Poetry Series

Marijke McKinney

- poems -

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A Pretty Something

I only loved the idea of you
A pretty something
But you were just you
I should have seen it coming

You stood right in front of me
I kept on trying and trying
To make you into something beautiful
Couldn’t see you were already dieing

Scraping paint off the walls
You were all white underneath
Covered with colors from my eyes
A perfect painting of mine

I was a stupid girl
Clung to your shirt so desperately
This isn’t you, this isn’t you
I didn’t want to face reality

I was a stupid girl
Making up false stories
Between you and me
I dropped to my knees

You’re just a pretty something
A fake boy I set beside myself
I should have seen it coming

Marijke McKinney

Adolescence, not done.

A petite girl roaring naked
And the birds are watching
Windows drawn up
Peeping heads to watch
A petite girl
Roar her way down

Hair to cover miles
Words to spread flat
Stomp the mocking ground
I won’t hold my mouth
When you prance your little
Ideas and perfection

I’m a flawed
Naked body
And shit
I’m running around
Like a mad man
Do you love me
Could you love
Someone like this

Marijke McKinney

Any Which Way it Goes

Wrapped tenderly
To the pale eyes
Of sunken ships

Shore of the world
Tide high tide low
Any which way it goes

Buzzed lovers
Of drunken pasts
Float in between
Stay or leave

Everything that is
Soon changes
The feelings of now
Old to new collide

The seconds of time
Drain into futures
Maybe in another life-time
What is happening now will be right

Or Mirrors will be buried
And reflections shall be blind
And we'll laugh later
At an ugly mistake in time

Whatever of the two happens
Any which way it goes
No one knows
Just be happy little boy

(We gotta stay in this reality baby
Chasing each other for eternities
In another life-time
What's wrong will be right)

Marijke McKinney

Apple Core

I’m the typical girl you meet
Guys on their knees
Leave you filthy dogs

No more begging
Oh wont you come back please

Come back please
I’m a messed up tease

Scared or sure of thought
Apple core feelings rot
I’m not really sure

Marijke McKinney

Bad Boy Rebel

I go for the messed up ones
To help so selfishly

Needed you to need
Make you better
Special me, the only cure
You talk to me, no other girls

I'll fix you come morning
And you'll love me today
I go for the messed up ones
To help so selfishly

Marijke McKinney

Blind Myself

Clothed bodies
Shirtless moon
The truth kisses
Before us so bare
Bright without reason

Safe kept inside walls
Cracking in the corners
I kept asking
Crumbled mess

Little quiet house
Windows have bloomed
Everything is too bright
I can’t adjust

Pain will only
Rise the truth
I’ll blind myself
So I can see

Marijke McKinney

Care for the Worst

Yellow flowers absorbed around her feet
Tears that reflect mother’s golden sun rays
A quiet walk in the arms of placid fields
Where no one sees her restless body lay

Her weak fingers trace drawings in the dirt
As the day brings warmth to her little face
Slowly she drifts farther away hurtles
To her own creation of bliss places

People with sparked sympathy of sad stares
Embrace the earth stroking her dainty hands
They only take notice to express their care
When the worst grows and takes a dreadful stand

Yellow flowers absorbed around her feet
An eternal moment of spirits free

Marijke McKinney

Connection

We are nothing
But drawn souls
Wanting a beautiful
Picture of admiration

Empty bowl
Hands grasping
Children yearning
For a world
Of beautiful color

Black and white
Eyes of tender lust
It’s never enough
Touch me
All over my soul

Make me scream
The bowl’s empty
Fill me with you
Until my sorrow
Lingers to dust

We are nothing
But drawn souls
Wanting a beautiful
Picture of admiration

Let my colors
Relate to yours
Because I’m so sad
You must be too

Marijke McKinney

Dense Stones

luminous moon snugged under my elbow
Sleep on top of my arms and cause no harm
I never wanted to create enemies
Whether i dangle my desires outside or to the door
Someones alway pounding for more
Stretching my perceptions like dental floss
Never knowing which way to cross
But there's some truth in my stomach
Some goodness in my bones intertwined with dense stones

Marijke McKinney

Distorted

Tangled in a mess of trees
I see a blurry me
A distorted me
Everything looks beautiful from the hill
Fast forward motion as I stand still

My vision is running low
People wave from here to there
And you, I don’t even really know you
Focus myself god damn it, tighten the lens

They're cracks between your face
Puzzle pieces I cant get straight
I can't find where I belong
It's an out of tune song

Tangled in a mess of trees
I see a blurry me
A distorted me
Everything looks beautiful from the hill
Fast forward motion as I stand still

The ground of bodies are shaking
It's hailing upon them
100 figures into 1

Hail until I see no more
What are all these faces for?

I see a blurry me

Marijke McKinney

Empty Basket

A cliff sinking beneath my head
And a fall thats never willing to go down
Heads of laughter, i hear no sounds
Let them talk with no tongues and cry with no eyes
Feelings living in an empty basket
Wanting to show a handmade emotion to the crowd
If only you could see, what it is to really be
Not wanting people to know
Instead you throw your arms for a sypmathetic show,
I've got the 90 year fall, yours is a step down one lit hall

Marijke McKinney

End of Endings

I’m writing poems in midair
Of the feelings floating between
Put your head on my shoulder
Let time sleep away forever

I’m sketching all the beautiful things
Inside our setting scenery
And here you’ve left in me
An etched out memory

I’m only a wimp
Afraid to admit
I can feel the end of endings

Please don’t stammer for the door
We’ll sit on the carpet with our tea
And talk of old things

Marijke McKinney

Fake

Fake
Inside out
Through the body
Out of the words
Is this what you see me as
A living robot
Following a guided command
You’re getting to me
You’re making me think
That I am not myself
I felt so self assured
Slowly I am collapsing
Why do I care what you think
Get up and realize
They don’t like you
No one sees what you see
Fake they whisper
Through the leaves
Rotting under your feet

Marijke McKinney

Feel

To feel
up
rush
sided vibes
down below
sorrow
is spinning
directly at
the same pace
Swallowed energy
inching through
luminous eyes
Connecting
us
never dangling
alone, questioning
atop a flowers head

Marijke McKinney

Filthy Slate

Between the walls and my body
The voices are inaudible
There’s nothing left to say
Annihilate the filthy slate

The efforts to squeeze out a thought
Leave the remains wasted to illusions
All the glamour has faded to nonsense
The driveway is left car-less

And there you look at me
As if I stand insignificant
But how I’m tired of this messy life
With the unfinished poems to myself

There’s nothing left in me
Nothing left to say to you
When the dawn breaks quietly
I’ll annihilate the filthy slate

Marijke McKinney

Flowers Talk to Eachother

Won't you come and sketch my world
Flowers everywhere
Growing out of my hair
I'm loosing sense of feeling

Clench me hard
Wrap me up in sunflowers
Intertwined vines of beauty
Oh insanity is such a marvel

Flowers talk to each other
Whispering life's answer
Wrap them around your soul
And let happiness bloom from the unknown

Reality isn't real my young friend
Show me without your eyes
Touch me without your senses
Tell me my soul without a mind

Without yourself I a not myself
You create me
A colorful world of colorful souls
Searching for the unreal

Marijke McKinney

Forever of Nevers

I want to go outside
Stand still under
A god I don’t know
A world that’s moving slow

I don’t want to live forever
And to die, never

Marijke McKinney

Forgotten Lives

Devouring me
Piece by piece
Bright eyes
Eager boy pleasure

I want to sleep
Over tips of blurred pasts
Weighted eyes
Pure smiles.

But I won’t
Let go
And you won’t
Turn around

Your hers
And parts of the days
You pick me like weeds
To clench your pity

You won’t dangle
My emotions
And moons shall
Swallow us hole.

And we’ll forget
We ever knew
Each other

Forgotten lives
Forgotten feelings
Creeping over the
Ripples of a high
Mountain lake
No one sees.

And we’ll forget
We ever knew
Each other

Marijke McKinney

Friends Never Say Good-Bye, not done

Friends never say good-bye
Friends never say good-bye
Friends never say good-bye
Friends never say good-bye
Friends never make you want to cry
Friends never make you want to cry
Friends never make you want to cry
Yet somehow you've done both of these
Is it because you care
Is it because you care
I've said good-bye
I've made you cry
But only because I love you
I love you I do
And I always come back
I come back
Will you come to me
In my arms
No harm, I want no harm
This hidden sadness
Gets me covered in confusion
Are you ever going to say good-bye
Are you going to make me cry
Just one more time
I hope you never do
But maybe you need to
So you can dig yourself up
And see I've always been here
Always never will
Always never will
My legs hurt from standing
I think I may slowly
Turn my head, faretheewell
And I'll cry cry cry cry
Friends never say good-bye
So you'll come for me right
Always never will
Here, and up down inside
My needs I need too
You make it so I can't forget you
But you can love two
While I drag out emotions
And your attention is for her

Marijke McKinney

Go Go Go

My body is just
Going going going
Don't know what I am doing
Never know
Always floating
Inside ice cubes
Compressed
And slightly opened
Out out
The inside
Of a pocket's hole
Disintegrating
Spiraling downwards
Still memories
And a treadmill heart
Still memories
And a treadmill heart
Normal realities
Contrasted, compared
To a distant perception
Sticking itself
Inside a slender body
That goes goes goes
Tip toes
Baby, show me
What I don't know

Marijke McKinney

Gray

I want the grey
I want you to be you
But never shall we really meet
I think you've forgotten the real me

I want the grey,
I like it this way
The in-between of two souls
Holding something no one knows

Three realities of our own

Marijke McKinney

Haiku

Suddenly I wake
The Mornings beauty rises
I cease to exist

Marijke McKinney

Haiku 2

Little wood pieces
In n out through the water
Bobbing their bark heads

Marijke McKinney

Happy

Ravel your fingers inside of mine
I'll take you to a place
Where nothing exists but
The creation of our bliss

Over the tree tops we'll sleep
Peach skin blended like sand
Nothing can cause us pain
Happy Beats

Marijke McKinney

He was Nineteen, She was Seventeen

He was nineteen, she was seventeen
The girl you left behind was sixteen
Now you love her
Under our old stars

Pour my feelings
To the top of your rim
The campfire’s
Growing dim

Hook yourself
Finger nails struggling
To grip hold a cliff
That will never stop falling

Golden hair of fire
Lighting up the truth
Don’t look at me with
Those half-slanted eyes
Beckoning me over
Away from the crowd

But we’re here after years
And we’re walking
With hearts streaming
Through our eyes

Pour my feelings
To the top of your rim
The campfire’s
Growing dim

You’ll venture back to her
And I’ll be an over excess mess
Leave me once
Leave me twice for timing
Never right

Marijke McKinney

Hole of a Face

A beautiful time
Stuck under eyelids
A space for you
Hanging around in the dark

I will leave
And it will stay
I will leave
And it will stay

Somewhere in a hole
Filling up with your
Little face
Daisies have
Come late

Marijke McKinney

I Wonder Why

I wonder why you
 Dance with free spirited shouts
The sun is fading

Yet you always do
Look at me with flowered hair
A face of beauty

How I wonder why
You smile each day you wake
Is your life a dream?

Slender body bare
Gentle thoughts on airy eyes
Nothing matters now

Eternal rigid time
 Morning’s luminous voices
Seeking reflecting

Revolution leaks
 I wonder why, I wonder
What’s this word of free?

Your soul of poems
A splattered colored vision
1967

Marijke McKinney

Identical Airplanes

The whole world’s got problems
None of mine matter
It’s like an airplane floating over ahead

There’s a young girl down there
Crying in her sleep
She is just like me
Just like me

There’s a boy down there
Parents kicked him out
He’s a lost disappointment
He is just like me
Just like me

A billion lights
Living inside a radio
Listening to the same songs
Reading the same books
Feeling this song
Just like you do

It’s all been done before
Whose to say my problems
My higher brain of thoughts
Should matter

The wires of people down there
Make me feel so small

Marijke McKinney

Impulses of Wires

Impulses of wires
Shaking the weary minds
For I am only trying to wake
Like rain on glass
We slip into unknown oblivion

People and their ways
Bundled into a loose knot
It’ll slip apart
Nothing remains the same

Marijke McKinney

It Won't Stop

This persistent analyzing
Of the way a mountains progresses
And a cliff descends
The crescent of my eyes
Have built in poems lines
And it won't ever stop
Liquid Faces
Rivers that flow
Through my mouth
The leader of
An insane mind
Slide from rock to rock
Feet grasp
The outer skin
Hop one, Hop two
Dangling dandelions
Surfacing my vision
Beautiful they remain
While they're heads droop
Synchronized with mine
All as one running
Looking down
What's ahead
An amount of time
I have put in a package
To shake, but not open
Befuddle my current state
Oh, look else where
Previous and further
Are but words I have put
Next to each other
Me, you, and the present
Shall look elsewhere
Gaze for a
Dark green escape
Growing in our spines
Tickling these horrid straight lines

Marijke McKinney

It's Coming

She’s crying in her sleep
The birds are falling from the sky
Forget what’s moving in motion
Let the whole world stay high

No more let down faces
Because I’ve got the answers
It’s dancing around the line
Between the middle to infinity

It goes on, on, and on
Let the whole world stay high
To what’s been coming around
Because it’s coming, coming, and coming

Marijke McKinney

Keep it Quiet

Shhh Shhh, keep it quiet
Keep it calm
The world is spinning
And we're trying to fit it within our palms

Moving around endlessly
Oh we are falling so slowly
Just how our bodies float above the water steadily
And our legs sink under heavily

Stretching our minds through regrets
A perpetual road that circles our heads
Give it up

Shhh Shhh, keep it quiet
Keep it calm
The world is spinning
And we're trying to fit it within our palms

It’s ok, it’s ok darling

Marijke McKinney

Lazy Face

The sun's sweating hard
Children's bones frozen
Don't appreciate
Lost in your own space
Dieing one by one
Lazy face
Lazy face

You've got your essence
Lazy face
Lazy face

Trapped in your own place
The sun's sweating hard
And you're trapped

In your own place

Little boy, Liitle boy
When will you come to
Droopy eyes

Where's the way to get by
You feel so happy
We all see through
Your pasty face
Lazy face

I just want you back
In your right state
Drugged minds
Will kill you in time

Marijke McKinney

Let Me Enter

Your reflection
Binds the universe
Into a face of beauty

Each naked body
Creating a world
Of unperfected souls

Each life seeking answers
Every mind grasping
Multiple realities

You are a person
You are a world
Let me enter.

Marijke McKinney

Lifeless

Everyone around me is crying
I can’t feel the faintest tear
Everyone’s growing a garden
And my white petals are turning yellow

These houses are burnt down
Pack up from this lifeless town
Water seeping from paper cups
There’s a city light somewhere

Darken the words
Spin the glass a little bit more
Feel the eyes of a watcher
Blind to the ignorance we couldn’t afford

I’m destroying you from my sickness
Maybe someday you’ll understand
This beauty could not sustain itself

Marijke McKinney

Lover Without Love

We've got words without meaning
Lovers without love
Sadness without feeling
We've got so much
And it all means nothing

Hollow words that fill up hopes
A density of false echoes
Give me handfuls of air
I'll breathe in what's not there

I love you so you say
Looking through the glass faces we see
I love you so I say
Forming something we wish could be

It's so sad when feeling has diminished
We cry to feel alive
Suffer from the misleading
Of our pitiful nothings

Peace with death
What a half filled world
We sink when we have risen
My lover with out love

Marijke McKinney

Make you better

i make you better
i be your drug forever
you don't need the uppers
because they only make downers

forever
i make you better
be your drug
stop stop stop
the lazy faced slugs

dragging on the pavement
bloodshot and lost
oh, houses with no rent
cardboard boxed minds
in time, baby in time

i show you i know

Forevevever
I be your drug forever

mmmmm.

Marijke McKinney

Miss Me

I just want you
To miss me
I've draped myself
Over your arms

I can't come over
Anymore
Just please call me
Once more

Please don't let this slip
I must leave for you to see
How much you need me

Marijke McKinney

Mokita

Back door balconies
Eating brains
Here we are again

Bloodshot eyes
Cushions of desire
We can’t get up

Radio pictures
Lost printers
Forgotten morals

Buddha mountains
Drinking your water
Empty stomachs

You feel it
We want to be the hate
And leek out love’s face.
With every small knit.

Marijke McKinney

My Life

No big words or little meanings
This is just the end
Of an empty space
I filled with matter

Marijke McKinney

Nature

Open your hills
Close your eyes
Here we come to get high

Trees and leaves
Beautiful streams
Among out little stoned feet
With faces and
Forgotten traces
Of answers discovered
And forgotten
On high thought places

Over mountains
And in between brains
To mess with the sane

Marijke McKinney

No Direction

To never give up
Is an unhealthy
Attachment to dream worlds

To always give up
Is an unhealthy
Attachment of self worth

To just go
With I don’t knows
I’ll find a way
Somewhere

Marijke McKinney

Open For Misery

From drama in the neighborhood
Secrets dangle across our heads
Then to a place with no matter
I strive for a happening

Where, where do we rest our heads
I can’t, I can’t get away
Help me stop myself
Before I devour the pleasured pain

I relentlessly continue
Each move so sickening
But if I were to stop
There would be nothing left

I hate to be open for misery
But I’m always first in line
Taking the punches of my own crime
Help me stay away

I'm so num
With what if's
I just want a place to go
No more, 'I don't knows.'

Where, where do we rest our heads
Before the eager games slips off our beds

Marijke McKinney

Perfect Wax Figures

I’ve been a fool for too long
With perfect wax figures
Of delicate hands holding flowers
Waiting for reality to take over

What a sad pleasure it is
To watch the innocent girl
And the uptight working mother
With their perfect wax figures
Melting down their world

I don’t want to see what’s in front of me
I’m afraid to think about anything else
I’ll think myself to insanity
So come on, bring the fool to me

With perfect wax figures
Of delicate hands holding flowers
Waiting for reality to take over

Marijke McKinney

Picture

I look at you
And the picture you display
Is a reflection of my thoughts

I look at you
And you’re the epitome
Of lovely insanity
And I trail right behind you

When I look at you
I want to cry
We’re in the same boat
We can help each other stay afloat

We’re in the same boat
We can help each other stay afloat
All that you portray
Are my deepest secrets

A picture of you
Unravels all my layers
I’m just like you
And how I wrack out
All of your negatives

If I had the courage
I would be who you are
If I had the courage
I would be a coward

Marijke McKinney

Pretty Perfection

Modern girl, so unsure
Wearing yourself out
With this expectation
Of a pretty perfection

The lights dim
Your mascara drips
Your hands scratch
The nail polish chips

Luminous eyes
Red and tired
Bare knees cold
White like ghosts

Morning time
Make up, fashion
The kids will love me
You pretty perfection

Marijke McKinney

Quietly Sad

So quietly sad
Can’t breathe
Just want to talk
To anyone who listens

So quietly sad
Knees into chest
Crocheted beanie
Hair of blue rivers

Time only reveals
Discernible truths
And covers what never was
And the end will be what is

So quietly sad

Marijke McKinney

Reality

Reality isn’t real my young friend
Show me without your eyes
Touch me without your senses
Tell me my soul without a mind

Without yourself I am not myself

Marijke McKinney

Rhymless thinking

It’s not that I change my opinions
With the different crowds that accompany me
I truthfully have no stable impression
If this is a mad world or yet just beauty

Split faced emotions
A dreary street under some light poles
Shadowed by an uplifting energy
That all will be ok through the holes

I’m neither sad nor happy
Only smiling for some
And crying for the others
I know so much and believe in so little

Lay in bed nights at a time
And after all this thinking
I’ve got nothing
But mindless rhyming

Marijke McKinney

Right and Wrong

Know the right not the left
Go to the left and you'll
Forever dangle
Two opposing angles

Is it possible
To be conditioned twice
Consistent relapses
Double-think inside

Connected or alone
Conditioned or real
Stay young or grow up
Freewill or conformity

Hook ups or relationships
Drugs or sobriety
Impulsive or thoughtful
Dreams or reality

How do we distinguish
A slow disease
Emitting pleasure
To an underground world
Rebelling the machines

Marijke McKinney

School Roof Tops

Wrapped in each other’s arms
Our small steps lead the way
To where stars rest their tips
In our late night hearts

Your jacket was too big for me
The sleeves hung around my knuckles
I could feel the air’s fingers
Sliding throughout my hair

The five of us blended as one
Our dark figures lurking through the gate
Low voice laughter’s echoed in my ears
We mustn’t wake the neighborhood

Our heads were being pulled by the moon
We stared upward at our destination

The two boys lay lowered under our feet
Raising us to our hidden freedom

To where stars rest their tips
In our late night hearts

Marijke McKinney

See Me

Glorious days, glorious days
Nothing to hide
Does that world even exist?
A quiet laugh out of this town
Where no one sees the cries
Everyone walks along

You see me on the other side
You shout the voices out
Nothing to hide
Collapse in your arms
Everyone’s around

Hello, hello there
I’m here to help
Don’t let that get you down
I’m here to help, here to help

A quiet laugh out of this town
Where no one sees the cries
Everyone walks along
With pasted smiles for an endless song

I’m always alone, always alone
I’ve got no back support
Crack my window open a bit
To see the blurred out faces
Can’t you see it

Mouths on noses
Minds in the stomach
Slipping down the pavement so secretly
This my last and final plea

See me on the other side
Nothing to hide

Marijke McKinney

Sharing lonliness

You always stood out
Carpet floors and Donovan
Saturday naps and wrestle fights
All our talks about life

Tired skinny bodies
Laying next to each other
Silent pulsed emotions
Eating pieces of feeling

Comfort in the conscious
Of a body next to yours
Breathing off each others lungs
Was I scared, or just looking for air

We didn’t love each other
We didn’t hate each other
We could have been something
We could have been nothing

It’s just a busy circle of connections and misconceptions
A line of shape building art of movements
A dream locked in the back brain voice
It’s the same story with changed adjectives

I am just like you
Feeling someone
Because you feel them
Inside of yourself

You were lonely
I was lonely
Our small built world
Of rosy kids under sheets

Comfort in the conscious
Of a body next to yours
Breathing off each others lungs
Was I scared, or just looking for air

To the moon
Our pasts sleep
I always miss happiness
By a second

Marijke McKinney

Simply Put

In between my thighs
Where boys go mad
And insanity ain’t so bad

Marijke McKinney

Six= Three Couples (Douglas)

We've got
The ex-ectasy dealer
Downing 40's but holds himself so well when drinking
Has no friends but his bottled Mickeys

The wasted girl
Head hung around the toilet
Apologizing for the way she is
I swear I'm better than this

The panic attack ridden
Drunk skinny girl
Lauging and smiling
Yet trying to breathe as the night
Rears towards its end finally

The designated driver
Just a plain ol' shitty night
Cigarette sparks flung in his eye
By the boy who no longer exists
Making bird noises in
That little acid fried brain of tin

The bearded boy taking care of the girls
An english major at oxford
Missing his girl friend who's no longer there
Depressed as hell

The paranoid girl is trying to suck up air
Bring feelings to her numb lips and body
Forget her ex-boy who's found another somebody

Cigarette eyed boy
Gonna think twice next time he does acid
Don't wanna be like that boy
Who was flocking like an eagle dieing

And as everyone leaves
The dealer takes his final dip
Coughs up blood
Where the wasted girl once titled her childish head

Marijke McKinney

Sleep off Tomorrow

When will all the tomorrows be ok
When can I fall asleep
Without my thoughts worrying about
What will come when I wake

Roll over the heads
Of all the people
Bobbling inside of
A sleepy girls bed

I can’t face what I have to do
When the cold sifts through
The screen of my window
On tomorrow’s bones

When will all the tomorrows be ok
When can I fall asleep
Without my thoughts worrying about
What will come when I wake

Vulnerable
Before I drift to nothingness

Marijke McKinney

So Hard

You used me
Tried to
Conquer me
I can’t talk
To you
Anymore

You don’t love me
Let alone
Know what it is

You are a baby
Gnawing on desires

I can’t look at
You anymore
I trusted you
I always give
You the easy way out
Now I’m out
And it’s so hard

Marijke McKinney

So Overdone

Staring at the world
I finally see
how everything was
So overdone

This is it
Without all the fancies
And I’m ok
This is who I am

I’m not the one
To make the world spin
Merely one of the thousands
Allowing it to stand

Send me below the grass
Watch me grow to the skies
I'm only becoming something better
A spectacle of earth in someone’s eye

There was nothing ever to be sad about
And look at me
I’m already crying
I worry myself out

Please
Set me at ease
A simple request
To the dweller inside of me

In the meadows I grow alone
Nothings ever gone
This world that I once was in
was so overdone

Marijke McKinney

Soggy Boxes

Living in made-up stories
And when we grow up
It'll never be enough

So happily
Two wishes form
Into such a believable reality

So happily
We wrote scribbles
Inside out teeny heads

Playground boxes
Soggy homes
Going to buy a condo
With a business loan

Marijke McKinney

Someone Else

Whereupon your hands brush
Pinpoint fingertips tap
Cautiously over my arm
Sliding off into nothingness

A new presence reveals
An opening from the shade
Longing for someone else
My broken record split

I’ve found a cure for sorrow love
Fall into another someone
Old hearts perish
Paper cream faces melt

I’m liking you so subtly
Picture old obsessions left me dry
His face staggers
Underneath rippled puddles

I’ve found a cure for sorrow love
Fall into another someone

Marijke McKinney

Song of Youth

The sidewalk burned with oranges and yellows
I could not resist
Your face the essence of a morning heaven
Luring me in with it’s presence

The songs of our youth
Hummed from your guitar
So I lied myself down
Shutting my eyes to rest

As your voice sang softly
Light glinted from angels wings
I gave you all my trust
To our surreal dream

Night fell over your soul
Time crept behind your back
Before my arms circled your stomach
Your skinny body left

The songs of our youth
Hummed from your guitar
So I lied myself down
Shutting my eyes to rest

The last glowing stars
Fell upon my little shoulders
The last spark of a childish love
I shall always cherish

Marijke McKinney

Subconscious

How pitiful thy shall fall
in green grass of forgetfulness
Distance embarks further
importance seeks reassurance
you have become nothing
Stood for awhile
and decided to nap
On the lap of a
wretched ladies map
People can twist
The roots of your seeds
The things that once were
Shall fall to thee

Marijke McKinney

Subconscious 2

Natures gritted teeth
No entering young one
Only looking
And I shall save thee
With a bottle of whiskey
And some lovely greens

To admire like madmen
Who love mothers arms
She shows but wont tell
And your glazed eyes
Can only see the beauty
Over but not under

I take what I can get
This is the closest I'll get
To the cycled life
Of emptied names

How can one not
Want to wring life
Of all its glory
When she taunts and teases
With falling leaves

Oh boy, you’ll never know
But at least you can see
The unknown

How we all want to be insane
And have mother
Gloss our worries
With vines and streams

Stumble on the line
Drunk or sober
We're all going to fall
So laugh to the gods
And point your finger up
And show them you're going down
With drunken happy smiles
Of all the pain and lies

We're all gonna die
Wish washed flowers
In the lake of our minds
Ever so slightly
Sneaking their tipped heads
To glance at a fallen world

Reflected glints
Of souls

Are forever.

Marijke McKinney

Subconscious 3

Top of the mountain
Must be coming down soon
Locked in the old mans eyes
He’s trying to tell me ways to get by

The light is yellow
I’m trying to be mellow
The light is yellow
I’m trying to be mellow

But then it hits with such a rush
And the vibes are so high
They knock me back over
The people are chattering
Glasses are clattering

Bodies swerving like snakes
A big beige blur immersed
Coming at me
Can’t breathe
A little panicky

Too many people filling up
At the tip of my wobbly knees
The man with the beard chuckling
The girl in the back room
I can hear her screwing the boys
The punk teenagers with no clue
That their world will smash their heads
In two, straight in two

I spot the middle age woman
Sipping her red wine
Such a fine posture and
She’s looking for a man
Who can remove her red dress
At just about midnight
The darkly hour tears stream
In the empty space next to her bed- side

Why’d her husband leave her
She was only cheating on him
With the neighbor on stale afternoons
When her man was working
And she was left hugging her knees
Sipping her coffee on cold mornings

We can never see the big picture
Just out little mysteries
Stories choking up our beings

Outside I stand

The house is a monster
With food poisoning in the belly
People agitating

The front steps look cozy
All those people man
Just all those people
Make me wanna give up
Or give it all away
Become the girl in the back room
Just for one measly screw

Marijke McKinney

Subconscious 4

You got nothin outta your head
In your little perfect world
Ride up skirts unzip jeans
Soon see the destruction
Running free
Back brain voices
Tip toe, snickering kids
Sex will rise and all
That's moral is left
Dry in old televisions

Black and white screens
Free free free.
Whistling tea pot
Too late to stop

Marijke McKinney

Subconscious 5

We'll be forgotten poets
Rolled up sleeves and
Brown tipped hats
Cup of coffee and a ruck sack
Words that will never show
How far we've traveled
On our lonesome rail road tracks
It's never enough
All we ever say
Is left ringing ears
Of people who can't hear
All we ever say
Is to an underground world

Going against the wall
In front of man kind
Go over go over
Don't be defeated
With what they cover
In child like pictures
Fools fools fools
Only poets stumbling
Over an imaginary discovery

Marijke McKinney

Subconscious 6

Maybe I'll follow the river
To a beautiful fall
Maybe I'll follow the forest
To a beautiful demise
Leaf one leaf two
Cliff above water
Reach out
Dive

Marijke McKinney

Subconscious 7

Gotta do all these chores
Infesting the inside of my core
Deep down I just want to be a whore
Chores of life, succumbing to sex
We all want more, this pitiful world
More sex, chores bitten down
To the core
Deep down we tore
Out all we ever were
Or wanted to be
Just to be screwed and free
For a second on the edge
Of our own little shores
People falling off cliffs
Yelling, echoing slore
Here comes the end of man kind
one two three four
It's war
Pin your desires to the door
Where are we heading
With our empty truths
On the dandelions, a dangling head
A thin sheet over our bodies
Exposed film spread

Marijke McKinney

Subconscious 8... not done.

Raw war
Warped tar
Mangled stars
Myself help
Another shelf
Vertical hills
Still pills
Willing to kill
Hide a side
Numb some
Psychologist psychologist
You don’t know
The amount of blows
I’ve stowed
Oh but give me give me
A new half
Because you seem to know
Of my past
More doors
Unlocking docks
To jump off of
Oh but you insist
The water’s warm
All knowing therapist
Fix me, fix this
Blue, white tablets
Hardened theories crafted
You’re scared to get near
When you’re the one
Controlling my fear
Psychologist psychologist
Fix me, fix this
Go ahead sit further away
Assume my rationality
Compares to a small room
I admire your normality
Your actions often convince me
I may just be crazy

Marijke McKinney

Sucked dry, my friend.

Sick spines
Directing towards
Our groggy minds
Killing yourself
Dose by dose
I can’t stand to watch
Your body crumble
Motionless body
Pills on the desk
This isn’t going to help
And I have realized
I can’t change you
I have realized
I can’t become this too

You drag me under
And all those around
To make the numbness
Accompanied with faces
Who go out in the dark

Your light is shut off
And I have realized
The switch isn’t at all
Close to me
And I have realized
I can’t change you
I have realized
I can’t become this too

If I stay
I’m burdened
Weighted down
With the depression
Leaked out in the air

You only
Bring me down
Sucked dry
My former friend

Marijke McKinney

Sun Has Cascaded Down

The sun has cascaded down
Blind to the eyes
The light has diminished
Embedded in the ocean it hides
The night conceals what once lingered
Will I soon forget it all
Will it all collapse into a distance past
Shaded by the dark it remains
Don't forget
Don't forget what once was

Marijke McKinney

Talking Without Speaking

You are making my soul shake
Crumbling into the beauty I've never felt
Thank you for talking without speaking
I can feel your emotions collapsing
I don't need your vague words
I want to feel, embrace it all
Let our hands grasp the moment
Watch it linger into a hidden place
Let all we've known sleep
Right now is now
And we have it all for tonight

Marijke McKinney

Taste

Rented times leave your ambition
Trying to swallow what’s been swallowed
Striving for the seconds let go
Dried flowers look beautiful to you

The past is your only friend
How you chewed it right up
Taste and earn your way in
Before things become rotten

Icicle frozen in position
I see the tip of you falling
You’re going to crack open
If you don’t melt the forgotten

You’re the only living proof
No one else believes you
Erase yourself from this time chart
Tomorrow will arise

Taste and earn your way in
It won’t last long

Marijke McKinney

Taste of Skin

Talk to you
With such gratitude
You're killing me
But it's ok

I hate you so much
And I want you so badly
Pull away and say no
Breathe close and ask for more

I don't deserve better
Your perfect for me
As you take advantage
Of all I've held dear

I wish I had control
But I swear I love you
There's good down there
I've seen it before

The colors of your eyes
Are only a monster's craving
For a taste of skin
Erase it before I remember

Marijke McKinney

The Record Spins

Apathy sings a horrid song
Tip toes upon cracked floorboards
A steady balance of love and hate
The empty thoughts float on

Wheels rolling until the engine breaks
Oh its waiting for the cliff to fall
Rusty screws pinned in the mind
Dull pastels fill the white wall

Heads drooped like flowers
Step they go this way
Step they go that way

The record spins
Hand me another
The paralyzed never win
I want to be happy

Straighten the line
Oh I wanna get lost in my mind

Marijke McKinney

There They Are

I see them all walking down the streets
Crossing their fingers to find something new
Maybe we'll find a reason on why we belong
Find out if this place is even true

They're searching for homes that don't exist
There they are and here I am
A concept I will never understand
Cause baby I don't even know where I am

I'll walk so far
To find I'm in a place just filled with people

Marijke McKinney

They Can't Know

Raw dirt heels
Edge of reason
To the lining
Of Bare feet
Soiled toe nails

Hunched over leaves
Spinal chords
Half mooned knees
Scurrying, tramping
Plausible excuses

The world's sad ol' eyes
Is reflected with beauty
Under the bridges belly
Of little wood pieces
To a kiss

Running child river
They can hear
Us above
And we will be caught
In our own puddle

Time spits forward
Vodka drips
Black hood and
Loose strands around
My oval face

Our cold bodies quiver
And we never hold each other
For too long
Half of our sides
Facing innocently

Love's only an existing second
Never to lose or win
No worries, not at all
On this 90 year fall

Marijke McKinney

Timeworn

I’m wearing my I don’t cares
Timeworn cigarettes and cheap wine
 Say what you want
I’m not listening

Estranged in this beat down house
Faint eyes wondering perpetually
Slender fingers picking at the cushions
Laughing at myself sarcastically

Black pea coat so over worn
Long hair covering the dwindled eyes
Slumped over the emptiness
Everything I have I don’t need

I’m wearing my I don’t cares

Marijke McKinney

Tipsy instincts

Kitchen sinks with broken tiles
Vacant expressions
Twisted positions
That have formed
Under the tables
Under these legs of mine
Who wants more wine?

To blend
Let us blend
With the way
The future rolls

A pretzel face
Play dough arms
I can’t help what I do
My impulses just pursue
I don’t know if I should
Lean with gravity
Or fight for my wantings

Ideas filling up my hands
Tipsy
Instincts
Who wants more wine
Under these legs of mine?
Fumbling for
A place to go

Marijke McKinney

Trash... not done

Take out the trash
Become something better
Filter your desires
Purified mind, resting time

Where are my little drugs
The clubs and lazy studs

I'm done
Run

Marijke McKinney

Untitled

Hitch hiking north
With no real direction
Just looking
For what he wants

What do we all want
Where do we go
Too stoned to care
Build a house away from everywhere

An erupting realization
Is visible through his ol’ eyes
The other side of the wall
Has been hidden from man-kind

Somes Bar sounds nice
Pack his bags to start
The rucksack revolution
Follow Gary and Jack Kerouac

Hitch hiking north
With no real direction
Just looking
For what he wants

Didn’t know him real well
Knew he wasn’t coming back
I shall see you later in life
On the side of some rail road tracks

We’ll talk of our void’s matter
Walk a thousand clouds
To seep right back
On the earth’s ground

Rolled up sleeves
Some tea and tipped hills
I’ll miss thee

Marijke McKinney

Why Waste Yourself

Glad to be sad
Sad to be glad
Happy and mad

Any which way it goes
Push and shove
Love and lust
Falling doves

This too shall fade
So why waste yourself

Marijke McKinney

Windmills

Bewildered little people
Frantically pushing their heads
On windmills ledges
To spin spin spin with no end

Immobile and cold
Rested under a blanket
My sad eyes follow
The moving dots

I have to get somewhere
I can’t stay still
A Collision of fright
To find what’s right

I’ve given up
On the rising heat
I’ve given up
On the melting ice

My end’s where I stand
And I’ll stand under
A god I don’t know
A world that’s moving so slow

Running so fast
You’re going so slow
Spin spin spin
Nor I or god win

Just billions of windmills
Spinning to win
A race that ended long ago

Marijke McKinney

Worlds Together

I'm loudly quiet, maturely immature
Securely lost, and sadly happy,
But I'll listen listen listen to you
Because I admire admire admire all of you

I've got worlds above my little shoulders.
But I don’t want to be apart of what I know
Just let me play below
Where girls are girls and boys are boys

I’m strong enough to hold you
And innocent enough for half of my eyes to see
Pick and choose who we want to be
I’ve got worlds above my little shoulders

Listen. Admire
The creation is the subconscious soul
Of the creator
Back, forward, all we will try

Marijke McKinney

You say

You say
You want to be happy
But how can you be
When you're always
Dangling yourself
In sadness

You say
You want a lover
But you're always
Too close or too far
Using girls for
Only pleasure

You say
You want to find peace
But how drama
Boils from your fingertips
Contentment seems boring
When it's near

You say
Drugs lead to a dead end
But you've passed
The end and now
You're floating
In a glazed space

You say, you say, you say
And soon we understand
All we want
Will never make us truly satisfied

Marijke McKinney