Poetry Series

richard jarboe

- poems -

Publication Date:

August 2011

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by richard jarboe on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

richard jarboe

Started writing in 1966, writing still... as of late.

Works:

TRASH MARKS THE SPOT

1861

On Good Friday,1861,
Fort Sumter was the first decision done,
Soon the disintegration of father, brother and son,
Lincoln made his choice and then,
So began the death of more than 600 thousand men.

On Good Friday 1865,
Four years of Hell spawned a dream Lincoln would tell,
He dreamt he was sailing to an unknown horizon,
Four years to the day, having freed the slave,
Lincoln was shot, his destination- the grave.

richard jarboe

Baby Bird

I helped a baby bird live,
I found him on the ground,
Almost dead,
Most profound.

He grew to be a fledgling,
The most dangerous time of all,
He drowned in a pool of water,
I never heard him call.

The death was more cathartic
Than any play I've read,
More religious than any sermon I've heard,
Because he was real, he tried so hard,
And he was just a baby bird.

richard jarboe

Dead Guy Stickers

In the USA,
They want to put dead guy pictures on cigarette packs.
With that brilliant logic in mind, I say put dead guy stickers on:
car windshields(dead guys in wrecks)
pistol and rifle handles (dead guys shot)
marriage licenses (dead spouses)
hamburger and hot dog wrappers (dead fat guys)
pies, cakes (more dead fat guys)
bathroom doors (thousands of dead guys in bathrooms every year)
bicycles (road kill dead guys)
fire places (burnt dead guys)
swimming pools (drown dead guys)
every electrical outlet (fried dead guys)
air plane tickets (dead passenger guys)
the beach (shark bit dead guys)
cities (shot dead guys)
air (blue dead guys)
fish (poisoned dead guys)
motorcycles (more road kill dead guys)
scarfs (strangled dead guys)
football helmets (brain dead guys)
hot tubs (more drowned dead guys)
and so on.
Just about everything can kill you, such as:
Mothers (dead baby guys plus dead fathers)
Fathers (dead baby guys plus dead mothers)
Police(multiple dead guys and chicks)
Drugs (multiple dead guys and chicks)
and so on.
Once everything has a dead guy sticker on it,
You've been warned and the world will be safer, right?
It shows we care, right?

richard jarboe

do you know anything about crows?

crows steal eggs from another nest,
dropp them on the ground and then feed,
it's pretty basic what they do,
they take from others what they need.

many an egg has been dropped in these times,
and I'm not talking about nickels and dimes,
so many nest eggs ripped from those trying to save,
the market place, an infantile grave.

who are these crows that steal?
what real estate is really real?
computerized theft is such a sight,
when crows operate in broad day light.

richard jarboe

Even in Hell You Got to Pay Rent

At the corner of Freedom and Justice,
Some resign and some realign,
In Change Square you see the reflection,
Of signs reading 'We Welcome Defection, '
Pressure building, the nation fragile,
Walking through land mines you got to be agile,
Influential Generals and Tribal Leaders,
Standing by a red bed of bleeders,
After hearing ten thousand lies,
It's hard to compromise,
The situation looking ghoulish,
The Devil Leader looking foolish,
Even in Hell you got to pay rent,
If you live in a castle or live in a tent.

richard jarboe

Everybody is Getting Out of Town

Population getting out of town,
Population wearing running shoes,
Wondering which road to choose,
Everybody's getting out of town.

They all want to leave; they would if they could,
Right now the road's no good,
If you ain't crying, you might as well laugh,
While you're trying to get out of town.

Power plant, glowing in the dark,
Nobody sure what set off the spark,
They say the island is sinking fast,
Everybody's getting out of town.

Population looking for a sign,
Whose fault is it, living on the fault line,
Better do better if there IS a next time,
But for now, get out of town.

Population looking for something to eat,
Population looking for what was the street,
If you leaving, all you got is your feet,
Good luck getting out of town.

richard jarboe

I Feel Like Billy the Kid

I feel like Billy the Kid,
I broke the law, but can't remember what I did,
So I'm hiding in a hole in the wall,
There's so many laws,
I can't remember them all,
And there's a lawman on my trail,
He's going to have to kill me,
Cos I ain't going to jail,
Tell my Mama, I won't be coming home,
When you lay low, you got to lay low alone,
And I feel like Billy the Kid,
I broke the law, but can't remember what I did.

richard jarboe

If God Made This World in 7 Days Maybe He Should Have Taken Another Week

If God made this world in 7 days,
Maybe He should have taken another week,
Considering how cruel people are,
With idiots crushing the meek.

Plus the planet is cracking into multiple plates,
And then mashing into various states,
Creating havoc in most locations,
While greed takes down the rest of the nations.

Maybe if God took a little more time,
God could have done better with the human mind,
Maybe working just a few days more,
God could have thrown a bone to the poor.

richard jarboe

Layers

Above are layers of atmosphere, stratosphere,
Below layers of topsoil, rock and clay,
People in layers rich and poor,
Cities built on top of cities, on top of cities.

Layers of thought conscious to unconscious,
Felt in layers asleep to awake,
In a dream of a dream, of a dream in a dream,
In a dream of a dream, in a dream.

richard jarboe

May 21

I live in a world that is not real,
All I know is what I feel,
Another slave to the wheel,
And the Bible says, 'Thou shall not steal.'

We all pray, Lord turn the light on,
But Lord says, you got one of your own,
If you get tired living in the dark,
It's up to you to set the spark.

The world ends, says the moron,
Right on the dot, May twenty- one,
He crunched the numbers and then he reckoned,
I just wonder how he'll feel on the twenty- second.

All I know is what I feel,
Another slave to the wheel.

richard jarboe

Miranda Rights?

You have a right to remain stupid,
Anything you say, can and will be used to diffuse you,
In a court of flaw.

If you cannot afford a liar,
One will be disappointed.

Do you understand these re-writes,
As they have been read to you?

richard jarboe

One Earthquake at a Time

Upheaval can take millions of years to start,
Then mountains pile up; sea beds tear apart,
When land crashes into another piece of land,
Things disappear in the sand.

The history of the world, written in rocks,
Reveals results of the ice and the shocks,
Five billion years of cracks show the sign,
Things change one Earthquake at a time.

The value of life devoid of the crap,
Becomes acute on a rearranged map,
The depths of the earth reach the depths of the mind,
One Earthquake at a time.

richard jarboe

Stuff of Dreams

It's the dream that determines the direction,
Mind over matter in the shape of a dream,
The afterlife, the present moment,
Owe their stuff to the dream,
Blown up worlds are the stuff dreamers left behind,
Shreds of evidence are revealed from time to time.

richard jarboe

We Got to Send Daffy Back to His Tent

We got to send Daffy back to his tent,
Daffy thinks Obama's his son,
Daffy don't know the word repent,
Daffy's mind is gone.

We got to get Daffy to clean up his act,
Daffy's looking like he's wrapped in a bag,
Daffy's looking freaky, under attack,
It's over for Daffy, except for the lag.

Daffy's got them drug-glassy eyes,
Can't keep em open no matter how hard he tries
Daffy looking like he losing his wits,
While Daffy's desert kingdom's blown to bits.

Daffy's hiding, nobody knows where he is,
No body knows where Daffy went,
But everybody knows we're all better off,
If Daffy goes back to his tent.

richard jarboe

Where you Bin, Laden?

We're all pretty perky over here,
All living a little less in fear,
People in the White House gave a cheer,
Osama Bin Laden is dead.

Osama Bin Laden is dead,
Shot by a Seal in the head,
It's hard to understand, he was living in Pakistan,
But now Bin Laden is dead.

It's been sad here since 9/11 and a drag,
Now everybody's back waving their flag,
It's getting pretty perky, we finally shot that turkey,
Osama Bin Laden is dead.

richard jarboe