

Poetry Series

Jason PraTT
- poems -

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Jason PraTT(26 Nov 1979)

Jason PraTT is Jason's Pen rambling about Tell Tales; Jason PraTT is also the brainchild of Jason Michael Miller; an eccentric, sex-addicted, and somewhat talented writer/poet who favors E. E. Cummings, William F. DeVault, and Sextus Propertius. His Muse is Woman and his weakness is well, Woman. He writes about love, sex, life, and more sex. He tries to diversify his portfolio but fails miserably, so he plays it safe and sticks to what he does best. Enjoy if you dare!

...And The Delicious Following

when to whom this may concern
strip the guile to reveal
her wiles of wildfire unto
me
finally as to be consumed
by the flank of her straddles
and stronger sensations of
her hungry thighs, dripping

sweeter juices from her loins

as my kisses smear these lips
crowded by her climaxes
in sequence

when to whom this may concern
scratched tissue and branded
itching backs with
choking clutches and
screaming embraces of
fastened limbs

sweeter moans from
her lasting shivers

Jason PraTT

A Few Wishes Afar

I have come
to catch your every
desire and gather
them into a bottle
made for flickering
butterflies and
oblivious fallen
stars and wishing
wells that pours forth
poems and waterfalls
suitable for a beautiful
woman – thus being, you are

I can imagine
nothing more enticing
than your face upon
a morning sun rise
blossoming amidst
the lurking dawn
I love you and
I love to look at you
every chance that I
acquire and achieve

Jason PraTT

A Manufactured Secret

proportioned in private privilege
otherwise here say about what is gained
the honor of rules and etiquette vows
from the challenge that keeps in abstinence

the posture of the brows and smirks of jaw lines
twitches in the thigh of a scantily, subtle mini-skirt
neutral about the procedures of an articulated allure
unzipped teases and zealous lips; mind blowing and keen

dual attractions that are articulated
enlightened by vanity and enchanted teaching
stumbling rhythm and studious pleasures attentive
simply an aftermath that we are allowed to seek

Jason PraTT

An Afternoon's Affair

Whereas the Sumner's tales are finally ending
Whereas the birds that flock are fledged and flown
 And the dryness of the leaves strew the path of fog
Within the falling of the pelting raindrops
Within the wings of the whispering winds
Once again we continue upon another lover's journey
 And gather the poems of our every thought
Not just the sweet, but the sour with bittersweet aftertaste
That we harvest from the gardens of our ecstasy;
 Not just the ripe, but, the rotten parts as well;
Mixed with wine and woes about the repercussions
Tangled in the cufflinks and gowns and late night trips
Where the coffee shops find our every tab and frequent
 In the secrecy, sensations, and sadness

Jason PraTT

And Despite My Hybrid Emotions

the nightly silence is what
lures me into dreams
bare and bidding the thoughts
keen and careful
that would instruct me to say
my longing for you is not without
the merit of our delectable
and devouring past
your being ~ my muse, still
as I wander within each whisper
that you send to me
while your hands caresses
my weary shoulders as I
slave over this pen and page
and nightly hours, writing love:
letters and ballads in your
favor
lost in metaphor:
your: wonders in vision
snug in a sensual embrace
I wish I could sleep there
safe and sound
by time and exile

Jason PraTT

As The Edge Of The Moon

I have stained my soul with scarlet colors, thus this work
The ballad of merlot and mandolins, the bliss is midnight blue
The deep black is but her hungry delight
Thus I dye her desires a darker scarlet within the foils of my flesh

As the edge of the moon watched over our swallowing dance
Evening had long settled into the wit of the light and slow rain
Distinct in the thought of our lust consuming the blackberry wine
As the bottle overflowed throughout the frolic of our ecstasy

Her heart is but scarlet colored, her kisses are like tight fisted flowers
Her gentle hands in the threshold and the deep suite waters
The sharp love that blots my soul somewhat like her devilish shadow
Thereafter, my emotions are stained with her sweet scarlet

The bare bedroom in the pulp and the deep black music
As I come to bed where she lays sweet and in favor
I have stained my soul with her scarlet color, thus this work
Evening having settled into the song as the edge of the moon

Jason PraTT

As Well

Presences come, wherefore, haunted by the footsteps
With shadows, by dark corners, incessant detours
Brighter than brightest flickers of pubs and alley lights
And stately odeum performances by harnessed vagabonds
Waning in stance by drunken recitations and drug-filled ideals
Under trickling bridges of cold; the harlot's after spot
Outstretched in benefits as whore with obligations
Blessing the johns and boring the janes of vast domains
Here in the bayou of the gutter, where the red lights are on
Twenty four hours of the night, where pastors prey for sins
God's steps are skipped, still He watches each maneuver made
Like flames dancing around a pregnant altar in a series of oval dreams
As well, following Jezebel down another downward, spiral of splendor
Sins, now in my shoes, still I walk on coals and skip over the waterfalls

Jason PraTT

As Your Lover...

As your lover, I lingered
with fondling fingers
along your waistline
admiring your splendid curves
a sweet splendor

Your beautiful legs
stretched out
womanly joy
warmth of bliss

I'd reside by the bed like altars
listening to the sermons
of your beauty
thus finding God in delight
there amongst your limbs
and heart

Jason PraTT

Authors & Affection

I wouldn't say I that write a lot of poems, but the things that I write about are understood by you

I was thinking about reading this one to you, but I didn't think that the sentiment would be the same if I did

With the means to simply compliment you once again, as I usually do whenever I see you on a day to day basis

While you sit at your desk and smile at me once our faces greet on another morning working schedule

Thus once I see your smiling face, I then feel a warm feeling in my soul, reassuring me that today is going to be a wonderful day

Giving me the strength and confidence to take care of my tasks and accomplish the challenges that are set before me:

You do this for me by simply smiling at me

Often my writing habits have increased because of the impact that your undeniable beauty has had on my thought patterns, concerning women

I saying once again: you don't know just how beautiful you are to me; the presence that you provide brings a breath of fresh air into my lungs, whenever I hear your voice

My poetry has crucially altered, in which the majority of my lyrical content all because of you; it's amazing in knowing that I have been inspired in such

An interesting twist, falling for a woman that I cannot have

Jason PraTT

Balas Song

Movement I: Bait

I have called you forth
To undress your fabrics of time

I collided with your mind
Of introduction
Which intimacy shall we
Slumber within

Movement II: Bedew

Essence has yet to the presence
Lost in the languages we speak
I am still looking forward to
The fantasies I cannot explain

Movement III: Bed mate

My love...

Cradle me alongside your spoon
Spelling out the twelfth letter in four – ever
Below the love that has been made

Jason PraTT

Carmen Light Residence

last fall in denise's
little shoebox of a home
where her kitchen and bedroom
are practically joined by the
hip and her sink is clogged
with hairbrushes, toothpaste, and
open condom wrappers while
her toilet overflows with the
used ones ~ a wrinkled pack
of marlboro reds with only
two stogies left and an un-
opened pack of black clovers
saved for me
Her lips are sucking
on another stick that isn't
cancerous but semen infested
as my hand pushes down on
my head while my harsh e-
jaculations shove her mouth aside
as I paint slap her face with
abusive cum shots and heavy
grunts in her honor

Jason PraTT

Come On And Go With Me

come on and go with me for a moment
if you would please, there's nothing
special about this trip, except for your
company that i require for the duration
of the pleasure that only you can provide
you might think this as a temporary bliss
that our bodies long to share, but it isn't
it is something more in depth, that holds
a much more special meaning for me
this is my sentimental gesture as our
bodies lay in each other's arms, naked
and peaceful under the sounds of slumber
and the outside winds, while the winter
breezes pass along the windowpane
as we sleep, oblivious to the rest of
the world, filled with chaos and hell
praying for heaven and God's forgiveness
while our heaven resides in this simple
non-sexual act, although it might be
deemed as a sin to others that may not
understand this need that i need of you

Jason PraTT

De Verah: Desirable, She {sestina Thus The Seduction}

She lifts my eyes to consider more sweetly the alluring logic of her sway
Absolute in her twilight thighs, simply to strut back and forth in my view
While my thoughts crawl throughout the perception of her pleasures
Upon the pleasant poetry that her body composes within her every footstep
My own desires are resurrected, time and time again, by her radiant eyes
Revealing to me the brilliant visions that her ecstasy is capable of conceiving

Time is but divided into the seconds, minutes, and hours that each thought is
conceived

Content in the nonchalant conversations that causes our gestures to linger and
sway

Drawing me but closer into the goddess that is sheer genius, flickering within her
eyes

The laughter in her smiles perverse my hunger about her moans upon a balcony
view

Luring me to imagine fiery images of her splendid nakedness, oceanic in every
footstep

Whereas the moonlight pours shivering enchantment that flows from her
pleasures

Portrayals – oh, I do indeed have portrayals that are my interpretations of her
pleasures:

The waterfalls that overflows from her womanly wonders that her passion
conceives

All divided by backside arches, trembling moans, and her subtle spreads by a
single footstep

In addition to the rippling wobbles that her buttocks produce within gyrating
sway

Kneeling to witness the goddess of her thighs that completely captures my entire
view

Embraced by the euphoric elegance that she embraces me with, within her
euphoric eyes

The warmth in her wetness drowns the whispers of my every kiss, while I look
into her eyes

Milking the majesty that marvels meretriciously throughout her murmuring
pleasures

The crowning canvas of her breasts are cradled in her arms as her ecstasy is clear in her view

Alerting of the audacious avalanches that her affections are leading to utterly conceive

While her hips circle into passionate oblivion, as my hands steady her shivering sway

Reminiscing upon my other images where my thrusts would induce her airborne footsteps

My ears again, listening to her whispers – her passion, guiding me as caressing footsteps

As I indulge blindly inside of all her wildfire, due to the excitement of my closed eyes

Thus to experience an otherworldly nirvana that spirals from the sweetness of her sway

Wherefore I ravish and kiss the gush of her climax that splashes into pools of pleasure

Accurate in the achievement that her body promptly delivers and splendidly conceives

Allured by her womanly sleeve, underneath her buxom needs, that flaunts for my view

Henceforth, her vulgar delicacy triggers my appreciation for her mannerism and views

Witty in her womanly sprawling, gristle-fare, yet not obese, about her strutting footsteps

My temptations about her spectacular tabernacle-like teases, as my beliefs are conceived

Ironically, there is sincere integrity that blossoms, deeply folly, in her dark brown eyes

Strolling throughout the sensations that summon my infatuations of her private pleasures

Apparent in my idolizing her feline movements that shimmies her bottom as she sways

Thus her sensual point of view is within the presence of my ever watching eyes
Catching the symmetry of her footsteps, this is, to me, a witnessing pleasure
Still conceiving more voracious thoughts, every time I capture her sway

Jason PrATT

Down Her Breasting Bridge And Slope

Wall her within those rooms filled with forbidden rights
Cherishing one last hope of an ordained conscious
Abandon her clothes in the hallway or let her choose
The sacred eyes of her sex as she spreads the blues

Touch her tender pain and wonder why you abuse her waist
Poured out the cups in her pleasure, lay her body as well
At her hands of what milks all of her dying men
Very well: if this is but her pleasure, a captivated victim to be

Jason PraTT

Dropp Dead Gorgeous

best described as t h i c k
brick house with a built-in
balcony and acres of backyard
measurements are something
a little along the description of
thirty-eight, double d, waistline
between twenty-seven or twenty-
nine and hips range to about
forty-eight or more since the
last time that i can recall while
she captured me with those
mahogany eyes and skin-
tight pink latex dress or the
other time she was seen in
a black fishnet skirt and top
or the other time she was simply
in her birthday suit
simply a maximum enchantress
part trinidadian and german
exquisite combination for the
intentions of what i have in mind

Jason PraTT

Evening Of The Evening/Eve/Embryo

The blossom of your black rose thorn bush, as the seed on the tree
Beneath the bosom and blissful sunrise that the morning air blows
Dance we shall underneath the sheets of the swallowing adventure
Upon the enchantment that crowns our every kiss with sincere awe

Tonight I dive into your night that is set; setting what we left behind
The good, the great, and the grandeur and all within peaceful dream
In the early morning thus the morning horizon strips us of mourning
Before the scarlet afternoon crows from the cares of our intimate need

You will bury me in your beautiful ideas, just beneath the hawthorn
I shall never forget your gifts of voracious embraces as I am cared for
I will kiss you as you have kissed me thus to lift your grief from you
To be often, often with you whenever you and I are near and closest

The blossom of your black rose thorn bush, as the seed on the tree
So kiss me, sweet lover; call me before the night sleeps into forever
All night I will lay awake for your sake as I fall asleep in your arms
As the new violet weeps for the evening of the evening in our eve

Jason PraTT

Francesca (Your Splendid Smile)

It was but your splendid smile, stretched out across your lips
Spawning a series of sensations that I have never felt before
Sparking a heartfelt flame throughout my soul, rendering me
Speechless and captivated, as I then vowed to follow you

Beyond the moon and to hell and back and amongst the stars
As I wished upon them; all of the desires that poured from
The universes above, showering me with a promise to cradle
You inside of pure, unadulterated passion and endless pleasure

Thus yearning for you pour all of your love upon me as I then
Return the favor and pour all of my love back inside of you
Becoming a part of the moment that our affections are shared
Divided and share once again, for the sake of sentimental reason

It was but your splendid smile, stretched out across your precious lips
In the instant of beauty and appreciation, as I named you as my favorite
Woman in waiting for my wishes and wanting of you for the rest of my life
Within the purest empathy, I did fall in love with you through your smile

Jason PraTT

Jazz Uh Bel Lady

music sways her breasts
vibrant in the mood swing
of her thighs
the crisp velvet in her deceit
while her hips deceives the moon
and her hair waves throughout
smoky bars and pool rooms
while the jukebox spews
dizzy melodies for the masses
and her body is but the bridge
that crosses my path every
other night of the week
with her wrapping eyes and
medusa smile, articulately
trickling this unspoken ecstasy
during which her heels stabs
into my heart while she walks
on by

Jason PraTT

Karma

My 'genius of gentle secrets'
The first set of keys to the vault
Whereas eavesdropping whispers
Muzzle in the drowning rain

Thus darker gospel oak
In the eve of the night
By aureole and soft mischief
In fun and frolic nearby

After hours of wisdom
Placed through each room
Upon sweet evenings
With beds and blankets

Such haunted decisions
Waist-deep in the words
To break the spoken silence
At confession and cloisters

Jason PraTT

Leading Along The Streams Until Evening

To cross the sea, vines along the shores in profusion
Trimmed high harvest time on meat galore and wine
Lush for the plow that what hull with confusion
So many savages stab at the liquor in one's spine

None of the overcast amongst sunset of the gathering dusk
Above the ripples of solitude at the end of the bay
Cradling goatskin and a polished silver wine bowl
Beneath the gospel oak, where rumors tend to prey

Two dozen embers scattered to the far distance
High overhead a slab of the heaving rocks
Wagons in pastures around the thundering point
With vessels filled with doorsills and defected locks

At evening came the fuddle and the flush and evening drinks were poured
An olive whistle from the dark of coyotes in cordial gifts
Chopped along the caverns at the mountain's revealed belly
As the wine grapes spew a bit of orchid nectar and ambrosia to fruit

Jason PraTT

Living Proof In A Coffee Cup

the morning ritual
drowsy footsteps across
living room floor towards
the kitchen where faucet
water is purified into boiling
brilliance, blended with the
flavors of the earth
my cup, my spoon, my bagel
with a fresh pack of newport's
and an unread magazine about
the latest music reviews, while
roosters and nightingales strum
the straddling dusk and dawn out-
side on the east of the balcony sunrise
I finish my bagel, pour my coffee and
light my cigarette and gaze out into
the view of the mountain looking back
at me on my balcony sunrise surprise
wherein the woman whose honey-
dipped loins, slowly stirred about
the warmth of our moments together
as private lovers and perfect friends
her oblong eyes slumber, as she nakedly
coils in the sheets of our splendor thereafter
amidst the soothing shades of her mahogany
skin; her hip's beautiful arch in repose, as I
watch her from my seat, puffing until the
butt – sunshine in the bed and in front of me

Jason PraTT

More Childhood Genius

fell into a funk, bought another spiral notebook with pockets including a fountain pen writing about this white girl named amber and how her ass looked like a swollen heart in her pants – yep I had a thing for white girls then, but it didn't last long because she had a crush on this dark skinned guy named brad and then she became a whore – why, well brad was on the football team and his friends got first dibs on amber's sweet little ass countless times and then one day, I saw her at the bus stop, she looked like an overused whore, looking for the next fix – plus, she had acquired a gut that rivaled a gorilla and plus her face had harvested a diseased look of acne, which turned out she had syphilis; needless to say I didn't feel sorry for her and I went home and ripped out the forty poems that I had written for her, stating how beautiful she was

Jason PrATT

Morning I/Morning Star Of The Sea

The morning beyond the wears of a whispering moon
Through the cold and vacant darkness into fragile light
Another promising dawn breaks over the sky of yesterday
The shadows are sharing secrets with the sun to reunite

I was alive all night with words and whispers and eyes
And thus the night visited me with warm wind blows
For an instant, the crest that covered my scattered replies
I think of the things that no one else would care to know

On the crest of the morning that I, cradled with a careful hush
The old familiar wound around my soul, followed by the pain
Dark in the veil that murmurs along the walls of my thoughts
Frozen by the stars that are obscure in the reason as I explain

A secondary path of a slow winding road, with thousands of coils
Awake in the autumn of long and drowsy hours of the afternoon
Thus the one enchanted star of evening that bleeds with horizon oils
All but a dream within apparition, I truly hope to awaken very soon

Jason PraTT

My Mona Lisa

The vixen of my inspiration - I have confessed now
Her brilliance in ardent design that is simply... her
Nothing too flaunting in her casual manner, still flirtatious
The right amount to compel, thus keeping distance - distinctly
I have said the word before, yet I will repeat for her emphasis
Brilliance! Brilliant, brilliantly beautiful; brilliantly speaking of she

My reasons for these lines are by my attempt of a shrine
Simply enhancing a jewel that hardly requires any assistance
Still, my thoughts of her, usually draws me seek the closet pen
Scribbling the words that yearn to recreate the settings we have shared
Ironically, nothing sexual is foreseen, except something more intimate
Rather to me, hence, her company that fulfills my desires, just the same

The vixen of my inspiration - I have confessed, once again
Knowing that easily I could rearrange our moments into something else
Something more viciously erotic, created within my mental approval
Woven into images that would have her as my voracious lover that I explore
Countless times before the eye of the moon, underneath the bathing starlit sky
But, this time I would rather express to her; my gratitude to her... for simply
being her

So...thank you, for simply being you...

Jason PraTT

No Part In The Bridal Song

Far North, yet still the same rough winds
They drag me away at the hands of a fate like mine
The light of day is buried in a broken bolted vault
Keys to the yoke and womb rage flutes

All in reverence, the last of a great line of words
Denied the joys of marriage, doomed by the Muse
Her eyes blinked out of blindness and bled with revenge
Stabbing her royalty and tossed her in a tomb

Splitting the secrets of the edges of my craft
A strange manual within a defiled blueprint
Burned in brimstone due to rotten wisdom that killed the dead twice
The rites were passed as an offering of mercy

Mortal wounds in the sanctuary – fury in those wings
Not yet buried in the grave in fear of such a traitor
Although this ink has tried to stray me short
Towards the sea with the eyes of none

Jason PraTT

On Both Sides, A Passionate Hate

The truth of an empty friendship, a rare emotion
Woven into a rare patchwork that takes refuge
Beneath the terrors of twilights and funeral beds
Still carrying on with private accounts, a risky chance

Therefore, I falter no frolic that is convenient
Throughout the whole story of each conversation
Recalling and confusing and hating and accusing
For a while, it was ~hand to hand~ between us both

Jason PraTT

Over

yonder dark from the eyes within gradually of a
somewhat distancing kiss from a nightingale - spiraling
her smiles looking picturesque and beautiful under

the silent flames that crawls throughout my veins
corner of the heart beats that thump from the rush
of her scratches slapping me about the face

in memory of a younger Honey pot and childish poet
Legendary (or) M*U*S*E* lurking flickering lingering girlfriend
a river of rainbow lullabies in droplets of late nights and laughs...

shhh, you're sleeping and I don't want to disturb your peace
so I simply curl myself into a ball in front of your pillow and
watch your breasts breathe slumber in and silence out

all that I can conclude that (all
continents and countries aside
language barriers and sexual preferences
to their rightful vices)
you were and still are Egypt to me
Your Highness

Kiss me (one last time) and lay me to rest in my grave
as my rage towards myself burns in hell(sing)
and my love for you proceeds in its climb
to heaven and wait for the opening: gates

Jason PrATT

Painting The Morning's Curves

and yet the air that expels
the colors of gasping breath
left in a warm room, between
the kitchen and balcony
at the foot of the hall
you and I had two faces:
one of smiles
another of empathy
while we're together, the flattery
that flickers from mutual giggles

Jason PraTT

Pretty Black Beauty

the pretty black beauty w/
the pretty phat booty and
baby making thighs, hot damn
she's a seductive creature
while she's walking down the
street and that booty is just
jiggling and wiggling all out
of control, damn near causing
car crashes and whip lash
trying to get a perfect view of
that ass: whether in jeans
or a fitting skirt or even
body suits when she's in
the club, drinking and partying
don't get me started on how she
hits the dance floor; starts
grooving and moving her body
like a snake, bending over
and grabbing her ankles and
all the time her ass is jumping
and still keeping count of the
beats per minute – she even
stops moving and her ass is
still keeping count; now that's
an ass- wouldn't you say?

Jason PraTT

Priscilla, I Think Of You...

Priscilla, I think of you; throughout perused
Thus persistent talks indulging your clarity
Whereas the immense intensity of your womanly beliefs
Peers into my intuition that attracts me all the more

Purred by your primitive eyes that manages to ravish the
Very resistance that I portray as my only defense
The percussions of my heartbeat (to the rhythm of your every smile)
Percolates faster whenever your hand reaches in embrace

Your pleasure is quite particular as your proceed to kiss my lips
Brushing along such teases that tortures my senses until absolute
Hunger that growls in an unheard desire that crawls along my limbs
Taunting me to take you as my premiere lover amidst the moment

Partaken, partaken upon that private propositions that your pleasant
Body presents as the sweetest gift offered within invitation thus prepared
Unraveling a permission that only could be allowed by your gentle touch
That ignites a fire inside the silence of my soul as I reach out for you

As but my dreams are manifested as a beautiful nightingale whom is you
Alleviating your clothing to reveal the splendor of your flesh that compares
To the sweetest of Nubian joys that are praised as jewels for a man to cherish
With the delight of endless caresses that course along every curve and crevice

Bathing your lips with honest kisses that pours into your emotions and fill every
Shore that resides with the sanctum of your womanly inhibitions, thus only to
Bring the raging oceans that roar from your delicious streams upon my yearning
Earth, flourishing with the beauty that your rain showers upon my existence

Jason PraTT

Red Wine Saxophone, Club Good-Night,1974

The shadows flicker at the floor, softly
Couples kissing to the band's rhythm, lodged in bliss
Sweetly there between her chin and necklace
My head is rested before we say good-bye

Each embrace extended by a lingering thought
My arms wrapped behind her, as though affectionate
Granting me passage to her heart as her bed, once before
It was the invitation to dance with her, which lured me

To every previous rendezvous, quietly fashioned
Her intimate signature that subscribed, "Stay with me"
Her hips swaying into my waist as a gyrating snuggle
The air filled with smoke, while our ears listen to whispers

Jason PraTT

Save For Our Friendship

sacred
secret
my ears, your words
getting along so damn well;
my eyes peer into yours
while we sit across from one
another like the sweetest
face off and flirtatious talks
filled with questions and
answers that we keep in
repetition
platonically
although I'm sure that my
eyes reveal a pinch of curiosity
about the possibilities whether
the lust of our likenesses could
somehow liken a deeper link upon
the friendship that we harbor...

Jason PraTT

Secrets In My Shoes

I met my lover in London
Thigh deep in sage and scarlet roses
Shaken by the river's thrush tavern
Twilight in the brushes that combed her hair

The drifting thorns in the blackness, vouching
Adrift in the sake that shifts into the far horizon
The whirlpool of the streams amongst the shadows
Cradled in pleasures beneath the falling stars

Thus London, I figured, was my haven:
Vanishing music, twilight liquor
A stealthy recitation of the present
Poured into the goblets by vestal laughter

The precious songs that our tongues spoke in rivers
To licking the chords that is native to our deep desires
Overflowing in volumes of ecstasy that are borrowed
Throughout flourishing dismissal, spelled out in vowels

I swallow my worth into your enlisting embraces
Nested near the nightly, biblical reasons that we planted
Like breaching ears in the wake of acres in season
Counting the days while each wrath follows me around

Jason PraTT

She Is The Speech I Was Speaking Of

she was the speech I was speaking of
thus the hide her words shall sway
not within love, lustful instead about pages

a speaker of seduction, enchantress of my manhood
seeking exchange fleshly bliss, breaths and body parts
into lapping, which

will not derail my indulges about her access
so sexually, entering her pleasures
bidding her bucking in bites

for the voices are remembered, the fluted screams
of her exhausted taunts
the demure breath of her flames

Jason PraTT

The Black Psalm

The mourning lullabies, gathering in colorful numbers
The empty dreams that my mind seem to lose track of
While my soul, silently slumbers, into the empty darkness
And the echoes of the outside world, are softly left behind

Black as night; night as the blacker silence that envelopes
And the graves of my charitable guide that proceeds upon
Dust in the distance, thus the dust that scatters in the dawn
Not yet spoken to the soul of a seeking spirit, such as I

The peaceful enjoyment without sorrow nor disturbance
My destiny lures me towards the oblivion that pulls me
Further down the aisles of the afterlife and the aftermath
Funeral bells surround the bed in which I eternally dream

Jason PraTT

The Friendship And The Song

I placed our friendship into my pocket
Still close to my clutch whenever I need it
Still, not so easily to grab a hold of, nowadays
However, my faith in your smile remains

I breathed a private song into your ear
It settled into your heart, where I hope you can still hear
Still, you cannot listen as closely as you would
And, I hope that you haven't thrown it away

□

Long, long thereafter, where time bids your leave
I pray to still find my song fastened to your soul
And vision your smile, from beginning to end
Knowing that I have the memory of a good friend

Jason PraTT

The Song Of Hope And Sky

palm trees, snow white leaves and pink debris
rose petals pushed along the blowing paths
focusing my approach on nature and dreams

the thoughts themselves stand aside my walks
long and lingering about the breezes that collapse
beneath the clouds in half sunrise and sunset

for when the rain's like slanted crystals, liquefied
as their rustling in legions, like subtlety abrupt
the curtains are but dawn against beautiful gaze

Jason PraTT

The Theatre

This is the moment, kept still, my creed
Revealed in the reviewed scene observed
And to summon from the shadows, the encore
The following bows that once were anticipated

The past, present, and the future; all in calculated unison
Beneath the time's eveningtide and overwhelming fate
Listening to footsteps creeping underneath hidden bridges
Although the silhouettes are seen, afar, at the ending corner

Thus to pursue the haunting highway that leads to the beyond
Path of promise and deceit, while the journey descends
Walking alongside gardens with enriched churches of salvation
The gentiles that gently gestured the gift of generations to come

The shadows of the linen clouds and blowing breezes
Laid amidst the mermaids of thoughts that swim thru the sky
Between them and the dripping sun and the dipping boughs
While raindrops break and shatter all about the surface of speech

Jason PraTT

The Truthful Lie

previous written in latter
years under the guise of
another personality cut from
the same cloth through diff-
erent fabrics of time, like the
many faces that I wear on a
day to day basis: my face of
t r u t h is seldom ly wor-
n due to my need to wear the
f a c e s of fiction and false
security, yet I seem to balance
the insane schedule of living a
lie and shacking up with the truth
God and I aren't the best of
friends although he's my father
and I'm his child; our relation ship
is slightly sinking in sea of distant
communication and I used to live
next door to Jesus, but, I moved away
leaving only a phone number to
my soul, but I haven't paid the
bill, so we've been disconnected
for quite some time now

Jason PraTT

This Hotel Bed Feels Empty

hello harlot, your heinie
right here
in the middle
of my heavy view
jiggly and lively
as our lustful moments dance sweetly
towards the dawn of tomorrow
whereas wildfire winds us back
to the beginning
of the hellos
and our good-byes are scheduled
with silent, affectionate emotion

Jason PraTT

Tomorrow's Promise

I wanted to write
you an intriguing lyric
that favored
Shakespeare and
Ovid's erotica
but the desires that be
did not allow my
attempt of nestling metaphors

Indeed, usually the gift
of grand gesture
grants my brush strokes
the most vivid
ink to pour into
riveting colors
for your eyes only
marveling at the distinct
structure and the
deepened detail of each
line

I promise to paint prettier
pictures the next time
my thoughts reminds
me of your face
with delectable smiles
and unforgettable laughter

Tomorrow, I promise...

Jason PrATT

Wilma And I Have Not

wilma and I have not always seen eye-to-eye, whereas eye could not fathom the times where we ever agreed upon anything outside of what color her hair might have been if she decided to dress up like a whore and rap(e) my doorb_II wearing nothing more than a overcoat, dripping from the rain, with her mascara running around her cheeks like a racoon forcing me to commit mutual bestiality with her animal instinct and my animal scent pouncing up and down upon her while her face is pressed in the pillow while her hips are placed in the air, while her flatulent loins kisses my harsh pen(is)etration during our inconsiderate love affair, here on her husband's bed, or was it my bed and {she} was really the one romping like a sex-craved convict on a dirty pale moon setting

Jason PraTT

Your Beauty: Unbelievable...

your beauty:
unbelievable
my eyes, mesmerized
the poems that
your eyes speak to me
from afar

the calm, sweet smiles
of the photograph
that captures your elegance
forever, in my thoughts

an ecstatic warmth
echoing to myself,
'my god(dess) you are beautiful'
by the flock of gazes
taking refuges
in silent:
writing

Jason PraTT