

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Armando Gomes()

Enigmatic Automatic

Tell me the answer to this elaborate riddle.
Why am i always right when i stay in the middle?
Choosing a side always leaves me on the edge
I pry open my mind and never need a wedge
scattered facts like salts in an ocean
I finish any test with pre- conceived notion.

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Everyday

I didn't feel so bad til the sun came up
The light shines on vice and ignorance
a hallucination cast, self-inflicted bad luck
eyes pulsed, mind racing, back tense

empty space with white walls and narrow halls
the stench of simplicity burns rank
Idiocy has large bills from collect calls
half-wits smiling, gods' cruelest prank

Speaking Chinese to Vikings
lost in translation with no correlation
anti-enlightening garrote me, the noose tightening
clinch mediocrity with no resignation

Gamma rays flexing their heat
3 o clock happy hour, oh! what a treat
Awake in the literal sense dead by any parable
half way through my lurid fable

Bob Dylan or Dylan Thomas, aliens in the dark
All my words come back to me in shades of futility
Intellect crying, infants lost in the park
Days puts their sprain while keeping civility

twilight commences, obscurity creeps
clouding, numbing, a morphine drip of acceptance
they bustle about, lame take leaps
the challenge expires, now making penance

settee black, hiding their stains
sinking in, embracing the grime
warp into games, the tied rope remains
don't do the crime if you can't do the time

Night declares its' intentions, the pickings get slimmer
existing dead have now retired to bed
in such a jumbled sport there is seldom a winner
malicious spiders bite the back of my head

so many questions, very few answers
cranium on overdrive, buzzing like a hive
suicide by thinking, thoughts are terminal cancers
im on overtime, they work nine to five

a legend devoid of triumph, a martyr without foundation
apparitions of credit, delusions of grandiosity
pompous psyche fueling the lie, continuous confrontation
brilliance and lunacy voting in equal democracy

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Hot And Cold

If hell is hot then heaven must be frozen
logic tells me that only the warm hearted get chosen
and I for one was given the cold shoulder
as time passes the temperature goes lower
ice in my veins pumping to my heart
but my thoughts are burning intuition is a spark
hot and cold brass and bold never one to fold
such is my bane or so Ive been told
a quad core in my cranium
hyenas running wild no way of taming them
im so bright but most still need a light to keep me in sight.

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Just A Thought

If April is the cruelest month then June must come full circle
When I talk to myself im sometimes hurtful
Temptation is binding, constantly reminding of whats behind me
Nothing is ever timely, so if I forget to live would you please remind me

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Knowing

To analyze and summarize all that crosses your eyes
Is a burden of self with no token or prize
To sink when you think
Trying to make a superficial link
Is about as healthy as a clogged kitchen sink
When you ponder and ponder
And your thoughts always wander
It is the joy of the day and its beauty you squander
So think twice if your mind is a vice
cuz' not having the answer will sometimes suffice

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Night Time Revised

your eyes feel like a burden, twitching and pulsing
your mind is on vibrate as if it's convulsing
my body goes form left side to right
trying not to bare one more sleepless night
hoping for sleep, watching the sun creep
its presence is mocking, you hear daylight knocking
oh what you would give for just one minute of peace
turning and buzzing, discomfort wont seem to cease
wasted time with pointless thoughts
no way to turn it off, another day rots
it seems to happen to me all so frequently
and no one can see the insanity

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Quest For Whatever

Not much to do or say
But to think about the other way
the days leave me unfulfilled
thinking back to all the time Ive killed
friends gone and love's past
just the fade of the memories my adventures have cast
as I sit alone, in my depressive zone
I ponder what could have
And long to go home
My emotions are bleak
Left with no one which to speak
negativity is a burden
But it seems to always get the final word in
If only I could shift my thinking
To how life's progression is linking
so for now ill just sit and ponder a bit
Of what it is i could do
To find happiness too

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Simplicity Sells

Why are the stupid always in charge
Inflated egos and distorted views to make them feel large
The system is corrupt
An educated string of disorder and bad luck
Meaningless and without reason
They hunt down free thought like it's in open season
Always go with crowd
don't dare raise your voice and free speech just isn't allowed
no reason to be different when we all think the same
and if it was you who was questioning then you're surely to blame
the hunger for knowledge is left cruelly famished
why they think out of the box? I mean what's the advantage?
The more you think, the stranger you are
So when it comes to intellect you'd best stay well below the bar

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What Kind Of Weather

We complain of the rain
But it nourishes all the same
And when it gets too hot
We search for a shaded spot
When spring comes its muddy and wet
And the coldness of winter we soon forget
The fall gives colors both pretty and bright
But the days get shorter and invades quicker the night
When soft delicate snow comes to blanket the ground
The parks all go empty and no ones around
So when are we happy or content in a way?
a whole year has passed with not one joyful day

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What To Know

What is in a what?

To ponder and squander the knowledge presented

Is something shameful and should be resented

A line in the road is made to divide

But who decides which is the right side?

Aliens are all around us and have already found us

Not speaking but those who are needy, and cant see beyond being greedy

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