

Poetry Series

Chuck Audette
- poems -

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Chuck Audette()

Hi! I'm Chuck Audette

Thanks for reading! I always appreciate comments and constructive criticism, so don't be shy! Here in Vermont it's already cold, so I'll warming by the computer and will be sure to read your poetry in return.

A Child's Scientific Religious Experiment

the coin falls
dropped in the well
bouncing off walls
deep to hell

a muffled plumpf

is all to tell

Chuck Audette

A Date With An Anti-War Protester

with Dracula
I've a date tonight
we'll be out late
and get a bite.

such a gentle man -
he gets a chill
whenever he hears
that blood was spilled

Chuck Audette

A Different Kind Of Graffiti Artist

'Truth is Love'
such words were said
as the poet painted
the town
all read

Chuck Audette

A False Truism

They say:

'you snooze, you lose'

and it's said like a truth I should keep

but the uncouth answer I choose

Is at least you don't lose sleep!

Chuck Audette

A Fitting Pun

a fitting pun -
I was misled
the seamstress
was only
sew sew
in bed.

Chuck Audette

A Fleeting Thought

I watched the days
and time
fly by

Sparrows -
their songs too brief

Chuck Audette

A Guy In Trouble At The Speedway

in a dress
I suddenly find
a sea of laughing faces

apparently
I misunderstood
just what a drag race is

Chuck Audette

A Limerick For Erin

There once was a girl named Erin
At whom all the guys would be starin'
She was lean and lithe,
But bad poems she despised.
So I'm fearin' about how I'm farin'

Chuck Audette

A Limerick To Esther Leclerc On Her Birthday

tis the day after St Paddy's Day
and I've a few words to say - if I may?
to a person new-old
with a heart of pure gold
so to Esther a Happy Birthday!

(it was actually on the holiday, so this is truly fated to be a wish belated)

Chuck Audette

A Meteor, Right? (Science Poem?)

if you look up at the sky's dark shore
and see the flash of a meteor,
and instead of fading, it seems more bright
you might soon be dead from a meteorite!

Chuck Audette

A New Year's Resolution

I was plagued by the thought
of the evils of my drinking
so I decided that I ought
to give up on my THINKING!

Chuck Audette

A Recurrent Theme

a recurrent theme
in my life
is how my job
causes such strife

it's not what i want
but it's pretty good
but I'd rather be playing
out in the woods

I'd rather be farming
or sailing the seas
than feeling this air-
conditioned breeze

exploring a cave
or diving a wreck
it'd be worth it
to risk my neck

but is it wiser
that instead I am here
with computer and chair?
or is it just fear?

the older you get
the less you can do
I'd like people I've met
to not say 'who? '

Now it is noon
a chance to bike ride
or kayak or jog
but inside I still hide.

Gotta look like I'm working
gotta put in the time
but my soul has snuck off
and left me here to rhyme.

Chuck Audette

A Relationship, Of Sorts

Love flew in my window
I thought 'whatever for? ! '
in the past it just brought woe
so I showed it to the door

Then in through my window
crawled a thing called Fear
saying 'if you won't chance Love
then I will live right here'

Chuck Audette

A Tall Tale

To the heavens they would rise
my yarns, excuses, alibis.
Such tall tales I could tell
and all constructed very well
I built them grand and I kept them neat
enjoying life in the penthouse suite
so imagine my surprise
when I tripped on one small lie
I bumbled,
I stumbled
and over the edge I tumbled
flailing past my fabled glories
I've fallen now - 100 stories!
hey!
I think at that, a reader laughed
and gave me a nice updraft!
I need another, very fast!
the distance to the truth now halved!
I sense a smile.. and there - a grin!
Thank you! I'm going up again!
Wonderful lady, kindly sir
never more will I err
your mercy I will long remember
Re-elect me this Novembeer!

Chuck Audette

A Thorny Issue - My Prize Roses Were Stolen!

It looks like forced entry
by a criminal hardened -
Where is the sentry
who's guardin' my garden?

He's a retired shepherd
at the bare earth he gawks -
'Sir, it must've occurred
while I was watching the phlox! '

(and, yes, I do feel sheepish about submitting such a bad pun)

Chuck Audette

A Tryptophane Down Memory Lane (Thanksgiving)

while eating thanksgiving dinner
a sense of deja vu stubbornly lasts
fuzzy memories, left-overs frozen in time
of other such re-pasts

Chuck Audette

Adult Adhd

Adult ADHD
has gotten me
too much TV
can't you see?

surfin the web
can't concentrate
I'm at my job
but my brain is late.

chores at home
still not quite done
and I should exercise
but my mind has run

I want to write more
but this is all I can do
losing track
this poem's about who?

Chuck Audette

An October Night (Halloween Poem)

the wind whispers
a wary warning
There was plenty, still
early this morning

These primal urges
are hard to fight
an unholy diet
a dark appetite

The pavement scrapes
with scuttling leaves
I'll pull the drapes
and hope to deceive

The moon suffocates
in ominous clouds
shut off the lights
heart beats too loud

then the neighbor's gate creaks
but its not the the wind
that seeks to feast
on fearing humans

red brake lights
a car crawls by slow
the shadowy shapes
on my dark doorstep know

that the empty window
of my house lies..
the horrible truth
hides deep inside

everything tonight
could have been just dandy
but now the demons have wrath -
Cause I ate all the candy!

Happy Halloween!

p.s.

I love dark humor! Here are some more of my Halloween/dark poems & short ditties:

The Werewolf Rap (Halloween Special)

Coming to my senses...

Gruesome Crime Scene Humor

I'm a Zombie With/out My Coffee

A Date with an Anti-War Protester

I'm behind in my payments on that exorcist service call

Missing Runaway Found

Murdered by a Furniture Maker (from the Chief Investigator)

My Fellow Homicide Detective and I at the Crime Scene

No Escape

Some Skeletons in the Closet are Best Ignored

The Bride of Frankenstein (aka Creating A Woman)

The Fatal Flaw (aka Best Laid Plans)

The Fisherman's Death

The Haunted Cornfield

The Medical Examiner's Love

The Wife Keeps Me on A Short Leash

The Horror in the Pub

Chuck Audette

An Ode To A Modest Poet

Laurels, roses for you abound
and yet you seek the firm of ground
but no thorny truth lies there settled
just honest praise in guise soft-petalled

Chuck Audette

An Ode To Anna Russell, On Her Birthday

here is an ode to Anna Russell
with a wriggly jiggly bum that is really all muscle
and with a mind that is dancing all of the time
she's a tequila mockingbird with a twist of lime

tipsy in her highest heels
Paul Newman yet appeals
an optimist with endless hugs
(except for certain types of bugs)
she'd never live in that little town
and red letters unwanted don't get her down
proud Mom and a hardy Scot
slender dreams and broken heart
blank pages don't cause her fear
she leaves us all with a perfect tear
honest truths written beautifully
many lovers she has - of her poetry
And if you haven't read her stuff
you've been warned - fair enough
get on over, hurry and see
you don't want to be *this* Scot-free

here is an ode to Anna Russell
it was typed in a bit of a hustle
but today is her birthday - age 27
Anna, may your day be a blissful heaven!

Chuck Audette

An Ode To Hot Coffee And Dictionaries

I'd write a long ode
to delishis hot coffee
and admitt, I'm even willing

but I've no yurning
fer a burning
and have trubble with my spilling.

Chuck Audette

An Ode To Motherly Knowledge

As children -
we didn't know why it was
but Mom's favorite answer
was... 'Because! '

And if you asked her why to THAT
the second part, you know
always seemed to be
'Because I said SO! '

Chuck Audette

Another Forgotten

don't know the date
are these bills all late?
can't seem to keep track
my memory's not back
from wherever it went
what'd i do? i repent!

reminders pour in
folks much chagrined
appointments missed
meetings dissed
left the sprinkler on
my keys again gone
my wallet misplaced
but i'll see it someplace

a string on my finger?
does nothing but linger.
wrote on my hand -
didn't help as I planned..
even calls to myself
sadly don't help

so i write real quick
while the words still stick
but it's growing worse
this wretched curse
these amnesia blues
what can i do?
and why and who?
and, uhm..
What the heck...
was I... asking you?

Chuck Audette

At The School Of Sternness

at the School of Sternness
there's a class on 'How to Frown'
Ms. Leech doesn't like me
and called me the class clown

when we did the lesson
on '20 Different Sneers'
I descended into trouble
for laughing down the stares

oh yes, I guess - I could wrinkle my brow
with the best of them
but my eyes would twinkle, somehow
while I sang the funeral hymn

Mr. Jenks says now my glower power
is no longer up to par
he's perplexed, 'cuz my aptitude tests
showed that I could go far

'You could have been director
of a top-notch funeral home
or a Principal scowling angrily
as through the halls you roam! '

But at my poor grades, I just have to laugh
for my heart my bearing mirrors
who cares if I got another F
for too many glaring errors?

after my course on Stern Disapproval
I was whistling in the hall
Mr. Ick demanded my instant removal
and the whole school was appalled

They dragged me to the Dean
who growled 'what's this I'm hearing of? ! '
so I finally just came clean
and told the Dean "I'm in love! "

Chuck Audette

At The Self-Help Seminar (3 Word Haiku)

procrastinators'
underrepresentation
understandable

Chuck Audette

Avoid Falling Up

I reflected on a puddle
as I walked slowly by
that it looked, to me
to be as deep as the sky

Chuck Audette

Beach Cleanup

footprints of sandpipers
were so transient
the sea a sandwiper
where it came and went

Chuck Audette

Bed Choice

test

you like

i want

you like

i want

oh no -

.. we pass

Chuck Audette

Best Bait

the moon floats
on a calm sea
and the fishes
seem to
find it
delicious

Chuck Audette

Brewed Awakening

Black
or with cream
rich delicious scent
spilling upon my dream
awaken
 ahhhh....

Chuck Audette

British Commuters Ask 'Where Is It! ? '

how to get home?

So very rude!

for it seems

someone took the Tube!

Chuck Audette

Broken Keyboard

I dotted my is
and crossed my ts
and now I just need
some apostrophes

Chuck Audette

Card Playing Rookie - Asked To Leave The Casino

'Sure, I've played Texas Hold-em, '
(it was a lie I sat and told-em)
They scowled and dealt two cards to me
I flipped them over so all could see
by the look on their faces I'd done something dumb
with my King and my Ace, and my yelled 'twenty-one'!

Chuck Audette

Celestial Observations

Orion is dancin' across the heavens □
and there's stars in the eyes of the sisters seven
Mars comes courting the Earth tonight
til the moon ends their date with his paternal porch light
The celestial bodies all are acting mighty curious□
There's Love up above, but none of it is Sirius
I blink out the window at the sparkling universe
Excuse me Jupiter, if I dance with Venus first.

Chuck Audette

Cherry Blossom Passing

cotton candy pink confetti
cherry petal carpet
coating clinging everywhere
I wish that I could stop it.

Chuck Audette

Children And Their Sense Of Timing

Mother is counting to ten again
but that is just fine
'cuz I know to go when
she gets to number nine!

Chuck Audette

Child's Sleep Complaint (The Moonlight Serenade)

the moon
seems very loud
tonight
I need a cloud
to put out the light

Chuck Audette

Christopher Columbus' Expensive Dream

I desire a ship
to cross the sea
you say no
it's too coastly

Chuck Audette

Cold Fall Morning

the steam rises
as my dreams slip away
but after a while
this world seems ok
except

only now
do
I remember
my towel

Chuck Audette

Coming To My Senses...

I'll swear I never felt her
in the soft touch of a clover
brush my legs so sweetly
as I look our field over.

I'll claim I haven't heard her
whispering my name
in this lovely hidden meadow
witness to my shame

I'll say that I can't smell her
as the autumn leaves decay
and know not of the bed
where forever she will lay

the grass is always greener
on a certain patch of ground
but I'll claim I haven't seen her
if her body's ever found...

Chuck Audette

Coming Up For Adoption

soon a baby will be in the study
a nursery (and how sweet it looks)
but one issue I find a bit muddy -
where did the wife put my books?

Chuck Audette

Concrete Poem #1: 'soup' (A Tribute To Reinhard Döhl)

soupsoupsoup fly soupsoupsoupsoup
soupsoupsoupsoupsoupsoupsoup
soupsoupsoupsoupsoupsoup
soupsoupsoupsoupsoup

Waiter! there's a fly in my poem

(in the style of Reinhard Döhl's 'Apple'.

Note, final appearance may be due to browser differences - should look like a bowl of soup)

Chuck Audette

Concrete Poem #2: Head On. Does This Commercial Make You Want To Kill Yourself?

If so please consider the following product:

.....
.....
.....
.....tly.....
.....
....On.....
.....ead..Dead.....
....On.....
.....Yo.....ur...Forehead...A.....
.....p.....p.....ly..Directly..to..Yo.....
.....
.....u.....r.....O.....
.....n.....
.....A.....
.....pply..Directly..to.....
.....
.....ead.D.....
.....Apply..Di.....
.
.....For.....
.....ehad..Dead..On...
.....
.....y..Directly.....
...
.....
.....
.....

Available without a prescription at retailers nationwide!

(

Chuck Audette

Concrete Poem #3: A Final Concrete Poem

concreteconcreteconcreteconcreteconcreteconcrete
concreteconcreteconcreteconcreteconcreteconcrete
concreteconcreteJimmy Hoffacreteconcreteconcrete
concreteconcreteconcreteconcreteconcreteconcrete
concreteconcreteconcreteconcreteconcreteconcrete

hmm. I guess my 'ee cummings committing suicide' is also a concrete poem...

Chuck Audette

Coprophagous (A Gross Little Ditty)

Dog, scat!
you're not witty
eating that
is very shitty

Chuck Audette

Cosmic Accident?

the sun and moon
gave birth to the earth
but i wonder today
did they planet that way?

Chuck Audette

Crushing Fatigue

tonight
I am awake
too late
to catch a z
seems a heavy wait

Chuck Audette

Curative Efforts

now

I can't hear
too well, my dear
though you shout
in my ear.

Chuck Audette

Da Vinci Painting The Mona Lisa

he paints on all her clothes,
for she had none all the while -
as in the nude she really posed,
wearing just her smile!

[for Anna Russell,
as my reply to her comment at 'The Scream (explained) ']
(taken with minor alterations (excuse the pun) from 'Well-dressed')
Happy 500th Birthday, La Gioconda!

Chuck Audette

Dark Science With A Light Meter

indulge my observation
while fusion warms the days
counting micro-Einsteins
(sounds funny to say)
with sunlight overhead
my instrument won't play
excuse me, please
but can't you see
you're standing
in my rays?

Chuck Audette

Em-Barking On A New Love

the beech tree
now
wears a tattoo
that says
'I love you'

Chuck Audette

Evolution Poem: An Eye For An Eye

I agree
with Charles D. -
'Tis hard to see
how the eye evolved
continuously.

And why oh why
couldn't we have
a squid's eye?
(it's not so hot
to have a blind spot) .

Just think!
you could read
a poem that stinks
and not even blink.

Chuck Audette

Explanation For Bed Wetting

It seems
the weather-filled rain
has affected my sleep
my river of dreams
was never this deep

my bed is a boat
the floor never drains
crossing the moat
the oars give me pains

my current situation
I think I am hating
my bed is all wet
and for morning I'm wading

Chuck Audette

Fatigue

fatigue conquers me
running its hands along my body
reminding every ache
that it requires its tribute
only my brain and flailing fingers
cells of resistance, a dogged persistence
freedom fighters, fueled by friendly
contributions of caffeinated coffee
my stomach churns in protest
...already sided with the enemy

Chuck Audette

Final Wishes

If I die and they put on a show
with my body, I guess I won't know
but it'll cost a bunch, which I can't abide
just to fill me up with formaldehyde.
Pluck my eyebrows and give me a shave?
Cremate me please, or I'll roll in my grave.

Scatter my ashes from a place way up high
with a strong wind blowing, I'll take to the sky
if somewhere my ex-wife starts to cry
there's really no need to wonder why -
it wasn't that I was such a great a guy
but I've probably just got stuck in her eye.

Chuck Audette

First Dates And Coffee Shops

a heart
black like my coffee
or clouded with cream
or sugary sweet
but not the one of my dreams

this mug is too chipped
or frail
or cracked
styrofoam? !
no thank you, something still lacked

EXTRA GRANDE
with cara-mel de-light
too big for my hand -
something ain't right

scalding hot
and bitter, too
or thinks it's all great
and hasn't a clue

overpriced
underfilled
weak or too strong
no matter the cause
there was still something wrong

I always found grounds
for a need to re-order
and I tried coffee shops
north and south of the border

But it's all been for naught
yet there's no need to grouse
for I've got a thought
I should try the tea house

Free Cat

a loud crash
shocks me from sleep
that damn cat
knocked my stuff in a heap

what to throw
for a lesson to teach
anger just grows
cause my pillow won't reach

with a taunting me-ow
it exits the scene
but alas, no return
to my x-rated dream

I stare at the ceiling
aware of a loss -
my comfy pillow
which I had to toss

so that cold, cold floor
I eye with a glare
and who do you think's
on my pillow, out there?

free cat, anyone? please?

Chuck Audette

Gambling Confession: How I Lost All My Money In The Bar

well, I know what you think
but I bet on a drink
cuz I thought my luck was so hot

and my memory's hazy
I guess it was crazy
for it was quite a long shot!

Chuck Audette

Gruesome Crime Scene Humor

murdered - found in pieces
a puzzle of a case
and, as for the victim
I just can't place her face

Chuck Audette

Haircut Payback

My wife cuts my hair
my hippie days are done
the kitty below my chair
thinks the severed locks are fun

she's a stupid one alright
as my hair upon her falls
does she think she is
the belle of this hair ball?

I smile at a thought
and resist on yelling SCAT
after all, it isn't often
that I
...shed on the cat

Chuck Audette

Hard Lesson

a winter pond, so my love asks
my skating skills up to the task?
just frozen water, so I laugh
sheeted ice, subservient glass
pirouetting knowledge
paid tuition at Nature's college
a hard lesson to you I pass
truth IS a pain in the ass

Chuck Audette

Hire And Fire

some money I was desperately needing
gambling debts paid or I'd soon be bleeding
my bar was already deep in the red
'youse got insurance? ', the mob guy said
'dis dump you could combust
but get an alibi - dat is a must'

Hmm.. 'arsonist' ain't in the phone book -
so around my bar, I took a look
found some hot-headed guy with a thing for crime
but he couldn't start anything on time
He smelled like gas, dressed like a slob
Was always smoking on the job
he demanded up front, all of his cash
then sat around on his ash
always had his face in a cup
his work ethic just burned me up
five nights now with no ignite
I was smoldering mad, it just wasn't right
I finally had to re-cinder the deal
he wasn't a match for the job, I feel

Chuck Audette

His Annual 'Mission' In San Juan Capistrano

a bar
he spots
and he goes
and there are
lots of swallows

Chuck Audette

Honeymoon: Terminally Bound Tourists

wearied, perpetual circling
while the airport glitters below
the lovers smiling
imagining
a more delightful kind of holding pattern

Chuck Audette

I Have To Kill You Now

for clicking on my great and powerful title
and finding nothing here beneath
but a poetry hack with good PR skills
now,
would you like to buy some candy bars for a worthy cause?

Chuck Audette

I Love Yogurt (Song For Danae)

I love yogurt
blueberry, peach or plain
I love yogurt
my folks think I'm insane

I love yogurt
I clean out the whole container
I love yogurt
and this song is just an explainer

I love yogurt
I hang over it like a vulture
I love yogurt
my Dad says that I'm well-cultured

yogurt's so creamy, yogurt's so yummy
I love some yogurt, please, please mummy
yogurt's so sweet, I know I'm a dork,
I'd even eat yogurt with only a fork!

I love yogurt
and I want some - maybe vanilla?
I love yogurt
so much I'd fight baby godzilla,

I love yogurt
how fun to eat it all up
I love yogurt
now none left down in my cup

yogurt's so creamy, can I have some please
I thought this was yogurt, but it's cottage cheese
yogurt, yogurt and yogurt some more
I made you a list, for your trip to the store!

'cuz I love yogurt!
I love yogurt
I love yogurt!

I'M Sorry I Saw Your Boob

'I'm sorry I saw your boob'
that is what I wrote
on the apology
Post-tit note.

Chuck Audette

In A Bind (An Ode To The Wedgie)

I've got a wedgie
Riding up my crack
I'd pull it out
But first must look back.

Alas, there are folks
Down the corridor walking
If I fix it now
They would surely be talking

So into my office
For privacy divine
Is this still a wedgie
Or a freakin' clothesline?

But then my boss pops in
For a long meeting
I had to just grin
While my ass took a beating.

I hope he didn't think
The faces I made
Meant his talk was a stink
Or got my review a poor grade.

What? ! Now I'm fired!
So 'clean out the desk'
First I'll unpack my mess
Before I do the rest.

Yeah, I'll clean out my 'drawers' and -
Wait a second! Where's it gone?
My boxers have vanished
Something is wrong!

So I beg of you
I'm down on my knees
If I just bend over
Will you pull it out please?

Just be careful!
Whatsoever you do
Cause yesterday's pair
Might be in there too!

Chuck Audette

In My Fertile Imagination

in my imagination
the future is so green
in the farming operation
I think I spy
that the corn's picked by
a John Deere Tractor beam

Chuck Audette

It's Easier If You Have A G-Clef Palate

To read music
is so very
cool and also
quite noteworthy

Chuck Audette

Just Desserts And Final Judgement

The end is near
but I've got a clean plate
Nothing to fear
I await my fate

Two gods come soon
to my humble abode -
it's Savior Spoon
and pie Allah mode

ahhh... Heaven!

Chuck Audette

Kindling A New Romance

a solemate is a worthy desire
like an itch that needs a scratch
and of love you'll build a cozy fire
if you can just find your match

Chuck Audette

Lap Of Luxury

I've
a misplaced craving
for my tea
now where has that Darjeeling went?
there on the end table -
just out of reach
despite my every attempt
For I'm pinned in my chair,
apparently
and nothing can end my tormentment
but now this cat on my knee
is purring me
a delicious warm mug of contentment

Chuck Audette

Last Call (Salvation Libations)

sin fast!
it's late
and the holy water
is past
its expiation date

but
for thirstier transgressors
and confessors, more chronic
a tastier dilution -
the absolution vodka tonic!

Your shelf life is eternal
so buy the best one that we sell
with applications all internal
no one's ever gone to hell!

(expiation: the act of purifying of sin; atonement)

(absolution: formal remission of sin, as in the sacrament of penance)

Chuck Audette

Limerick For St. Patrick's Day (Part 1)

If investin' you find a bit troublin'
Here's a rumor that's got folks a-rumblin':
Seems the Irish have a pitch
'Invest in us and get rich!
'Cause our capital is always Dublin! '

Chuck Audette

Limerick For St. Patrick's Day (Part 2)

Twas a swindle! Your moneys all gone!
To an Irishman with leprosy named Sean!
You run to a cop,
who says 'Hold it, just stop!
I don't believe in no leper cons! '

Chuck Audette

Limerick For St. Patrick's Day 2010 - Courtesy

Our manners are in a decline
drivers thought rude all the time
But the truth was revealed
for on my windshield:
a nice note that said 'Parking Fine'

Chuck Audette

Limerick For St. Patrick's Day 2010 - Courtesy2

I was driving to work the day shift
when some guy asks 'Give me a lift? '
I said, 'Sure, I'll try...
You're a smart, handsome guy! '
Now why in the world was he miffed?

Chuck Audette

Limerick For St. Patrick's Day 2010 - The Beer Thief

If for an ale I yearn
think to watch your drink and don't turn
or with your beer I'll abscond
and it'll soon be beyond
the pint of no return!

Chuck Audette

Limerick For St. Patrick's Day 2011 - A History Lesson Of The Irish

The Irish were brave with no fear
'Let's take over the world! ' was their cheer
but that was prevented
when someone invented
a thing that we now know as 'beer'!

Chuck Audette

Limerick For St. Patrick's Day 2011 - Ode To A Crossword Addict

'On this stone we mourn his loss.
He's at peace beneath this moss.
and don't be worried
because he's buried
six down and three across'

Chuck Audette

Limerick For St. Patrick's Day 2011 - Ode To A Lass, Alas

'Erin Go Braugh' I attest
is the Gaelic phrase that's known best;
But I swear it is better
how she's wearing that sweater
as Erin go bra-less.

Chuck Audette

Limerick For St. Patrick's Day 2011 - Philosophy Limerick

Descartes, in a bar, did hear
'Last call, you want a last beer? '
But when put on the spot
he quipped 'I think...not'
and POOF, he just disappeared!

Chuck Audette

Limerick For St. Patrick's Day 2011 - What Do You Mean 'Cubic Zirconia'? !

O'Malley's girlfriend took stock
and went with him to Bangkok
for he gave her a ring
but after their fling
she found out it was just a sham rock.

Chuck Audette

Little Jack Horner's Undercover Identity Blown

little Jack Horner lay at the coroners
in pieces, a puzzle to try
and they put back his thumbs, and sewed on his bum
and said, 'Damn, there goes our mafia spy'

Chuck Audette

Little League Outfielder (Attention Elsewhere)

a ball smacked me
right in the nose!
hit by an unseen swinger

ow! could it be..
you don't suppose...
it broke me poor ol' finger?

Chuck Audette

Lost Mooring

I anchored
a windless night
embraced in a dream
struck by moonlight
soft,
slightly abeam
the stars poured in
my heart poured out
my ship of illusion
I'm now without

Chuck Audette

Mad Cow Disease

an iron-fisted farmer
was found,
drowned in milk
weird prints abound
then to my eyes
I had a whim
that all the cows
...grinned

Chuck Audette

Manic In Love In The Men's Department

I'll stand in style above the aisle□
while she shops and smiles that smile□

Never seeing just how clever
ever frozen I am tethered

My lonely wish to catch her eye
Try, but only I can't, why?

This rigid pose of mine can't miss -
Bliss would be divine - her kiss

Stand here looking at my hand
and see at last that I've been scanned

She's walking toward me, baby please!
These stylin clothes are just my tease!

Oh no! she goes, sowing woe
(though I'm a pro so it won't show)

Why? Every time - to the underwear guy! ?
I think... I'd like to cry....

Him! thrilling, once again!
When will - I - ever win?
In love's 'never' bargain bin
ends this lonely mannequin...

(I tried a weird rhyme scheme - having the first word rhyme with the last in each line and in couplets, and internal rhyme, all of which was really, really hard. Sorry if it's clunky! Oh, well, maybe I'll try a free verse version. - chuck)

Chuck Audette

Message

a blinking light on the phone
a red beating heart
pulsing out an unanswered need
in one second intervals

and I continue to ignore it...

Chuck Audette

Missing Runaway Found

cows lowing from knoll's grassy height
fields glowing in setting sun's light
leaves blowing in west wind's might
rain is owing, maybe comes tonight
crows crowing, and take to flight
weeds growing, this field's poor blight
old man's hoeing, bent and slight
from his hands throwing, in a sudden fright
oh ohing, never seen such a sight
it's my bones, showing, all gleamin and white

* * *

my hair then flowing, to much delight
to a new life going, but a wrong hitchhike
stranger bestowing lonely ride invite
my blood was flowing, but I put up a fight
then my body stowing, shallow grave at this site
years here slowing while the dirt held me tight
my folks woeing, never knew of my plight
soon to be knowing, why I never did write
now my soul can be going, they'll know I loved them alright

* * *

and the old man is toeing a cop's delight
killer's wallet
he lost that night

Chuck Audette

Modern Day Robinson Crusoe

shipwrecked -
my vessel
visible below
where in panic I beached it at this unknown shore

upon a deserted hillside I now sit
above the roar and buffeting winds,
a lone bumble bee politely navigates by
to a nearby nectar port-of-call

the grass softly begs me to lay and visit
when up to my ears an angry horn blasts
I regard again
the sea of cars rolling past
and scour the horizon
await my tow
and return to civilization

Chuck Audette

Mourning Sickness

For an umpteenth time, I fix my tie
glance at the clock and sigh
The memorial service starts at eight
And as always, we'll be late
I yell 'Hon, what are you waiting for? '
and from her side of the bathroom door:
'Tell them I've got mourning sickness'
(I laugh at such a witty quickness)
she opens the door, perplexed somehow
then gives me a smiling hug
says 'therein lies the rub -
it's doubly funny now'

Chuck Audette

Multitalented

popcorn with the left
typing with the right
crunch crunch crunch
don't mind if i mistype

pretty good i daresay
never thought to rhyme this way
a bigger challenge!
my next poem-
i will write
while driving home!

and if i manage that
(without a fatal wreck)
for my final trick
i'll write one during sex!

Chuck Audette

My Dream House

.....a greenhouse
with delicious fresh fruit
sky and flowers
my love sighs
visioning
wallpaper

Chuck Audette

My Fellow Homicide Detective And I At The Crime Scene

lying in the rain
we found a matted head
'who was it? '
I asked
'nobody'
he said

Chuck Audette

My House Was Robbed By A Monkey

So long
- gone!
My classic movie tapes
of King Kong
and Planet of the Apes!

My giant Banana painting!
Shit, that too, he tried to steal.
Seems he slipped while carrying it
and it lost some of its appeal...

Look past the crime scene ribbon
the door was locked, you see.
You can take it for gibbon
'twas picked with a mon-key!

Long distance calls were made
from all of my phones.
The targets, I'm afraid
were Peter Tork and Davey Jones!

He broke my typewriter! Curses!
Oh, that beast had fun in here today.
I see he wrote some verses,
but at least none of Shakespeare's plays!

You know, if I catch that brute
I'll spank that monkey black
I don't care if it's cute
I'll even spank Macaque!

The police?
They don't believe me.
This case they won't be solving.
They say it could just be
that it's me...
(I'm still evolving)

My Plan Is A Smashing Success

Mother's fine china -
a stack of dishes
I couldn't eat with the adults
'twas against her wishes

So I stand at the sink
I will wash her grime
but first, I think
that it's 'break time'

Chuck Audette

Never Bypass A Good Opportunity

things looked bad
on the patient's chart
so the Doctors had
a change of heart

Chuck Audette

Nude Beach Rookie

a nude beach
looks like fun
yet my pale moon
should never see the sun
but to my pleading wife
I gave in at last
and now my life
is a pain in the ass.

Chuck Audette

Ode To A Rotten Banana (A Poem Destined For The Mulch Pile)

oh, fruit of the *Musa acuminata*,
I confess I hardly knew ye
plucked in the green of your life
and possessed of sweet triploidy

my patient ways to wait
as you ripened in my desk drawer
but t'was such an awful fate
when I remembered you no more

Enclosed in the dark, your once green skin
turned a lighter, luscious yellow
alas! if only I had been
a brighter, better fellow

I wasn't there, anymore, to see
you get your first faint freckle
from good to bad metaphorically
as you turned to Hyde from Jekyll

I returned from my week-long vacation
and my co-workers gave a glare
'Spontaneous Generation'
seemed to come from my desk here

but time flies and fruit flies, too
and my prize shall go untasted
tis a mushy goodbye to rotten you
your appeal so sadly wasted.

[With thanks to J. Zaritsky & rc Sorry this one sat around so long (no pun intended)]

Chuck Audette

Ode To 'Citizen Kane' (A Movie Review In Four Lines)

dying memories come in a flood
the love of kane's life, he called 'rosebud';
a name and an ending perhaps instead
to be better described as simply 'miss sled'

Chuck Audette

On Aging... (Just A Few Lines)

Time gives a freckle
I laugh on the spot
but these wrinkles,
well,
I like them - NOT! !

Chuck Audette

On Writing Poems In The Bathroom Stall

writing a poem
while in the john
damn it!
that didn't take long.
* * * * *

Again I hide
to pen a short one
and flushed with pride
I'm already done
* * * * *

thought I would write
while sitting here
but my paper is quite
used up, I fear
* * * * *

the quips that I read
here on these walls
somehow succeed
where my 'effort' falls
* * * * *

this time - no
I don't have to go
(and I do believe
we're both relieved)
* * * * *

(Inspired by the classic, anonymous poem :)

Here I sit, broken-hearted
tried to shit, but only farted

Chuck Audette

Pizza In The Lunchroom

'Pizza in the lunchroom'
she said as she walked by
pizza in the lunchroom?
I had to go and try
ham,
pepperoni,
meatball
and no one knew just why
there was pizza in the lunchroom
but I love free pizza pie.

Free pizza in the lunchroom -
I ate a lot, no lie □
I didn't have no mo' room□
and my stomach cursed my eye□
And now that greasy pizza
has stained my only tie
but when there's pizza in the lunchroom
I ain't exactly shy.

Hey, who eatza all of da free pizza?
Yup, I was that guy
But, oohhh, those enticing slicings
are causing me to cry!
I hope my poem reveals
the truth behind the lie
that 'free pizza in the lunchroom'
means some Tums you'll have to buy

Chuck Audette

Pms Is Mentioned In The Bible

it's a fact that no one's hiding
and I dare ye to go and laugh
but look how that Mary
kept riding Joseph's ass!

Chuck Audette

Poetry Hell

as far as i can tell
there's no thing as heaven or hell
excepting maybe here on earth
where some are given it by birth
Yet where I'm at, I spend my time
writing simple verse with common rhymes
But I shouldn't complain my purgatory
makes for such a boring story
'cause in YOUR hell, I torment
with all the awful poems I've sent!

Chuck Audette

Poisoned To Death

shark soup
is a bit of an 'in dish'
but I confess
I like its fin-ish

Chuck Audette

Queens Over Aces

With women, he hears
a gambler's call
and wishes, sincere
to 'bed it all'

Chuck Audette

Saturday Morning Alarm Clock

my dreams are torn
a sound like jets
my wife lies awake
but I'm not yet.
back into slumber
quiet resets
then again it comes
and again they're wrecked
she's reading her book
while I am still sleeping
each page is a hook
that leaves me seeping
each flip of a page
is a banshee's shriek
a cellulose rage
at her turning technique
the paper cuts
slice my dreams to shreds
all bled out
guess I'll get out of bed

(with apologies to Emily Dickinson - There is no 'frig it! ' like a book being read in bed next to you. Especially when one is, perhaps, a wee bit hungover that morning)

Chuck Audette

Schooner Or Later... (A 'Zen' Limerick)

Admiral Nelson gave a great exhalation
for he found it a peaceful sensation
watching his fleet cruise in
(one way to choose zen)
and his own form of naval contemplation

Chuck Audette

She Sleeps: 1: 53 Am

she sleeps
in our comfy bed, rain drumming a musical massage
while the idea bulbs burn in this distant room
with clocks ticking, keyboard clicking
my parental tucking in around
rhymes and poems and puns
our dog huffily sighs and turns a baleful eye
sleepily squinting out the light
wondering when I'll call it a night
so the squirrel dream can start.

Chuck Audette

Simple Haiku - Earth Day (Three Words)

environmental
unaccountability's
reprehensible

Chuck Audette

Simple Haiku - Myopic Math Skills (Three Words)

illusionary
triskaidekaphobia's
unaccountable

Chuck Audette

Sinusitis (It's All In My Head)

I blow my nose -
a lengthy sonorous vibration
tapering off in a foghorn exhalation
and a moment,
a lapse,
of quiet
chased away by a squeaking release of pressure in my sinuses
which eases off
like a floorboard creaking
as if some heavy figure, perhaps the mythic snot monster of yore
has taken a laboured step
across the hardwoods of my brain,
leaving a book of poems face down by its steaming cup of coffee
and even now is squinting out the window
to see where that rumble came from

Chuck Audette

Some Skeletons In The Closet Are Best Ignored

the bones
you found
in my closet?

My Dear!
that's just
the first deposit

you wear
her wedding ring
and mink

and there's room
for more, there
don't you think?

Chuck Audette

Sour Words

i tried to eat my words
but, shouted, they were hot
saying
i love you
-not

Chuck Audette

Spoonerism Picnic

butterflies
flutter by
while these bees
just nicpic
at our picnic

a delightfully
wasted time
of fruit and cheese
and tasted wine -
but what happened next
made me sick and ill
and to cheese I say "ick", even still
for, you see,
unseen by me,
a bird in the tree
dropped a turd in the brie

(a Spoonerism is the swapping of the first letter(s) of two words, like a form of dyslexia, usu. resulting in nonsense, but sometimes creating new words which can still somehow make sense in the context. I had never seen a Spoonerism Poem which actually made sense, so tried one here. I think I might have four Spoonerisms and one that's close) .

Chuck Audette

Stopping In The Woods On A Snowy Evening (Or, The Road I Should Not Have Taken) (With Apologies To Robert Frost)

Whose woods these are I do not know.
I wish he was here to help me, though;
He will not see me wand'ring here
To curse his woods fill up with snow.

My chosen course was wrong, I fear
Blizzard blows with no house near
Between these woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

My body numb and feels no ache
This shortcut home was some mistake.
My lonely shouts the storm does reap
In roaring wind and heavy flake.

This snowdrift's lovely, soft, and deep
And I pray the Lord my soul to keep
For right here I shall sleep,
Forever here I shall sleep.

Chuck Audette

Swatted - A Sad Tale Of Interspecies Love

i
just a fly
on the ceiling

love you
below
with strongest
feeling

i can't tell
when I'm
upside down

is that a smile
or is that
a frown?

i must
give you
a gentle kiss

and hope
your swatter
will maybe miss

oh me
oh my
too late
to wonder why
'you wouldn't hurt a fly'
was a lie
or incorrectly said
for now I'm nearly dead
'cause you wacked me on the head

ack!
what is that?
dignity in death
I lack

when I am eaten
by your cat...

Chuck Audette

Ten Tiny Paintings

a woman paints
for my wife
the canvas - her nails
art, or still life?

(Poetry in Motion entry, Feb 2006)

Chuck Audette

That Snow Poet (That's No Poet?)

Ahhh, the fresh canvas of new fallen snow
and the promise of beer-bloated bladder
no pencil, but my pen is, well, you know..
(to a true poet, size doesn't matter)

I claim nothing such, but this mighty oak
begs for a sonnet or three
so upon it I plant acorny joke
and spout forth my pee-a-tree

and I saved some ink, too, for the crisp clean ground
and my rhymes were sharp and biting
but my publisher says a deceit they have found
for it was my wife's handwriting!

Chuck Audette

The Bacon Tree

me and Pedro had dees plan
to get around de INS man
so we snuck across de U.S border
but den got lost and out of order
in de desert now for days
de hunger, eet ees maken us craze
den smelt a smell dat was so yummy
we were led to by our tummy
over de top of de dune we see
de most pretty mirage dat ever could be
for, if we are not meestaken
dat's a tree all covered in bacon!
I tink I smell Maple-flavored
and Hickory smoke, oh how I savored
Pedro says, 'dat's Canadian-style! '
but someting bugs me all de while
dees cant be
no bacon tree
we must be going loco
Pedro says 'I geet me some!
and den I find some cocoa'
so down to de tree he so happy runs
when out of de leaf poke ten machine guns
pow pow pow! dey guns attack!
Pedro screams and runs on back
'I'm bleeding! Dey shot at me!
I got one in the tush!
No way ees dat a bacon tree!
eet ees
a HAM bush! '

Chuck Audette

The Bath Thief

I don't care
people stare
and really want to laugh
a mystery
but just me
found in their hot bath

every week
I somehow sneak
into a nice full tub
it's not legit
I should quit
but this addiction I can't scrub

A hot bath thief
I find relief
don't wanna cause no trouble
but since you're here
would you care
to add a few more bubbles?

I have my faults:
(love epsom salts,
splash water on the rug)
but my flaws
are still no cause
for you to pull the plug

nope, can't stay
a clean get-away
the cops think I'm damn lucky
it's funny, but all
that folks recall
is my rubber ducky

and then one night
ooh, candlelight!
wine and some jazzy tunes
when what appears

but a giant rear
and over me it looms

I was trapped
you think it apt
at the bottom I near drowned?
twas a horrible fact
please make no cracks
on how I was surrounded

since that scare
this truth I bare
I've not much muscle power
so now on
baths are foregone
I'll see you in the shower!

Chuck Audette

The Bible Manual To Making Weapons Of Mass Destruction

Nuclear weapons? !
the bible had 'em
so easy for God
to split the Adam

and to build a bomb(shell) ?
in one easy instruction?
(no rib to here tell
twas the Eve of Destruction!)

Then Cain's Able
to create more calamity
and murder's no fable
for the Nuclear family

thence the chain reaction
of moral decay -
and its fallout of hatred, unabated
poisoning us still
to this very day

Chuck Audette

The Bride Of Frankenstein (Aka Creating A Woman)

Life from Death, consigned!
do I dare re-cross this line?
to combine
brains,
with good hair
is that such a scare?
truly, a great pair...
(but the people will stare)

How my name's been maligned, so unfairly
though I know what it's like to be God!
(well, barely)
But as like he,
from Adam to Eve
so I, likewise,
will achieve!

Ah, now arrives the electric storm
to at last enlive this eclectic form!
Nearly time...

So beautifully refined□
a clear sign
of my Intelligent Design
She'll be superior
and smart -
a genuis work of art,
(with some lovely parts!)
But a sudden thought of mine
as with a jolt, I start
to truly be devine
it ought've had a heart,
this Bride of Frankenstein,
and I left it on the cart!

(A belated Halloween poem inspired by a classic horror movie)

The Cannibal Joke Song

A man gets captured by cannibals
every day they poke him with spears
they use his blood to wash down their food
at the end of the week, he's in tears.

He calls the Chief over and says,
'In this cage I've had time for some thinks
and you best just kill me or eat me,
'cause I'm tired of getting stuck for the drinks! '

* * *

Cannibals don't eat divorced women - too bitter
and mother-in-laws - don't agree
and if they dump their girlfriend
they do it behind a tree!

Clowns taste funny and writers cause cramps
Exxon execs give gas
Michael Jackson is the 'other white meat'
and priests are good, served en mass

For a well-balanced meal - try a gymnast
and a thong-wearing woman? So fine!
a cannibal can handily eat one
and floss at the very same time!

Don't boil that priest - he's a Friar!
(you know, cannibals cook with great pride!)
and the classy way to serve nudists
is with dressing on the side.

Billionaires? Yuck! too rich
and their kids are always spoiled
criminals, though, are fun to grill
(make sure that first they've been foiled!)

Taxidermists? too stuffing
But hookers make tasty Whore d'oeuvres
and if a violinist is too stringy

it could be you've struck a nerve

Sailors are too salty
Sprinters just give them the runs
when cannibals have a delicious rump roast
they do nothing butt fight for the buns

a Klan meeting was decimated
the cops found just their hoods
a cannibal was implicated
when he 'passed' one out in the woods

'Wife, I'll be home for dinner'
that's what the cannibal told her
but when he got home, late from the bar
all he got was the cold shoulder

celebrity roasts are such fun
'let me in! ' the cannibals beg
but, just to attend one
would cost an arm and a leg

the man in their boiling pot
threw them all for a loop
he laughed as they added the spices
saying 'I just peed in your soup! '

The cannibal stopped by the funeral home
he needed something to munch
it was a whim, but awaiting him
he found a terrific box lunch

Men cannibals all debate
which part of the woman is best
I can't say what they ate
but it sure ain't the leg or the breast!

Lady cannibals caught a man
it seems he was quite tall
eating him was awfully fun
in fact they were having a ball

The 'self-cannibal' is too 'full of himself'
(it's a diet with many demands)
he always puts his foot in his mouth
and finally, threw up his hands.

You see, he can bite the hand that feeds him
and he can eat his heart right out
But if his eyes are too big for his stomach
He could get a bad case of the gout!

The worst day for the self-cannibal
was when he swallowed his pride
when his lady came to his bed that night
there was nothing for her to ride!

(Charles Audette,2006.)

Warning! Part 2, even more distasteful, is coming soon...

Chuck Audette

The Captain Crushes My Bowspirit

'Go aft, you landlubber!
to read yer durn book! '
he snarled at me
with a stern look

Chuck Audette

The Definition Of Success (A 'Zen' Limerick)

The dictionary was heaven-sent.
Through the words he carefully went
and he finally found zen
and after that, then
learned what enlightenment meant

Chuck Audette

The End Of The Road

The living go whizzing
right on by
dodging the
puddled possum pie

Laugh if you dare
but he had a Goodyear.

He got all he desired
til he found he was tired.

He worked real hard
til he got tarred.

Is he playing dead?
Who knows?
Well, maybe the crows..
It certainly seems
they'll have him come clean.

If he's reincarnated
will he be a grump
if he comes back
as a speed bump?

Chuck Audette

The Fisherman's Death

he'd hooked his last
perch, pickerel and bass
pike and the like
never more, that sudden strike

never again will his body feel
the tug of the pole, the whirl of the reel
lowered down, in a way he's found
a new, uncharted fishing ground
where the worms anxiously await
their final revenge - and he's the bait

Chuck Audette

The Haunted Cornfield

the farmer in this field
always fields a thought
to which he can't yield
a chill he has fought

a kernel of fear
he keeps planted down deep
that something is here
and his soul it will reap

on this dark Hallow's Eve
he furrows his brow
but the thought won't leave
it grows larger somehow

he picks up his pace
sees the lights of his home
something brushes his face
he's no longer alone

his breathing grows hoarse
why did he tempt fate?
he stumbles of course
they're there, no debate

dirt in his eyes
but he gets to his feet
his courage a guise
that is in full retreat

then his willpower cracks
runs, no longer walks
for at his back -
the corn stalks

Chuck Audette

The Hunt For Red October

a ping rings so slight
off our submarine hull
faces go white
this isn't a drill

the skipper regards us
with a look that is hard
says 'Who dared to bring
their damn credit card? '

'Please sir, it's me sir'
I step forward and 'fess
'You fool! ' he hissed
Your payments you've missed! '

'We'll be drowned in high fees
snagged in red tape
we'll never get free
with their new interest rates! '

'Dive deep! ' he commands
'We're in hot water now!
But we'll try to escape
their collections so foul! '

The pinging grows louder
we sweat and we fret
their intent is avowed
to collect on the debt

Then explosions begin
our position looks bleak
Final notices pour in
through thousands of leaks

'that's the end of us lads
we'll sink no more barges
It seems they are dropping
those bloody late charges! '

The Captain eyes me
bills up to his waist
growls 'this wouldn't have happened
if you'd paid with due haste! '

'Pardon me, Sir' I gasp
in our pocket of air
'these aren't my bills □
- that's YOUR name here'

(hope you liked this poetic sub mission, er.. submission!)

Chuck Audette

The Landlord Explains:

to rent again
it is the norm
for you to sign
a release form

Chuck Audette

The Medical Examiner's Love

the medical examiner knew
she wasn't up-to-dating
but this was the woman who
he'd spent his life a-waiting

he knew all the details grim
of her life and her sad death
and when the police caught him
he readily confessed

for he'd taken just a bit
twas not really much of a crime
just her perfect tit
and he talked to it all the time

He read to it the headlines
and they always watched the news
saw movies of all kinds
and talked political views

you might think him shady
but twas just a strange love
for this dead lady
he kept abreast of

Chuck Audette

The Moon Stalker (A Science Poem, Of Sorts)

The moon stalker surges
with twice daily urges
creeps from the deep
watch his spring not the neap
an ocean in motion
so put down that lotion
you're within his reach
as you tan at the beach
he may tickle your toes
but then grows whilst you doze
watch your sun-burned back
for your friend will attack -
Et tu, beware the tides of march...

Chuck Audette

The Moth Joke Song

I told the man
'I think I am...
I think I am a moth'.
He looked me up and down
and quite politely coughed.
And then he laughed and said to me
'watcha tellin me that, for?
can't you see
dat dis here be
just a grocery store?
You need to go to the hospital
dat's were you might belong'
'I know' I said, and scratched my head
'but I saw your light was on! '

I went to see a shrink
he finds my claim fictitious
but secretly, I think
his suit looks quite delicious.
I told him I was a bookworm
earlier in my life
and what happened when I confessed
to the woman who was my wife.
She thought it was the absurdist
thing she'd ever heard
but when I finally left her
I left her without a word

so I had myself committed
but the head doc didn't agree
'you should never have been admitted
this institute is insect-free'
Out across the verdant grounds
I fairly flew, I didn't jog
'cuz one of the patients there
thinks he is a frog

So to another shrink I went
and she gave me a great big smile

and then she called her entomologist friend
and talked to him a while
She said 'lay down on my couch,
and tell me more of this moth biz'
but I can plainly see
she's figuring what my net worth is!

'Honey! ' I woke with a scream
'It was that moth joke song again!
but this time in my dream
at least you weren't a mounting pin'.
'That's good' she says and winks
her beady eyes so sweet
then she rubs me with her eight little legs
and we scurry down the street.

Chuck Audette

The Scream (Explained)

horrified shout
anguished face
she went out
without her wig in place

(inspired by the Munch Painting)

Chuck Audette

The Spam Poem

Spam!

It's always the case -
when the deletes are complete,
e-gads, I have to repeat!

My inbox is brimming -
their pace never fails.

I might not be winning
this e-rase of e-mails!

(Ironically enough, I just recently noticed that PH has deleted my original version of this poem (from 2006) , perhaps because the title originally included typical SPAM phrases. I have reposted with this new title) .

Chuck Audette

The Station Fire

late, on the way home
I saw the engines
the rescues and police
and wondered why

the Station Nightclub last night
a rock concert
with pyrotechnics naturally
all caught on video
as the walls and ceilings flamed
and an orderly exit
becomes desperate under the unreal advance of the flames
suddenly a panicked crush to escape
the darkening interior of hell
the heat and toxic smoke
I can't imagine
the helpless entrapment amongst tightly-packed bodies
immobile and hurt
feeling the flames coming closer
like a hungry demonic beast
dripping saliva of burning plastic
coming to devour its prey
screams of those being taken
hoping to be unconscious
to block out this nightmare
and when it came for me
to already be in a cool place

(Written Feb 21,2003 the day after the Station Nightclub Fire in Rhode Island
which killed 100 people. Submitted Feb.20,2006

May we remember them always.

Chuck Audette

The Tale Of The Missionary And The Cannibals

shhhh.....
.....drumming
they're coming...
and again,
I'm running!

in this leafy bower
I sit and cower
and now
all
is all too still
this steamy jungle
gives a chill

so here I sit in hiding,
deciding
when my fortune
went a-sliding
and thoughts unbidden
find me in this place I'm hidden

(flashback)
It's been a day
running this way..
my pleas of mercy were spurned
they torched my bibles, my cross was burned
I escaped my bonds while their backs were turned...

(flashback even earlier)
It was only three weeks that I'd been preaching
I thought their souls, that I was reaching
until in a moment of weakness
some inviolable bounds were breached
And I had to go to ground
after being inappropriately found
in a missionary position
making holy water
with the chief's daughter
(her own volition, her proposition!)

but a bad condition for a church mission

(back to present)

Arhh!

they're here!

I'll not be taken alive,

I swear!

uhh...

blood running in my eyes

my situation I come to realize

vision slowly clearing

but not dead

from a spearing

hands and feet bound

captured, hanging upside down

side to side I sway

it's all going the wrong way

I remember rather fiercely fighting

before my head was hit

and fled my wits

and day went into nighting

now to the village, I discern

the cheers arise as we return

the chief pokes me like a side of beef

says t'was not my religious beliefs

but his daughter's virtue - I'm a thief

and now

the tribe prescribes a comic relief

a rather gloomy

existence

for my resistance

in my cage I'm red with rage

when they said I'll spend

an eternity's age

as a shrunken head

on a string

what joy my little head

will bring

they guarantee

good care of me
(a red-haired head's
quite a rarity)

the medicine men are in conference
I've got a sense they're very tense
the chief shouts 'spare no expense! '
despite the scale of my offending
this must be the best 'condensing'

to the ruins of my tent
the witch doctor's aide is quickly sent
he returns briskly
with my secret stash of whiskey
seems that this is a fine ingredient
my processing will be more expedient

yes, I think I see...
the medicine men all agree
that some alcohol in me
will facilitate the brain removal
the chief gives his plain approval
my mouth waters at the thought
(twas a fine stock that I brought!)
why not, I can't forestall my fate
I'll die in a more pleasant state

ahhhh.....

hic

I give the chief a wittle wink
say 'Now I'm ready to see the shrink! '
I think they think I'm tickled pink
to be pickled in my own drink

Indeed, now I have no fears...
ha! t'was an affair that got me here!
I see they admire my big ears
and my strong jaw they'll try to keep
the chief's daughter no longer weeps
In fact, I see she smiles

to forever enjoy
as her own little toy
my manly profile

ok, then - die like a man
in death I'll look the best I can
heaven or hell, I can't tell
but an immortality of sorts right here, for me
where eternally they'll get to see
in an honorable place
forever preserved, my handsome face

my sanity is going
my vanity still here
I end my life knowing
at least they like my ears!

but wait!
I find troubling
that big kettle slowly bubbling
maybe harder I should've fought
for I have a last vain thought-
that my body's goin' to pot!

Chuck Audette

The Voyeur

From his dark window,
his view was heaven-sent
he could see across in the apartment below
where she danced a naked torment

Her perfect breasts and shapely ass
as she did each ballet move
in the dark he gave a ragged gasp
and got into his groove

he enjoyed his lucky strokes of fate
for she hadn't pulled the shade just yet
and when she did it was too late
(he'd already gotten the silhouette!)

Chuck Audette

The Werewolf Rap (Halloween Special)

the full moon I greet
and then complete
a transition to a position
that runs on four feet

I'll attack with such speed
fight back, you've no need
lying there, dying there
every part of you bleeds

and then - so sweet
to eat raw meat
mad cow? - somehow
my system defeats

dietary blunders?
cholesterol numbers?
I'm unaware of such cares
as I rip you asunder

Feel that cool Fall air?
Love this full head of hair!
I was loathing my clothing
must've left it somewhere

Fingernails? get real!
these claws are like steel
just stick'em in my victim
and watch as they squeal

my teeth - knife blades
you've no way to evade
one last breath before death
feel your life, as it fades

three nights, such delight
'neath a moon shining bright
I scorned human form
it returns with a fight

and when I now wake
I've such longing, an ache
not arthritis or bursitis
but this life I must fake

such freedom was mine!
now I'm trapped by deadlines
rush to the bus
damn receding hairline

a working wage guy
feeling caged by this lie
hunched, grotesque at my desk
til that moon's again high

a month of torment
in this form I resent
but don't bully or berate me
cause I've got your scent!

Chuck Audette

The Wife Keeps Me On A Short Leash

The moon is full -
I 'd hoped for a meal
but she makes me
stay and heel

She says 'No killing!
You better behave!
My Mother is coming!
You need to go shave! '

Her Mother? Oh dear!
Now SHE's scary, you know
I'm covered in hair
but I've still a shadow!

Chuck Audette

The Young Fire

naked flame, you're dancing higher
tasting life with such desire
but time passes, now to bed
of soft black ashes, pillows red
remembers knowing, it's admired
in embers glowing, now attired

Chuck Audette

These Dog Days Of Summer (Raining Cats And Dogs)

it was raining cat and dogs
Dad stepped out through the door
things got real hairy then
when it began to pour

he tried to get his brellly up
he had to get to work
he dodged a kitten and a pup
and gave a little smirk

But then a clawing Tabby
landed smack dab on his noodle
he pulled it off and away he ran
splashing through the poodles

this constant rain of dog and cat
shows no sign of slowing
and I've heard a rumor that
the pound is overflowing

we hope that soon this rain will paws
so we can fix the roof
a big ol' dog it surely was
who crashed through with a 'woof! '

we mastiff been in shock
so suddenly awoken
my little sister likes to say
our doggie is house-broken

Daddy let us keep him
'cuz it wouldn't go away
but things are looking rather grim
for all the other strays

It let up for a moment
so I went to go climb trees
and caught a kitty falling down
he was a cute Siamese

Momma caught me in the yard
says 'No! We are all set! '
"But Momma! " I plead real hard
"Please, please, just one more pet? "

we've now a house just full of them!
ought I to be more bitter?
cuz it seems the garbage men
got the pick of the litter

These dog days of summer
fur sure have been a mess
in a way, it's been a bummer
but in a way, we're truly blessed
and we won't complain
that the rain, you know,
causes any sorrow
'cuz way up north, a snow of cows
is forecast for tomorrow!

Chuck Audette

They Don'T Go Down Easy, But You Feel Better Afterwords

'It nourishes the soul'
(that is what I've heard)
if, when proven wrong
you can eat your words

Chuck Audette

They'Re Chlorinating My Water

they're chlorinating my water!
the tastiest in the state
they say it isn't them
but the board of health mandate

they're chlorinating my water!
I pleaded with them to wait
to see if the new holding tank
these problems might abate

they're chlorinating my water!
and this poem is just too late
'cause they begin to chlorinate
upon this very date!

so if your water's had a spate
of counts upon it's plate
act fast to mitigate!
to prevent the chlorine fate.

-From one who can relate.

p.s.
And I realize that chlorine
will kill all the microbes, but
won't it do the same thing
to the one's inside my gut?

Chuck Audette

Things To Not Do When Bored

boredom
made me quite irate
so I ate my watch
to demonstrate
I had panache
as a trait

but now
I find
I'm afraid
I can't unwind
and I'm in
a real bind
for how
to 'pass' the time!

Chuck Audette

This Throws Off My Whole Schedule, What Do I Do Until My 10 O'Clock? !

I am a psychokiller
and you -
are out, I see
so, I guess I'll just
wander
maimlessly

Chuck Audette

Threesome

she holds me in a warm embrace
and brings me to a dreamy place
wraps me in a loving grace
all my worries are erased
my wife doesn't mind joining in
the three of us, is that a sin?
now don't get mad at what I've said
(the other woman is my bed)

Chuck Audette

To Esther, Regarding Her One Inch By One Inch Poetry Writing Book

I hope this advice is somewhat sage
for it concerns your one inch page
I'm worried that if you write alot
you'll write so small, t'will look like spots
when writing, your hand will clench in pain
when reading, your eyes will squint and strain
and at night, the trick is to use a better lamp
or you might stick this on an letter as a stamp
If on your bedside table, while you're in dreams so deep
I fret that you'll be able to eat it in your sleep!
Then.. you'll search high and low, in frantic despair
(I bet it could even get lost in your hair)
So Quick! Return it! Don't dare dawdle!
And at least go get the TWO inch model!

Chuck Audette

Too Much Coffee

my work plodding,
my head nodding
need a caffeine break...
This Java's so strong,
it won't be long
til I am wide awake

Now the buzz is kickin,
my heart is tickin
to a groovy latino beat
but then trembling hands,
there's too many bands
the music ain't so neat

can't concentrate,
eyes won't stay straight
brain flipping to and fro
a poem, an email,
biting my nails
don't know quite where to go

A cup of joe
is a dynamo
but can't last forever, you know.
and I'm calming right down
again on the ground
in fact, I'm starting to slow

my work again plodding,
my head again nodding
need another caffeine break...
But I'll kick this habit
my mug, I won't grab it
this fiend I'll just have to shake.

zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

Chuck Audette

Underdressed

a snowstorm leaves
a passing
wintertime belief
the white and dark
of a naked tree
caught in stark relief
yet packed in icy buds
are springtime duds
to clothe a tree's relief

Chuck Audette

Unfortunate Dog Names

John knows that his dog's name
is just a wee bit silly
but he giggles just the same
when he says 'Please pet my Willy'

Sue's got a dog named 'Karma'
and when it mis-behaves
she says it's just 'Bad Karma'
(but good karma on other days?)

Then there's the dog of our new neighbor
we can't help but laugh a lot
whenever she opens her door
and hollers... 'Come Spot! '

Chuck Audette

Water Break

well, maybe
another wrenching story -
her plumber delivered
her baby boy
it breaks my heart, even still
especially the part when she gets the bill.

Chuck Audette

Well-Dressed

she takes off all her clothes
laughing all all the while
and now she strikes a pose
wearing just a smile

Chuck Audette

What A Crappy Thing To Do

The police station toilet!
Someone stole it! It's gone!
and the cops got nothin' to go on!

Chuck Audette

What Am I?

twirl and dance
dare the fire for kisses
white turns brown
gooey and delicious

(Answers to my Inbox)

Chuck Audette

When You'Re Least Expecting...

prior to
our dinner date

she called
and said

she was late
'so hurry up! '
'not like that.'

Chuck Audette

Wisdom Teeth Extraction

had to go to the dentist
'cuz my wisdom teeth were hurtin
He said 'we've got to pull them,
that I know for certain'

The first of the four, an upper
came out easy as you please
it was fully in -
didn't need much expertise

Then over to the lower right
(did i mention all those novacaine pokes?)
The dentist swore, for it was too tight,
and when pulling it, it broke)

'I have to cut and drill you! '
he said with a manic gleam in his eye
there was nothing I could do
but nod and trust this guy

'Close your eyes while I drill'
so began his boring pursuit
I felt a little ill
but he finally freed the root

he closed up the wound
said, 'these stitches will dissolve'
You're half-way done, Dude! '
so I steeled my resolve

Then the right upper
(there are names for these I bet)
he yanked it out so fast
I didn't even sweat.

Then onto number four
way out against my cheek
it turned to quite a chore
I tried hard not to freak

the crackling crunching ceased
It's ended, I thought with awe
then he showed it to me
'it came with a shard of jaw'

Then stitching and he'd done
his attendants placed some gauze
it wasn't very fun
but still I gave applause

I got to keep my teeth
and the bits and pieces, true
but when the toothfairy comes
will there be a bonefairy, too?

Chuck Audette

You

your eyes
your laugh
your skin
your ass
your hair
your breasts
my my yes

Chuck Audette

You'Re Welcome, To A Bilingual Pun

to say 'please' in French
is a test
and it is
merci-less

Chuck Audette