

Poetry Series

Pleasant Floyd
- poems -

Publication Date:
2006

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

Pleasant Floyd(June 25,1990)

I was born on a small Plantation farm in South Carolina. I had a moderately nice childhood, one cant complain. I went to school at the University of South Carolina and got my Bachelors in Creative writing. I went to write forty years on a South Carolina newspaper, The Carolina Beat. I have always written poetry, and will continue to do so until I die.

Havoc

Intimate scrawls of thoroughbred warfare
Enough nitroglycerine to share
Carbonized misery intensely bleak
Cold caliber heat

Should we rampage
Or reap the sow
His skin slithers
As the wind howls

Dead eyes see enough
To weather and rust
Corpses lay limply
On crimson plains
No sporadic movement
No breath of complaint

How much evidence
Do the stains give away
Struggle for equality
With the epidemic of the age

We bow our heads
For soldiers now lost
Then interpret the world
Through the curtains of a holocaust

We roam like zombies
Eternal and alone
Instant judgment
For we cast the stone

Innocence polluted
By the perception of the pupil
Atomic bombs are launched
Over squabbles and scruples

Often we ingest
This tainted air

The corrosion of earth
From chemical warfare

Cold hands pried
Unhinged
Withering on the wing
Of the angel of death
Bless be masked
Disguised and obsessed

Earth is in the bowels of hell
And heaven is below
The gates are plundered
By stark white crows
That croak their hello's

Halo's act as cloaks
Deflect our proverbial horns
Gods are livid and alive
Vengeance for their scorn

A spider spins s sickly
Sweet silky web
An offense for survival
For he must be fed
Havoc is not conventional
Nor intentional
Merely eventual

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Meat Cleaver Endeavor

The meat cleaver endeavor
The blade tears in terror
It hacks and severs
Ending lives forever

Severed ties yield blackened eyes
Look into her eyes as she slowly dies
Noble efforts wasted cries
Severed ties yield taken lives

The shimmering edge of a knife
Representing the aberration of a life
Fold under the sufferance and strife
Give in to temptation, take the knife

Chosen carnage over peace
Decide to be deceased
This planet is diseased
Carve right in and let it bleed

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Seraphs And Gods

Caged seraphs spew malicious contempt
Darkened eyes, ghastly tongue licking at my face
Imprisoned for delusion, eluded, for intent
The burning wings, burning wings, annihilate.
Rapture of rotten minds, in galaxies beyond time.
The nihilistic godhead does resent
The facade of faces barraged about the altar
The unforeseen creature is god-sent
Its convoluted collage of faces never falter
The burning wings, the burning wings, never falter.
Rapture of rotten minds, of galaxies beyond time
Challenge tradition of God and Gods design
Seraphs set-free
Roaming nomadic flesh-eating beasts
Impaled upon the blade of Christ
The demons tail must thrash and slice
Severed angels from their heir
Blazes broken upon scalp and hair
Seraphs are angels that eat their own flesh
Gods are only men with secret sacraments to divest

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Shallow Compassion

Filled with faith
and grace
and stupidity
Possibly stupid to trust
Thrust you into misery
Playful banter and abuse
Chemical imbalance
and drug misuse

Obediently obey
Make sad feeling and mistrust
Fade away
Altered state of mind
In the presence of my resistance
Declined paranoia
Acquiesced by your insistence

An intimate scrawl of shallow compassion
Thoughts
Broken memories
Old lovers
Rehashing

Our temples desecrated
But your still pure
Virgin lungs and intact hymen
Im poisoned
You're the cure

Your reality so surreal
Mine is not
I have to take pills
Judgmental eyes focused
Influential thoughts spoken
Love me not
(blushed cheeks)
Hurt me not
(im broken)

Snow Angel

She left without reason
No thought no care
She bore me into solitude
No soul to share
Her face an ember
A porcelain angel
I, cast aside
Left to wander, a stranger
She died encased in ice
The mystics brought her to paradise
I reunited with my only love
her soul entangled in the world above
Her cold fragile skin
A beast to my senses
The feeling of lust
And utter love was relentless
I held her form through cold winter nights
Wrapped in my love
Warmed by her presence
Though just her form
Her body saved my sanity
But drained my life
I lived only for her
The chill of her lips under the neon skies
The perfect reflection of a condemned life
Idly I wait with my snow angel love
How we love each other
How we love

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Troubled Youth-The Declination Of Society

Force feed corroded idealistic waste
Spent centuries learning to hide my true face
The face of the American disgrace

Declining
Descending
Raining from the sky
This reign of communism will never die
(Bails of laughter then I cry)
I sigh at the infinite possibilities
Perhaps its beyond our grasp
And our abilities
False idols and conjured deities

Spare me theology and give me the sodomy
Its worse than you think
They make me see a shrink
Im waiting for my autopsy
Im gone beyond the realm of a blink
The youth these days really stinks

We are tainted seeds of a rotten fruit
Broken bones never mend
For troubled youth

Useless, thoughtless,
Indifferent to the world around us
We grieve for ourselves
Revel in the ideals of our elders

We will need shelter
From the summer swelter
For we will have no homes
Nomadic we will wander
Inebriated we roam

The system is already decaying
Will we wont even be here for another 100 years
Another 100 miles of fire and nocturnal restlessness

No longer capable of producing tears
We sneer at the idols
Jeer at the gods
Blasphemy!

Hell yes!
Its Blasphemy!

I can feel the dying in my soul
I look around me and everything I see is generic
We are not heretic
Our heritage burned
Along with remorse
And self-control
And religion
And faith
And Belief in some dim light of hope
That maybe we will be saved
We will be enslaved
Sent to our graves

We will not live to be old
But die alone, unidentifiable
Cold
Again...
I feel it in my soul
We are a dying species
A dying existence
We kill ourselves
Inadvertently
Yet with such
Persistence

Breath in
Never be deceived
Breath out
If you have to, fucking shout
Stand up
Let your presence be known
Stand down
Our demise has been shown

Again
Again
And again
We were doomed
Before it even began

Perhaps we should be primitive
Rather than barbaric
We kill out of blood lust
Not that of survival
With every knife we thrust
At one of our rivals

This generation is the decline of civilization
Civilization is the decline of the Earth
But why change now?
Should we put forth the effort?
That is something we are lacking
Initiative
Not affection
But Initiative
(Funny)

I hope one day we are the scapegoats
As everything corrodes around us
The elders will say 'Look what they've done...
That damn generation.'
Perhaps we will say 'Hey...we were born into
this situation.'
But we wont make it that far
I don't hope for the betterment of humanity
For I am what you would call inhuman
Nonchalant
No salome
No shalome

Spent in sin
Our lives are meaningless
Thoughtless, obtrusive
Wastes
Our vehemence is for vengeance
Of course im speaking for myself

(Satire...Satins Wit)
Brutality is my religion
It is more interesting
And entertaining than Jesus
Not to mention its only one channel up
The dial
Sunday gospel
And im fucking hostile

Or maybe we should conform
Start wearing suits
Learning everything there is to know
About government
Love It
Perhaps live it
Breath it
Upheaval it

We are but pawns on their chess board
In chess sacrifices must be made
Jesus sacrificed himself
Any connection
But I was always told that was for the better
That it had meaning
And its meaning was that no one else would
Have to sacrifice
We are powerless, imprisoned
To the confines of an unstructured structure
We are the monkeys flinging poo in the zoo
We are the zoo
Kept in cages
From all ages
But it doesn't enrage us

If you feed somebody bullshit long enough
It starts to taste good
We've been fed bullshit all our lives

Tainted seeds from a rotten fruit
Your manipulation doesn't offend
The troubled youth

- Think for yourself. And always question authority.-

Timothy Leary

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