

Poetry Series

Charles Lara
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

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

Charles Lara()

10 Years After These Lines Bleed Me

no replies
no words
no hellos
no goodbyes
nothing in my heart
if I would have
if I should have
if I could have slept
without a fight
but a dream of you
I wouldn't be here
right now trying to
understand the spaces
between faded lovers
now just far away friends...
if...and only if...

Charles Lara

3 Steps To The Other Side

I

Worms worms
wiggle
without
inhibitions
or deep thought
upside down in fun
looking up for more
to wiggle wiggle
down again

II

Money money money
like a mad whore foaming
or Van Gogh slicing off his ear
or a suicide's regret
if you are not careful
it will invade your soul
and never let you go
still always asking
for more more more

III

Many years have passed us
Many lives have faded from us
Many friends have gone away
Many loves have let us down
Many more times wait for more
Till death takes it away
And gives it to somebody else

Charles Lara

3's Are Wild

Today is
the same day
I was born and
I am the same age
as Jesus was
before he
met his creator
before he let
himself get nailed
onto the cross
while befriending a thief
waiting
for mercy
shattered by tears
of an ending existence
counting off seconds
watching
the movement
of the Three o' clock sun...
I see my reflection of
thirty three years inside
the mirror of salad days
and remember the youth
of fools gone by
and walk out into a city
where I'll make it a point
not to forget
how he walked
immortality home

Charles Lara

Already Stone

The sky was
purple blue
the city
restless with
people
rushing home
from work completed
for another day.
The homeless begged
for cents
but nobody gave
and nobody cared
the winter air
was warmer
than most of those
who kept walking
without a thought
of turning back

Charles Lara

Amadeus

Amadeus the cat without a tail
had more than 9 - lives
once as a kitten he fell out
a window on the 4th floor
and landed two floors below
on a porch landing and
waited till he was rescued
another time he chewed on his tail
until gangrene set in and so
he lost his fluffy grey tail
then there was the time
a Vet diagnosis that
he had a weak heart
and that he would
expire within weeks
but he just kept going
as he did
when a lump on his face
was called a cancer
it disappeared without a trace
or as he got older and a kid ran over
him with a bike but
he just kept walking
Amadeus never turned back
or reflected on the past
he always moved forward
one life after another
he even went past his 9 - lives
and was on negative 7 before
that final day came and took him away
16 years & 3 weeks to the day he was born
in an alley off Taylor street
right in the middle of Autumn
under an umbrage from trees
way back when time had no shame
for most of us
but today he cashed in his chips
he was ready to go
and that is what he did

without fear or hesitation
he meowed farewell closed his eyes
and went forward just as he had always done
but this time he wasn't coming back
he just didn't care to...

Charles Lara

And

And
you
know
when
it
happens
cuz
It
happened
before
and
it'll
happen
again
and
when
you
are
inside
it
it
feels
like
16
and
wild
&
fired
to
keep
riding
it
till
the
very
last
lap
before
time

takes
it
away

Charles Lara

And We Were Healed

We waited to be saved
and made sure
that every living thing
we came across
we showered it
with love and peace
and anything that makes
White angels sing
and God clap for more
and faith showed off a little leg.
The drought was over
and earth replenished itself
with a long cold
glass of draft beer.
Hunger became morbidly obese.
The insane became sound
and poor broken people
saw the light
and they were healed.
The meaning of life
Was found inside
a fortune cookie
and we read it
over and over again.
A perfumed rain
became a morning ritual
of turning things
becoming truth
So winners did
not need losers anymore
To feel like winners
because that game was over
Like death & agony
It was obsolete
So the old made love again
Under the neon stars
Dreams were on video
For all to open and see
Jealousy lost fear and the path

That was once quicksand
Became guiding crystal
And nothing was lost or thrown
Away for death was pro-life
We sighed at the times
for peace was our souls
And we were all healed

Charles Lara

Another

The first day
of a new year
begins with the
last song
of the old year
and the youth
scream in glee
and the aged mumble
in their sleep
and the children
try not to read
the hands of time
and the dreamers
make big plans
and the poor ignore
the countdown
as the calendar
becomes the casualty
to the celebration
of their imminent demise
while rolling out freedom

Charles Lara

Around The Corner

Maxwell Street on a Sunday
was full of tired bargains
from wary peddlers
trying to live
the American dream,
blocks and blocks
of wooden tables
filled with everything
and anything
that had the
possibility to bring
a buck or two.
Fools in loud suits
paraded broken women
with thick mascara
and cheap perfume
for a sawbuck or a bone.
Gypsy women sat
on sagging lawn chairs
proclaiming that the
future was for sale,
blind musicians on
warped guitars were
crying out the blues
under a pungent sweet scent
of grilled onions
feeding thousands
of the common
looking for a bargain
or a light to
their flame of hope.
Maxwell Street on a Sunday
promising so much
to so many
that wanted
to believe that
the American dream
was right around the corner.

Ash Wednesday

I stood inside
a majestic cathedral
in the heart of Chicago.
The sun broke away
from the clouds
and the stain glass windows
of saints and martyrs gleamed.
The place was pack
with office workers,
mothers with children,
old people, young people
the homeless, the lost,
the dignitaries and hypocrites.
I stood among them,
the choir sang Ave Maria
before silence
greeted the Cardinal
as he limped towards
the marble podium,
he stretched his arms out
and we listened
to the Cardinal
proclaim without hesitation
what we wanted to forget
but he said it anyway,
'We will all be dead
in the next 70 years, '
A small child about four
turned to his mother
and said, 'not me '
still ashes to ashes
we will become
if not within 70 years
than maybe in 71...

Charles Lara

Awake You

Awake awake you
you're not awake
in the early morning
shitting out a new day
while the rest of them sleep
and I stand wide awake
and waiting waiting waiting
for you to wake
and you sleep
and never wake
just like last night
and the night before that
so my flower dies a little more

Charles Lara

Back Home

Home is where
I can't be found
where madness
frolics during
commerical breaks
of day to day
channels on a satalite
paid with the rest
of the morgage
to keep the wheels turning
from hope of escaping
back home...

Charles Lara

Bam

intertube in a
tire with a hole
busting out
inter urban inside a
rubber wheel
squeezing out
big enough
to burst
burst
burst
deep enough
too hurt
like
ripped rubbers
outside
right in the
middle
of a hurricane
feeling tighter than virginity
higher than a hymen
tighter than a million
rubber bands on fire
burning melting waxing
those that don't go over
from the push...

Charles Lara

Before It's Over

Clean and well fed
pushing white revolving doors
until time is up
and there is no longer
a reason to push
and smile
and think
it will get better
and ask for
the day to bring
another like it
before the sign
of the cross
ends another nightly
conversation with God
under cool clean sheets
inside a neat well lit house
below sapphire stars
singing sweet existence
away from the city
and its broken sidewalks
where once childhood
felt the pulse of
war, poverty and hunger
but now years later
lost childhood is faded
replaced by becoming
well fed and educated
inside a starched shirt
pushing white revolving doors
still waiting to get off...

Charles Lara

Between Drops

A twisted streak
of multi-colored
lightening
pirouettes across
the belly of a
cottage cheese sky
above a shimmering river
where lines of trees
outstretch their
every limb to
catch the drops
of fat fat rain
freely falling
down below
wet lovers
slowly kissing
in the late afternoon
while dancing hands
madly rub on
concealed delights
begging to wake
before the roll
of sonorous thunder
bounces off the
steel & glass canyon
reflecting the shadows
that takes them away

Charles Lara

Between Time

Jet Plane
streaking across
a blue white sky
during full spring
and life is strong
and passages await
even for us
now drifting towards
the other side
to a place
where we will all
end up eventually
forever and ever
and more after that
a flash
a rush
a zoom
like jet fuel
sky writing
happy endings
reaching past
heavens and stars
watching shadows
below dancing
with those left behind
filling sweet spaces
between time

Charles Lara

Big Leagues

Pitching pennies and then nickels
and finally quarters;
it was the big leagues.
And like the majors,
it is all about form
like a Cy Young winner
you have to be one with your body
as you aim for that line,
the swing of the wrist
"it's all in the wrist baby"
would get the coin inside that line
engraved upon a concrete sidewalk...
As the coin floated like a feather
through the air and land inside that line;
it was one of the most beautiful sights
of my childhood, the coin would come
to rest, nestled like an infant in a crib.
A liner is what we called it and usually
this is what it would take
to win those scattered coins
tossed from us underprivileged souls.
We would stand outside on the corner
of Loomis & Taylor and aim for the heavens.
Big payoff, at least 3 to 4 dollars
that was big money in those days.
To go home with a pocket full of change
the jingle was as sweet as jolly ranchers
but better because it brought the
winner hope that things
were turning for the best.
As for the losers, we would go home
feeling the same as we did
when we started our game
of pitching our few and only coins.
Hunger still resided deep inside our bellies,
and empty pockets teased us
because we all knew
a hell of a lot of poverty
was waiting for us at home...

Charles Lara

Blind Joy

Love sits in a paper bag and
waits for some one to find it
release it and bring it back
to the two people
who had resurrected it before
when days had no nights and
waterfalls made rainbows
from innocent sin
stitched on oral delight
under forbidden lace
and smooth strokes
from the passion of lust
without questions asked

Charles Lara

Blink

Red summer
scent dances through
my open windows,
wraps itself
around me
like my mother's love
and I go
inside a child's dream
back to a place
where days had no end
where time rocks
leisurely on a wooden chair
sipping tea without counting.
I continue to
float down like a leaf
leaping off the tip
of a redwood tree,
gliding down onto
a bed of
thick plush blades
of deep green grass,
rippling like an
ocean feeling rain.
I land ever so slowly
and I am six again.
Laughing while playing
games with my friends,
And I am feeling
pure innocent everlasting joy
Underneath deep blue skies
being tickled by cotton candy clouds
Before the dark orange shadows
of dusk carry me away ...

Charles Lara

Changes

Changes come
Changes go
Changes make
The Rattle Snakes glow
Changes come
Changes go
Changes make
The faces flow
Changes come
Changes go
Changes make
Another promise grow

Charles Lara

Cheers

I stood in the living room
near the decorated tree
as a steady snow danced
outside the windows.
The scent of the dying
spruce filled up the house
and I waited for
my three year old son
to wake and unwrap
the season of Christmas.
The quiet morning
made the cat yawn
before the tiny footsteps
made their way down the stairs.
My son held his blanket
and struggled to
wipe off the sleep
from his face.
I greeted him a Merry Morning
and he smiled as he saw
the bundle of presents
under the tree.
The needles from the branches
continued to fall
and he brushed them off
before he tore off the wrapping
and pulled out a game
that didn't require batteries
only a hard drive and monitor.
" This is great, " he proclaimed.
Then he picked up another
and tore at it quickly
as the sleep disappeared
from his small angelic face.
I watched him open another
present and then I went into
the kitchen to get some water
to place in the base of the tree.
I entered the room

and my son was pushing a toy car
so I went over to the tree
and placed the water onto the base
but the needles continued to fall
it was too late for it to drink
to the happiness of childhood.

Charles Lara

Closure

Lazy like those
that don't get up
and go to work
and feed the meters
with silver coins
Tired like those
that refuse to talk
or point the way
from where they came
or find escape
Hungry like many
with paper bag lunches
with nothing in them
that will be so fulfilling
or fill their holes
that keeps on
getting bigger till
it swallows us
all up and calls it
a day that never
woke up to fight
a common purpose
of simple existence
on a far away
place once know
as the earth...

Charles Lara

Coming Home Dear

take the red wine
and place it
on the table
light a candle
and don't forget
the cheese
and sweet fresh fruit
oh so full of succulence
then wait for the full
moon to shine
and step out into it
from the shadows of night
turn up the music
and dance without
hesitation and let it all in
let it in deep...

Charles Lara

Confession

to think to
have you
very soon
quickly
it becomes
hungar
bone deep inside
to sexually invade
each other
without guilt
or penance
to run over
the cliff and cheer

Charles Lara

Darwin's Dead

The evolution
has
ended
and
hounds become hoods
with their bling bling
and silver rings
and all & all & all
are some
bad motherfuckers
when violence takes over
in popularity
while Death becomes cheap
in the prevalence
of debt
without
accountibility
scores of millions
and millions of us
living a Hollywood second
a reality show
without commercials
just the next killer
without conscious
inflicting violence
while pissing on life
without a remorse
or a set course

Charles Lara

Dry

THE WALLS
NEVER FALL
AND SLEEP
NEVER COMES
THE HOLE IS DRY
LIKE SAND
AND MY HEAD
SUFFERS FROM IT
LIKE A HANGOVER
IN BLINDING LIGHT
OR A FOOL
FINDING WISDOM
BEFORE THE GUILLOTINE
TAKES IT AWAY
THE OASIS IS DRY

Charles Lara

Engraved

Those nights
when I
pulled away
from sleep
and waited
for my words
to settle in
hunger was
well fed
with thirsty lines
inside a legal pad
written by
my only pen
spitting out
blue ink flowing
with the sounds
of the Grateful Dead
empty bottles
sat on top
of my red
mahogany piano
basking in the
brilliance of the moon
peeking through
my open windows
teasing my four cats
wide awake and
waiting for something
to get trapped
between myself
and maybe them
before the shadows
slowly vanished
to let our moments
of youth escape
before another day
would show its face
and take away
what was not written

and never would be...

Charles Lara

Fast One

It was so long ago
when I was immortal
and free with passages
of frozen time
(so it seemed)
back in the days
of serendipity
when i grabbed
love by the tail
and pinched it
all night long and
into the next day
like the fiend
that i was
it never ended
until it was over
now i am here
in this place
where conclusions come
before beginnings
and every day
brings another nail
as life continues
to wrap up my
measured immortality
like dead fish
in yesterday's newspaper
where it all ages
before my languish eyes

Charles Lara

Footprints

Winter shakes
some snow
and blows
cold air
and we stand
on a heating vent
outside
near the university
drinking
cheap beer
listening to
heavy metal
and smoking
salem cigarettes.
The night is
in full swing
and most of us
are getting
a little too old
to hang outside
like bums
and drink
and bullshit
out nothing
that will
mean something
but kill
another hour or two.
The dollars are
hard to find
and four years ago
feels like a lifetime
when you are 22.
We stood,
all seven of us
bobbing heads
to loud
senseless music
coming out

of an oversized
poor sound quality
boom box
with a cassette player.
We pass a joint
of cheap homegrown
prematurely dried weed
pretending to get high.
The conversation
goes nowhere
and we all know it.
We look at
one another
and see
our stop
is coming
nothing is forever
and life pulls
out the rug
we once found
so comforting
and replaces it
with a conveyor belt
and we do nothing
to get off
as we slowly
roll off
the last stage
of our innocence
the boyzz become men
and after this
it just isn't the same
we know it and we
do nothing to stop it
from happening...

Charles Lara

Form A Line

The days line up like soldiers
One behind the other
They never stop marching
without missing a step
into a place of no return
where trees become thicker
and faces fade away
defeat becomes victory
love turns to torture
and the present is most
important to those living
and burying the dead under
the fountain of youth
the days line up like
those before and those
yet to come...

Charles Lara

Full Moon

Jesus wearing an overcoat and a silver metal of a wolf around his neck and nothing else, enjoying a large pretzel, wishing for mustard and a cold sip of beer, crosses the street in the middle of Havre, Montana. He looks faraway into the snow peaks of mountains and sees shades of pale blues streaking across the cloudless skies. The thunder of a late Amtrak train passing through town makes him blink once. He opens his eyes and sees a new red Ford pickup truck break right in front of the tip of his knees. The loud horn hurts his ears but he continues smacking his lips, savoring the tiny grains of pretzel salt. The self satisfaction makes him hum an old native tune, his grandfather used to sing to him as a small child.

A young rancher wearing black snake skinned boots steps out of his shiney red truck and adjusts his black ten gallon hat while putting his tongue between his cheek and gum and frowning from the strong sting of bitterness released from a lopsided wad of strong, 2nd grade chewing tobacco.

He walks towards Jesus and yells, "Hey freak get yer red ass outta the street."

Jesus smiles and slowly raises his left hand and holds up his fist and gives the rancher the Indian hi sign.

"I said get yer red ass out of the street," the cowboy replies.

Jesus stares at him and says nothing and then slowly spreads his long index and middle fingers and gives the young rancher the peace sign. The white rancher pushes him and the pretzel flies out of Jesus' hand. It lands on the curb, where a stray dog quickly picks it up and runs off to find a quiet place to eat it in. Jesus raises his right arm and makes the peace sign again. The rancher with the black and white checker shirt spits into Jesus's eye. A large phlegm of brown sticky tobacco clings on to his thick eyelashes.

A small group of on lookers begin to form a circle around the brown man and the rancher. The rancher feels obligated to give the crowd something to talk about.

He stares at Jesus and screams, "Move or I'll beat the living shit outta you."

Jesus smiles, the rancher swings and hits him right square on the jaw. Jesus doesn't move and stares up at the mountains. He presses his lips that begin to seep red blood.

"This here injun is crazy." Nervous laughter and then the crowd hears this...

"Hit him, hit him again," shouts a bystander holding a three year old child.

Jesus glances at the crowd and smiles. He wraps his thin arms around himself and begins to walk towards the local tavern. The rancher clinches his fist but does not throw a punch as Jesus walks by him. Jesus tries not to taste the blood in his mouth. His eye is becoming sticky as the tobacco spit becomes dry. He feels the cool pebbles under his feet. They bring him relief from the heat on his soles. He looks beyond the mountains and spots a full moon hanging low,

basking in the sunlight.

The smooth sidewalk greets him as he walks over the curb and heads into a tavern full of old scents and very few people.

"Say, here comes our hero," says the barmaid who watched the whole situation unfold. She moves away from the window overlooking the street and greets Jesus as he walks into the bar.

"Welcome stranger," says the barmaid.

"Thank you."

Jesus walks to the middle of the bar and orders a beer. Chico the half-bred, takes out a frosted stein and proceeds to fill it up with the cheapest draft beer in the house. Jesus reaches into his coat pocket but Chico notices him to stop.

"This here one is on the house, Redman."

"Thankyou my brother."

Roxy shouts from the end of the bar, "hey big boy, how bout letting me in your raincoat. I'll charge you a good price and I will give you the best piece of ass you ever did have! ! ! " Jesus lifts his glass and smiles.

The cold beer washes the taste of blood from his mouth. The barmaid walks over to him and says, "Why is it you got no shoes on? Don't your feet get cold? " She takes a wet rag and wipes the brown spit from his eye.

"I've just come down from the mountain," replies Jesus.

"Well, do you want a good piece of ass or what? " Roxy interjects.

"Leave him be, Roxy. He ain't that type of man."

"What's he a fag? "

"No, I am a man of conscious," replies Jesus.

"Looks like he's just another freak." says a regular, who is watching monster truck racing on the television. Jesus ignores him and takes another drink from his thin beer. The barmaid touches his rough hand, resting on the bar. He pulls away and stares into her Irish green sad eyes. She looks back at him and feels warm all over. She says nothing else and walks away.

The door lets in a flood of sunlight into the bar. Chico turns away from the television to see that the Sheriff has just walked in.

"How bout one on the house, Sheriff? "

"No, I'm still on duty," replies the man with the thick silver badge. He walks towards where Jesus is standing. Jesus feels his presence and turns to look at him.

"Don't you go and do something stupid boy," says the man who upholds the law.

"I have done nothing wrong sir."

"Step away from the bar slowly," instructs the man holding out his gun.

"I am only an honest man passing through town sir. I have done nothing wrong."

"I said step away from the bar! ! ! "

Jesus steps away from the bar and stands erect and stares directly into the

sheriff's grey eyes. The sheriff walks cautiously towards him. His gun pointed at his heart. The barmaid stands behind the man of jurisdiction. Her mouth is open but no words are coming out. Roxy is now at the end of the bar, giving head to the regular who continues to watch the monster trucks crush dead cars for entertainment. Chico watches from behind the bar and begins to reach for the rifle that is next to the cases of empty spirit bottles.

“Now, Redman, open up your coat slowly or I'll put a bullet inside you.”

“But I have nothing.”

“Do as I say or you will walk off with Death today.”

“Go ahead mister, Don't be a fool.” says the barmaid from behind the Sheriff's shadow.

“Alright, but you will see I have nothing to hide.” Jesus replies.

Jesus brings his long thin hands up to the first button and opens the coat, a patron opens the door and the sunlight hits the silver wolf that hangs around Jesus' neck. The gleam from the metal makes the man behind the badge panic and pull the trigger. His bullet is way off. Chico gets excited, picks up the rifle and fires a bullet between Jesus's eyes. Jesus falls slowly onto the cool sticky floor and before he hits the ground he's back with his father. The barmaid releases a scream and Roxy bites down on the regular's pride. The regular shouts inside the mouth of agony which startles the patron who was walking into the bar for one last drink and so he walks back outside, where the moon is still showing its full face of glory and a handful of promise.

□

□

Charles Lara

Game Over

Running against
the wind
before the sinners
became the saints
and the heavens opened up
and swallowed
hell in entirety
doves welcomed
those with faith
while all the rest
vanished upon
the earth never
to return for seconds
the big game
was over
and the winners
never saw the losers
again as the losers
watched the winners
celebrate for the
rest of eternity...

Charles Lara

Grammer School

Today it was
twenty years ago
on the 3rd of June
where I found myself
on the top steps
of a church called Pompeii
wearing a thick light blue velvet suit
my oldman got it on Maxwell Street
the syle was 7 years passe'
still I stood there
and my legs were
just a little longer
than the hem of my pants
and I was feeling the heat
of a full belly sun.
youth draped itself
off my face
then the ending of my graduation
brought congrats and free beer
from everybody on Taylor st
my mother held her head high
as I hugged her and smiled
the wind never turned back
the faces of all became one
the door opened wide
and I walked without looking back

Charles Lara

Happy Hunting

He told me...
The day my wife
picked up the personals
was the day
she took it
all away from me
it's not that
I don't love you
she told me
thank god for that
I replied
it's just that we have
been together
for so long
and you ain't serving
what I desire
I guess my
lemonade stand's closed
and the trap
inside my mind snapped
and I looked at her different
like the stranger she was
and my heart never did
think about her
the same after that

Charles Lara

Hot Dogs

Hot dogs
and
chips
followed
by
an
ice
cold
coke
coke
here
to
bring
the
crowd
a
smile
as
the
wind
of
summer
teases
in
late
april
and
the
only
game
in
town
worth
watching
is
baseball
baseball
at
Wrigley

where
the
cubs
have
a
chance
to
do
it
this
year
while
the
ivy
is
still
dormant

Charles Lara

Hunger

Hunger, like the long ago novel
written in the 20th Century
by Knut Hamson. Hunger
is something my family
doesn't understand.
can't conceptualize
won't realize until their free
ride comes to an end
They have had everything
from day one an overabundance of
electronics, food, clothing
cars, money and all
the love & understanding
from both their mother and myself
We have pampered them so much
that they are at the point
of irreversible delusional
misconceptions that all
things come to those
who just ask from them
instead of on the merits of
hard work and the rewards
that come out hard work.
These kids just like millions
of kids around the world are
so out of touch with reality
that once they let go
and venture out into the real world
they will have a rude awakening
they will find out that
nothing in this life is free
and when they see that
only work will get them
what they want or need or both
they will realize that they
can't turn back to those that
had sacrificed all for them
for those folks will be long gone
the wise ones would have escaped

from the self-imprisonment
of child rearing in the 21st century
while others would have checked
out a long time ago and those once
precious children raised as if
they were royalty will be left
to fend for themselves
in the vastness
of unrelenting hunger

Charles Lara

In Between

you fill yourself
with life
and you make sure
to enjoy it twice
as you jump & flip
and twist the day
with song & dance
you laugh @ time
as youth's awake
& everything is new again
you jump on rainbows
& hump the night away
with serendipous delights
as new orleans spice
fills your belly & your soul
deep deep inside a wooden mirror

Charles Lara

In This Place

Where night begins
and day falls
where love dies
and hate multiplies
where sanity jumps
and madness copulates
where faith stops believing
and cynicism thrives
where peace gets trampled
and war gets breast fed
where poverty grows
and opportunities fold
where youth shows its age
and old folks get stoned
where dreams sink to the bottom
and nightmares don't sleep
Where lust wears cheap perfume
and lies become truth
Where the few become many
and the rest wait in line
to get out of this place
called life

Charles Lara

Inhale

She sat on the bench
in the middle of the park
smoking a cigarette
and reading yesterday's paper
while the afternoon crowds
obliviously walked past her
and pigeons dance underneath
thick trees swaying from
the breeze coming off the lake
She still had a plan
so she exhaled slowly
but what it was
she did not understand
but nobody else did either

Charles Lara

Insight 213

Castle made of glass
glistens in the night,
bringing winter winds
to part the rains away,
painting rainbows black
reflecting opened past.

Wishing well in heaven
robbed of all its change,
stolen by the children who
frolic on old snow,
upon a sagging hill,
where all of simple
innocence remains untold.

No one will remember
life before September when a
name is etched in stone,
for a dollar to a hole
forgotten at the bottom
where a trumpet softly blows.

Castle out of glass
swallowing the light,
spitting out the webs
painting rainbows black
so nothing can reflect,
the answers we won't know.

Charles Lara

Instant Coffee

Old Days

In your mouth
I melt
and divide
myself in two
where sick mother fuckers
laugh at madness
licking rims
before the helpless
and unfilled glasses
made of ancient err
after night bleeds
out the sun
into the dew
of morning bringing
me back to where
I still remain
on a spoon over
the flickering flames
of where I was
when I was just 16.

Charles Lara

Into The Night

The summer sleeps
and soft crickets play poker
for ripe ripe leaves
while spiders watch
until the losers go home
before they spin their webs
on the winner too full
from his winnings to move
to escape to do something
not to become a meal
while dew paints
the warm dawn
as stillness takes over

Charles Lara

Invisible Ink

We walk
the same
ramp
that leads
us to
the train platform
where we wait
for the train
to take us
into the city.
Our bodies
not as upright
as they were
when we
first walked
the ramp
over a decade ago.
Those of us
that have been
walking it longer
are having
a hard time
making it
on time
to board
the train
to take them away.
Some days we watch
from inside the train
while it pulls out
of the station
leaving
the few
the late
the old
behind to wait
and those that
are near
the end

lethargically wave
their fist in disgust
and wait
for the next train
to take them into
the city where
life is wasted
on ink without reason,

Charles Lara

It's My Birthday

Walking in the cold early winter wind
the city is decorated for the holiday season
I walk down Michigan Avenue
an old man sits on the sidewalk and rocks back and forth
He's wearing a soiled Santa cap
" Please help me, I am an old vet."
The wind picks up and people continue to pass him
" I'm hungry, help me get something to eat."
People do not look down, they just keep walking
I stopped a few feet away from him
and smoke a cigarette and watch.
" It's my birthday today, I'm 67 years old, please help me"
A woman wearing a full-length mink coat, pushing her walker
almost runs over his legs. She stops and looks down at him.
The wind howls and she yells,
" Move your legs so I can get by..."
"Please help me."
" I need to get by..."
"Any change would be greatly appreciated."
She goes into her designer purse
and pulls out a dollar.
She drops it towards where he is sitting
but the wind takes it away.
He jumps up and weaves through the crowd
frantically trying to catch the runaway bill.
She smiles and pushes her titanium walker into the wind.
I flick my cigarette onto the sidewalk
where it gets trampled by hundreds of feet without faces
I begin to walk back to work
the clouds are giving way to some sun rays
I pull my coat collar up and stick my hands in my pockets
The wind is getting stronger, traffic is at a stand still
then I faintly hear his voice behind me,
" It's my birthday today..."

Charles Lara

Jackpot

Waiting for the slots to roll
in my favor
I place another dollar
and a second
and to make sure
I am covered
I put in a third
into the video slot machine.
“ May I get you a cocktail, sir? ” says a woman
in her twenties
well-endowed
with incredible soft looking skin
not a blemish in view
I watch her like T.V.
She smiles back and I
give her a tip
and then ask for a Myers and Coke.
“ Absolutely, I’ll be right back...” she walks away
swaying her hips in bohemian rhythm
casting her shadow
of long fine legs into
the crowded room of winners
and I think how
high cut Paris design
cocktail waitress uniforms
always make everybody
come back for more
as nothing but
a ring streams
out from the machine
and I see there are
no red cherries on the line
so I put in three more coins
and wait for my drink
to come back
to smell her soul again.

Charles Lara

June 21 2000

Happy summer days
lazy afternoons
playful rapture
with the little one
dancing in the summer rain
fresh cut grass
fills up the quiet nights
shimmering with possibilities
to let it all come out
and charge ahead with
night butterflies
swimming in shimmering wine

Charles Lara

Just Dues

Give
me
my
just
dues
Sweet
wonderful
sins
that
were
taken
from
me
The
day
I
said
I
do
Vanilla
perfumed
laced
lust
smiling
to
get
layed
Dark
rum
on
ice
caressing
my
lips
Sticky
redbuds
waiting
to
get

smoked
Winning
hollywood
trifectas
coming
in
each
time
Days
humping
out
the
nights
before
the
fat
lady
choked

Charles Lara

Knitted Sky

The Road was full of snow
and the sun waved through
and warm thighs of youth
called me home
and I was out again
around the same face
of 18teen years ago
run run turn run run run
wash the tears of yesterday
sweep the crumbs of lust
under the Knitted Sky
I told her just before
the music stroked us
upon a wet kiss of everlasting
and the universe was even

Charles Lara

Lady Luck

Lady Luck
pulls up her dress
and makes me smile
and she winks
and pulls up
her hem even higher
so I walk up
for a closer look
into her wide
avocado green eyes
and I see her
Vargas shaped thighs
her full buxom
like tulips
under a fat sun
I take a deep breath
and I smell her
sweet cotton scent
permeating sweet honey
out from the
Garden of Eden
and I bet her
on the inside for a win

Charles Lara

Layers

Suicide notes
and dancing butterflies
have candles
conquer old dusk
While bottles of
sweet zinfindale wine
are shared inside
a tiny apartment
facing west
right off of
Taylor Street
Where youth plays
with madness
and fresh fruit
fills small mouths
of wisdom
lacing lust inside
warm summer scents
As swirls of smoke
from unfiltered cigarettes
cover ripped stars
and tickle the moon
over jovial cats
who play without rules
And time comes
too soon before soft
strawberry lips pout
And shadows fade away
while blue jazz
hangs off a trumpet
until the break of dawn
takes it away
for good

Charles Lara

Led Wings

Hendrix is jamming
smoke rises out into
the blue skies
sweeping shades
of yesterday's blues
when innocence
was too good to
hide and those
that welcomed it
where among angels
and the Gods gave
everybody a chance
to take the good
and the bad and roll it
like a fat joint
to pass around
and smoke it
to an ash...

Take everything these days
and nobody wants it back
because nobody cares
about yesterdays jams
or what it all meant
because it means shit
today and will mean
less tomorrow
while we just wait
for it to fade away
like Jimi did way
back in 1970 where
it faded into white
three days before autumn
when eternal rings of smoke
floated like butterflies
before they became lead

Charles Lara

Living Easy

Love a warm blanket
inside a morning
in winter
without the guilt
of living easy
dropping out of
the maze inside
a one-sided journey
made of flypaper and lies
and nine to five runners
without titles
thick with
imperative shit
nobody reads.
Laugh in the afternoon
inside a house without
paying nothing to nobody

Charles Lara

Lost Change

He stood outside
the newspaper stand
on Michigan & Chicago,
the morning winter chill
made him put on his gloves.
He lit a cigar and said
good morning to three
Walgreens female workers
smoking outside in the cold.
" It's almost Old Style time, "
he proclaimed and handed
a magazine with warm beauty
on its cover to a middle age
office worker who quickly
placed it in a briefcase
and continued to walk.
" Ain't it too early for beer, "
said the redhead between inhales.
" It's never too early for Old Style..."
The ladies laughed,
died out their cigarettes
and went back to work.
He kept smoking his cigar
as he sold another newspaper
to a passerby who gave him
exact coins and told him
to keep the change.
He looked down
at the two quarters
in the palm of his glove
and took a long drag
pulled the cheap cigar
from his ample mouth
exhaled and yelled,
"and you too have a wonderful day..."
His shift was coming to an end
while most were just starting.
He knew that soon he would
be home drinking an Old Style,

thinking about the redhead
while counting lost change
he did manage to keep.

Charles Lara

Love Inside A Urinal

Awake in the morning
head full of sleep
heart raging with lust
sadness fucking my stomach
I step out of my warm
undeniable giving bed.
The voice of my 4 year old son
runs up the stairs and reminds me,
" Bye Da, "
" Bye Son"
" I love you Da"
" I love you son"
He heads out the door
his mother's right behind him.
we do not say goodbye or have a good day
or any other pleasantries for that matter.
We never do.
I hear her slam the door
as my feet scream from the cold tile
inside the bathroom, I stop and aim
and I piss out the waste in my bladder
while I yawn at another beginning
of a repeat before endless days
carry me back to sleep.

Charles Lara

May We Find The Way

It's just isn't the same anymore
the hours drag and we
stare at each other
and drink one more
turn on the music and still
it's just isn't the same
we try to laugh
but nothing's funny
the world is killing itself
while we watch it on TV
& wait for us to bring back
what was once ours
how it use to be
in a time when
our past was our future
but now it just
isn't the same anymore
the clock screams
obscenities
and our thick faces
are not so vain
as they use to be
so we smoke and smoke
some more the drinks
remain cold but we stare
away from each other
as we tap on the bar
without a plan or excitement
of what will come next
we already know
how it ends
it just ain't coming back
been gone for some time
the hole is open
all the way like
black space and sweet death
we float inside this void
remembering the dust
of thoughts left behind

invisible to all of us
that never made it out
of the starting gate
another drink another smoke
we'll take what we wished for
but what we got instead
just isn't the same anymore

Charles Lara

More Please

You left me
with a fantasy
as you touched me
with your hand
while we kissed
between red raindrops
and I screamed
for more
while I tasted
your lost desires
before thin lines
faded away
and if it wasn't
for the time
I would have
opened you up
like a flower
sucking sun
begging for
everything
and more

Charles Lara

Nets

I used to
capture butterflies
in the winter
and they were
very beautiful
vibrant colors
blinding beauty
I remember the softness
of their silky wings
upon my finger tips
they hummed
and smiled while
a serene yellow
January Sun
shun on my face
and I kissed them
tenderly until
they flew away
before the dawn
of another spring

Charles Lara

Nice & Easy

Wild orchid opens
as a gentle rain
comes down and
touches its petals
before slowly sliding
down on its stem
and sinking into
the soft earth
that cradles its roots
while the orchid
continues to sing
for the raindrops
to keep falling
into the afternoon
and before the night escapes
to the gardens of jasmine
and night flowers
playing jazz while
drinking sweet wine
under indigo skies
of monumental horizons
where time takes its time

Charles Lara

No Need

Hopscotch
or just scotch
in those days
I was doing both
and glory
sat on my face
as angels handed
me serendipity
and I never let go
the merry merry go round
was gold
and I floated
with a spectacle
of a smile
tattooed upon
my face and I
never let go

Charles Lara

No Rush

I waited on the subway platform
and listened to a young woman
play acoustic guitar and sing
her face was round and her eyes
were wide with hope, she delicately played
as her voice draped over the
passing trains, her song kept pouring
soon there was a small crowd around her
watching her thick black braided hair swing
with the melody of her sounds
she made me forget about my train
I smiled at her soft pale face
and gave her a buck
several other people followed
and she played harder
her voice grew louder
and more trains passed
nobody got on
nobody cared
and nobody looked at their watches
we had cornered an angel
and we didn't want to let go
she stopped and took a small bow
and put away her guitar
the crowd thinned out
and my train pulled up
I looked at her one last time
she smiled and counted her dollars
I boarded the train and hummed
her songs all the way home

Charles Lara

Nothing Escapes

With ease
inside
a
jagged
wife
a
slice
of
pie
and
picket
white
fences
with
prancing
cats
and
Mozart's
songs
bring
a
flashing
zip
and
zap
molding
the
granulating
shit
on
a
ship
inside
a
bottle

Charles Lara

Nows

wow
i am
dying
slowly
with
fear
and
excitement
of
unseen
promises
and
i aint
feeling
nothing
but
what
i need
to feel
and i
lean off
the curb
a little
more than
everything
else who's
holding clouds
squeezing some sweet
lemonade from kool-aid
and black & white cartoons
of nows and only nows
tomorrow might not come

Charles Lara

Ocean Of Lust

Orange slice
inside
my mouth
zesty juicy
and
squirting sweetness
from inside out
feeding me more
succulent dreams
streaming out
from luscious
imaginations
hidden behind
invisible lovers
teasing
my heart
till invading
sparkles sit
on the tip
of my tongue
with ripe
bright oranges
I slowly lap up
for more
of the same
reviving delicious
self pleasing
enjoyment on eating
a fruit as deep
as the ocean of lust

Charles Lara

Open All Night

the
heavens
are
closed
and
nobody
knows
which
way
to
go
or
which
way
to
turn
or
which
way
to
run
even
though
hell
is
wide
open

Charles Lara

Open Eyes

Sing for me
my sweet woman
Open wide and
touch those notes
take me
to another place
where I can
dance again
pull me in
and whisper
summer melodies
before your aria
of rain makes
us fade away
with open eyes

Charles Lara

Playbook

We sat around
and drank beer
watched a football game
on a bright warm
Sunday afternoon.
We shuffled poker cards
and played without betting
so after a few hands I folded
and opened another beer.
I sat back and watched
the game on a
wide screen HD TV.
Middle age men cheering
a team that was doomed
from the start of the game.
We ate sandwiches and
complained about the price of gas
and property taxes
and all the other scabs
that come from
domesticated dementia
the conversations were weak
at best so we broke out
a bottle of tequila
and took a few shots
during halftime.
Nobody smokes anymore
so I walked outside
smoked a cigarette
nobody smokes anymore
as I came back in
a few of the men were
comparing matrimony
to football and how one
needs to call the right plays
to get ahead and finally score
to win a couple of times
in this very long season
of self inflicted love

I opened a cold one
and listened
as the tequila
took hold of some
loudly cheering
because our team
had scored and
we still were
two touchdowns behind
with under two minutes
left in the game
we toasted once more
before the clock ran out
and our team lost another one
we readjusted as we mentioned
our chores that awaited us at home.
Nobody took another shot,
our wives would be waiting
for each of us to get home.
as we headed towards our cars
we waved farewell to each other
we must do this again soon
we knew at this stage in our lives
our playbook was thin...

Charles Lara

Rainbow Instead Of Snow

Rain in December
where is the snow
the earth thinks
it is spring
as flowers bud
and morning birds
sing for life to rise
and gardens twitch
as southern winds
from the gulf
lap up the city
deep inside the
winter season
were youth is wide awake
and so are the rest of us
love doesn't wear mittens
and a fat round yellow moon
sits on a fence drinking lemonade
humming the song
I'm in the mood for love
and spring shows up
for the holidays
and nobody wishes for snow

Charles Lara

Random

The
days
keeping
marching
and
the
mirror
is
brutally
honest
and
dreams
take
the
long
road
and
the
living
keep
living
until
they
arrive
elsewhere...

Charles Lara

Real Mud

Wet
dark
deep
unrelenting
hole
of
haven
sighs
sinking
slowly
loving
more
desires
crucify
the
truth
to
Miles
with
a
trumpet
laced
with
gold
and
ties
of
playing
welcome
lines
of truth
and
moving
music
will
ever
bloom
in
open

light
reflecting
on
real mud...

Charles Lara

Reasonable Insanity

Last Friday Night
in this old house
9 years after it all started for me
back then when I was just
out of the old neighborhood
and into this place
with a back yard and a fence
so far away
from long ago faces
lost inside a faded time
that never did come back
but only in remnants
found upon words
written from memory & night flowers
singing for rain
for all those that remain.
It is the last minutes of the last Friday
in this old house in Oak Park
a place just outside of Chicago
the place where Hemingway found his voice
and where I still seek mine
inside this house that has let me go
so I write or type as many would say
while listening to Zepplin sing out No Quarter
just as I did when fat dreams came in bulk
and living was sitting pretty showing
red red orange sunsets painting photographic skies
of what use to be rented but never did own
Stillness paces from one room to another
the fireplace is off
now waiting for the next owners
to bring it back to burn into those nights
when silver moons turn cold and
dogs forget to howl over the blueline
passing the el by speeding
towards the city just as it happened
9 years ago when I was up and awake
just as I am now on
the last Friday in this house

blowing smoke rings over words
whispering sweet insanities
full of so much reason.

Charles Lara

Red Dago Wine

Red Dago wine
inside an Italian restaurant
called Mategrano's
decorated like a
red red brothel
in the late 80's
and everything
was as sweet
as the red dago wine
in a clear gallon bottle
without a label
smiling at me
for another taste
welcoming my youth that
planned to finally escape
but I couldn't see it
until 15 years later
on the last day of
my 39th year
drinking red Dago wine
typing away on my Apple
remembering those days
as a waiter waiting
for something to happen
without realizing it
had already occurred
just as it is occurring
right now...

Charles Lara

Red Jazz

Red reflections
from songs
by Billie
before the empty stairs.

Another broken heart
won't reach
the flight of Spring.

Early Winter roses
January grass
an open grave
waves back.

Blue blanket
covers electric skies
behind a crimson curtain
Chet Baker continues to play.

Shaded pigmentations
from season into season
the fog begins to lift
and Jazz is what remains.

Charles Lara

Red Sin

The
Red Moon
slept
easy
over
the
garden of eden
waiting
for
the
worms
to
yawn again
before
the
feast
of
love and joy
requesting
just
one
red
red apple
on a stick
in
the
very
last virgin's hole
and
we
all
came
after that
wearing nothing
needing work
licking
laughter
beyond
for one moment

of relapse
becomes
God's penance
for
red
red
sin is infinite

Charles Lara

Rejection

Three Rejections
in 1 day and
I can't understand
how someone
with 1/2 of brain
gets accepted
and I am left out
to lap defeat again

I remember the
first time
I was rejected
I was in 1st grade
and I made
a Valentine card
out of a
brown paper bag
and gave
it to the
prettiest Italian girl
in my class
she looked up
at me and said
I don't take no cards
from someone
who speaks Mexican

Charles Lara

Remember

Silly little boy
how your
bright eyes
sing the moments
that will never
come again
and you make
sure you don't forget them

Charles Lara

Repeal

millions suffer
without
much of less
they are full
of nothing
but hope
to get air
to breath again
to fill it up
like those
before them
and like those
that will come
after them
nobody remembers
what the rich
pay to erase
since this began
what they
do not taste
they will not crave
as what they
do not know
they will not ask

Charles Lara

Resend

it's what i use to be
a long time ago when
all things still had a chance
and thoughts of greater lands
were visible on the horizon
where the nights licked the days away
in a place of no returns

to a love
of madness and insecurities
yet fitting and all the same
of what remains still written
inside old books collecting dust
where nothing is to blame
but innocence of lust

its what made sense
so many lives ago
where poverty looked pretty
and hunger painted youth
across the lines of hands
erupting wine for the many few
waiting to still get there

tonight it all falls into place
like the last piece in a puzzle
and i remember how i got here
before the bottles wash it away
as another day changes its answers again
and my mirror stays out to lunch

Charles Lara

Rings

The cold wall
against my back
made me
hold her tighter
and she
kissed me
softly
slowly
and I
kissed her
back
without ever
turning back
and so we
impaled
each other
with cupid's arrow
and so it was
the beginning
of our pain...

Charles Lara

Roofs

On top of the world
You see
envy
greed
lust
poverty
pain
promises
pleasures
and God is standing right behind you...
Holler over mountains
bother over no regrets
forget the teeming silence
and broken smiles on wine...
no one counts after one
miles and miles of
every where in the same place.
On top of the world
you see
castles on fire
starvation feeding infants
wars with same endings
fools on same shit
rolling off daggers
stepping on loud mines
and God is holding up your mirror
reflecting trees in the soil of now
before weather changes
to once again paint the view
from the roof top of life...

Charles Lara

Sail Away

Away on the
ocean of life
we sailed
without canvass
into the glow
of sunset
we watched
yellows turn
to reds
before the final
set of purple
brought moonlight
and a second wind
carried us
further away
from a place
we would
never see again
and the journey
pressed on for
each one of us
we turned at
our own destiny
and some of us
died soon after
while others of
us still continue
to get up
in the morning
just as we
did 25 years ago
and still we
keep sailing along...

Charles Lara

Saturday Morning

Walking to the store
on a Saturday morning
need to buy some milk
and paper towels.
The streets are covered
with a thin coat of ice
the winds are still
an old woman with a push cart
is beating me to the store
she is gliding like a slap shot.
I continue to walk cautiously
don't want to slip
don't want to fall
the light turns yellow
I don't even think of trying.
I wait for it to turn back
Then I walk walk slowly
the old woman is already in the store.
Inside the store I am greeted by
a young store cashier, her voice is full of energy
she smiles and looks like life has not
fucked with her yet not yet...
I say good morning and head for
the paper good aisle.
A man who is still a stockboy is stocking
cheap single sheet rolls of toilet paper in aisle 5
I pick up a roll of paper towels
it's on sale and I save 34 cents.
I get out of the paper aisle
and run into the old woman
she is well dressed and very short.
I look at her, she looks up at me and smiles
I smile back get a gallon of milk
At the cashier, I pay for my stuff
the cashier asks me if want paper or plastic
I choose plastic and then she smiles and
puts the paper towels inside the plastic bag
I decide I will carry the milk.

Saved

love slapped me
in the face
kicked me
in the balls
and broke a
bottle of Bombay gin
over my head
as the radio played
the dark side of the moon
and so before I could
wipe the gin away
from my eyes I heard
the door slam and
her high heels
fade with every step
as the sun was
happily hanging outside
showing its full face
over a sapphire belly
of lucid skies
while cold drops
of trickling blood
splattered on the floor
and my calico cat
walked up to me
and took a deep breath
and then sighed
before leaping onto
the window sill
to feel the hands of
the summer afternoon
touch her with
sweet tenderness

Charles Lara

Scribbles

sitting on the el
in the early morning
moving out from
the shadows of the city
going home
holding time
like a photograph
waiting to be taken
or empty pages
waiting to be found
under rain catching
rainbows upon stars
sailing off the stillness
of the night
holding love with
those whom feel it
upon a whisper
brushed against by winds
working life to live
in between the dreams
without soft lies
keeps me moving
like an angel on its
way to heaven
not as young
as I remember
spilling over some
but still not too old
as to forget
an open thought
before I reach my stop
and so I write it down

Charles Lara

Shine On Me...

Madness wears
no panties
and birds whisper
when flowers
swim for sin
in mornings which
never ever come down
Don't look
and you won't see
the emperor wear Armani
long live our spleen
Hee -Haw I use to know
a woman who claimed
she once sucked
donkey balls
and everything
we touched was gold

Charles Lara

Sleep

Sleep sleep sleep
deep magnificent sleep
cradles me like
a mother holding
her newborn
for the first time.
I close my eyes and feel
the warm sensation
of precious pure sleep
immortal sleep outside
of a mixed up world.□
Sweet vanilla scent
from dreams of beauty
holding me forever,
brings me everything
I need to stay a
sleep sleep sleep.

Charles Lara

Sleep A Little More

Sloppy Soldiers
welcome in the dawn
of relief and nothing happened
18 and just like it after
the brag is there
in the carved out stone
on onyx and denial
upon a silver tongue
and nowhere abouts
serving calmness
& glory
like little steps
off Loomis street
where we were
strange speaking derelicts
worshipping the same
G0d under a lower wage
of choosen intellect
of morans in the sun.
Apple wine
scented rain under
what we could have been
licking your unbelonging sin
upon happy time
forgotten under sunni-skies
before the laughter erupts
before the silence of once before
requesting what was in store
of remembrance with less support
what will become lean against lost regret...
Piano sags a little more.

Charles Lara

Smile

paradise in heaven
every step is new
while circles scream
from fascinated delights
as deep
as purple sunsets
right on Maui
and time sleeps
again & again
falling but still flying
right into eternity

Charles Lara

Sneeze

Perished Unbaptized
sunk in shit
sunk in solid ice
forever forever
sacrificial fire
similar sufferings
forever a trapped suicide
marooned within wounds
understandable to all
and the all-determining
initial fatal shipwreck

Charles Lara

Soup Can

Back in the days
when I lived
on Taylor Street
across the street
from the wonderful
red brick projects
holding youth
sitting on the rooftop
watching clouds sweep by
the madness that came
from welfare checks
and broken laughs of
sorry worms
blinded by their own
delight of simple ignorance
back in a time when
the only way we fell
was upwards

Charles Lara

Sparks

I'm just standing in the rain
barefoot in pajamas
taking in the night
thinking
of who you used to be
and who I once was
and now a fence
divides us
pulls our hearts apart
and love is forgotten
but still you are at no end
so I sleep sleep sleep
& dream of New Orleans
when youth was around
and sleep was not needed
and I touched you
when it happened

Charles Lara

Starless

Sweet 16th and my stepdaughter
is having a limo
pick her and her
seven closest friends
to drive them into the city
for dinner at a restaurant
where I took a date
almost 20 years earlier.
I can't say I remember the food
but I still to this date
can taste the dessert.
Her friends come in
dressed in jeans and high heels,
their faces struggle to
look like young women
still I could see
a child behind
most of their eyes.
Their hair in near perfection
and small clouds of designer perfumes
grabs my dog's attention.
They pose for pictures
between idle chat
and excited laughter.
I continue to watch
as they walk from
one room to another,
I notice that
they awkwardly walk
like beat up cowboys
getting off a bull or
an injured duck outside
of hunting season.
I wave as they pass by me,
their voices are loud
very very very loud,
and they burp and smack their lips
like grazing herds.
I wait to see if

anyone of them would
show the slightest indication
of femininity like, Audrey Hepburn
or Grace Kelly's gesticulations,
still not one gives a
hint of it, nothing.
More loud over-talking
amongst each other
and the Limo pulls up
to the front of the house
and they trample off like
thoroughbreds out of the gate
and I think how they don't
make them like they used too.

Charles Lara

Strategic Planning

Summer time awaits me
not as gentle as before
yet not so cold
as it will be
30 years from today
when for every step I take now
I will take two if I am lucky
and none if I'm not...

Charles Lara

Summer June

the summer wind came
off the lake and right
into Soldier's Field
and Jerry's hair blew back
and his voice rose and he said
row jimmy row
going to get there I don't know
seems the common way to go...
the multi-colored seats swayed with
notes from his guitar sounding
more alive than ever before
ring bob run
into a broken mirror
yet not your 7 years
of bad luck but
the one who last said
one more miracle...
just a common way to
go going to get there
I don't know...
then shadows followed
the long drawn sun
and we walked on
marshmallow flowers
chasing an escaping
hipcup of youth
and summers swimming
Inside gold colored diamonds
before a strong scent of rain
faded away

Charles Lara

Sunday Noon

Sunday noon
I push out
last night's dinner
as the dog sleeps
on his back.
My son is downstairs
Playing video games
with a friend,
they can't pass
to the next level.
I sit and wait
push and wait
wait and push.
The dog rolls over
and gives out
a long sigh.
I let it go,
finally after two days
I am normal again.
The sound of
the EL train passing
reminds me of the city
and those countless
long forgotten days.
I walk into my bedroom
turn on some classical music
Chopin or someone,
I don't look at my ipod
to see what is playing
or who is playing it.
I lay on my bed
and look out
at the January sky.
There is pigeon shit
on my bay window,
I wonder if the bird
had as rough of
a time as I did.
The clouds are thick

and the sun doesn't
have a chance to
overcome today,
Maybe tomorrow
it will break through...

Charles Lara

Sweet Desire

Sweet desire has
been taken away
and put back
on a shelf
it will be saved
for another lifetime
or another lover
no soft kisses
are left out
for the dreamer
or tight hugs
for the other
infatuation is jammed
inside a bottle and
thrown into an ocean
where it will sink
down to the bottom
until it is swallowed
and never released
between the mermaid
and her sailor

Charles Lara

Take 2

BEFORE THE END OF THE WAR
WHEN EARTH WAS INVADED
BY UNKNOWN FORCES
FROM OUTER LIMITS
SEEN ONLY BY TELESCOPES
ON CLEAR NIGHTS
A LONG TIME AGO
ABOUT 2000 YEARS
AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION
WHEN DAY FELL INTO
THE LAP OF NIGHT
AND LUST LICKED ITSELF
TO SLEEP FROM SIN
NOBODY CARED
ABOUT MONKS ON ETHER
OR PRIESTS ON BOYS
OR POLITICIANS CAUGHT
WITH THEIR HANDS
INSIDE THEMSELVES
OR DEAD CHILDREN
WITH MAD MOTHERS
AND STONE FATHERS
ON CHEAP WHORES
BEFORE THEIR AGONY
APPEARED IN UNSCIENTIFIC
TERMS TOWARDS THE
END OF THE WORLD
WHERE MISSILES AND MIGHT
FROM THE UNITED NATIONS
VANISHED LIKED DANDELIONS
INSIDE THE EYE OF THE STORM
AS CHURCHES TUMBLED
AND MONEY DID NOT BUY OUT
STILL PALLID PEOPLE WEPT
FROM FEAR AND RIGHTEOUSNESS
WHEN SUNSETS BLED BLACKNESS
RIGHT BEFORE GOD STARTED IT
ALL OVER AGAIN

Take Me

take me
like sin on the devil
take me
like fear on my tail
take me
like love on bare bone

take away
worms without apples
take away
Youth captured by death
take away the things
one can't unlearn
take the shit away

take me
in for the night
take me
under warm moons of desires
take me
deep inside a wishing well

Take away
the pity in old balls
take away
sad tits wearing wigs
take away
guilt around a rope
take away the shit
and take me

Charles Lara

Tea

13" - Black and White TV
in the 70's
when everybody else had color
and the brady's were on channel 7
and ABC was getting all the ratings
and they sat around a Television
and watched how the other half lived
Inside a young winter night
eating Ma's homemade rice pudding
seven brothers and sisters
waited unbeknownst
to them that love fades
like the scent of a
night flower
wrapping itself before dawn
before they went off
their different paths
but never forgetting
being touched by Ma's heavens
here in what is called earth

Charles Lara

The First Time Was Not The Last

i was not yet 22
when i walked around
with a bottle of sin
in my long black wool coat
the winter's in Chicago
were very very cold
and i never thought
of going home
instead I wandered
the isolated streets
and went into
dark murky basements
and sat over heating vents
outside of university buildings
drank my posion and
smoked my shit
on those warm blowing vents
taking away the bite of the cold
i had no direction
and i didn't care to find one
because i was warm

Charles Lara

The Hole

The Hole
is
deeper
than
the
sea
and
colder
than
young
death
wearing
a
mini
with
black
heels
impaling
apples
for
a
trick
a
turn
a
run
to
another
song's
end

Charles Lara

The Tail End

I was 3 in the late sixties
and the television blared
in black and white an image
of United States copters brought in
the American coffins
and life turned up a spark
under the voice of society
and a bullet slained a King in the city of Memphis
and a Kennedy making the next step
around a busboy with a gun in the
summer of sixty-eight
and Hendrix was becoming a legend
while Youth of 70 million boomers
painted itself on the canvas of life,
I remember hunger and my old man saying,
"I'll go to the track and double my money and then everything will be all right, "
so my mother would give me carnation powder milk
and spam and the roaches all died of hunger as I watched
Tom and Jerry cartoons made in Hollywood USA
and Generals fornicated with Death
and Mayor Daily only took care of one race
which was not mine...and no where else in the planet saw my injustice
shown like the images off a 12inch television
starring under the darkness
of my fears and emptiness of need
created by sloth without pride
while the Democratic convention spilled onto summer
on Balbo street & Michigan Avenue
and a bunch of old time motherfuckers
wearing badges having
just one purpose to create riot
between two generations meeting
without much but everything expected
then the electricity was cut
and I remember my mother crying
as I stared at the television and waited for more...

Charles Lara

Time Slips

Sentimental journey as days become much richer.
The hip-hop in steps dance with lost shadows.
The bricks are much harder to swallow or pass.

Gone are pages from empty books
that have not yet been written and will never beome written.
The derby is over, the winner dropped dead.

A vein from a vine with a spine curves
with time and everything becomes larger to the fading while
they continue to sing. "When the music is over, no one will wait."

Cartoon Days

Child sitting on a barber's chair with
the elevator music humming and dry suckers waiting to get wet.

Old man set in slow motion, eating speeding film, washing it down with very
cheap gin, waving his dead grandfather's sissors.

Child squirms as barber continues to clip yesterday's hair and the child waits for
the cartoons on television to take him away.

Charles Lara

Toppings

Yellow line
under a
silver dome
touches
the sky
and shades
of black
and purple
torture
licking
flat whipped cream
and
rancid cherries
roll down
soft stairs
of
after words
and
runaway lust
wipes sweet tears
of failed love
while children
play in mud

Charles Lara

Train Ride Home

Wonderful
full lost wonder
of what we use to be
before the cotton mended
into New York Madison sin
of what we really should be
before the peace arrives
with open windows
waving crooked smiles
home from pacing miles
stopping for the rest to
catch up to sounds of Broadway
with magic glee
and COLORED glory
we record the fleeting second
of creativity at its freest point
of no turn backs
like dirty underwear after death
fade away a thought

Charles Lara

Trees

Many Summers Ago
I sat on the roof
with a cold beer and my guitar
and watched the sun set
over the city skyline
as time lick
the fucking thing pink
and lust wore new panties
and love wore none
and I was 22 and free
and wild beyond reason.
And Across the street,
city projects looked as
if they were going to stay forever
as the arrays of music kept everyone awake
at 2 o' clock in the morning
and I smoked a cigarette
and pounded another beer down and
looked at the sears tower
lit up like a volcano giving birth
under a crescent of a moon
and smoke from someone
Bar-Be-Qing
at three'oclock in the morning
while the fire hydrant continued to spill
out the water where children played earlier
inside a utopia without trees

Charles Lara

Under Over

Record the night
as it passes on to
a new day
of never ending
constant fading
sounds of grind
where 10 might as well be
20 because 30 will pass 40
time always sneaks
on by before
anybody notices
where each day went
right after the peek of dawn
runs away with dreams
that still have not happened
but are already approved

Charles Lara

Wait Til Spring

Grey Indigo Skies
Full of languorously
Low hanging clouds
Above a green gelatin lake
Delicately splashing
Hesitant ripples upon
A frozen desolate shore
Where a solitary seagull
feels sharp hunger pains
way deep inside and
Sings for a sign of Spring
Before a humming wind
makes it take off into
the late afternoon
still carrying hunger
awaiting rebirth like
all the rest of us

Charles Lara

Warm Hands

Young Lovers
still unscented
from all others
hold warm hands
while smiling at the skies
full of stars in the
winter night of endless
dreams still positioned
within the center
of the welcoming universe
before they fall
just as all have done
before them
and those that
will follow
so breath in
the moment of first

Charles Lara

What Else

Late at night
when the streets
are dark
and the moon
Is wide awake
I sit in my house
and listen to the roar
of the el passing by
the shadows waiting
for sunrise
so they can
go back to sleep ☐
and dream
of never coming back
but that will not happen
for when the
sun gives way
to the night again
they will be out waving
at the el and counting minutes
until they fade away.
I place my words
as straight
as can be
to let those
that read them
carry out what
might come to them after.
These words laced
by music and sights
and run away love
lost with strawberry youth
that left way too soon
to see collected dust
layering the corners
and furniture that
fill up my house
late at night
when everyone else

sleeps but me
and strands of shadows
listening to the el humming
under a melancholic moon
sitting on a fence
twirling its thumbs
thirsty for some wine
and nothing else...

Charles Lara

Whisper

Whisper in my ear
and tell me something
I already know
just keep on whispering
slowly blowing your
warm sweet breath
inside me so I
may float again
whisper even more
just a little
longer than before
touch me with
your whispers let
your dulcet passion
take me far away
inside your open heart
where I can drink
the nectar of your life

Charles Lara

Who's Counting...

Children never forget
to play games
unless they are
already dead.
While we shrink
with passing years
as time takes
a cold piss on our face.
We head out
before dawn
inside a labyrinth
of 9 to 5 and
beyond the pale conditions
within our minds.
Away past leftover memories
of self-inflicted failures,
gone awry lovers and
hot sex with one hand,
before the standard
paper thin marriage
of convenience within
a white picket fence,
waiting for heroes
that never show up
and after a while
nobody counts

Charles Lara

Who's In

Some of us lost before
the game was even over
like my buddy who took a spill
on his motorcycle in August
and snapped his neck
on a curb off Halsted Street
or my close high school friend
that grew apart with years
before the night when the
Cubs won the division and
his wife decided to
plunged a kitchen knife
into his heart for dramatic effect
then there was Billie
who lived in a tree house
one hot Chicago summer
before he had enough and walked over
to the Ike expressway and leaped
into the path of a speeding semi-truck
didn't have a chance to survive
a bad decision like the neighborhood whore
who at the age of 26 felt it was easier
to place a .357 magnum
in her mouth and pull the trigger
or my grade school acquaintance
who choked on his food because he yelled
at his mother why she served him some more
some of us lost before the game was over
Now let me ask you, are you still in?

Charles Lara

Without Turning Back

Our youth aged like
summer flies tasting autumn
before the first frost
sitting under radiators
and waiting for the
warmth to come
to ward off frozen wings
like plastic smiles caught
in a juvenile photograph
we moved without
much thought to where
we lost each other before
it even started

Charles Lara

Words Collecting Dust

I started writing poems
when I was fifteen years old,
working at a hot dog stand
on Michigan Ave for \$ 5 an hour
feeding state workers
during their lunch time
and feeding the drunks
from the bar next door.
I would take a pencil
and write lines on a pad of paper
between orders from
the hungry and intoxicated.
My boss liked to drink
and snort a line or two
while my co-worker
turned me on to sticky buds.
I forgot about my childhood
as the hookers would come in
all dolled up and innocently painted,
carrying with them
a sweet scent of apples & tangerines
in the early afternoon
right before they went to work
over in Grant park where
a sawbuck would get them humming.
I wrote my words before closing
as the music blared and my boss
drank across the way in
the bar of lost days for its patrons
while my co-worker took deep hits
before cleaning up and closing.
The building on Michigan Ave
has been gutted and million dollar
apartments have pushed away
those drunks, fat poverty
& perfumed whores
Grant Park is silent
& full of cops and flowers but
I still have those words somewhere

my words, words collecting dust

Charles Lara