.

Know you of my early sins;
Drugs, the touch, and all.
Bolt my feet tight to a cloud;
At night I'll never fall.

Lastly, take my pain away:
Uneasiness and stress.
Know I not religion,
But I've heard it works the best.

This I promise I will do:
Sin all day 'til ten.
Then I'll come right back to you-
This I pray. Amen.

Kyle Hamp

A marijuana massacre.

Sticks of branches tiled the floor.
Not a word was said.
Boys and girls hid in themselves
Like a poet in his head.

Starlight broke their cool serene.
Fear rode their hearts faster.
All laid out as eyes wide cried:
A marijuana massacre.

Kyle Hamp

A medicated being.

My skin has littered evidence
Of a love gone good to bad;
Passion still I've for the things,
But better times I've had.

Talked 'friends' of the feelings felt-
And taught 'friends' history.
Talked 'friends' til I raped the thing,
But maybe you'll listen to me.

Take Your mind and marry it
And run you fast and fleeing-
When you face a real, live Waste:
A medicated being.

Kyle Hamp

A poet that is good.

Born to be a witness.
Born to direct feet;
But thrown he is unto his Class-
Just so they can eat.

Chew, they, up his marrow,
And spit, they, out fresh blood.
Never shall one leave the Class:
A poet that is good.

Kyle Hamp

A razor's dull to you.

'You're so fine, ' as Mother says,
'A razor's dull to you.'
Wrong she is; for here I am-
In Hell without a clue.

Come rescue me in shining armor;
I'll not call you queer.
Save me from this wretched place-
For Home is what I fear.

Kyle Hamp

A shudder from the River.

Dancing; barricading:
This Phlegm does hold off dinner.
Anger; quakes the Mississippi:
A shudder from the River.

Kyle Hamp

A thought.

Who I would be.
If I could be.
Where I should be.
But I'm not- see.

Kyle Hamp

A Vague Living

The years have been detailed,
But I remember scarcely of their colors.
Most were black and white
And few, so few were golden.
I must stress the distress
I feel about my life.
Can one claim a life as theirs
If they can only recall
Little of living it?
I'd like another choice, please.
Never would I have wanted this life.
I can vaguely even remember it.

Kyle Hamp

Alive

Died last night
I'll explain how it felt.
Flames of pleasure
The emotions melt.

Senses failure,
The eyes implode,
Tear ducts drought,
The veins erode.

Painful truth,
Half-hearted peace.
Chambers collapse,
Clinically decease.

Revived by thought,
Remember the feeling.
You'll need it now,
For your soul's harsh healing.

Kyle Hamp

Alone; to all it seemed.

Sweet it was: your Reverie.
You filled my mind with dreams.
This heart could never cite it all:
Always ran out of reams.

Loved I moments at my desk.
Alone; to all it seemed.
But in my mind I was a god:
Hardly self-esteemed.

Kyle Hamp

Although he seems divided...

In a dark and dirty place-
He holds his little sermons,
Drinks his cans of alcohol,
And preaches to the vermon.

Fingernails are caked with mud,
Eyes have turned blood red,
Teeth the color of the sun,
Shoe boxes for a bed:

Although he seems divided-
God keeps his Heart so tidy.
Never need you books to teach;
Just spiritual sobriety.

Pity that he was no friend.
Now indeed he's dead,
But his lessons were taught well-
For they came not from his head.

Kyle Hamp

Always I will frown at you.

Never turn an ear to God,
Never part a sea,
Never will I do a thing
For you do not love me.

Always I will frown at you-
From far across a room.
Never will I move a limb-
From bed before past noon.

When in line to join the saints-
Among God's holy number,
I'll be cast into the Lake.
When living, I'd just slumber.

Brows in grief and pestilence;
Now aching, but I knew-
I never would be satisfied.
Still Here, I frown at you.

Kyle Hamp

Amongst the bluebirds.

I write upon a tattered page
The happenings of my life,
But I write at such a flattered age
That to some I don't seem right.

I'm not sure where they come from:
The recurring waves of words,
But when ink rapes page I'm undone:
A lone black amongst the bluebirds.

Kyle Hamp

An Offbeat Annotation

All the bleach that ever was couldn't wash it:
My first time.
In a thirty dollar room full of sin and stains
We chose to intertwine.

Waves of pot and uncertainty drenched my heart
And washed my mind.
We tossed around in cigarette butts
And on tart lust we dined.

Blood seeped through the fabric
Of the lumpy bed we rocked.
My lover smelled of sweat and gin.
Regret I stored in stock,

But I'd dreamt that it would be that way:
Fast and rough and hurried.
I only wish that I'd had a mind to run
As fast as my first scurried:

Left me numb and stupefied
With an offbeat annotation
Of drugs and hugs and last of love.
I needed more than a condom's protection.

Kyle Hamp

And deeper you pursue.

Touch me in that darkened place;
Where no one gets to see.
Breath upon that aching itch-
And taste but all of me.

Settle down that restless thing:
Do fetter up my groans.
Trust I can this expert:
Turns my thoughts into my moans.

Lead me not to medication,
For just the sight of you-
Craving every ounce of me.
Oh! And deeper you pursue!

Kyle Hamp

And never falter Tune.

While I sit here watching you;
That's all I have to say.
The thought of me just watching you
Leaves words for me to pay.

Know you not another stare.
Mine: the sun and moon!
Sing, my eyes, of love and love-
And never falter Tune.

Kyle Hamp

Angels and Geishas

Decent hair with fluffy eyes
And a smile I find quite odd-
Pleasant still, but scarcity
Has priced you high to God.

An angel, but no deity
Would pain you with a face...
That quickly breaks the hearts of those
That step into this place.

Kyle Hamp

Ants in Pants

We all want
To be thrust up
Into a light romance.

We all wait
So apprehensive-
Writhing: ants in pants.

Kyle Hamp

Applications and Interviews

I'll tell you of a man
That as a child dreamed.
He dreamed so big and bright.
His dreams illuminated space
Between their segregated hearts,
But he never dreamed he'd have to fight:
Fight for love;
Fight for wealth.
He never dreamed he would
Fight just to sell himself.

Kyle Hamp

As bones turn to flowers.

One day we'll sicken.
Come quickly the hour.
Know earth a love-
When flesh does turn sour.

Smile will the world-
As bones turn to flowers.
Gone all our remedies:
Gone oily towers.

Kyle Hamp

As long as I've Your light.

God, do grant my faith white wings-
To fly far from the dirt:
To never know unhappiness;
To never know a hurt.

Tilt my chin high toward Your face
To keep me in thine sight.
Lean I'll not unto the shade
As long as I've Your light.

Never take my pleading cries
As childish made demands.
Know You of my thirst for You.
I know You understand.

Pray I will both day and night
And pass, I'll, every test.
Award to me Your Paradise
Where my Jesus does rest.

Kyle Hamp

As on me 'sorries' land.

Never shall I take harsh words-
For them I will not Stand;
But I will Lay beneath your tears-
As on me 'sorries' land.

Forgive I might your sorry soul,
But know I'm deaf to you;
Forget I'll not for soon I'll Roll
With a love you never knew.

Kyle Hamp

Before She gets to Heaven.

Love-less is the dawning Sun
Without the Moon's farewell.
When you dawn your favorite coat-
I'm sure that you can tell.

Sadness blows in with a storm:
The Moon's not quite forgiven.
Blood must brighten darkened skies-
Before She gets to Heaven.

Kyle Hamp

Black Sunday

He peeks inside the church to see that
He needs a cigarette before he can do it.
All his life he's waited.
He's waitin'.
He kicks a loose stone that's eroded from
The steps.
Oh, the steps he took to get here.
He's inhalin' deeply and prayin' for a sickness.
Cancer maybe.
An excuse to leave.
This boy's dressed too sharp to leave: a pin-striped suit
That belongs to his daddy.
He's sweatin' underneath.
It trickles down to his toes
Along with his fear
And in to a pair of worn dress shoes:
Freshly polished.
He's startled by a sudden dose of 'holy ghost' that's
Filled the church: the saint's go wild in an appropriate manner.
Can't have no slips and hips showin' in church.
He's done with his deed and has to finish another,
But his mama comes out lookin' sanctified in her new dress:
It's all white.
She frowns at him standin' in all his unholiness.
Saints don't smoke or sweat or fear she believes.
Not in public anyway.
It's time to face the choir.
She turns him toward the door.
It's time to be free.
She nudges him.
It's time to be rid of his demons.
He's walkin'.
It's time to limit his love.
He's cryin'.

Kyle Hamp

Blooming Gloom (Haiku)

Dead plant still within
Empty garden accepts fate
Of never blooming.

Kyle Hamp

Blunders

I sit and write on Poem Hunter
Missing not my every blunder.
That is why I demonstrate
A humble way for- oops! - I make.

-

For: Tai Chi, yoonoos, 'Planz Says', and all others who inspire me on PoemHunter.
Thnx a lot!

Kyle Hamp

Break-up in December

I'm chain smoking.
I've chronic choking.
My lips will never mend.
This cold is gripping.
These tears are slipping.
I guess this is the end...

Kyle Hamp

Burn in coal.

I do not have a single clue-
Of who you are or what-
Brought you here to share your soul:
To show us all your Butt!

Vicious; caring only when-
It tittilates your soul.
Again I'll never give you Words.
I'd rather burn in coal;

But take your eyes and wash them-
On the poison of your tongue.
See the things you've written;
See the Poets you're among?

-

To a vicious Mister...

Kyle Hamp

Burn you not all of my blood.

Flame is all about your form.
Get thee hence from me.
Touch you not a cell of mine.
My love you'll never see.

Burn you not all of my blood.
This heart has hearts to do.
Your vapor gets the best of me;
Burn toes and fingers too.

Kyle Hamp

But me I am...

When I die, what will not stop:
To dry a falling tear,
To mourn the passing of a star,
To curse that curs-ed year?

And when I live, what will I be:
An always sticky stain:
A legend known for all I do-
Or another dropp of rain?

But when I am, but me I am-
A life- sick, sullen boy;
With words in mind, depleting time;
And ink here for a toy.

Kyle Hamp

By frocking up a key.

Keyboards aren't as good as pens.
Better, I don't think.
Never do they make mistakes.
Never use they Ink.

Frock ups build your character:
Need them just to be.
Build you'll not a masterpiece
By frocking up a key.

Kyle Hamp

Concrete Kid

The need to feel my difference
Is a siren's song unsung
Has been urged by my indifference
To being black and male and young.

I was raised to brush the idea of
Being something off my shoulder.
Only street lights gave me love
And brightened every year that I got older.

It's so hard today in this everyday
Man made much unnecessary battling
Between my heart and yours. So love now bores?
Pray the streets do hush their rattling.

Kyle Hamp

Cursing your left memories.

Through the window light does shine.
Sits, Myself, here sipping wine-
Thinking of the past: our days.
The breath of you still near Me stays.

'Weak', I know this now you think,
'He probably can't sleep a wink.'
Right you are, for oh how 'He's-
Cursing your left memories!

Kyle Hamp

Dare thee steal this Poet.

Protected do you think you are?
Not while I am living.
Bleeding is a selfish thing.
I'm not fond of giving.

Brag you not of syphoned blood.
'Less ye never know it.
Death will catch you up to things.
Dare thee steal this Poet?

Kyle Hamp

Dead and Livin'

My bed was like a bed when I woke this morning.
Strange-
Because ususally it's like a casket:
Bereft of the livin',
But made by the livin'
For the livin'
Who cease living
Only to go on living
In another place for the once living, but now
Dead.
Well, I suppose I felt alive
This morning-
Or just a little less
Dead.

Kyle Hamp

dear God, don't call.

I've a life.
I'm off to Live it.
Hearts, starts, farts, and all.

Need I time.
Just need I time.
No poems; dear God, don't call.

Kyle Hamp

Death advises me...

Death entices me everyday
In those whose dreams have died.

Death advises me everyday
When I see those dreams that died.

Kyle Hamp

Division

I feel the need to clarify
My current disposition.
Love and want and hurt- a blunt,
Put me in this position;

With bills to pay on lower pay;
Fear of a court's decision;
Lips to lick and drugs to kick-
I've mastered plain division.

Kyle Hamp

Don't leave me with those lovely hands.

Don't leave me with those lovely Hands.
Their experience: so steep!
Aggressive; knowing well Their ways.
My first real kiss I'll keep!

Those Digits know burning too well.
Not I amongst Their number.
My heart will not be flamed by Those...
Oh this heart might never slumber.

Kyle Hamp

Don't Let Go

Daily trip to wash my mind
In the stream just by the wood.
Danced around all happy,
But I know I should have stood.

Ate a plum...so sweet and tart;
The blood slid down my chin.
Finished; then I did undress
So my bath I could begin.

The water flowed cold to the touch.
I screamed with young delight!
Decided not to waste more time
So I jumped in with the night.

Fireflies protected me...
Their light did guide my form.
So caught up in being one
I stepped hard on a thorn.

Lost my mind in seconds still;
The silence oh so loud.
Heaviness then lifted me
And I was like a cloud.

Rippling in the water
Told me all that I should know.
A voice like thunder quickened me
And said, 'Don't dare let go! '

-

For my hero.

Kyle Hamp

Down We Go

Seat belts fastened-
Hold a hand.
This ride's so new to me.

A real smooth start;
Anticipation-
Red butterflies I see.

Here's the drop.
I'm getting scared.
There's one thing left to do.

Down we go.
To scream or mute?
I must say 'I love you'.

Kyle Hamp

Dying never falters.

Let there be- a promise given.
Years; not one word's altered.
Now we deem ourselves great gods,
But dying's never faltered.

Kyle Hamp

Even Me

Even I can see the trail
Which down a tear has gone
You want space, and this I see
Yet still to me you're drawn

Can't fight alone this fight you fight
Why must you war at all
Keeping busy hurting
Will most surely be your fall

You're a leaf and shaken easy
Come wind and you let go
To rot with other leaves and leaves-
Decay will never show

Please tell this one why you shy
From issues in your heart
Loved ones piece it back together
And I for the most part

Kyle Hamp

Fabricator, Deep Down

Take my hand and help me feel.
It's been so long- the day I felt.
Emotions all usually come to tears-
With hearty confessions held in for years.

This bed I make so full of lies
Will be the death of me.
Oh how I hate this pretty stranger
That smiles all out, but boils with anger.

Queerer, queerer- all is all;
This groom of fabrication;
Has no one for love and lust,
So lie to live. He must, he must.

Kyle Hamp

Falling Covers

And I lay me down to wake
In strong arms that remember me
Completely.
Fear rolls down my mask,
But I am physically safe and only emotionally
Endangered.
Your heart seems to reach in me
For the lie I inspired and the kisses that transpired
In the heat of the moment
During a frozen summer's night.
My eyes twinkled in another's
While we intertwined; hidden without covers
And my thighs glistened: soaked with lust.
I am the person these arms think they can trust.
I hear a sigh.
The hold on me is slipping.
Falling covers I am gripping
As the arms turn me toward their eyes
And even more of me just dies.

Kyle Hamp

Feel, I, need to cut again.

Love from all who saw my Tears:
Lies they all would send.
Worthy? Years I've bled this Craft!
Feel, I, need to cut again.

Kyle Hamp

Flaked, you, like a piece of me.

Partners 'til the bitter end:
Never shared, we, lies.
Treasures always followed us-
Trailed after by our cries!

'Not a soul could dent our team',
You said, but oh how He-
Came in quickly with his seed...
Flaked, you, like a piece of me.

-

You've left me...

Kyle Hamp

For someone else like me.

They show us not at all a love.
We only have each other.
How I wish she did go 'fish',
But I'll always love my mother.

Raped with words because I care
For someone else like me.
Couldn't find a dainty bird-
So I'm bedding with a bee.

Not so gone within this world:
Sustained enough to know-
That birds do starve on waves to West,
But to honey, bees will go.

Kyle Hamp

For the Youth

I am of 2008-
With Etnies on my feet;
Skinny jeans,
Rebellion gleams
And God I'm soon to meet.

-

For the youth of P.H.

Kyle Hamp

For things Children deem fickle.

Wrinkles avalanche your nails.
Chests do plow the dirt.
Never will you dumb my stride.
Never, I, you'll hurt.

Thunder do your drying Breaths:
Crackle, then they trickle.
Known I not the Grown to cry
For things Children deem fickle.

-

You're T.oo M.u.CH.

Kyle Hamp

For you I keep my legs apart.

For you I keep my legs apart:
Ready for the mess,
Ready for the ovedose,
Ready for the zest.

Kyle Hamp

Forever we will be...

Though holes do fill your body-
And welding does take time;
My Love will burn you whole again.
It's starting with this rhyme.

Kyle Hamp

Friends

I live with many demons.
They steal me from my bed.
Many hearts the fiends have eaten.
My demons are well fed.

And I've killed my share of angels;
At least they claimed to be,
But would angels dance in decadance
And go to bed with me?

Kyle Hamp

Geniuses

All these fools
Encourage these fools.
They dont fool any others.
They're just foolin' each other.

Kyle Hamp

Give me, give me miracles.

Give me, give me miracles.
Know that faith surprises.
Comfy in your metal clouds,
But know that hell's heat rises.

Kyle Hamp

Go fool: don't tend this heart.

Can I, should I pity you
For knowing my dumb heart;
For once more waking my long dull aching.
Go fool: don't tend this heart!

Should I, will I...pretty you.
This heart flies off the handle;
All its life it's yearned for strife:
Even I can't grasp its handle.

Kyle Hamp

God is trash.

Earth is dying.
Lie, I, not.
Take a ride;
Better: trot.

Love your Lord?
God is trash:
Everywhere.
Recycle fast.

Kyle Hamp

God Only Knows...

I will forget your touch, your taste, your smell.
After these words do leave my pen.
These lips you'll never pluck again...
God only knows where your kisses have been.

Kyle Hamp

Happy, I Guess

I think I'm very happy
Because I feel really good
I'm not all grumpy and sad
I feel happy because I should

Sad and mad and glad and bad
Mixed emotions I used to keep
At night I used to toss and turn
But now I get plenty of sleep

I'm a great person most of the time
And I keep good company always
The only time that I get all grumpy
Is on those sunny days

I should be happy...I really should
No one can convince me of less
I should be happy and make others happy
I should always be happy I guess

Kyle Hamp

Hearts and toes and bone...

Just one hundred and ninety two-
Dollars for my fare.
Hook and hustle- sheets to rustle:
Don't care; just get me there.

A mass of skin and hair and teeth:
Hearts and toes and bone;
Sweat and spit with blood in it.
This pain will get me home.

Kyle Hamp

Her Garden

Run and run from the big bad truth-
We both know that they don't have proof.
Childish ways to build their own.
Just look around...you're not alone.

Shout it out, your strength in pain.
They'll never bother you again.
Jealous all for wanting you.
Hating all for wanting you.

My precious little garden shrub.
Oh, bubble bubble in the tub.
I'll water you down with my shadow,
Forever you it will now follow.

Clear the area, my best work. Done.
Now from you they all will run.
Walk in the eyes of all around,
And I promise they won't make a sound.

-

Jealous all for wanting you...
Hating all for wanting you.
Childish ways to build their own.
Just look around...you're not alone.

Kyle Hamp

He's many stains.

No matter how hard he tries
To believe his lies,
He'll remain, always, alone;
Apart from friends, the Air, and self:
Apart for feeling alone.

Sometimes he looks hurt
In his fading shirts.
They've witnessed: many rains,
Too many hurts, too many pains.
He's many shirts. He's many stains.

Kyle Hamp

I do not love at ease.

Never should one challenge me.
I do not love at ease.
If I did I'm sure that you
Would rival Me: a tease.

Kyle Hamp

I long for you to reach me.

Summer showers pity me.
I live in Mississippi.
When I'm dry, in need of sea,
I long for You to reach me.

Kyle Hamp

I must get to Heaven.

Is this place my home:
This bitterness and strife?
Will I find my home?
This couldn't be My life.

I must get to Heaven-
By bus or train or flight.
I'm almost to my Heaven.
I wish I had some light.

Kyle Hamp

I need a cigarette...

...so badly that my heart aches with every breath,
with every thought,
with everything.
Nicotine....be my savior.
Just this night.
Grant me rhymes.
Justice time.

Kyle Hamp

I need a drink of you.

I perspire in the heat.
Your Fan has work to do.
Need, I, now some quenching.
I need a drink of you.

Kyle Hamp

I Never

I've never heard.
I've never felt.
I've never seen.
I've never smelt.

I've never laughed.
I've never cried.
I've never writ...
I've never lied.

Kyle Hamp

I never want to die again.

I never want to Die again:
Give me back my life!
Never have I known such pain;
The victim of Your strife.

Never shall I die alone;
My house shall know a draft.
Death won't take me from My home-
Without my Other half.

Kyle Hamp

I never wanted love let in.

I've always locked the top lock
On the doorway of my heart.
I never wanted love let in
To tear my world apart.

Kyle Hamp

I pray for summer Rain.

All I do is edify
And flavor up my pain.
Testifies, this Heart: so dry.
I pray for summer Rain.

Kyle Hamp

I pray sunlight remembers me.

A helping of that loneliness
Has endangered my whole life.
Its bitter and it quakes me.
Its siren songs do so entice.

As does the ink of an octopus
Left to drift in its departure
I quiver too; forgotten too
Like the devil's discarded garter.

My hands shiver so slightly
As to forever remind me
Of the fear I have of fearing
That dull starlight will not guide me-

To embrace the loneliness of sleep
That drifts to comfort me.
Only darkness bakes me apple pies.
I pray sunlight remembers me.

Kyle Hamp

I sit and let it fester.

Hurt: me, but I cannot say.
I sit and let it fester:
In a place so full of words;
A place that love won't pester.

Leave me and my hemorrhage.
I'll wear out all my pain.
Living with a cancer: sore-
Until I die again.

Kyle Hamp

I think I'll rest my eyes today...

I think I'll rest my eyes today-
From traveling pages of-
Silly books like: suicide,
Hate, fate, hope, and love.

Just a day or two I'll break.
And then I'll circumcise-
The oddity of all my days:
Writing a quaint reprise.

Kyle Hamp

I think I'm getting Deeper.

Never did I nap so deep.
All my likes are gone.
Now from me myself does seep.
Where did I go wrong?

Parties now are not the same.
Friends made me a sleeper.
Neither do I know my name.
I think I'm getting Deeper.

Kyle Hamp

I tick.

I feel it tightening.
The constricting of my day
Is restricting my way,
But it deserves to die
For it suffocates my hour
And murders my minute
Then siphons my second
While I am still in it.
I find it frightening.
I tick.
Please don't tell time.

Kyle Hamp

I will sail to lighter blues.

I don't resist upon my bed
As of my sadness I grow fonder.
Miles have filled my heart
For your long absence makes me ponder...

Why should I give water
To the inkling of my fears
When a well hydrated heart like yours
Would waste my precious tears?

So down the river, bed as boat,
I will sail to lighter blues.
A bird might chirp that you're back again,
But to me it won't be news.

Kyle Hamp

If down your cheeks they roll.

I see the tears burning you.
I see them take their toll.
I see the tears turning you-
If down your cheeks they roll.

Cement: you are in living;
Strong pillars for the mass,
But pain, you've, from this giving
To those whose tears you've always stashed.

Kyle Hamp

I'll wear my pampers and take enjoy.

When I shave and pay my bills-
I'll not flaunt or tell fibs.
Fresh I'll be to adulthood,
But you'll be flaunting bibs.

I'll wear my pampers and take enjoy-
In what the young all do:
Observing every phrase you make;
Plotting to surpass you.

Kyle Hamp

I'm a Darling poet.

Still a kid for now it seems.
I can't campaign for votes.
Just eighteen: a liquor fiend-
With words I tease; connote:

Know I'm not yet world-renowned,
But know I'll when I know it.
I never fling a published thing
For I'm a Darling poet.

Kyle Hamp

Innocent

When love finds me avalanched
By blood and hearts and bone,
Let her know my innocence
For he threw the first stone.

Kyle Hamp

It's Time Again

My heart does yearn to love Again,
But warn you, I shall kill- Oh!
For I will not be Laughed
To seek the comforts of a pill- Oh!

Kyle Hamp

I've demons to de-level.

Tomorrow I shall write of God.
Today I've varied devils.
Before I bleed angelic deeds
I've demons to de-level.

Kyle Hamp

I've never known a cat to quack.

I've never known a cat to quack
And mar its given Style.
Before I slice my own Device
It sure will be a while.

Kyle Hamp

I've not again been tempted to love too much.

I've not been down since my last Murder
And I've not been up since our last Touch.
I have been tempted to search no further,
But I've not again been tempted to love too much.

Kyle Hamp

Justification of Alcoholization

Alcohol, won't do at all.
I've no need for the taste,
But towards a love I'll come undone-
For love I will not waste.

Looking, slipping, spilling-
Not for me will cause to fall,
But bodies broken and hearts unopened-
Damned me to alcohol.

Kyle Hamp

Kill me if you want to die.

Kill me if you want to die.
I know well of the stains.
The reputation that you've made-
Compares not to your pains!

Though you come in different sins-
They All do make you cry.
That is why I'll never leave...
Drugs kill Me; Then you'll die.

Kyle Hamp

Kind Stranger

Walking on my own two feet,
To the store just down the street.
Little girl just passed me by.
Said, 'Oh mister, please don't cry.'

Ignored her and kept walking on.
Getting late and almost dawn.
Sun will brighten up my face.
Away the beauty it won't chase.

Never housed between my ears.
I'm number six of all their fears.
Did that girl just speak to me?
And without fear go hurriedly?

Guess not all are quite so shallow,
Just the dolls with glue for marrow.
Sad, sad story...oh where are we?
Who's this staring...here...at me?

Little girl with eyes toward home.
I won't let you go alone.
Why do you lay there so still?
Looks as though you might be ill.

Hand to head...cold as stone.
Away her little life has flown.
Lucky you. Gone on to better.
Wish that I had never met her.

Kyle Hamp

Kiss he not Aladdin.

The thief of many souls he's been.
A laborer of mist.
Not a heart he hides inside,
But grass plucked with a twist.

Thinks he of this Syphoner:
A Fool too quick to madden;
Handle He cannot this 'heaven'.
Kiss He not Aladdin.

-

My 'hookah'...look it up.

Kyle Hamp

Laid still: a lollipop.

Walk, she did, slow down the road-
Playing with long hair,
Sucking on a flavored stick:
Dimpling when deemed fare.

Teased she did her mother dear
As mother waved to stop.
Metal painted green grass red.
Laid still: a lollipop.

Kyle Hamp

Lean me not to medication.

Lean me not to medication.
Pills I'll flush and go.
Never will I need a spoon.
Cold tile I'll never know.

Come White Pain with friends and friends:
I've a buddy too.
She will be my overdose.
She'll inject 'I love you's.

Kyle Hamp

Liar Meet Liar

I will never lie in bed again
For an unexpected sleuth
Has broken in my home and bed
And stuffed me with the truth.

So now I am addicted
To what I thought I'd never see:
A liar just as good as I
Once bragged and claimed to be.

Kyle Hamp

Lightly

Although my soul may sit in darkness
It will rise in perfect light.
I have loved the stars too fondly
To be fearful of the night.

When its dark you brighten my day.
Here with me I wish you'd stay.
Come with me into the light
Where its day and never night.

Kyle Hamp

Listen to me: Paradise

Dull my aching-
Like an ice.
For your touch
It's worth the price.

Give me lovin':
Sacrifice.
Listen to me:
Paradise.

Kyle Hamp

Little Meaning

These little words
That I'll write upon this page
Won't be profound.
They will have little meaning
If any at all.
They won't make a sound
Or taste like copper.
They'll slip from my brain
Into the grasp of any
That care to grasp.
Someone take hold of what I say
And conjure up a definition for me.
Get your dictionary.
I hurt:
Do you know the meaning?
I can't afford one.

Kyle Hamp

Little princes- learn your math!

Little princes- learn your math!
There's fewer in your number;
Never do predict a Life.
That life might wed a plumber.

And turn thee not unto abuse.
Just wash your heart and well.
School it in the faults of love,
But of yours never tell.

Kyle Hamp

Love is a great literary work.

Love is a pencil.
When dull, there's always...
a pencil sharpener.

Love is the phoenix:
Forever re-igniting
When ashed by a critique.

Love is a great literary work:
Read by so many,
But understood by so few.

Love is the dead:
Cared for enough to be let go;
Profound enough to be remembered.

Kyle Hamp

Love to Me

She walked out in my yellow boots
And down the street we went.
Love is risking fever
Just to cherish moments spent.

-

For Sarah.

Kyle Hamp

Love, I do, she: Audrey- dear.

Love, I do, she: Audrey- dear.
Immortalized and bright:
Hope I, too, will someday own-
Just half Ms. Hepburn's light.

Kyle Hamp

Married

I think I am a victim,
But, oh, who shall I tell:
The man who raped and beat me
Or those pills that made me well?

Shall I tell it to that Overdose
That shook me in the Spring?
Shall I tell all of my demon friends?
I can't give back this ring...

Kyle Hamp

Metaphors do hump my Brain.

Metaphors do hump my Brain:
Thrusting in and out.
Forget, I do, sometimes my Heart:
Sits it still and pouts.

Never write, you, from the brain.
Know what pumps your blood.
Give it quills and pales of ink-
To bleed love as It should.

Kyle Hamp

Mississippi Children

Pretty girls with ragged dolls-
Do skip the dirty street.
As they pass a sister- Wave...
They blow a kiss and greet.

Pudgy boys with chocolate cake-
Do sit outside the church-
Waiting for their next free meal;
Like chubby birds, they perch.

One ugly girl without a doll
Did walk the streets disgruntled-
Never to be seen again...
I heard she was dismantled.

A skinny boy without a home-
Tried to attend a sermon-
Given choice, his hands he could-
Cut off or try and earn 'em.

Kyle Hamp

Mommy, Shut Your Mouth

Left home about a year ago,
But I still can't tame her:
She won't set me free,
She won't let me be-

Saw it all in just a week.
Compromised my morals:
Just gave head,
Just for a bed...

Open mic at a coffee shop
Gave not to me a voice,
But to a much brighter;
But to a rich liar.

These feet are worn out.
My body's too old.
They won't have me anymore;
They won't have an ugly whore.

You- Cracked- out mirror-
STOP LOOKING AT ME!
I just want to go home;
I just can't be alone...

How much for the night?
How much you got kitten?
A warm heart and a warm house;
Mommy- shut your mouth.

Kyle Hamp

My Little Indian

His russet colored skin is black.
The room is still, but reddened by the clock
On the stand; he stands.
He sways to one o'clock in the morning.
There is no dance like his - not this early.
His dances are enough.

The bed is inviting, but I am not.
I'm relieved he is here, but I am not.
I turn away from his breath as he moves
Toward me. Liquor fogs him.

He makes for the bed and I black out
As my mind braces itself for another dawn of this.

I roll away.

He kisses the sheets.
He disappoints himself.
His songs are groans.
My little indian moans.

Kyle Hamp

My mother is a woman...

My mother is a woman;
Never one stronger, too.
She helped me battle through my Pains,
But caused, she, quite a few.

Sent I was to spiral-
Down Fornication's road,
But mother came to rescue:
To lighten up my load.

My father is a preacher,
But only in his mind.
He often shows me hatred:
Sometimes he can be kind;

And know I of his Nature,
But all throughout my life-
Not truly can I ever say
He sent me toward a Knife.

Kyle Hamp

Need, I, Nicotine?

Whirling; can I not have peace?
Troubled not with mean,
Biting thoughts of living life;
Need, I, Nicotine?

Walk I with no shoes on hand:
Rain or tears are spent.
Flowers fold beneath my form
Like how my Vows are bent.

Kyle Hamp

Never again will I love a 'Rillo.

Numbing the tiled white floor is upon further inspection.
I'm breaking a law by laying here.
He's breaking my jaw while laying here.
My will is gone. I'm still- Oh!
Never again will I love a *'Rillo.

*Rillo = cigarillo

Kyle Hamp

Never be it lonely.

Break our forms when touching,
Then fall our hearts to die,
And chaffe our skin when we Begin,
But Love holds you and I.

I need a soul to dry with mine
So never be it lonely.
A soul to creak, and tear and dry.
A soul: my one and only.

Kyle Hamp

Never dream to live.

A fulfillment of a dream
Would entail the death of it.
If I actively pursue the death
Of something that is entirely apart of myself,
Then I do believe one might assume that I plan to commit suicide,
But no.
Believe me-
I have no intentions on giving up on life,
But until it lies dead,
I will continue to cleverly and restlessly plot its demise by means of
Completion.
A dream's murder is inevitable,
But it is foolish to live in a dead thing.
One can never live a dream
So I implore you-
Never dream to live.

Kyle Hamp

Never guage, you, me.

When I need to be upheld
And hate in all's unfurled:
Strain I do to visit you;
The Smile of all the world.

Grin you do as I do trudge.
Never guage, you, me.
A danger only to my own.
Many like me you see.

Kyle Hamp

Never speak my name again.

Never speak my name again.
You only tell it pains,
Whisper to it bitterness,
And give its letter's stains.

Never know my kiss again:
Lips do sting of you.
Grasp this heart no longer!
Wet your name: I'll never do.

Kyle Hamp

No one yet has spoken words.

No one yet has spoken Words-
That validate my soul,
Paint my soul a Da Vinci,
Or caused my heart to roll..

Many speak of silly flowers,
Love, and hurt the most.
I won't hear again a Word
Until I've Signs to boast.

Kyle Hamp

Not long I will hang out.

Brooding deep inside my room:
Inside my heart, inside my mind.
Think I do of my past lives:
Of my past breaths; of my past kind.

Stand now High with dignity;
Heartbeats hurt; I, stout.
Kiss I do my Woven love;
Not long I will hang out...

Kyle Hamp

Not the Many

Few can share of sharing pain.
Those few just wish to die;
Stop the thoughts of feelings felt-
And mop their drooling eye.

All is here to be left here
And that includes our hearts.
They've been good, but better still.
Some loved themselves apart.

At fault are those they tried to drown
In fickle, short obsessions.
They wanted all just for themselves,
But we'll not be possessions!

None can know the things to come;
The bad- the good...if any;
But some will stay to share-
Though hurt, good souls, but not the many.

Kyle Hamp

Oh! the Eighteenth of July

Come the eighteenth of July-
I will age again.
Mother warns of consequence
For pleasure, sins, and decadence;

But I'll never know that age again:
Little do I care.
For long the days- and far from me! -
When I shall lose my hair.

-

Aging has its downfalls...

Kyle Hamp

On a face without a name.

I love yous never brighten-
The dusty picture frame,
But glows the red of hate and hurt
On a face without a name.

Kyle Hamp

One and you're addicted.

Love is kin to cigarettes:
One and you're addicted.
Over time the thing does turn
And scars; so unpredicted.

Fills you up: the lungs do teem;
Of all the pleasure you might sing-
Until the rasping claims your voice.
Never pick, you, up the thing.

Kyle Hamp

Picking at the peeling.

As a child your mother told
How hearts were fuel for war;
And sooner than you'd like to think
They'd scar you ever more.

Recover, later- that you did;
But still, that scar's fresh feeling...
Everyday you find your fingers
Picking at the peeling.

Kyle Hamp

Pity for a Lady

Such and such has everything-
And I can't seem to care.
Without that pretty outer shell-
None of it would be there.

Inside of you, I see, though broken-
An aching, old invention:
Both gray and rotten- so long forgotten.
I'll give you no attention.

Kyle Hamp

Plea of a Lover

A heart that rivals nunneries
And a laugh that brings me God;
I swear I'll never answer your
'I love you' with a nod.

And though we are divided,
Our house will never fall-
For when a storm comes rushing:
I have bricks, cement, and all.

If others may seduce me
With their sugary delights;
I know well that candy
Leads to awful, sleepless nights;

And I'll crack my skull with laughter;
Whenever, that I'll do.
If only I could have you back
To show that I love you.

Kyle Hamp

Poetry is not our forte.

Poetry is not our forte:
It's just our means of sinning,
But it's too our means of atoning-
For even sinning in the beginning.

Kyle Hamp

Poets know the harm they do.

Poets know the harm they do.
I do know they're harmful too.
But I love the colors: blue-
White, red, and a gold one too.

Tiny: just the smallest things.
No bigger than a hornet's rings.
Love the colors that it brings.
Love the sinful given stings.

Eyes enlarge to take it in:
Validated: all your sin.
Never need thee love again.
All thy need: ratings of 10.

Kyle Hamp

Problem Child

He was a *nigger, but caucasian-skinned,
Wrinkled, round, and short,
But he never knew his ignorance
Because his mom chose to abort.

*nigger = an ignorant or uneducated person

Kyle Hamp

Promotion

Rapture me into the night.
Free me from devotion.
Never did I think such sweat-
Would come with this promotion.

Kyle Hamp

Realize, you, my light.

Through the smoke in Paradise-
That blocks the woes in Burning;
You see me deflowering.
Sorrowed. Still: just yearning.

You ask of Him in Heaven-
To give me strength to fight;
To find a way to far away.
Realize, you, my light.

-

For Tai.

Kyle Hamp

Restless- and Abused

I'm so very tired and
The sounds of sleep I cannot stand.
For all throughout the Holy night
He'd rather curse, and drink, and fight;

But one day I will find the strength
To run from him a decent length.
Until that time I'll weep and pray
That I will get to sleep someday.

Kyle Hamp

Risking death to cherish me.

Things I'll do to wary you;
All will satisfy.
None will rape a hair of me.
None will taint This: I.

I'll coat my lips with burning acid:
Faint all with a word.
The deaths this kiss will serve to all...
Again not matched or heard.

I'll charge my heart with batteries.
So strong its charge will be
That none will lay a hand to it
And none will lay with me,

But you'll sleep under your microwaves,
Soaking up their harms,
Risking death to cherish me:
To get past all my Charms.

Kyle Hamp

Rushed to Rest

When the laughter has ended
And the last snake has tended
The dirt of my burial ground
And a wreath has been planted
To be shaken and candid
While I'm flaking and tattered and sound,
Asleep with cold kisses,
A part of me misses
The humor in me God found.
Then when I can't wither
Because of the river
Caused by creeping rain deep diving,
I'll lay numb and bloating
With a heavy heart floating.
They left cracked my coffin- I'm dying.
They rushed me to rest
Without even one test
To see if I was still capable of crying.

Kyle Hamp

Said Love no.

Said Love no; it did not- so,
I took my broken locket.
Cry I'd not, for I was dry:
Save one tear in my pocket.

Kyle Hamp

Shadows always run.

I deafen to the snoring world
To hear my heart delight
In witnessing the stars unfurl
While darkness guides their sight.

Crickets sing of dwindling time.
My feet suppress the sun.
Under street lamps my worn feet don't bind.
Shadows always run.

Kyle Hamp

Shells

Our love has been like peanut butter:
Picked, deshelled, and mashed;
Maimed and beaten, flamed and eaten,
Bought and shelved and stashed.

Kyle Hamp

Snow White

I've a love that won't come cheap,
But a mind that bleeds to whore!
I've got lots to touch and feel,
But praise that I want more.

Kyle Hamp

So tired am I of these Words.

So tired am I of these Words.
They Never fulfill me.
Adding up- just one by one,
But still I'm so Empty.

Pages in my every Write,
But none will Ever know-
All the deeds that fill my heart
Or how far it will go.

Kyle Hamp

Someone's Star is whining.

Look I to the Heavenlies:
A night so bright with light.
Barely can I see the Dreams;
Electricity I smite!

Still dear Beauty can't be dimmed;
In you peaked its refining.
Look! Oh dear: a dying gleam.
Someone's Star is whining.

Kyle Hamp

Sore Dreams

I stretch and pop my spine
And am tempted to now whine
Of how I'll never ever scuttle
Across the sand that oceans trouble
While dripping, burning 'neath a sun
So bright and shining 'til its done,
But I'll give privilege to my days
Many visits, but brief stays
Among sore dreams, I store in stacks:
Birthed with the snapping of my back.

Kyle Hamp

Sorry I'm for poets.

I can't place a face to words,
But sorry I'm for poets:
Always breaking poets down.
You're next. Don't you know it?

-

This poem won't be allowed ratings.
It should offend the guilty, but need not I know your offense.

Kyle Hamp

Sound of Silence

Sound of silence hear my plea
From my spirit I invoke thee
Though my voice may sound so frail
With your power I'll bring forth hell
Follow me into the darkness
Light is deadly: far from harmless
Use my body: take my soul
I'll wield your evil proudly: bold
The time has come to kill and destroy
And in these deeds I take great joy
No one knows your pain but I
Dwellers of the light and traitors will die
Accept my offering and faint decree
Join as one with my body and come to me

Kyle Hamp

Stanza Two

My words do get the best of me.
I know not what to do.
Scarcely can I seem to write
A line past- Stanza Two:

The ink just holds for- Clotting,
But little grief have I.
For smaller writes are all the best
With no need to sur- Pry.

-

For my newer, shorter works.

Kyle Hamp

Stuck like the meat between our teeth.

Stuck like the meat between our teeth;
This love causes decay.
We've both need of a root canal
And for it I won't pay.

Kyle Hamp

Talk to me of paradise.

Talk to me of paradise;
Sing of its grandeur.
Possibly, do take me there;
I tried, here, to endure.

Blush when someone says its name.
Do not fear your home:
That place of everlasting warmth,
That place where demons roam.

Kyle Hamp

That Dog

I'm like that dog you see
Hopping down your street
With only three feet
And nothing to eat.
Yes, I'm like that damn dog,
But I can still breed.

Kyle Hamp

The Hooker

Gap your legs
And roll your hips.
You'll always be a hoe.

Bat your eyes
And pout your lips.
It's all you'll ever know.

Wash your face
And brush your teeth.
Today's a brand new day.

Dig her hole
And plant a wreath.
It was her only way...

Kyle Hamp

The Love Tree

It sprouted on the grounds of hope
In a desert.
I watered it everyday with my need.

My body would face it as it shook
In poisoned winds
That no soul could ever hope to quite measure.

Its roots, over time, took a hold of me
And a bright silence defined the existence
Of our being.

With no voice, my love turned faster than our
Leaves could brown
And the lesson that the love tree taught me was hate.

Kyle Hamp

The Memory of a Fool

He would climb my walls with great ambition
Only to fall belly first into the deep
Black pit of my expectations

And some comfort I might offer him
From the shallow pockets of my love if only
I did not hate so quickly his name which embraces my tissues.

What I do recall though so painfully is that his last name never came with him.

Call me a fool to only remember his face,
But I possessed just that:
The memory of a fool

Used like a broken black road
Traveled by
So many men with no last names back to the women that keep them.
Kyle Hamp

The Misuse of a Body

So many diapers I would change
To nurse your ego's inner age,
But my heart just sits upon a page
Bleeding. Will you love me?

How much time shall I see pass
While, sitting sore upon the grass
Nursing a freshly mounted ass,
Pondering, will you love me?

If I get down on my knees
Begging as sweetly as you please
With my tongue lulling like the seas,
Will you love me?

Kyle Hamp

The Wandering of a Spirit

For- Minutes- I have wondered,
Wandering the vast surround;
Just searching for a blessing:
Still searching for a mound.

Dig My hole not six feet deep,
But only about two.
I'm- Time- depleted, thoroughly,
Without your- I love you.

Kyle Hamp

This one's for the lovers.

'This one's for the lovers...'
The DJ rattled on,
But I liked the song a lot
Though I was dancing all alone.

And my heartbeat tried to warn me
While my feet battered the floor,
But the song's lyrics perfumed me
As you sauntered through the door...

I learned I should have battled
Against the DJ's catchy tune
Because he led me to fresh sadness
When the music stopped too soon.

Kyle Hamp

Though I speak in heavy southern...

Though I speak in heavy southern-
Like that of *Miss Scarlet;
Call me not a whoring soul.
For I'm my own words' harlot.

-

*reference to 'Gone With the Wind'.

Kyle Hamp

Tin Roof Jungle

I am of analogies, metaphors, and proper English.
They are of liquor, scams, and hardcore sins.
I tire of their basic human interactions:
Much less thinking,
Endless drinking,
Random mugging
And daily drugging.
Just please not another sip of this living:
Too bitter.
I perspire in a rotting shell and curse their broken grins-
Guiltily.
I coat my heart in a scalding bubbling wax and savor the warmth Everyday I'm near
this place.
I will drown this life's lemon-sweet lies and limitations to save my lusts.
Lust owns:
The beating of one's heart,
The reason for their start,
The tapping of their feet,
And the reflection that they greet.
It owns-
Because everyone wants, just differently.
We think separately, but uniformly.
I tire of this dirty locomotive pushing me,
My life, but really I'm inheriting it from daddy's dying dreams.
I don't speak to them;
Neither does he.
I don't belong in his tin-roofed jungle.
I'm not like the cracks on the streets
Or the trash in the yards.
This is his city: daddy's.
I loathe eating this air
And inhaling this food.
This town would love to kill me for writing this:
Something to gossip of at Sunday school on the third of the month.
Tradition rapes every orifice of their bodies:
They speak the same,
Eat the same,
See the same,
Hear the same,
Breath the same,
Shit the same!
I will breath one day away from this:
Where I was born.
Oh this guilt,
But speak no more heart
And hate much less tongue.
Dim the fireflies in these eyes.
Too many eyes-
All about me!
I tire so...

Kyle Hamp

To those with wings...

Resist ye not
when muses sing:
To those with wings,
fly to your dreams.

Kyle Hamp

Tongue Tied

In knots are the words I have for you
And these tiles are dirty more.
Liquid crashes on this place;
Now what was I here for?

A random talk was told my ear.
That got me to this room!
Behind a door my form does lie
To wait its coming doom.

No need have I for Skin and Shines;
The dead's gone dead from it.
No need have I for hearty hearts;
Their mass my grave won't fit,

But come to grips, must I. Must I? -
With this fate some Fate did sell:
To forever be wed to the hearty heart
That shot me straight to hell.

Kyle Hamp

Under

Thunder isn't present.
Lightning doesn't strike.
The flood after a heart breaks
Is what this storm is like.

Twilight claims the daytime.
God has got the blues
For once again I'm late again
In paying my past dues.

The color of the living
Has blackened without night.
Drowning are the daffodils
Without the sun's sweet light.

A dilapidated canine
With fur like scaly skin
Licks with his pink failing tongue
God's tears. He drinks them in.

This puppy is a martyr.
He believes he will be saved,
But sadly or maybe gladly
Under the sun he will be paved.

Kyle Hamp

Upon Waking

I'll blister upon waking-
For love has burned me blind;
And rake my brain with bitten nails
To wretch you from my mind.

I'll sleep upon an ice-
That mystifies your eyes,
But trust that you'll be shivering too-
Without my warming thighs.

And love will stay forever-
In darkness: deep inside;
Without the tickle of my toes-
Never to metamorphisize.

Kyle Hamp

What happened to us.

Cute we were in younger years.
Perfect: girl and boy.
Best of friends and later loves.
You Helen, I, your Toy.

No one's known a kiss the same;
We both a happy fuss.
Jealous: all were wanting- God!
What happened to us?

Kyle Hamp

What I Am

I am much a Picky plant
And I don't like you.
I shall not be nice to thee-
No I won't review...

If you were to hurt and moan-
Regards but I've no aid.
I'd gladly Dry my stickly pricks
For rain on your parade.

Kyle Hamp

What Remains

I can break my own damn heart.
Don't piss on my blood stains.
I'll use that blood another day.
Yes I'll recycle what remains...

Kyle Hamp

When I Feel

When I feel the need to cry,
I take the brightest star,
Cuddle in my cozy nest
And think, 'How warm you are...'

And when I feel the need to Touch-
I ride the Milky Way;
Take a Glass from off a shelf
And ready for our Play;

But when I feel the urge to Love,
I bubble: soar and Mad;
For ride nor star, not near or far,
Comes close to what We had.

Kyle Hamp

Yes I am a quitter.

Yes I am a quitter-
And I will never wear again-
A piece of cloth that chooses
Where I end and choose to bend.

Society has chosen
To invalidate a size-
That doesn't flatter thoroughly
The ever raping eyes.

Stout I am and pridefully
I prance about my street-
Trusting God will send to me
The Love I'm due to meet.

Kyle Hamp

You Don't Love Me

I know you can't and never will, but don't go trying to hurt
Just leave me here to love and hate, to cry all in the dirt
Grow from me, a tiny tree, the essence of my pain
Let the snow come freeze it still, and never show it rain

Nature hates the likes of me, I think I'm over that
It's different now, you took its place, I'm not sure how to act
To get you back, to let you go, I'm running out of petals
My heart is getting hard as rock, the first of all the metals

I hope you get it back plus ten, you still won't know the half
Soon you'll fall flat in your tracks, caught up in all my wrath
Dance in tears, I know you will, but this one you won't see
Drinking all that falls from you, I know you don't love me

Kyle Hamp

Your beauty is my suicide.

Your beauty makes my flowers die:
Water with you I share.
Your beauty is my suicide.
I'd choose it if you'd dare.

We're caught up in our dumbing down
And love has blue gone red.
Never will my passion frown
As long as we're in bed.

Frail my patience, love, and all.
A breeze: they simply break.
Never at my kiss you stall
Or our life I will take.

Kyle Hamp

Your Heaven in this case.

Plant that grows upon the sill-
Stretching from your vase;
Reach thee to the ceiling fan:
Your Heaven in this case.

Curtains hang you proud and long:
Just blocking out some light.
Shield my House from wretchedness:
No need these eyes take sight.

Bricks that keep this house from shaking-
Forever may you last;
Until these bones are sore and quaking;
Until, in ground, they're cast.

Groan you not my cracking heart:
I know this house you fettered;
Aching, breaking: stout in Death.
This Home you've always bettered.

Kyle Hamp