

Poetry Series

Carl A.I.
- poems -

Publication Date:
2005

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Carl A.I.(08/11/1980)

Carl is:

A freethinker, an atheist, a drunk, a comedian, a music lover, a blackjack player, a lover, a fighter, a child, a man, a feminist, a wildfire, not photogenic, a smoker, a reader, a writer, thankful, a broken down midwestern town, a Mates of State fan, strong, proud, free, not in love, semi-tall, semi-skinny, single, a storge style lover, a pool shark, an average student, Buddhist, a seeker of knowledge and truth, a decent cook, a decent friend, and a poet.

A New Beginning.

The spring has come to us like a well kept promise
you and I travel south
to the wind whipped
clay floored deserts of Southern Utah
where the free flowing streams
talk to you like you're an old friend
and we are old friends.

I hope to never let you go again.
Climb that arch and lie on your tired back
a back that carries so many burdens
gaze up at the stars
burning brightly
the headlights you are caught in
I have caught your gaze
and it will last forever like death
a trip taken to forget
old scars
raised flesh
just as painful as the scars of a whipping
let us gaze at
the stars from our sandstone seat
and forget our differences
It would be quite a feat
for you and I to get to know each other
all over again.

Carl A.I.

Baseball

Your diaphanous negligé, wrinkled, wadded in your purse
like your intentions.

My sycophantish responses kept latent as well.

We both know what we want but won't bring it to light
for fear of the moths of destruction
that might flutter about it.

Yet we still stick together like the needle
that intravenously delivers life to the junkie.

Simultaneously we become bruised
like track marks.

To want a love you don't dare to vocalize.

The reciprication of these feelings.

They flutter inside our hearts like the butterfly
but also cut deep as if the wings were made of blades.

I loathe this putting away of feelings

into the storage bins of the mind

to be retrived for later usage.

Here the grow the mold of old age
and lose potency.

Their hips break, they're put into nursing homes,
they get alzheimers and forget who and what they are.

Afraid to take that first step that is known
will lead to greatness.

The baseball player who knows his team will win
if only he gets hit by a 90 MPH fastball.

It is the means to the end.

Painful means will bring about an essential end.

Let's step up to the plate.

Carl A.I.

Brittany's City

The robin
and her red breast
serenade the warm weather
as the waters gently reprimand
the earth for its advances.
The stars dance upon the laketop,
circling each other with the
rise and fall
of each wave.

This lake is alive!
She has the capability
to meet and greet
other similar entities,
but she knows no city.
Cities harbor stars of a different
nature.

Carl A.I.

Bukowski's Wine

I just killed off a bottle of wine
and
found bukowski at the bottom
poetry makes love to you
like an expensive hooker
it is the truest love you can find.
Love is wild in bed.
Just wait, you will figure it out.
Poetry and love.
Love poetry.
They both kill you just as quickly
if you don't figure them out.
I'm dying fast.
I just killed a bottle of wine
and
found bukowski at the bottom.

Carl A.I.

Cramps

Ahhh
how menstrual cramps
make love to you
in the oddest of ways
a certain sense of loss
has come my way
the fountainhead of my lust
let us play in its soft, warm waters
watch my children swim
i miss you more each day
your warmth
how you surround me
letting me know you are there
perspiring from the heat of our passion
don't be mad, don't be upset
just shed your excess baggage
and come home to me.
Love, Carl

Carl A.I.

Death At Dinnertime

I invited
Death to dinner today to discuss
some things
over lightly salted mashed potatoes
and buttered carrots.
She showed up early and
this angered me.
I was worried that all my dishes
were vegetarian
and she is the fiercest carnivore
around; eating animal AND
human flesh.
We talked about religion;
she humored me with the salvation of my soul.
I told
her to come back
L A T E R
I have some habits to kick
and some (thing) (one) to live for.
Like any great date,
my date with death,
I will never forget for the rest of my

life.

Carl A.I.

God Bless Our Troops

The war is over! The war is over!
The Buddha told me that
short and fat
far more compassionate than you Christians
and your holy wars
They caught him hiding in a hole
a deep dark cavern underground
representing his death/grave
Now we can finally mourn our spilled American blood
that flowed freely
like the river Ganges
Come home, you soldiers
and endure a harsh mid-western winter
the snow has piled up higher than the dead bodies
All is not well back home
you've already missed the Christmas spirit
and old Saint Nick who sped off in his sleigh
with our good spirits
the moment Christmas was over
Come home, come home to pork-barrell politics
and a new presidential race
that shines like oil in the sunlight
beautiful but it still fucking reeks
We'll be waiting for you on the dilapidated piers
of Norfolk, VA
Our country, your piers, have been eaten
by termites of negligence
The money we could have spent on exterminators
we've spent on your deaths.

Carl A.I.

Man

I missed your call
you missed my cues
By now we should be old lovers
instead we are young and fresh;
like loaves of bread that haven't even been baked.
Still God looks down upon us and smiles
dEja vu
he should have smiled three years ago.
You are the finish line
 of my race through
meaningless, countless, bad in bed
lovers. I fell in love with you while I was asleep
March 03,2004.
I woke up feeling familiar
my hands were cradling your heart
each beat
represented a minute, a day, a year,
that I have wasted.
AMN NMA ANM NAM MNA MAN
I am a man. We all make mistakes.
Just don't take them with you to the grave.

Carl A.I.

Maren

Justice prevails
through pocket pussies
and develish dildos
right across the street from Sugarhouse Park.
My fish is fat
and bloated dead
floating on the surface
of the pure, clean, yellowish-blue
waters.
The Fred Meyer bums,
old war veterans
don't know pain like I know pain today.
The early fall cold pricks me
like accupuncture needles.
I know this means the end of life in many forms,
but I live on looking at the rubber erotica.

Carl A.I.

Marleigh

She sat one million miles
away,
but I still knew her.
I comprehend those pale, peach legs;
crossed, then recrossed,
then folded neatly underneath her.
The cigar is smoked
lazily,
she spits onto the pavement;
view reflections of the galaxy
with binary stars
revolving around her ring finger,
and the rings of saturn disappeared
forever.
If your back is turned on 4th South,
have you turned your back on humanity?
I whisper into an ear lined
with light exhibitions.

The only thing I can remember
is that I can't remember anything
AT ALL.
I can't even be remembered,
let alone, a first rate, first impression.
The best impression ever made
upon this earth
was that which was made by God;
you know the one.
Every day it's viewed by evil eyes,
then forgotten.
I remember. My skin doesn't secrete
one morsel of its being. I'm being set free;
set free in this whole wide wicked world we
dwell in. Walking briskly.
Get to know myself.

Carl A.I.

Misunderstanding

Words are lost in the playing field of love.
Scattered about
like loose change
The maggot words that leave my lips
metaphorize.
They enter ears, buzzing around brains,
a new housefly of ideas
that you want to kill.
In the spring of passion,
we will all be born as larve.
We will offend and infest.
We will weave
in and out of each other's delicate ideas,
thoughts, and feelings.
Destroying whatever is left of our relationship.

Carl A.I.

My Day

I need new rotors
the dog is sniffing the floor
looking for dropped corn chips
his beggar expecting mouth
my girl(friend)
is at the bar
drinking piss suds
I am at home alone
piss poor poetry promising
sunny days
and rainy nights
I loved the way you danced
at the show
tonight.
This has been my night.

Carl A.I.

New Beginnings

The budding of spring is covered
by a thin layer of goose down. This is the marking
of a new life.

The old one passed away with the fall memories.

How Thanksgiving is a slap in the face
of the weeping Native American.

The imperfection of nature's most beautiful.

The best it has to offer is the rose
with its fallen soldier petal.

The sunflower with its seeds pulled like teeth.

And I miss you more each day.

Or is it the underlying concept?

If this world isn't perfect

the inhabitants have to follow suit.

Light is projected onto the canvas of night that
represents a new day, a new beginning.

Light from the times of great injustice

lost in the bleak emptiness of space

finally finding its way home.

The stars wink at us saying, 'Hey, you get the joke? '

The beat generation is all but gone.

A passing motorist I wanted to get a second look at
sped by too fast.

The Buddhists are dying.

Sanskrit is on its death bed.

It caught the virus too.

The written word has a death black cancer.

It caught it from the carcinogens of technology and capitalism.

The dead presidents are dancing with Sylvia Plath
in heaven,

because it is always spring there.

Carl A.I.

Poem #2

Have you ever seen the magician's trick
where he saws some/one in half?
This is what I feel when you are gone;
severed, cut in halfe, incomplete.
You are my siamese twin.
You are my alter-ego.
Only half of my heart beats
without you.
Work, work, work.
Hate responsibility, hate the daily grind,
hate the 9 to 5, hate the job.
Love love.
Love me while I love you.
The closer you get to 40 hours,
the farther you get from our bed,
our comforters,
interwoven with the finest passions.
Take the day off;
money is not as important
as intrinsic paydays.
Pleasing your boss
is not as important
as pleasing yourself.
Stay home.
Read to me in bed
while I stroke your tulip petal toes
and your unshaven legs.

Carl A.I.

Poem #3

To Jerk off
onto a poet's grave
is to spill seeds of inspiration
into their soul
for aren't we all dead
if not now, fifteen minutes ago
the reader's rosebud minds flourish
from the nourishment
of our decaying minds
a part of us is no longer
with each stroke of the key
with each ejaculation into words
just like life can kill the body,
words can kill the sould
read on
slowly sending
us to
hades, heaven, or hell
my mind grows tired
my body grows old
I shot my load through this typewriter

Carl A.I.

Poem #42

Ah! How sturdy a branch
that can hang
faggots, niggers, and jews.
It is the individual that is unstable.
How we blame this land; this
beautiful country.
While it is the people behind the land;
that grow from the soil, that are to blame.
We have all been watered
from a spicket that satan has pissed
in.
My, how this country grows evil crops.
But is the country responsible?
Or is the farmer?

Carl A.I.

Poem #457

The heartbreaker
with a broken heart
has been taught a lesson in irony.
Unrequited love
(although my favourite
combination of words
in the English language)
is a lesson harsher than death.
That's why so many lovers
end their lives
in the peak of their prime.
Love is death
and death leads to deepend
love.

Carl A.I.

Poem #6

Sitting in the fag club
fifty cent drafts
the skid row bums flock to West Temple
perched outside the bars
waiting for a drunken tipper
those gargoyles of poverty
my insatiable lust for a good drink
my unquenchable throat
my gay best friend
also an alcoholic
iggy pop on the radio
the clatter of pool balls
the neon smoke
the raspy voice of the bartender
who has breathed too much
of that neon smoke
who will tell
 me
that queer love is not
genuine?
the radio changes
fifty cent is playing
fifty cent on the radio
fifty cent drafts
can you spare a quarter?
that is half of fifty cents
i don't mind life, even though
i'm not too good at it
a new generation of drunken poets
 meet up
with an old generation
of drunken bums
i gave him a dollar, and
told him to
go inside, buy a beer
and play a happy song on
the jukebox.
Club Naked
Kaned

Carl A.I.

Poem #7

Before you leave my life
FOREVER
please be sure to leave me

B
E E
R

money
on the kitchen counter.

Sometimes I just hate
to be ignored!

Carl A.I.

Poem #8

The telephone
is alive and well
but that doesn't mean that
you are.
In neon bar rooms
where smoke flutters about
light fixtures
like moths,
you are wasting my life.
Words can be apparitions
you see them
L I N G E R I N G
but they are not there.
In this life where neither of us survive
together
or
alone
what does it matter
which one we
choose?
Literature lives on
you live on through words
you will soon die
literally
and
figuratively.

Carl A.I.

Poem #95

Strange, odd, weird
vibrations
as my body aches from the constant
shaking.
I can not move; my body
is
being moved by known
forces.
The grip of loss
has gripped me so violently.
If you hold something so fiercely,
your hand will tremble.
I lie
in bed, unable to move.
I feel like a discarded winter glove
who no longer swings freely
on the hand it loves.
Now the only face that smiles upon me
is that of Orion,
the hunter,
I am now the hunted.
I lie in darkness.
But, I love in the light.
You are the only wind strong enough
to put out my eternal flame,
the flame of love.
You are a powerful, damp wind;
one that should be looked away from.
I looked upon you;
at the insidious cyclones
you produce.
Tonight, I don't want to sleep like a baby!
I want to sleep like
an aborted fetus.
A fetus without feeling;
one that died
before it ever knew the abstraction(s)
of love.
And now let a new wind blow my way;

the wind of change.
a wind that whispers
to me
all the voices of the Buddha.
I am alone now and you are without
remorse.
I feel pain while
pleasure pricks
every one of
your sensitive nerve endings.
Your clitoris.
How I long for you!
How I miss not him, but I am
only me.
Call on me in the morning
and I will be born
anew
The bright light; the white light
shines in my bedroom window
through dusty, baby blue
slits in blinds. I can say you will never
see me again; even though we live
in the
same city.
I can honestly say that.

Carl A.I.

Poet's Poem

The sky is pissing
steel drops
that depress me
in the numbers that they fall.
With love on its way over
my finger bleeds from the foil
of a wine bottle
I'm drunk off the blood of Jesus
how can drinking be a sin
the more drunk you are,
the more Jesus you have in you.
the ice cubes chatter like cold teeth
the glass perspires
the wine is sweet
the air outside is moisturized
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
you were a good man.
poetry is the ultimate evil
the glass is empty
but so is life
right now
what is new?

Carl A.I.

Questions

In the fall,
when our posthumous souls
are buried in the ground like tulip bulbs,
will we push our way above the dirt
come spring?
Will God still recognize us?
When our delicate brains are eaten
by thought ending maggots,
is there anything left of our lives?
Is life after death a creation
of the serpent tongues of man?
Will the wailing
of the banshee be the last music we hear?
Or will we be graced by the sounds
of Peter, Paul, and Mary?
Death, Death, Death,
it strikes us down in our finest hour;
an hour in which we are still living.
It is odd how written words
equal truth; unless of course you are talking of science.
All I know of death
is that I know absolutely nothing about it.

Carl A.I.

Reflections

Your eyes light up
like the neon of a barroom that has
just opened.
You have opened your eyes
and let the light of truth
glimmer on their surface.
So you've missed me
the past two days?
So what?
It isn't until you assign
meaning to your yearning
that it actually means something to me.
Now I see it in your eyes
as they glimmer like the frosty lake
fiercely struck
by the morning sun.
A new day;
a new sun has risen;
I am holding it high above my head.
Now everything,
unrecognizable before today,
have become your bridesmaids.
The marriage of ideas with words
that accompany each other
down the aisles.
And now a tear
makes its way,
in a south-western course
across your peach blossom cheek,
back to where it came from,
the Great Salt Lake
from which we emerged.
This is when I realize you love me;
although the words are still busy
in their ceremony,
I see the reflection of the wedding
in your tear
as it drop, drop, drops
to the peppered pavement below.

And when that tear hits the ground,
I see many different pieces,
many different reflections
that collectively form
the puzzle of my life.
In one, the decay of time has
sagged our skin
closer to the ground
we will soon be buried in.
The grind stone of life, however,
has sharpened our minds, and
our knife-like love.
In another, we stand before a cross.
You kneel down and began to pray
for the salvation
of our souls;
as I rub your shoulders with my
nail pierced hands;
the blood runs over your bared breasts.
In yet another, we sit
alone in an empty movie house.
It is dark like death.
The screen illuminates with life.
The movie starts where we meet
and ends when we die.
The credits roll.
The same actor played both you and I:
Life.
The last one I see, before you softly
embrace me,
is this:
The Buddha walks by us, and as he does,
he is throwing Dharma into the air.
We grasp for the Dharma;
like most Westerners, but it evades us.
It flutters above our heads with its
dove wings
getting closer and closer
to God,
and farther and farther away
from our reaches.
We still grab at it,

but all we have to hold is
each other.

It is now that you wrap
your loving,
pedagogical arms
around me.

For the first time, I am loved.

Carl A.I.

Skeleton Hands

The cherry red thrill between your legs
as you hang on tightly around my waist
with your skeleton hands
not wanting to fall off
you whisper into my ear
words of enjoyment. I smile
at the fun you are having
never wanting this to end. Never wanting
the digital numbers
to reshape their positions, forming
two o'clock.

The cold wind flies through our souls
but your hair doesn't fly
like the gulls.

How is this for front door service?
When can I see you again?
I want to go on another ride.
I show my infatuation through my goodbye's.
The rest of the day, we are apart.
You at work, I at play.
My mind is still racing through city streets,
through the tapestry of motor vehicles
with you on my back
holding my waist with your
skeleton hands.

Carl A.I.

Sw1

We've all been black, We all been
white. We've all been to hell and back and
know how to fight.

I'm in this deep, I excavate triple layers. I eliminate war vets
with little rhyme sprayers. To wake up early is to search for
pearls in the deserts but to expand four wings that are not fully feathered. I'm
not teathered like blue balls but I deconstruct cat calls and stand you upon rocky
mountain pinnacles. I win and then fall. I've lost. Given up heads. I haven't
been blessed. I've been shot in the neck more than once but my branches still
stratch towards heaven. Not dirty, searching this earth for fertile grounds. My
heaven has already been found.

Carl A.I.

The Muse

The wind groans
and the trees talk like
Someone is being hung.
That someone is not me,
but it is my lover.
It is my muse.
Who am I to release her?
Does she not deserve to die?
I walk up to her.
She wears a crown of oak leaves
accented with acorns.
'You are better off without me, '
she says. 'Live in peace. Enjoy me for what I once was.'
 She died. I lived.

Carl A.I.

The Slide

I'm missing a link, and
starting to think
that I wipe my ass with
the same hand I use to feed
my children.
I slid through the drain
like the amusement of a park
and found myself below humanity
looking up as one looks to the heavens
I realized there were nothing but gods
above these sewer systems
looking down upon me
they then looked up towards their gods
who looked up towards their gods
who looked up towards their gods.....

Carl A.I.

The Trip With Ashlie And Jason

Driving through the open range;
the mountains, and the plains,
with friends who's names I have not yet
forgotten, like all the rest of them.
And Dean Moriarty, I see your ghost
drive past us, and drive through us
in an old
war era Chevrolet.
Already we have gone through
150 cigarettes,
72 beers,
and a half gallon of whiskey.
The trip has only
just begun.
And the car smells
of stale cigarette smoke,
that escapes with the indian reservation
atmosphere, every time
we roll down the window.
And the car smells of numerous bacteria,
and wet vaginas,
and morphine nights.
We round the corner to our
final destination,
because I know that by the end
of this trip,
I will be
Dead.

And you will lose my friendship
as I have lost my blood
that seeps into the permeable earth;
from which I came forth.
You unforgiving motherfucker!
Now all I have
to leave behind my legacy
are these words.
Dean, I saw you were headed west,
leaving behind
loves lost.

I'm begging you to let me
ride bitch;
as far as san fransisco
where we will
posthumously tear up the town.

Carl A.I.

Time

Time can crawl like the snail
leaving behind slimy trails of regret
it can also soar
like the Peregrine Falcon
swiftly and carefree, devouring space
and leaving behind it
bad memories.
I am not human as I feel part falcon, part snail.

Carl A.I.

To Paul

Climb
the ladder of success
all that happens is your hand
gets smashed
between
the heel
of the boot
of the guy above you
and the metal rung of the ladder
when he reaches the top
he pisses down upon you
you think God is washing away
your ignorance
when only, you smell of the stench
of piss drenched
academia
So thank you, Dr P.A. of UT
I appreciate your helpful guidance
and your witty Harvard insults
While the pink lemonade sun never sets
on your horizon,
the rain patters, plunks, slaps
the tin roof of my Eastward traveling car
sounds like a spittoon
perfect aim from across the room
I like the rain
Maybe I can't see the horizon
but who cares?

Carl A.I.

Trivia Questions

Before you
there was nothing
and after
you, there will be nothing.
I've always told you, young lad,
how you remind me
of Lord Krishna.

As you bathe in the light of
nuclear holocaust,
your outstretched arms transform
into IV hangers.
The softest, most tranquil
valium
runs laps through
my nervous system.

Oh how the rays of misty light
look beautiful
on your expressionless forehead.
I just want to kiss them off.
Remember that one time we argued
because I wouldn't
follow
your advice?
I'm sorry. Please forget about it?
It was trivial. It was all trivial.
Trivia questions:
Who was the 9th president?
What is the 14th ammendment?
Who was Eva Braun?
In what year
did the poet
Carl Adam Ingwell die?
What were his major accomplishments?
Trivia.
All that matters right now
is that nothing matters.
But doesn't that mean that something

matters?

Let's just dance, you and I,
shoeless
upon these clouds of death.

Carl A.I.

Two Days. Two Days Later Is The Sabbath.

I am in control of my own
Destiny
Even though my lip is swollen
like yesterday.
The sun has risen in citrus.
Where to now?
Pour me one
cupful of quervo clasico.
I'm awake. I'm awake. Two days
in a row doesn't seem that bad
when my morning flower
stands tall like a patriotic soldier;
guns drawn peacefully (Aimed with
no intent) .
Porque? Eu nao sei.
Talk to humanity and he doesn't listen,
But talk to
the wind, and she is fucking there
for you.
Heaven is here in half
steps, so we shan't walk too quickly.
I remember the time your heart leapt (like it does; with proper
annunciation) so rapidly, that I found it
within earshot.
The wind blows. She bows out
and steps down. Night falls. She lives within
walking distance.
The temple doors are standing solemnly
like spread legs and God
is a beautiful woman.

Carl A.I.

Utopia

Cat howls at the open door
Dog meows at the full moon
Human roars upon command
The writer declines a gin martini
The poet does not believe in love
The president does not want to go to war
The rain does not wash away all the blood which has been spilled
The earth does not devour every genocide
The dolphin catches Venus in tuna nets
The world gets AIDS
Mars is dying of colon cancer
The news reports nothing but good news
Socrates comes back to life as a horse's ass
Jesus can't remember his last name
The Mormons control the galaxy
The comedian gets a sense of humor
Hitler says that everyone makes mistakes
Sunsets are blue
I am dead
The nuclear bombs all blow themselves up
All Americans leave America
All Italians stay in Italy
Bukowskiism is the new religion. Don't worry it's only a fad.
Gravity is in fact, only a theory
I am a homosexual, that is a fact
waiting, waiting, waiting,
Utopia.

Carl A.I.

Walking Through The Cemetary On Heroin....

the leaves follow me.
Dead leaves,
riding on the back
of the northwest winds.
They're blown across the pavement
and they chatter like bones,
those leaves.
I notice the names;
I am surrounded by names.
Victors and Matthewson, and John.
John Graves' grave.
The shade of a willow tree,
who's branches flow like a head of hair,
keeps the summer heat
off the lucky ones.
The children across the street
shriek and laugh
like they are truly alive,
and they are.
I wonder if John Graves ever shot up.
Underneath the boquet of flowers
lie the
fallen petals; they tried so hard
to hold on, but they couldn't, and
they didn't.
I think there is a petal for every person;
but we need more flowers in here,
and I mean quickly.
Roses, Tulips, Daisys, Etc.
Soon they will come, and soon they will fall
and soon more will come.
And more will come, and more will come,
and
more
will come.

Carl A.I.

War

How often
need we be reminded
that
blood pouring from
innocent mouths
is a bad thing?
Every five years or so.

Carl A.I.