Poetry Series

Leon Agnew

- poems -

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All The Rage

All the rage
Is all the rage
With us around here.
We fight and fight
Till it ain't right
Till we just disappear.
We all bad
We ain't sad
Our ears ain't gonna hear.
Goodbye, goodbye
Let's go get high
Let's wallow in our cheer.

Leon Agnew

Anal Intercourse

The flowers are blooming
The sun is sweet
The bell tower's booming
And you're in heat.
The filthy girl's flaking
Off all her clothes
And I stand her shaking
Spasms in droves.
Good night my sweet princess
Good night sweet prince
I'm climbing my fences
I'm breaking my bench.

Leon Agnew

Barack Obama

King of kings,
We worship you,
Bow down to you,
We love you for ever and ever.

I pledge allegiance
To the president
Of the United States of America
And to the republic
On which he stands
One nation
Under him
Indivisible
With his glory
And his power
Weighing down upon all.

King of kings,
We pray to you.
Answer us, we beg of you.

Hooray!
Another answered prayer!
May useless bills
And capital hills
Roll over the frosty landscape.

King of kings,
We worship you,
Bow down to you,
We love you for ever and ever.

Leon Agnew

Because I Could Not Stop For Death

Because I could not stop for Death,
He snuck up behind me,
Knocked me out,
And threw me in the back of his trunk,
And took me anyway.
Which kinda sucks.

Leon Agnew

Behind The X

In every eye
There shines a lie
So
On every face
An X I place.

Leon Agnew

Blend Into Gray

Black shines forth on white
White breaks free on black
Angrily they fight
Vicious they attack
White deeds are pure
Serene, calm, and gentle
Black deeds are forged
Beneath the molten mantle
Never do they meet
And never do they cross
Never they
Make shades of gray
Slowly life they floss
Dividing, pushing, pulling
Everything in two
Deceiving, flipping, fooling
Everyone who's true
Men no more are white
But ever be they black
Men no more will fight
Whatever pays them back.

Leon Agnew

Blink And It's Gone

Take a breath
Close your eyes
Wait a bit
Open them
He'll be gone
Life goes on.

Leon Agnew

Brigade

Slickly killing
Running
Brigade of
Peoples
Animals
Peoples in animals.
Animals in people bodies.
Brigade
Dying and martyring
Finishing up
Moving along
All bodies
Suddenly they hit the brake
Stop
The commander steps out
And he's a cactus.

Leon Agnew

Carry On, My Body

Carry on, my body, carry on
Without this heart you've leaned upon
A shambling Aztec sacrifice
A mindless, hopeless sheet of ice
Too heartless to feel
Too fake to be real
Where my heart cannot
Where my feelings rot
Carry on, my body, carry on.

Leon Agnew

Chairman of the Forced Suicide Committee

Standing tall
Looking blank
You know she's another
Skank

Looking down
Standing up
They hand her another
Cup

Disbelief
Understand
You will not escape this
Land

Nods her head
Shakes her face
Now you'll put her in her
Place

Now she checks
'Suicide'
Now from death she cannot
Hide

Drinks the fruit
Feels the pain
There's only loss there's never
Gain.

Leon Agnew

Coarsehair Genius

Stick your nails
Through my sclera
Barbaric and brilliant
You've got brains for torment
It's something else
You can't get me
Still hidden
The nails are just humming
In the nonexistent, nonexisting
Clitoral hood of my brain
Which feels, my dear, quite good.

Leon Agnew

Conveniently Lacking a Rhyme Scheme

Happy, happy, happy, happy,
All the smiling day.
Happy, happy, happy, happy,
Smile my life away.
Smile on you, you smile on me,
We're only happy when smiling we be.
Everyone loves to smile,
No one likes to cry.
I only smile upon you,
When I'm about to die.

Leon Agnew

Crushed

Look at you, your fat wet eyes,
Gleaming through a thousand lies.
Poking onward, never thinking,
Though he's awkward, dumb, and stinking.
Like a moldy, stupid rat,
You carry on, though he's just spat
Right on your toes, you brainless,
Mechanical, cruel, painless,
Mindless human being!
What's it take to start you seeing?
What's it take to jog your thinking?
You're crushed like a dog,
Dead on the tracks,
40 virgins =
40 snacks.
Stupid girl.
Go stick your stacks.

Leon Agnew

Cutie

To K.S.
Who has saved my life
On more than one occasion.

What's loving, but not obsessive?
What's mighty, but not agressive?
A riddle in two sentences
Always gets past my defenses.

You, my darling, only you,
Can turn our heads and bend our minds
And mold us into something new.

When uttered, my words are stale,
When written, the ink seems pale.
But when they truly come from thought
Then never shall my sweet words rot.

Whenever you have led me astray,
Never have you pushed me away,
But rather, with loving tenderness,
Brought me back to safely stay.
Oh, your goodness abounds!
From your sweetened smile,
To your heartfelt sounds.
God bless you, every day,
And I'll bless you, all the same
With my love, and with my care.
I promise cutie, I'll be there,
As long as I hold onto life,
In sadness, goodness, and in strife.

There's never been someone I knew,
Who's purer than the whitest dove,
Except for you, cutie, except for you.
Sometimes I am foolish
And sometimes I forget
And sometimes I am selfish,
Cruel, unforgiving, and stupid.
But you're still there, and
For that, I love you.
For that, I need you.
I love you surely as a friend,
I love you surely till the end.
I never wanna let you go,
I guess, because I love you so.
It's difficult for you and me,
But we'll make it, and you'll see
That all I need
Is for you to love me,
Cutie.

Leon Agnew

Danse Macabre

O, Death, you come quickly
You take the worser off
You come for the sickly
Yes, we will all die soon
With happiness or pain
In sunshine or blizzard
Cloudiness, sleet, or rain
Yes, you've heard this before
I know. I know it all.
I wish I knew it all.

Leon Agnew

Dovey Sweet-Heart

The doomed child;
For its sake,
Defiled
Became Dovey Sweet-Heart.
She was
She is
She gives
It all away,
And writes songs
While I write verse.
The Earth
Is a world of cons.
The innocence:
For God's sake
Defiled
Became Dovey Sweet-Heart.

Leon Agnew

Ethical Rape

Everywhere I look, there's an ethical rape.
Churches come first
Bend and fall at the hands
Of their angry oppressors
Sacred sacraments
Are grabbed from behind
Dragged into the alley
And torn to pieces
Bleeding bloody visceral
Carnage all around
The glistening rull of science
Dominates the skyline
All values are dead
No one cares like they used to
Everything's gone
Everything's become
Ethical rape.

Leon Agnew

Eulogy of the Blind Son

God rest the soul of the blind son
Who could not bear the light of day.
Though he may have failed, God rest him
And give him your love anyway.
Though you are good and he was not,
Give him your mercy anyway.
How can man ever understand
What lies beyond and far away?
So who should judge the blind, blind son
Who went and threw his life away?

Leon Agnew

Every Blessed Little Girl

Every blessed little girl
Is nothing but a scam
And every little white pearl
Is always just a clam
Bloody nasty history
Can never tell the truth
Every little mystery
Just needs a perfect sleuth
To foil and unravel
A good man's perfect name
And all the gritty gravel
Can cover up his game
Little Christs uncrucified
Are always looking back
Endless myths producified
Will always make them crack
What's the point in trying it
When God will disagree
What's the point in buying it
When you can't pay the fee?

Leon Agnew

Frog Scum

Live your life in
Pretty colors
Pretty blues
Pretty greens
Like frog scum
And baby shit
Living in
Your pretty pit
Pretty reds
Pretty gold
Menstrual blood
The metal's cold.

Leon Agnew

Generic Shit

And what's he got in sotre?
Something, something
Sludge, for certain
Surely sickening, plastic blasphemy
Assimilate
Regurgitate
You pass, at last.
Simply scintillating.

Leon Agnew

Girl

Sex, sex, slimy sex,
Dripping on the floor
Move in with your boyfriend
Call yourself a whore.

Bills, bills, fluttering bills,
Payment seems so forced
Call up Johnny Lawyer
Get yourself divorced.

Work, work, lady work,
Kow you won't be rich
Lash out at your auntie,
Dub yourself a _____.

Look, look, lady look,
Meet a boy named Sid
Lay around ____ around
Have yourself a kid.

Grow, grow, kiddie grow,
Mommy taught you well
Meet a boy screw a boy
Send yourself to hell.

Blood, blood, bloody blood,
Slither down the bed
Lose yourself, sell yourself,
Siddy killed you dead.

Sex, sex, slimy sex,
Dripping on the floor
Move in with your boyfriend
Call yourself a whore.

Leon Agnew

Grim And Gruesome Scenery

Garf gnash phnurrr.....
Goes the black and deadly
Phnurr
Beast which is called phnurr
It makes a nasty puree
Of your women
Children
Men
Cats and dogs of varied sexes and ages
Garf duh gnash phnurr...
Seemingly dying...
But no, it's back on the attack
I'm dying
I've gone
I can't come back.

Leon Agnew

Grit

There are times in my life
So abundant with strife
That it seems I could never go on.
Sometimes in pain I sink
Till with anguish I stink
And it seems like I may not live long.

Through the grit I have chewed
I've become somewhat shrewd
And no longer in my pain I stay.
I abide by the shore
At the sun's open door
Until I catch a glimpse of the day.

It's a long, narrow path
In the glare of God's wrath
When all His blessings seem like a curse.
There is nothing so true
When we're tired and blue
As the comforting call of a hearse.

On the grit and the sand
I have made my homeland
In a place where sadness can't remain.
I look up at the stars
And peer down at the cars
Then forget all my troubles and pain.

Leon Agnew

Happy Now?

Are you happy when he looks at you?
When your supple body comes close to his,
When you catch his scent in the air.
You say you'd never love him, but I think not
You're just too anxious, he's just too hot.
It'll happen, but you'll regret.
There it is - I'm done - I've said it.

Leon Agnew

Hate's Agony

There is no pain
Like discontent
Bad intent
Is a slash upon the flesh
And razor to the throat
Die, die, heaven refresh
Monster
Monster
Burn in hell
Never sell
Your soul again
Only pay
For your sin
Hate's agony
Is your penance
Flames
Flames
Brimstone dance
Evil soul
Begin your ending
Never never
Stop your sending
Smoky letters
From the ground
Molten
Burning paper
To thy lover
Now that you are gone
I will have her
And you will suffer
But only for
Forever.

Leon Agnew

Headless

To T.S., a friend
Who I suppose, in the end,
Gave up and died,
That it, on the inside.

I always was a fool,
And now I get what's coming to me.
Everything I do seems to fail now.
I should've never left you.
You gave me guidance
And kept my head up
And kept me alive.
I loved you and you loved me.
But even so, I just can't see
Everything you've done for me.
Everything you gave for me.
All the love I you had
Is now wasted
Gone
Dead.
Turned loose on boys who never
Ever will truly deserve it.
Now clearly I see my fault
Now I see I've spilled the salt
And I'm afraid you'll never change
And he's afraid you'll never change.
I still need you,
But I can't have you,
So now I'll cut my life away.
Now I'll stop thinking anymore.
And spend my days alone in sorrow
Waiting idly for the morrow
Because I should've never left you
Because now you're ruined and so am I,
Now I've left me just to die.
I took the sword upon my neck
And sent it tumbling down.
And now I'm a fool.
I was always a fool.
But before I was a fool who was in love.
Now even that comfort has betrayed me.
And now I'm lying here on the ground.
My brain unplugged
My head unscrewed
I'm only a body.
Headless.

Leon Agnew

Hold Me Down

Hold me down
Before I _____ him up.
Keep me away
So I never hurt anyone.
Anymore
Keep me quiet
Hold me down.
I can't control myself.
Rush me to the grave.
My secrets you can have
If you just
Hold me down
It all falls down.

Leon Agnew

How Do I Love Thee? Let Me Count The Ways...

Nevermind, there's not that many.
Your form is as good as any.
And your eyes, they're not spectacular.
In words, they'd be vernacular.
Though green and stunning,
And sharp and cunning,
They're simply not spectacular.
I love your smile,
Or is it vile?
Or is it something else?
Else or vile, I love that smile;
I love it for its wealth.
And your hair, needless to say,
Will someday be patchy and gray.
But nevertheless I love it today.
I'll love you today,
But never tomorrow,
So laugh your soul and cry your sorrow,
Before I go away.

Leon Agnew

Huge Dark Cloud

There's something
That isn't right
On the horizon
There's something
Bad coming
Get inside
Go away
Run
Hide yourself
Before it comes
There can be no hiding
Once it comes.

Leon Agnew

Humor

Sweetie Joe
He went to hell
His shoddy life
He hanged himself
Life goes on
Now no one cares
Poor Sweetie Joe
He lost his stares.

Leon Agnew

I

I

Find it hard.
Urinating on my brain
Can't escape this
Kind of insanity
I'm prone to encounter.
Need help
Get me out of here.

Help me
Another day goes by
Totally mute
Evil men, watching, tormenting

Can't you get me out?
Even if it costs everything
Nothing can be worse than
Sitting in this dungeon
Or is it just my mind?
Raging within me
Sending my thoughts to a
Hell of destruction
I can't get out
Please help me.

Leon Agnew

I Am The Impossible

I am the impossible
I have died and lived on
Dragged out of
My inhuman grave
I am the immortal
The mastermind
I am the greater than
The Overman
The one who has control
I cannot die
I feel no pain
I am without weakness
I am the dead.

Leon Agnew

I Blame Myself

Every time, I blame myself.
Even though your sins are many,
I still blame myself.
I guard you with my enthusiasm
That you might guard me in the same way.
I am always disappointed.
But though you disappoint me,
In the end you escape my blame.
In the end you escape everyone’s blame.
Because you are cunning and wise
And far smarter than I will ever be.
You have me trained and held by a leash.
I dance for your happiness,
I jump for your joy,
I feast for your hunger,
And I receive nothing in return.
But still, I never care.
I never see.
I never comprehend what you truly mean.
I still blame myself.

Leon Agnew

I Made Love to the Dinner Rolls

Dear Sir:

Thank you for another lovely evening.
My wife and I always enjoy your company,
And I find it charming
To watch our children play together.
Despite all this,
I wish to make a confession.

Whilst you were away,
Like mice, I went to play,
And found your cook
And took a book
And knocked him unconscious.

I then went to work,
And took out the wine's cork,
Unsheathed my sin
And peed straight in
Then served you it in glasses.

I took out my list,
And all the hors'doeuvers kissed
I poked a lot of holes
And made love to your dinner rolls
Heehee! I'm such a funny guy!
I even porked the rye!
And then I saw the ham
Let out a great 'GAWD DAMM! '
I pulled straight down my pants,
Assumed a crouching stance,
(I know this is the very best
But you can figure out the rest)
I'll leave it up to you
To find out what's in your berries blue.
And I also did contribute
To filling up your boots with soot.

I'm not proud of what I did, good sir,
And don't ask your wife what I did to her,
But let me tell you, for just one bit,
To be honest, she definitely liked it.
Please forgive me, I'm really nice
Maybe a 'sorry' would suffice?

Leon Agnew

Inside Your Heart

You know that I love you
You know that I care
I wanna get inside your heart
And find out what is there.
I wanna get inside your heart
And feast upon the fears
And learn about your years.
I've heard rumors,
But are they true?
There's too much I don't know.
I wanna learn about you.
I wanna hear you talk.
I wanna turn you inside out
And see what ticks your clock.
Now give me all your brain cells
And give me all your love.
You know I need you.
You know I love you.
You know I care.
So let me get inside your heart,
And let me see what's there.

Leon Agnew

Jacob Bleeds

Jacob bleeds
Right on the street
Jacob bleeds
All on your feet.

You stomp and sputter
And curse and shout
But you do nothing
To stop the spout.

Jacob's blood
Made no demands
Yet Jacob's blood
Is on your hands.

Leon Agnew

Jesus Eats Children

Why does Jesus love the little children?
Their brown faces
Their lanky limbs
Their shifty snake eyes
Always hiding
Never confiding
Look at them
Stench of sweat
Filth
Unwashed hands going everywhere
Always touching
Unrelenting greed
More more more more
Like nasty pigeons
Everywhere
Rushing and whooshing
Bellowing screaming
Crying for their stupid mothers
Blank faces
Empty consolations
Rushing back
Blurs of reddish greenish blue
Nasty dirty colors
Salty taste of filth
Ugliness
Children
In the air
But I suppose
Never a child did Jesus meet
Whose flesh was not tender enough to eat.

Leon Agnew

Kiss Me Kill Me

Eat me, drink me,
Float me, sink me.
There's nothing else.
There's no one else.

Win you, lose you,
Pick you, choose you.
Never let me.
Never leave me.

Don't kiss me, kill me.
I'm empty, fill me.
Kiss me, cutie.
Kill me, cutie.

Leon Agnew

La Gripe

Is everywhere.
Yes, sir.
Yes, ma'am.
La gripe
Is everywhere.
We're all
Going to
The meat processing plant
In the sky.
Where we will be sorted
Filed
Counted
Renamed
Died
Born
Living for ever and ever
Processed and perfect
Perfectly processed
Packaged
Made
Shipped
To the heavens.
Where we are
For ever
And ever.
I remember Earth.
And La gripe
And pain
Suffering
Death
Graves
Places
Forests
Where the dead will go
And board the train
To the great
Meat processing plant
In the sky.
Yes sir.
Yes ma'am.
We're all
Damned
By
Guess what?
La gripe.
The mother of influenza.
The mother of flu.
That is correct.
Yes sir.
Yes ma'am.
We're nothing to it.
But

Fodder
Chattel
Energy
Food for thought.
If thinking
Is what
La gripe
Does.
Or tends to do.
Or has done.
La gripe.
Good night,
My son
My daughter
My wife
My mother
My father
My life.
Hello
La gripe
And the meat processing plant
In the sky.

Leon Agnew

Let You Go

Let you go
Is what they tell me
They say you're a leech
A _____
A worthless piece
A nothing.
But you're everything.
And I ain't never gonna let you go.
I ain't never gonna let you go.
Go ahead.
Do whatever.
Hurt me
Rip me
Tear me
Every pain is just a pleasure through you
Every tear is a sign of my happiness
I wish you knew
I wish you understood.
But now you're dead.
And I still ain't gonna let you go.

Leon Agnew

Lettuce

Will you let us lettuce here?
Plainly, and for all to hear,
Simply, and for all to see,
Will you join and make it three?

If not, will you lettuce be?
Peaceful, and in harmony,
Happy, way up in the air,
No, let's go and lettuce there.

Leon Agnew

Lichen

Stricken, staring
All my life a humble bearing
To the south, at 180
Every hell of humans hating
Broken down on sunny shores
Beaten up by broken doors
Slammed in the face of
Hopeless dignity; love
Is fleeting, if not
The nonexistent
Heart beats slow for
Nothing more
Nevermore I see her face
Not again! I have no place
In here, she says
The filthy dregs
Of emptiness are
Every every everywhere
Stuck to my ship
I drive it home
Goodbye fair friend
This is the end.

Leon Agnew

Lies for Love

Don't f___ with me
Stop the
Stupidity
Win again
It's a knack
Of mine
99
Scratches
In my car
Scratches
In my glass
Kills the dove
Lies for love.

Leon Agnew

Life

I love you.
I love you.
I love you.
I love you.
I love you.
I love you.
There.
I said it.
Six times.
Now,
I would like my money.

Leon Agnew

Love Is A Toothbrush

Love, in essence,
Is like a toothbrush.
We use it a lot,
And it grows weary.
It takes time,
But is inevitable.
When seen at first,
It may cause disgust.
It takes a versatile mind,
To comprehend its beauty.

Sometimes it languishes,
Disenegrates, loses worth,
In dark places,
And cold hands,
Where mindless heathens,
Wandering day and night,
Do rape and terrorize,
And in darkness,
We cannot find it,
Though seeking it verily.

What is the toothbrush?
It is a symbol,
That when teeth are dirty,
The heart is sick,
With diseases,
That are fatal to it.
So we must keep it well,
And brush our teeth,
Administer it regularly,
And keep well our hearts.

Love, in essence,
Is like a toothbrush.
It starts out nice and fresh.
But soon becomes monotony.
Why bother?
For love cannot exist in man,
Nor can it in God.
What horrid place are we in?
Without love, without life,
Without body, without mind.

Leon Agnew

Love Is Not

There for you.
Nor is it true.
Nor is it beautiful.
It is only fleeting.
And it destroys,
The great destroyer,
The grim reaper,
Love.
A grungy metaphor.
A dingy personification.
Love is not.
Love is never.
But I am always.

Leon Agnew

Love Love Love

They say I'm dark and nasty.
They say I'm really cruel.
That's what they say.
But you know better,
Don't you, cutie?

Leon Agnew

Meaningless Contortions

Meaningless contortions
Of the mind and/or body
Can leave one
Devastated.
So avoid thinking.
It damns you.

Leon Agnew

Miss Murder

Miss Murder, look at me.
Can't you help me see?
I live and live and thrive and thrive,
I give my life to thee.
Anyday and anyway,
I shoot and stab my life away.
You take and take, I give and give,
But yet, Miss Murder, I still live.

Leon Agnew

Mommy Kill Me

Mommy killed me
She silenced my breath
She cut off my head
She choked me to death.
For when I was growing
About to be born
From her precious womb
She had me torn.
Mommy, mommy,
Why'd you do it?
Mommy, mommy,
We could've made it.

Leon Agnew

Mother Love

Mother love
Nothin' wrong with me
Mother love
Come and let me see
Mother love
Just leave me alone
Mother love
Now I'm dead and gone
Mother love
Never let me see
Mother love
Never let's me be
Mother love
Took my life away
Mother love
Hate me every day
Mother love
Take away my pain
Mother love
Make me go insane
Mother love
There is no such thing
Mother love
Hate is everything.

Leon Agnew

Mr. Fuckoff

Walking downtown,
He's lookin' for some business.
Walking around,
Gonna get himself some fizzness.
Listen to my nasty buzzing,
Listen to my snipper zizzing,
And shut the _____ up, Mr. Fuckoff.
Shut your nasty buzzing,
Shut your zizzing snip,
Your face is full of keptchup
Your mouth is full of dip.

Leon Agnew

My Monster

There's my little monster,
My personal favorite,
Nailed to the wall.
See how it writhes?
It's face is hideous
Distorted
Destroyed
Burnt
Blackened
But still beautiful.
I love my little monster,
But I still nail it up.
I still stick it to the wall.
Because it always breaks free.
And it always haunts me.

Leon Agnew

Narrative Set in a Blank House

I've felt quite lonely lately.
It really puts the plight of the lonely in perspective.
I don't like it much.
It's rather boring.
You see, not much happens to a lonely man.
Anyhow, I have a friend named Ted.
He lives in Halifax.
Disliking the weather, I gave him a call.
I said, 'Hello, Ted. How are you? '
'Quite alright.' I think he said something like that.
'I feel a bit lonely, ' I said after a bit.
I recall him chuckling. 'What for? '
'I don't know.'
'Well, ' he replied, 'you got me, you know.'
'I think.' I recall pausing, to think.
I just wasn't sure. You know how that is, right?
'What do you mean? ' he asked, as a friend would ask.
'Well, ' I replied,
'I think you are why I'm lonely.'
He laughed again. Ted was a laugher.
'Why's that Jim? '
I paused again. 'Because you died, Ted.
Ten years ago.
And I'm standing here, receiver in hand,
The tone in my ears,
And your voice in my head.'
He paused. I paused. We both paused.
There was pausing enough to stop time.
And then he said, 'Wow, you must be lonely.'
I am.

Leon Agnew

Never Show Me

Never show me
How you love
How you touch
How you care
Because if it's not me
Then I don't want to see.

Leon Agnew

New New Colossus

Give me some room
Shadowy figures
Worthless, ugly masses
Creeping cross my skin
Like dirty moths
Fluttering at the light
That is my mouth
Captors force open my jaws
Chained, I struggle
And you perpetual spiders
Lay eggs in my tongue
Black, brown, and yellow
Insects born of garbage
Filthy maggots
I dropp my lamp and flee
For safer shores.

Leon Agnew

No Love In Fate

You bathe in my blood,
You gargle in my tears.
Draining my essence,
You thrive upon my fears.

There is no truth in love,
There is no point in hate.
Therefore I die alone -
There is no love in fate.

My luck is my own problem,
My death is my own fault.
Do not apologize,
My heart might somersault.

And up from the grave I come,
And faced with you again,
I climb back in my tomb,
And wait for your life to end.

Leon Agnew

Nolmeroy 1

This is a portrait of Nolmeroy.
He lived a bit, and died a bit,
And when he lied, he cried a bit,
But never found himself annoyed,
In fact, he ended up destroyed.
But that's a shame,
And life's a game,
But Nolmeroy was just Nolmeroy.

Leon Agnew

Nolmeroy 2

No matter, nomatter, the pig gets fatter.
The _____ gets worser, the man gets hoarser.
But Nolmeroy, he just got nothin',
And the other guy, he got nothin',
But that's just how it goes.
For that's not all his woes.
But we don't really care about Nolmeroy.

Leon Agnew

Nolmeroy 3

The age is gone
When man was lonely
And Nolmeroy, the boy was only
Twelve - he was already lonely
A sad young sort
Of little friends
He's write his poetry
To meet his ends.

Leon Agnew

NV42

Pills and guns don't mean a thing.
Sin and death aren't wavering.
Nothing is, though.
So take a breath and let me in.
Or die. Or sleep. Or lie. Or think.
I don't care, though.
Let's go and die. Or something else.
You know, emo things. Like death. Yaaagh...
I kinda care.

Leon Agnew

On the Way to Goshen

I'm not a machine,
I'm to be admired, loved,
Cherished, and held.
You jump away from me
And I die inside.
Every moment with you
Is a precious gift,
And every tear I shed,
Is something I can never,
Ever get back.
You loved me then,
For that shining moment,
For that precious hour,
I think you loved me.
And you still do,
But their's something missing.
Something's different.
Something's wrong.
But still we're going,
And on and off we fight.
But knowing our history,
We'll set it right.
Knowing our past,
Things will go wrong,
But knowing our friendship,
They won't last long.
On the way to Goshen,
I saw the light,
I said my sorries,
I said good night.
You know I weep for you,
To this very day,
You know I need you,
To keep death at bay.
On the way to Goshen,
I saw the light,
I wept for you,
I gained my sight.

Leon Agnew

Orange River

Good heaven
Bad hell
Orange river
Never tell.
Bad lovin'
Good sin
Orange river
Start again.

Leon Agnew

Pain

Every day
I looked at her
Every day
I called her name
But never knew
If things would be the same
When she cried
I felt her pain
When she loved
I felt her passion
Never again
I thought I'd feel pain
But I was wrong

Her tears
Were poisons to my soul
Her eyes
Were daggers in my heart
I tried to fight
But never could
Escape her deadly snare
She loved him
But he was gone
She knew him
But soon forgot
What control love once had
Over her life
When she loved him

And now
She was trapped
And now
She was lost
I loved her all the more
For the dreadful cost
When she cried
The world, it died
When she loved
My heart, it shoved
A painful drumming
Through my ribs
Every day.

Leon Agnew

Pathetic Ugliness

I walk in the door,
And I see a face.
It's blank.
There's nothing there,
But wrinkles and pain,
Old scars that never went away,
And dirt.
They're old.
Far older than I will ever be.
Ancient statues wandering
Not-so ancient halls.
It scares me.
Their beady eyes,
Their croaking mouths,
Their limp, gray tongues,
Flapping wildly,
In ancient agony.
It scares me.
I want to leave.
But I have to stay.
It smells like a sewer.
It looks like a sewer.
They look like rats.
And they smell like the sewer.
I want to go home.
I want to go home.
But mommy won't let me go.
'Another minute, ' she says.
Another minute. Another hour.
'Talk to Eleanor.'
It has a name.
I go reeling.
I run away,
Out into the blinding snow,
Where there is no stench of filth,
No hint of blood,
No sign of death.
They'll be dead soon.
But they'll keep coming.
Homeless, hopeless zombies.
They'll keep coming.
It scares me.
Let me go, mommy.
But its another day.
Another deathly hour.
Another hideous minute.
In my grandmother's nursing home.

Leon Agnew

Pocahontas

Let me be your Pocahontas
And save your flashy flesh
From evil eerie edifices
And fearsome chainmail mesh
Then we fall to the ground
Rolling in the marsh
Gnashing all the hour
Drinking nails so harsh
Burning death desire
Knives so vainly posh
Wait a moment longer
Then in my blood wash.
Nasty nasty poetry
Makes my sadness burn
Sister would go blow a tree
If she didn't learn.

Leon Agnew

Poems Ain't No Art

You say your big words
You take your time
You find a reason
Then make the rhyme
But is it worth it?
Ain't poems just a thing?
You talk about love
You talk about things
But there ain't nothin' there
But the thoughts in your head
And the words in the air
Poems ain't no art
They're just a thing
Just a simple happening
A sudden occurence
That steadily dies
As countless interpreters
Rip and tear the damn thing to pieces
Looking for reason
Looking for rhyme
But there ain't nothin to 'em
They're just little things
Little thoughts
So shut up and read 'em

Leon Agnew

Pork Qué?

Why?
Why, oh, why?
Why, why, why, why?
Why, God, why?
Why me?
Why is this happening?
Why is this happening to me?
Why the _____ is this happening?
Why are you doing this to me?
Why?
Why can't it be any other way?
Why, God, why?
Why is it always me?
WHY?
Why, cutie?
Why do I care?
Why bother?
Why give a _____?
Why am I even around anymore?
Why don't I just move on?
Why not?
WHY?
Why?
Because we all do.
And so should you.

Leon Agnew

Purple Paradox

The dead will live again,
And the pure will turn to sin.
They'll call on Satan's name,
And they'll never be the same.
The weak may cry,
And the dead may die,
But they'll never be the same.

Leon Agnew

Reflecting Pool

Whichever way I look
There's the same face
The same place
It surrounds me
Defies me
Destroys me
The ambience distracts me
The hatred, it pesters me
Every time I see her eyes
It's just your eyes
Blind
Stupid
And every time I look in the mirror
It's his face I see, and so I fear
The monster has a grip on me
The monster in him is now in me
I'm vain
I'm sick
I'm immature
What I say comes back to me
What I say goes straight through me
This world is evil
Every bit
I hate the evil
But I'm part of it.

Leon Agnew

Rice Pilaf

I'm used to my corruption
I'm used to my disease
I'm one with my infection
I take my lives with ease.

There's nothing like destruction
There's nothing like sea breeze
I'm one with my obsession
The fuel I slickly seize.

I'm burning down the forest
I'm burning down the trees
I'm just an anti-florist
Decapitating bees.

The ash of wood rice pilaf
The ash makes fine Chinese
Look at the smould'ring tree loft
And then with terror freeze.

Leon Agnew

Ring

The lair beyond a secret door
Is nothing I've not seen before
A dirty place of rock and earth
Glowing from a golden hearth.

And on the mantelpiece lies
A little thing of precious size
Atop the mantel's golden sheen
Lies my dead brother's golden ring.

From dust to grime-covered finger
Brother's ring becomes my ringer
And every step I take in life
My brother's ring dispels my strife.

And all the women I do find
Of bodice, bosom, and behind
Quickly cave to my desires
And darkly light their dark fires.

But one night my brother's ring breaks
No more satisfied are my aches
No more joyful are my joy days
For now alone the spirit plays.

Taking darkly to the dark street
I rape and kill then kill and eat
There's nothing left to hold me back
There's no ring keeping me from snack.

My bloody mouth and vicious paws
Are nothing but a creature's claws
And walking through the streets again
I feel my bloodlust and my sin.

Leon Agnew

Roses

Within your heart lie roses of discontent
Without your face life simply goes on
It's a concept beyond me
Befuddling me
What roses would have thrilled me
Now simply thorn me
Is this how friendship dies?
With silence, love, and patient grace
A quiet word, a simple sigh
And nothing left but little lies
Slowly chiseling away at the wall
Petals of lost love
Falling to the ground
I'm losing my grip and losing my life
Nothing left to end my strife
I'll see you
Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow.

Leon Agnew

RRRRRRR Foosama! ! ! ! !

Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!
I win.

Leon Agnew

Rumors of A New Pride

Rumors of a new pride
Wandering through our hills
Have you heard about the new pride
Feasting on our kills?
I know we're playing Halo
I know we're having fun.
But is it really funny
On the wrong end of a gun?

Leon Agnew

Sabbath

Every day, I find myself there again
Waiting
Wondering
When will this end?
But I can never figure it out.
Still waiting
Still wondering
It's a difficult thing.
A well-done steak to chew on.
How did I get here?
How can I get out?

Leon Agnew

Self-Referential Humor Is Stupid

One-line poetry is really pathetic.

Leon Agnew

She Lives and She Dies

She lives and she dies
But what else matters?
What drives the eye to the heart,
The heart to the mind,
And the mind to thought?
Lust
Each thought the rooster takes
And in lust perverses.
But how can lust be so clean?
It cannot be, being a sin,
And sin is vile in all cultures.
Love
There is no love in this.
Love is reciprocal - so some say
But can we define it?
Are we too limited for such thought?
Am I too limited to see beyond this?
Obession
Third in my triptych, it is
Least known - but most hated.
Lust and love converge and overflow;
It cannot be so, but it is.
How else can it be?
There is no though, no sight,
Of no like mind are we.
Then what fosters it?
Nothing at all, only this:
She lives, she dies, and we are equal.

Leon Agnew

Shiny Picture-Face

Illnesses
Are transient
Beings with
Nothing in their
Ramrods - for certain
What's up, little child?
Your head is wild
Flat as a single frame
From a grungy porno flick
Shiny, too
Fluourescent
Doused in grease; some water, cum
Violent sprays of
Worser days
When I was gaily
Merrily
Stupidly
Minding my own business.

Leon Agnew

Shooting At The Dead

On weekends at June's peak
To my uncle's house I often sneak
With my very assorted friends
To go and meet assorted ends.
We never know what's waiting there
But never really seem to care
What secrets the old forests hold
In their leafy trees and breezes cold.
We hang around the old back porch
Lighting the euphoric torch
And gazing deeply into the eyes
Of Melissa-Jane, who often lies
Naked on the wooden floor
Her clothes askew, her gorgeous core
Exposed upon the knotty pine.
Oh, how I wish that she was mine.
But never will I see the light
Until I have dispelled my fright.
Then I will gladly take her hand
And lead her into promised lands.
Promised lands for all of us
Promised lands of frozen fuss
Where gossip and sin never take hold
And never we are out in the cold
Of uncle's house and nephew's cave
Where mankind never we would save
Where teenage-hood we all condemned
And simply sat and simply sinned.
But wait - the torch deceives me
A silver hand Out There receives me
Brighter than a thousands suns
My brothers chase it with their guns
But never do the bullets maim.
The apparition. All the same
I stay quite still. I have no fear.
I have no reason to endear
This moment so very normal
There's nothing there that makes it formal.
So I simply let it take me There
Where never there is frozen air
And never shall we ever sin
And never shall our fears begin.
But then I realize I'm asleep
And from the porch I scarcely peep
Into the woods, where nothing's there
Not a single silver hair.
Somehow, I am quite despondent
I wish to be a correspondent
To the homely, sweet old folks
Who live within the wooden spokes.
But I am left out here
With nothing but my drugs and beer

I wish that I was somehow free
Away from here - away from me
But still I am inside my head
With my brothers, shooting at the dead.

Leon Agnew

Slowly Yet Violently I Touch The Brake

Slowly yet violently I touch the brake,
I wonder awhile, then drive in the stake.
For nothing is everything, and life is a scam,
And frankly my dear I just don't give a damn.

Leon Agnew

Smells Like Night Sweats

Walk into the god-damned place
The black air's thick with black disgrace.
Snotty girls with tits upheaved
Tonight they'll have their clits unsheathed.
Stride past the rusted lockers
Hear them hum with whispered 'cock her''s.
Enter into teacher's classroom
Enter fast and meet your fast doom.
Give her all she wants or needed
And then leave her thoroughly seeded.
If your grades are surely slipping
And your spirits slowly dipping,
Walk straight through our pointless hell
For your dignity sadness sell.

Leon Agnew

Smiles Give Me Hope

Smiles give me hope.
Hope gives me security.
Security gives me comfort.
Comfort gives me routine.
Routine gives me obsession.
Obsession gives me jealousy.
Jealousy gives me hatred.
Hatred gives me pain.
Pain gives me sadness.
Sadness gives me despair.
Despair gives me time to think.
Time to think gives me musings.
Musings give me wisdom.
Wisdom gives me strength.
Strength gives me perseverance.
Perseverance gives me you.
You give me a smile.
And smiles give me hope.

Leon Agnew

Something New

I ate my son today.
He sat upon a platter.
I picked up my fork,
And his entrails I did splatter.
He rumbled from my gut,
And I asked what was the matter.
He called me weird.
'I'm your son, ' he said.
'You ate me, ' he said.
I told him to be silent.
He could talk to his brother
After dessert.

Leon Agnew

Sparta, Kentucky

Once at nighttime, God-willing,
I passed through Sparta.
It was late, and I was tired.
My heart my bones were killing.

If you ever fail to note,
The beauty of the night,
Then you are woefully ignorant,
You have to sink before you float.

The girl I loved once taught me,
And never I forgot
To take in the beauty of the night.
And now it has bought me.

Leon Agnew

Suddenly Flesh Disappears

It is harmless.
It is average.
It is chemistry.
And it is morning.

I take my seat.
He takes his seat.
She takes her seat.
It is done.

We begin.
We work.
We end the day.
The bottle falls.

The irresponsibility.
The foolishness.
The sandal.
Bare feet.

Pain.
Suffering.
All short-lived.
She screams.

I look.
He looks.
We look.
We wonder.

We are afraid.
We all want her.
We all need her.
She is hurt.

We want to help.
But we all rethink.
We sit back down.
And leave her.

She is screaming.
From the back of the class.
But we are listening.
This is learning.

She drops the phial.
She screams.
Suddenly flesh disappears.
Suddenly youth is gone.

Leon Agnew

Sweet Little Thing

Round and round
The cherry pie goes
Where is stops
Everyone knows
For life is a gossip
And gossip a _____
I hear one pie has some
Primordial itch

Round and round
The poisoned pie goes
It never stops
It only grows
For poison's a pester
That pesters the slut
I hear one thing, then I
Go did my life rut.

Deliver
What give her?
A new dye?
Or an old pie?
She's no more a cherry
But a peach
And a ripe one at that

Worthless, worthless
It all falls down
Down to the belly
The eventual grave
Of a sweet little thing
Clap for Amy!
She's got it done
Good job, sweetness
You're _____ now!

Leon Agnew

Thanks For The Remains

But I can't
It still seems
That I can
I don't know
If it's true
I don't know
About you
I don't know
Anything
But I wish
I knew it
I just can't
Handle it
There's something
Inside me
Keeping me
From it all
Knock it out
Keep it dead
Without you
I see red.

Leon Agnew

The Admonitory Allegory

The beast with two hearts!
I hear it approach,
It will, surely, it will,
Upon our thoughts encroach.
Run, my son, lest ye be a fool,
And become its poor slave,
Or weapon, or tool!
Run, my son, lest its beauty ye love,
Lest its heart you desire,
Lest its body be your cove.
At which point you've failed.
You've blown it, you're dead.
You've done thrown away yourself,
You've done lost your head!
Run, my son, lest ye be a damned fool!
It'll take you and make you,
Something that's... not cool!
Oh, listen to me, all full of words,
All full of apprehension,
All full of curds.
Sitting alone in my dank old man's chair,
Oh, my son!
The beast with two hearts, do beware!

Leon Agnew

The Baby's A Jesus Child

When ya drivin down the road
Out a-lookin for a jobby
Prey a-squirmin like a toad
Best be get another hobby.

Gahgahgah straight into line
Gotta bigga fee to go pay
Oh man you lookin fine
Sometimes I wish I was gay.

Gahaha Gagagagaga
Gahagahagahagahagahagaga
Oh how I wish that you mommy a-hadn killed me
Gahaha Gagagagaga
Gahagahagahagahagahagaga
Oh how I wish oh how I wish you would see.

I'm in a shot state now
And I don't really know how
It's been this way since the beginning
Oh how I wish I were in bed
Oh how I wish I weren't dead.
Oh mommy how I wish you would just stop sinning.

Gagaga gagagaga
Gagagagaga
Gagaga gagagaga
Gagagagaga
Gagaga gagagaga
Gagagagaga
Gagaga gagagaga
Gagagagaga

There is goes.

Leon Agnew

The Bridge

In times of darkness never ceasing,
Crushing fury, never easing
Swallows me like fleshy foods
Consuming my happy moods
And destroying what remains.
Leaving nothing but my pains.

Rushing waters flowing past,
Voices of a ghoulish ghast
I look towards it, drawing nigh
It rotten arm points towards the sky.
'Like you, ' it says, 'I'm dead inside
Nothing secret, nothing to hide.'

The dead are dead, the live alive.
On happy things the live survive.
On true things my poems feed.
It's honesty my poems need.
A quiet understanding.
A silent voice, demanding.

Leon Agnew

The Flower Deflowered

It's an interesting thing
Knowing
Not having to listen to your
Lies
Anymore. And it makes me
Happy.
I guess that's a
Good
Thing. You're relieved
Now
And that's just altogether
Better
That makes me so
Happy
Content
A machine.

Leon Agnew

The Picture

A curse, a curse, a curse!
There's suicide throughout the hearse!
And nothing's left, my cutie-pie!
The doo-dang bluckbirds've gone and died!
Holy canoli, sweet mistress-o-Pattie!
The bluckbirds have gone and a-murdered your daddy!
So now we can marry,
My sweet red canary,
For dad's not around,
To kick me out of town.
And giving away your last dropp of restraint.
The white canvas all over is splattered with paint.

Leon Agnew

The Pit From Which None Return

Lover:
Everything fails
But I will not.
I will survive.
I will be satisfied.
You are a summer's day.
With sticky heat,
And glowing ends.
You start and stop,
And cannot make a choice.

Beloved:
Leave me alone.
If I am so cold and dark
As you have said before,
Then stand down,
And push me no further.

Lover:
O, sick, somber creature,
I mean no harm.
I love you truly.
Raise no alarm.

Beloved:
Though you charm me,
It burns me,
Clawing out from my heart,
A beast that hates you,
A me that loves you.
It is disgusting.
It is enlightening.

Lover:
A beast that hates?
A beast that berates
Is what you are - It satiates
You to berate,
You feeble beast,
What is our fate?

Beloved:
Hold me no longer!
What are you up to?

Lover:
Nothing.
I love you.

Beloved:
How can that be it?
I cannot see it.

Lover:
Then look more surely.
Your eye is weak,
It tends to wander,
Your hands do seek
Some fresher meat
Some hungry boys
Who'll melt you down
Like old alloys.
Your heart is tender
Your body pure
Your mind polluted
In evil's gas
You seek a rooster
For your ass.
You need a stallion
For your barn.
A noble steed
For riding on.

Beloved:
These accusations
I'll stand no more
Your insults freeze me
To the core.
Stay away -
I cannot bear thee.
Touch me not -
I cannot bear thee.

Lover:
I love you,
My pure white dove,
My summer's day.
Kiss me, kill me,
Break me down,
Dig me, grow me,
Run me round.
My feet were built
To walk for with you
My hands were made
To touch on you.

Beloved:
You call this love?
You say you love me?

Lover:
Love is the pit
From which there is no return.
Hate me, kill me,

But do not spurn
My love any longer.

Beloved:
Is this our love story?
I regret it.
So do you.
You even said it
Back when we were young
And times were happy and
Even then you could not
Pretend you had no love for me.

Lover:
I don't understand.
This makes no sense.
I must be wrong.
I must be dense.
An 'X' on my face
A bullet in your head.
An 'X' on my face
And my beloved's dead.

Leon Agnew

The Pumpkin's Blossom

The pumpkin's blossom
Is forever bright
It floods the senses
With God's holy light
You're somewhere out there
I can feel you think
Somehow I miss you
My one missing link.

Leon Agnew

The Road Not Taken

The road not taken
Is not the road I chose
The ones who take the road not taken
Always seem to lose.
So I took the road everyone takes
And never cared about the difference.

Leon Agnew

The Tragic Fall

You are my life,
My soul, my strife,
My anguish and my love
I breathe, I lie,
I swoon, and die,
On you, my pure white dove.

Give me a sign,
Should you be mine,
And end my suffering.
Tell me you're there,
Prove that you care,
To keep my heart beating.

My heart is crossed,
But still she's lost,
She stole my soul from me.
All that I've kept,
There's nothing left,
But dreadful certainty.

A noose, a gun,
And death has won,
My sad soul is crying.
For better days,
For other ways,
Without her, I'm dying.

Leon Agnew

The Ugly Man

Come here
Ugly human
Get your chastity
Get your purity
Throw it off
Freakish face
Biting nails
Nervous
Stupid
For no reason
Impure
Filthy
From the time he was born.

Leon Agnew

The Ugly Window

Come here
Ugly window
Show me beautiful
Show me wonderful
Streaks of dirt
Dirty days
Nasty nights
Never
Ever
Show me something
Pretty
Happy
Only dead streets I see.

Leon Agnew

Tomorrow Golem

Today river
Tomorrow golem
Today gone
Free
'F___ this life
Goodbye.'
That free
Tomorrow back
Slave

Leon Agnew

Trouble Not Thyself

What troubles me?
Only the trivial things.
What do I care about?
Only the trivial things.
Why do I question?
Because of trivial things.
I need not question.
I answer myself.
People are fools,
Their answers unsatisfactory.
Solitude is best.
I don't need your help.
Trouble not thyself.

Leon Agnew

Typhlops Russellii

Blind snakes
Are all around me
It's a nasty scene
Their wormy bodies
All coated in slime
My bare feet
All filmy with grime
That's how life is
It's a nasty scene
A nasty place
With nasty people
Who're just
Blind snakes
Or
Typhlops russellii

Leon Agnew

Unwilling

Grinding
Hateful core
Take me home
Break down my door.

Raging
Vicious womb
Bury me
Within my tomb.

Love me
Not unfeeling
Nonetheless
I'm still unwilling.

Hate me
Yes you do
Everything
You put me through.

Burning
Snaring flame
Losing this
Delightful game.

Love me
Not unfeeling
Nonetheless
I'm still unwilling.

Leon Agnew

What Else?

Bend for me
Break your back for me
Shit on me
Little eggs
Bursting underneath the skin
Worms crawling out
Crawling in as well.
That's all.

Leon Agnew

What I Told Her

She asked me, so I told her.
I told her he was weak.
I told her I was strong.
I told her she was everything,
But still she proved me wrong.
I told her nothing matters,
Save being by her side.
I told her she was everything,
But still she said I lied.
I can't live without her.
I can't go alone.
I told her she was everything,
But still she wants me gone.

Leon Agnew

Why The Caged Bird Screams

It wells up inside, you know
And I can't take it, you know
I can't hold it in, you know
I just wanna let it go.

But I can't let it go, you see
Cuz I love you, you see
And I want you, you see
But you just don't love me.

And so I'll wait, I will
And you'll see, you will
And we'll both be happy, we will
It'll all be good, it will.

Don't you know me, pretty bird?
Don't you want me, pretty bird?
You don't like me, pretty bird?
I can't take that, pretty bird.

So I'll push you a bit
And I'll touch you a bit
Then we'll wait a bit.
We'll see how things go, pretty bird.

And so I'll wait, I will
And you'll see, you will
And we'll both be happy, we will
It'll all be good, it will.

I'm a caged bird, sweetie
And I'm a-screaming, sweetie
Won't you let me out, sweetie?
You're looking at me funny.

Why sing, when you can scream?
Why breathe, when you can scream?
Why do anything, when you can scream?
They hear you when you scream.

And so I'll wait, I will
And you'll see, you will
And we'll both be happy, we will
It'll all be good, it will.

Leon Agnew

Worthless

You're worthless
In another man's hands,
Held captive
In another man's lusts.
You have gone
From day to night with me,
Dusk to dawn
You confuse me each hour,
In new ways
And I suffer greatly,
In new pains
So heed my words, cutie,
Never go
They can never help you.
Stay, cutie
You aren't worthless to me.

Leon Agnew

'X's On Faces

The murderer takes care,
To take his knife,
And put his 'X, '
On every face.
And a gold star,
On every chest.

Leon Agnew