Poetry Series

Lawrence S. Pertillar

- poems -

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Lawrence S. Pertillar (02/16/1947 @12: 32pm Sunday)

Performance Bio/Resume

LAWRENCE S. PERTILLAR
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POET, ACTOR, PLAYWRIGHT, PERFORMING ARTIST

POET: Named "One of America's Most Distinguished Poets" by The International Society of Poets
One man presentation of MindPrints from Untouched Places (Dir by: Maxine Kern-New York City) performed locally at the Hartford Academy Performing Arts, Buttonwood Tree Theater, Middletown, CT…
Hartford Downtown Council (First Thursdays) , McDonalds Restaurants (Downtown Htfd Location) , WWUH-FM Radio, Municipal Café (Downtown Htfd) and Club Culturel Franco-Americain, Paris, France (March 15th,16th 2000) …Sponsor-Catherine Aubon,78 Rue Dutot,75015 Paris, (Sept 05)
Transformation: Eclectic Fall Out..The Nuyorican Poets'Café..NYC Dir/prdr with
Christine'Nandi'Smith (Sankofa-founder/dir)

PLAYWRIGHT: Reading of The Sons of Snick Snickeeta directed by Pat White-The Frank Silvera's Writer's Workshop-NYC. The Leonard Melvin Show, performed at the Network in Springfield, Massachusetts…produced by L.S. Pertillar and Ingrid Askew (Johannesburg, South Africa) …dir: Askew/Pertillar, The Music That Plays (Grtr HTFD Cmty Col. now C.C.C.) Htfd, CT 'Halia' co-writer, prod. Capital Cmty College, Tunxis Cmty Coll and The West Indian Social Club-Htfd, Transformation (World premiere) -Christ Church Cathedral, Htfd, CT. Dir. Frances Sharp
ACTOR: Starlight Theater (Kansas CTY, MO) Summer Stock, Hartford Stage Company (various roles Incl.original member of Hartford Stage Company's Children's Theater-Paul Weidner, Dir., San Antonio's Little Theater, Alamo City Theater, San Antonio, Texas…Fort Sam Houston's Dinner Theater, Carver Cultural Center production of George Wolfe's Backalley Tales San Antonio, Texas… Dir/prod: George C. Wolfe, Helen Hayes Theater AKA(Little Theater-Ray Aranah's 'My Sister, My sister') , The Nuyorican Poets Café-Ishmeal Reed's Mother Hubbard, New York City…dir: Rome Neal…Garde Arts Center-A Little Death, New London, CT Written by Mike Bradford, Director: Milt Angelopoulos

FOUNDER: The Lawrence Pertillar Drama Society…Capital Community College, Hartford, CT

FILM: Several PSA's and Industrial films
...Uconn Health Center-Farmington, CT. The Happy Hour, Produced by Mother Grendle's Productions-New York City, New York...Dir.-Branden Dineen (Wrtr, Prdr, Dir)

HONORS: Cited by the U. S. Senate for “poetic accomplishments and writing achievements” drafted
By Vice-Presidential Candidate and US Senator Joseph I. Lieberman-Ct. Artist Seminar: Uconn-Stamford branch...Sponsor-Maryland Grier-Community Research, Hartford 'Invited by Arts organization to speak to other artists about performing/work/creating'
Schomberg Center for Research in Black Culture, NYC
Plays/referenced-Frank Silvera's Writers' Workshop
INTERESTS: Business organization, Singing, Writing, Exercise (yoga) , performing arts(var discpl) Composing, Music, Singing, AGAIN! I enjoy a 'A good conversation with someone who knows what a good conversation is! ' Silence is always welcomed!

EDUCATION: Hartford Public Schools, Capital Community College, USAF (military) , University of Hartford, West Hartford, Connecticut campus, various Customer Service Training Seminars conducted by Southwestern Bell Corporation & SNET as an employee of both divisions, Travelers Insurance Companies (Special Accounts Marketing) and Xerox Corporation (Sales and Marketing) , WYBC(Yale Broadcasting Co.) Internship: News broadcasting, feature writing and reporting-Newscaster/Radio personality Michele Turner, Instructor

Works:

E-Book Publisher-PoemHunter.com
Multiple anthologies published through The International Society of Poets

Exactly!

He has destroyed your way of life!
And you 'still' stay married,
To his advice?

And you tell others I am a fool?
Because I choose to live life,
The way I do?

And the way you live is clearly 'uncool'!

'Uncool?
What school did you go to?
That's not a word! '

Exactly!
And thank you for proving my point!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Climb Above and Beyond

I've seen the valleys green and lush
From high atop a hill.
And mountaincaps from where I stood
Where even higher still!
I've seen clear skies and Eagles fly,
And wondered about the Sun!
I've retreated alone to leave this beauty,
Many times against my will...undone!
And when I returned to obligations committed...
I sat and felt so blessed!
That I was able to climb above and beyond,
Limitations I thought were my best!
There is much more I want to explore...
After accomplishing a more than needed rest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unknown

You'll never know,
How I feel...
Or lonely nights with tears
That fall.

You'll never know,
These grueling sessions felt.
Unless you've met each and all!

Your empathy to a degree is understood.
With a sympathy you express is shown.
But you, however...
Will never know the depth,
Churning under the surface within me unknown!

You carry thoughts
Of knowing my needs...
Even better than me!
And these teachings
Have been sadly condoned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wanting

Wanting...
With deepening needs,
That haunt me.
No one suspects,
I feel this way.
They are not easily displayed!
I hide them well.

Bleeding...
A flow inside me,
Seeking.
But I've been taught
To just pretend!
And feelings felt would slowly end,
Like something craved.

These would come and sit and not let go!
Emotions I have touched and want to show!
Burning are desires I now know.
With intensity that grows and grows!
And keeps me...

Wanting...
For someone who is longing,
To fill their vacant heart with love.
I'm more than glad to share my love.
It's here within...
To give!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Has Happened to Reality?

Outside my window clean and clear,
I heard the Robins cry!
I saw the sunshine disappear...
I felt the Earth shake me inside!
DON'T PANIC! DON'T FEAR...

I waved to neighbors who did not respond.
Ducks were being taught to walk on the pond!
Even the grass once green turned blue.
Where is this place brightness once knew?

I ran to the mirror...
No image I saw!
I had to be dreaming,
Is this some kind of new law?

What rights do I have,
To return back to sanity?
This can't be happening to everyone...
Like it is happening here to me!

'Honey, it's time to take out the trash! '
THANK GOD I'M ALIVE
I awakened real fast.

'This is the 10th anniversary of the war in Iran.
Insurgents found in Bermuda were trained on our land!
And we must never forget the years of death in Iraq.
Now that Fidel and Chavez are the Emperors of that!

The President has stated she has hired a gardener to defend.
All of the pigeons caged safely suited in the Den!
New prescriptions for Cocaine can now be delivered! '
Said the newscaster showing detailed pictures,
Of his transplanted liver!

'Honey, why aren't you answering me? '
Said the voice of a man...
Addressing the man in me! !
WHERE IN THE HELL AM I? ? ?
What has happened to reality?
@@#%%&**@! ! #%&
'...coming dear! As quickly as can be! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When the Title of a Poem Has More Content Than the Text

Why bother...
To seek meaning,
Undefined?

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Where Is Rufus and What did Rufus Do?

Where is Rufus?
Was he walking down Fifth Avenue?
Was he carrying his 'light'...
To shine upon the masses leaning
On the slime slicked walls,
Of the caverns he enjoys?

Where is that boy?
'Rufus? '

I'm surprised he's not behind you now,
Minting his breath with peppermint shield...
As If to conceal his devotion to rock bottom!
Trying to hide the current 'opportunities' taken!
Everyone knows Rufus when he's 'fakin'!
There is no mistaking that!
A 'fakin' crook will hold you back!

Where is Rufus?
I thought you two met on Trumbull and Pratt?
Remember I was 'told' to stay where I was at?
You've got to remember how I balled my fist?
You don't remember this?
How about my ready to fight tight lips?

When you do see Rufus...
Tell him I want my wallet back!
I'm not a grinning politician,
I will kick his ass for that!
If he wants to see me evil...
Evil will be his in attack!
I'm not on that kind of mission,
I've reconditioned my position!

I hate to see him strung out like this,
He needs to end my suspicions,
By facing his condition!

'RUFUS? '

Where is Rufus?
Don't hide his lieing ways,
Or try to keep him from his grave!
Unless you're here to get your pay!
Where is Rufus?
And what did he say?
And why are you looking,
Like you laid Rufus away?

Did he take you like he took me too?
Is that why look at me like you do?

Where is Rufus?
He got you and you're screwed! ?
So you did him in,
To never do that again to you?

Where is Rufus?
'Rufus? '
And what did Rufus do? ?
Why do you have blood on your hands?
And why is there mud on your shoes?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wildebeest

I wonder if you always knew,
I never wanted to be a Gnu!
I wanted to be more like a Zebra.
Unusual and compelling I'd be.
Being spotted anywhere...
So anyone could see!
Or maybe with a Lion's roar,
To chase away my foes.
But I know I'd hear a Hyena's laugh,
And want to punch someone in the nose!
Or maybe I'd be a Panther sleek?
Black and mysterious,
In the African night I'd creep?
I just don't like being a Wildebeest!
With a name that's Gnu giving me the creeps.
Everybody seems to like a Giraffe.
Looking like a Camel...
With the long necks they have!
But all I have are these ugly horns.
I can't even be mistaken for a Bull
When I'm born!
I'd like to run fast like an Antelope through grass.
Or even be a Donkey,
Being happy to be called an Ass!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are My Boo...Boo!

You may never know
That I am troubled too.
You may never know that,
Like I do.

You may never see me frown
Or hold a grudge...
But I have been down.
So low I couldn't budge!

You may never see
Me wear my heart on my sleeve.
You may never see me
Bleeding in my need!

You may never feel
The way I feel for you
But I'm always here
For you my boo, it's true!
Yes, I too am due...
But still you will remain
To me my boo...boo!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are No Longer There!

I no longer hold you like I held you
When I held you...
I no longer want to...in my mind.
I no longer see you like I see you
When I saw you...
I no longer do that, with my time!

Lemonade kisses I licked we onced shared,
I don't even want them anymore...I'm full!

I no longer miss you like I missed you
When missing you...
It's no longer an issue to be defined!
Too messy...

'I no longer love you? ' Bring myself to love you?
Could you bring me peace of mind instead of puzzles
Of your pain...again? That pain...AGAIN? ..NO!

I no longer hold you like I held you...
Enfolded holding you,
I no longer want to...in my mind!
I no longer see you,
Like I saw you when we met!
I no longer do that...
You are no longer there!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Know the Ones

Aren't you tired of the folks who pass judgement?
You know the ones...
Quick to tell you how you should live
Always taking handouts from those they take for granted,
Criticizing the people who take their time to give.

Aren't you sick of those who waste your time to gossip?
You know the ones,
Glued to phones like weapons, to add fresh lies
To what they've heard...
They are nowhere to be found to assist you when you need them,
But first to arrive to offer a discouraging word.

Aren't you fed up with their lack of time to listen?
Don't you wish they would grow and want to learn?
Even though they blame others for their troubles,
They will never feel ashamed
Expressing their own limits of concern!

You know the ones...

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Zapped

When a mind is shut...
Don't try to pry it open.
It is better where it is decaying,
Left alone.
Leave it!
There is hope with others showing
Signs of response.
Those who are replusive...
Are already dead anyway!
Evidence is overwhelming
Mercy missions have ceased
To those increasingly zapped
Without facts...
To support an enriching life!

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