

Poetry Series

**Brad Kellum**  
**- poems -**

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# Brad Kellum(Jaunary 23,1980)

I am nothing more than what you think I am

# A Boundless Lovers Hate

The placement of her hands upon her chin.  
Such sweet serenity beneath the skin.  
Sublime evil plotting her divine spin.  
So easily lain down thoughtless provoke.  
Clutching, grabbing, patiently awaiting sensual release.  
Peaceful calm ripples across my eyes.  
In this last breath of life a glimpse of her milk white thighs.  
A smile broadens across my face as dead still I lie.  
Darkness encompassing complete, registering my defeat.  
The placement of her hands upon her chin.  
Staring down at her newest sin.

Brad Kellum

# Cowardly Deed

Grasping the apathetic handle in my hand.  
Pondering the moment when to enact my plan.  
Sweat breaking upon my brow.  
Hearing the distant cry of the ravens caw.  
Lay the plastic down, to obtain the mess is a must.  
When the time comes, such an arduous gush.  
Gripped in my hand the edge is turned,  
upon completion, left to scream and burn.  
Falling forward only thoughts.  
Cleaving, slicing, pushing through with ease.  
Knowing everyone shall be so displeased.  
Consummated, deed done,  
the coming of the numbing warm.  
Pooling life surrounds my alarm.  
Lightly tapping me on my shoulder,  
turning to look I feel his shun.  
What's been done cannot be undone.  
What shall be is still to come.  
With this last breath what have I done.

Brad Kellum

# Deadly Devotion

Wondering what has been.  
Scrutinize her defiantly grim.  
Upon my back, lulled to shame.  
Pensively considering whom to blame.  
Setting the game afoot for the pleasure unrestrained.  
Placed upon the board of black and white.  
Pawn's reckless dream of becoming the queen.  
Jaded unto the valley of breath.  
Impatiently awaiting deaths sorrowed dream.  
Imperatively bound to her tainted spell.  
Silently choked to hear an unrequited scream.  
Only to stumble across the wake of her game, I fail.

Brad Kellum

# Destination

Stealing life from another's eyes.  
Remember in 36 hours the fruitless fly dies.  
Unforgiving mirror of the darkest soul.  
Blaytantly pacing inbetween shoals.  
Backwards is the devotion of reluctant emotion.  
Spiritlessly devoid of reckless invocation.  
Sanctimoniously kneeling upon broken trust.  
Hurriedly inferred unto listless lust.  
Inner reflecting of the sole divine.  
Finding only ignorance and something that spoils rapidly in time.  
Lay thy self down for the night.  
The devils come to spread his delight.

Brad Kellum

## Down The Left Pass

Even on the darkest path we walk down,  
you can behold a beautiful plight,  
though we feel as if we tread alone.  
Our echoing footsteps,  
falling flat on unhallowed walls,  
still we move along, awaiting the fall.

Brad Kellum

# Driving Into Mrs Deery

Cruising the blacktop dance floor.  
Just steady beats and I.  
Almost home, only four more miles to fly.  
Been one of those atrocious days.  
Feeling the negativity of the world accrue.  
Through blazing lights, wild eyes with brown fur coming, its intention unsure.  
Left to right this hapless creature unwarily runs to its death.  
Cut to the left, back the way you came, logically you'll be safe from a lovely  
mess.  
Nevertheless, gripped in terror, this pensive creature returns from whence it  
came.  
Almost missed, such a shame.  
Just as I start to smile 'Yes' I say ' I'm going to get pass with no damage done to  
mine.'  
Time stops, frame by frame, it turns once again.  
Only to be violently married to the front of my car.  
For just a passing moment, a grain of time.  
Such a horrific sight, possibly sublime.  
Now the poor creature's life has ended.  
This is just part of life with which we must deal.  
Just another tooth on life's wheel.

Brad Kellum



# Hells Grand Nite

Fearfully dreamed through repetitive screams.  
Death of light, Hell's grand night.  
Glorified flight of demons contrite.  
Fell from grace, ones' lost innocence facade.  
Scorned delight of the devils' ballet.  
Skillfully kilned upon the heathen cauldron.  
Loving hands of darkness conspire.  
Embracing... Caressing... Leading to the consorted fire.  
Pleasingly kept among unwanted desire.  
Ominous spires set before time eternal.  
Bleeding descent of the soulless repent.  
Placed upon his evil prayer.  
Sanctity below our knees, we are to become slain slayer.  
Spiritless, contorting my diseased remains.

Brad Kellum

# I Am You

Cut-down and tossed aside.  
Perspicuously left no where to hide.  
Patiently expectancy deaths' reply.  
Placed at damnation's divide.

Through echoing halls of fatuity.  
Immured here losing my equanimity.  
Remiss to strive for life's purity.

Learning on one choice in this place.  
Murderous intent cut from the face.

Brad Kellum

## In Here, Why Live

Itinerantly pacing this hollowed mind.  
Searingly searching within this darkened horizon with nothing to find.  
Honed and polished, time's blade pierces the heart.  
Unknowingly seeded in doubt, he now must part.  
Shakingly....., trying to stich the rift that only grows.  
Only to stumble, inferring the fed flows.  
Heavily lain amoungst the rest.  
Seemingly his best is not, tis only a jest.  
Coming to terms, his best only takes it further down.  
Touching lightly upon the dampened soul's dark pool to drown.

Brad Kellum

# In Pursuit Of Oblivion

Trying and trying for zero.  
Searching for nothing more than oblivion.  
Relentlessly starving with hunger.  
Lying and devising to spill the hero.  
Despising a deserving souls transcendent transgression.  
Wickedly pleased with humanities blunder.  
Still..., faithfully deranged subserviance.  
Patiently waiting for the designed procession.  
Coming unto my brotherhood, with divine elation.

Brad Kellum

# Into Darkness

Seamlessly deranged upon our ignorant age.  
Defiantly placing your forged rage.  
Wonderously living an innocent plague  
Still unbeliving that we no longer live by the Book.  
Only to find our withered souls thrown to the demons.  
Our bodies set into the meat hook.  
Leaving us to an eternity of screaming and screaming.....

Brad Kellum

# Joke Of Love

There is no line between love and pain.  
Yet, to be said something to lose, something to gain.  
Constantly fluctuating the two sorrows paired.  
Indignantly waiting for the one two be shared.

Brad Kellum

# Love's Prison

The placid silence of their company shared.  
Lovely trip upon their faults compared.  
He did this, She did that,  
bashing each other with the verbal bat.  
Spiteful shame lain upon their crowns,  
such a decadent hat.  
Surely both feel the same,  
wondering maybe the sums equally sour.  
Hope still burns on the candle,  
into this darkest hour.  
Through help and guidance he'll come out shining,  
more brightly than he's ever shone.  
The question remaining shall it be cubed,  
squared, or divided left to his tortured cell.

Brad Kellum

# My Account Of My Suicide Attempt

One day I called in sick at work though I wasn't. I was at the house by my self. I was feeling real weird, I felt outside of my body. So, I picked up the dullest knife I could find and started cutting myself. I was trying to dig out the evil in me. That maybe the evil was in my blood and I could bleed it out of me. I felt nothing while I was doing it. No pain, No joy, nothing. I kept cutting until I got to my tendons and veins. Then, I woke up and realized I was fixing to kill myself. I could see my muscles, tendons, and bone. The glaring contrast of the white bone against all the raw viscousness of sinew and blood was insane. I was covered in blood. All of the sudden it's like the knife grew hot in my hand. I could not hold it in my hand anymore. I dropped it. When the knife hit the ground it screamed at me because it wanted more blood, more flesh to sever. It was like I was watching a movie of my life and I was the passenger instead of the driver. I changed clothes, cleaned up the mess, threw away the knife because I couldn't stand to hear it laugh at me no more for not going through with it. Then, I cleaned up my wound.

After that I went and picked up my wife at the time from work and showed her. She freaked out and started crying. By the time I got to the E.R. the towel I had on my arm was dripping blood. As I walked back to the waiting room for attempted suicides I looked back and the strangest thought came to me. It was like some grim fairy tale. My blood drops on the clean white hospital floor looked like some demented bread crumb trail. I started laughing. Everyone just looked at me like I had lost my mind. I think at that moment I had.

Brad Kellum



# Our Journey

Quietus is what we are born to.  
In life we must see with eyes anew.  
Ruinaton being always present but never felt until the end.  
Though life is always there from the begining until we descend.  
Death the constant runner always keeping pace.  
In life we mockingly laugh at him, in the face.  
One way or another we shall falter upon our demise.  
Flashing before our eyes the life we lived revealing our true guise.  
After dissolution, entering into the life hereafter, obtaining transcedence.  
Humble heads bowed walking the white mile coming upon judgement  
omniscience.

Brad Kellum

## Penance Paid

A sorrowful wind blows gratingly across his heart.  
Blindingly ignorant to the thought that his soul in two halves part.  
Untold the damage repeatedly done.  
Dull eyes, devoid of love now shining alone.  
Ripped away he took the greatest gift.  
Unmended can be the only way of this rift.  
Without weight, without measure, no longer a strong belief.  
In his darkest of hearts this is a relief.  
Expectedly no longer there harshly sapped away through despair.  
No more smiles.  
No more warmth.  
Vacantly staring his time's done.  
Not knowing, not sure.  
Yet, he fears wonderous love no longer felt.  
Laying here as his flesh melts.  
Standing in the spotlight of blame he places his head upon the chopping block.  
Even when he believes his love has become a mockery.  
His has become the knight of cumbersome doom.  
As these dark clouds spread, withered and dread.  
He will not give into the receding of the light.  
Even when everything is put right.  
They will never look at him with the same sight.

Brad Kellum

# Pleasure

Coarsing violently through my veins.  
I feel the pulsing of my disdain.  
Unfaithfully embolmed within my unchained rage.  
Sourly twisting those despisedly sentenced to my cage.  
Enjoyingly, I truly love these beautiful games.

Brad Kellum

# Pray The New Mecca

Worship our god, no longer walking to mass, as of yet  
set behind silicon and glass.  
Pray to the illuminated god of neon and gas.  
For the storm is coming.  
In thine times of wicked needs,  
watts your desire?  
It can be freed  
Simply give us your account number and enter the pin.  
Impatiently awaiting for your electronic sin.  
Programmed in stoic battle for you soul.  
Defragmented evil reaching our through the telephone pole.  
Unrestrained depravity, slow dripping I.V.,  
draining steadily down the wire.  
Washing the binary soul withing static white fire.  
Degradng our downloaded empire.  
Erasing history every three to seven days.  
Martyrs we are nailed to the cross.  
Replacing wood and metal with vinyl and gloss.  
Boundlessly constricted to our unholy cross with U.S.B. cables.  
No longer breaking bread with thine neighbors,  
instead were living a codex life.  
Surrounded by easy listening electronic strife.  
Beliving in nothing but freedom through the stroke of a wireless button.  
Remember Well....  
To exchange a mysterious heaven for informations technological hell.  
Trapped away and shut off from all,  
locking ourselves within this numbered cell.  
Neal before your cathode god.  
Place the silicon communion chip upon you tounge.  
Drink the sacramental binary wine.  
101010 equal to or greater than divine.  
Healing hands placed on the cubed priest.  
All is good....  
All is great....  
All are welcome to watch the death of your kingdom.

Brad Kellum

# Ravenous Hunger

The snake travels up the spine.  
Coiling.  
Twisting.  
Contorting.  
HUNGRY!  
Looking for that sweet spot.  
Unyielding pain.  
Wanting to enter the cortex.  
Craving the complete system.  
Striving for that place that will leave me lain.  
Devising faceless replace.  
Snake of Eden paid,  
upon my for thine sins.  
Horrid fire paid for my deeds.  
Groveling to the knees of a demon that pays no heed.

Brad Kellum

# Recovering

Wondering blindly in this hour of despair.  
Contemplating the choices I've made, placed in this chair.  
Seeing myself through the mirrored looking glass.  
Devising my design.....  
Knocked down.....  
Still yearning to climb.  
As I take these 12-steps to my future,  
playing the good son no longer.

Brad Kellum

# Regret

In times like these, a need to fill.  
With breathless parchment and lively words carved with a quill.  
Held in momentum the voiceless mind starts to shrill.  
Unspoken words that can't be voiced.  
Uncaring words focused cannot feel.  
Cowardice the choice for to be written.  
For not telling the one, her, for whom I am smitten.

Brad Kellum

# Reverie

One word to search if only to define.  
One thought to hold on to if only to compile.  
This wasteland we trek through to find our worth.  
Crazed and maddened with life's everlasting thirst.  
Yet, born in this lightless void, we return to the dark.  
Running the giloteen believing we'll finish devoid of scars.  
Only to find thinking in this manner will leave us viewing life from afar.  
Through turmoil and strife we stubbornly progress forward.  
To find withing ourselves the true multitude for horror.  
So find challenge in your weakness.  
Look for hope in your soundness.  
Walk the daily mine-field with your head held high.  
Never forget either alone or in a crowd it's ok to cry.  
And remember, when your spirits are in jeopardy, merely look to the sky.

Brad Kellum



# Rumination

Take everthing.  
given to return.  
Lay waste to one,  
leave' em to burn.  
Inner dimension frail,  
this edged cell.  
Locked in this glorified Hell.

Brad Kellum

# Self Pity

Who am I?  
Why did I choose to be the person I am?  
Maybe I should have tried harder at it.  
But, done it right, pulling with all my might.  
Perhaps she would be better, not playing mother to two.  
Only to one her job has to be done.  
I am quicksand!  
That's who I am.  
The more you fight, the farther I pull you into my sand.  
A typical man, possibly, as I am to understand.  
Suffocating life from the now silent lamb.  
Tis only recent, because before, the lioness had a mighty roar.  
As much of a \_\_\_\_\_ is there such a word I have been.  
I will forever love her and never again.  
Eternity shall come and this shall be what I have to live with in the end.  
Smotheringly laying on top of me.....,  
my greatest sin.

Brad Kellum

# Set Free And Bound

Standing alone in this valley of twilight.  
Razing, bitterly cold wind, cutting through.  
Tiresomely blamed for our decadent plight.  
Penitently humbled, on my knees I come unto You.

Winter moon, staring down so accursedly.  
In this taciturn nite, I scream to no avail.  
Silent shadows caressing me ever so lovingly.  
Bereft of emotion, I want nothing more than to fail.

I am nothing, without you, in this moment.  
You are everything I want to be.  
Stripped of my defenses, awaiting blessed atonement.  
Realizing in this life, I shall never be free.

Brad Kellum

# The Goddess Kayquine

The darkness I search for in this falling night.  
Summoning the courage for your devils delight.  
Haunted, I walk alone, into the depths of reigned desire.  
Upon your touch, death, my ravaged body thrown to the pire.  
The BELL tolls reverbantly through my mind.  
Echoing your scream, these hellish chimes, deaf now,  
with only your voice inside..... I must bind.  
Set upon this arduous quest.  
Tortured by the thought that you shall never offer me ingress.  
But, I have given into you.  
My wonderfull sin.  
Fear of your compliant touch at the doors' tread.  
Angry at the Goddess who has granted my life,  
no longer in the bossom of the dead.  
This path choosen comes with a lurid price.  
Knowing now that I have given you my last strife.  
Complacently before you,  
I sacrifice my dark heart,  
to your most frivolous whim.  
Content just to watch you step on it again and again.  
Unabashedly ashamed of this invoked admission.  
Awaiting.....Wanting.....Thrashing insanely for your decision.  
Praying to a callous Goddess, that when the time comes,  
I won't get playfully tossed aside.  
As my body plumments broken and torn into the macabre void.  
Enlightened to her ploy.  
Realizing at the coming of the end of the bells toll.  
All we have is an illusion of controll.  
Humbly, I ask nothing of my Goddess, only to remain true to her heart.  
Even if it means tearing my soul apart.

Brad Kellum

# The Inner You

I am the devil on your shoulder.  
I am the evil in your soul soldered.  
I am you, You are me.  
I am condemned, Your are free.  
I am the voice in your ear.  
I am the reason of your fear.  
You are I, and I am us.  
Together we're purist disgust.  
I am the voice you hear laying  
next to your wife, telling you to  
simply strangle until no more breath.  
I am the voice in your office,  
telling you to expedite our bosses death.  
I am the the one who has ever,  
loved you like no other.  
I am the one you can truly call brother.  
I am the voice locked inside your gage.  
I am your rage.  
I am your pain.  
I am you disdain.

Brad Kellum

# The Knife... She Talks To Me.

Pushing the blade against the skin.....such red ecstasy.  
The gleaming of the metal reflectin the light of truthful eyes.  
'Just push a little deeper, just a little.' she says.  
Just hearing her sweet words.  
A mere whisper.  
A lovers breath.  
Feeling the cold embrace of her loving body.  
'Just pull.' she whispers'  
'Just pull, no, not there. You know where.' she says.  
Standing there a virgin shaking with anticipation.  
Welcoming the final release.  
Warmth filling the hole.  
Damned and cold replacing the face.  
Needing, wanting, loving the question in mind.  
Where to place her.....the neck, wrist, or thigh.  
Any will do.  
Lovingly she says ' I know what you want. I know what you need.  
This is just another moment, anothe moment in your life. A life  
of constant failure. What's one more. What's one more failure.'  
The final one to be done.  
' After this there will be no more.' she contiues.  
Looking her in the eyes.  
Turning her in my hand.  
'Don't you want that, to not be a screw-up anymore. Why not  
go out in a bang, or more precisely a pull of my love for you.  
Because, in that moment we are one. There is nothing else just flesh  
and steal.....steal and flesh intertwined. Beauty is in life, but it is in death too.'  
she finishes.  
Applying pressure contemplating life's past deeds.  
Wondering what have I done that's really worth while.

Brad Kellum

# The Promise Of Kalifonication

Still born dreams spat from cinematic lies.  
Pefected face through a famous smile.  
Inspirational duplicity of a promised mile.  
Twisting the morals of our innocence dailed.  
Upon immorality's dias the fresh are compiled.  
Reluctantly eager to blossom defiled.  
Between the celluloid gems we're spun.  
Through this deceitful web, led to blissfully run.  
In the begining, it's all from and end games.  
Nevertheless, as the ebbing tide washes away,  
in the same it's all left to shame.

Brad Kellum

# The Side No One Talks About

Uncertain of one's reflection.  
Poised to vain deception.  
Lovingly caressing thoughtless decisions.  
Vagantly walking life's wonderful ruse.  
Contentedly wanting to light destructions fuse.  
Vigorously fulfilling devastations diagram.  
Hauntingly gleeful for pitiless descent.  
Marred by irrelevant social explanation.  
illicit intent is our percent.  
For mankinds spiral to the unfailing pentagram.

Brad Kellum



# Torn

At night, descending twilight, sleep moves vagrantly past.  
With eyes stilled know what's in this man.  
Two sea inside this man living a lie.  
Expressedly he's afraid to imply.  
He doubts it's to those beside he shall lay.  
But, to himself he's reluctant to say.

Brad Kellum

# Truth Of Our World

Godless chair upon which we seat.  
Tasteless treat of another mans defeat.  
Souless progression unto the world's defection.  
Missle guided truth becomes our weapon.  
Leading our children in the opposite direction.  
A plague of desolateness, of lost reflection.  
Meaningly assured of our obsession.  
Peacefully deadly the choice destruction.  
Chemical warfare our greatest protection.  
Taking us to the final elation.  
Without a soul, no skin, no breath  
Releasing us, unhallowed, exquisite death.

Brad Kellum

# Unsurety Of A Jaded Lover

Staring blankly at hallowed walls.  
Looking to her I see our fall.  
Inside this locked up cage I scream.  
These days no longer filled with golden dreams.  
    Just leave me here, no need to atone.  
    Just take your thoughts, no more need to belong.  
    So, just go be free on your own.  
Complacently I fall to my knees.  
Only to find myself staring back at me.  
Searching for your warmth in this cold delight.  
Still I wonder through this endless night.  
    Just leave me here, don't bleed for me.  
    Just take your dreams, erase the past that you can only see.  
    So, just go be free away from me.  
Lately now those cool blue eyes only seem to lie.  
In these moments should I even bother, why should I even try.  
Walking right past me she takes her leave again.  
Dressed to kill only to be deceived by the wind.  
Considering quietly what will be tonight's sin.  
    Just leave me here, no need to plead.  
    Just take your things, with all your greed.  
    So, just come back to me, be patient and see.  
    Please come back and stay by me.

Brad Kellum

# Useless

In the mind the eyes don't see.  
Stealing the find as the sky sets free.  
Silent hands of time ticking ever closer.  
Not wanting to see your life truth.  
Looking on the wall only to see,  
the poster of your misspent youth.  
Reminiscent of life's past vexing deeds.  
Regret is a fret not in the need.

Brad Kellum