

Poetry Series

**Armando Gomes**  
**- 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.

Armando Gomes

# 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

Armando Gomes

# 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.

Armando Gomes

# 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

Armando Gomes

# 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

Armando Gomes



# 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

Armando Gomes

# 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

Armando Gomes

# 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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