

Poetry Series

Ian Ayres
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Ian Ayres()

IAN AYRES, founder of the original Van Gogh's Ear anthology series, began writing poetry at puberty in houses of ill fame. In 1982, Leona Helmsley fired him from his desk clerk job at Helmsley Palace (New York City) for writing a poem on the back of Elizabeth Taylor's autograph in the hotel's celebrity guestbook. Since then, his poems and short stories have appeared internationally in hundreds of publications. Ayres moved from the U.S.A. to France in 1989 and, ten years later, along with Eric Ellena, created the movie production company French Connection Films. Ayres' memoir, *Private Parts: The Early Works of Ian Ayres*, features his previously unpublished experiences with luminary legends such as Tennessee Williams, Allen Ginsberg, Yoko Ono, Edmund White, Quentin Crisp, as well as a collection of Ayres' poetry, and is available through [PoemHunter.com](#) or an autographed copy can be requested directly from French Connection Films:

Saint Pariah

"The poet is a pariah, an anomaly."
~ Henry Miller

Saint Pariah

Sings

"This is the time

For me and you"

He's seen

Crumbled names

Of old

Grow green

Amid

Oceans of

Blood

Carried

Onto land

In vessels of

Evolution

Destined to

Crowd

Rhythm's

Ancient shore

Where

Temporary

Eyes

Drown

Saint Pariah

Kneeling

Down

To touch

A tombstone

He cares about

Because he cares

About the about

And the when

And the why

He will be

Categorized

When he dies
Wishing
All would stop
Dying
Without meaning
Or purpose
These words could
Go on forever
If forever
Didn't wear down
Indecipherable
Beneath
The great
Divide

Ian Ayres

The Alarm Is Set

It is 4: 13 a.m. I've awakened
On the brink of World War III
This pain in my gut could be cancer
Could be gas could be mass extinction
Setting in getting centered having entered
Through my brains what scientists say
Unanimous the gig is up there'll be
No more new slang no more history
To claim historic awakenings

They—They say, "We have entered
A period of mass extinction
Not seen since the age of the dinosaurs,
An emerging global crisis that could have
Disastrous effects on our future food supplies,
Our search for new medicines, and on
The water we drink and the air we breathe."
They say, "Humans are still destroying
Biodiversity at an unprecedented rate."

I'm among the rich indifferent to the light
Bulbs I burn—each with a switch I flick
Casting my vote on and off for extinction
The faith I cling to a mere block of ice
Containing car exhaust and ozone
A polar cap melting into polluted air
Conditioning has made money my god
Defined by the corporations I buy into
I wear myself like a billboard

Ian Ayres

The Masseuse's Son

His mom's client hurried naked from her room
Aroused, proof she'd been doing more than massage
Or massaging more than backs as if to confront
All the petty people brought up by petty people
Who believe what they believe without questioning
The night a nine-year-old boy was shoved into a pool
Of his mother's blood and towels thrown at him
To clean it up clean it all up don't leave a trace
The blood dripping from between her palms

Her rocking back and forth naked on the edge
The boy at her bare feet, a beauty mark his focus
Her toenails painted the color the towels became
Her hands muffling the words, "Don't let it stain..."
The boy's sisters and baby brother crying behind him
Feeling he's the eldest and should kill the latest
"Dad" whose fist they saw pounding her nose
Yet love pervades and turns blood into blossoms
Fragrant next to her bed where she rocked

Her perfume was all that caressed him
After she'd left for yet another night
The boy dreamed of becoming more
More than he'd held in with her blood
He didn't know this planet would not last
Refused to get lost in other illusions
Her blood had blossomed on his hands
Red roses had filled her room
And her bed lay gaping.

Ian Ayres

The Sparkle Of Extinct Stars

Dying TV sucks stars into a deep green void
& I'm reflected there, on my knees for nothing
nothing but this audience in my head
these front-row critics telling me I don't matter
this gun to my left temple
cocked, with tense black finger ready to squeeze
the trigger, the trigger
& my brains will explode out my skull
grayish-orange on graffiti wall
as I stare into dilated, cracked eyes
bugging out of his wet, street-stricken face
sweating poison, hate & fear
telling me white boy ain't got no business
in a black junkies' ghetto
cold barrel pressed to my temple's throb
a simple flex of his finger &
Oh, God, help me!
till something inside me clicks
& I know I'll be forgotten
by my mother in prison, blocking out truth
tuning in to comedy
change the channel & it's just the news
showing an 18-year-old white male corpse
under a sheet in a condemned building
forgotten the second commercials begin
& I promised God, if that trigger wasn't pulled
I'd become so famous I'd live on in the minds
of every generation to come
'Fame, fame, fame' blasted from my stereo
as I lived to record my existence: Forever
so when I'm stardust in a box I'll be
communing with fans flowering my grave: Forever
till 20 years later
my friend Allen made it clear not even our planet's
Forever
& he aimed the bloodstained tip
of his diabetes test-strip
at the candle & its pulsing flame
at the door in its light-seeping frame

at my arm, down its rising blue vein
& called it all the same shimmering energy
for day is stardom engulfed in night
clinging
to different layers of light
like when I was 8
& my eyes were camera shutters
that caught each passing freeway lamp
me, looking up, alone in the backseat
while our drunk father drives
his fingers into my little sister's crying 'no'
my eyes catching each bright light
zooming in, zooming above
flashing like camera-bulbs
taking pictures of the future me
just a quick shut of my eyes
'no' my sister scoots away
but he orders her to sit close, as usual
& more pictures are taken of the greatest dreamer
the world has ever seen
because of the alarms screaming
because our ship is sinking
because I'm trapped in air
mesmerized by the sparkle of extinct stars
& breathe in the illusion
that Fame can last Forever
though I gasp when she gasps, drowning
yet hang on to dreams of going down
in a history that's going down
as I climb to the heights of stardom
where my eyes will widen, with one final tear
& my mouth will open
in disbelief
not knowing what to do at death
except pretend?
pretend I'm a success?
filled with fear
doubts that linger
of not having loved enough
not having saved her

Ian Ayres

We Are The Dead

My revolver
So easy to get
Cocked in fist
On the way to the grave
Wide open for morning
Loaded and ready
Bullets to blast
My brains to the clay
Of Mother Nature's womb

*

Skull full of stars
People that cross
Lost in a garden
Of slab and dirt
Hands from graves
Reach out to shake
Me up so late
Embalmed hands
Amidst the wilt

*

How I love the Dead
Putting down roots
Echoing whispers
By the time you get it together
You start to fall apart...
Skeletal, you know
A jaw drops
Moss will grow
With unknown approach

*

Living to die, dying to live
Tombstones scream
Or winds grow shrill

Among final faces
Of resting places
My constant family
Who embraces chill
Beneath my feet
Tripping

*

Naked
Among the Dead
Gone to bed
Sculptured tomb
Where I stretch
Smoking a joint
Like a Bowie tune
Near a baby's
Grave

*

A seedling
Alone
How I yearn
To hold you
Above
Your crumbling
New name
Eroded
Not even a weed

*

So I sing
A lullaby
And reach out
To cradle you
In my arms
With your rattle
Of bones
Watching
Birds Fall

*

Birds fall
From the trees
Dying
From disease
Wondering
Why
Death is
The rest of
Your life

*

Some call me a necrophiliac
Who bones the boneyard
Others, a ghoul
Who haunts the Dead
Whatever tickles their tulips
Licking dew drops of lust...
Did you know divorce kills?
Divorce kills children
For the rest of their lives

*

Under-aged children
Kicking the emptiness
Of a beer can
Can no longer feel
Superior over anything
Nothing but luck
Before granite claims
Years of avoidance
In unfulfilled hearts

*

Finding a family
Like me
In the dead of night

To dance
Headlit
In moonlight
Celebrating
Every vertebra
Of our spines

*

Bone
Is white dust
And soul lost
In dispersing
Atoms
Ready to be
Held
In a box
Planted

*

To remain
Where
I can always
Be found
Underground
Knowing dark
Caresses
My mind
Listening

Ian Ayres

Word Painting (For Yoko Ono)

It's all heartache
Until you let go
Then it becomes one
Continuous Now
And there's a void there
No future, no past — just Now
Alone with one gone

As glasses fall
Cracking thin ice
A double you torn
Ending Beginning
Yes screaming No
Caught in blood
His empty chair

Moments
Without permanence
Each syllable, an instant
An is as was
A silent guitar
All there is

Wind blowing
A sand painting
Of hours and colors
Scattered to bring
Strawberry Fields
Into Now

Ian Ayres