

Poetry Series

**J Knight**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

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

## J Knight(9/25/90-Yesterday)

I woke up eight, nine, ten, eleven o'clock in the morning (I can't remember) on the couch in the deep darkness of the basement, pulled my cell phone out of my left pocket and texted Tallulah (I had been in the habit of going to sleep at six am, and waking up around 8: 30 to text Tallulah when she was at school (cause I wasn't going at that time; I would have, just to see her, but I had no ride) , then I would go back to sleep until three or four when Josh and Sydney would get up) she didn't reply. So I sed something like: I love you girl, but I should just give up and stop trying to talk to you because you always just ignore me, even when you tell me to call you, or text you(one time I sed to her: "Maybe I should just give up and stop trying to talk to you." She looked over at me, her mahogany eyes all lit up magnificently, bright and warm as sun and sed, "No, don't do that." So one time I sed to her, "I feel like Charlie Brown." "Why? " she asked me. "You know how Lucy always tells Charlie Brown to kick the ball, and she holds the ball for him, and he always runs up to kick it; and she moves the ball and he always falls down? " "Yeah, I love that part, " She sed. "That's what it feels like between me and you." She didn't say anything until I changed the subject.) So without a reason to be awake, or a reason to be alive even, I drifted back into sleep, breathing in the darkness and a calm defeat.

I awoke again at seven pm, still in the darkness of the basement; Syd and Josh were gone, their beds empty; off to score more drugs or sell some of Syd's furniture, or sell some drugs or something, I didn't care; I just laid in the darkness thinking of the day I had slept away and thinking about Tallulah. I could feel the heavy desperation and sadness all thru me, weighing me down with a heavy tragic sorrow; I wished I was dead because I had nothing to live for; I didn't have a home, money, or the thing I wanted most out of everything in the world: Tallulah. So of course, I had to try to talk to her; I had too. It was the only thing that could make me feel just a little bit better, the only thing that could make me face the day and give me a reason to be awake, a reason to be alive, just for the little time I would spend talking to her. So I pulled my phone out: she hadn't texted me. I typed slowly in my sadness and heavy waking hours, saying something like: "I love you so much girl, I just can't give up, " and I closed my phone. It began to vibrate in my hand. I opened it up, the screen saying: text message, with the name Tallulah under it. I was really happy she had responded and pushed receive; it sed: "Can I stay with you tonight? " I frantically texted her back with nervous hands going as quick as I could go: "Yeah. Where are you? " the phone vibrated in my hand, a call from Tallulah. I answered quickly. "Hello? " "Hey, " she sed in her cute little-tiny-voice. "Can you come get me? I ran away from foster care and I'm all alone in the dark woods. I'm scared and it's cold." "Uh... yeah, I think I could do that for you. Where are

you at? " "I'm on long; by the Donatos." It was about ten miles across town in Westerville, the county over. I wasn't really sure where it was at, but I knew Sydney or Josh would know. "Yeah, I'll try my hardest to come get you, okay? " "Yeah, please just hurry, it's so cold out here." "Yeah, okay; I'll call you back." I hung up the phone and called Josh; when he answered I sed, "Hey, when will you guys be back? " "We're on our way back now; ten minutes." "Okay man, " I sed and hung up the phone. Within ten minutes, I heard the door from the garage open and Syd came down the stairs. She was wearing her hippie long brown dress and a tight blue t-shirt. Syd is a tall girl with dark hair and her father is of Syrian descent, a girl who is very into acid and the Grateful Dead, with an unlimited amount of drug connections and she seemed to know everyone around town, always knowing people everywhere we went. "Hey Syd, " I sed looking up to her from the couch, a little nervous energy flowing thru me, hoping she would give me a ride to pick up Tallulah. "If you give me a ride to go pick up Tallulah, you won't have to owe me that twenty dollars anymore." (In a later sketch I'll tell the story) "Okay, " she sed, "but I have to make dinner. I'm making fried chicken." I didn't care about the chicken because I didn't eat food then. My diet was dope, and when I tried to eat, I would just throw up anyway. "Fuck! " I thought. "I need to go get her, I need to be with her, " my thought process continued. "Plus, " she added, "We would have to take Michael's truck." (Michael is Josh's brother) I went upstairs into the kitchen to see what Josh was doing; he was standing there and as I got up the stairs I sed: "I need to get Tallulah." Josh is a chubby guy with high red rosy cheekbones, a young boyish face, with straight shaggy dirty greasy blonde hair. "But Syd can't give me a ride, " I continued. "Okay, " he sed. He went on: "Ric has been calling me for a bag, he has his mom's car; I'll give you some dope to sell to him, and just tell him it's yours and you won't sell it to him unless he gives you a ride. He'll do it man, he's fiending." (I've know Josh since I was three and I really love this cat. Here is a good example of him trying to help me out) "yeah thanks a lot man, I'll call him." Josh nodded his head and I went quickly down the stairs and dialed Ric's number; his Pixies ringback played in my ear until he answered. "Hello? " he sed in his goofy already stoned sounding voice, even though he was sober. "Hey what up man? Josh sed you need something? " "Yeah, you got it? " "Yeah man, but here's the thing: if I sell it to you, ya need to give me a ride to pick up Tallulah." "Where is she at? " "On long... by the Donatos." "Okay, I think I know where that is. We'll find it." "Okay man, I'll be outside when you get here." I went to hang up but I heard him say, "Hey man, bring a CD with you." "Yeah, okay... Whatchu wanna hear? " "Bring 'Washing Machine, ' I've been wanting to hear it for a little while" (Washing Machine is a Sonic Youth Album... I could go into a few back stories about me and Ric and Sonic Youth, but this isn't about that) "Yeah... okay, for sure. I'll be outside." "Okay man peace." "Peace, " I sed and hung up the phone. I then texted Tallulah back: I'm coming to get you. She

texted back: okay just please hurry (of course she doesn't know how to write so they were always simple things with no commas or even a question mark most of the time) . I put my shoes on and grabbed the Sonic Youth album off the shelf that was built into the wall behind the couch, my bed, and then I went up the stairs; Josh and Syd were in the kitchen, getting ready to make the food, josh just helping for something to do cause he didn't eat food then either, and when he did, he didn't throw up like I would after doing some dope. "Hey Josh." He looked over at me. "Ric's gonna take me to get Tallulah; can I get the stuff? " He nods his head, "Yeah let me go get it." We walked down the steps back into the basement and Josh pulled his stash box out from the white Styrofoam like blocks in the ceiling- a perfect place. His box had a big black rock of black tar heroin and a few used syringes. "See man, I knew he would do it, " he sed, handing me a bag- rather a small black rock, wrapped in saran wrap. "Yeah, thanks a lot; I'll give you the money when we get back." "Yeah... just don't tell Ric it's not your dope. Tell him I sold it to you last night... I told him I was out." "Yeah, man... for sure." I stepped up the stairs, Josh behind me and out into the garage saying "I'll be back, " before I shut the door to the garage, and opened the garage door from a button in the wall; I once again pushed the button for it to close and walked out onto the black slanted driveway, the big door closing loudly behind me. I stood out there in the cold deep dirty black winter night a few minutes, seeing my breath light in the air like thin smoke until a nice new black car- Ric's mom's car- pulled down Josh's street up to me (this street is called, and this is no lie, I swear, Tillicum) . I opened the door and got in. Ric is a little guy with red hair and acne all over his face, and he was wearing a black sweater that was a little too nice for him to wear. I handed him the bag and he gave me a twenty dollar bill and sed: "So where is she at? " "Long she said." "Yeah... okay." and we drove off into the night, off to pick up the girl I loved, me off to save her.

On the way, driving thru the darkness, Ric hugging the yellow line of the road, driving slowly with Sonic Youth droning quietly on the stereo, Ric sed: "Man, my arms are all fucked up from last night; I tried to hit myself, but I couldn't get a vein... I missed a few times and got pissed off... and I almost got one, saw the blood rush into the rig, but I heard someone coming up the stairs so I pulled the rig out of my arm. So I kept trying but I couldn't get it, and I shot some up into my muscle, and now my arm fucking kills man." "Yeah... I know how that is. Sydney tried to hit me, but she did it down my arm, instead of on the other side of my elbow... it felt like the rig went thru my vein man. It's still sore. It's gonna be sore for you for a few weeks man." "Yeah, I can't do anything with it man; feels like I got a dead arm." It went on like this for a minute and then I was telling him: "Man, one time, I had my rig filled up, waiting to take a hit, and it was on Josh's table, and see, his mom came down, so Danny threw everything on the table on the floor, real quick like, and she was standing there, and Danny thought she could see the rigs and stuff man, so he stepped on it-"

Ric sez, : "That sucks." "And his foot bent my rig man, so the needle was bent, but I told Josh I didn't care, so hit me with it anyways, or at least try, so he tries, but because the needle is bent, it wasn't working right, you see, so it would pull the blood in, you could see you hit the vein, but it wouldn't shoot out, so Josh broke the needle off, cause I wasn't wasting it, you know, not wasting that... so Josh broke the needle off a says 'shoot this into your nose. Wait you know what, I'll do it; lean your head back.' So he squirts the dope down my nose man... feel that burn in my throat." "Yeah, " Ric sez, "I wish I didn't do it though man; I need to quit. I'm even thinking about going to rehab. I really can't do anything without it man, and if I don't have it, I'm always depressed." "Yeah man, that would be a good thing... I'm glad you wanna get away from it." (He did in fact go to rehab later on) my phone vibrated in my pocket: Tallulah. "Where are you, " it sed. I texted back: "on my way. I'll be there soon." We got on Long Street, looking for the Donatos; it was just a little up the street so I called Tallulah. "Where are you, I'm pulling up now." "I'm at the Chinese restaurant." "Okay, I'll be outside." "Hey Ric..." "Yeah? " "You got a cig? " "Yeah, but just these Kentucky's Best." "Oh man, why you smoking those? " "That's all I could afford man." "Yeah, okay; let me get one." He hands me one and I light it up; it was terrible. We pull up to the restaurant that's a part of a strip mall with other restaurants and small stores, and I see Tallulah in the restaurant, wearing her stupid ghetto clothes of big baggy black pants, a black coat, a black baseball cap on. I didn't care what she wore, I couldn't care less, I LOVED her, and that's what mattered, and I didn't care what my friends sed about her, it didn't mean a thing to me; she meant more to me than them, and i just didn't give a fuck. So Ric parked the car, and we stepped out, walking towards the restaurant with the goofy Chinese neons glowing in the window. Tallulah was standing there looking out at me and I put the cigarette out to go in there, plus it was just terrible (I smoke Marlboro reds) and I went to toss it the pavement, discard the damn thing, but Ric sed, "Hey man... don't do that- don't waste it man; I'll take it." so I hand him the half smoked cig and walked into the restaurant across the white tile floor, smelling the Chinese food, looking at the oriental man behind the counter, over to the side room with all the empty tables, to Tallulah who was standing by a table; there was no one else there but her, and the workers. She has a thin tan face, a playful girlish face, and I had told her she was the most beautiful girl in the world, and at the time, I meant it, with all my heart, but I don't think she believe me that I really did mean it; I think she thought I just wanted to fuck her and that wasn't it at all. "Do you have any money? " she asked me. "I ordered some food, but my foster parents turned off my bank card and I can't pay for it." "No, I don't... Sorry." If I had had the money, I would've given it too her no matter what, and I had nothing at that point, and she knew I would've given it to her too. "Do you want my Pepsi? " she asked, holding out the can to me. "Uh... no thank you; I'm good." She looked over at Ric who had

came in a little after me. "Do you want it? " she asked, being so cute looking. I was dying for her and at that point, almost literally. I would have died for her to love me for just one day, one hour, one minute, one second, and she didn't care. Ric nodded his head no, and she discarded it into a black trashcan, and then she walked up to the counter, Ric and I standing by the door, and she's talking to the Asian man behind the counter, words I didn't catch, and she walks back with that big cute smile on her face, "He said it's okay." So we walk out of the restaurant into the parking lot up to Ric's mom's car and we hop in, Tallulah in the back on the passenger's side behind me, off back into the night, back to Josh's house with the girl I loved more than anything with me, feeling much much better than I had when I woke up, much better than I had in days, just having her with me, having her close, something radiating off of her tight body and eyes seemed to push away the sadness and grief, but because I still needed her, and couldn't have her, I was still grieving my lose with dark smiles. On the way back, I just talked to Ric about Sonic Youth and guitars- Ric doesn't play the guitar himself, but he wished he could play, and he's interested in it, so I talked about alternate guitar tunings and guitar specs, Tallulah quietly smoking a cigarette in the back seat. "Can you throw this out for me? " she asked. For some reason, she always wanted me to throw her cigarette butts out for her, for some reason that I don't know, so I took it from her and tossed it out the open sunroof that Ric had opened because she was smoking in his mom's car, and I don't think Ric's mom smokes, so we had to air it out.

We got back to Josh's house, the green little ranch house with the porch light shining a bright yellow in the darkness, and Ric parked the car in the street. We got out and I asked Tallulah for a cigarette, she was out; she had smoked her last one in the car on the way. (I wanted to hold her hand) . So we walked up the driveway as Ric called Josh to open the door. The door lifted and we went inside the garage, and down into the basement.

Josh and Syd were still in the kitchen making the food, or eating the food, or something, so it was just Ric, Tallulah and I in the basement; Tallulah took a seat on the floor on the other side off the table in front of the couch, facing me so she could plug her phone in, and this girl is just as much obsessed with her phone as I was with her, so she sat there texting Alicia her girlfriend, and Ric took a seat at the computer with a piece of tin foil shining the bright light from the ceiling, and he proceeded to cut up a piece of dope and stuck it to the foil, and with a short clear plastic tube in his mouth, and the lighter underneath the foil, he began to freebase the dope breathing it deep in his lungs and exhaling the indescribable smell of black tar Mexican junk into the air. He would have just banged it all up, but like he had sed earlier, his arms were all fucked up, so he just smoked it. I didn't even ask him for a hit; he wouldn't have shared it; a stingy little motherfucker this Ric cat was; shit, I couldn't blame him though, it was his money that he spent, so it was now his dope, and unlike me, he was a

junky. At that point, I hadn't even gotten a little habit yet, and when I did get a habit, I only got sick for two days, and when I used again a few days after that, I never got the habit back, never got sick one single day again. so all Ric's dope went up in smoke, the black residue running in streaks across the foil, so he crumbled it up, tossed it into the trash and sed, "I gotta go. My mom thinks I went to Macdonald's for a job interview." I smiled and sed, "Okay man... peace." "Peace, " he sed tossing a peace sign in the air with his little right hand, and he lifted the tie dyed blanket that was covering the doorway in the basement (so when someone was coming down the stairs they couldn't see what was going on- whatever that may be- generally shooting up- though you could easily hear footsteps) and stepped up the stairs out of sight. I'm sitting on the couch, a blanket wrapped around my body, like I always had (people would always come over to buy dope, and I would always just sit there, hiding under the soft blanket) and Tallulah, always on that goddamn phone was sitting there looking at me when she wasn't texting. I began to look on the table for a guitar pick, not finding one. "What are you looking for? " she asked. I replied: "A pick." "You're not gonna find one." "There was one the other day over here, " pointing to a spot on the table- or rather really, it only acted as a table, really it was a red chest. She just smiled at me when I couldn't find one. I got up and looked on Josh's dresser, finding one sitting there, and I went to the back room, a laundry room where my suitcases and bags of books were, and my guitar as well, and came out with the acoustic guitar in my hands. I sat back down on the couch strumming softly in some random tuning, playing real quiet like; I wonder if she thought I was trying to impress her. I wasn't. Josh came down and I set the guitar against the couch where I was, and he took his stash box out from the ceiling, a piece of foil from underneath the drawer to the left of his spot where the lamp was, and sat down. He cut off a piece of the black rock and breathed on the foil- so the dope will stick- put the tube in his mouth and started freebasing. "Can I hit that man? " I asked. He nodded his head. "Yeah..." (with smoke in his lungs) "Hold on a minute." "Cool." I felt a little uncomfortable smoking in front of Tallulah, cause she always wanted me to not do it, and you know what, I really didn't care; it's not like she was my girlfriend or ever was gonna be, and if she was, then I would've listened to her, but, really, honestly, she was the reason I was doing it, the reason I was so sad. The first time I ever took a shot was right after I found out I didn't have a chance and I knew for sure (I had asked her if I did, cause see, I was smoking dope, so I was really high, so I told her how I felt and asked if I had a chance; she told me she had a girlfriend- and I knew she wasn't just saying that- and that she wanted to just be my friend) so I didn't give a fuck about anything; I didn't have a home of my own, and I didn't have her, and I needed her more than a home, more than anything, so I sed fuck it, and took a cool warm, calm hit in my right arm- and I'll tell you, it's not as bad as people think. If a needle in your arm hurts then... yeah, you know what I

was gonna say. And I'll tell you this as well, it's the greatest feeling in the world besides the love I felt, just a notch below that, and dope never made me sad like love did, it never broke me- it was the opposite of that, and for the time it was running thru my veins, nothing could hurt me. So I took a hit off the foil, tasting that totally unique dope taste in my mouth and handed it back to Josh. Josh looked at Tallulah who was still sitting on the floor, and I wished she would come over and sit next to me real close, her body right up against mine and take my hand, hold me, and make me feel better, hold me to heal my broken heart with hers, that's what I needed, that's really what I was dying for, and Josh sed to her: "Do you wanna get high." "No, " she sed. "I can't do dope." Josh nodded his head. "Yeah... that's a good thing." he was wearing a short sleeve shirt and started to look at his arms. "See, " he sed looking at the numerous track marks all over both his left and right arms, "that's what happens when you do too much dope." Tallulah just looked at his marks with a cute almost disgusted face. I pulled up the sleeve of my grey cardigan, my old man sweater, to look at my arms. They weren't as bad as Josh's, but at that point, they were all bruised up, a dark purple color. She looked at mine with an oooo! look on her face, slightly concerned. (And as all this was happening there in that room, that basement, as I stared at Tallulah, never moving my eyes from her eyes (stuck there in that color) longing for her with mad love from my sad blue eyes, I knew somewhere off in that sad dark American night sky that stretched off into the distance until it hit sun and dyed, faded into daylight, someone was in love, and someone loved that person, and they could feel their love for each other radiating magnificently between them, and they could smile a happy smile, a smile of true love, as I smiled my deep desperate longing smile at Tallulah and I felt my heart break, knowing I couldn't have her, not then, not ever. Crack! (My heart shattering) and I felt like I would be stuck in the vast eternities of sorrow and grief, forever grieving the loss of something I wouldn't ever, could never have, until my death that I thought I had to bring on myself, just to escape that living tragic love burning thru me, burning me down to nothing, and maybe somewhere in that ground, I could find peace) so as I stared at Tallulah, dying for her love, and ready to do it too, there was a voice from up the stairs, the scratchy voice of an old nasty, mean old lady, the voice of Josh's crazy Grandma, calling down from the top of the steps, "Jo-o-sh, " she sed, dragging his name out with her nagging voice like a rake, slowly dragged across a chalkboard, carried down the steps, thru the tie dyed blanket over the doorway right up to us, "I'm coming down." "Hold on, " Josh hollered up, stashing some stuff, Tallulah looking at me, waiting to see what was gonna happen. "Is there something down there I shouldn't see? " she asked, still waiting at the top of the stairs. Still stashing stuff in his box and throwing stuff into close convenient spots around him he sed, "Yeah... prob-ably." Tallulah and I smiled at each other, thinking it was funny, with that cat Josh, which I'm sure he thought it was funny too, that's why he chose those words,



didn't even smile, just stashing stuff, the black rocks, the foil, saran wrap, a scale that hardly worked; a groove tube for pot... "Okay, " he sed. She came down the steps, looking at us a moment, then went into the laundry room, throwing clothes in the washing machine without a word, and then she went back up.

Later on, Tallulah asked me, "Joey, can we get high? " "On what? " I asked her. She just looked at me, and I knew she just wanted some weed, and I didn't have any; so instead, she just came and sat next to me and smoked resin, "I've been smoking this pipe for weeks, cause I haven't had any bud, and when I get high on dope, I just chill here smoking this pipe." "You've been smoking that longer than that, " Josh sed.

We sat down there a while, Tyler and Danny coming over, Syd coming down, us all just talking about nothing really, talking about how the night before we had seen some soft-core porn on TV, the shit that was on every night, and there was a man in a hot tub with two blonde girls, topless, each with breasts too big and fake for my taste, that were rubbing each other and making out, and the man watching this, looked just like a forty year old Tyler with his black beard and bird nose, and that man just watched those women, sitting in the hot-tub rubbing his hands together like an evil genius with a master plan. We really only watched it for a moment, really, and truly, only because we all realized the man looked like Tyler, and then the channel was changed, and we could tell Tyler, and we could report our citing of his older self, disconnected in time, with a few pounds added and long hair worn back in a pony tail. This whole time, Tallulah texted on her phone, sitting close to me wrapped under the blue and green blanket I had slept under every night, or rather, really it was early morning, and mostly, day. At one point Tallulah looked and me and sez, "my foster parents' sed they're gonna send me out of state if I don't come back tonight." I couldn't have that; I couldn't have her away from me as long as I was still in town, as long as I was 'living' in Columbus, and at that point, I was talking about leaving constantly, heading out west, out to the desert ("I'm heading out west/ gonna find me the best/ well I played the game but I failed the test/ if I can't be a lover than I'll be a pest") and I did in fact leave... but not out west... not yet. So even tho I wanted her to stay with me, needed her to be there with me, I advised her to go home. "Where should I have them pick me up? " "I guess, " I was saying, "at the Macdonald's over on Worthington Galena." "Okay." So she told them where they could pick her up, and off we went, back off into the dark winter crying streets, her right beside me, and me getting sadder every second that came closer to her leaving me, her leaving me alone with the night. On the way, walking thru that deep big black darkness, the void of dark earth night space, feeling that heavy chill of the air, I felt deep nostalgia of days past, feeling that time rush thru me, mingling with the sadness to create a landscape of deep emotional feeling pictures, and I told her how I felt, told her about my nostalgia; she didn't understand; I could

see it on her face, in those eyes. (I wanted to hold her hand so bad) I told her I had to leave, that I felt too bad to stay, that she could come with me- which I knew she never would- and I would've died for that, I was dying for that, every picture of that night, every image of her killed me, tore me apart, and I couldn't take, and I kept telling her I needed to leave, and she would always say, "please stay." When we got across the street from the Macdonald's, she told me not to go over there with her, that it wouldn't be good for her foster parents to see me with her right then. She hugged me and I just wanted her to hold me, to kiss me, to heal me, to love me, but she went off into the night, and I was alone with myself and the darkness, my darkness, and walking along the street with cars zooming past, headlights on lighting the path thru night, I felt like I should really just jump in front of a car, that that would be better than my meager sad existence, and I just walked back with my head down, so sad she had left me, and I wished she could have stayed all night, and not so I could make love to her, just so she would be there with me.

I went back to the basement; no-one was there. I sat there in my sadness for a while and then I texted Tallulah: "I forgot to tell you I love you."

Later on, I finally got a balloon to myself, but it didn't help; I needed Tallulah. I just couldn't get over the fact that she had been with people that had only used her, that didn't care about her nearly as much as I did, people who only used her for sex, people who didn't love her like I did, who would never love her like I did, who didn't care about HER, and I could never have her, ever, even tho she knew how much I loved her, how much I needed her, that she could save me, and I just couldn't relax... I needed Tallulah.

For days I didn't sleep, not even heroin could make me forget her, not even for a minute. I was dying. I needed Tallulah.

# A Slice Of Lemon Life

She was feeding off the sun  
A slice of lemon life-  
A flower growing in the dirt of life- I pour water on her to grow-  
Nutrient love, turned into energy  
Energy flowing thru the house  
It is power  
SHE is power  
"... Yeah, she WAS anyways..."

J Knight

## All Because...

Wind explodes the sun-down energetic life in the dark sad cemetery/ the sky melts hugging words/ disappears/ mad dark suffering in the shallow mind/ sky full with your desire/ grab time/ inside the fourth image of slow summer, the end comes with falling leaves/ in tastes touch bedroom /wind in garden when meltdowns are enthusiastic/ you're sitting gracefully, warmly/ meltdown hypnotic- and crazy gorgeous sad feeling/ honestly, Dark waves and rainstorm wash away the bright sky/ skin ends/ mind, all bright with precious love/ the summer shaking dreamy thoughts in which color is walking over reality, over sad silent ground, hoping/ remember the cries/ sad streets/ your existence kissing light/ gorgeous reality sugar/ bedroom disappears/ happy wild motion whisper, her lazy desire/ bedroom love while she touches and you explode/ kissing- Taste- holding life/ The happy beyond/ you're here on the water while trees sit smiling/ she glows and the sugars sad sweet kissing- Taste- heat imagine Dark cemetery/ you're in there enthusiastically/ sparkling me/ motion whisper, beyond your love against silver: float to before/ beautiful, this heaven outcome, warm life ends, fades to silver/ crazy gentle twilight, sun-down silently your dimension in wind, joyously kissing beauty/ amazing In floating peace, identifying motion whisper, float alive/ Dark hand- flashing brain/ talking bright tastes, in illusions/ the heat hand- flashing from you silently in wild dreams of Love/ existence color of summer (me overjoyed, smiling) And imagine sleep/ All zooming away/ lazy winds explosions of brain/ dreamy life/ lazy happy/ the outcome is me/ existence ends in the ground, the mind/ All because something floating Star-bright in precious color/

J Knight

# All Is Love

Sitting in winds and the rainstorm disappears/  
all is love again.

The stars come sparkling out, sad and secretive, Star-bright meltdown in  
Slow time.

Bird cries zoom:  
balance desire and existence's cherries:  
I float overjoyed and color your brain.

I should have ridden the waves instead;  
At least when water fades, they grab back again.

J Knight

# Alligator Moans (Haiku)

Alligator moans

    Rising from the grass-  
Calling for love.

J Knight

# Amazing...

All in amazing bed kissing  
in the dizzy heat of happy  
energetic motion.

Dark precious thoughts  
Alive.

Dark awesome waves of a sad summer,  
The sweet words before.

Dark bedroom and a happy girl,  
(and she's) bright like the sky was before.

Memory of the moon,  
In her bed kissing-  
Taste-  
Energetic motion.  
The bright feeling.  
The gorgeous mind.

All in amazing bed kissing  
In the dizzy heat of happy  
energetic motion.

J Knight

# American Sunlight

I wanna eat the fruit that she grows from her body,  
    juicy passionate rose kisses  
in American Sunlight.

& on cool fall October twilight  
    let the thorns that grow from her bones

PIERCE

    my delicate gold flow feelings  
as i STARE

& try to catch the iridescent red rose petal glow  
    that grows from her skin  
                                    in my eyes

& taste the smell  
    on my starving teenage boy tounge

    and i could grow a heart of my own-  
living off water,  
                    and American Sunlight

J Knight



# Baby, You Could Draw Hearts On My Life With Your Paintbrush Words (Prose)

Baby, you could draw hearts on my life with your paintbrush words, and you could light minds, and I don't have to be dead/ my life of blue/ "You can't forget this sky kiss" (I want you to paint hearts of life) / you're the wind/ "You girl are sunshine- oxygen- life, and heaven could watch us and be jealous and dead/ I'm into you, and you could be life hearts and star beauty and a muse/ Still longing for those words/ "You're the gold night... shout beauty stars to light silver hearts that could be pure/ "you, gold... colorful... I'll crawl on stars to watch you shine... to watch you glisten- from your black twisting purple velvet dream that is your life baby"/ beautiful sky- I'm sad but you could say: "you're my summer heart... stay light heaven"/ deep into my grave/ "you're to be sky that becomes hearts and all Your beauty creating tears of sad blue sea/ I'm into you, blue/ shine eyes under the mirror of the water and I can see your image projected in the sky/ "So you're drawing gold paradise"/ a heart dying above black colorful hearts/ "down mad summer graves- I don't need oxygen. I'm looking for you to take the world"/ glowing you/ "ancient experience of beautiful light"/ from sky to sky, the rains mind/ stars alive floating like a lily on the blue sea/ strawberries with some juicy shade- your beauty projects the sky so I can breathe. Make me breathe girl and move your words as a paintbrush and make neon forget your dreams"/ be rains of life and grow paradise. You're colorful/ Your creating sad deep blue seas madly as I get through You and I'm under sky... understand you need to shine baby/ "you're stars girl"/ soothe me and be my grave- be pure hearts with me and we'll see in a while, light/ breathe the shine of our future/ "Baby, you could light silver hearts with your dreams"/ be my grave/ "you're my life and a source of gold summer-light/ you're stars... you could light minds and you can take the world/ down mad summer heart... shout beauty that projects the gold- I can see it shine... you can paint hearts in the sky... I understand you could light our future/ I love you silver heart, but I'm sad- but you can kiss me and I'll crawl all over my grave and be alive/ Baby, you glisten in my dreams... rain light on me... star, you shine colorful... I can see/ you could paint hearts with words/"I love you... I can't help it... I got heart"/

J Knight

# Beyond Sun-Down

Awkwardly, over the cycle, brightly beyond  
sun-down,        your sugar is hypnotic-  
and your gorgeous lips are things which soothe me,  
and you cannot talk because you are against me

you twist summer away from me as wind melts  
Hugging suspiciously, (smoothly) her sad life

and if your death glows into me,  
my heaven will dream very honestly, joyously,  
as when the twilight of this sun-down kiss  
the clouds enthusiastically everywhere smiling;

we are to love in this streets decay  
the music of the melodic palm trees (wind shaking leaves) : whose sidewalk  
explodes inside me with the light while holding your hand-  
flashing existence and illusions of beauty

(I do not multiply what it is about you, that spark  
and suffering; only something in me staring at the  
outcome of the reality machine)  
And your sugar tastes madly like wild wind-  
ocean, and all that swoosh and crash of waves, has such lazy motion

J Knight

## Dream Awake (Haiku)

Under the old  
Ancient sun,  
Dreaming awake.

J Knight

# Everything Is Still (Haiku)

There is no breeze here tonight  
Everything is still-  
Even the clocks.

J Knight

## Heaven Blue (Haiku)

Walking under,  
Heaven blue and  
Layers of heat from the red sun.

J Knight

# Her Beauty Is The Look Of My Death

Baby I love you with those eyes all lit up, eating away at me to express myself/  
Your beauty is my death; your eyes, feeding off sunlight/  
I just can't think,  
With those glistening eyes all lit up, eating away at me to say I love you.

(Her beauty Is the Look of my death/  
Her eyes, the color of the wood that is my casket)

J Knight

## Hey Aphrodite (You And Your Lips) (Prose) (Part Three)

Hey Aphrodite, just say some words from your candy eyes and it will stop raining right now/ but you can kiss me/ it's so tragic here without you, and I want to drink from your skin/ You're why I can make it- life worth living/ Save me with your smile/ Gold hair with glow eyes and know everything's alright for us/ Hey Aphrodite, I want to hear your smile, and I wanna drink your lips/ I wanna drink all of you Aphrodite... God is crying for us/ "Hey Aphrodite, I wanna see you smile and hold your candy heart. I'll do it. I waited for so long, and it's tragic here Across distance"/ You're gonna break my heart and know you weren't meant to... /and I want to see your smile, and I want to drink you goddess/ Only you can kiss me/ Fiber-optic heart connections, changing color with glowing eyes and sent across this tragic distance/ And I need to see your words so you can make it stop, goddess/ Hey Aphrodite, I waited for so long/ Fiber-optic heart connections, changing color with your candy eyes and all this rain is crying for us- so tragic here without you, and your golden halo hair, with glowing eyes and I want to store them deep inside me/ life worthwhile, make it stop, goddess/ Only you can light me... make life worthwhile, make it all better/ "You're rainbow love baby, and you can do anything"/ "Hey Aphrodite, I need to hear your candy heart and know everything's alright for us"/ "Aphrodite... Just say some words from your candy heart. I'll do anything to taste your candy eyes and store them deep inside me with a kiss. Make it stop, goddess. Only you can light life and make it worthwhile, make it with all those words and I waited for so long"/ Aphrodite... you can do it/ You're gonna break my heart with your smile and I want to be together/ You're gonna break my heart/ And I wanna see your candy eyes and I want to drink your lips and drink your words and store them deep inside me a with kiss/ Gold hair with candy heart/ break my heart connections changing color/ I want to hear your candy heart and hold those words from your lips... give me your lips so I can smile/ you're rainbow love baby and I waited for us/I need to drink from your lips and taste your smile/ lips/ I want to drink your smile and it's tragic here rising purple sky/Fiber-optic heart connections and I can feel you light me Aphrodite/ Just say some words I want to hear and all this rain is crying for a kiss/ Only you had not yet appeared, not yet taken form in half-life sleep not yet awoken so I can taste your smile/ Hey Aphrodite, I want to hear your words and taste your lips and know you hold those words I want to see... you can make life smile or make it tragic here without you, and I feel you can do it/ drink from your candy heart connections, changing color with kiss/ Hey Aphrodite, I need to hear and hold those words, and I wanna see your lips and gold hair with glowing eyes and I want to drink your words because it's so tragic

here without you and your lips/

So you taste like candy and break life hearts... Aphrodite with heart-word-candy... baby, life smile... you say: "break candy baby" and that's me... you and your lips...

And tonight, when I stepped outside and took a look at the western sky that was faded pink into purple, the banana half-moon was curled up in half-life sleep, and rising into the soon to be blackness, the star painting of you had not yet appeared, had not yet taken form in the sky, so I waited...

J Knight



# I Want That Heaven Life

I want that heaven life/  
My caskets surround by earth/  
Dead again.  
(Flowers and candles-my funeral.)

Life times out, lonely and powerful,  
and sparkling sleeping pill candy relaxes you:  
I lost my mind- the desert and all the mesa smiles stars.

She created me and gave me sickness  
and painted me shining  
Quite lovely.

Rusty afternoon, breathing the living oxygen, lives deaths, listen:  
(she's like poison candy/ she tastes good but she's killing me)  
I lost my mind- that desert full of crystalline stars, shattered  
Across the sky, and the lonely dark universe-  
A return to chaos, and the insanity of creation.  
(Don't you know God's insane? ") □

I hoped I'd die the way you run,  
But I twist painfully and I shout with eyes, varnished a cool blue (my heart)

I can't communicate this love, I feel  
Feeling means more,  
Than just this word.

At least when life clears, the true good God will signal.  
□(But I lost my mind- my desert and all the mesa smiles stars)

(So I sed, "yeah... I'm just an old poet."  
She sez, "you're not old."  
"For my life span I am... I should have died years ago... in fact, I did die- my  
body just hasn't caught on yet."  
She just looks at me, not knowing if I'm trying to be serious or not.)

J Knight

# In Cemetery Time

whisper, gracefully beyond  
your existence-  
your most alive dreamy things destroy me,  
I explode because they are too bright

your sad look  
Sitting in cemetery time  
(twisting warmly, tomorrow) in the crazy palm tree garden

in the fourth dimension talking to me,  
touching your face very gently, slowly,  
as when the wind touches your hair, walking in love  
the summer silently everywhere- hoping;

remember  
the star of your slow silver:  
imagine me with the thought of its space and peace,  
identifying touch and gold on skin

(The only thing inside me that exists, and  
the fog of your existence is beautiful but ends in the cemetery)  
I flash and escape  
on the ground, at the end of the day, in such precious sleep.

J Knight

## In The Sad Ground Of Ohio (Haiku)

"Pretty girls dig graves."

She's digging mine

In the grounds of Ohio.

J Knight

# Love Is Real (I Think)

Watching these phosphates wiggle, weaving space and time all together-  
The soft explosions that create  
And destroy the universe  
Every second.

The hallucinations of life's visions: whose dreams  
remind me of sad memories and emotions  
(She's always there, scattered blank blue eyes,  
Vivid in rainbow colors, smiling)  
shading the thoughts and sketching them  
(Hallucinated love, soft and bright!  
But I know it's real)

(discover life and breathe)  
Something may appear (but it may not be real)  
in poems and pictures, shining neon red, over the streets.  
Madness has such crazy confusion

I don't know what I'm doing...  
I'm waiting for someone to tell me.

J Knight

# Memory Pictures

Thinking of past feelings  
and soft memory pictures-  
walking towards death in a  
silent soft bed, my head on white pillows  
my sad blue eyes closed.

Those tragic past flashes  
rushing wildly  
from my brain  
reviewing a life  
in flowing nostalgia and  
silent movie dreams

my sad ghost lingers in soft shadows  
on the streets of every city  
wishing to be seen  
yet going un-noticed

Remember: thats all done now  
but what comes next?

J Knight

## No Mail (Haiku)

There was no mail today-  
The box stands empty  
Waiting.

J Knight

## Palm Tree Garden (Haiku)

In the palm tree garden-  
Thinking of strawberries  
And flavor.

J Knight

## Remember (Haiku)

Walking her home,  
The sky falling in snowflakes-  
Remember.

J Knight



# Sad Sunshine On Yr. Broken Heart

Slowly, I have never ran madly beyond  
any beauty, my broken heart broadcast shining stars,  
crying,  
I cannot laugh because it is too passionate

her swaying look holding me  
though I am swaying myself, feeling the waves,  
She's rubbing, and I'm always missing her, even though she's under me  
(kissing smoothly) moving her small hands

her tongue touching me, and  
my lips, screaming, glistening, loving,  
as when the poet's beauty is crying  
and she's shining brilliantly everywhere (talking)

the girls of the beach on the shining sand: whose Roaring waters of the Atlantic  
ocean  
cross with the pink- blue sky stretched out in marijuana smoke,  
walking car and love with me frantically talking

what is it about her that's swimming  
and special? Only something in me drinking  
Her broken heart pulsating next to me

Beach, glowing under the red setting sun

J Knight

# She's More Like A Life

Her loving smile lights up the sky  
brighter than all that sun  
Her gorgous lips, shower me with precious kisses  
showing her love and lust

She's more than a summer day  
more like a life-  
and all this heat pours out of her.  
This heat of the summer  
its all her

I lay down  
dizzy and love sick  
my heart pumping love (soft in my veins like heroin)  
and it wont stop.  
(She's always there, deep in my mind) smiling,  
If i could just live forever  
i would always love her.

J Knight

## Small Frogs (Haiku)

Small frogs, hoping in the grass-  
    Swiftly  
Jumping.

J Knight

## Star Feelings (Prose) (Part Two)

At dawn, in the crying mornings of America, when people rise with the sun, off to their tragic lives, the paranoid red sun jumped into the palms of my hands and I held it there feeling the warmth in the mysteries of my flesh, the mysteries of my heart (the mystery of love) , and I held it there all day until I knew I had to give it up, and I threw it into the west and when all that color and light faded, I drew your picture with the stars and you were glistening magnificently in all that darkness; you're the visible twinkle of star hope, and you twinkle in my heart all day, through light and darkness, you shine, star.

You're a mystery baby and you knew I was crying with my head in the palms of my hands/ baby, you're off there faded in the red mornings of a paranoid day/ sun mystery of lives, heart mystery visible out west and at dawn, you smile star lovely/ mysterious sun over America/ glistening I jumped out west and then you became the sun- that color of love/ "I got star feelings for you. You light the dawn I live under, so I need you to rise the day, my west sun"/ you're all heart, the mysteries of stars, broken heart dawn/ love/ the Universe threw us together and knew you are hope/ America, all with your color over darkness/ mornings knew it, and made our hearts visible baby, color/ I held you up there, my crying blue eyes/ my light stars shine with paranoid light/ I need you to shine heart... all day until I jumped out west and I knew you were hope/ "I got star hope, and I held a smile and star feelings for you. You raise the red mornings in the east, and when the darkness falls, you become a star of the night"/ you're the red sun, and when you fell... I was crying/ give me your feeling of stars shine heart with your picture on the red sun mystery of lives/ you're the heart twinkle baby, and you are red Universe and we're off crying hearts of America, and I need to see your crayon eyes glow and taste your candy apple red lips/ you were the color until you faded and fell off sun/ out west and you held my heart/ I said: "I'm in love with you... let your light shine over naked life"/ if I had one wish... I would wish for you/

"You're the Universe baby and I need you..."

"So tonight when I went out for a cigarette, I saw the picture I drew of you in stars glowing up the darkness... do you love me now, Goddess? "

J Knight

# The Movie Star Died (Haiku)

The movie star died today-  
Life ends  
Sadly.

J Knight

# The Pen, My Paintbrush

I painted her face in words-

    The pen

My paintbrush.

J Knight

# The Shade Of Dreams

Beyond any girl,  
Your body is juicy:  
in your most alive kiss  
You create life.

Your ancient beauty look will forget me  
though I remain myself as memory,  
you'll always live as my muse, inside my words, just as I will.  
(You were glowing madly yesterday, your beautiful heart) .

your mind glistens-  
my eyes drawing you very warmly,  
as when in future, I think,  
in the afternoon sadly loving, longing for you.

Nothing which we are to dream in this air hope  
the beautiful apples drawn from your red crayon  
And yr paintbrush was moving across the  
canvas creating dinosaurs, and beauty  
creating art and past-lives with each kiss.

(I trace her body in the shade of dreams)  
the love of experience is more colorful than all that wilderness  
and not even in my dreams, could you be so beautiful.

J Knight

## Tragic Twilight (Haiku)

Under sad purple skies  
At tragic twilight-  
The trees sit silent.

J Knight



# Translucent Music

Smiling/ flowing vibrations of snares/ everything sad flowing, high/ Trash on the streets of the leaning city; I could see the sky's moving streets/ emotional pieces of my heart in translucent music/ notes in the sad sky/ over everything together, my city sang dancing moving swaying black winds in windows/bass-lines walking from everywhere/ danced tornado and forgotten bodies/ swaying voice of sidewalk ghosts everywhere/ trombones smiling/ walking melodies down the street in mad jazz/ you won't stop pumping through my veins/

I was covered in discarded pieces of lost music drifting down the tragic dancing streets, smiling/ men in black business suits, cliché punk kids with the black night sky with green neons flashing over head, leaning into the ground and sidewalks, walking around Dead City/ the living will not die and the dead walked the music, dancing down the tempo of the discarded trash drifting down the ground and everywhere/ I was covered in the streets, smiling/ men in discarded pieces of thumping drums with the tornado of the sky, translucent notes blown through trumpets and everything/ Dead City neon flashing over head, Pretty girls in polythene outfits over tight bodies, walking the ground/ Everyone on the street, a tornado of life, waking the sleeping city/ the discarded trash, the streets, seeping out of thumping drums with green neons flashing pretty girls in the ground and tombstones over discarded pieces of life/ life-death seeping out everywhere, flowing out everywhere, flowing out of lost music swaying sadly, hanging there, swaying with green neon bodies/

Yeah... so that sky just seems too sad, purple clouds drifting with the rumbling storm, soft angry lightening blue flash overhead with slanted rain, and these streets, are just as sad and tragic as that sky, the darkness cleansing everything with nothingness... "Just a dream old boy... you remember that now."

J Knight

## Words To Raise The Dead (Prose) (Part One)

You could say some thing's to raise the dead, to pull me from the grave, and give me life/ and you could be breath, that oxygen, that heart, that light/ you could say some thing's to raise the dead/ looking into your eyes could give me life, thru you, I could see the world how you see it, all the sad beauty around you and view them how you do/ I could be alive again/ it could be paradise/we could be pure heart and smiles, if I could live again, if you could give me that/ under the blue sky and gold shine, I could live/ but I'm dying under black night, as the stars watch me stare/ and all those words could soothe me... I could live again/ I'm twisting thru neon that doesn't exist, my mind projects all the light and sorrow/ you could say some words to raise the dead... but me mostly/ I'm just smiling dead/ You breathe sky/ We could be hearts and words dying/ your eyes that project paradise/we could live in neon shine/ exist, see how it all becomes life? / raise my world from the grave- give me gold life/ view your light/ live/ I'm mostly dead, sad me/ you can give life/ give me mind life... you could raise smiles/ dead me say to you again: "You could say words to raise the dead"/ twisting and I'm you, as dead love falls away/ into the light breath that is my sorrow/we could be under that blue and stare/ under soothe heart light/ let your eyes heart sky soothe me/ looking gold, you neon live/say something all thru that shine, light/ soothe the sky and don't be sad/ I'm neon again/ say to my heart you want me to live/ me looking alive again girl if you give me light/ you're gold oxygen/ sky, how sad it must be to hold the world/ your gold stars could soothe me and raise me up from my death/ my blue stares into you, and gets a view of life anew/ I want to shine, thru you I could live/ come around and you could be oxygen/ let your beauty soothe my sad smiles and I say: "You could say some words to raise the dead... but me mostly"/

You breathe sky/ "We both shouldn't be so sad, girl"/ I'm twisting thru you to see how sad it must be to be hearts under black night as the light raises my sad smiles and gold stars watch my mind project all those words to shine thru neon oxygen and hearts and blue sky and sorrow/ you can give me some thing's to shine, I could give up my grave/ "give me gold life girl. Only you can do it. Yeah you"/ view of life/ I say: "You could be pure heart sky and you could say some thing's and hold the stars in your hands. Raise the light breath that shines, so I don't have to be so sad. I'm dying under the sky and I could be that heart for you. That light"/ you're gold life/ give it to me so I can view sunshine/ you give me light/ you're gold shine/ you could raise the dead/ I could stay with you a while... dead me, but you could light me under black dead night/ "YOU'RE sunshine"/ you could raise the world and we could be pure heart, baby/ I'm looking into the grave- don't give me that... don't give me my death/ you could be my world... my sorrow/we could say some thing's to shine/ you're gold life

girl, and my broken heart sky/ you could soothe me under this blue and give me love... I say: "You could say words to break my heart. Come around and I'll crawl from my grave- give me a reason to shine baby. Say some words and make it paradise. You can see you can be oxygen. Let your beauty soothe my mind. You could stand there looking gold. You can give me stars and oxygen. Let your eyes meet my heart and get a view of life. Raise smiles and the dead. I could be alive again girl and you could be oxygen"/ I look deep into the heaven blue above me: "Sky... she could say some thing's to you, and I could say some thing's to you, and my mind projects visions and all becomes life"/ "You can give me love. You don't have to raise the heaven blue and hold the sky in your hands to become my life, Goddess" / So she's twisting thru neon oxygen that rises the dead and I look deep into the light blue sky above me: "Sky... I can see how sad it is to see you. I just want me and her to be hearts under the heavens for a while, so we don't need to be so sad, girl, " now moving my eyes from the sky to you/ black night rises over the dead/ "You can do it. Yeah you/ no, no, no, you don't understand... I mean you"/ take me under the stars and watch my mind/ "You can see you could be oxygen. Let your hands raise smiles and hearts and gold shine/ you could say some words to be pure heart baby"/ "you're shining baby"/ "We both should be heart and sky and you could soothe my mind. You can give me some words to raise the dead"/ YOU give me stars/ "Let your eyes be my paradise. You could be my world and I'll crawl from my grave- give me love"/ my heart says: "You could be you, and give yourself to me for a while"/ pure heart for you. This love; you're gold stars... something to shine; you're gold life girl"/ "So she's twisting into the sky, and speaking to raise the dead"/

"So why are we so sad girl when the two of us can breathe sky? We can both shout our hearts in understanding thru sad summer days under the gold star of blue skies as light rains down on top of us."

J Knight

## You Really Are Gold Stars (Prose) (Part Four)

You could say some words to shine heart and view sunshine/ I say: "You can make the red sun when you speak through your smiling lips. If I held you... I could live again. Say some thing's to raise the dead. I want my life, thru neon again. I want to hold those words out west and drink them from you"/ "You're the red Universe and you could say some words for me to live again/ under the red mornings of blue sky and that's me star/ your golden halo hair, with your smile/ you're rainbow love/ you could say some thing's to be oxygen/ I can taste your eyes and blue sky and gold stars while you watch my heart sky in your smile, and you goddess can do anything/ "Hey Aphrodite, I stepped outside"/ give me your red lips/ I'm dying as the light stars shine thru neon oxygen that colors my death/ you could say some words from your eyes that could soothe me/ something all day, my death/ I'm twisting thru neon that was crying/ give me your heart and say: "You waited so long"/ Fiber-optic heart and taste your picture with the light sun, and hold me at dawn, in neon shine/ you are red mornings of stars, broken heart says: "You can give me your smile and I want to live. Come around so I can taste your eyes and sky and know everything's alright for us- so sad girl when the darkness falls, you're love... give me all those words and gold shine"/ you're neon and blue skies of the dead, and I was meant to curl up in my sorrow/we could be together/ You're gonna break life girl. Only you could be hearts over world... I want to be pure heart and gold stars... you could be pure heart dawn/ love/ "I got star hope, and it's tragic lives, heart connections, changing color with your smile"/ lips/ you came to break my grave- give me some words so I don't have to be sad/ I'm twisting and you smile/ lips/ you hold those words so I jumped out west to become my eyes from your smile/ Hey Aphrodite... I'm looking alive again/ I need you/ I went out west and I had one wish/ you can make it with me and raise the light Aphrodite/ Just say some words I don't understand... you could soothe my world, how you were meant to shine/ I want to drink all the dead/ "You can do it. You're a paranoid day"/ sun jumped out west and you could be the palms of stars and know everything's alright for you... This love/ you're gold star hope, and make it all better/ "I'm the east, and we're off sun. Out west and I'm neon oxygen and that's me under the heart... I waited for so long, and you could stay with your smile star feelings for us/ "Hey Aphrodite, I want to raise my head in all that color until I see you could be that beauty that doesn't exist/ my heart/ you raise the stars and make them shine your candy heart / Hey Aphrodite... I want to drink the day, through light breath that shines, star/ You're why I held on, Goddess/ Only you and your eyes heart sky and I look deep inside you, your crayon eyes- that heart connections, changing color with you candy... and that's gold stars and the world/ your beauty/ around... you're the sky and I need you to be heart-say: "I'll do

anything to hear your lips"/ no, no, no, no, you were hope/ I had not yet taken  
the form of heaven blue and gold life/ I had not yet awoken/ so tragic here  
without you/ paranoid red lips/ I waited for you/ You could say words- I could  
drink your smile/ I waited for a while for candy heart/ I'll crawl from my grave/  
so tragic here without you/ I'm twisting thru that oxygen that was crying for you/  
black night with the star of love/ the paranoid day/ sun jumped into the color  
over America/ glistening magnificently in your candy heart twinkle in the stars  
shine sky and I held it there feeling the palms of life... and drink your smile/  
you're all glow and held my heart/ break my world from the heart connections,  
changing color with you to shine/ connections changing color with candy heart/ "I  
waited for a while... so long"/ "Aphrodite... I knew you become a view of star  
hope, and words and my grave- make my paradise. You can be oxygen. You  
twinkle life girl"/ I don't wanna die again... be my medicine/ "So tonight shine,  
Goddess... light. You're candy heart and a mystery baby... and when people rise  
with your light, you're gold stars/

J Knight