

Poetry Series

Duncan Standard
- poems -

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Duncan Standard(April 10th,1987)

Hi... I'm Duncan, but the people who love me usually call me Standard, I'm five foot nine inches, I weight between ten and two hundred pounds, originate in Owensboro, Kentucky, United States, but have lived all over the country, think Mexican food is what God intended food to taste like, cannot live without music constantly playing, do not own a television but have multiple ways of playing songs, believe in the infinity of love with every single fiber of my being, I have the most amazing daughter whom I have missed every single second that I havent lived in the house with her and often times catch myself thinking that if I go back to her mother I would get to see her all the time again, some days I still think seeing her is worth the bruises and blood, I believe that chivalry may be dead but I am revitalizing Victor Frankenstein's work in order to bring it back to life, and of all the things I believe in however none of them have ever been me.

My passions include reading and writing poetry, metal junk sculpting, building motorcycles, and writing my whispers on the ground with the hope that someone, someday, will follow them like breadcrumbs, until our footsteps become one and they lead us to the house we will share eternity in; lead to this empty bed. This bed that was made for two. Designed with the same idea that keeps me from finding sleep within its covers. This idea, the reason I spend my nights rotating through these hobbies in an attempt to stop the flood of thoughts I cannot conquer. The same inability to focus that keeps my eyes fixed upon lips I shall not kiss, and my heart in the palms of my hands like an offering. My stomach has permanently repositioned itself in my throat and though I seem calm in a photo, I have to hold my phone when I take it or the camera will catch my trembling image as a blur. The cloud of thoughts, from which I cannot help except to escape by dreaming of spending my nights holding tightly against my skin, this lover for whom I search tirelessly; oh so close, pressed up to me, until the the sun rise sends the shadows of our past lives scurrying for cover as the promise of a future forces me to untangle my arms from her heart that beats for me, and the overly honest timestamp known as the break of dawn becomes the title of this latest chapter in the fractured and crumbling.

Beaten Heart

The world will continue,
Long after I no longer do.
My,
Life
Love,
Breath,
Forgotten long ago.
My,
Name,
Words,
Voice,
On the tips of tongues.
Spoken as a means to forget,
Which break in this heart
Did,
Me,
In.

Duncan Standard

Fortune Cookie

UGH!

I can tell you the truth.

I know what works happen.

I see it.

I.

Can.

Read.

Your.

Future...

Though it's not my place to tell.

Just doing so may even alter it.

Why though?

Can that not be the thought,

Readable to you in my eyes?

I know,

I know,

I,

KNOW.

I NO

NO

I won't tell you that he isn't right,

That isnt right....

Duncan Standard

I Told You That I Could See The Future

What I am,
is what I was
And what I was
is what I will be,
And what I will be is enough
But not enough for you to love me.

What I see
Is what I saw,
And what I saw
Is what I will see
And what I'll see will be enough
Just enough to to leave me empty.

What I hear
Is what I had heard.
And what I heard
Is what I'll hear.
And what I hear it will be just enough,
To say I loved and that's what killed me.

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Missed It

Riding.
Headphones in.
Music playing.
Repeat.
Must.
Hear.
Song.
Again.
I let my thoughts wander.
Wondering too much.
Like it's known for.
My brain not the song.
All this song is known for,
Is triggering my thoughts...
...
Distracted,
Again.
REPEAT.
MUST. HEAR. SONG. AGAIN.
Keep getting caught,
Thinking.
Of
You.

Duncan Standard

My Disdain For Me

These are the facts about me.

The unsolicited truths I keep hidden behind my hazel eyes and metaphors.

One.

I am exactly what I seem.

There is no mask,

No cloak,

No smoke and mirrors to distract.

I just tend to present myself the same way a ringmaster would present the elephant balancing on the giant ball.

It distracts from the fact that I am little more than a side show attraction.

Two.

I am little more than a side show attraction.

A pincushion for your hate,

Your rage,

The pain you need to share.

Pass me your hurt and anything else you need to be rid of in whatever way is best for you.

Three.

I.

Am.

Stronger.

Than I will ever let you know.

Its not just the immortality,

Not even the inability to process even the slightest possibility that I can be killed.

The only fear I have is that I am not wrong and I may one day have to accept and watch as you leave me in this world,

Once again alone,

Without your perfect soul to guide me.

Four.

I meant what I said in two,

I would take upon myself all of your darkest energies,

The blackest of your internal shadows.

Absorb that pain into these shards of discolored glass through which I watch you dance.

Five.

I am by no means worth it.

I will never be worth your time.

I am a waste.

A loser.

A disappointment to everyone that has ever had a reason to place their faith in me.

Five.

I am not a safe bet.

Five.

I will never be a safe bet.

Five.

I will never compare to you.

Five.

I will always let you down.

Duncan Standard

The Rider

Gloved hands grip the bars,
Helmet,
Boots,
And fifty other layers.
It doesn't seem like it's too cold to ride,
Or maybe I'm just an idiot.
Probably the latter.
Definitely the latter.
I filled up the gas tank
One,
Two,
Three,
Almost four gallons,
In a four gallon tank.
Ready for the highway,
Let's see where this one goes.
How long before they notice I'm gone?
They, haha.
That implies more than one would.
They, hahaha.
That implies that even one would.
No one ever has.
Who would?

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Tripped Up By My Words

If love were a food,
It would be fast food;
McDonald's or Checker's.
I'll go ahead and hit the drive-thru,
Get a sandwich and fries,
Hell, give me a shake too.
Knowing damn well,
That this is gonna cause heart disease,
Fat build up,
High cholesterol,
Blood pressure issues,
Heart failure...
Leading straight past the second star on the left and right on to...
Death.
Just like love.
For everytime I fall,
No one is there to catch me.
They all stare,
Watch me fall,
Flat on my face again and again,
Time,
After,
Time.
My heart trips over my paralyzed vocal cords as it sinks its way into the the pit of
my stomach from the lump in my throat.
Yet,
That resilient fucker gets back up,
Dusts himself off,
Stitches those wounds,
Knowing that it's just another scar to remind him what he has learned.
Yet can it be said that he has learned anything?
When it won't be a day and he'll find something else to chase clear back into my
throat?

Duncan Standard

Visitation Rights

He came to see you again,
Two Tuesdays in a row.
Your,
Excitement,
Is,
BEAUTIFUL.
Right up until I realize...
Its,
Not,
Mine.
Don't worry,
I'll still tell you how awesome it is.
Be excited for you.
Jump up and down and clap...
That may be too much.
That I really am excited,
That's the sickening part.
Why am I so fucking happy,
That he makes you happier than I can?
I give you my heart,
Soul,
Mindful help on how to live him more.
I encourage my own heartache,
As I tell you how
One,
More,
Tuesday.
Then his brain will start to associate you...
With Tuesday.
A habitual response will soon follow.
I can't even bring myself to write to you,
Today...
Tonight...
This week...

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Wish Upon A Star

Tonight is a night just like any other,
Dark,
Lonely,
Cold,
But the stars seem to disagree.
Each twinkle,
Ever slight flicker of light they sent out before our past lives were future events,
Every explosion of gas I am getting to see,
All a part of this once in a lifetime event,
Something that only those of us looking up, and to the slight left for me, at this exact moment...
Only we see it.
It will never happen again.
Once.
In.
All.
Lifetimes.
Yet I can't help to think,
How none of this Star's work,
The light it shared,
The way it manipulated a combination of gasses and heat to bring it's system of revolving planetary objects a glimmer of light before burning itself literally to death,
None of this was probably given a thought during its lifespan.
The curse of the artist,
To achieve a fame upon death that your time alive never could seem to give you.
This beautiful ball of gas,
To which we whisper and scream,
Our hopes,
Dreams,
Secrets,
Wishes...
Never to think that it had died long before we met.
In former lives,
We saw the same sky,
Same star,
Same burnt out ball of hydrogen and lack of self preservation.
Dead...
It was dead long before anyone could see it's glory.

Long before anyone even gave it a second thought.
I pause for a moment to do something I hadn't in years,
I stop,
Close my eyes,
And listen in disbelief as I hear myself speak into the quite winter air;
Star light,
Star bright,
Most beautiful star I see tonight.
I wish I may,
I wish I might,
Wish the most important wish of all my life.
May someone,
Someday,
Look towards the trail of this burning heart,
flickering soul,
brightly lit smirk,
twinkling eyes.
May they see,
Not what I saw,
Nor what I hoped to achieve,
All the while knowing I would fail once more;
That instead they would see what I was.
See how truly bright I was,
When I killed myself.
With my pathetic,
Lonely,
Unnoticed attempt,
To light up the face of love.
A lighthouse,
Built specifically to guide her safely past life's rocks and storms.
Safely to the arms of the one she loves.
As I watch,
Burning still,
If for no reason other than to continue to light the path they walk.
Where they are hand in hand,
Her with her love.
Until my light no longer flickers,
The point when I have nothing left to give.
My heart,
Its fire having burnt clear and beautifully.
Fiercely.
Brightly.

Solely.
For the one who will hopefully never realize,
She's stuck,
For the first time since her sparks helped to ignite this flame;
Stuck...
Relying...
Solely...
Upon...
Her once neglected bedside lamp.

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You And I Are In Much More Similar Situations Than You Notice

Again I'm waiting for you,
Just a call or a text.
Spoken as if I haven't been waiting for days.
The distance between us,
They say makes the heart grow fonder.
I'm often convinced though,
That your heart is too full of love for another.
To ever,
Let,
Me,
In.
You were to come in today.
A plan to visit.
I've been waiting,
Anticipating,
Seeing you since I left your house last Sunday,
When we talked about your trip.
This morning I was up,
Like,
Every,
Day.
Specifically to wish you good morning,
And be the first person on your mind.
I love when you're in a good mood first thing;
You seem excited to see my message.
We cracked a few jokes,
You got in the shower,
Got ready,
And messaged me at a little before eleven,
Letting me know,
You,
Are,
On
Your,
Way.
I make it to town from your house in two hours,
It's,

Just,
After
Nineteen-hundred,
And I admit to shedding a few disappointed tears,
As you did,
Whatever it is,
You have spent the hours doing.
Our conversations offer cause me to forget;
I'm not the one you drive to see.
That's not my role in this film.
I'm the one who gets to say you how amazing you are.
Gets to make the trip to come and see you.
Is graced with getting to pick up the slack,
Left,
Over,
When,
He,
Is,
Done.
I am given the privilege,
Of being the one who tries to help,
When,
You,
Can't,
Think,
Of,
Excuses,
To explain why he couldn't do these things for you.
"I'm sure he's just really busy. He didn't blow you off even though he said
he'd stop."
"I'm sure he wants to visit, to meet your kids. Hes probably just scared or
nervous."
"I'm sure you're not just being used as a side chick for those days he just
needs a little piece of something not his girlfriend."
"I'm sure he won't do the same thing to you as he's doing to her, after he
gets with you."
I tell you these things,
To lessen your hurt.
Not,
Because,
I,
Believe,

Them.

I should be an asshole.

I've noticed that the guys you always pick treat you like shit...

Yeah.

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