

Poetry Series

Brett James Dickinson
- poems -

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Brett James Dickinson()

Family

Family is our luv-

Selfish, the One once called me:
I am Selfish because you see nothing

Lack of air always coincides with the faithful breeze of a lit summers night

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Luv

Open soars, open doors.

Scaling through the bodies' liquid stone.

In black days, he quivers; shocks of smoke and entrances beyond the suns' liquid stone.

I see the second place bodies are dragged and their feet glow dark - An old child stares into the mystical theater and chuckles.

Many men simmer wet: solid liquid.

Sewn by The Woman who stares with no gun

Luv the nun

Grey Fun

Brett James Dickinson

The Abyss

Within this playground of lost sorrows, there is man standing head deep in star dust sitting with large belly and numerous landings extending, just as his serpent-like tail does.

We will take, balancing over the translucent beam, running across like mad children of the lost ages

Men, take into deep abduction as you travel through earthly friends of Jungle; the female jungle who spins. At time of human mystic- Evolution, say no harms, and take your dive in the abyss.'

Goodbye velvet housing

Brett James Dickinson

The Journey Of The Mother

unmerciful winter, conceived
Where is your child from?

The niggers, says the believer.

Waves upon waves. soft, warm chariots on the Nazi tennis courts.
Now: a beach nights' childhood- a powerful self attraction in a prosperous dry
dream.

With my armored hand extended and facing the flames, the chrome ricochet
slithers musically, seducing consciousness. And away we went, sailing down the
branches of the gaping magic- liquid jungle

A Greek sculpture, which has a switch, is the perimeter land. This land has prison
cell walls that distort direction and conquer The Hesitants.

A bright sun appears during the winter and the prophet will not jump with joy,
but sits calm at the top of the hill smugly.

-skies, flower-tops, insane mirrors, strong friends

You are ready
(Niggers fool the hunters)
Beautiful blood shimmers in the purple mud

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Treetop Slave

A Desserts' gritty shoulder, as to the beautiful gardens, is turned with prowess- a badge achieved by the man in black; prowl

The apple as to the sweet ocular virtues, grown in the backyard of a turtle, addicted to the green walls; are fertile and comfortable, but with the mark of a wimpish pig- Big placid Armour

Seek the night and you will weep.

Bliss

Brett James Dickinson