

Poetry Series

Daffodil Decarie
- poems -

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Daffodil Decarie(February 28,1980)

In countless ways, a born absent minded, a human being. Have stumbled upon many peculiar experiences and humble awareness. She is pleased to intuitively feel that 'Life is a set of sequential fair-expressions of symbolism and personification of what's within'. She is inclined to believe that if she is not looking for a creator she must atleast understand why she's created. Her family has conducted a tremendous amount of thought studies/experiments on her personality(ies) , and often times they are led to believe that the only way she can make a good sense of the world she lives in, is thru metaphor, personification and abstraction of most concepts, ideas, and realities that she (will) come across for the rest of her life.

She's never been officially published, have not joined any poetry contest (tho, she has been a victim of fraudulent contest, out of her naitivity) . She is mainly looking for inner peace and harmony.

Although life has confronted her in an unparalleled manner, she still managed to achieve most of her radical and professional dreams.

2008 marked her 28th year on planet earth. She figured that she only have 12 years left before stepping unto the golden ladder of 40th year. With this reflective thought in mind, she is currently devising a plan on how to be effective and satisfyingly useful for the greater good of man kind. She confidently urge the public to watch her grow exponentially from within and with out.

Her most sincere (adopted) messages for humanity are: 'You cannot touch a flower without disturbing the stars' by Francis Thompson, 'Do not hold on to feelings that hurt you, simply throw them away' By: (unknown) , 'Bad judgment merely suggest that you've reach a turning point' (she personally paraphrase Jonathan cainer's phrase 'you did not make a bad judgment, you've merely reach a turning point'.)

In totality, she is one heck of a complex woman born in this modern time of technologies and wacko philosophies. A woman who can chew over most arguments and opalesce most possibilities.

' Winautumn Is Here

.
Whisking off sweat droplets
On his cheeks, nose tip
Up his forehead-
A gentleman sat on
Carved myonlylily bench-
Breaking sultry in the east
A misty sunlight cower-
His shyness drips upon mine.

.
I Look over his eyelashes,
Eyes- across multitude of
soft cotton breeze,
dancing ladies dances
Like a gallfly arriving
Upon passion flowers
Inflorescence-

.
AND THEN

.
I wonder how wet
winter will be, this year.

Daffodil 13-Oct.2008

Daffodil Decarie

' Journal Entries For October 2008'

Oct.11 2008 I wrote:

Every night-
I kill myself slowly.
As I exhale the smoke
and watch the -wind of secret-
blending-in and hide my tears
as I listen to my old man
grinding teeth, moaning the agony of
pain and suffering. Of which I am weak
to wrench away from him.

Every night-
I howl at the void above each smoke
I exhale
and damn my tongue until it hangs
like -that- of a loud mutes one.
And not even total exhaustion of
my heart and mind prevents my soul
from -asking- the dark sky
[who happen to often seem illumined by
an elusive crescent moon]-
Not even total exhaustion of
any kind, prevents me from asking!
'how long will it take
for redemption to come? ' -I need-
'Need I call the Delivery-man? ! '

Oct.08 2008

Taking deep breaths
while thinking of you I feel like
a song-learning bird
singing love song
for the first time.

Oct.05 2008

...If I still love you,
it's not because an early halloween breeze
shattered humankind
into three shadows
[of silly notion] of emptiness.
It's because -ours-
like an hour-glass sand
ascend higher above any man
who walks ahead those shadows.
and bedarn!
our effervescing traces
can't help but ask
if we must land on the hayfield as one
-and-if-not-
must one invite the blade
to cut ones heart into multiple vestiges
of just You or I.
Shall I continue loving you? -
Not because the mule told me so.
But because the nature of -letting go-
is simply drawing lines of -how
and where- we used to.

Hello everyone! ! ! :) been awhile since I greeted all great poets here in
poemhunter! Although these entries aren't that uplifting I felt compelled to share
them for no apparent reason ;) Take care, all! Happy Halloween

Daffodil Decarie

' My Personal 'Year In Review'

2007 is at the moment struggling against the snatcher of his life,2008.

.
Although horse cart news about dying 2007 has been spread out by rumors chieftain,2007 remains strong behind its buffalo skin.

.
The year knows how thick his pocket is with mind blowing events that deserves to be written on Guinness book of records.

.
Time saw how a country's declining morality turned its people's intestine horizontally, how a corrupt leader talks, knowing that all he says are merely pushed-by the tongue

.
Saw the reverend's acute proverbs drops like a pin amid the multitude's brain and how such phrases encourage the masses to keep brittling their teeth, their bones for a few destined elites.

.
In 2007, some managed to get rid of the rats that races within their chest and open their heart to the one who cannot break a glass. Hoping for life-time oneness.

.
Some became famous for having a tongue with multiple uses; a flower tongue amid crisis, a sweet tongue in wall street, a farting tongue to the innocent, a tongue of branches to the thief, the mayor, the purveyor.

.
Some never change, all through out 2007, they stay as is, a slapped mud on the face of the universe, happy to keep writing in the water.

.
And the youngs, wishes to one day experience 'the long play' with the one who can make the

monkeys fall from the tree.
Make friends with the one who's paper
is wide as the tablet of moses
commandment.

.
And for the nagging tomatoes, the year knows,
they'll keep nagging as all years passes them by,
and leave their saliva rotten, leave their fingers
counting the posts where the birds lay its nest.

.
As soon as darkness bite the sun of 2007, Benazir
didn't doubt her life milking the coconut with her
soul as it prepares to level her feet.

.
And the year meets another, handing over debts
of gratitude, that somehow prevents mankind
to smile like a dog after breaking fish heads
time after time.

.
Daffodil '07

Daffodil Decarie

' Searching Young Love'

I found myself fetal in position
Second guessing where I belong
Whether I am in my womb -Or-
In your veins labyrinth.

.
My heart tingles wide. Spread
At the chasm of brainstorming
The fiction -you- the picture.

.
Young lips -ellipse sound- vowels foreplay
Young flesh writhes /ay/ softly-
Gently /ooo-h/, eight embraces of two

.
Before midnight forest
Slowly loses /aaahh-h/ to forever
Echo silken sighs hum! hum-
Hum, sighs laid bodies ballad

.
The neck of young lovers.
The cotton wood. The dumbfounded
Eyes searching love rest.

Daffodil Decarie

'A Poet's Valentine Message To Her Dear Friend

Your love describes my name
buttercups, in the evening
paperwhite thoughts,
pure petals
segments of feelings
dilly down
the daffalounge
Imbued - we pleasure

.

In the crackling of
Momentary stressess
Pain vanish after each
emollient touches of your fingertips.

.

Happy Valentines Sebastian ;)

Daffodil Decarie

'A Promise Is Kept When It's...'

.
It's when sunrise exchange
Embraces with sunset.

.
It's when the pacific ocean
Rest ashore - lie asleep.

.
It's also when -

.
Grandpa came home
DEFEATED

.
His tired eyelids rest-upon
The love he has for mothers.

.
A love
Fortified against the wind
Against the uprising of
Death's overgarment.

.
A love
He'll give for the truth of
One.

.
His hands, clasp together
A message that will last
Forever.

.
It's been twelve years, now
And I still cry why

.
Why can't I believe
That the brightest star
Echoes his everlasting wisdom?

.
. Is it really true? That
'To leave a spring flower-
Is for the gold and the better. '?

.

.

sav 11-17-07

Daffodil Decarie

'A Tribute For Mary's Beautiful Soul'

What's above matter?
matter,
change.
Change matter above all.
Space
time's mood
Is a matter of change-
What's beyond eternity?
Is an altered matter-
Mary
you will not be remembered
by me, because
your now unseen presence
will be a treasure that I will
hold dear, just like how I
hold dear to know
the matter beyond unknown.

Go forth Mary and enjoy rebirth among the stars, beneath the sparkling blanket
of mystery.

Your friend,
Daffodil

.

Daffodil Decarie

'Affection Vs. Seduction'

It was 3 a.m I remember
Sitting on the floor cross legs tied hope
Until 6 a.m cramps started to crawl
And I begun to wonder about afternoon
Trash cans in classrooms. Did you call?

.
No. My voicemail yelled, 'zero'
Mottled heart - fizzled phone.
Umbrageous - a soliloquy clamored
Unknown caller I.D.'s one after another, I
Exhaled- feeling like a cragfast epithelium.

.
10 years went by after a single sigh
Sailed endless seas. Caught by surprise
How patience swanned my bigotry
Would you really? No, you won't. Yes
Maybe you'll phone me one day.

.
I never learned how to win this game
In my ears desire echoes, your smile
Whispers, 'You love it- you love me'.

.
All you know is that you hate me unsex
Days you feel neutered. You're weirded out why
Belly touching your skin end-less poignant.

.
Pensive! These quaint memories kicked off
Like fireworks disney's winter wonder
Land's wild dreams will never see.

.
6 a.m my mind winded a sulking male puzzle
I sat with cramps crawling outside -in- to you.
Brainsick- I slept with aphrodisia disgruntled.

Daffodil Decarie

'Fair Trial'

Once, two rats were talking.
'Try this, ' said the first.
'It is of xanthous essence with bewildering taste
Humans call it swiss cheese.'
'That's fascinating, ' said the second rat.
'I've got a florid essence of my own called,
sharp cheddar.'

They decided to trade,
But each was worried losing his favorite flavor.
Each surreptitiously took a mouthful of
What they have in hand, first.
Then each blurted the same.
'There's no difference.'
They agreed, it wasn't
A fair trial.

Daffodil Decarie

'Fall'

Creatures are turning blue
Evergreens rejoices with hue

.

Blackened branches-
Birds denounces.

.

Earth sends my love to you

.

Fall- I rest in the flowerbed
Of your spirit- so kindred

.

Fall- I love you.

Daffodil Decarie

'Ma...'

Ma...

.
Without your glass of water
Who would replenish
My midnight thirst?

.
Before dawn who will,
Who will stir my Chocolate
With milk, warm breakfast

.
Before I go to school?
Who will iron
Washed and dried
Beaten wrinkles of

.
My uniform,
And that of my ancestor?

.
Ma, I've grown up.
Alone, lonely

.
Without you
How rough sorrow
How sweet the pain
Wilted weaknessess

.
I have within.
Life is lonely, Ma
Love for strangers
Is as Distant

.
As the wall of a nutshell
That keeps on expanding
A space that keeps on frustrating
The animal kind's thinking.

.
Ma, I've yet another story
Another story to tell yah...

.

end

sav 11-17-07

Daffodil Decarie

'Mundane Died'

I quit shaking my head
Almost rejected disbelief, but-
It's about time to give up, and
Leave pathetic work -a - day.
It's about time for
Mundane to die.

.

It's the weekend, dammit.

Daffodil Decarie

'Quietitude'

.

An empty nest cannot wait 'til sunset, a mother's embrace is an infant's peace.-
Daffodil

.

Hear me-
eventually I will learn to listen.

.

When no more sense is spoken,
and the moment cease my mind from working,
and when my body is weakening,
may peaceful silence find its dwelling within.

.

'Exhaustion is just another illusion', he say.

.

Let the air fill in what you cannot see,
for blindness is akin to uncertainty.

.

Breathe like a docile strand of hair
without troubling the unwary,
without weeping for reality,

.

Look without seizing what can be seen
Be aware like life is all that matter.

.

Hear me- without talking.

.

Daffodil

Daffodil Decarie

'Remember Us? '

Remember us?
Remember us among slurred emptiness
Of being in the moment?

Remember us? The dream
That never forsake, that never end
Reality, that never stop wanting us
To take over forever?

Don't cry baby, I'm not leaving you alone
I still exist, we exist, sky is the limit.
Please don't say goodbye, baby.

Snow buddies are here
Love is here to stay
You say
I am here for you, baby

The future is there
Sitting, anxiously waiting
To roll sleeves
And make our lives better
Better than we expected it to be.

Daffodil Decarie

'Restaurant Conversation'

.

The waitress speaking in Thai accent
Seated us at the corner of fortune cookies
We said, 'Thank you', bows and whispers
Afraid the bamboos will hear our secrets

.

Looking about, the room caught the Italian
Talking to his wife looking pastafied
We listen to his chinese philosophy
A couple customer came in

.

Gentle winter breeze
Disturbed the chimes silence
Our smiles, an inch apart faces
Decided to join the crickets

.

Daffodil Decarie

'Reunite, Eh? '

I am left, a buck poor
I pondered-
When will you be mine
When will you tell me

.

You are coming back-
You are reuniting with him
Yet, you are coming back

.

To me, you said.
To the bookstores, the shelves
That stacks a few sweet mem'ries.

.

I am stupid, that's what you think
I am weak - vulnerable against you.
Your wicked schemes- I fall. Fell
Yearning to be vulnerable, again.

Daffodil Decarie

'The Day You Chose To Love'

How about giving it a torques wings
Lime green product of bowel movement?
How about making it fly?
How about making it a dream?

.
So, if you lost a finger
would you still be you? If what's left
Is the brain of you
Who would you be then?

.
Maybe a being with rotten flesh
Dried blood cells, torn carcasses
Of some human form?

.
Let me tell you something
Everything is real, it's a matter
Of free-will. Just don't push
Your luck when you're having
Milk and coffee is on top.

.
Just believe that you can see
Reality and beyond in every second
Of the day you love me
Eternally.

Sebastian and I has been away from each other for sometimes, now. And like other relationships we face a pile of trying times that tempts us to doubt and question our faith. If only we can hold on strongly to the love we know we have for each other, maybe distance will become an easy difficulty to overcome soon.

Daffodil Decarie

'The Obvious'

Faded upon poem hunter's obvious
Friendliness among hunters and hunted
Fogs fair cognitions of thoughtfulness

For some reason - Many a spoken prayers
I mean, 'just a spoken prayers' fruitless
But acknowledged by needs, a cry out of
Flattery- a vain soliloquy - a prayer

To a God, whose image remain eristic
Among -prayers- said to be truthful.
How come we are so succussed?
By prayers - susceptible- swollen in nature.

Finding myself bespeaking for truth
Feels like walking barefoot on fiery charcoals
Forbidden to jump over -theories & conclusions-

Daffodil Decarie

'There Was'

You- a whisper that I found
There was the longing from the ground
That goes round and round

.

And grilled my damned dreams
That you and me will be
Timeless and whole like one.

.

All day- I wish for those days
Those days when you were mine
Time and over twentyfour seven.

.

And fuckin' lies broke in
Into our sweet dreams
Insidiously trap what I thought was love.

.

There was...
The time to find what you're given.
You were- almost the one.

Daffodil Decarie

'Why Letting Go Is Hard

Why Letting Go Is Hard

.

I said...

what else is there for us, self?

We've seen the war

We've been broke

We've seen the needy

We sat atop a warm stone

.

What else is there for us, self?

.

We've emptied the coffer to have

We salute after 50 year old champagne's pop

.

We dressed, but never like monks

We dance, but never like the lamprey

.

So self that's how life

sweeps our feet away

sometimes,

.

How one decides, is something

I'd like to know

.

What else is there for us, self?

.

Sex starts at five o'clock

because it's forbidden to eat after six

.

Life must rest every after

a raspy thought chagrin its dignity

.

Life must rest, I said to myself, one day.

Daffodil Decarie

#1 'Leni'

It all started as a joke.
Leni, a defiant girl,
Started it all.

.

I even believe
To blame Leni is
The most logical way
To start this story.

.

The theory of everthing
Deep inside of me.

.

'What do I know? ', A question
That became a thought habit
As soon as I was ocean away
From you.

Daffodil Decarie

#1 The Quest Of Animal Collection

One day, the gods
Of heaven and earth-
Build a magnificent curiosity.

Like bored royal hush puppies
They gather one gene-
From three human species.
A bolshevik brain- mordant skin-
And albumen eyes.

The latter being a domestic dice-
A captive to future animal aristocracy.
The first a mythos ruler of [fe]male menagerie.
The second- an outskirts resident, allowed only
As a mute clergy, its spoken wisdom- abstract
No Auschwitz jews, nor sages can understand.

The same day, the gods fixed a treaty
That- cardinal brain, the majesty of exotic
Human zoo must exhibit its genus breakthrough
In circus- Dark skin being 'jesus the centaur'
White blank eyes being 'femme fatale' Seduced

After the gods heart breaking promulgation
The travelling animal collection began-
EARTH II construction.

Daffodil Decarie

(i Don'T Have One)

I originate from the evergreen
Tree, cultivated in the areas of
Gods, inherited by caesars, burned
By olympians, scientist's disinfectant.

The artistics and fringe poetics
Think that I am their commencement
Exercises. Diplomatics, scented herds
Men prophesied my crowns triumphant
Victory. And forgot the terms like-

'The noble specimen persistently
implored viscosity of his patience
foliage- a thoughtful sophist will
adorn him- branches, middle ages
hair breast academy.'- 'And the wizard
will give his healing property to culinaries.'

My mother, Sweet Bat, extracted me
From Laurus Nobilis Bay.

Daffodil Decarie

'...From Firebaugh To Cannery Row'

at the slew, slopes
of swamp cypress stalks
upthrust like sentinel
of time origin, of wild roses
moderne Bathsheba wouldn't know.
At the heart of the slew, the swamp
rests like a well-travelled
loin wrapped in spider web
half swallowed by a quick mud wave.
It rest like canthus meeting
wind blown cottonwood blades
As it mizzles summer silk snow.
The swamp rest as if it's tired of
concealing a batfowled virgin
She who doesn't know
Blithe of fisticuffs
she who washes off tears and blame
the ocean for another one.
She who carries a tote of
canned love and devotion.
She who prefers not to know
The meaning of one's divided shadow.

Daffodil Decarie

A Question Relatively For Theory

I can't help but ask this...

so- does space, time and life, all together,
possesses the ultimate common?

Space and time is parallel to each other?

I don't know,

but the first thing that make sense, after I tried to
understand how narrow
and close the brain to the universe...

As they move, how relatively we are
related to each other, like the tick tack of
a clock going though the hour of the day
I begun to wonder who I am, repeatedly
Through out space, time and life
Things that they say are parallel
adjacent to each other.

I can't help but ask... so,

why fight for something that no-one understands?

Why fathom the deepest of the deep?

Why not-

Lay the cards, show the cause of each effects?

It's not funny when someone

Has to ask, how, when, how many?

Again? How far, how needy?

Just relax, another one say

How far, does it, does it matter?

The universe is suppose to be

A nutshell. Remember? , , , .

Daffodil Decarie

Absurd Theatre

Reality- A theater of absurdity-
Dada work his best for the family.

Mama flourish in Europe and America
for her acts of Drama.

To us- children- Dada should be
honored with surrealism.

Mama should be awarded with a
cryptic farce.

For us children? We're only going to
show them expressionism.

Daffodil Decarie

Ah, Nothing But Pain

Wide, boggled pair of brown eyes,
Stressed, no hand to stretch–
No lending hand to find, bittered–
Staring at the sky, almost weeping,
like a soldier scuffing a foot,
after a bullet nailed his heel.

Hapless pair of brown eyes,
labored its pupil like a gander,
elongating a cherished neck over
Klondike plated fences,
waiting for great white hope...

Days, after serving penitent patience,
from crimes gestated by tamed felons,
obscured by their vicious schemes–
Poor eyes, about to surrender by dawn.
But, its valor endure, to hold a promise,
A hope that every eyes thirst to capture.

Daffodil Decarie

And When

You have to defend your good faith
And have to struck a brave act, of
Break up. That's when stewed blood
Chilled my wicked mouth. Frozen-
My chin felt like sliced by shame in half

.
Guilt thawed my judgment- The wrong one.
After my mind collided- Glanced
At your language, words vindicated
I never heard you ever articulated
I know I hurt you beyond the ladder of laughter.

.
And when reality broke apart my bogus fear
My pain asked a touch of your sympathy
Tender affection. But, you're imperceptible.
My hands were mortified, deafly lamented
Why you are standing outside our doorstep.

.
And when dire moment to ask for forgiveness
Set ashore, life drifted you 4000 miles up north.
My heart thundered, can't help but cry out
Loud. Rushed into violent epileptic confusion.
Terror stormed, left me scared to feel alone.

.
My ears said 'my plea is such a disturbance'
Its flesh furrowed my prayers like useless hollow.
My eyes grieving, shun me from speaking
About its stained, disgraced feeling.

.
And when everything in me is sorry
It is truly sorry. Once again, I fell victim
To the same mistake, to the same regret.
Left feeling unloved- offense unforgiven.

Daffodil Decarie

Boredom

It's often hard–
assuming, initiating
notions, abstractions, conclusions.

In a world such as our own
imaging imagery, ordinary
as much as extraordinary is boring.

Conundrum we have replacations
buttering verities, grudging riddles–
conformity becomes a toothache
that last for generations.

Portrait of truth is not enough–
without seditious gold framing life is a mask.
Haven't we always wonder why?

Ladies, (gentle) and not so, men–
may I reckon, that the commodity of,
our future, bask upon our mystic intuition.

Daffodil Decarie

Bumblebees

winter falls burgundy-

A highway patrols

A grey bumblebee-

at home dinner calls

Daffodil Decarie

Daunted

Daunted by Monday's hour
I walk across Zalud Park
Mound to mound, I reckon
Tomorrow's angry by minutes end.

.
Found a few swings
made one for toddlers
Kids and adults - like me.
I whisper sigh-

.
What a wonderful day, said I
And so I sat, jumpstart, swings a couple
Shadows follow behind.

.
Swinging back and forth
I swing high, swim slow-
Deep sands bury the shadow
That seems to daunt
Tomorrow's resolute volatility.

Daffodil Decarie

Decent Lie

A decent lie is like—
a voluptuous coconut.

The fruit, husk thick,
wrap the skull,
a pair of eyes, a muted lips.
The meat is white, □ fatty, womb—The milk.□ Before water, □
cure the kidney.

Daffodil Decarie

Delivery

Child warn you at midnight-
"Ma- I'm coming out by 5: 30."

"I will come- ride on- snail mail-
fogive the postman-"

"I know, he take pleasure in giving
you pain."

"Ma- be aware- a knock on the door
will bombard you- a message will
say-"

Delivery! Signed by the postmaster-
P.S package came through-

EXCRUCIATING PAIN.

Open the box- It's Holy- Divine-
A Gift one can only pray for.

Daffodil Decarie

Distance

We won over Space'
Tricky distance-
Today marks
The marathon
Defeating Times
Elusive spatial
Substance.

I love you
so much...
The past is fading,
Sometimes fast

Approaching-
Casting fear

within,

Yet Strength-
Courage- Bravity-

Is what we are
Achieving.-

Love
Answers our gain.

Daffodil Decarie

Felicitious Life

As if you have to stand amid
A myriad of storm waves–
As if you have to pause the air–
And bellow invisibly clear.

Then, the calloused motives of–
right and wrong– drills a hole–
at the temple of your pickled scruples.

And you heft– rustle a misty breath
As you palpate the white washed doubt
Attached with your virtuous demeanor's clevis–
And you smile– another guise– another felicitous life.

Daffodil Decarie

Gift

Flower Vase
I can't even-
describe happiness

He was so worried
I won't receive
the flowers-
we were chatting

I asked myself-
go downstairs,
walk and move.

more excuses-
from my car
to my new place
sidewalk clutching
the vase uphill.

Daffodil Decarie

Hannibal Descent

This Hannibalic officer– drooling over,
The money you bring, the money you gain.

Eyes: Sucking Mary’s chocolatic chic,
Hands: Shaking Junior’s bulging jersey’s.

If– You don’t comply nor meet requirements,
rest-assured, you have the liberty of voluntary deportation.
If– You escape, your family is at stake.

Daffodil Decarie

I Sat In Silence

It is sad to say
when we don't have any
words
come out painfully
just like a ballerina
dance
foot clubbed
toes cracked
neath inflamed floors
fruiting
blood of inadequacy

Just like the day
when Generals
used to lay
unbroken necklace
of defenses
so that-
You and I
and the rest of
the community
sleeps tightly
at night,
when we are
protected frugally
from being sorry, of
not having any to say.

Daffodil Decarie

I'M Almost Done

With my cigarette on
My left hand. Puffs I cry
The aches that stabs echt
Cadence of moment leaves.

When I'm done playing
Around -this egoncentric game-
This callous pain, must-

Wither, fast-breaking a blister
As this cigarette bickers- burns
My Bedlamite affection - Done
With you, smoldered in my left hand.

Daffodil Decarie

Kiss Before I Fall To Care...

For why should I care
...If Daffodils kiss in spring
Embrace May for a moment
and burnt totally in June-

.
I kissed you in August-September
In times, I cannot remember.
I kissed you in the rain
I kissed you in the Car
In the streets.
I kiss, you kissed back.

.
You satisfied my curiosity
Yet we can't defy destiny-
Forever you'll leave me
thirsty for more touches
Confectionary lips- meringue kiss
This- I want you to know...

.
Why should I care if I
Kiss you under the gutter
Kiss you better and better
Kiss you again and again

.
And again, within heats sizzles,
under the tears of moonsoon,
A rampage of a confounded typhoon-
Who cares if we kiss-
As if we are Nature at its best.

.
Who cares if our kiss is errata,
A prettified Golgi-you-and-I
In self-realization. But never a religion
... For why should I care about the science,
cosmic mathematics of every thing.
But loving you in all rectified -here-and-now.

.
end

Yesyes, been awhile since I last posted here... glad to be back. Hope everyone is doing well:]

Daffodil Decarie

Life Slide Show

A slide show of life-
You can either pause or stop.

You can push it forward-
Rewind? no- never mind-

Snap shots- you are allowed-
take photos of the past.

Cherish and Love-
as you smile and laugh-

Say Hi; Hello a simple-
A gracious goodbye- also do.

Daffodil Decarie

'Light At The End Of The Tunnel'

"Light at the end of the tunnel"

Say, for sure, faith is inside the panel
And hope within a cylinder, cannot
Salve destruction— Time is a slut—

A chameleon threat, some desire to accomplish
For what reason— only the Id can dissect!
A tug-of-war, of emotions, and more of these—
These idiotic crabbing of the mental—
of the same ego (testicular) struggle, kill it please!

Across the life of lives, some victim burnt, lied by
Beliefs— some survive the "I" who forsakes the other.
Some hoped— fatally dying to vomit— pride's gall.
Some see— "The light at the end of the tunnel"

Daffodil Decarie

Muffins

I dreamed of muffins last night
and your fingers softly tender my skin.

This morning, a love you share warm my oven
and baked breakfast muffins.

I hang my mouth open- you pour smoothies and
berries that shake your legs nerve endings.

Selfishly I let you disarm me, let you
partake this maple syrup that drips under
the blanket.

I look at your eyes and my faith shroud my
belief that life is indeed better than this-

Everday you make me love the absence of our
existence- our souls serene voices.

Before this day will end, I will ask you
again to bake another breakfast muffins.

Daffodil Decarie

My Personal Winter

'No I don't'

No- I don't lie to you at all.

(that's what he told me, before he left)

How many times

Have you heard

That - 'ignorance is bliss'?

.

I remember, it was in September

I ran, as if, tomorrow will never come

I ran towards you, after the stewards

.

They say, you were not on the jetplane

I expected. That you stood me up.

At Meadows field, were all the lilies

Dying, in despair, hoping that you are for real.

.

If- you did not show up, that day when

The dying flowers are hopeless to see

The magic that you will bring in my life

.

I wonder if you expect me to see

The beauty of your life, the madness

In your smile, the love that catches

Every inch of my fall. The waking moment

.

Every September, that which stands

As my personal winter.

I wonder if - the rain will fall

From solar eclipses or when the moon rises.

.

I wonder if you have loved me at all.

I wonder if you will be there if I fall.

Oh well - just know that I will love you

Forever more.

Daffodil Decarie

Noisy Woman

Awry like a binding stiff
Pugnacious- incredibly jealous
Constantly rubs skin,
with jerk/head
Embroidering infirm dogs tragic
Oleaginous low-downs,
of societies
Vulgar sodomic rules,
betrothed with
Old scratch's apocalyptic prophetics
Mishmash squeamish squaw mamma
Marmalade's stupified
olio hodgepodge
Of spunky contumacious
megacosmic
Mellifluous euphonic unification
(Ever wonder what she's yackety- yacking about?)
Of dolores and la dolce vita's
Pharmachotic epigrammatic psyche
And they all blow-
bemoaning below
Washington's smackaroo benediction
Boundaries, Oh! come on!
Boundaries!
(She was a noble woman after all)

Daffodil Decarie

Plucked Feathers

Brick bashing in one's
frugal atonement of sin, is
a lark taste of sugar, a sweet face
chastise a warm embrace.

After I hurt you, after the vengeance,
and no forgiveness spoken. But- (silence)

A graceful rictus beams after your kiss-
and you kiss me, arms in snail fondness,
and I fall- and fall in- the cavity of guile,
a chasm of micturated sorrow, you made.

Brick bashing one's feeling, I sin
forgiveness, I did not attain.

Lessons were learned, pity roped
ego's grope of another (one's) like you.
Song birds plumage will now sing,
songs of feathers, feathers like ours, pluck.

Daffodil Decarie

Scarlet Wheels

Haunted in my sleep
I hear voices of tired luggages–
Scarlet wheels, terror in my spine
I know when you step in
Step out of my life –
Is when the wheels scream –
scratches the ground
Begging, pleading for you
To choose home
Home where someone's waiting–
Restless at night - plagued -
With screams and scratches
Of the luggages you drag around.

Daffodil Decarie

Speared By... A Walrus Fin

I ask why do you need to kiss my lips?
You said,
because I want to- love you.
And you nailed
my tongue with yours
like a porcelain conduit; steamed
and bubble juices of our flesh.

Then, you buckle our nose's
under the grain of our solemn sin-
As you shaft the core
of my respiratory system like a butcher
chopping peach, cherry's & mangoesten
And you break a wild smile
as you clinch your fist
and clutch mine
Then you beguile my lymph's
with your lungs.

Like a fatigued blood cell you whisper
'My skin- is a walrus '
as it cleave upon the
bulwark of your wonder bean

Subdued and suspired-
our eyes blossom like silene vulgaris.
As we languish to rest,
remnant of passions comb
each of our longing
like a seagull's spurious wing
diving after a fish' silver fin.

Daffodil Decarie

The Last Argument

The Last Argument

.

'Why do I ask that? ! ' And he continues...

'Well-It's true, making love

with you is my exercise-

It's like not moving a muscle

But moving nerves as much as possible-'

And he moved on saying...

'It's- it's like yogapol'tic's technique

basic principles can't move a moralized filth

(a mass innuendo by he) , he thought...

And, and like-

Fad-ego diet, feeds visceral vertigo

And human's a gargantuan idiot box

ricochet such basic principles, to-'

'To whom do you think so? '

Daffodil Decarie

The Traveller

Dark crater this vision must be... greater!
The stranger became a traveller—
Like a light year succeeding—
Before surmounting the path of my dream.

His principle's vigor
willingness—
His love a zebra stripe,
a stout threshold of my weakness
a black and white elastic web —
Solid, infinite like Indra's net.

Daffodil Decarie

Thought- Nasty One

A starving vixen,
I lay waiting—
In wilderness, lost,
wanting to be confused.
In gothic darkness,
longing to devour your flesh.

Raised to be modest,
hypocrisy shies my deeds—
Should I grab and hold
that which you behold,
for it is not brain
nor muscle,
but your vein.

High blood boiling,
pressure upon my skin—
Release me! Take me again,
like this morning.
I am in pain, miserable
in wishful thinking,
my warmth raging.

Slice, sweet raisinette,
add me to your French toast—

Lotion my womanhood
with your shea butter
and whipped cream.
I swear, you will not beg,
for I will comply
as you rake my hair
and shove my head
to your bursting vein—

I take you not,
but in love bites
I bait you in.
You loop breaths of relief

for you can't wait.

You have to hold it,
for I've yet to touch
this entity before me-
Impatience overtakes
your whole being,
You slide like a serpent
into this vixen's hole-

Deep beyond the depth
of my womb.
I have taunted Mammon,
and I plead guilty
moan in surrender
as you somewhat laugh,
cry a groan
in painful elation-

I win a million stars
as you shoot meteors
upon my face,
my neck upturned-
Success.

Daffodil Decarie

To Measure A Dream

To measure a dream- one has to buy
A binocular as wide as an island.
Leaving no speckle of future- no dust
In the past- unseen- unforsaken.

And all naked eyes will be dismal yet contented
Believing filibuster's omen- About a caricature
A burlesque alignments of burst- out Stars-
Choking the verity of our ideate ambitions.
The dreams, so many of us shrouded with pride
Ignominious and far ahead to envision, as far as
The cadence of Arteria's haul as it rape our depth
Froze out volund like sagacity we are given.

And sermon's effervescent actions- Each tone we
Must psalm as we perceive spiritual momentum.
We remain in sin. Void of meaning, we try to rise
And hope to measure a dream - begs away from
The lies of reality, the horror of inability, the
Solemn illusion of fear and false traditions.

Perhaps, a handful of clarity, an eye of humility
Is the need of humanity -to measure
The shape of our destination, to unravel the clout
Masking the equipoise of love and the unknown,
To measure the nature of unsearchable 'Truth'.
'The divine dream of all being! ' that has been
Written in books of false assumptions!

To measure a dream is impossible.

Daffodil Decarie

Tongue Tied

Waiting for my chance
Moving like an early winter cloud
My tongue is tied.
And I've nowhere to hide.

What takes the rope to break
So I can speak -
Speak of what to do with myself
If fright shies my loving deed
And life is not for lease

Will I be left among the clouded rot
Of this clinch lingual noesis
And be forever, a victim of inability
To tell you that -
I'm falling in love with you.

Daffodil Decarie

Tough Love

The witch told me you were formed
out of prismatic mineral that often
comes in bundle, twinning you-
collocates massive columns of granular
fibrous virtue- magentas in habit;
fushia by charisma; opaque and hue
conceals the delicate compassion in you.
Scorn- hydro- thermal bastards crusade
against you. Sometimes, you abhor- & wish...
you can annihilate them sub mentality, shallow
luster of judge jury. Deliquesces self - confident
righteousness- purify like an exudating manganite
abide- elusive, flurry life might be,
you love them (your enemy) unconditionally.

#1 of the rocks & mineral inspired poems

Daffodil Decarie (C) 2007

Daffodil Decarie

Turkeyed Belly

A hot pot drench rinse–
giggle wobble wiggle–
A drip dropp spice tucked a tough stuff.

Oven popped, finger stuck
Gobbled bird
All belly cracked.

Daffodil Decarie

Turning Points

Meet me between wound's bruise
behind twigg'd truth, across
deceit's terrain, beneath confusion
after the rain drops, beyond fiery
wry faces, false hope

.

There, you'll see me put on dresses
casually wait in coat blue, stare
as if in awe, as seen in non-fiction
breaking great walls, barriers
no longer cause my wreckage
I understand, turning points

;

As a tangle, it can stand, crooked
as a snarl, just think of skin crisp
as a nag, just think how you walk through
labyrinth of hydra, sophia and hypatia.

Daffodil Decarie

Unknown Whisper

And how my conscience
listen to this whisper
From the depths of my heart's well,
A whisper-
that tame my faithless-
My worthless pessimism.

And this omnipotent susurrus
Sneak and seize my being's
keen auricle, gently-
Like a flyspeck speaks assuredly
Of positivity, of prophetic promise
That says:

"Life is You-
You are the forces
that never fail mankind's history
You are the strength
that draws eternal security."
YOU are the luck
who charms many a heart's
Endless eyes of curiosity.

Daffodil Decarie

Wife

My Love, I show the image to my friend.
He says the boy in me has grown up already.
Evolved fully, a mermaid surfaced.

He's face was steady,
looking at the middle section of my body.
" I want to lay in your tummy."
I expected he'd drool on my breast.

He elucidated..

"The belly holds the baby."
"Full of agony, yet it's a divine mystery."
"You saw me yesterday."
"You know my mind, heart and soul.."
"Made love with you."

My esophagus twisted.
Jealousy encapsulated the brain of my hubby.
My friend behold the image of me.

In a split second, he whispered-
"My jaws are locked."
"I'm like a rock,
Some people like it, some don't."
"Depends, what they're wanting from me."

In solemn sadness,
my lips utter words of ecstasy.

"It might look like just a rock.
"But an enticing rock."
"I wonder how the rock would like it."
"If my buttom sit on it."

Pictures- Images of your nakedness,
replaces my anxiety with tranquility.
Baby, he's just a friend,
admiring your wife's beauty.

Daffodil Decarie

You Cheated!

Like a sonic boom you blast
my oxygen station
when you French her chiffon gown.
You turn into a bugle boy
when you arrive home,
tracing my day using verb and noun,

ending indignantly, blaming everything.
You try to unlock the unknown me
until you run dry in faithless misery.
There is no mystery: I'm a girl
you picked up by the alley.
Get to know me, I am willing

to love your ways and respect your dignity.
Day and Night, you whisper of dream
longing, wanting me ever more, yet dread
the nightmare when we sit face to face.
You growl, asking
"Take your pick- me or him? "

I choose no-one. I love all,
yet no being can possess the charm
of love I lock inside.
Honey, pull me in, don't push me
out. Don't break my string
or pull the trigger.

Like a footless lamb
I walk according to your liking.
As I draw near you keep on jumping.
You ask for privacy- I grant it
without accepting your malicious hurting,
and I am thinking vengeance.

Teddybear, how about my longing?
Ah, you give and I receive.
Thus, I deserve a black sabbath
until death. I see the Illuminati look

on your face, and I scream
"Status quo, please! "

With a snarl you spit and sneeze
right on my chiselled face. I am the root
of all evil- You hate my pleasure, curse
my compassion. I should be hung
like a witch in Salem.
Sweetness, this is me. Change

for the better I do pray- for you and I.
For your rituals, I am nothing
but a voodoo skull. Varied asian babes
are your Barbie dolls- a mouse click away,
they fill your genitals. And for me, baby?

"Help yourself, " you say.
For what is the traditional way of coupling? -
Fifty-fifty, they say in California.
And baby, we are not in Asia,
we are in Nicaragua.
Ah, confusion rules anyway.

Daffodil Decarie

You Must Had Done It, But...

You will never know, what
You will see inside of me.
I'll give you a sample- like, two
Papal palatine coated, their
Paltry prerogative, & queered
Bishopric insight. I spit, reagin.

And you will never know-
How artificialities change
Histologic issues. Backwash
Races, endangered species, like
Mastodon stout Wife deflower
Man. And mary cuckold Adam.

You must had done it, concealed it, too.
(no-one took ownership of this one.)

Daffodil Decarie

You'Re Fired

The saying, "God does not play dice with the Universe..." — might be true, almost to a fact-

.
However, it seems like-
God enjoys pulling strings
On any featured montage of human life...

.
The writhing of yesterday's hour at work
Was like a red carpet screenplay -
Of my desensitized emotions -
It beshrewed the Watcher's ambivalence.

.
I merely like to think of it that way.
I still don't know what to feel —
And I don't know what my God feel, either.

.
After these thoughts- I started to feel eerie
again. My eyes felt dilated enough
Yet its vision continued to narrow down

.
Until all I can see is just a blind bend —
a pinch of black and white, a shadow of life.
slowly— It felt like —

.
I disintegrated from being of flesh
To no more — than blood corpuscles
Trying to unify my spirit at sea.

.
In all of these litmus tests in life
I chose to remain boggled —
One day, I might change my mind.

Daffodil Decarie