

Poetry Series

Adrian Carrillo
- poems -

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Born and raised in el paso, tx. Simply put I'm a college student-athlete passing time with poems and writings. I love this exercise i do that i like to call spontaneous writing...i give myself a half an hour time limit to write, edit, and finalize a poem. about all of my poems are done in this fashion. i love music. my writing style was heavily influenced by the music i hear. such artists i listen to are radiohead, bright eyes, sigur ros, and then some...

Companion

I arrived at my destination
the local high school
it was a day that ranked no better than any other day
normal, some would say.
I was walking up this time tested building
when I noticed a fellow companion of mine
he was excited
strange
'what does he have to be excited for, it is just another day'
just then a mutt came running,
better yet sprinting down the columns of steps,
unaware of the possible danger of falling
he came to me and simply barked
'why hello'
he was so happy to see me
like I had known him
before today
I went to my companion and said
'who's this' '
I haven't the faintest idea'
'how did you come across him? '
'I just found him'
vagueness
'I need to go eat breakfast, I will return shortly'
confused
upon my return I
saw that the two
were merrily playing
just then a thought had occurred to me
'what should we name him? '
I then asked
a while passed
as we pondered
over the name of this mysterious yet jolly discovery
out of the most ambiguous of thoughts
came the name
'chicho? ? '
my companion asked,
wondering where on god's green earth could I have come up with such a name

'yes, chicho'
just then,
as if it had been
the mutts name all his life
he came to me
'well, class is about to start, what should we do with it? '
'let's stuff it in my locker'
the thoughtless, blasphemous response
of my companion
of course he was merely joking
'well I haven't the slightest idea'
' why don't we train him to stay'
it turned out to be easier than I thought
the bells rang
class commenced
'stay'
simultaneously and he abided
we ascended the concrete steps
we failed to realized
we had done this walking backwards,
for we wanted to make sure that chicho would stay
and he did
time passed and
we were released
my companion and I frantically searched
we searched high, we searched low,
but our search was being monitored for
Ignacio had asked us what we were doing,
we looked suspicious
'we are simply looking for our new friend, we don't know if you've seen him'
he's a mutt
small framed
white curly hair
overlapping his eyes
'oh yes''
'the good fellows from animal control came
and took him away
he was just standing there,
as if waiting for someone
gave me quite the case of shivers
but yes,
he has gone now'

news to me and my companion
were quite saddened
my companion [s]

Adrian Carrillo

Contract To Contract

stopwatch
tick-tock
just go
stop!

what was my split...i'm just sick
no biggy no really
its nothing to note
nothing to jot down.

just please pick up the pen
its happening again...i feel boxed in...no...
i was boxed in.
i couldn't move.

i couldn't move....
motion sickness...sic.
so many goodbye's...

motion sickness...sic.
i'm just a lonely sail
hovering something huge...something lucid
but i'm just a passerby glance. not worth a second..

i went faster than that. i lost by another second....
glances is the closest i get to touch...
i miss nothing so much i miss something so little

motion sickness...here it comes again...
just a lonely white flag in a lonely white sky
complexion is fucked as the 'gulls just swing by..

they're tired of that place too...i don't blame them
i mean who could stay....i just want to sway...
i find that life is easier...when its just a blur

theres no details to.....confuse.....
you're damn right i am...i am.....
me? ? ?what i'm after? ? ? ?

what anyone wants me to be sometimes...
to anyone who gets close...
only i don't talk....i just sit...observe..

i analyze while they finalize their decision on me..
no personality...bad individuality...bad blood runs red...
or blue...not true blue 'cause when you let it free it turns red..

blue's dead...head hurts and whats worse is....i can't remember how or why..
i've been passed by again...she seemed nice...
even when i get it i don't follow it...advice...

no one knows what they're talking about....
they just know they're talking....filling up the void..
filling their want for noise...but not too loud or the neighbors might hear..
how queer that'd be for them to see how this is troubling me and they'll ask.

why? how?
i don't want to go now...be another fucking statistic...not me...never will be
i signed this 'contract' before i could contract.....my eyes..my mind...

i've been 'kind' but only when they decide upon impulse to take a chance...
to give me another glance...
if you've made it this far then you're probably done.....no one.....

motion sickness.....sick

Adrian Carrillo

Never Surprise

country sings the blues about being green
while every pounding action gets a result
the glass base is thick like the books on the shelf
no worry about breaking, it's not an emergency
review the review and envision the dream
just bunch up your news and stitch up the seams,
they have holes in them
door reflections without mirrored images,
but this one doesn't bite
right now it's hotter than in islands, then in season, than the warming,
he's got visible moisture, it's another tough crowd...
so why pay?
why work countless numbers for mindless expenses,
greedy, needy, something along those lines
piece of trash on the side of the road
of the path we always take,
no surprise ending for us,
spontaneity died, from overdose, from the flu, meningitis even
the more I write the more you read,
you're aware but not that interested, not that bothered
so now what?

Adrian Carrillo

Silent Alarm

its funny...my dreams
they're never what they seem.
they're never as serene
or come close to in between
what i want or what i need

someone's always there
a silhouette in the air
but i never know who
i could never catch her face
though i always feel her grace
changing the mood of the place
in my head and in my heart

she feels good in my arms
protecting me from harm
she's the perfect, silent alarm
i've been alive for...

no matter who i'm with
no matter how well the puzzle piece fits
i eventually come out sick...

sick of fear sick of loathing
sick of silence sick of roaming
sick of trying sick of guessing
sick of messing.....up....
all i can do is look up

these visions are never clear
like a thunderstorm i fear
that this ringing in my ear
will justify the myths...
that out there somewhere

she's thinking of me too
though we all know the truth
that im a washed up, worn down,
reclused ruse

Adrian Carrillo

Skidmarked

meet me somewhere out there, bring your poison oak.
we've been watched our entire lives, nothing's amazing anymore.
but don't get any.....well, big ideas,
they'll cease to exist in the before you act upon them.
just relax.....just drive.
just hold on to what you think you want and leave the rest behind.
leave the photos in the drawer, my love...i promise we'll be fine,
'cause now you are the only one that is mine
an upside down bowl, a coined refuge,
the silence now makes the biggest noise.
ears pop, go cart-and-shop now where we sit,
leather trimmings, stiches needed,
padding overflowing, niagra-like..
but mint conditioned nonetheless, its a classic,
we're classic
you've got wires, going out of your skin
and its shining now...
i 'forgot' the map
but that's not what's missing.
as we left, awkwardness commenced,
the feeling of leaving something behind,
of underpreparing,
of forgetting,
but that's what this is all about now..
essentials were essentially left
and we're right to do so.
twin tractor beams continously dilate our pupils
at least somethings acting consistently..
radio's busted..
so i sing

Adrian Carrillo

Sway

through all the drifting hue,
through all the heavy
i'll love,
i'll look for you,
i'll love,
through all of me here
through all of me there
i'll wait,
i'll wait so long,
i'll wait so young,
you're a shield,
you glance freelanced,
you glance,
you look for night,
i come at daybreak
you are not there
you're lost,
thank the plural leaf
come here
thank the plural leads
come here
the kid is confounded and lost
come here
the kid is confusing and alone
come here

Adrian Carrillo

Through The Eye Of A Peephole

whats it like?
because i'm blank
i swear,
i didn't know the stove was on this entire time...
now we're shaking hands with carbon monoxide,
but it could be worse..
we could be cursed...
I COULD be worse...
but what's worse?
i mean just look at all this sand
there was an ocean between,
where i end and you begin,
i could only drown
i can't see you from this far..
not that i ever had any
not that you ever noticed
i feel like a relative's stranger
we're feeling dizzy
the fumes are knocking
and we're interested
we've been alone for a long time
its refreshing to have company again
we're on the floor now..
lets at least pretend to hold hands
the last act of contrition we've got
just remember...this is fate
we're sketchy, but clear enough

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Twenty Six Till

if you only knew...
how much i subdued,
how much i withdrew

how misconstrued..
decisions tend to be.
because only me
and the rest of what fled

is trying to see....well rationality really.
i cannot say
how much a dismay
how much has decayed

in the recent measures of time.
because the feeling of...
walking through mud
just got sickening

and tiresome....
and stale..
a five line melody...
was the only remedy.

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Untitled

ten minutes
you cannot escape
like the vulture i'll wait
till i can seal fates
i'll perch on that branch
never minding that sand
you continuously step on

each forward thrust
kicks up dust
so i'll descend
and i'll bend your brittle bones
and ill hand you distortions unknown

and unknown you will be
as if inside a dream
but dont scream
for its dark, pitch black

the sun won't come back,
for now, i own the night
i dare you to dial, i dare you to talk
i dare to to make a sound, but no.

not tonight
i'll flee confrontation again
we'll remain friends..
we'll remain what we were, what we've been.

i'll instead write a letter, explaining frustrations,
and my PS will say
darling please don't relay
my frustrated words to you
cause i can give em out
but i can't take them

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