

Poetry Series

Genevieve Nolan
- poems -

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Genevieve Nolan()

A Childhood Memory

A piss stained floor
melts the entrance hall.
Through the kitchen
door three little kids
standing on their
heads on the white
tile floor. Their
punishment for running
in the house.

II

Raw meat and pinto
beans fills the odor of
the air. Arguments between
my mother and the abuser
are taking place like trying
to explain to a person who
fails to understand that
abuse is wrong.

III

In my head my thoughts

explode with words of
hate towards this lady who
is a part of my family, my
Grandpa's fourth wife
with her no patience with
little kids like my cousins.

IV

A sound of calmness as
she storms out of the
kitchen like a vulture.
Now 3 little kids are
standing on their
feet. Bright smiles painted
on their faces now beats the
heartbreaking look minutes
before. I stand
watching, feeling the numb-
ness I felt slowly drift down
with the silence.

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Crystal Ball

Gaze into my crystal ball.
Do you dare to look in farther?
See the smoke arising, you'll be
Suffering greatly.
The future never lies you see
it could never set you free.
Another poor soul trapped inside
now your the one who has to die.
My crystal ball holds it all,
could you be the one who
makes it fall?

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In U.S. Politics

Sitting unfocused in my seat,
my leg shaking,
my brain aching with
mixtures of tiredness and
impatience thoughts.
My hands are pouring down
with sweat from the heat
wrinkles the line notebook
paper that I'm writing on,
my thoughts distracted by the
pouring of water on my hands.
I'm feeling claustrophobic
in my body.

I start to think paranoid
they might look at me in disgust
when they see how my hands drip
off the sides. Something out of
my control they might not see.
More like a song quality piercing
I'm unwilling to get up in the middle
of class and walk out even though
my seat is closest to the door.
The room feels like its baking.
My hands dry as soon
as I leave the room.

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Ode To Comedy

Ocean wind incense
fusing, a re-run of King
of the Hill. Don't know what
you expect to come next, I
keep thinking of comedy. Mimicing
the same old song and dance.
One joke randomly after the other,
such a perverted mind, I wish
to achieve.

Genevieve Nolan