

Poetry Series

**Keith Michael**  
**- poems -**

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## Keith Michael(10/30/1876)

history/political science major, my poems are rather different and odd so i appreciate any feedback, positive or negative. the good always comes with the bad so i am able to handle honesty on your part. thank you

## (em) Brace Yourself

Can i offer you my love in relative pieces. first my heart so i can love you forever. then my arms so i can hold you when you need me and my eyes so i can watch over you while you sleep. take my back so i can cary you to a better life on my feet of which id walk forever. through insurmountable circumstances and tumultuous peaks and valleys. under a star lit night, my feet, so they can warm you under the blanket we set out on the hill. and finally my lips so we can appreciate our undying love to each other, while our souls embrace and intertwine while looking down on our love

Keith Michael

?

Can you taste the mountains, the ones that have been lost for thousands of years. the blood that runs through me now was once apart of them and it trickled down, each time i lost a memory i gained perspective on who you were and why i kept dreaming of you. hold my hand, ill help you across this river that contains us and we can finally see what we have been missing out on.

Keith Michael

# 100 Of You,200 Legs

come and find me and we can walk through the fields together, out towards where the sun is lighting the day. stalks knee high so you hold my hand while we find our way through this maze and come out on the other side of the earth. and on the other side the children are the same, and the landscape remains the same, just a mirror image with an exact cottage and exact plaid sheets hanging over the clothes line. but what strikes me is the pies on the ledge with the crust being inside of the pumpkin and the apple coming out off the worm, and the clouds being blue with a side of white.. have you ever seen a green sun with orange grass, i can't say i have but it doesn't seem that unusual at all. disregard the dogs that are walking along and the flowers that seem to have sprouted and stood and are singing in song. unison with the trees lying down and using their branches to get that itch in the bark. and we get passed with 100 caterpillars with 100 legs each, with an ant riding on every back, with the days news covering the cats and frogs. sure I've seen the papers with the antelopes swimming and the fish dashing across the road. but is any of this so much different that id want to leave my own home. i don't think so and so back to the well we go and we can climb back down and slip back into our time and the fields and cottage that i call my own

Keith Michael

## 17 Second Secret

take the vegetation and grow it to the sky, the lights shine down on us and i want to see what is up there. i can only see so much from the tree line, and i want to live. the squid makes his home under the bottom of my boat. motivation is only a question among the students with pencils down. the car sits in the yard because noone is here to take it to town anymore, her spirit has long left the house when she knew i didn't appreciate her presence. mountainous limitations are in my way, peaks and valleys unimaginable, but i will strive, put my heart on the line and traverse the path. all of my clothes will run, and food will spoil, but i want you, i want to do anything for you, and i want to meet you where the ending begins.

Keith Michael

# 272 Hours

candle light

tchaikovsky

romanticism

unwarranted passions running high with red wine

Keith Michael

# A Crests Net

here in the now the shrew dances with the shoe maker, the bright moon casts  
their shadows on the cobblestone sidewalk of a not so modern London evening,  
the two worlds collide and an endless sigh is heard across the globe. let the  
pages turn into paper cuts, were so drawn in. home news, a courier for the  
morning sun racing to my front yard. use the note cards to watch me and  
remember what i tell you. we belong to the earth, and together, for you

Keith Michael



## Alekap Htiek

An appendage of the appendix needs to be withdrawn, grab me the hacksaw and cut at that tree, scaring the birds so they leave for the winter...they'll enjoy florida better anyway as my mistress did. the beach was a place she always yearned to be, the same place i always wanted to dump her...I'm sure shed rather be found under out at sea than with me as it is, at least this way shell be a little more quiet and understanding about why she has to come out of the water and get back on the boat. she never found time for me, well now she has all the time in the world

Keith Michael

## And Aren'T Saw

can't you breathe from the bottom of the ocean the bird asked me, from over one of the currents. i held on to the vine at the bottom not wanting to let go, i just shook my head and held my breath. he saw the stubbornness from all the way up there, and flew off, presumably into his home. our homes aren't that much different, they are..

Keith Michael

## Asterisk Reward

the bluest of skies with the softest of textures. they can only last so long. snow capped peaks sit through bitter weeks of winds and harsh chills. thousands of feet down as the world moves on i find myself stuck in the sands of the gloomy pits in the earth. I'm not worried about the here and the now. i am more worried about the past catching up with me and taking the lead. and almost as important. the future that ties in quite nicely

Keith Michael

# Blow Out The Streetlight

where does this leave us, after tonight what will we become? more than we have been? more than bed partners or a friend in passing? can we still swing under the streetlights and dance in the rain? my days are spent on park benches, on rocks along the beach, walking to and fro, calling your name, hoping the waves wash it out to sea so we can soon be reunited.

Keith Michael

## But Love, My Love

when we are broken why can't we fix it, I've tried all of the tools and read all of the directions. and nothing seems to work my dear. give me a hand with this and maybe both of us can complete it together. have i told you what beautiful eyes you have. and the face you make when you sleep gives me strength to sit up and smile in the morning. being empty isn't just when your not here, its when i don't hear your voice.

Keith Michael

# Circumventus Arspastus

Take the trees and let them whisper to me, tell me their secrets and share all of the wonder of the world. Let their canopies shade me and keep out the rain that wants to wash me away

Keith Michael

# Cliammte Innuendo

Our legs intertwine and fold over one another like vines climbing a lattice. taken up in a whirlwind of love and sensuality. let the night be our guide, our hands diving and coming up again, finding out about each other, hair dancing wildly and an eruption of emotion

Keith Michael

# Close Hatchet

is there ever just a time when we can be free thinking? left to our own regards,  
to wonder aloud, and see where the wind takes us. it is moments like these that  
i wish for, to be my own person and think for myself. to chase dreams and see  
how close we can get, before we wake up and wait for the night to come, so we  
can try to get closer to catching them. don't stop, don't look back, just continue  
on until the light, and let the stars lead our way.

Keith Michael



# Conspiracy Theory

the shells need people to fly towards and the bullet casings only expand and hit the ground normally after being fired at someone...so why are we still sending people to war, why can't we just make amends, or see that our time has come to get out of these war torn nations. Im sure these men don't know they are going over there to fight a war they cannot win, but instead just want to impress those where they live, or feel better in their parents graces, like they haven't waster their lives. Oh, I'm sure there are a few who are in for it for the fighting and as a way to take out rage, or some who really believe in our country, but what will it take for them to wake up, to come around full circle and see we are just fighting for money, and not just money, but MORE money. and this money is coming from nations who have no want for us as it is, they are just protecting themselves because we come over to claim land that isn't ours, or instill our own thoughts and beliefs into their economy. There are three nations left without a centralized bank run by a certain family, and those are the three nations we are currently invading. Tell me money is not the motive...

Keith Michael

## Continuuee, Non, Togetheerr

its a maze of astounding proportions. if you don't have all day you surely will want to skip it. the green shrubs that tower to the sky, the sun shining through just enough to light the path, the only thing you can see ahead of you is dirt so rough that it wants to keep you muddled and hold you there forever. lets do a tap-dance around it, so intricate that we have no choice but to continue on together and i haven't been this close to you in a long time. odd what brings us together, a field, and and how it feels when we shake.

Keith Michael

## Crisis: Conscious

Your lips were as wet as the ocean, your eyes the gleaming of the sun rising off of it. when i touched the bottom of the sea, that was my heart melting after setting eyes upon you. i saw your arm reach out for me, to bring me back to life. you are my life raft, a saving grace. the first thing i saw was your beautiful smile, as white as the foam in the crest of the waves. all i can think of is being back on shore with you, arm in arm, and laying there until the day grows old, and the moon steals the suns spot.

Keith Michael

## D(E) Ad

I'll never forget you and how proud you made me he said, while he drifted off.  
No matter how tight I hold on and how hard I squeeze I cannot bring him back.  
At least he finally looks peaceful. My tears just reinforce how humbled he was  
and how much he'll be missed.

Keith Michael

# Daehraj

the smallest of consequences seem to bring about the biggest of changes..

Keith Michael

# Disney

i used to think i could only write at times of despair. times when hell froze over and demons sat next to us at tables at the bar. when one had a drinking problem or personal issues. i on the other hand write when i feel excitement. when clouds help the sun do its job and cars sing and lilacs dance. cups and plates spring from the cabinets with life and take hands with each other and spin and twirl. water geysers into the air behind a chorus of people who line the blocks of the city outside. sadly...i haven't felt like that much, so i guess this really isn't writing. the person at the next table singing and dancing must be the devil in disguise.

Keith Michael

# Disproportioned Jekyll

The world grew on my fingertips, I had it all and willed it away. It made its own impression on me, and I found the strength to move hearts and abuse hope. There was a rush in building to watch fall, but in the end, with all the power i had and all of the good i had done, the only thing that really fell...was me.

Keith Michael

# Duplicate Excesses

ablaze burning counterfeit. dancing embers fiercely guided. heavenly incumbents  
jilted. keep lying. many now overlook past quandaries. restless serenades topple  
undermanned violins. winters xenophobia.

Keith Michael



## Early Bee Gets The Pollen

the water runs right to the edge as i lower myself down into the tub. candles on, flame flickering swaying from left to right and then back in unison with the slight breeze thats coming through the cracked window. i slide slower...a little lower... feeling the water run over the back of my neck and into my hair. the steam is rising from the water, my cold body set it in motion dancing ever so intricately above my head, and the faucet lets the steam from its ear. the mirror begins to fog and condensation trickles its way, one by one downwards into the sink where it will sleep. i close my eyes and imagine you, your perfect body, never flawed, never aging and withstanding the tests of time. i can feel you in the room, sensing you pushing me over to make room for you, and your scent, ever present and your laugh over Bach. Suddenly i awake, and on the window, your handprint. five perfectly placed fingers stretched out with a dropp of water sliding down from the palm. like a newly unrooted flower that sprang up overnight while the others were sleeping, to surprise them when they woke up and shook off the morning pollen off.

Keith Michael

## Earth On Your Left

my love for you, well, its come and gone. the sea has dried up, the animals have all left, and i have flown south with the birds for the winter. the trees don't whisper your name to me anymore, and i don't see your name written on every wall when i wake up. The sun doesn't shine through and i don't see your shadow on the hardwood floor.

Keith Michael

# Electric Glass Casket

I know you see the squirrel walk the line and run into the nearest hole, but where does it go? we're not so sure but we do know if we follow it we won't get anywhere except back to where we are...the sinks overflowing with yesterdays news and i just can't get bb to stop playing that the picnic baskets filled with delight and compassion but tucked away are our greatest fears which we have no recollection of...open it and let them go, pour them on the grass and forget where they came from, just remember to live here on out

Keith Michael

## Emit Trohs

a vastness so great that noone must have ventured out there, yet we feel remote even here, arm and arm. The only two left. You turn transparent in the suns afternoon glow but i am comforted that you were with me, even if only for a short time.

Keith Michael

# Empire

light up the sky and we ride to the sunset, get an upclose look at the beauty first hand, hold it and imagine yourself in my constant company. building buildings to tear them down and reconcile our first wishes. empires were born under us, and we ruled, our rules written for history to patch our work together, piece by piece, to complete the puzzle of our lives together.

Keith Michael

## Equal Opportunity A\*\*hole

can you stay, just for tonight, with me and my bed. i am not safe, they're out to get me and want to take my night. there comes a ticking every so often, that prevents me from sleeping. all i ask is that you go see what it is, it would make me feel more comfortable dear.

Keith Michael

## Flora: Yield Dear

Collapse and fall off the side, theres less to clean then with you gone. remove yourself, but quietly please, i don't want the corporation to wake up and raise the prices since we lost one. instead let it fall asleep in my arms, ill go down with it while you take the night to get away

Keith Michael

# Flugima

your lips were as wet as the ocean, your eyes the gleaming of the sun rising off of it. when i touched the bottom of the sea, that was my heart melting after setting eyes upon you. i saw your arm reach out for me, to bring me back to life. you are my life raft, a saving grace. the first thing i saw was your beautiful smile, as white as the foam in the crest of the waves. all i can think of is being back on shore with you, arm in arm, and laying there until the day grows old, and the moon steals the suns lustful look.

Keith Michael



# Fornever

the drawing of your portrays exactly what we knew, your amber hair attracts the stares of men far and wide who are grateful just to gaze upon you. almond eyes as blue as the sky the birds sing about and the fish search for while jumping upstream. A neck so clean and cut that every dress dazzles the crowds that adore you, filling the roads to capacity. the wrist, with fingers so slender and thin that i find myself imagining wrapping it in gold and making you promise that you'll be mine forever and always.

Keith Michael

## From This, Warmth

leaves crunching under my feet, sunlight wrapping its halo around whatever it touches. I think of the days when i was young. It seems so long ago, i would sit and play on the porch or swing the bat out in the yard with the dog chasing the ball. day trips to the lake were constant staples, and watching the fisherman make their usual haul made my smile gleam. the sense of warmth, a family outing of mine seeing a family outing of theirs. A serene feeling of the sun beating down. This is what perfection would feel like.

Keith Michael

# Front Dime Store Psycho Cable

I found you, tucked away underneath the clouds...I'm trying to find out the world  
expects the most of us when trying times show no place to rest our head.  
weary, veiny, almost blinded eyes

Keith Michael

# Ghrama

Ive searched high and low, unearthed every shattered and broken stone, every piece of dirt has been shoveled in search of a letter, a note even, a clue that gives me some sense as to where you aren't, but where you want to be. The roots have been so beaten down, that they weep their water and the ground runs cold under them. A moist earth regains its life and sends it back anew as a tree, one that i will once again overturn in search of you. It is only then that i can realize what was lost, and cross the rivers and scale the mountains. moss leads my way back and each day strength returns as the journey home is ending. I can see your back in the distance, id know those legs anywhere and I just hope when i get to you and see your face, you haven't been upset and I haven't been gone for too long.

Keith Michael

# Hemegonic Rituals

I wish there were visiting hours in heaven. you could be sure id sit by your side  
and rest my hand in your lap, and listen to every word you had to say.

Keith Michael

# History Of The World, A Short Story

I won't cry for the world, there are too many people in it who are wrong doers.....and I'm sure they feeling is mutual.

Keith Michael

## Hopelessly Witty, Endlessly Romantic

congealed love stays stagnant at the bottom of the lake, from which it can never escape, and everyday the fawn and the squirrels and animals alike come from far and wide to try to salvage it. as so was done with the shipwreck on the weighty shores, where the waves tried to try them on, and the moon grew so far out that there wasn't an unlit wave for miles. the treasure was gone but so were the hearts of follied men who thought they could brave mother nature, but she brought them to their knees and then to their graves. all wasn't lost, because we were able to save their souls for our children's lives

Keith Michael

# I Dream Of Wars

i dream of wars, past and present. and inevitably, future. i dream of their camps and their scribbling in notebooks whenever they have a free moment. i dream of them writing to their loved ones with the enemy drawing closer every moment. i dream of days so far ahead, that they don't even know where they will be. out of the face of war, or more entrenched than ever? But....do they dream? do they imagine the stars at home looking after their loved ones. Do they dream under the same skies as me, or do they dream in a world i can never imagine...

Keith Michael



# I Have Not Read This

The sand between my toes, the wind through my hair, the trail up to the mountains and breathing in the crisp altitude has brought a refreshing point to my life. No longer do i fear doing the right thing, or letting someone do it for me. i am upstanding to take the blame, criticism, and outcry that goes with it, but i am also ready to accept the favoritism that is claimed. i don't walk around with a bag that hides my flaws, and i am comfortable enough to take charge.

Keith Michael

# I, No, I

While we stand here from the edge of the pier we can see the water rising and the clouds rolling in. this is the end but we know nothing about how its coming or from which way. I'm prepared to go take the plunge with you and only you because you give me strength. Life and love were my two fondest memories of you as the water hits my ankles and wets the inside of my shoes. I like up and in an instance the water is at your knees. the sky finally blackened and we turn back to the city and you clutch at the collar of my shirt. in the face of destruction you do nothing but calm me. there is no light, no power through the whole city, and honestly its never looked as beautiful. Do they know whats coming back there? do they see us on the pier? I can feel the water at my neck. your treading water and i can do nothing but hold on. Turn to me, grab my head, and kiss me with as much force as the wave thats grabbing at my back. Ive never felt so loved...

Keith Michael

# I'M Going... Threw Life

Life is so much easier when you have no one to drag you through it. That doesn't mean its happier.

Keith Michael

## Jazz Shop Coffee Quartet

consequences aren't as dire when there isn't much to risk. i don't worry about my self as much as i worry about you my love. and those consequences, i would bottle them up and ship them out to sea where many years from now people can read of the lives i put on the line to get to you. true love is not one that can be matched, or forgotten. and long after I'm gone, hopefully much earlier than you, people can tell our stories and reminisce on autumn nights in a coffee shop, of how romantic men used to be.

Keith Michael

# Last Chance

i tally up the times the amber lit sky has let down its rain to quench our thirst.  
one can live off of you. eyes as blue as the freshest lake waters. hair as thick as  
the dark limbs that protrude from the solid body trees, and still...there is such a  
strong attraction we cannot act on. but soon i will be saved. you will find  
yourself, and i will find myself in you.

Keith Michael

## Lay, Make, Night

a dark winter night, leads to my discontent. only so much snow can fall, only so many times can my legs tremble before i lose my composure, holding my tongue was never a part of this. With the brisk wind in the morning, hopefully a new light pours in, making it easier to wake up and start again. a poetry that words can't describe but simple enough that you know i mean you. come easy to me, lay in my arms, and make this night whole.

Keith Michael

# Lifes Hardest Lesson

i heard him come in last night, sit down and talk to my mom. he loved to just tell us about his day, his experiences in his new profession. he was an older man retired so he took a part time job working with the public for the first time. you can tell everyday at work how frustrated he must have been because his brow was furrowed more in the last 3 months than in 50 years. but his dimples seemed to grow more too. he loved the companionship that his previous job had never offered.

but we would just sit there and barely listen, i don't know if it was the argument we had earlier that day or just the ungrateful mood i was in, that just made me close my door on him so he wouldn't tell me his stories. well...he passed that night in his sleep. the doctors say it was from wear and tear for a 65 year old man. but i know what the real reason is.

i broke his heart. all this time all he wanted was his sons company, my approval for him, to be happy for him at his new job. he handed me his heart and i handed it right back. and why did i ignore him? to go back to lying down and doing nothing, not making anything of myself..to have another cigarette. you have no idea how hard it is to live with that, to not be able to say goodbye to him. to not see his smile open my door every morning and warm me had to go to work, so i would be alone for about a half hour. the hardest part is trying to move on, to know that i will never be half the man, the husband, and most importantly..the father to my children, he was to me. i hope when i die, they let me see him again even if its just to say i love you, and i would have done anything to relive that day just listen to what he had to say.

Keith Michael

## Lilac Sun, Dandelion Curvature

the storm was blowing harshly in the lit desert morning and we could see it rolling over the plains. but at the same time i could not get away from your scent. standing next to me, the sweet smell of lilac and the sight of dandelions as far as you can see.

Keith Michael



# Look Elsewhere

The creek and the stream are one in the same. I'll take my chances with neither,  
I'll swim across and the ocean instead and make sure my steps cannot be  
retraced.

Keith Michael

## Mailbox, Fire Hydrant Red

i see the fire hydrant and the red mailbox and can't decide which to use to put out the fire. every now and then i open the fire red mailbox and see that letter from the other man. there is no hiding whats inside of that paper white envelope. does he make you soar and swoon like i did? does he light that fire in your heart that i must have doused and put out by pushing you away? can i just bring back those days we walked through the snow in the city, your face glistening while the flakes fall. Leaving a rosie red color on your nose and cheeks. your small but perfect feet leaving the boots impression in the snow which is less than have the size of mine and we laugh. and yet...you remember none of that, whether you choose to or not. so take my memories and at least save them in a box for a rainy day. i know ill save yours for when i want to reminisce, and leave behind that fire the mailman visits everyday, staked in your front yard.

Keith Michael

# Malkiain

is your choice me, or have you lost faith? take one last chance, let go, and fly  
with me. i will show you things beyond your imagination from shores you've  
never dreamed of

Keith Michael

## Memories & Coffee

There is not a moment I can go without you. I sip your name from my morning coffee and feel every finger sliding up and down my back in the shower. My head hits the pillow a little harder every night, carrying each of your memories i stacked for that day, but your head leaves the imprint on my stomach. The radio is turned to your favorite station and the laundry is just as we left it. All that has changed is the flower I left on the side of your mantel, and it grows stronger every day.

Keith Michael

## Merriam Webstercrazy

i sat at the kitchen window and looked at to the wharf. the smell of the the surf came in with the rolling tide. you could see the ghosts of the unloved sailors out at sea, and just knew it was a lonely place, a lonely feeling. and how is it with the skies so grey, that these same men risk their lives for us? have they no sense of urge, or understanding how much they are needed at home. Or is it that they are just too brave and willing to give their all when it was least and most needed. they picked up their anchors and set sail, leaving behind a life, a wife, and children, and traveling to an unfamiliar landscape with roadblocks abound. And 3000 miles away, all they know, is put on hold

Keith Michael

## Midnight Lip Service

Sit and watch the seashore dance its way into the mouth of the vast beast. Oh lover, oh great defeatist, charge once more and vanquish the enemy upon the opposing shore. Open wide sky! the plane was sucked in and a random face was carved into the mountain ledge. A strong gust caught its eye and away he went. covering the cups in a morning dusting. the cautious shrew untied the lion so there must be a tale they went to tell. get in contact with the vase and the woman holding it, whom was stellar. take it and smash it and watch her cry, just to rub the tears away and tell her the lion and the shrew are coming for her first born.

Keith Michael

# Money Storm

take into consideration the icicles hanging off the gutter. these are what my day revolves around. not what time i have work or when I'm supposed to meet someone for lunch. but icicles...water! hanging from the gutter. my day revolves around how long i have to take them down before they pull it down and cost me more money that i don't have. so i get on my double breasted coat with the extra fur i paid for inside...another expense. and my leather gloves for what reason i don't know I'm wearing in the snow. next come the long johns under the sweat pants and water resistant overalls. and why else would i own a pair of heavy snow boots unless i was going to wear them to take down some hanging water. so i bob and weave my way through the garage, making my way around the hockey goal and the soccer balls, which in the darkened garage are obstacles in themselves. why isn't this something my dad should be doing today. and finally after five minutes of rummaging i find the ladder and manage to grapple it off the wall. hallelujah the garage lifts open. you'd think i have to say a magic phrase so it could hurry itself up. i drag out the ladder and put it up against the side of the house but it doesn't catch. i look up and to my dismay the gutter is already on the ground. oh well, back inside and ill just say they melted. I'm sure ill hear enough hell over it later, but its too early now

Keith Michael

# My Mother

My mother used to tell me money doesnt grow on trees when I was young, to wash up before dinner, and make sure my school work was done before she tucked me in for the nights

my mother used to tell me to not hang out with the wrong people because that would reflect upon my own character. She would tell me to always dream big and keep my head in the clouds because thats the clearest vision, with no one on the path to get in your way.

What my mother never told me, was to give up or stop trying. and I haven't mom, im doing all that i can in this life to just make you proud. I hope I make you proud

Keith Michael



## My Muse, My Work In Progress

I've always lived from sunset to sunrise, a dark quiet rainy place somewhere inside me still longs for that. i was a romantic, i would sit on parkbenches and smoke cigarettes, and wait for the clock to strike 11. i would play my guitar and sing the love songs of the renaissance and let live those who embrace in the oil lit street lamps. nothing better than watching him twirl his love around, and around, and around, and love blossom in front of me as if i helped to bring this new life. the guitar has the strings to a girls heart and the voice is the melody that makes her soul swoon. make her feel as loved as the great emperors who fought wars in honor of their mothers and wives, and as precious as the most beloved star that shone throughout the night.

Keith Michael

# National Socialist Reform Party

why is war something where we all have to get involved, whoever starts it and declares it, should fight it. send in the politicians and their sons, their wives, and then see how fast they are to sign a treaty. but once you send me off to war, you have more leeway to fight. you won't worry about how my parents feel, about how they'll be so heartbroken when they get that officer at their door with a letter that holds the inevitable. so lets not go around just starting wars and getting our noses involved over seas. they have been around for thousands of years before us and i highly doubt they need our input now.

Keith Michael

## Nephram Cyclas

the bees dance and buzz overhead, flowers and trees singing in the streets, the fire hydrants shooting water high into the air, a site to see, and yet, i sit here at this table, with my head in my hand, and wonder if I'm the devil, because i just cannot find enjoyment in any of this. the sun knocking on the window trying to get in and brighten my day, the waves coming up and through the cracks of the door, wetting my feet to give me the sense of the beach, . i want none of it, i want to be me and sit here with this drink and hand and watch everyone else enjoy themselves. what they don't know is my time past and I've had my fun, and i get my smiles and the joy in my heart from watching others live.

Keith Michael

## Never Scene, Picture This

When i look into your eyes, i don't see my reflection anymore, i don't see the key where i locked my heart, it has been opened and let out into the world, free as the night stars, to travel where it may. And i miss this, this feeling, you, your feeling. the spot marked where we sat the first time doesn't have the same impression, the grass isn't as green. sparks don't fly when you speak my name. It doesn't roll off your tongue with a smile, and my knees no longer go weak on a summer day when your scent comes across me. What can change this, where can i hide that will surprise you and make your heart skip a beat. I will write for years, your name in the sand, and every time the water washes it away, i will go back down and on my hands an knees leave the imprint of my heart so you know its me

Keith Michael

# Night With Shakespeare

lets just lie in bed and not get up in the morning, make them come in and get us, they'll bring in the detectives to inspect the lipstick on my collar, and the fingermarks on your back. the lamp will be shattered on the floor and smiles across both of our faces, we haven't had this much fun being young since we were first introduced to the idea of aging. let us never settle for less or beg for more, you are my insatiable urge, and i can't get enough of you.

Keith Michael

## Nj Teachers

The bumble bee stings the thin blue line sliding out from behind the windows and tonight our luck will run out. take the red light for example and only pursue with caution before we speed right through without looking at the side streets that are at our disposal.

Keith Michael

# None I've Felt Before

We fell into the bush and have never laughed so loud. these last few hours have been magical, and it seems as if we've known each other forever. but against all that feels right, we will be saying goodbye in a matter of hours. all of the things we've done, from the morning rush under the quilted sheets, to our nightly indiscretions that would make the oldest of people blush. it was a time like none I've felt before, one that we will each hold on to, and make our fondest memories.

Keith Michael

## Nypd, Pugs, And Donuts

My dearest bird, you visit me every morning and make my day glow. i watch you flit around and take your feed, with no sense of time or day. your greens wings move faster than i can follow keeping you up, stationary whilst you take from my feeder. you are one guest i do not mind having. you come and go and are the only thing i can count on as a positive in my life, the only constant. its sad to say, but if you ever left i would be crushed. our daily visits help me forget my past, and bring back memories of my childhood memories, the ones that i wish to relive and hold dear. until its my time, that i leave our friendship first. i hope.

Keith Michael



## One/Empty/Bottle

We saw a young fair haired boy in the corner of the room, far off, not intervening with anyone. all we notice aside from his suspenders and side parted hair, which makes him stand out enough, is the bottle he is holding. two hands grasped tightly around it as if it was glued to his hand, and if he went to scratch his hair it would follow. we walk over and he sees us coming and starts to get fidgety. scuffing his shoes on the floor, bouncing his left foot up and down. the light grows dimmer while we move away from the light in the center of the room over to the northwest side where he sees, coming face to face we finally see the sweat coming from his perfectly styled hair and how uncomfortable he is with our intrusion on his space. silence, now that we walked over i don't know what to say. finally my friend says, 'whats in the bottle? ' no response, and almost a sense of not hearing what we had said. 'Well! ' says my friend, and the boy looks up, an empty gaze perched on his ghostly face, almost as if he was frozen in time...and again, nothing. before we turn to leave, we hear a mumble, a little softer than a whisper. 'What? ' i said, as we turn around. He replies, 'Emotions. I bottle them up, and don't know why.' and furthermore he says, 'I am just looking for a place to release them, safely, without harming anyone.' this struck me. It was something I always held close and remember to never hold my feelings in, to discuss problems and solution. This was a young boy about my age who was dealing with problems beyond him, beyond us! we never saw each other again, but i always hoped i returned to that room, and gazed into that corner, and saw a broken bottle, knowing immediately what it signified.

Keith Michael

## Please Secure The Cure

jumping through the puddles does nothing more than bring a smile to a child's face. and from my park bench i can help but smile from ear to ear too watching him enjoy his youth. his mother will be none too pleased with how dirty his pants got or with the mud that clinging to his shoes for dear life. the child's last jump was so high i would swear i saw him talking to the birds who were nesting, asking about their young, and making conversation with the giraffe who was just trying to scratch his nose on the serpentine limbs. and then he came down, so fast through the atmosphere, landing with such a force built up on his descent that my bench rumbled. he looks up and with that illuminating, effervescent smile and it's easy to see his new mud freckles. spring has rung the door and the youth have answered.

Keith Michael

## Please, Mr. Gravedigger.

Never would i have though it would end like this. dig my grave for me over the nearest mountains my loved ones. i want to be as close to the heavens as possible. Grant me this wish, and this only, because my first wish was just to have you for me.

Keith Michael

# Quarashii

when you write what comes to your head, its normally nothing good, but if you write what you feel in your heart, it can be the most rewarding.

Keith Michael

## Quilted Blanket For T(W) O

its with this the soldiers kiss, that I'm blind sided by the cold of the night, and the frigid storm coming in, leaving its message in the bottle at my door, that all we need is time, to grant life and to love one another blindly. lead me by the hand to wherever you call home and i will never forget, the animals we passed on the way there, granted life the same as us, to go on and follow and lead blindly their young to their new home. take a chance on what you see, and if its not me than so be it, its not as if I've never been in the dark before. sun will shine again on me and ill have opened my eyes wide to a new dawn and remember how to let go. to chase my dreams as far as they run ahead of me and sneak back down to let the moon wrap me in at night.

Keith Michael

## Repeat Competitive Shut Off

My dearest, why do you not keep the soft serve from the unfit provider,  
take the candid initiative and roll back the red carpet...step out and climb the  
plant, the stalks that surround the set. our nets are empty but our hearts are  
full of hope, we can push through this and come out on the other end. we've  
been through worse, and the oncoming storm is our blessing in disguise

Keith Michael

# Robin Hook

imagine an archers arrow, tumbling side over side. now stop it in mid flight.  
time standing still, gives me the chance to meet face to face and rummage  
through your pockets to see how you really feel, really act, really think. and then  
the clock reaches out its little hand realizing something is off and winds himself.  
but its too late, i already know how you really feel

Keith Michael

# Roses In The Vegetable Garden

Let the flowers grow, and then fall and turn to snow. and the children have their fun. but at a moments notice we can take the final step, and let our lives finally begin.

Keith Michael



## Sgt. Dove

my dearest bird, you visit me every morning and make my day glow. i watch you flit around and take your feed, with no sense of time or day. your greens wings move faster than i can follow keeping you up, stationary whilst you take from my feeder. you are one guest i do not mind having. you come and go and are the only thing i can count on as a positive in my life, the only constant. its sad to say, but if you ever left i would be crushed. our daily visits help me forget my past, and bring back memories of my childhood, the ones that i wish to relive and hold dear. until its my time, that i leave our friendship first. i hope.

Keith Michael

# Shh, Quiet

did anyone hear what the hummingbird whispered to the honeybee..

Keith Michael

## Short & Sweet

when is the last time you took a moment to realize that this is all going to come to an end. it can't last forever and it shouldn't either. people come and go for people to come and enjoy more of life. this is just me and who i want to be, and let my fall be graceful and my shadow be there to catch me.

Keith Michael

## Sit, Wait Moon

tonight i will sit and wait for you, i will watch the stars and recite the songs we used to sing. lay in the grass, and pretend that your coming around the corner for me, in that radiant white dress, just how we always imagined. and you look more beautiful even after all the days, months, years ago we had met. hand in hand, down the beach, and i swing you up and around and into my arms, and its perfection. I always told you i would reach up and pull down the stars for you, and ask the moon to shine for you, and never care who watched us, but tonight, i want you all to myself

Keith Michael

# Spillitz Pomee

Winter came all at once, dropping snowflakes on my black cotton jacket. each one represented a different part of myself that i changed for the year. the largest of which being you, and how i learned to appreciate you and all that you do.....now inhale i tell myself

the air so cold, and numbing that i could help my slipping and stumbling. and breathe...-and a long exhale, regain myself and imagine a world much as this. a world where we could fit, right alongside the grandest of emperors and the greenest of fields where the stock spend their days, and nights so grandiose and filled with lavish gatherings that the greeks would blush. exhale....

and back to that cold winter night, and an exhale with a long chain of frigid weather reaching out and around the back of your neck while you walk swiftly ahead of me. A long night of wine and a fireplace awaits. can this be THE moment that lasts forever, for i want nothing more than you

Keith Michael

## Streetlight Claims Desire, Said Barlon Mrando

night was glowing, and city life was as extravagant as I've ever seen. hand in hand couples whisking each other to and fro along the boulevard, car horns like trumpets sounding off in unison, as if the king was making his procession up to his new found glory. lets walk the center lines of the street at midnight, and dance like there will in fact be no tomorrow, so this night lets live on the lamb and ill be your balance beam. teeter on the edge with me and lean towards something undiscovered. the night that was so engulfing before is getting ready to sleep, and all i can think of is your silhouette dancing under the street lights

Keith Michael

# Such A Pretty Girl, You Were

Where does this leave us, after tonight what will we become? more than we have been? more than bed partners or a friend in passing? can we still swing under the streetlights and dance in the rain? my days are spent on park benches, on rocks along the beach, walking to and fro, calling your name, hoping the waves wash it out to sea so we can soon be reunited.

Keith Michael

# That Train Guy

take the train, jump off and watch it go on without you, start your journey from the beginning, the middle everywhere and nowhere...children's faces pressed against the window looking back, a memory of you they will have without ever knowing you, but they will make damn sure they tell generations about you...you're famous, you're that train guy

Keith Michael



# The Birds And The Bees

i have spent my time writing about the birds and the bees, the flowers and trees, and natures tall majestic backgrounds throughout time. skies with such depth that they make the oceans seem shallow. waves curl at a rate that we just want to sit in the sand and watch, keep this moment between us forever. nothing can move us from that beach, while the trees sway and sand comes rising up, wet from the shallow water..the breeze blows the hair from our face so we can see the sun set on the most picturesque horizon. an orange and red hue that resembles a fire lighting the nights in our sitting room, giving way to a night with a canopy of stars lighting the sailors way. and with the morning, rise the birds and the bees.

Keith Michael

# The Only Good Thing I've Ever Wrote

i saw you flying again tonight, but this time it wasn't a dream, i could feel it, it was real as the sky is lit for the coming solstice. and you sat outside the window across the street and talked to me, and told me you were alright, and that you were still here. i knew i shouldn't miss you, but i felt it was wrong not to. i started to cry and you caught my tears before they hit the ground and told me to hold on to them because i would need them for someone who wasn't as happy. and again, i saw you last night, higher than the trees, and finally enjoying yourself and it was real, i miss you, but i'll see you again

Keith Michael

# The Woman With The Head Of Roses

The woman with the head of roses had a dagger for her heart, because anytime you brought her close, she would puncture you and move on. Leave you there to will yourself back to your feet or give up. She wore the face of an angel over the soul of the devil and drew you in with her eyes. complete lust was an overbearing might for her that gave you chance to come down. She'd raise you higher and higher, and then deflate you just a little, but you were hooked. You wanted to soar, just a little bit higher, sure that she would turn things around. Before.. pop. There you go, never to be seen again as one piece, slowly swaying towards the ground, to her feet, where she can pick you up and start again

Keith Michael

# This Is My Rehab

The last thing you said was, 'dont tell him, I'm embarrassed..' and youve been hooked ever since. I wish you would have told me! I want to know every last detail about your life, the good and the bad. To help you live it, and to cherish it! I remember the smile on your face the first time I ever laid eyes on you, as beautiful as it was the last time, when you got out of my car and took that long walk, looking back to wave. It's even your laugh I miss, day after day, that was my only sense of enjoyment in life. You were my drug, but you were my rehab too. I miss you, I love you. When did things go wrong, no...When did I go wrong? ! You were perfect, I'd give my life to have that moment back, that moment when i first held your hand, and we took our first steps together.

Keith Michael

## This Summers Winter Is Here To Stay

i feel the wind rushing through my shoes up, up my legs, up, up my shirts and sending me that cold chill you get when your back and knees go weak. its winter mornings like this when i realize the previous night i must have dreamt of the pacific. a beach in california with the sun just over the surf as the pictures portray. or on an old white rocking chair on an old white porch in the deep south. looking out between the columns that it was built on. but even in my dream i could feel the cold coming off of the california coast...and i could see the snow clouds forming in the southern skies....and yet i longed for it, i longed for that feeling of familiarity, feeling of love. it was inescapable i could point to a place on the globe, fly to anywhere in the world, step foot on any continent so grand, and still yearn for that atlantic chill. reminding me of the sitting room fire place, a dimly lit room and the smell of cedar and pine emanating its way from the den. a book filled to its brim with all of our favorite books, and next to it, the coat hanger with my fathers robe and his favorite set of slippers.

Keith Michael

# Tightly Unwound

i skipped the rock into the ocean and knew it was the end of angel. it wasn't the memories that had me so weary, and weak in the knees, but it was the fact that it was the last thing your layed your hands on, and i wanted to share it with the world

Keith Michael

# To Be, Or Not To Beseech

who caught the moon when it fell from the night? the stars suspension snapped  
and the sun had to stay awake for days, while we rebuilt from scratch. the sun  
whispered to me that i could keep of piece of him so at night, you can have a  
sense that I'm safe. and he will always check on you by sliding in under the  
curtains and lighting up the floor, so you can roll over and go back to sweep  
without a worry in your world

Keith Michael

# Transcendentist

night be still so they can wander, rivers run and water ponders, red and yellow  
leaves swept over yonder, a sky so dark the stars turn white, leaving morning  
jealous of the bejeweled night.

trees so thick with rings for years, sparrows sing the songs to tears, telling signs  
the new season nears, to and fro the animals go, but to where i do not know

Keith Michael



## Two Hells, And Theres No Coming Back

this is hell, where my fingers bled and ran down the walls and paint chips got under my nails, but the guy next to me is laughing his ass off. i cannot decide if he is more sane than i am, or just knew this is the path his life was taking. i for one would not be chuckling at all with what was happening to him, i won't go into detail because it was horrific but i felt a little bit better about my punishment after that.

Keith Michael

## Two Of Me, None Of You

sluggish the day goes, to and fro, with birds stealing my songs and trees leaning down to whisper words of yesterdays wisdom. come and take my patience, and take me with you. Leave me not lowly, lonely, but keep me by your side. I am ok with going where you go, or following you to the ends of the page, but not sure how much farther. My words have been misconstrued before and yet again they fall by the wayside, to deaf ears that pay no mind to try to interpret anyway. A long time from now is still a long ways behind us, because there is no such direction. How can i get home? This is not the place you were supposed to lead me. I thought your heart would be one in mine, and instead you pulled me farther off track

Keith Michael

# Waves From The Coming Storm

i have spent my time writing about the birds and the bees, the flowers and trees, and natures tall majestic backgrounds throughout time. skies with such depth that they make the oceans seem shallow. waves curl at a rate that we just want to sit in the sand and watch, keep this moment between us forever. nothing can move us from that beach, while the trees sway and sand comes rising up, wet from the shallow water..the breeze blows the hair from our face so we can see the sun set on the most picturesque horizon. an orange and red hue that resembles a fire lighting the nights in our sitting room, giving way to a night with a canopy of stars lighting the sailors way. and with the morning, rise the birds and the bees.

Keith Michael

# Wurtz Commodore

came the giants of flood and fire, scorching their path across the earth. four separate starting points all converging to one, and there it is that we shall meet again, under the harshest of circumstances, and lay our hearts down. they beat together, and we walk hand in hand, away from the destruction that was

Keith Michael

# Xenophobiography

take for granted the morning light, and never get to experience the afternoon heat that lowers itself on your shoulder while planting and traversing the yard. and never will you get the sensation of the cold dusk air rushing through the leaves and brushing itself through your hair whispering what the moon is bringing you overnight. it is the little things that matter, and the things we feel are undeserving of our attention, are usually the ones that matter most. so take with you these words to share with the sun when you stretch your morning muscles, and swing open the morning shades.

Keith Michael