

Poetry Series

Lowe Loup
- poems -

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Lowe Loup()

Alcyone

My arms shackled themselves around your neck
clutching at the collar of your coat
Moist fabric against my face, I pleaded-
I can endure whatever comes to us together.
Love flowing from your eyes you held me,
To lose me would be too much to bear.

You left me alone on this shore.

The night's usual respite is lost-
Eleven sets of footprints stagger from my bed
identically shaped, fading into where I now sit.
Gravelly sand fills the spaces between my toes.
The gritty embrace of tiny rocks
is the only solace I find.

I begged to come with you.

Sitting here head between knees,
while silver Aegean waves
kiss my ankles, and erase the small circles
in the mud beneath my chin.
Hiding from the vision of your specter,
My deepest pain on its lips.

Please return to me.

The Morning Star gazes over the horizon
at you, floating on a sea of mirror shards
reflecting misty light, while a Kingfisher
emerges alone from the water,
I slip into the sea.

Two halcyon birds soar above me

Lowe Loup

Astaticism On A Dance Floor

Her body contorts
skin ablaze with neon,
onyx eyed, pressed against
his silhouette.
Black crossed threads
And flashing hands form
the gravity her legs adhere to.

Her back imitates a bridge-
Concrete joints buckling
Suspension sinews snapping
under tension as it implodes.
The darkened room hides her
crimson and purple painted body.
Her stains quickly covered
by new stilettos and sweat.

Lowe Loup

Cocaine Eyes

My pupils stare back at me in the mirror
Like some parody of a Rolling Stones song.
How long has it been? Two days, Fourteen hours,
sixteen minutes, twenty six seconds since
I decided- too late

Acid flows through my veins,
burning me like Napalm from the war.
My turn in flames, maybe this is revenge-
A lie they sold us in exchange for the death
we gave to their countrymen.

The vinegary taste of bile invades my mouth,
as I lay on the floor knees pressed to chest.
I cannot remember what I last ate,
nor a memory of drink I held down-
my purification ritual.

Years have passed in two days
Years filled with pain and sickness and hatred.
Years spent staring at tiny ellipses
written on my arm in delicate circles...

Lowé Loup

Iris

Whispers of nicotine form
our only conversation
as she sits,
propped up on a mountain of
my goose down,
watching Travis Bickie-
talk to some girl.

I'm on my back
watching cigarette smoke
perform dialogue
on the ceiling's
chipped gray paint.
The thin strip of white linen
Separating her hip,
from my shoulder,
grows as she slips back
into her wrinkled yellow dress.

The clock turns to 2.
The door closes behind her.
I lie still and watch-
her cigarette,
dying in the grimy ashtray
its decaying breath my own-
she'll cash my check in the morning

Lowe Loup

My Best Friend

I met you on my seventh birthday,
two months after yours.

We grew up together on the beach,
Crashing headlong into the surf.

And as I learned games you learned them too,
chasing every kind of ball across the yard
until we both collapsed panting on the ground.

I watched you slow down-
trading our romps for long walks
and more mature nights at home.

You watched me leave for school,
each time not knowing how long I would be gone.
But always treating me like a prodigal son.

I watched the tumors spread across your body-
But I left again after each summer.
Taking for granted that I'd always have my friend.

I heard my dad's voice break on the phone.
Not for you, but for what he knew it would do to me,
Knowing I wasn't there with you.

He knew 91 years is a long time for a friendship-
even if it was only 13 for me.

Now everyone always says they understand,
or how to move on and forget,
but they can keep their rainbow bridge.

What do they know about our friendship anyway?

Lowe Loup

Nike

You left me here.
Pulling me away
As I tried in vain
To cling to your leg.
You left my brother and I,
with all the others like us,
in this darkness and
nauseating smell.
I know some day
You'll come back for me,
and wash away my memory
of this place.
And once again I'll wrap
around your leg,
Hoping,
You never toss me away again.

Lowe Loup

Semper Fidelus

You sit alone in the same cracked leather Lazy-Boy Dad did.
Your Skoal stained fingertips rubbing the dark violet crescents beneath your
lashes.

The Price is Right reflects off of your eyes, staring blankly and made translucent
from the half empty bottle of Wild Turkey sitting placidly on the table.
Fractured glass lies untouched beneath a picture frame where you and Meghan
used to lie on a beach, smiling in the summer sun. She said she couldn't take the
nightmares
that make you wake, screaming and weeping at night, and follow you throughout
the day.
Now the TV's pale glow is the only light that touches you.
You and the heavy black drapes that seperate him from the world.

After the four years you signed away, watching friends fall twisted to the earth.
You say you can still taste the scorched sand in your mouth.
The same stuff that you still pick out of your nose and ears, even after 18
months.
We tried to help you scrub the harsh red dirt from underneath your fingernails
but the searing heat of oil fires must have fused it into a part of you.
I guess your sacrifice didn't end when you came home-
it's tough to have anyone else in your life when you remain,
always faithful, to colors and nylon and thread.
Now the Poloroid pictures of the man you can't recognize, mock you with a family
you don't know.
Your family now is dressed in khaki and green, two continents away from your
chair.

Lowe Loup

Shellshock On A Friday Night

I awake to a world tinted green,
grass and men polymerize,
their forms moving under strobed light-
I can't tell friend from foe.
Hands shackle me to the grass.
Mouths contort on muddled faces
above me. Their words sounding
fire alarms in my ears.

Seconds ago, I stood
on the line, muscles tensed,
adrenaline filled vision,
a singular focus.
I had touched my prize
for an instant-
Then a flash of plastic,
and complete blankness.

Now my world is acid tripped.
Edges of images fluctuate
and the earth loses stability
as they stumble me from the fray.
My stomach becomes charitable,
deciding to give instead of take,
and I lie prostrate and bound
to pillows in front of the mob.

I know the routine,
the red flashing lights,
the motivation for revenge.
I hope my sacrifice
was worth the show.

Lowe Loup

Stroke

The first time I got shot down
I was lucky
My hand robotically strikes a match
for him as he motions for more gin.
His mentholated laugh burns my nose
as I empty the bottle
into his waiting ice,
The second time..
He slurs-

I stop listening.
We've heard the story
every Thanksgiving.
The same helicopter rescue,
The same bullet wound,
but now he can't stand
to show the scar on his right thigh.

The glass falls from his warped hand-
He laughs while my mother brushes
the shards from his lap.
The chair changed him
from husband to burden
in less than an hour.
A man that flew fighter jets
now watches his wife
cutting his steak into tiny strips.

Lowe Loup

The Heat Of Human Gravity

Our trysts
are razor blade martinis
half drunk and
olive-juice full.

How could I grudge you?
You say that I'm brilliant-
that I can separate affection
and emotion. You with your one-
lipped kiss; strands of light
bending round your head.
speaking of improbabilities,
following an associative spiral.

In the basement
of a January night,
Every person needs
a warm body.

Lowé Loup

The Seduction Of Eve By Satan Circa 1846-Present

You whom all things gaze upon- admire my oak casked opulence, liquefied amber, gestated for months, now swirling in serpentine glass; all things thine. Listen to me, hear my icicle whisper- embrace me – accept me into your body, let me enflame you. Love my burn and kiss me. Make your face at me; curl lips back and squint your teeth. Feel my desire in your chest. Smile with your gentleman's skin and your diseased pigment. Take a second, connect my shell to your vessel and give me your legs. Dance with me, stand on my toes- show me your passion's movement. Find your Self, lost in my soul- don't rush the process. Let me unstrangle your tongue; greet me as your muse. Make love with me slowly, take my essence into you with care. Don't cast me away—I would never harm you, you are my master. I will give you knowledge- It's just a process: everything is.

(for Jack)

Lowe Loup