

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Jacquelyn Turnage()

I try to refrain from idealizing life. I treasure all things imperfect (thrive in it, really) and abhor anything that's too predictable. I am curt, brash, and just about everything I say I mean. I'm the first to laugh at myself. I am grossly loyal to those I love, sometimes to a fault. I've never done anything that I regret—a rotten childhood followed by a series of crippling events leading up to and continuing into adulthood has given me a thirst for life. I live to see more, to taste more, to do more...

Darfur

March on, continue on dark one
With your little poor black feet
Pounding the dusty Earth in the black veil of night.

Your blood perhaps less red than the others
Your being recruited
HA! Enslaved truth be told
Easier on the hearts of the unconscious populous
Their empty souls and heavy wallets
Your heavy gait and empty stare
Born into the ugliest ugly.

Fragile frames and awkward limbs
Poorly constructed for this handy-work
Crafted to take what is not theirs
Feeding on primal instinct alone
And lapping up the souls of the innocent.

Savagely consuming life
Committing unspeakable acts against their own humanity
Such little brains cannot possibly weigh accordingly
But following through in spite of
Marching on relentlessly
Surrendering the tilled lands of your fathers
While your mothers and sisters hang their heads
And protect what little they have left that is sacred.
They pray that the bleeding will stop
And then come again.

It makes no difference
Not blade nor bullet
Not young nor old
You march on regardless
Obediently rebelling against the machine
And crying out loud to them,
"Oh Lord, why hath They forsaken us? "
All while the big man in his fat suit
Turns the channel on the television
As to not upset his appetite.

Truly, the youth shall inherit this Earth.

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Delineation

Beyond parted velveteen lips
A dilapidated picket of enamel lies
Partly grayed by the Eiffel
Mostly hushed by the violent sands
Etching the surface and tanning the skin
Leaving its macabre mark
On this man.

Dressed to kill, Gut Angekleidet
Well suited, broad framed
Every post and lintel constructed with a purpose
Providing residence for the Old Man's soul
And giving simple-sweet curvatures
Though, strikingly in contrast to harsher angles
A place to playfully hang.

A sudden and unexpected flash of wit reveals itself
Superceding the perceived inherent demeanor
Discrediting the staunchly private persona
And giving way to the barely audible Child
An impromptu roar plays prisoner to absurdity
Allowing the shackled and closely guarded guise release
And granting the Historian a dash of poetic license.

(S.A.2006)

Jacquelyn Turnage

Frozen

Rancid remnants on porcelain
Dust accumulates
Pursuing the ideal-perfection.

My existence, my life frozen
Terrified to only partially achieve
Or to do it incapably
Keeps my lawn from being mowed
My laundry from being folded.

(S.A.2006)

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The Drowning Man

Words like tattered sails
Fail to harness air
Or the faintest breath of life.
The heart, left empty now
Time spent bailing
Bucketsfull of impending tears
Falling endlessly, it seems
Drowning the soul that
Lies deep within the hull
Of the inevitably 'unsinkable ship'.
The warm lapping of the brine on skin
Nor the soft whispers of crosswinds
Can provide comfort
To the drowning man.
Soon, like those before him,
Having already fallen victim to
The haunting cliffs
And the Sirens that own them
'All will be left is a fleshless set of bones
With his emptiness now on display
For all to finally see.
This is the curse of the man
That defies Poseidon
And takes on the tempest.

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The Prophet

You were Mr. How-Do-You-Do
And Mr. Holier-Than-Thou
All and none of these personalities conjunct
You worked inevitably, beautifully against me
Methodically, systematically
Dismantling my reality
Gifting me delusion and bitterness
Consuming what little dignity I had left
And Holding the dinner bell over my head
Saying "Come Get Some Whilst It's Still Hot! "
You served spoiled food to the needy
And broke bread like the Christ-child
A nauseating version of a sacrificial lamb
Clutching your cross like a sword
And your ignorance like a shield.
You were Mr. Magician and
Mr. Right Here, Right Now
A demagogue to the blinded masses
They, your undiscerning disciples
Me, trying to catch your slight-of-hand
They never knowing why, or caring
You grooming them, Harking
"Watch As Five Loaves Become Many! "
Laboring, window-dressing,
Applauding your illusion
And allowing them to gobble up rotten meals
Like they were grateful to be taking part
Of the spectacle
Time
And time
And time
Again.

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