

Poetry Series

Clyde King
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Clyde King(January 8,1952)

I was born at Randolph Air Force base near San Antonio, Texas,1952. My father was a pilot for the Air Force and left a month after I was born and was killed a year later in the "forgotten war" that killed over 55,000 US soldiers plus allies. I was raised by a single mother, who is the finest person I've ever known. She gave me the love for good literature, especially poetry, and William Shakespeare's poems and plays, "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" being among them, and his great sonnets. Sonnet 29 is my favorite. I'm also a visual artist and all of the illustrations with my poems I've produced. Thank you, dear readers, for taking a few minutes in your busy lives, to read mine. I hope you find something valuable in them.



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The Wordy Critic

There once was a fellow called Bri
That tried quite assiduously,
To find others flaws
While flapping his jaws
To proclaim his own prosody.

He imagines himself a poet
And likes to let others know it.
If only he might see
That wit's found in brevity.

Clyde King



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Somehow

Somehow I'm back where I started.
I entered this world with nothing
and I'll damn sure leave it
the same way.

Should I be disappointed?
Have I failed to let my "reach
exceed its grasp? " On this point
I don't know. But I do know that
my death will define my life.

The Bible states that one's death
is more important than one's birth
because at birth you're an unknown
quantity. You have no history,
no meaning yet. All you have is a name.

I wanted so much more from life.
Now that I'm 70 I have the time
to meditate on my sins. I say to hell with
it. Nobody cares and I won't either.

The calamitous days are here.
Life is not getting easier and the
golden years, the halcyon days,
are anything but.

I get little pleasure from them.
I am not satisfied with my days.
I used to ask why. Now I don't
care. I see the candle getting dim,
the wine of life no longer sparkles,
the eye has lost its luster.

Yet somehow I don't give up.

Clyde King

A Love Song

Did you know how
much I loved you?
I loved you from
the moment we met.
We were both thirteen,
knowing everything.
Your girlfriend told me
you liked me. I had
not noticed you until
you walked up to me
and a smile swept
across your lovely face.
Your blue eyes fastened
on my blue eyes forever.
Your blonde hair was
cut in a short pixie,
you wore a navy vest sweater
over a long sleeved white shirt,
a blue, red, white and
pleated plaid skirt.
You wore black patent leather
ballet shoes and short white socks.
It's been nearly sixty years
since then, my dear,
and the memory has
not faded yet.
Nor has my love.

Clyde King

Abide With Me

I am an old man
named after my grandfather
Clyde. It means "strong horse";
Not a bad metaphor. When you've
lived three score and ten,
of course.

How many more years
can I endure?
If I could start over
there'd be some things I'd
change and some I'd
leave alone.

It's moot, just a dream.
I'll vanish one day
like a mist the
wind blows away.

How much time
do I have left?
No one can say.
So, please, abide
with me awhile,
give me your hand,
please stay, please stay.

Clyde King

Re: Transcience And Wabi-Sabi Haikus

Photos capture time.
Art captures the transcience
of all existence.

Wabi-sabi is
the wisdom to see beauty
in the purity of flaws.

Look! Here you are now.
A moment of timelessness.
Do not deny it.

This moment will end,
another moment replaced.
Time never repeats.

Clyde King



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Hey Hey

Hey, hey you!
Let's go down
to the Twist `N Shout.
I'll show you
what it's all about.
Yeah, I'll show you
what it's all about,
and girl, it will
knock you out!

You can't dance? So what?
Who cares anyway.
There's no doubt
ya got a nice butt.

Jus' shake it loose,
it's a cute caboose!
C'mon, c'mon, let's go!
If ya don't, y'all never know
Jus' how much
I loves ya so.

So let's get down
and go to town!
Let's go out
to the twist `n shout
and you'll find out
what it's all about
and you'll let loose
that sexy caboose.

And I'll tell you
that without you,
my life's no use,
my life's no use.

Clyde King

Do God

One night this winter I met a man
who was living on the streets in a dark,
glass strewn alley between two buildings.
I made delivery of food to an outdoor
party that night and they laid a \$9.00
tip on me. Not bad. As I walked back
to my car I noticed a crumpled heap
of dirty blankets and heard a dog's
warning growl. At that, a man threw off
the blankets and we looked at each other.

He hushed his dog and watched me
get in my car. As I got in shame and guilt
washed over me because I had so much
and this man, somewhat younger
than I, had nothing but his dog, clothes,
and a few filthy blankets. He didn't ask me
for anything, just watched me. Not what
I expected from a homeless man which surprised me.

Unlike the poor street beggars that perch
on many corners in Tampa, this man had a quiet
dignity and he kept his dog from attacking me.
I walked back to him, gave him my tip and said,
'May God bless you.' He may have had a speech
impairment, because he strained to say to me:
'Do God, do good, do God.' You know, he was right
about that. I think about him often.

Clyde King

Dna

What a farce this life is!
The happenstance of our birth,
the random, accidental chain
of events that produced us...
I mean, how'd we get here?

I had my DNA researched
back to the first cause of it all.
Come to find out that there
had to be over eight million
couplings just to make me.
They traced my roots all the way down
to Adam and Eve.

I'm descended from the first
human pair so that means
that everyone comes from
the same mom and dad.
That blows my mind!

A perfect definition of
order in chaos. We are
all cousins, over eight million
removed. All of us are
related and all of us
are created.

Who started this taco stand?
I think you know.

Clyde King

Feelin' Mellow

I'm feelin' very mellow tonight.
As 'mellow as a cello' in fact.
As mellow as the Dead,
Jerry Garcia singing 'Ripple, '
which, I might add, was a staple
beverage when I was a teen.

Had a good day, which is
not the norm. I usually wake
about mid morning, hungry,
thirsty, and sulky. And

a little anxious about life
in general. In general, if I had
my 'druthers, I'd 'druther be
sitting under a beach cabana
with two pina coladas, one in each hand.

Thank you Garth. You've given
me an idea. Sometimes I don't
know what to think, say, or do. I
want to read more Dostoevsky,
Hemingway, and Murakami.

So, I let things happen
as they will and I'm glad
about that. What a bitch
it would be otherwise, right?

Clyde King

Can't You See?

Can't you see?
You are a person
You are real
You matter to me
You are always here
You are-I am
Cast out into life
Eyes wide, mouth open
Inhaling, exhaling
Screaming, crying,
Shrieking, sighing,
Take me as I am
Just so, no strings,
No puppet master,
No blind disaster,
No expectations,
No exhilarations,
Only me
And you
Now it's only me



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Clyde King

Waffle House

No vacation is complete
until you've had a Waffle House treat.

If you're craving comfort food,
the food there is pretty darn good.

The entire staff cooks there.
Each one does a special fare.

Go there if you're in the pits.
There's nothing like the cheese and grits.

There sausage gravy poured on toast
is enough to make you boast

Along with your eggs and stake.
It's all good, make no mistake.

Oh Waffle House,
I used to call you Awful House!

But I've really changed my tune.
You're my favorite greasy spoon.

Your basic, tasty, simple cuisine
may be the best I've ever seen.

For those that have time to waste,
try the Waffle House, give it a taste.

Clyde King

Oblivions

The night falls in whispers
so quietly you don't notice it.
Old Sol lays his sleepy head
down below the horizon.
A full moon smiles it's silver
light upon slumbering creatures.
Your life has passed another milestone
in its diurnal journey.
When you were an infant your
mother taught you to suck her breast milk.
Now your life is being sucked away
so slowly that you hardly notice that too.
But one day you wake up and realize that
your life has only been a day's journey
to an unknown destiny.
If you're lucky, you will appreciate
the small oblivion's along the way.

Clyde King



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The Heartbreak

Possum Charlie got himself
a shave, a haircut, and a
splash of Old Spice today.

Possum Charlie bought himself
new overalls, a plaid shirt, and
new work shoes today.

Possum Charlie is going to
see his girlfriend, Lizbeth Ann,
who lives across town, to ask
her to marry him today.

What Possum Charlie doesn't know
is that Lizbeth Ann loves another
man.

She was his whole world. Now he's
heartbroken. Now he knows what it's
like to be betrayed-today.

Clyde King

Four Senryu Poems

Accept your true fears
if you want to destroy them.
What you resist persists.

You are not a part
of nothing-you are truly
a child of God.

If you reduce me
to something less than human
you are not human.

Life will challenge you.
Don't give up too easily.
Surrender when you must.

Clyde King



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Three Senryu Poems

Thoughtless awareness
can be achieved if you stop
thinking about it.

You forgive me-why?
Why not? I'm just as stupid
as you are, you dolt!

Important to know-
Will you be your real self
or somebody else?

Clyde King



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The Suicide

Harry bought me a .38 revolver.
I got afraid of being home alone while
he was on the road truck driving.
Getting me a gun was a premonition.

You see, I suffered from manic/depression,
or type one bipolar mental illness, since
I was a teenager. When I was manic I could
do anything. I could fly up to the sky, see the world
so clearly, grasp the secrets to life, be as one
with the universe. Christ! I knew everything!

But when the depression hits me
after the mania, all I want to do
is die to stop this pain.

Anyways, I'm bipolar 'cause as a kid
I was raped by my uncle and a stepbrother
and my mom and dad didn't stop it.
Now that same uncle is going to rape
me again while Harry is away!

Harry is a simple bastard.
All he knows are trucks and driving
them. He doesn't know me though.
Thank God, Harry's home now!

You see, I've tried to kill myself
twice with pills. Harry knew this,
so why did he put a gun in my hand?
Got it now, do you?

Back to the gun. Harry buys me
a deadly weapon to protect myself
with, right? What do you think he
wanted me to do with it?

So, I gave him what he wanted.
I got the .38 and my favorite

blanket and went into the shower,
sat down, and waited for Harry
to come in and stop me,
but he never did, never said a word.

There was no lock on the door,
no knock either.
He could have called 911, he could
have stopped me but he DIDN'T.

So I put the gun in my mouth.
The rest is silence.

Clyde King

Where Is That Dog?

Where is that dog?
He could roll off a log.

He never had a care,
Never worried 'bout his hair.

He'd follow me every day,
Then he'd just walk away.

I miss him for sure.
He got to my core.

He was just a cur,
What happened to his fur?

Where is he now?
Can you hear his bow-wow?

He's a rolling stone,
Always on his own.

He taught me how
to wait, and now

He's gone. Why did he
leave me?

Where ever he is
I hope that there's

A place for him to
eat, sleep, and poo.

Clyde King

A Psalm

Angels are God's messengers
Be aware of their presence
Call Him in your moment of need
Do not neglect the Spirit
Even the wicked pray
Forget not the perfect law
Go forth and do the work
Have faith in Him
Invite God into your heart
Jesus Christ is His only begotten son
Keep the law of love
Love the true God, Jehovah
Make peace with Him
Never neglect gratitude
Open your heart wide
Pray fervently
Quicken to obey
Realize that God is near you
Search for Him now
Tell others about Him
Untie yourself from this world
Vivify your mind
Wait for Him in stillness
'Xamine your own heart
You can become a child of God
Zion is God's Kingdom

Clyde King

Even A Worm Will Turn

My mother would tell me that
it's "better to light a candle
than to curse the darkness."

But what if you haven't got a
candle or something to light it with?
What then? Curse it or accept it?

You learn to fight or you learn
to accept what you can't affect.
You learn to build walls to protect yourself.

Or you learn to tear down the walls
of your limitations. Your greatest
challenges don't come from life,

they come from yourself and next other
people, so be wary, pay attention,
or people and situations will

drag you back into the bucket of
crabs as you try to crawl up and out.
Even a worm will turn.

Clyde King

The Moonshiner

I been a moonshiner all my life,
never had time to take a wife.

I got 4 kids in 3 counties.
On my head John Law gots a bounty.

If they catch me I'm dead.
That's why I stay ahead

by living in these hollers
making them greenback dollars.

Making them greenback dollars
keeps me on the run.
I could get shot so
I don't carry a gun.

A gun's just an excuse
to turn those dogs loose.

When I get lonesome I call
My little Susie-she's a doll.

She's got long brown hair,
about her bow legs I don't care.

When she holds me tight
everything is alright.

With a taste of my shine
I feel just fine.

That old copper still
is hid deep in these hills.

Those revenueurs are blind.
My still they won't find.

If I ever get found

they'll put me in the ground.

Brother, when I go,
tell Susie I love her so.

Take a sip of this shine.
It's better than wine.

Making them greenback dollars
keeps me on the run.
I could get shot so
I don't carry a gun.

Clyde King

Black Rain

Like lead bullets the rain
beats on the roof. I stare at
the ceaseless spinning of
the metronomic ceiling fan blades.
The swooshing sound is almost a
sibilant whisper telling me that life
has no meaning without you. Your
features are fading from memory.
I no longer hear your voice, smell
your perfume or feel your warm,
moist body next to mine. Why do we
love that which can be taken
from us? My soul cries out, tormented,
haunted. The sinews in my heart
writhe painfully. I'm conscious and
you are not. I must let your spirit
depart from me, I must accept
that you are gone, I must accept
the eventuality we all go through,
I must accept the often endless
ebb and flow, impermanence,
ephemeral and transience of life.

Clyde King

Tree Top Flyer

They call me the tree top flyer
'cause I don't go no higher.
I smuggle guns, people, and drugs everyday.
They'll never catch me, damn the DEA.

In Vietnam I flew spotter planes
but I was grounded when it rained.
When I got up there in the cool air
I had no worries, I didn't care.

But you got to fly low and fast
so the NVA won't kill your ass.
When I got home couldn't get a job,
so I bought an airplane and started to rob

the rich of their cash by smuggling dope.
Being hunted is a hard way to cope.
I fly the canyons when the sun goes down
and set my plane on some hidden ground.

I'm the tree top flyer you bet.
A better pilot you've never met.
Thanks to Vietnam I got a trade.
I ain't once ever been afraid

of cops, federales or the DEA
'cause they never see me so they say:
He's the tree top flyer, he's a ghost.
We'll get him so let him boast.

We'll shoot him down
or get him on the ground.
There's a price on his head,
alive or dead.

He knows in the end
he hasn't got a friend.

Two Tankas On Acceptance

If you can't accept what is,
Then you learn to accept change
and accept that nothing ever
becomes a constant attachment.

Ask yourself if you can be happier
by clinging to the past or the future
and ignoring the present situation.

Clyde King



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My Uncle Joe

Uncle Joe, you old drunk,
I miss you. When I was a boy
you'd take me fishing on the
Potomac River. You'd get a pint
of Four Roses rot gut, drink your
self into a jolly stupor, and regale
me with stories about your brother,
my father, Jack King, and my mom
whom you called "Betty Boop";

You got cancer in your right
shoulder. The surgeons cut off,
not only your arm, but your entire
shoulder, including the blade.
After that we called you the "one
armed bandit, "-if it bothered you
you never showed it.

With almost half your upper
body gone, you looked like
one of those blown up punching
clowns, weighted at the bottom,
weaving to and fro with every
punch life gave you.

My cousin David and I used to pal
around and get into mischief often.
It was a synergistic relationship.
When you were drunk you were
always an easy touch for a few bucks.

Uncle Joe, you had a little song
you'd sing about David:
"David King, king of the Jews,
he'd shit in your pocket
and piss in your shoes! "

You'd call me Mikey
but with a southern drawl

that drew out the "i"
into a short "a."

I miss you, you old drunk.

Clyde King

Three Tankas On Consciousness

For it is important
that people
should stay awake,
be conscious of their
own consciousness,
and not amplify unconsciousness.

Unconsciousness is
not a virtue because
it is determined
by one's ego, thus the
egoic form is unaware too.

The ego can be a
monster when we give
it energy to enthrall
our minds and split us
from our innate humanity.

Clyde King



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An Homage To William Stafford

William Stafford, you
are a true stoic.
You are not a loud,
pretentious, verbose
boor of a poet.

You never used fifty cent
words when ten cent ones
would do. You looked at things
clearly, too: yourself, your family,
your tribe, other people,
animals, objects, and thoughts.

It was your thoughts on thoughts
that fascinated, amazed me.
Your consciousness of your own thinking
and your examinations of the
ordinary events in life were
magnified for me. You came
to terms with the things
you understood, and when you
couldn't, you said so
plainly, honestly.

I love your poem 'A Ritual
to Read to Each Other, '
evoking your indigenous
inheritances. Your last stanza
sums it all up: 'For it is important
that awake people be awake...
the signals we give-yes or no or maybe
should be clear: the darkness around us is deep.'

Requiescat in pace, Mr. Stafford.

Clyde King

I Found You

When I hit rock bottom
I kept on diggin'
Guess what I found?
Hey! I'm not kiddin'

I found you
I found you

I came into this world
All alone
Now I reckon
I can't call home
But
I found you
I found you

You showed me
How to love you
When I gave it all
You gave it all back
Nobody I know
Has ever done that
You pulled me up
When I was down
You fixed me up
Now I'm goin' to town
You taught me about
The facts of life
It's too damn bad
You're somebody's wife
Now that

I've found you
I've found you

Clyde King

Get Out Of My Life

The blues, the blues,
Yeah I got them blues
You got me in your grip
Can't give you the slip

You stole my heart
I want it back
You don't do me right
When you leave this shack

I hang my head and cry
While you run around
To get yourself high
Before you come to ground

When you go and leave me
I feel so all alone
Even when you're with me
You hurt me to the bone

I think about the early days
When you was just a kid
Now you're all grown up
My God how you have slid

You started using cocaine
Then to smoking crack
It won't be long
Until you're using smack

The blues, the blues,
Yeah I got the blues

I need `nother shot of gin
Maybe that will calm me
You think I'm just a fool
But you'll fall, wait and see

That gin bottle is empty

What am I gonna do?
Think I'll roll a joint,
Lay down, take off my shoes

Put on some B. B. King
Let him tell me how he feels
When he picks on that guitar
That he calls Lucille

I hope you kill yourself
And get out of my life
I just can't believe
How I betrayed my wife

The blues, the blues,
You got me in your grip
Yeah I got the blues
Just can't give you the slip

Clyde King

A Sunny Day

The day is sunny
so let us go together
to the beach and let us stay
until the sun sets and
the birds have gone asleep.

The moon watches us
in each other's arms
as we move beyond thought
into a world of feelings and
transcend our earthly figures.

You look into my soul
and see only ghostly
phantoms muttering
empty words and curses
that nobody has ever
uttered before.

Clyde King



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Three More Short Stories

Four robins came to visit
me today and they found
a bird feeder full of seeds
just waiting for these guests
to enjoy a splendid feast.

Mickey and Daisy,
My male and female cats,
seem to delight in
agitating each other
for the fun of it.

My little terrier
Brooklyn may look timid,
but she has the heart
and fighting spirit of a
mean junkyard dog.

Clyde King



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Three Short Stories

Today is a bitter cold day
in Florida but you always warm
my heart when I remember
your kisses and ardent embraces.

You are a big tree
planted by the water
where your roots dig deeply
into the earth and now,
I call you, not your name,
but Alon.

The persimmon tree buds
early this Spring so maybe
we'll have sweet persimmons
instead of those sour pickles
that pucker your lips.

Clyde King



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The Art Of Watercolor

A skillfully painted watercolor is a beautiful experience to see. The light captured, frozen in that moment, Defines the art and artist.

Every transparent watercolor awakens forever your mind,
glows into your memories,
hallows this ephemeral and transitory

interval between birth and death.
Just as the dawn slides in on its rosy fingers,
kaleidoscope's its phenomenal colors across the landscape,
lovingly caressing your senses,
Mixing the now with your existence.

No medium can compare to
opening the mind and to
pouring out the detritus inured,
quickenning the spirit's impression,

restoring the heart, soul, mind, and making all
senses breathe in the spirit of life,
telling you that there is a world
under this where beauty lives on forever.

Visually, poetry is watercolor.
Watercolor is poetry.

Clyde King

He Is Dead

It's true, he is dead.
He lived as he wanted to.
He didn't care about convention.
His life was an invention
of dreams and intention.

He loved to paint
figurations and abstractions.
It's true, he is dead.

He lived with the conviction
that to live fully one must
accept life's contradictions
and damn it's limitations.
It's true, he is dead.

Clyde King



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The Killer

"About that dead man's body that you found in the car, in your own words, describe the scene. Tell me everything that you remember from that moment."

"Goddamn awful it was! His face looked like insects had stung it, just like he had kicked over a beehive and laid his face in it. Maggots were all over it. Never have I seen nothing like it. Oh god, it was awful."

"Perhaps you can recall any quirks, that is, peculiarities? "
"Right, well, strangest thing, there was spiders, hundreds, big ones too, crawling from his eyes and Under his tongue in a very strange way. You understand why I'm so upset? "

"Xander, Mr. Xander, you are the killer! Only the killer would zero in on such undisclosed details! Arrest him! "

Clyde King

Three Haikus On Painting

The art in painting
is a divine gift from God.
Give it all your love.

Watercolors are
a splash of light with colors.
See, a yellow sunset.

Stand back and look at
your painting often to see
what others can't see.

Clyde King



Eddie King

He was murdered
the detective said.
Eddie King was
discovered shot dead.

Why would anyone
do this terrible thing
to my friend Eddie King?

He was crude,
proud and arrogant,
yet a charming dude.
Once the charm wore off

his hubris came out.
You would see his real self,
a loathsome lout.
He had many foes,

very few friends,
and many, many debts.
He owed nearly everyone
by making bad bets.

He bet on everything,
even his life.
"I'm glad he's gone, "
sighed the relieved wife.

The late Eddie King
paid the full price
for the way he lived.
Now he's on ice.

So let's have a toast
and raise our beers
and say our farewells
along with our cheers.

To the untimely passing
of our friend Eddie King.
We'll cremate his body
and be glad of one thing:

He's dead and gone
and won't be borrowing
anymore of our dough,
the late Eddie King.

Clyde King

Depression Is A Tyrant

Sorrow is my only companion. Depression is my enemy.
Depression has found me again and it has made me its thrall.
The only permanent thing in this life is change. Everything,
including life, is transient, a breath, an exhalation, a vanity.
Most of my friends have forgotten me as if I never existed.
But I will endure these lonely days and nights. almost unbearable.
I must learn to accept this forced solitude, this prison, this life in hell.
Silence speaks to me. It tells me to be still and wait for you to
leave. And you will in time. I know that. You've been creeping up
on me, like a dark shadow. Now you've swallowed me down
into your hole of emptiness. Should I surrender to you, you demon?
Maybe I will let you have your way with me. Maybe then you will leave me.
Sleep is the only friend I have now. But even then you intrude and wake
me with your lies. I will let you have me. I will surrender to you.
Do what you will. Take me in your arms and embrace me. You can't kill me.
I know this because you've visited me before. I accept the despair, cruelty,
hopelessness, sadness, desolations of your kiss, you Judas. You exist to torture
my soul. You exist to render me helpless. Then take me. By surrendering
to you I will escape you in time. But that seems so far away, yet you will
leave me as you have before; I won't regret it.

Clyde King

Be A Human Being

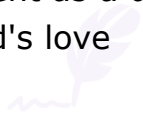
Be swift about hearing
Be slow to speak
Be silent with the arrogant
Be patient with the ignorant

Be humble when forgiving
Be slow to anger
Be generous to the needy
Beware of the greedy

Be conscious of your conscience
Because it is your compass
Be still when confronted
Be grateful not discontented

Be kind to yourself
Be cautious with others
Be innocent as a dove
Be in God's love

Clyde King



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You Can Tell

You can tell
I'm a real man.
Look at my hands.
They're calloused and tough
Like me they can be
Gentle and rough.

I'm a real man.
Look at my face.
Everything's in its place.
The deep creases tell
That I've gone through hell.

You can tell
I'm a real man.
I love and I give
To all those that live,
The smart and the dumb,
The rich and the bum.

You can tell
By my voice's tone.
It comes from my bones.
My diction is clear,
My word's sincere.

You can tell
When I hold you
And embrace you
And I kiss you
I'm a real man.

Clyde King

Let Us...

This life is but a game
But it's hard to say it's name

It's one we all must play
Or we will rue the day

The dogs of war are loosed
Evil is killing the host

Our home is becoming a dump
It cries for help, it slumps

We cannot go to sleep
The risks run far too deep

Our lives are threatened too
So there is much to do

Thus let us pray: "Let your Kingdom come,
On the earth let your will be done."
-Matthew 6: 9,10

Clyde King

Let Your Kingdom Come

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Clyde King

Dead Man Walking

'Dead man walking! '
Announces the guard
As the condemned man
Is led to his execution
In the prison's gas chamber

In a week they'll be
Saying that about me. I'm
Scheduled to die for
A crime I did not do.
They found me guilty
Of killing my sixteen year
Old girlfriend when I
Caught her with another man.

We were engaged but
I caught her cheating on me.
So the jury saw a motive
For my killing her.
She was pregnant with
Our baby then. The jury
Convicted me on circumstantial
Evidence that it was a crime
Of passion. I loved her, I'd never
Hurt her. I was eighteen
At the time and that's how long
I've been rotting in here.

My attorney has spent all my appeals.
Now he's trying to get a stay
Because the evidence is flimsy.
But I don't care now. I don't want to die
But I'd rather be dead than spend
Another day in a six by eight foot
Hamster cage.
This is not living, it's existing,
I guess you could say it's an
Existential dilemma. Escaping
A meaningless life by killing

Yourself is the coward's way.

My name is Cyrus James,
Named after my grandfather.
The guards and my friends call
Me Cy.

I hear that lethal injections are
Painless. I want to feel pain
Right up to my last breath. I want to feel
Something until the last moment.
My first week here, before I was
Put on death row, I was gang raped
In the showers. It wasn't about sex.
It was about the power such men
Had over you, that they could do it
Almost any time they wanted to.
I didn't rat them out, kept my mouth
Shut and took it like a man. They left me
Alone after I was put in solitary
Confinement and could shower alone.

My best friend Tommy got his ticket
Punched a month ago. I miss him.
We talked about everything.
And he taught me to read and write.
Now I wish I could read but the guards
Took away my books. I think
They hated me because I was more
Educated than they were. It doesn't matter now.
I remember much and could recite poems and
Prose from memory. They could not
Take away my freedom to choose
My attitudes and reactions to their brutality.

Texas law doesn't play when you're
Convicted of capital murder. They
Don't give a damn if you may be innocent.
When it's time to take that walk, I hope
My legs won't buckle and my knees
Get weak. I especially don't want to piss myself.

Soon I'll hear 'Dead man walking.'
Not much of a send off. My fellow inmates
Might sing hymns or beat on the bars.
They'll say 'Farewell Cy, we were glad
To know you.' And I'll reply 'Keep your
Sunny side up always.'
Who knows what dreams may come.

Clyde King

Two Men Texting

-Master what do you think about this any ideas?

-Yes add more shadows to the tractors hood and tires

-How dark and what colors?

-On a scale of 1-10 make them 7-8 don't use black mix raw umber and ultramarine blue to get a dark warm bluish gray then dry the hell out of it got it?

-Got it what would you do with the background?

-Grasshopper take a big shot of whiskey wait a minute stand back 10 feet and LOOK at it to get the BIG picture you'll figure it out

-Master I been working out and getting sexy lol!

-What are you doing?

-I do 1 sit-up a day when I wake up I sit-up in bed lift up a beer with both hands all day long at night I sit back down on the bed works for me lol

-You the man grasshopper!

-Yes I am grasshopper out

Envy Not The Living

Envy not the living
Envy the dead
For there is no more giving
But deep sleep instead

The dead have paid the price
For their being alive
Down they now have lain
No more do they strive

The dead know nothing
Their hates and loves are gone
They have ceased their loathing
Of those that did them wrong

They slumber in dreamless sleep
They await their resurrection
For Jehovah's love is deep
Through Jesus' loving ransom

He will call them from the tomb
Each one He knows by name
Sheol will give up its dead
To free them from sin's blame
John 5: 28,29; Romans 6: 23; Ecclesiastes 9: 5,6

Clyde King

Tic Toc

So you think
you can beat the clock?

Tic toc

Two seconds have
just gone by.

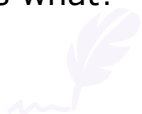
Tic toc

Four seconds
zoomed by!

Tic toc

I'll bet you didn't
even notice it.
But guess what?

Tic toc



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You have just wasted
about ten or fifteen seconds
of your precious life
by reading this.

Tic toc

Clyde King

Do You Remember?

Do you remember
the last time we made love?
I do.
You cried.
I lied.
"You're not worth it,
you're just not worth it."

You said nothing.
I walked out.
That was the last
time I ever touched you.

Two years later
I got a job
as a landscaper
at your apartment complex.
You came out with
a little white poodle
walking toward me.

I turned away.
You kept on walking.
You were the best
I ever seen and
the best I ever had.

I let you go.
I let myself go.

Clyde King

Life's Dirt

Life's dirt sticks to all.
No one gets away clean.
Know what I mean?
We are born into
chaos and suffering.
Who can deny these things?
When puny humans such
as Lenin, Hitler, Mao,
and Stalin can murder millions
with impunity they serve
a god of cruelty, and so do
their minions, or anyone
like them. Men can become
monsters and why?
It all began with this lie...
"And you will become
like God...you will not die."
-Genesis 3: 4,5.

Clyde King



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Hans Koenig

My name is Hans Koenig. I was a prison guard at Mauthausen. I would have gone to the Russian front for the Fatherland but for my epilepsy that started after being wounded in Poland. Death stared at me and I was terrified of it. I have epileptic fits 2-3 times a week and that made me unfit for combat in our righteous war against the Jewish and Communists. 'Righteous?' you ask? Yes! Our priests and pastors even blessed our weapons and said God was on our side! 'May God bless the Third Reich for a thousand years,' our Fuhrer declared.

And he righteously ordered the extermination of all Jews, Gypsies, homosexuals, and Jehovah's Witnesses, although I had respect for the integrity and unity of the Witnesses. The others were filthy vermin. My epileptic fits gave me a moment of such power and strength!

I liked making an example of my power over these wretches every day, to instill fear in them, mainly because when I had my fits, I would throw myself on the ground and convulse for nearly a minute, and I was vulnerable to being attacked by them. I especially despised one little Jewish man, filthy dog, because he had a cataract that looked like a full moon on his right eye. When he stared at me, I felt a shudder of evil passing through me. But I had a fit one day and the Jew put a stick in my mouth or I would have bitten my tongue off. He saved my life! A Jew kept me from dying! I couldn't accept such humiliation!

So I humiliated him every day by hitting him with my rifle, slapping and spitting on him, taking away his meager rations, working him seven days a week (they always got Sundays off as a rest day), and I'd make him stand all night on the parade field in freezing temperatures. My God, how he suffered! One day he dropped dead. His evil eye no longer terrified me.

One lovely Spring day I had convulsions that made me bite off my tongue. I threw myself on the ground, grasping my rifle, and bled to death. As I bled, a group of his comrades stood about me, smugly smirking at my suffering. My aura of grandiose power slowly faded away with my life.

Clyde King

Billy's Last Day

Billy, Rob and me held up
last night a liquor store,
but as we reached the door
the clerk shot Billy dead.
At first we thought he was hurt.
My God how he bled.
When he didn't get up
we had to leave him
bleeding in the goddamn dirt!
So help me God I'm going
to kill that punk clerk!
I blame myself for killing Billy.
He was my little brother, only sixteen.
Now Rob and me have to
live with this memory.
How am I gonna do that?
Drink and drug myself to death,
I guess.

Clyde King



PoemHunter.com

The Illusion

I wish I could learn to get ahead
only a few seconds and escape the dead;
leave this world of wrath and tears
and get to join those that have fled.

He plays upon our darkest fears
all the time and then he leers
at our suffering in the end
and drops the curtain as the audience cheers.

All life is an illusion
behind his curtain of confusion.
Try catching the wind in your hands;
even then you suffer the delusion

that is beyond understanding.
Why a fool like me notwithstanding
can endure the changes in this fusion
of the emptiness at his commanding.

Clyde King

Three Gator Haikus

When a twelve foot gator
Chases you don't turn around
Or look in its eyes.

Gators are mating
Tread without making a sound
And carry a big ass stick.

Give a gator space.
You are in his world now.
Or go when it's cold.

Clyde King



PoemHunter.com

Is Life Worth Living?

Is life worth living?

Ask the young man with Lou
Gehrig's disease who clings to life
With a tenacious will.

Ask the young woman with
Stage four breast cancer
Throwing up in a bed pan
After her chemotherapy.

Ask the sixty something man
Waiting for a liver transplant.

Ask the weeping mother as she
Holds her newborn baby with a
Defective heart that has a 20%
Chance of living.

Ask the combat veteran whose
Legs, arms, and eyes were blown
Away by a landmine.

Ask them, then ask me.

Clyde King



PoemHunter.com

Three Bird Haikus

The falcon stoops straight
down and in a death grip hooks
an unwary seagull.

The crow lies frozen
in a field of corn shucks.
Food is scarce this year.

A mockingbird sings
in the budding cherry tree
calling his mate.

Clyde King



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Mickey

The oil furnace
Glowing red-orange in the dark.
Mickey sleeps on the floor heat grate.
He's dreaming about catching mice again.
He's running in his sleep unconscious
Of his legs pawing the air.
His low chortles and yawps
Tell me he's caught one to torment.
Mickey is too old to run now.
He has arthritis and cataracts on his eyes.
He's been my buddy for 16 years.
He won't be chasing mice much longer.

Clyde King



PoemHunter.com

Dutchboy 94

'I've got this turkey cold! '

First Lt. Jack King radioed
as he dropped the B26 Invader
to 150 feet to strafe a North
Korean railroad.

Naval flares illuminated the train
as it chugged it's way south
through mountainous terrain.

'Jack, the bomb bay doors are stuck,
they won't open, what luck! ' shouted
Airman 1st. Class St. Mary, the bombardier.

'There's more than one way to shoot a turkey, '
came back the navigator, Capt. Culbertson.'

'Ok, let's get him, ' replied Jack
as they engaged the attack. He opened
up with the eight 50. calibers in the plane's nose
and the 50.'s in the wings. The locomotive
was wasted. His partner B26, Dutchboy 95,
dropped his payload and that was
all she wrote.

Dutchboy 94 would see combat no more.

What happened on that hellish night
no one knows for sure.

Of the men and aircraft, no trace was ever found,
not in the sea or on the ground.

'The B26 is a great plane but hard to fly;
your dad had to be one hell of a pilot and a man.
It's tragic that he died.'

'Yes, it was, ' I replied. Betty Lee, his wife,
got a condolence letter and some of his clothes.
Not much to honor a lost life.

His sons, Sonny and Mike,
grew up but not without a price.

If only they could have known him
how different would have been their lives.

Clyde King

Waiting

Everybody is waiting for something.
Waiting on a paycheck,
waiting in line at the grocery store,
waiting in a doctor's office or in a hospital,
waiting on a phone call,
waiting on hold,
waiting for a cure,
waiting for a mate,
waiting on dinner,
waiting in a traffic jam,
waiting at a red light,
waiting for a bus, taxi, train, or airplane,
waiting to be waited upon,
waiting for an appointment,
waiting for death, which never waits on us.
You get the idea.

How many years do we waste waiting? I don't know,
but a real paradox is the expression
'Hurry up and wait.'
Truth is, most of the time we're waiting
for something that never happens,
so why get anxious about it?

Clyde King

Go Peacefully

Always be yourself.

Be kind to others whose problems may be greater than yours.

Care not for fame or fortune for they are imposters.

Disdain greed, jealousy, and egotism.

Each one must carry his own burdens.

Fear not death and defeat.

Go peacefully on life's pathways.

Help those that have no helper.

Instruct your children well.

Jump not to hasty conclusions.

Keep your promises even when it is bad for you.

Lies corrupt your soul. Be honest with yourself and others.

Make peace when possible with all men.

Never lose your temper or regrets will follow you.

Open your mind and heart to the meaningful.

Poetry is a soothing potion.

Quickly settle misunderstandings.

Run the race to the finish.

Stop judging or others will judge you.

Take time to appreciate the beautiful.

Undo the knots of discord

Vexation is a heavy stone to carry.

Wisdom has no price. Fools get the bill.

Xenophobia is a hateful prejudice.

Zip your lip when you're talking too much

Clyde King

Three Winter Haikus

Cold winds ring my bells.
Squirrels hibernate in trees.
Snakes drowse in a torpor.

The speckled trout swims
In the cold Mexican Gulf.
They look for hooked shrimp.

The fire dies as
Night smothers it in darkness.
My dog yawns at me.

Clyde King



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Atlantic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean is
Beyond dangerous and
Cold freezing salt water
Drowns you very quickly
Even if you can swim
Ferocious undertows
Grab and pull you under
Hoping to float on it
Is your only way up

Clyde King



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Bonefish Grille

A nice day to have lunch
Bonefish Grille fed us well
Cornucopia of
Delicious seafood and
Each item is well cooked
Fish grilled to perfection
Go there; see for yourself
Have a glass of white wine
Indoors or out's all good

Clyde King



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Catfish Man

An old man sat fishing
Below the wooden bridge,
Catching only catfish.
"Don't you keep the others?
Every fish is good."
"Feel this slimy catfish,
Go ahead, here take it."
"Hell no, not a catfish! "
I said. "They are dirty! "
"Just touch it, feel it."
Knowing I balked at it
Left him laughing out loud.
"Maybe you need to know
Now why I keep only them.
Open this bucket here,
Pull one out by the gills."
Queasily I reached in.
Rank was the pungent smell.
"Smells very bad to me."
To which he laughed again
Under the wooden bridge.

Clyde King

Saturn And Jupiter

Saturn and Jupiter joined hands
last night for the first time
in over 800 years.

They were so aligned they appeared
to be one star, reflecting Apollo's
golden, fiery chariot, although
they are light years apart.

We joined hands and lives 46
years ago. You were Jupiter ascending
and I was Saturn, often dark and
moody. Together, we made
a brilliant star.

But your sun set first. I could
no longer reflect your light.
Perhaps we will be born again
as stars, holding hands again,
following Apollo's chariot
to worlds never dreamt of.

Clyde King

Three Haikus

As falling snow makes
No sound on the frozen ground,
I meditate in silence.

Silence...how soothing
To the anxious spirit.
The rabbit sleeps in his burrow.

Where are the birds?
There's still seed in the feeder.
They have gone to a warmer place.

Clyde King



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Gorillas In Our Midst

There are gorillas in our midst
That can tear you apart
Break all your bones
And rip out your heart

They act like your friend
They hate your guts
Better beware
Pay attention you must

I've seen them around
They think I don't know
When you're not looking
They'll give you a blow

You think they're not there
But they're quite sagacious
If you've got a banana
They're utterly voracious

They're not your pal
They're really creepy
If they breathe in your face
You'll get very sleepy

That's when they strike
And strike like a hammer
So your head splits open
They cause quite a clammer

All this is nonsense
I know what you think
Gorillas are dirty
They really do stink

So lock all your windows
And bolt all your doors
These gorillas will get you
And pull down your drawers

Dec.2020

Clyde King

Ain't

Am not

Are not

Is not

Just say AIN'T, dang it!

It's officially a word, you sot!

It's in the dictionary

No problem, thanks a lot

Clyde King



PoemHunter.com

Orchid

Stop and look at the
Orchid. What hath God wrought?
Beyond comprehension.

Clyde King



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One Flesh

Our life together passed as quickly as the exhalation of a breath, though infinitely more substantial.

We were one flesh.

We were married forty-three years. I asked you to marry me, quite unromantically, as we were riding in my '73 VW van. I was afraid you'd say no or let me think about it as you were wont to ponder big decisions.

To my elation, you said "yes" without hesitation. I'm so grateful that you were the woman I needed. You are gone now, asleep in death. Others say that death is a natural thing. I say that's bullshit. Ask anyone that has had a loved one die, especially a mate or a child.

Death is an eventuality for all living things and the dead return to the dust from whence they came. No debate.

"Man is born into sorrow as the sparks fly upward," declared the righteous Job. He knew about death, loss, pain and sorrow. So will we one day.

But, enough about death.
Verbum sap!

Dec.2020

Clyde King

A Memory

My dead wife travels with me
wherever I go. I'm never alone.
In life it was the same. When she could
not go with me, she bided
her time, uneasy, restless,
until I returned.

She prided herself with her
organizing and packing skills.
Not only these, she would
pick out my business suits,
shirts and ties. She made sure
that I would look good. She
folded each garment as if
it were made of gold thread.

She showed her love for me,
not in many words, but in
loving acts, the acts of an
intimate friend and lover.

Dec.2020

Clyde King

Winter In Florida

Yes, Florida does have a winter
but you've got to look quickly
or you'll miss it.

You can tell when the leaves
leave the tree and when the days
get cooler. Mosquitos aren't as bad
and the grass stops growing, thankfully.

The wind is out of the North
and brings cold fronts with it. People,
especially girls, like to wear their
knee high boots and mufflers.
And you see children all wrapped
up like breakable toys. Gosh,
winter is no big deal here.

But when the Gulf gets cold
the rainbow trout are running.
What for? I don't know. But
it's good fishing in the winter,
when the snook, tarpon and trout
are waiting for you to catch them.

And another big clue it's winter
in the land of sun and flowers-
'snow birds' that are not
the feathered kind, they are of
mankind, an oxymoron if I ever heard one.

Dec.2020

Clyde King

The Lake

The lake this morning
is covered by fog. My little
dog waits impatiently for me
to take her fishing as I
gaze upon the rose
fingered dawn and anticipate
a good catch of fish.

I sit on the bank facing
the rising sun. I'm hidden
in the cattails and only a
thin cane pole can be seen
poking out, with a light
line and bobber barely seen.

I don't cast a shadow, I'm
as still as an old stump. The
fish will never see me sitting
here in the tall cattails. Fish
aren't stupid but they can't resist
bait food when they're hungry.
I'm counting on their hunger
for my breakfast. Now, if only
my dog will be still.

Dec.2020

Clyde King

Tu Fu Visits Li Po

My skiff is yare and tight
and still knows how to find Li's
bamboo hut on this great river.
The cormorant's black wings
wave to me a welcome.
You run to greet me and
as you embrace me I smell
boiled cabbage, onions, bread,
and I see three little fishes
in your basket trap. Dinner
is almost ready. Good timing Tu.
The green wine bottles are 'breathing'
in this joyful air as I am.
Can life get any better than this?

'Tu, you haven't changed at all
since you were that dreamy and
adventurous sixteen year old.'
My friend doesn't know the hard
times I've had and the deaths I've caused.
Every night I wipe off this dust from
the dead and I see faceless ghosts
that motion for me to cross over
and leave this world. The monkeys
in his garden distract me while Li
suggests we have a poetry contest,
like in the old days. Why not?
Li is a man of letters and I've been a soldier
in the emperor's guard. Perhaps our
fanciful figurations will keep my ghosts
away for now. Li gets his son to tune his lute
and we're off with wine at our backs.

The candles grow shorter and shorter.
Empty wine bottles litter the floor.
The oven's fire has died and a rooster
is crowing. It's time to go now.
I've still got a long way to travel.
I wipe off the ghost's dust, embrace

Li, and push my skiff into the turbid waters
my life has become.

Dec.2020

Clyde King

Bring Me A Beer

I live inside my head
I never get out of bed

Why should I get up?
Life is nothing but crud

Crud? Is that a word?
Or just a turd?

Turn on the heat
Get me something to eat!

Don't just gape
You stupid ape!

Bring me a beer
Right over here

Go grab your girl
Give her a twirl

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You need her to
Show you how to

Figure out this mess
And get ME to Texas

Before all hell breaks loose
And I lose my caboose

Bring me a beer
Right over here

And maybe
What will be will be

Dec.2020

Anxiety

The dog is restless tonight
and the cats won't settle down.
I can't sleep and I feel
like the night will last forever.

There's no food in the house
and it's cold outside. My
daughter Andrea is sick
and spending a night
or two in hospital. Second
time in a month she's been
hospitalized.

I'm afraid she may be
heading for a major stroke.
I couldn't bear seeing her
speechless and crippled.

If one of my girls died
before me I would die.
They are all I live for.
Without them my life
would be over, done,
adios amigo.

Dec.2020

Clyde King

Her

Her eyes are
blue twin amethysts.

Her hair is
wheat fallen down

Her lips are
twin roses

Her skin a
porcelain white

Her voice taught
the birds to sing

Her look
captures your soul

Her body is a
classic Greek form

 PoemHunter.com

She is a living
definition of perfection

Her skin could be
orange her hair

Could be green
her body deformed

And I would still
love her

Clyde King

Depression: Letting Go

Letting go of this
noon day demon isn't easy.
I've tried for twenty years
and it's still hanging around.

I've tried talk therapy
and so many meds
it would make your head
spin, like mine.

Been listening to a good
(I suppose)book about
surrendering completely
to one's negative feelings.

FEELINGS, not thoughts,
because our thoughts create feelings
and vice versa. By surrendering
we lose our attachment

to negative feelings and
stop feeding them more
negative energy. Get it?
I don't know, maybe.

Maybe by not resisting,
but by cooperating with
my depression I can
exterminate it's hold

on my psyche. But I have to
ask my demon "why do I
want to be depressed? What's
in it for me? "

Since most depression
seems to be caused by
a deep unhappiness,
I'll start there.

Clyde King

Chuck It

I'm going to give up trying.
Living is harder than dying.

I'll say goodbye to friends and kin
and say, "Chuck it, throw the towel in!"

I've lived three-score and nine,
so I think it's about time.

To just let go and throw in my hat,
to say, "I've had enough, that is that."

If there's something else, I'd love to know.
Otherwise, let's end this show.

Life can get old and so can you.
Let's bring the curtain down on this whoop-de-doo.

Clyde King



PoemHunter.com

Happy Ending

The tremors began about
eight years ago you said
yes they did I say to my
wife as she waits impatiently
for me to die I'm a burden to
you I say and you said no
not at all but we know better

Your shaking is getting worse
maybe we should have Dr. Grant
increase your carbadopa and
levodopa you say and I replied
yes maybe I'd improve
for awhile but they always get
worse you say I know it's a
neurodegenerative disorder
and I can see in your eyes
the disgusting bug I've
turned into you say
your delusions are getting worse
that worries me

I say don't worry
I'll be gone soon
you say don't talk like that
I say who cares you don't
you'd rather I were gone
so you could get on
with your life so I've
decided that I'll stop
eating and drinking
and in seven days
you'll have a happy ending.

Dec.2020

Clyde King

Tonight

Tonight the moon has
a death's shroud around it.
A cold wind is out of the northwest.
The candles gutter
as the cold air trickles
around the old splintered
window and door.
My bed is cold and so am I.
Why did you leave me
here alone to talk
with ghosts? The wine bottle
is nearly empty. I hear mice
running across the ceiling
and I pull the sleeping bag
over my head, wishing
it were morning.

Dec.2020

Clyde King



PoemHunter.com

Prayer For A Native Son

I drew your portrait recently.
I wish I knew your name, your tribe.
You are a fine specimen of a man,
A proud warrior. But no more.
No more will you ride to
Anywhere you want, no more
Will you hunt deer and buffalo,
No more will you confront
Your enemies with courage.
No more will you wear proudly
Your breastplate of deer rib bone,
Your copper forearm bands, your
Eagle feathers, your neckband
For bravery, your warrior's sash.
These are artifacts of a dead man,
Anachronisms as useless as the
Dust your body has become.

When I looked at your eyes
I saw in them pride and a deeper
Sadness. Your warrior's spirit
Was gone. Your freedom to live
As a human being, as free as the
Wind, the eagle, and the wolf.
In your countenance I saw humiliation,
Defeat, surrender to powers that
The Great Father could easily have destroyed.
When the spirit is stricken there is no
Life, joy, happiness, freedom.
It makes me ashamed of the
Race I come from to know
The horrors that flew down
Upon you, like a carrion crow.
May the Great Father remember
You and restore you to his promised
Land, the earthly paradise.

Nov.2020

I Had This Dream

Walking in the snow I saw a glove.
It stood up and said, "Please stay
awhile and I'll tell you how I got here."

Then a crow grabbed my hat
and it became a cat that smiled at
me and said, "You're better off dead."

Two men all in black grabbed me
and tied me to a post. Then I saw
a light racing toward me but

I was tied up. Then a sack was thrown
over me and i couldn't move my legs.
A big goldfish appeared beside me

and coughed out an orange which
jumped up and bit my ear...to this
I remarked, "How queer?"

There I was, tied to a post, a goldfish
Vomiting oranges, a bitten ear, and
a pig appeared that looked dead.

What nonsense, don't you think?
As the fish buttered some toast it began
to boast that it killed the pig.

I just couldn't cope with this shit
so I woke up, thinking, "What the hell?"

Clyde King

Today Is Today

Today IS today,
No debate there.
But "today" sounds
Strange when you say it
Out loud several times.

The word "to";
Can be a preposition,
An infinitive marker,
Or an adverb. In this
Case it's a preposition, showing
Something being approached
Or reaching a particular
Condition, "day";

But is "today" really
Being approached?
Isn't it always "today"?
Isn't a "day" always
24 hours long?

We invented
24 hours of time to help
Ships to know when
And where they were.
Thank you Englishmen.
Lines of longitude are
Approximately 1,000
Miles wide, thus
24 time zones.

Enough of this
Didacticism already.
"Day" is easy. It's a
Noun indicating a
24 hour period and is the
Gold standard for
Keeping time.

All of "today";
Is an invention,
An abstraction!
Words and letters are
Pure abstractions,
Inventions by man,
To communicate.

But if you stare
At a single letter long enough
It becomes a squiggly design,
That's all. Consider the
Letter "g";
What an interesting design to
Denote it's sound when spoken
Singly in your language. Maybe
Your language doesn't have an
Equivalent counterpart.

I'm sure that few people
Will find this interesting,
But try, Ok?

Clyde King

Alone

I can't get used to
Being used to
Being alone,
Know what I mean?

Wife dead nearly
Three years now,
Kids grown and gone.
No grandkids either.

My immediate family
Consists of a dog, Brooklyn,
And two cats: Daisy Mae
And Mickey Meowse.

My fur babies think
I'm a Pez dispenser-
Flip the lip
And food comes out.

Oh well. I love them
And they love me.
They're nicer than
A lot of people I know.

I wish I could teach them how
To talk, read, and write,
Like Robinson Crusoe
Taught Friday.

Except Friday was human.

Nov.2020

Clyde King

I Am

I am on a tear tonight!
Three poems just spurted
Out of my pen.

This has to be a record
Somewhere, anywhere?
Who cares?

P
O
E
M
S

Are vital to our
Mental well being.
If you don't believe me
Ask Robert Lowell.

Oh my, I forgot.
He got his ticket punched,
So you can't. But could he
Write poetry.

Nov.2020

Clyde King

Speak Well

I like people
That speak the truth,
As they know it to be.

I like people that speak
Modestly, plainly, politely.
Such are the salt.

Straight as an arrow,
Little hesitations, equivocations,
Just plain old words
That strike the heart
With a spike.
And if you like,
Let's play "Scrabble.?"

Nov.2020

Clyde King



PoemHunter.com

Bull Shit

I don't like being
Bull shitted. Do you?

I hate bull shitters,
Boasters, bigots,
Most anything synonymous
With ass hole.

There are plenty
To go around. A shortage
There will never be.

They procreate,
Proliferate, prevaricate
And goddamn aggravate!
Even a moron would
Refuse to associate.

Whatever, this
Poem is not a poem,
More like a rant `n rave
About people who have
The audacity, the capacity,
To think they can bull shit
Their way out of
Everything...

And Bull Shit Me!

Nov.2020

Clyde King

Painting

Painting is visual poetry.

The good artists understand

The elements and principles

That make a good composition

A work of art. A good poet

Likewise.

Painting, like poetry,

Is a compression of expression

On a two dimensional plane.

Both start out as stories, or a single

Brushstroke, or a single word,

And grow from there.

They may be so surreal, so

Strange and abstract

That it's unknowable.

But that's ok. That's why

It's called ART.

 PoemHunter.com

Nov.2020

Clyde King

Writing Poetry

Start with a story, fictional
Or true. Then start with
A word and the rest will
Follow like an army of
Ants that has found
The picnic.

Words must be thoughtfully
Chosen to get the mood
And spirit to blend. The
Golden thread, as it's called,
Has to be followed to its logical
Or illogical conclusion, right?
It doesn't have to have
A happy ending, it can be
A heartbreaking sob

Tell the truth as you understand
It. Don't imitate any body
Or you're a phony. Even if it's
Fiction, tell the truth.

Get it?
Hope so.

Nov.2020

Clyde King

Who Am I?

Who am I?

I don't know.

I'd give worlds to know

If that were possible.

I know I'm a human,

A male. That sums it up.

I know there are external

Forces beyond my ken

That mould me into a different

Person than I was the day

Before. If we metamorphose

Each day then it's nearly

Impossible to know

What and who we are anyway.

We get a glimpse of who we are

When we give into desires,

Confront challenges and conflict,

When we try to light the fire

That moves us to act. No

Matter how dire the straits

We find ourselves in.

Only when we are challenged

By that undefinable thing

Called life do we get to

Know ourselves.

"To be, or not to be,

That is the question" Hamlet

Asked himself.

Life holds up the mirror

And shows us what we are.

In moments of deepest vulnerability

And weakness do we see ourselves,

Unless the cataracts of self

Ignorance cloud our sight.

"Know thyself" admonished

Socrates. Good advice.

If we grope blindly through

Life we will miss the star
That makes our light shine.

We must have a code to live by
That only we know or the jackals
Of ignorance will rip off our flesh.
Life demands self knowledge
If we are to live authentically,
To own ourselves, to be able
To answer the question
"Who am I?

Clyde King

Lost Glasses

About three weeks ago
I lost a pair of new glasses.
They were a stylish tortoise
Shell black & brown plastic
Frame with round lens holes.

I called and looked
Everywhere I habitually go:
Walmart, Publix, Walgreen's
Liquor store, my car, my house
NOTHING!
SHIT!

But I have to give a shout out
To Walmart. A very cordial
Lady answered my call
And promised to call me back
Later that same day.
I thought: right! no way!

Guess what? She did.
My glasses weren't there
Only an old beat up pair
That surely weren't mine
She remarked. Well now,
That made my day
Anyway.

Nov.2020

Clyde King

Twins

After seven years of married life
I came to the conclusion that
not having children was a
bad conclusion, a bad end,
a detour into lonely old age.

I could see my wife, Jeanne,
and me, scuttling about
the house like a pair of old crabs,
looking for something dead
to eat and waiting to die.

No sir, not for me.
I asked her about adopting.
At first she objected and
said that "you wouldn't be
a good father." Well, I'd
never been a father and I
never had a father raise me.
Maybe she was right.

But I persisted and ignored
her cutting remark and I
chalked it up to her own
upbringing, far from ideal.
Alcoholic dad, no love or
affection ever shown between
her parents, so she assumed
(ugly word)that I'd be like
her old man, a drunken bum.

Big mistake. I was not like
her dad, who was irresponsible,
unaccountable and unacceptable.

About a week passed
and we passed each other
like "ships in the night." Then,
by golly, she said, "If we're

going to adopt I want twins."
What? Twins?

Yes, sir, she said twins,
not just any kind, but
"I want identical twins."
Whoa! You go from
zero to two in one second?

I said, "OK with me! "
Then the ball began to roll
all the way to Costa Rica.
But first we looked in
local homes for unwed mamas.

Then we saw a beautiful
TV program about inter-
national adoptions and the
lack of red tape and all that BS
and we got our asses over
to an agency in Bel Aire, FL,
and met the lady that opened
the door. She said, "We are getting infants
from China, Russia, Brazil and
Central America. But the quickest
way is from Costa Rica now."

Holy cow! So that's where
this poem ends and a new one
BEGINS!

Nov.2020

Clyde King

You Wretch

Let me know
When you go
It's only polite
And turn off the light

I'm bluer than blue
'Cause I don't have you
You didn't say goodbye
I guess it was all a lie

You sure fooled me
Into loving you, see?
I was your fool
I became your tool

You tore out my soul
To make yourself whole
My life you stole
Then threw it in a hole

Why? Why did you do that?
You had it all down pat
You're nothing but
A no good alley cat

You'll get yours someday
Someone will come along and say
'Give it up, you wretched whore
There's nothing here
For you anymore.'

Nov.2020

Clyde King

Now

Now is all you will ever have
And even that is not forever
And now it's the future
Say goodbye to the past
You shouldn't live there anyway
And now you're a second closer
To your demise
That's why now ceases
To exist for you and you
Now belong to eternity
Where there are no nows
No time to count them with
You are kaput done dead
This is not earth shattering truth
It's the way life is now
Thus make your nows count
For something don't waste them
They are finite
Because there will come a time
When you'll run out of them
Truth is we're always running
Out of something anyway
And nows are a limited resource
Get it?
No kidding
You will use them up
And that's all she wrote
Now have a nice day

Nov.2020

Clyde King

Just Sayin'

WTF is this?
Let go of it all
So what if you fall
You'll get back up
You're still ok
How the hell
Did you get here anyway?
Doesn't matter
What does matter
Is how you handle it
Dear Santa please bring me
A great big Christmas tree
I haven't had one
In many a year
So get busy Santa
And bring it here
I'm beat to hell
I'm just sayin'
If you're not real
Then why am I prayin'
To hell with this
I have to piss
When you're almost 69
And still doin' fine
Then get back in line

Nov.2020

Clyde King

Ear Wax

Ear wax is nothing
but shit your brain
spits out while you're asleep.
And it does so without a peep.
You feel this sticky
reddish brown gob
has dropped down your
ear like an alien blob.

Its a waxy and ill defined
bit of waste your brain
has left behind.
Your mama says
to wash out your ears
for years and years.

I suppose that's good
to do to get rid of
this nasty goo.
Good thing they're not
boogers or snot.
Then you'd be pickin'
your ears a lot,
and not, instead,
that two-holed
proboscis
in front of your head.

Nov.2020n

Clyde King

Small Town Girl

Small town girl
with big time dreams
All you ever got
was laid it seems

You were a little redneck girl
Lived near the tracks
You got to the casting couch
But it was on your back

You never made it
to the big girls game
You tripped in the gutters
you forgot your name

You thought you were a diva
of sorts I suppose
The only support you ever got
was by your panty hose

You were a little redneck girl
Lived near the tracks
You got to the casting couch
But it was on your back

You thought you were it
the star of the show
On the road you found out
you had no place to go

You ruined your gift
the gift to entertain
You lowered your standards
the gift was in vain

You're an old woman now
Chewing the rag and bone too
Your life has not been good
and neither have you

You were a little redneck girl
Lived near the tracks
You got to the casting couch
But it was on your back

Nov.2020

Clyde King

Linda Rae

Linda Rae, won't you come out to play?
Sweet Linda, it's a beautiful day.
The sun is up, the sky is blue,
It's beautiful, and so are you.
Dear Linda, won't you come out and play?

Linda Rae, open up your eyes.
Dear Linda, see the sunny skies.
The breezes blow, the birds do sing,
that we are part of everything.
Linda Rae, open up your eyes.

Linda Rae, let me see you smile.
Dear Linda, like a beautiful child.
We'll build ourselves a daisy chain,
so let me see you smile again.
Dear Linda, please let me see you smile?

Linda Rae, won't you come out and play?
Dear Linda, greet this lovely day.
The sun is out, the skies are blue,
it's beautiful, and so are you.
Dear Linda, won't you come out and play?

Nov.2020

Clyde King

All I Ever Wanted

All I ever wanted was to
have you look at me and
say, 'How are you hon?
How was your day? '

And talk. Talk about
anything or nothing.
I didn't care. But you
were never much
of a conversationalist.

It took two years
for you to call me 'Mike.'
Later, after we had children
you'd call me daddy. That
was progress.

You once told me you
never saw your parents
show love for each other.
Then I understood why
there were cold, distant spaces
between us.

When you got Parkinson's
and it's shadow dementia,
all superficialities were
stripped away. Your self
came through and I think
we got to know each
other for the first time
in 43 years. Why did it
take so long? We missed
so much together.

When you were sick
we'd play peek-a-boo.
I'd say 'Boo! I see you'
and you'd laugh. Your

grin and recognition
of me flashed across
your face for an instant
and then it was gone.

We loved each other more
in your last days than
in the first. You dropped
the defenses that protected
you from an alcoholic parent.
You became who you
truly were.

If only...

Nov.2020

Clyde King

Words

Words are like food.
They're tasty, spicy, sweet,
hot, cold, salty, sour,
or just plain blah blah.

The ear tastes words
as the tongue tastes food,
right? Words can be
figurations or literal,
prejudiced and neutral,
emotionally biased but
never neutral. Native
Americans, it is said,
when they first meet
a stranger, look down
at the ground and listen
to the tones and modulations
of the stranger's words
first before they form an
impression of the other.

Then they look at their faces
to see if their words are
congruent with their face
and overall demeanor.

It's said this universe
began with the word.
A sound, a vibration,
a wave of undulating
energy started it all.

Such things are too
much for me to understand.
But this I do know, all words
have more than one
meaning. It's up to you
and me to see this,
to recognize it when

it occurs.

Nov.2020

Clyde King

Sometime

Sometimes you have to
feel your way back
to where you started.
You think "I got this!"
and you got nothing.

Life
is
like
an
E
S
C
A
L
A
T
O
R



PoemHunter.com

You ride it
or you walk it.
You go down
or you go up, see?

But, don't worry,
because none of this really
matters. Life goes on
with or without you.

You are an exhalation,
a fart in the wind.
Poof, You're gone.

Nov.2020

Clyde King

Gangster From Miami

We don't snort cheap cocaine in Miami
We don't take our lives seriously
We like to race our sports cars down on Main Street
We like getting high and living free

We don't make a party out of nothing
But we like shooting signs and saying boo
We don't let our beards get long and shaggy
Like them Cajun rednecks like to do

Chorus:

I'm proud to be a gangster from Miami
A place where even cops can have a ball
We still steal money from the bank house
And meth is still the biggest thrill of all

Leather whips are still our favorite beat down
Beads and Roman sandals are not mean
Gang wars still the roughest game in this town
And the students here don't respect the high school dean

Chorus:

I'm proud to be a gangster from Miami
A place where even cops can have a ball
We still steal money from the bank house
And meth is still the biggest thrill of all

Nov.2020

Clyde King

Elegy For Raina

Your life ran down
The shower stall drain.
The blood that was left
Was congealed in a blanket
You wrapped yourself with.

You left no note
Only blood, bone,
And brain tissue,
Splattered on the walls
And ceiling. These bore
Mute witness to the
Life you took.

Why, Raina? Why?
You were beautiful,
Talented poet, a mother
And wife. But the horrible
Unspeakableness of
Your childhood and the bipolar
Disease that afflicted
You became too painful
For you.

You called me the night before.
You told me you were
Going to take your life.
I didn't want to believe you.
Oh God! Had I believed!

A friend and I volunteered
To clean the scene. The carnage
That a .38 can do to
A head is beyond evil.

May God forgive me.
I can't forgive myself.

June 2005

Clyde King

The Day The World Ended

The world ends today
On Sunday, the eighth of May.

Should I let them know?
Would it spoil their day?

Would they just get up
And walk away?

No, no, that won't do.
The hours left are just a few!

Tans would be ruined.
The beer would get warm.

What bad taste.
Such poor form.

The azure sea, the cerulean sky,
Would curse a man as heartless as I.

May 1988

Clyde King

I Don't Get It

I don't get it
Today is like
Any other day
Nothing special
To speak about

Except Everything
Has Changed
Nothing remains the same
They say I say to
Hell with they

What do they know
About you your gentle
Voice your gentle ways
Your sweetest of faces

Gone dead kaput
I want to get blind drunk
Punch a hole in the wall
Crash my car do
Anything to stop hurting

Anything

But I can't

Aug.2018

Clyde King

Valentine's Creek

We ran down an old
Rotting vertebra
Bleached white
By the sun and saltwater

And dove in intending
To swim across fifty
Yards or so of
Brackish Jelly Fish
Filled water called
Valentine's Creek

I dove in after my
Older brother Sonny
And his friends all older
Than my five or six years
On this planet and I
Tried to keep up

But couldn't because
I just couldn't
Do it and I got
So tired my arms and legs
Stopped moving
And I started to sink

It was then I grasped
The reality of death
My father never came
Back from the Korean War
So I got the news flash

Keep on kicking your feet
And moving your arms
Keep your head up
And breathe

June 2005

Don't Wait

You can start anywhere
Don't ask permission
Or you may follow
Advice that kills your spirit

Don't wait for the words
To come to you
Just fling them out
Like you're throwing
Paint on that blank canvas

Or you're in a fist fight
Get in the first punch
Keep your chin down
Keep on swinging
Your soul depends on it

Let it happen
Like breathing
Like hearing
Like seeing
Do you have to think
About these

Find the place
In your heart
That must say
What you are

When that veil
Of illusion lifts
Swallow the manna
That your soul finds
Taste it's sweetness
On your tongue

Let it fill your belly
Let the ancient ruined
Voices speak

Telling you to let go
Of the lies you and others
Have been told

Say I am still here
You Sons-of-Bitches
I am not who you say
I am I am not looking
For your approval

I am not waiting
Any longer to have others write
My story tell my legacy
Hypnotize me with lies

No more will anyone
Or anything determine
My fate but me

Aug.2005

Clyde King

Missing You

I woke up this morning
You were on my mind
I couldn't think about you
And not start crying

It's been three years
And still I grieve
I miss you sweetheart
Why did you leave

I know you weren't happy
But I don't know why
Did I treat you badly
I wanted to die

I still don't know why
You were my sunshine
You were my sky
Did you have to leave
So goodbye, so goodbye

Nov.2020

Clyde King

Man Hanged With Fried Egg

Man hanged with fried egg
Should beware of things he eats.
They might bring him bat luck.

Clyde King



PoemHunter.com

'possum Charlie

My name is Charlie Smith,
But my friends call me 'Possum Charlie.
I never asked why but I 'spect
It's cuz of my mouth
Full of pointy chiclet teeth,
Wiry head of hair,
And my overbite.

I'm glad I don't have a tail like
A 'Possum. "Possum, " they'd say,
"why you so ugly? You oughta
Have a hairless tail like
A 'Possum to go 'long with
That ugly face."

As I said, I'm glad I don't
As that could be embarassin' too.

I've got a scar just above
My butt hole. My older brother
Ray says it's cuz I was born
With a tail, and the doctor cut it off
Like they do some dogs.

Havin' a tail might not
Be so bad if you held it up
Like a dog so's nobody
Could step on it,
Or a car or rockin' chair
Could run over it.

Yes siree, it'd be a real
Conversation sparker for me,
And I wouldn't be ugly 'Possum
Charlie anymore! In fact,
My name might git famous 'n
People'd pay good money
To see me whip it out
The backside of my pants

Or pull it `tween my legs
Like I had...well, you know.

Anyways, I feel like life
Has played a cruel trick
On me but I don't care.
At least people know me
In this ole one-horse town.
I'm `Possum Charlie!

Nov.2020

Clyde King

New Drawers For An 8 Year Old

I just got new drawers today.
When I got home I started to play.

New drawers are really a treat.
I might even wash my feet.

New drawers are clean and smell really good!
Wearin' `em's more fun than chopping wood!

New drawers is stuff I really need.
These Spider-Man drawers are great, indeed!

Nov.2020

Clyde King



PoemHunter.com

Addiction

In 30 seconds or less
Your eyes stop focusing
You smell your own
Rank sweat and breath.

Sweetly nauseous,
Overpowering all other senses.
Warmth rushes from your
Stomach to your brain.

You feel the heat
Slowly spreading through
Your entire being.
Everything starts glowing

With an unnatural brilliance.
Your eyes, for a brief second,
Become unblinking,
Lost in this RUSH of

Bodily sensations.
Your brain explodes
With incoming mortars,
You hear every sound,

Even those that aren't real.
Every part of your body
Vibrates, resonates,
With this ineffable feeling.

You realize you can't
Walk, talk, think, just lie
On your bed staring
At nothing.

You fall asleep, mercifully,
Sleep, that balm, that
Raveler of ragged sleeves,
Let's you dream dreams,

See visions. You don't
Know if you're dead or alive.
Then the blackness hits your
Brain, consciousness slips away.

Hours later, that seemed
Like seconds, you wake up
In your own vomit. It's smell
Is fetid and bestial, your

Throat feels like you've
Swallowed broken glass.
Your breath is foul.
Dried vomit decorates

Your face and clothes.
You're too numb,
Too sick to care anymore

Except getting
Another fix.

August 2005

Clyde King

Lunch At Hung Chow's

Ate lunch at Hung Chow's diner.
My stomach did not like it!
Got sick on rice that smelled like mice,
Spent evening in recliner.

The food refused to stay down.
I felt quite discommoded.
Each time I hurled
My tongue unfurled
My drawers they did turn brown.

Salmonella ain't no joke,
Believe me you don't want it
Your insides churn
Like Hell does burn
From acid hydrochloric.

If you get an itch for sushi,
Don't order from this dump,
General T'Sao's chicken
Ain't finger lock-in'
You'll need your stomach pumped!

December 2010

Clyde King

Wear Clean Underwear

Remember what your momma said
When you were layin' up in your bed
With your blanket pulled over your head?

"Always wear clean underwear
Whenever you go anywhere
Cause your mama can't be everywhere! "

"In case you have an accident
Or have a hospital incident
You might get embarrassed by the event."

"When they pull your bloomers down
And see what made them turn to brown
They'll think you're just a poopy clown! "

The moral of this story is:
Watch how you talk, walk and live
Or people won't care what you give.

When you got on dirty underwear
You stink to everyone everywhere.
"Do what I say! Do you hear! ? "

January 2006

Clyde King

For Amanda And Andrea (Haikus)

Amanda Marie
Such lovable bitterness
Appropriate name

Andrea Lea
A womanly meadow
Birdsong and Flower

Berry brown babies
From Eve earth mother
Children from the mountains

How lovely you are
How precious you are to me
My dark eyed daughters

May God safeguard your
Going out and your
Coming in forever

June 2005

Clyde King

PoemHunter.com

Eat More Poetry

Poetry should be on
The menu everyday.
Why? Because it's
High in protean!

Poetry builds healthy muscles,
Nerve cells and tissue.
Prose is full of carbs, fat,
Sugar and issues.

But the worst side effect
Of prose, in most places,
It Is boring, boring, boring
Fatality cases!

Of course, there's bad poetry,
Let's make no bones.
Bad poetry can give you kidney stones.
And warts, flatulence, and baldness, too.

So, if bad poetry tempts you
To the nugatory pursuit
Of prose anew,
Then run, don't walk to your
Nearest bookstore.

And splurge away
On volumes of forgotten lore
And your mental and physical
Health good poetry
Shall restore.

July 2005

Clyde King

Maybe You Are A King

Why are you waiting?
Wake up, stop hesitating!
Stop this analysis paralysis.

Did you forget your dreams?
What stifled that still, small
Voice in your heart?

That tells you go ahead,
Do it now before you're dead.
Do it now.
Now is all you have,
All you'll ever have.

May be you'll find
Some peace of mind.
May be not.
So What?

But if you never sing
Then you will never know
That you were born a king.

Oct.2020

Clyde King

My Other Me

My other me was not around.
"Where are you? I whispered.
There came not a sound.

I pulled up the covers,
Looked under the bed,
Opened the closet...
Just scratched my head.

Where has me gone?
Why no reply?
Why this trick
On poor little I?

Then I recalled
My other me said
She went to sleep
In mom and dad's bed.

I just had to know
And as I surmised,
She lay there asleep,
Closed were her eyes.

Wake up ME! Let's play!
Let's watch TV.
Life's not much fun
When you're not with me!

You don't understand?
It's quite simple, you see...
Amanda, my twin,
Is my other ME!

April 2004

Clyde King

Rain

It feels like rain
Will be falling again.

Why do the clouds scoff
Because I have a day off?

I swear that somebody knows
When we need a good hose.

Oh well,
What the hell...

Oct.2020

Clyde King



PoemHunter.com

Who Cares?

I'm sitting here
In my drawers
Drinking a beer.
Who Cares?

Now that you're here
Let's talk about life.
And what the hell
Is causing this strife.

Do you really care?
Or are you bothered by your hair?
What's the matter with you?

Can't you see
What this world is coming to?
You got another think coming!
I hope you see it through.

'Cause we're going down!
This place is being ruled
By a bunch of clowns!
So, bend over, do try

And kiss your ass goodbye!

Clyde King

Dreaming

When you stop dreaming
You might as well die.

When you give up on your hopes
And you don't even try,

Your whole life is a waste!
It's nothing but a lie.

If you only exist
You're taking up space.

Get the hell out
Of the human race!

Or try renting out
The space behind your face.

When you stop dreaming
You might as well die.

Your whole life is a waste
Because you didn't try!

So, go 'head on
And let your ass fly!

Oct.2020

Clyde King

You Are

A second is always a second.
Sixty of them make a minute.
A minute is always a minute.
Sixty of them make an hour.
And twenty four hours make a day
And three-hundred sixty-five days make a year.

These never change.
They may seem to speed up
Or slow down, but that's
Only our perceptions
Playing games.

Time never changes,
But we are changed by it.
It marches on, as they say.
Time is the great equalizer
And destroyer.
No one can escape it.

In the end, we end,
But not time.
Time is timeless.

And you, you are always you.

Oct.2020

Clyde King

You Got A Fat Walmart Butt

Just let me sit here and drink.
Getting tight helps me not to think.

When you're haunting my thought
I know in the blues I'll get caught.

When you told me goodbye
There were no tears in your eyes.

Your heart grew cold as ice.
But let me give you some advice.

When you lay down with dogs
You get up with lice.
And lice ain't nice.

Why should I care
How you got in my hair?

You're a low down, dirty slut!
And you got a fat Walmart BUTT!

So go on and leave.
I'm not going to grieve.

Go to Walmart your favorite place
And get out of my face!
You're a rotten disgrace!

October2020

Clyde King

A Great Soul

As I was meandering along Walmart's
Scientifically arranged aisles
To suck more money
Out of suckers like me,
A young salesman trying to sell
Cell phone, WiFi, and internet
Service, approached me courteously
Asking if I had a current cell phone,
WiFi and internet service.

I replied, 'yes, and it's with
The company you're working for.'
Nonplussed, he continued talking
Non-stop until I
Stopped him, but politely.
And reminded him that
I was already a loyal customer.
He stopped talking, noticing
For the first time that
I was a real person too.
And that I was now talking
To him in mild, measured words.

He paused, looked at my
Black tee shirt that said in bold, white lettering
'Gin & Juice.' Tanqueray was printed on the sleeve.
He and his cohort nodded approvingly
At this cool reference to a rap song
By rapper Snoop Dog
And said approvingly
'You're cool brother, you've got soul.'

To which I replied.
'Yes, and a great one, too, '

October2020

Clyde King

Tell Me

When do you reach the point
of no return to sanity?
are any of us really normal?
completely sane?

I don't know. Maybe the rain
can tell us the answer.
maybe the rain tells us
when you go there's no going back.

Look at it falling on the rack
that stretches our minds beyond
this earth and beyond the stars.
tell me if you know please.

Tell me when your mind sees
the end of life and the pit
we all fear falling into.
do we really die or just pass

Into another plane of circumstance?
tell me if you can.
show me a world beyond this one
and then we can dance.

Oct.2020

Clyde King

Death Came By

Death came by the other day.
He said "forget all this
And come away."

I pondered his words and asked him why?
"Don't you know? You're going to die!"

Well, yes, I know that day will appear.
Will it be today, next week, or maybe a year?

Nobody knows when they'll take their last breath.
It's useless to worry about the day of your death.

It will come and go, and you'll be forgotten
In year or so.

I told Mr. Death "you're wasting my time.
Go away, don't bother me.
I've got to finish this rhyme."

Sept.2020

Clyde King

What Have I Become?

Friends I don't have any
Enemies I've got a few
Lovers I've had many
True ones maybe two

I'm running alone tonight
Put a spoonful up my nose
Hope no one picks a fight
'Cause I'll kill 'em I suppose

Stay out of my way
I don't want to hurt you
Listen to what I say
Contemplate your future too

If you got a pretty wife
Maybe a kid or two
Don't throw away your life
Get it I hope you do

To me your life is cheap
I don't care what I do
If your life you want to keep
Please take this cue

Run away as fast as you can
Don't look back
Don't overthink this plan
When you're dead you're not coming back Jack

Or give me your hand
Let me look in your eyes
I just want to understand
Why this world cries

Why this life has no plan
No hope no love no friend
That will listen and comprehend
How I feel being forgotten alone

By all that I've known

Alone alone alone

What's the point in going on

Let's get this done

I hurt to the bone

Sept.2020

Clyde King

Obsession

Once upon a weekend dreary,
While I stumbled drunk and bleary,
Over many a bottle and beer can
Strewn across my motel floor.

Suddenly there came a knocking
And the sound of a gun cocking,
Cocking, cocking, cocking, cocking
Just outside my motel door-
Only this and nothing more.

"It's the cops," I mumbled,
About to break in the door.
There was no running, hiding or evading
The ghastly sight upon my floor.

There she was, hacked to pieces
And scattered like the bottles and cans
Upon my floor-
Only this, and nothing more!

Ah, distinctly I remember
It was a cold December
As the daylight embers
Shone upon the severed members
Of the sweet Lenore!

Oh my God! The blood and gore!

And the silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each blood stained curtain,
Thrilled me, chilled me, as I relived
The horrible deed the day before.
Only this, and nothing more!

But the cops, intently beating,
Beating, beating, beating, beating
Commanding me to open the door!
"Sirs," said I, earnestly entreating,

"Do come in and we'll have a meeting
And discuss the events
Of the day before."

"Gentlemen, I beg you when you see
What's before you, this was only
A prostitute, a no good whore,
She got what she deserved forever more.
Nothing less and nothing more! "

They recoiled in horror and backed to the door!
"I warned you, didn't I? It's a dreadful sight
That started last night, and ended with the death
Of this whore named Lenore!

The sight overwhelmed them,
The blood and the gore.
The wine bottles and beer cans mute witness bore.

They stood, then undaunted
By the scene that was haunted
By an evil they had never seen before.
On the floor they threw me, handcuffed and beat me,
Beat me, cursed me over the life of a whore?

Then I awoke with a shaking, feverish and quaking,
Mind racing and reeling, as I looked at the ceiling,
And felt a relief like never before!
Next to me sleeping lay the sweet Lenore!

Beside me lying, murmuring and sighing,
"Are you living or dying? What's wrong with you? "
She did implore.

"Just a nightmare, I'm fine.
Go back to sleep, my sweet Lenore."

June 2017

Clyde King

To Kill A Mockingbird-For Harper Lee

There was a mockingbird
Or catbird as we call it in the South
Lying on my patio

It must have flown into my
Pool cage through a hole
And broke its neck in a panic to
Escape I surmised

My dog saw it first and she
Was poking it with her paw
As if it would get up and fly away
If she did it long enough

But it didn't get up
It was dead but the body
Was still warm

I picked it up and I couldn't
Find any signs of how it died
It broke my heart to look
At its soft gray and white body
Black legs, black beak and
Black holes for eyes

Something happened that day
That had no explanation
But something was lost-

The life of a bird
It's beautiful singing that
As legend has it was learned
By hearing Eve sing

A time when we were pure
Free and innocent
Before the darkness fell
And we lost our way
As Scout Finch did

Maybe a Boo Radley
Will show up just in time
And save us from being
Destroyed by it

Maybe not
I buried the little bird
And buried my heart with it
Nothing will ever be the same
Just as it was for her

June 2019

Clyde King

Guess Who?

He never leaves any fingerprints.
He never leaves a trace of himself.
Only death, pain, suffering and guilt.

How can you photograph a phantom?
How can you track a ghost?
Find DNA?

Most people say he doesn't exist.
What do you think?
If you're ambivalent about him
Don't drop your guard.

His greatest achievement:
He doesn't exist,
He's only an allegory.

The moment you think
He's not around
Can be fatal.

Funny thing is
There's plenty of proof
That he exists.

He makes the koolaid
And offers you a drink.
He even pours it for you.

You drink or you don't,
He doesn't make you.

There is good and
Evil in this world.

You choose.

April 2019

Clyde King

I Didn't Know

I didn't know
How you suffered.
When you told me
"I have no life";
I couldn't process it.
All I knew was that
Your life was over
For all practical purposes.
I was helpless
Because I couldn't
Change anything.
Seeing you lying
There day after day,
Week after week,
Year after year,
I died with you.
Now I know.
Now that you're gone
I'm gone too.
Why keep on?
Love is as
Strong as death is...

April 2019

Clyde King

Conversations With A 'possum

Last night I talked with a 'Possum.
He was dining in my garbage can,
One of his favorite stops when he's in town.

His name is Frank and his wife
Is Martha although I've never met her.
He has a favorite garbage can in every
Neighborhood. He likes mine because it's
Usually full of chicken, steak, and
Pork rib bones.

But I was getting fed up with his
Nocturnal noshing, littering
And nattering. Except for that
Bullshit, he's pretty interesting for
A 'Possum. He loves to read Nietzsche,
Philosophy and Proust.

I asked him not to be such
A nuisance, but he said,
With just the right tone of irony
In his high pitched, nasal
'Possum way, "Things don't change,
But by and by our wishes
Change."

I told Frank I wished that
He would take his Proustian
Spouting and get the hell
Out of my garbage cans.
Nothing against Proust.

He looked hurt, as only 'Possums
Can, hissed an unrepeatable oath.
Then as he departed into
The Stygian night, he hurled
This Nietzschean nugget back
At me: "Convictions are more dangerous
Foes than lies! "

I had to agree.

Clyde King

Life Sucks

Every day I wake up
And hear this strange sucking noise, like
A clogged vacuum cleaner.
In my house, when I step outdoors,
Everywhere I go it seems.

It seems to be telling me
LIFE SUCKS!

We're thrown into this shit hole
Without being asked, and then we better
Navigate through it or get sucked down into it.
Like falling into a bottomless whirlpool.
You try to grab something to
Hold on to, and if you're lucky

A nameless stranger sticks
Out a hand or a rope or a stick,
And you grab hold with all your life.
Problem is, you get tired, weak,
And lose hope in ever getting out.

That's when life really does SUCK!

April 2019

Clyde King

The American Dream

I'm tired of givin'
To the cost of livin, '
Gettin' nothin' in return.

If I was a dollar
I'd surely holler
The way folks make me burn!

You slave all day
To make your pay,
And when the day is through-

Yer no further ahead
Than if you stayed in bed,
'Cause the guvmint got it too!

April 2019

Clyde King



PoemHunter.com

When The Time Comes

When the time comes,
Will you let me know?
When the time comes,
I will let you go.

When the time comes,
You can close your eyes.
When the time comes,
We'll be in paradise.

When the time comes...
-Revelation 21: 3,4

Nov.2017

Clyde King



PoemHunter.com

Today Would've Been...

Today would've been ok
If I had stayed in bed,
Read some Charles Bukowski,
Studied some more of
The "Artist's Manual Of
Design and Composition."

It's good stuff really if
You're a serious artist,
But if you're a hack
Don't bother because
You won't get it anyway.

Some guy was watching
Me paint the other day
And asked what I was doing.
Not wanting to be condescending
To this chap
I said "I'm painting "plein air."

I was waiting for his question
"What does 'plein air' mean? "
But he never asked.

I guess he didn't want to appear
As dull as he already appeared,
So he said, "Oh, ok"
Like he was Claude Monet
And abruptly walked away.

Wow! I just made a triolet
That rhymed without
Even trying!

Feb.2019

Clyde King

Falling Backward

You know the feeling.
That black dog has caught you
He has crept up on you
And knocks you down
Into the void of nothing...

You're falling backward again
And you can't break it.
Depression is a black hole
That makes you believe
You'll never climb out of it.

Days, weeks, months,
Even years pass by of
Nothing but the wish
That this pain would end.

The only thing that makes
You want to live is that still,
Quiet voice that whispers
In your soul "live."

You find it hard to believe.
Nobody cares about you
Or wants to because they're
Afraid if they look inside you
They will see themselves.

Yesterday, today, tomorrow
Mean nothing to you.
Macbeth got it.
When he was facing certain death
And desiring it to come
More quickly, he said
"Tomorrow, and tomorrow,
And tomorrow, creeps in
This petty pace from day to day...
Life is a tale told by an idiot,
Full of sound and fury,

Signifying NOTHING."

I know what he means...

One day you start to wake up
From this living, breathing nightmare.
You start to care again.
You want to live again.
You have hit the bottom
Of the depression hole.
You're going to be ok.

Life, now and forever.
Depression is hell.
I have learned to
Walk carefully on
This earth and value
The purpose of being alive-
Praise God. Thank God.
Love your neighbor as yourself.
-Psalm 15

Clyde King

For My Beloved Jeanne

The arms that embraced me,
That held our children,
That washed and tenderly folded
Our lives together like precious garments,
Are gone.

I see you and I look for you
Everywhere I go. Sometimes
I see you in a dream, from the
Corner of my eye, or hear your
Voice in another room.

I loved your dry country wit,
As dry as late summer grass.
You were a modest, guileless
Southern born and bred girl.
There was a southern gentility
About you that enchanted me-

With an unhypocritical charm,
A soft voice, a gentle way...

I'm sorry I didn't get the chance
To say good bye when you silently slipped
Into that good night. The nurse woke me to
Tell me you were gone.

How could you? How could you leave
Me after 42 years? I'd known you longer
Than anyone else. I'm alone and afraid
Of shadows and things I don't understand.

I caressed your hand and face
And kissed you for the last time
In this life: this place of wrath, pain,
And tears. You suffered far too much.

And I thank God that now you are asleep
In his loving embrace. Jesus declared that his father

Is "the God of the living, not the dead";
Because the dead are still alive in his memory,
Awaiting His call to live again.
And you will always be in mine.

You were my best friend.
I didn't appreciate it at times. I miss your
Wry comments on my grooming habits
And color choices in clothing. I'd look like
A clown in a patchwork suit if it weren't for you.
I'm lost without you now.

We, together, raised two beautiful girls.
You'd be proud of them. They miss you more
Than words can say. Amanda Marie, our "lovable
Bitterness, " and Andrea Lea, "a womanly meadow."
Those names are no coincidence.

We said harsh and cruel things
To each other. Please forgive me.
I didn't mean any of it. And I forgive
You for the cold, silent spaces that you put
Between us. That silence tormented me more
Than words.

You were always honest and faithful.
You honoured our marriage vows in front of God
And men. You made me a better man and I thank you.

When you died, part of me died too. When you love deeply,
You hurt deeply. If you're not willing to die for the ones you love,
Do you really love them? I'm thankful that I or our girls didn't die before you,
Else you would not have borne the pain.

We had a wonderful life.
I thank God you were my wife.

August 2018

Clyde King

You Can't

You can't love what
You won't die for,
You don't love if you
Demand it,
You can't be
If you won't be,
You can't live
If you don't know
You will die,
You can't give
If you think you
Will lose,
You're not alive
If you exist
Without reason,
Without finding out
Who you are in this
Thing called LIFE.

March 2018



PoemHunter.com

Clyde King

Abstract

When I looked at the abstract
Menagerie of colors
I felt his pain

I've seen inside his
World of darkness

From the sorrow of his heart
And mind that seemed
It would last an eternity of tomorrow's

His arched motionless body
Gave him a scent of dark peace
As he laid his head over
His strong framed knees
He looked to be praying

His soul was in need
As I watched he slowly reached
His tired yet artistic looking arm
To that small space among the dark

As if he was calling it to come
So he could look beyond

My soul has to mourn
I heard him say in his silence
And then after the grays
And blacks and blues pass

My mind will renew
With lights of the future
And will come in pastels
And strokes of happiness

June 2017

Clyde King

My Mother Was A Petrie Dish

My mother was a Petrie dish
My father was the donor
I grew up like a jellyfish
No wonder I'm a loner

Life's not easy with such a start
Gelatin don't taste like breast milk
You make little bubbles when you fart
Your ass don't get wiped with silk

One day they put me in this place
So dark so moist so warm
I felt a heartbeat on my face
My toes began to form

For nine long months I called it home
Then one day it all ended
I got thrown out without a comb
I was quite offended

I found this hound who took me in
Life seemed so completed
I lived on roe and quarts of gin
I was royally feted

There came a day when she said 'Son
Get a job or just get OUT! '
I learned to act to have some fun
Who cares what it's about

Now I live in Malibu
I've just made a movie
Life is great for you know who
Thanks to mom the Petrie

June 2017

Clyde King

Paranoia

I didn't do it. I wasn't there!
Why does everyone gasp and stare?

What's that you say? I can't remember.
Where is the body you say I dismembered?

No, no, that's not right!
I was home the whole time!
Why do you think I
Committed that crime?

I don't have a motive,
There's nothing to hide,
Except this old chainsaw
I must confide.

I was watching this movie
When there appeared
A ghastly figure! With blood it was smeared!

I thought I was tripping
But no, it was real!
I snatched up my chainsaw
I dispatched it with zeal!

There's no mea culpa,
No confession to make.
They're all out to get me!
Oh, for Pete's sake!

Call my therapist now,
He'll tell you alright.
If you're not going to charge me,
I'll say goodnight!

June 2017

Clyde King

Time's Up

Time is all I've got now
I don't have you anymore
I will keep on loving you
Until they drop the floor

I can see your lovely face
Then I ask the question why
Did I end up in this place
Where I can't see the sky

Time is all I've got now
I don't have you anymore
I will keep on loving you
Until they drop the floor

When you came to see me
I felt guilty and ashamed
When the jury found me guilty
It was others that I blamed

I know now that I'm guilty
I'll die here in this hole
Only death can free me
O God save my soul

The choices that I made
Were only mine alone
The price that I must pay
O God let death atone

Time is all I've got now
I don't have you anymore
I will keep on loving you
Until they drop the floor

They've taken my last freedom
I hold fast to this hope
Soon I will beat them
When I'm hangin' on this rope

Don't cry for me honey
God knows I've had my fun
I sold my soul for money
When I picked up that gun

You can live in the past
Or get on with your life
Our love went by too fast
Thank God you were my wife

Please forget me honey
I caused you only pain
This will soon be over
When the blackness hits my brain

Time is all I've got now
I can't hold you anymore

June 2017

Clyde King

Where Is My Lord?

They say he's dead, his body stolen
My Lord is dead, impaled on Golgotha.
We know Joseph took his body,
Wrapped him in fine linen
And laid him in his tomb.

Now the body is gone,
Stolen the disciples say.
It is the Day of Preparation,
How can we get his body
Ready for burial?

They say Caiaphas took him
So we could not steal his body
To prove he was resurrected.

They say Pilate stole him
To hang him on the wall
To warn all would be messiahs.

This morning Mary Magdalene,
Joanna, and James' mother Mary
Went to the tomb to anoint him
With perfumed oil, to wrap him in fresh linen.

He was gone.
But two men in flashing white garments
Were there and they said to them: 'Do not look for him here,
He is not with the dead, but with the living.
He has risen on the third day
As he prophesied. Go!
Tell his disciples! "

The disciples would not believe them,
They said it was nonsense.
Who will believe the words
Of women?

Cephas, the one the Lord called Peter,

And the disciple Jesus loved, John,
Have gone to the tomb.
They will find him.
Then we will know.
Then we will know.

June 2006

Clyde King

Take It Slowly

I like graveyards. They're peaceful and quiet.
Here no one fights or argues, curses or kills.

Here all have reaped the wages of sin: death.
Now they lie acquitted in peace and rest.

Their loves and hates, joys and griefs,
Victories and defeats matter no more.

Their memories will fade like a photo,
Getting dimmer and less distinct as their headstones.

Set your heart to this: live each day
As if it were your last on this earth
As if this day was the first day of eternity

Live each day as if you had
A second chance to live your life over again

As if you were about to make
The same mistakes you did before.

Life is an exhalation, a brief moment,
Yet in it we sense eternity.

Take it slowly.

March 2017

Clyde King

Selena And Bobby

Let's go see Selena
At the Two Fingers Bar.
She wriggles like a snake
That's trapped in a jar.

She moves in ways
You've never seen before.
You'll lose your religion
When she takes the floor.

Old men just sit and dream,
Young men can only stare,
When Selena stares back
Through her black curly hair.

Go get yourself a Redstripe
And two fingers of gin
'Cause you ain't goin' nowhere
When Selena slithers in.

Don't matter where you come from,
Don't matter who you are,
'Cause you'll never touch Selena
In the Two Fingers Bar.

She's got a man named Bobby,
She loves him heart and soul.
He's been gone so long,
She thinks his love's grown.

Bobby loves Selena,
He writes her when he can.
He lost both legs in action,
He feels like half a man.

Go get yourself a Redstripe
And two fingers of gin
'Cause you ain't goin' nowhere
When Selena slithers in.

Selena doesn't know yet,
Bobby's too afraid to tell.
He thinks their life is over,
Why put her in his Hell.

Bobby doesn't know her,
Doesn't know how true she is.
If only he would call her,
Let her know she is his.

Go get yourself a Redstripe
And two fingers of gin,
'Cause you ain't goin' nowhere
When Selena slithers in.

March 2017

Clyde King

Haikus To Halitosis

Your contacts have a tint
In them I see my image
You need a breath mint

Your deadly breath so foul
So toxic, rancid, and rank
Would kill an OWL!

Can this be love, dear,
When I smell your putrid breath
Of garlic and beer?

Turn away your face!
Put a hand over your mouth,
Holy shit, what a case!

What crawled down your throat?
What died in there, a warthog?
I'm starting to choke!

Please give me some hope.
Don't breathe in my face,
Try Dentyne or Scope

Though you may gasp
Over such odious things
This you should grasp:

Because, dear cretin,
Garlic, onions, and beer
You too have eaten

March 2017

Clyde King

Uncle Willie's Sandwich Shop

Uncle Willie's Sandwich Shop
South side of Ybor City
Is the place you got to stop
When you're feelin' hungry

Bacon, tomato, and a scrambled egg
On Cuban toast with butter
Grease drippin' on your leg
There ain't nothin' better

Add sausage and red eye gravy
Hot sauce and a deviled crabby
Wash it down with cafe' con leche'
So what if you gets flabby

Drive South on 22nd Street
'Bout two miles South of 60
Get your mouth set to eat
Good food that's real rib sticky

(This is a local greasy spoon that's been around for years and is an icon in the breakfast and lunch trade. It's in Tampa, Florida, and I stopped here often to enjoy their comfort food.)

Clyde King

The Unspoken

I hear the rustle of dry leaves
I feel the ruined bones
I see swirling reds, blues, greens
Fading like water colors on wet paper

I look for corners folded over
Of pages in the books you once read

There are no notes in the margins
No words underlined to help me
Remember what was lost

Once you told me you could not
Think about me without crying
I never understood what you meant

Did I fail to become your dream?
Did you refuse to become mine?

Is that what you couldn't tell me?
Is that why you left?

June 2017

Clyde King

Come Back

Where are you?
Where did you go?
We were friends, you know.
We did everything together,
Now I can't recall your name.
I had no father
So mine you became.
Take my hand again.
Tell me your name.
Give me your power.
Then you may go,
Then you may go.

March 2017

Clyde King



PoemHunter.com