KarlRomeo PierreLouis
- poems -

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KarlRomeo PierreLouis(July 12)

I write to find peace, to discover, to confess something bigger and sweeter than this lifetime.

Enjoy and Thank you

In memory of you VW
No words can say the solace I find between these walls
Beauty and light...fantasy and poetry
All and everything finding its space
And I finding my pace
A rhythm unlike the city sounds
Here, when the night sky join the stars of a dreamer
Leaving no identity but the warmth of a touch
No embrace or held promise
A single standing exhale of romance
Spelled roughly and blindly
Yet its melody is without a second
Constant with childhood, vertical with adulthood
But I bury the latter beneath pictures drawn...
Below lovers scorned
Behind moments torn and gone away with
No words can say...

" ....."

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Ab Initio

I have found Eden in her eyes
vivid and hemmed around
utterly out of reach of a glance
most fair for bliss and blame
deep and verging as the moaning sea
its reflections whisper words flung and caught
Alas, no more for ever
with pitiless flow, I can follow
only dwell'n in the dreams of sea-birds
and sea winds swelling and heaving to and fro
I stand beneath words with no way to go
yet still I stand at the sight of her
breaking and escaping the hindered within
and still without sound I stare with compliments
urgent, whistling past her hair
loitering the air she breaths
I have found paradise without yearning
in her presence without shadow
unyielding......

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Absolutions

I knew him when my city burned
When clouds of smoke and heaven had no difference
Above the tearing eyes of passerby’s
And there, in the warmth of it
I remembered April
And forgot the irony of the other seasons
Chaos had found me at last

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
All Wood Divided

This gentle distance is suffocating
No exits because none are wanted
Just doors, ajar to your embrace
However short, however light its brush
It will be a present to my history
And a past I will never get over
Instant closure, buried in a someday
Far from the reach of our explanation
If ever there was a destination
Beneath moon and constellation
We are alone here
From written to read
Photograph to painted hand
Uncompromised to its chasing light
Fading life into the crowded foreground
Untreated to the imagination
Whispered imitation, I say
Pillar and loss
Contended and coarse
This has become the most ungentle of words

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
And Still..

All I have ever done was write you love poems falling into the calm of another world perhaps all you ever needed was a psalm
All I have ever done was write you love poems a fabricated list of truths that complete my thoughts of you unified and complicated with new words and new vows laid carefully and faithfully under the stars of my love for you when perhaps all you ever needed was a verse all I have ever done was write you love poems caged in the dreams that awake you in my arms on a new sunshine day the real world has no place in the lines that protect my image of you and perhaps all you ever needed was a sonnet all I have ever done was write you love poems wishing for the day that our anniversaries would be memories and our pursuit of love indefinite would shine brighter than the sun above when perhaps all you ever needed was a tender caress but all I have ever done was write you love poems that gave promises hand and hand with eternal sunshine locking the doors of pain outside the walls of our love making touching the delicate of our fragile with unshakable passion when perhaps all you ever needed was another man who kept you warm from the distance with quiet surrender and teasing wonder where his eyes can touch yours without catching sight of its color while all the love and recited attentions can be yelled at and screamed from across a fading room leaving just the two of you and I apart writing another love poem for you....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Aspiring

I am your street entertainer
And here below these street lights
I bury with the asphalt.... Sounds
Vibrations that birth rhythms inconsistently
With the thoughts I sing with my stares pass you
And above you... they float

To the cooling night sky they spread into the winds
And there as I entertain you
They will play themselves out as dreams
Shooting and falling upon hearts lost
All as I whistle along before you
Recalling the storytellers of my hopes
And nightmares alike

I am your street entertainer
Stealing your time from the corrupt flow
Of every other and always unexpected
And as you wait, it circles the district and county
Raining broken heartedly into the cross glances
Of you and I

All returning fulfilled and heard...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
I have fallen captive to my ideals
prisoner of a happy ever after
yet still I yearn for the freedom of love
its very imperfections have made me envious
of its lasting subjection and honor
I have been guilty of drifting too far into dreams
a secret lover and companion to imagination
yet still I ache for the gentle touch of honey dripped lips
I have had the pleasure of seeing life from the perspective
of the moon and shooting stars
a keeper of desires and fantasies I was knighted so
yet still I reached for her kept warmth in the distance
I have drifted to sleep on the bosom of heaven's tenderness
awoken to the birth of new colors and constellations
yet still I feel whole and complete only in her presence
I have drawn galaxies and raised suns with a single thought
carried well wishes and daydreams to the house of forever more
yet still I would give it all just to take a moment's glimpse of her.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Baptizing Letters

Where I have penned my heart
Its rhymes and promises
Its faults and perfections
Laid across the fragrance of your name
A harmony of memory and reality
A secret in the way we see each other
A whisper we pass to one another
Where I have hidden myself
You have found your home and comfort
Tender and unforgettable
To the magic hour that have colored us vulnerable
I bare the fiction we live, and the dreams we cross

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Between Her 6 And 7th

Bless the new moon that cast the shadow
I fall head first in
fading faithfully on the metaphorical narcotics
of once upon a never hot topic
melodic heat strokes coast inconsistently so
touching the what's left of my field soul
Blessings come sweeter
than the calculated numbers of my falling sky
capture me so and keep me held tightly
in her rapture so, victimized by her love below
and around the exhales of our passion reclined
defined helplessly and fantastically blown
out of the proportion of the dream twice deferred
and left alone to mend itself another home
Bless me not, fairytales that fade in and out
like thieves in the night
i fall head first in
the crime accused and return enthroned
in the illusion of my faking oasis
wasted vows pale the complications of my real
and not of the oppressive master of the heart and
NO more pain change and stay
through another night's game I said it all
forget the mixing of my vocabulary
I paid the cost to lose it all once more
no lost for sure, just delivery of the glass laid
peacefully across her floor, begging on both knees
for more and more bless oh new moon
I wish to fall head first in
Love please.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
And its in the selfish redemption I find in her eyes, that I...
the sort of peace the caresses my fears to sleep
and as words escape her mind and leaves her lips I can find
nothing greater than watching her speak to me
knowing she is unselfish with her affection
and I am immature with my truths
and its then in those spaces in conversation
she fills me with worth and memory of a happily...
breaking through my clouds of negative energy
her gentle breeze leaves me clarity and tender seasons
and as time rolls impatiently so, her smile
remains a zealous believer in forever
and its then I find that I have just begun to know her
this mystery and obvious gift across from me
chanting theories and possibilities with a whisper of my name
to check my attention, and I remain distant in my thoughts
of her, of myself, of disappointments and faithful chances
and there kneeling at her feet I find my imperfection clearly....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Bizarre Cement

With a harsh melancholy
the stillness spat out a faint bass
murmur as to fascinate the ears & eyes
surrounding it, the room teased with a long pause
Resuscitating the reactions to speak & be heard
what kept the translation............. was beautiful
each motion breathed a sequence which birthed
a trend that spread evenly as colors do in a room
of mirrors, each pattern became organic and grew
with taste almost effortlessly, chaotic in shape
& romantic in reason, the stillness was no more
for the air salivated in its hungry embrace,
the walls trembled & fluttered as passion bled
the canals of daydreams onto the floor,
below it all, screams & breaths were brief
with words a frenzy, questions loomed over the room
& again minutes and hours became discreet
to the ruin and creation that hung from its hands
dwell on this harsh, melancholy
in the quiet madness that lives between the
strain of your window frame.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Blue Note

Can it be definite, and still in its course be silent
as a ray of moonlight slicing through tension
submissive and electrifying to the senses that feed
the romance appetite of the eyes_
unsurprising and deniable this sound speaking
loudly through the pages left unturned just felt about
tenderly under the blanket of who said she said
perfectly undressed and laid across my heart's silk bed
dividing the wrinkled lines of desire and streetlight
favored and delighted how so how sweet
lay the curves of her anatomy selfishly
seducing time to play favorites with the night hour
Can it be indefinite, and still cross over to be spectacular
in measurement and tapestry, this cool afterglow
touching the gates of renaissance and innocence
leaving out consequence as an unwanted immigrant
so to speak so boldly....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Blue Shaped Caviar

Hidden, is where and how I kept them
much like my fears and ambitions
I shaped them and formed them to fit in the crevices
of an old memory, solidified and mummified
beneath the dried tears of should it be &
the past hopes and dreams of meant to be
they became to me like the passing night
a vivid fantasy fading to a new day
a new desire complicated and debated to that image
romanced in pages and never told of
just thought of between the lines of sound and space
denied and ghosted below the metaphors
of forever more and Poe's evermore
I give it only time and truth that I define
inside the creativity of an empty mind
and in its distance I find the solace to desire
and fall again and rise to replenish the shine to my
midnight stars and early morning shimmers of her
my eternal sunshine, morning moon, half-asleep lullaby
Good night moon, will I see you soon
dear butterfly, I keep you here because
I need you near and close
enough and so to let you know you are my only....
Hidden, is where I keep them and share them
inside the held hands of lovers
framed and encrypted in the stare I keep only for her
and when it becomes real and revealed
know that then it was fake.....and I just moved it.

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Blurring Holiday

And he asked for one more sunrise
along the purple hazed sunset of the day before
as his counting breath shorten his ideals
he whispered a confession to the passing clouds above
like a star gazer he fading his fears to the back of his mind
romancing a bit of a smile and sweet thought
to relieve the horrid shortness of wind and tree color
surrounding his view of the glowing evening sky
and he asked for one more sunrise
as a tear escapes him before his shaken exhale
it is the melody of past lullabies he remembers now
a medley of voices and laughter he drifts to
colors of poetry he falls in
it'll almost be bitter-sweet if he could only see her face
a memory he searches for but in reality he yearns to touch
and as the night blankets over him and the stars begin their shine
he can only ask for a gentle morning sunrise..

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Broken Glass

Or be a victim of it...he said
And I disregarded it with her face
Facing only her scent and color
Forgetting the fall and sin
The noise and cautions
I will be a victim of it
Without the voice and groan of it
May the father turn his face from it
From me ...these seeds will be seen and not heard
From again, not from these lips
But from the pages of photographs and secrets
I held her and then I held her
Unlike the second yet more addictive than the latter
These memories have fallen away
And flew apart in the wind to scatter
I don’t believe in the summer or the after
It’s the winter that has held me fine
As the months that followed brought me the sadder
Of the plain and the most sought after
Or be a victim of it...he said
I never had a choice...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Brooding Generosity

Its clear today in the splitting silence
that I'll bury another dream_
within the warmth of an extraordinary outcry
pressed against the weapon and its integrity
it is unthinkable on my part to have belief_
for what is the hope of a non-believer
in the darkness the number of stars have faded
beneath the authority of earth & heaven
just as a lamp falling from that heaven, a woe
fell on my heart in a series of blasts from a trumpet,
'a trumpet' he said and I heard from mid-heaven
a thousand and two- hundred stones
being hurled out to sea, to cause an overflow
onto the coming & going, ' no loss indeed'
he said and I without delay compelled my lips
and agreed, its clear today
in the splitting certainty that I'll bury another dream_
And now further into the hour my complaints
have converted faithfully into compliance
beheaded and spoken for, a sigh came
unaccompanied and a sanctuary laid desolated
and left behind a-time and a season_
and I raised my eyes against the refuge of my tears
against the majestic beast of the abyss
and I kissed the sun coldly so to disturb him from
burning another buried dream...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
By Her Name

I call her my Charlie parker
Whisperer to the birth of new stars
Of melancholy and inspired spirit
Lost behind the gray side of perfection
I call her my Col “trane”
My Billie Holiday of sensual distraction
Of prolific and beauty sung
Gathered up and exhaled beneath the exception
I call her my Miles Davis
Glowing true and wondrous as a mornings dew
Leaving me speechless and challenged
And so I call her .....Promise
Of sinew and clover
Covered tenderly with faith and passion
Written incredibly so
I call her my jazz and rhythm
Without descriptions but complimented
Politely nicknamed “Chukwuemeka”
Because God exists within her warmth
And for it all....I call her

By her name

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Can'T Be

she caressed her lips to his face
and in her language said goodbye
to him, as he stood...

I have chased windmills and ridden on the trails
of shooting stars all within the lifetime of holding her close
simply by her name I called her but in it I said so much more
I whispered promises from my heart as she walked from me
but in her pause I knew she heard me reach for her
I drew down to my knees only to feel my heart drown
and in the wake of my insanity I could only felt her voice
touching my collarbone...hello
as I gathered my strengths I ran to grab her back into my arms
and she could only turn and stare at me in tears
and with that I kissed her into my very soul
and we stood joined and unfaithful to circumstance
and she...for that memories sake became part of me
and I hers to keep as I touched her face goodbye..

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Chosen And Regretted

I'm weary of the nighttime chords and melodies
only the yearning rain makes the peace of memories sleep
here in this dramatic setting of love and pain
and so I fell and flew in harmony with the clouds around me
the stars danced for me, becoming strangers to the skies they lit
and as the old-fashioned tear fell from my face, I knew then

I'm weary now in this cold shell i feel as skin
laying helplessly on lies and theories spoken softly in a crowd
here in the melodic overture of time and marriage
childhood and conscious birth and so i held and i knew then
that the reflections were only fading finger paintings of faith and denial
and as morning skipped over the years I stayed awake to see the evening
just so to touch her hair and whisper never again

I'm weary again for the tenth time now tonight
not remembered not taken not forgotten not any more
I'm drifting once more over the black sea and singing unforgettable
precious i wrote on the midnight delivery to the moon and heaven
and i knew then as I knew now, the delusional and romantic all has kept me
and with the illness of my mind, my heart has gone away on lullabies....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Confusing Platform

Place her lace across my name
to free my face to speak her fame
with creative claim of the above plane
and the never simple compliment that declares
tooo much but never the same
romance spoken no less than
twice a day between her morning prayer and my
tender caresses laid helplessly
and eroticly beneath the apron
of no shame thriller and midday heater
tease he, and leave me her body
so I can take off with her mind
across the gastro-never the time
fine line of never again will it be
mine to place along the curve less
sign of will always seek the better and sweeter
for the worth of our lives
be unkind and wrap my stars within your cleavage
of dear tomorrow you have forsaken me
to midsummer night dream
whisper to me the lace
so I may climb into the outer and grasp her grace
before the worst finds its worst..

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Crossing Black, Blue And Gray

Here, in the absence of thunder & lightning
the girth of his steps have fallen_
a silenced memorandum of his once before &
once upon_
Carried & betrayed his voice grew
quieter in its method's_
the absolute of his tone fell victim to a mute
persuasion, an obsessive age triumphed over
the typical man he inconsistently avoided_
Leaning dramatically to a fad of growth & prayer
Here, he is issued an iron hand
with a cold back to hurt the sorrow
of his yesterday's
Master's of the abandoned
Slaves of the forgotten, he recalls
Cursing, pleading, he remembers
the late hour of September
Here, he seizes the second lines
of his closure, for the beginning has
leisurely become his ending....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Dream Responsibly

the day after was just as the day before
missing only the horizon and its warmth
gone long before time kept its truth
the day after was the beginning without the fanfare
unclear and unsettling to the new births
virgin eyes and ears of the following day
and in its veneer the future laid tarnished
written on with the fallen and the meek
how low has the darkness come to be
at the high of noon on a bitter-sweet day
the after was spoken to the heavily deaf and distant
as a remedy and cure to the machiavellian romancers
superficial characters lacking color and breath
the day after slowed down the heart beat of the hours
and the walls from all corners felt its seasons fade
missing only the burn marks of the barely heard
never remembered below the arms and touch
of before its day.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Experimental Applause

In Reversal, Tangled lines reign free
waiting impatiently and soundlessly
for the thief of frighten dreams
Recall the bone sweet color of
the yesteryear tears laced in fire
of bitterest pain forgiven in the grasp
of morning dew
I gave into spring fresh delivery
beauty cradled on her star washed face
mountains of religious essence
etched carefully in the crevices
of yellow sand and backbone kisses
coded loudly with carbon smiles
whose blind curse cut the chill of a cooing
night, without glad ears lucid colors fall deaf
and fade along the legs of filled veins
of brown & rust the jeweled serpents
have drawn waxy leaves on my nightmare walls
of yesterday
in threads and beads the shattering rainbow
shamed many meanings into yellow yellow
& blue blue gone in a sky of lilac clouds
I have longed to take message from a good night

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Expression

In its simple setting, this moment
can be just another passing hour
but its not, rather its another hour together
this can be our anniversary, our first time
our perfect moment, maybe so much more

In its simple setting, this song could
be more than just another song
rather it can be our song, our anthem
or a good reason just to hold one another

In its simple setting, these things
being said can just be an illustration
or perhaps more if I were to just make
it a whisper or a promise, or a tender compliment
maybe a proposal for more

In its simple setting, opportunity can be
just about anything you can make of it
as for now its a moment with a couple of words
showing you just how I feel...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
from before there were fairytales and midnight lullabies
when beautiful dawns whispered their entrance
to morning hour beneath the bravery of the sun's romance to yesterday 's pleasures
....
since before the birth of poets emerging from womb of dreamers and forgotten lovers
under the constellation of warriors and pebble tossed wishes ...
Since the early moment of the first day and creation
your name was set next to mine
in between the spaces of paradise found and lost
....
Since the first perfect definition and sparkling flame cradled softly through the hand drawings of forever and legacy standing infinitely and faithfully to the fetal resign to jump head first and open armed
....

{You have always been the one for me}

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Far Too Sudden

I lost her on sycamore grove
Where I loved her to myself
Without hesitation or perfection
Selflessly and imperfectly yearning
For the day when she’d return
Without the color she’d left with

Here, in this intersection, this crossing
I kiss in the wind and hope impatiently
To set eyes on her...without, within
The walls of madness, sadness it is without
The scent of her walking past
The curve of her cheeks fading for a smile

Palm to Palm, Lips to hands
I fall only along the streets
Where faded quick steps once danced
Without the folly of song or date
I stand helplessly for chance or fate

I loved her on sycamore grove
Where I lost myself to her
Without meditation or touch
Faithfully and perfectly giving
For the day, night and hour not to change
Without the warmth of a kiss to part with..

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Fatigued Leaps

In this echoing night alone and crowded,
falling into feelings I had long forgotten
behind the pine tree and murky lake of ten summers ago
gracious and ungrateful images painted a shadow
of an enemy disguised in the smile and gentleness of a friend
and there in midst of the hug given tenderly
behind the sound of a Philly blues record, I felt it......
the sharp and questionable pain coming from my back and past....
something or another was whispered but my thoughts said it all
my friend, this enemy revealed had taken a stab at me
bluntly and faithfully, stubborn in its release and unforgiving
with its action, I fell into feelings of her, him, and them
feeding grapes to dreams under a spring morning....... laughing
with a romantic novel wrapped in the skin and eyes of my true love
more than me and so much more than the moment
I confessed things for that minute and gave with it my lifetime
with a tear or two for company, searching for reason and redemption
in the background but finding only distant pictures on a wall I was softly
forgetting,
I came to breath on my knees then my hands followed to hold my weight
below my internal cries and external pride, I took breaths in ways
that I had practiced as a boy finding amazement with god and sun
here, in this echoing night I fled into the morning after and day before
falling into the reality of good night moon and starlight star bright
its intoxicating and alluring to my mind and fears
these images and bizarre footprints of being human
and in shine of vodka and darkening fatigue I came to only bid and fade
a genuine kiss......

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Favorite Insult

The come with it motion
let it free the frilly devotion
of the lost and demoted wanderers
unconscious speaker of word and planet
painted strangely across her face
painfully torn between the clock and space
the internal battle of lost sleep and frantic speech
honesty hid its face from me
as I spoke in her dreams unearthly colored
and shaken out into reality
left to dry out and cast a better verse
to block the curse of her and I
never again deny human tales
and a lie is a lie even when spoken on the
deaf ears of the hopeless
cloak this beneath your sorrows of the pointless
I lay helpless in her undercarriage
of joke and myth
soak and spill along the aftermath
of wish you not, play not feverishly
and impatiently with her k dot I dot d dot dare not
show not compassion if so weak of mind and heart
leave the game of spades for the heartless to play
beside the motion that frees
the addictive potion of let it soar
past she and me and he told I
no truth just sonnets read with the charm
of the uncouth, melodramatic, weak, battered bosom
of that woman I do love so
religiously...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Floating Phenomena

Jasmine has taken the senses
Below the living star and sun
Where I have myself and no one
There, as they gather these petals and dreams
Come together then scatter
I find darkness and color birthing
Sounds and souls alike
Breathless and born, they reach
And there, just above the mornings dew
Just above the devil’s due
Jasmine and hyacinths take form
And those once dreams fall to nightmares
As they surround and devour
Those awake and helpless to perfection lost
As I stand beneath the sight of wind and caution
Wishing them good nights and farewells
Good night and fare…. well

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Fool Enough

I, with humble and forgotten beginnings
Write of the moments that have come and gone
Beneath the moments sunrise
And hour’s disappearance of the nights moonlight
And there where the dew never dries
Is where my heart lies
Peacefully asking for those humble beginnings again
Without the middle or the fall of the leaves
Just the melody of joy and warmth
Where my madness cannot follow
Where my regret and pain can find no comfort
I there, with humble beginnings ask only these things
Within the dark corners of love and betrayal
Write only the journey I cannot dream...

Fool Enough

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
For Self And Country

Consider who I am
of all imperfections that a man can owe
match it and grant its blame to me
summon now what you may and forgive
more than you're willing to remember
till the painful weariness becomes amicable
flourishing better and fuller than yesterday

Consider the day and hour
of its virtue and potential to birth daydreams
below and above the soil of dreamers and wanderers
whose arts and talents fit gloriously hand in hand
within the limits of mirth and tales
delivering goals and fears faithfully by the seconds
never spending taunts or promises without permission

Consider its condition
younger still with aged ears and eyes
filled hopelessly with memories of ever after
with honor and fair desire warming its color
with only your thoughts to guide its affection
these are compliments hugged in the pockets men & mice
kept to betray the actions of hate and love

Consider the experience
swallowed with a note and tune to clear the sky above
making humors and tremors of the heart rejoice
of all perjured and refused whom mortal touches fade
in the repairing frame of its embrace and by heaven still
never falling, never apart, never ending

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Gideon’s Calling

And they were pillaging the threshing floors/
Raising the mischief that had laid forgotten beneath
The winter surrender of an old season/
All awake now, summoned & short out of reason
Warring the past and stricken into the present/
Fabricating a raid below the early morning dew
Into the spring, into the hasten step, into a harmony disrupted/
Hurried I say, the beats and carried thoughts,
Chasing the wilderness into a strike, a force, a deceiving thrust/
Honored by the brush of each stir & lift

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Golden Apples

Maybe we can go too far and touch the stars
and maybe if we do so with our eyes closed we can fly past them
and form own constellations
and maybe with our arms tied around one another
we can keep up with the shooting stars and
shine just as bright
causing others to make wishes when we kiss
when we miss the opportunity to steal one more touch
one more hug, one more teasing wink from the distance
and maybe if we fall we can rise twice as high and create
a world with little gravity and twice as many moons
and in our passions and lusts we can take it slow
for the memories take note and remember later that we're forever
and maybe in that slight caress of happiness
we can be just what we were meant be...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Golden Crazy Circumstance

The day is far too spent
Below the apricot fading sunset
Rebelling against the night air
Invading the space of our day’s color
Our hour’s calming melody
Time has come and left its mark kept
Between the lines of these comparisons
My breath is left and buried with a balance
Spread and displayed for words to perform
The circumstance of my imperfection
My inconstant deflection of the unsaid
And now the joy of my greatness is spent
Below the pearl rise of this night’s moon
The mass exodus of my heart has gone unnoticed
And there beneath the sounds of silent cries
It flourishes within the arms of Zion..

Golden crazy circumstance

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Hill Of Potatoes

I took my home on that hill
Under those fading faithful clouds
Forgetting the white snow of December
As all else below rang with the memories
Of yellow spots and blue signatures
Shining on the back of my mind
Along with the songs written and cried
I found my home on this hill
This enormous place of solitude and sacrifice
Dried and rock infested...
Colored only by my laid warmth and breath
Tired is how I felt
Laying there in my newfound home
Positively forgiving the wind and debris passing
I wept into a whole new chapter
Placing my mark and love on my castle
My last place and stand.... here...
On this pitiful hill

Hill of potatoes

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
However Celestial

From one pale season to another
of daylight and cruel night falls
imprisoned in the hold of legends and myths
waking despair and laying peacefully anguish sounds
of the mountain airs and summer breezes
once again, you capture me
each glance, each breath- whispers triumph
whilst conquering deeply my devotion

winter rains and spring fades while our time succeeds
between the devils and angels we take shade in
and for the last time, endowed and embraced
by each passing cloud I risk it all for you
bridled dream of mine - to find you here
you fare that moment, as all else loses its color

and in the peak of summer blossoms
beyond the beating hearts and youthful phantoms
these innocent vows, these simple touches
forgives the insanity that lie deep within my forest
my waters, my streams, it calms my gossiping critters
the smells of you, and for the tiniest moment
life seems to leave the room to you and I

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Human Pattern

And it was the reflection
That kept me between the hours
Of fading night and new day
And it was my imperfection
That I had loved and lost
Along the better years of dreams
And in the silence of his stare I see
A past and future I fear and avoid
Within the arms of foolish daydreams
Chased and rhymed about
And it is then I fall into my tears
And succumb to who I’m not
And it came to be a dawn
And a wasted night awake
Broken into pieces of song and melody
And it was the reflection.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
In First Tongue

I must apologize for the appearance of my thoughts
The language in which they felt are translated loosely
Through the lines and spaces of each letter joined
Quickly and rapidly they came, wondered and left
Leaving only the stigma to be written
An obsession to be colored and repeated
Without the boundaries or corners of a finished sheet
They scratch and pull at my mind's wall
Ripping exits between my eyes and fingertips
Shading nightmares into fading good dreams
Shaping screams into chorused sonatas
Quickly and fiercely they bleed through and course thoroughly
Bold and stunted
There, then, here whispering still
Their independence taken and spoken
Sometimes in spite of me
Being...
The language I once fought to hear
I left forgotten loosely on these pages...

In First Tongue

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Incomplete Abortion

Find me surrendered under the comforting shade of tears & rain
and there sit beside me and share in the silence and dream
And there in the presence of promises you'll find me as a whisper
dancing in a whirlwind of cries....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Jerusalem Sparrow

Crash into me
You autumn and winter follies
Leave behind your eyes and share your memories
Those dripped in fear
Colorblind and speechless
Cover over me the kiss of the night before
With its warmth and trust
Till the who and last names disappear
Behind the waist side of the morning sunrise
Colorblind and restless
Bragging of the fading verse and chased laughter
Crash into me
Leave me with no shelter to seek
And bleed onto me your promise
Erase from my darkened eyes their curse
And give me, Zion and breathlessness
Below the spring tree of past sonnets
Shade me beautifully with your perfume
And let me rehearse my vows to you
Of never more and always after
Unforgettable and forever yours
And I find it hard to say eternity without your name
Closely held beside its glorious wonder
Yes, crash into me....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
the sound of rain drops stops in me
and the fancy of a cool night surrounds itself at my feet
as the fingers of tomorrow escapes further with the fading sun
that sings its own melody of we will always be
however harsh the windless summer kisses me
Drawn in and left warm by the rolling thunder of away storms
I sit only to bare who I used to be with you
Far off in an avalanche of London soul and European toil
the bell of the Times Square reminds me that I won’t make it through
_____And in the brilliant moon lit midnights
held high by the faceless clouds whispering by
along the bleak dark miles of I felt her cry
and alone I stand, frame by frame ever touched
ever lost to her touch, glittering past my tearing eyes
your substitute infects me says everything else that remembers you
softly recollected and narrowly caressed
locked in this wicked embrace of bullying voices
gifts and mirrors only hold true my furthest fears constant
at your feet awoken and strange to the adult silence
foolish and inarticulate to my hearts promise of six lifetimes
their words turn vain and forgotten beneath the lines missing you

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Just Needed To Be Said

Her face was made for a smile
a constant compliment to adore
if there was a line or verse her essence was its reason
and definition, she is the beauty below the horizon
the dream before the reality that grants kisses in the morning
and if I can name her differently I wouldn't just so to
keep what I found to be as it was, perfect.
she is, in every fashion and adjective.
she clarifies my muffled heart and solidifies my
weary worries to happy memories
what I love is what she can be and what she is
on a every holiday everyday sense
she magnifies what has already been amplified
and within it all she keeps the simplicity and grace
the makes her so lovable....and for that beginning
and so much more to end with and put in between
I love her.

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Keepsake Passage

'Together under the nestle of a good ear
the wind ceased & returned
to carry the sound of thunder & dew
So the above drowned in the quenched
delight of mountain air and heart
And together the sleepers leaped
past the coordinates of heavens gate
and fell as angle-inspired rain
on the brooks and sinews of Summer
and Fall, among the rich pines, they laid
together in the corner of fights & festivals
with no spark to light the fire in the gloom
And together far from the horizon
& shore incision, bright and obscure
Along with the sea-level crown of sunshine
Till the star vanished and echoed
they resounded with the earliest smoke
along the hazel sands of the beach carpet
Together walking undiminished, undeceiving
singing an unreported romance
within the never of December...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Kerosine Kissed

gather your saints and find me faintly sinned
touched and wickedly grinned
I fell from her and into my diagnosis  dementia
I miss her, my amphetamine, my passion
its all lost to me, my great escape have found
its solace in the arms of her religion
and all else has grown accused and accursed
of loving unfairly and too deeply
and within the warmth of allegations she called for me
to testify on the electricity she provided above the waist
and below the eyes of those who knew her face
with slow haste I caressed her taste from the distance
with a Judas kiss blown across a room of unfamiliar
dream chasers, truth philosophers, blood givers
I gave her up to the lord of war
and she lost her love with my back turned
and my face cold with every tear uncured missing her
so I ran back into who I used to be
gathering faithfully her demons from me
I wrote of configurations beneath the gospels of identity
shamed and listed across the constellations of man's hand
and grazing reality tenderly I ask for redemption.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Kissing In Exile

Should we be as ships that pass in the night
simple reflections of the eastern sea moonlight
*
Absorbing the air that pleases our passion
should we be so alive / to touch eternity in passing
flying into the stars that bless our gentle caress
*
Time has taken notice of our dance
leaving little comfort for the words that complement
leaving our eyes to whisper promises from the distance
another chance perhaps, another lifetime
*
May you be my evening breeze / cooling the bruises of my soul
and in return / would we be so ordinary to fall in love
*
Should we decorate the walls of our memories with a shade of bliss
That the skies would envy the world we've created below
And above the coordinates of our passing existence....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Laborious Days

There is no bravery here
Just hollow memories lay plain
Laid bare for all to see
No glare or fanfare, just pain
There is no bravery here
Behind these eyes, behind these sighs
Just the care-coiled touches of strangers
Buried helplessly beside the sadness
There is no bravery here
Written or dreamed about
Not stories or fairytales, just farewells
Covered well with seasoned roses
And faded preachers
There is no bravery here
To holler or scream aloud
Just the breeze of fallen leaves and such
Not much, but the crossing sounds of the lost
Daylight and nightfall
There is no bravery here
Beyond the remembered
Below the sunset
Beneath the clutter

Laborious days

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Labor's Nonsense

Capture me and forget me behind the lines
the binds of inequality of colored times
its unlike the day and lady of turpentine
its political and hateful to the virgin eyes
unclothing and uncouth as lies are said with a smile
a dial tone behind the other end of the phone
can you color me home and then tell me
more and more and share prejudice with me like poem
leave me to my dreams and give to the wolves
of fantasy and tribunal reality
Can't you see the inability to comfort me
I am gone and tossed to the wind of ineffective sound
and bound to my limited mind of unaffectionate touches
of morning after beatings and lectures of a child not looked after
free me from my heart of ponderous care frees
let it be without me a life well lived and drawn in
with a grandmothers needle and thread and left for dead
in the closet of most unkind memories spoke of in the dim of night
tempt me to fly away with legends and failures
so I may know my limits and become a dream martyr
a spoken word whispered to a congressman found guilty
of open-minded views and a background of smoking Langston Hughes
with a scripture or two maybe three if you let me be
forgotten and written about through my third child
Capture me I said on his bed as he drew me and sister held me
my children hang me on the walls of your mind and tell my story
without mentioning me, remember me...

_Guilty and perfect in my mothers imperfection left as a mole
on my temple and a beauty mark on my nose
I love you so my thoughts my words my sounds my birds
fly from here and enter my mind of lavender fences
forgive my offences and believe me pure like your mothers caress
and do still, please try to, if maybe, if possibly
Capture me....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Long Thin Sigh

It had once been colorful, in the superstitious repression of my heart, Stopping its shape for a moment as though to sort feelings, but there in some ironic sarcasm, its tragedy fell onto my pages as some explicit language

It had once been filled, in the taboo confines of my tired imagination, till it fled out into the wind like a crowd onto the last ship to freedom, leaving only a handful of regrets for me to remember it by... the motion moved the thicker shadows aside and there in the suspense and suspended focus...... touched me

It had once been nurtured, patiently and tenderly in the blossoms of newborn lilacs, before and before it all, the abrupt tremors of reality sinking every corner of its valued mind & construct I was lost to its combination and evolution bearing in mind the echo of its portrait and infatuation

It had once been mine, laying beside me on a February morning, how tranquil the sun light was in it embrace and in the conventional marriage of dreams & touch the rare agents had forgotten you & I and caught in the deluge, we were heavily tangled & free...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Lunacy Ready

There's a freedom to madness
a sort of romance that lingers between the ranting
a breach between the senses that unhinges the soul
bound by a sea of tears and foolish dreams
being of here and now but not at all there
falling further and sweeter into the temperance
into the reverence of the passing twilight
finding bliss within the mocking of self and perfection
sighing with vitality the ignorance of innocence blurred
and purged beneath the waves of sanity misplaced and found
unlaced with glorious fantasy

There's an overtaking of breath and imagination
that compliments the ill and fortifies the fanatic
that cools the verse of the tongue
only to free the language of whispers
and silence well spoken for and written about
Madness has taken the night as captive
and I its willing witness to declare forgiveness
along the transgressions of the fleeting and eccentric
And well into its deliverance, well into its exodus
tarred and feathered tenderly below the warmth
of one's asylum, there in lies peacefully the majestic
of my mind.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Making Up For Time

.......... time has been good to bless our acquaintance
and cruel for our distance, I can only forgive and forget
the words so I can remember the colors, the air, and the clarity
that is you, I have fallen into your canvas and become part of the gloss
and beauty that compliments you and I have only been your audience and
admirer
and from that view I have fallen in love with you
you have rekindled my romance for breathing on a spring morning
savoring the very warmth of our touch
I would happily leave a lifetime of knowledge and wealth just to have
a few memories of being with you, and within it all
I would find the addiction for memory loss just so to learn about you all over
again
this I would do, I love you in every language, shape, size and belief
and these words I write to today know that they would change tomorrow
so to express how much more I have fallen for you, but for now
hear these words as the echo through these spaces and promises
I need you as I need the glow of the night sky to remind me how grateful I am
to be alive......this isn't what the heart can make of it, this is real....with every
fragrance
sound that can caress my affections to your heart...

I love you

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Mea Culpa

From the sideways I fall from the outrage
upside down facing the carnage of leaving
the nameless diamonds that memories bury
around the demands of electrifying atmospheres
blazing the easy thoughts at 107 degrees
below the current of my currents
with time waiting patiently with her picture away

Far aside from the tells shown and told
whisper filled and colorblind
to the color filled barrage of seamless lyrics
carried gloriously within the undercarriage of a distant stare
Distant pair, we remain, unannounced
Proud still facing at full length destiny captured
only rapture below the stifled laughter...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Mending Yesterday

Just down from the street's horizon
I'll wait for however long
and just as the sun rises to light
the pavement that my fears sit along
I'll wait for however long
during the monsoon melodies of late & noon
as Monday turn to evening Sunday
below the L.A moon and Jersey stars
I'll wait for however long
making it through the second dawn and third mid-night
I'll wait, till the memory of waiting will
sit with me and wait for however long....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Morning Uprising

in the charismatic romance of mindless violence
she etched my face on the walls of chaos
and named me lost and my last name was never found
just a note of lyrics and a confession in shape of still clouds
and motionless waves crashing against the memories
I can barely recall without a sharp pain awakening
my fears of being abandoned without dreams
and in her caress she tattooed her warmth onto my heart
and whispered to my fondest sensitivities my image
and heritage, colorless and infinite....
and in the faithful touch of a empty room
I found my identity with her perfume guiding me through
bedtime stories repeated to myself as tears explain the struggles
I fought with over time and for more time I asked for
as all else seems leave me behind to play catch up
and for it all I can only hate and love my pride for cheating on me
with the have and the have not's I critique with a cocked eye
and shrug of never gain's and it will never happen for me
but in the best of moments I can only feel guilty...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Murky Bar Wine

He kissed her through the glass of his living room window
he saw her and missed her all together
others glanced and searched and was left apart
He reached and brushed her hair tenderly through the looking glass
of his living room window, others wondered and searched and was left lost
He called her name and only a whisper escaped
cried her tears but only his legs gave way, all in the living room floor
he rocked back and forth, again and again leaving breath and life
and kissing her lips during the best lit night, all in his living room floor
they came and called for him, he stared and laughed
they tried but failed, searched and pleaded and was left unannounced
He was what he became, a ghost to his own reflection
a memory to the windows deception, all in the living room floor
He fell as he once did before, for her, for it all
He kissed her through the looking glass and she forgave him and left it all
He saw her and missed her all together
without a name, without a melody, they searched and found his eyes
gazing into it all, they were left to take the fall...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
it a gentle spell I'm in
this infinite kiss stolen and whispered
between the lines I bare and reveal
undefined and unclaimed
take your pity or take your notes
however you like it I lay it
like you buy it, wrapped and marketed to touch
and move your mind and soul to change and step up
your game however more or less
its a rhythmic demand and exchange of ability
Agility in the form verse and talent
unlaced and aired out due to popular demand
I break, when you take time to think
can it happen again? yeah I've just started
jacketed and locked in my stare
I see past you and leave all else to bless you
unwashed and focused my hand remain close to its
mistress pen and kept steady, I give you chemistry
and romance below the rigid mathematics of lines
and ballads, unmatched but constantly tested
reckless and uncalled for, my aim is for your head
forget your heart its useless on my wall
keep your style and donate it to the jingle industry
I care not for child's play when my word has its day
its a holiday, spread the truth and prepare your boots
I'm here as an excuse for your escape
leave here with whatever is left of your so-called
and forgotten flow, hey whatcha ya know
I'm here to let you go, you're fired
and blown apart, dismantled really
I've got a cold heart, unlike them I don't like you
touch me its done and through, I'm guilty and convicted
your life shaken and verbally declared dead
says I your coroner and annihilator , the time 9: 19
relaxed and enjoying your lady's cooking as you take
a dirt nap in my trunk, wasted and undone....
can you believe it.....it happened again....
Not As Yesterday

And from the awful longing
I finally found regret to be the warmest companion
Compared to the fleeting daydreams
Of adolescence and misleading peace
Told and released through bedtime stories
And forgotten beneath the romantic noise
Of pretend poets and wind dried lotus seeds
Planted and watered faithfully
In burrowed pots and cups
There, in the forgiveness of the hour
As strengths and colors begin to fade
A sudden memory creeps slowly in the background
Sparkling faintly a warmth that cools the breath
Trembling to escape every pore
I love you no more...

Not as Yesterday

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
I've given myself into love many times now
or perhaps the sweet scent of it
I dare not question it further
Unaccounted for / my dreams have
drawn out love to the best of its perfection
/ leaving selfishly for my reality to translate it /
romantically /
A language that I have just begun to sound out/
let alone express intimately
Yet / its her image I'm most obsessed with /
seeing the sunlight compliment and change shape
to her silhouette and tone
feeling her voice ring through me with a kind gesture/
I have come to yearn for what
my dreams gotten / a glimpse/ a moment/ & perhaps
a time that I would trade impatiently/
forever to..../
how foolish it is to have become the man/
I hardly recognize without liquored sigh and pen/
the distance that have grown..../
has left my eyes with no compass/
I have given myself into love many times now or
perhaps the divine thought of it......../

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
On 6th And Lennox

Amid the stars and shore of yesterday
in the invasion of the nightingale's
song and tormented color
I stand along the edge of a passing day
freeing my fingertips deep within the wind
how fleeting! these moments have become
all gasping and pleading for time and faith
in the parting hours of night and day
here is where I love you
where the constellations meet the end of time
and the dreams of lovers wrestle the daydreams
of children for a purpose
far away and apart from the definitions and limitations
of man and myth
where the sea and clouds steal kisses under the moonlight
here is where I love you
in the distant glow of the heavens
forgotten and whispered about in the trails of comets
this, in the sometimes hours of forever
locked in the eyes and touches of slow twilights
here is where I love you
where destinations have no arrivals just destined departures
on the blue sails of drifting haikus and stanzas
held in the early morn of natural rain and seasons
all of different kind, all of the complexion happy memories
here is where I love you......

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Original Poem

I had a relationship once
Once when the tenants and thoughts were the same
When the colors of the room became its seasons
And its devotions were depleted with time
I loved her

I had a memory once
Twisted and painted below the quotes of madmen
Remembered with the perfumes of nevermore and yesterday
And its sound was my paradise
I never loved her

I had a promise once
Heard only through her eyes and my hands
When again and no more sounded the same
And the morning dew captured her name
I learned to love her

I had a melody once
Chained and recited breathlessly to me
With all forms light and no echo
And its revenge was lost to me
I wanted to love her...

Original Poem

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Ornamental Dealings

Not in strife do I feed you my love
Do this too, because of yesterday and
I will pledge my memory to you
Not in truth do I set these desires free
Loiter vengefully on these dreams
so to awake my underserved kindness
I have made your face my excuse to daydream
till sin is discovered in the way that I know you
I request perhaps alongside you, a promise broken
so I may know your mortality
with a restful fragrance beneath the easterly winds
to scorch the forest ablaze with your name
whispered below a flight of birds
and a word, an embrace, to entreat
the compassion of my fears
and it must be rendered gracefully
from the dreadfulness of my imperfection
I well know the presumptuous ones who tread
on my soften lips and I concern myself
with only your love
to keep the hue on my heart and weeping strength,
so it is not in blindness do I launch
my faith onto your deaf window pane love
do this too, and the innermost room of voiced
melodies to keep you...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Outlandish Curiosity

It's as though you never saw me
here, sitting in the hall of mirrors
in this house of memories,
and so the sounds of the wooden floor
have sang to me, so unjustly, so playfully
that your name have fallen with a tear
and a shrug, I said timidly
it changes, the colors of the wall
from bright to dim, from soft to harsh
and the ridicule of the night air have made
my dreams lose hope, and it's as though
there was no before and we were no more
in these brown and blue corridors
I hear no voice and yet I feel its choice
its force, unlike the delicate and frighten
an eerie romance of it came to touch me
and I remained....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Paths Of Sometime

Follow the word to the mother land of Abraham
Shun the west and embrace the air
Of your motherland, none other then
The lilacs and daffodils of our song
The soul of the resigned and forgotten letters
Of her and she held tightly in the memory of he and I
The subjected listeners of verse and fermented passion
We and I have not forgotten the yester
Of day and hour, wars and sours
Sorrows and burning
Life and yearning
I reach and she kept me
There, between her divine and sublime
And we connected from the distance of birth and marriage
Melodies from Paris and dreams of our ivory coast
Bless your thoughts with only the silence
Of our lost and lost and …..
Keep it there, hidden from him and her and us
There and only there have then we returned
To the bridge we crossed when we first met
Where we first let circumstance and time
Make its distance our definition
And not the gift of our crossing existence
Follow the tone and enlighten the thought you and I
Together for some time between this one and the next thousand
That follows with no miracle but spiritual guidance
Laid with perfect defiance of let love fly behind us
I need you to line us with the constellations inside the both
And trust...in the verticals that we can land from the place of Abraham
Of milk and silk, passion, laughter, no tears and then honey
Maybe we can say with no yearning or burning
That we did it our way....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Peculiar Native

Alarmed by persuasion his mind
left his country to live a-foreign, time failed him
scorned him with age & sin, his statute of live & love
treated him rudely
With free born sexual intimacy
his passions shamed him inhumanly
An indentured servant he came to be
with royal memories bleeding him
Seduced & chained...Detestable things grew on him
Favored hobbies - Tempered colleagues
A colorful day usually ended bittersweet beneath his
mulatto lover -Undercover & deluded
Dreams barely recognized his adulteries reality
Promises & liaisons -loose morals claimed him
overseer and enemy, a criminal of Eden
he stole from freedom, a concubine of sterile
trends his mind came to be....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Perfectly Warned

Withstanding only the errors of my perfection
Shall I negotiate with you my price
the universal cost of my border and sanity
beneath the very sole of our feet
where we stand alike and indifferent to shade and color
trembling along side one another with personnel burdens
it is here, then and now where I shall give my measure
above the unused trails of the bright constellations
and poetic sinews of here and after
factoring first and above all my unloosed dreams
leaning strangely against my mind's wall
then, of course always considering the name that follows
it is filled now with more than complimenting letters
but dates, accompanied with the sorrows and triumphs
of imagination and of everyday
the rest not to say the least can be bartered with your best
Still without soul and seed I remain volatile and valuable
to the certainty of it, I lay bare and awkward
suffocating only my fear and suture for your offer
Whisper readily your price now, below the attention
of my pride's ignorance and audience
wherein what follows can only be remembered....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Plumes Of Midyear

And with a sigh, goodbye became the whisper
and she was gone with the last sound
with it my breath and composure
fell to my feet and regret became my companion
of what should have and what wasn't said
I begged for her affection with other words
many words and many laughs
I poured onto her my promises with tenderness
of winter comforts and spring kisses
my mind and heart flew to her on heaven's pace
quickly now I saw her embrace without taking a second breath
and in the hour we floated she confessed that I was hers
precious became that touch and forever became that warmth
and in so many words I gave her my life
and hid everything from her, granting allegiance and weakness
at her feet, forgetting her before cause I was her after
and with a sigh, hello became I love you before the name
and I need you followed the how are you
and with every verb and phrase that followed I explained
of what could have and what should have been
and before I knew it, goodbye became the whisper
and she was gone with the last sound...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Pulse For Breath

At length morning came
Creeping the truth of yester to my door
And with it the thought of her
Scents of the night remembered

The colors and air that adorned her
One longing of an absent dream
One content of sugar baited words
They drew her from the sheets to the sunrise flushes

Something in the way of tumbling, whisking, and falling
The last restraint was found gone
And its first breath was given in the sound of her name
Framed in the pleasant and silver

Just above the dew of pearl and future
Covered close in the restless brook
Of bilberries and gooseberries
I kept her faithfully

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
I wish to drown myself in sin
only to forget the warmth of her perfection
leaving little I & self crippled deep from within
shameless and afraid to acknowledge the
worried faces, fading faithfully below
the diamond streets of buried dreams & fears
married no longer these lavish constellations called
for my sanity, gripping closely to my growing
malady those and these memories from above bargain religiously
her portrait for the addiction of mind and body
foreclosing behind passion and joy of
those who have and not, and I have lost the
still imprints of my breath against such
window panes of her forgotten and frame
an unknown slain ribbon have fallen
from the sky with her initials speaking B.Y.E
hatefully I spend hours hiding creatively
between the lines recited and bled
racing heart alive no longer, beating still
my eyes have wandered the cycle of this said
and unheard collaboration of pen and wine
I have now found.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Reading Fragrances

the lines have grayed themselves to an invisible red
and all that was left was said
and in its fetal resignation, we can only begin pretend
that I was your lover and you were in love
playing a foolish hand with a blind heart
and now in the final frame we touch for what seems
like ages and fairytales whispered during a breakfast
sunrise, I was your instrument and you caressed
my tone to your favorite melody
and I held you five stories above heaven's glorious horizon
just so to your eyes in a different light
the battle has muted itself below us now
as all that was left was said
tempt me, your hands begged me
as our loves played out their roles in the gambling
window of always so and however more
you challenge me & I can only surrender
and from this mystery I found you as you found me
under what was said from all that was left...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Returning June & Pen

Both eyes have abandoned their color
shedding along with it the reflection of her face
and in its rebellion I have lost my clarity
again, faith has bid farewell
and in this dark hour it is the shade that warms
without the melodies in mind and sight
letters and stain have blurred into the same
lifting the very fragrance of tomorrow
how delicate is it now to speak
to whisper the broken language that heals
faithfully touching the ear as a kiss of wind
on a May afternoon with the sky close above
painting the memory fresh and romantic.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Roadside Manner

Are you still around, quiet mind?
Or have you gone with the candle light
Away with the trumpets glory and polish
Where the hot season gives to the immortal fountain
And refreshes the anguish of wave and oar
Are you still around, quiet mind?
Or have you buried yourself below the difference
Deep within the marshes of no one knows
Where I can only miss you
With suspicion and woe
Are you still around, quiet mind?
Or have you fled with the disturbed
Awakening apart from the bliss once written
Twice dreamed about with the warmth of a love withheld
Leaving behind the shell of my yearnings
Are you still around, quiet mind?
Or have you passed with the seasons
Fading alongside the running laughter
Frame by frame forgetting the modest sorrow
That hangs and dries underneath my window pane
Are you still around, quiet mind?
Or have you drifted breathlessly away with the currents
There, below the emerald and blue
Lost to the echoes of ache and faded moon
Where I can only miss you...

Roadside manner

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Rumor Of Treason

Where are you dear Philadelphia?
Hiding behind the rage of yesterday
Starving for the mindless paramour of Shakespeare
So to forget the ugly night and the envious New York sky
Where are you dear...Philadelphia?
I am left surrounded by the mutations of my failures
By the paradigm that captures my arresting humanity
Would I be so frank to ask ...?
Where... are you ...dear Philadelphia?
Have I misplaced you beyond my reach?
Further than my mind and heart can ask you to return from
Plainly in sight maybe....
Where are you dear Philadelphia?
Avoiding me maybe, between the light of day
And the warmth of night
Disguising below the sinews and brooks of storytellers
Only to be mentioned by the whispers of historians
Begging and pleading forth along side me
Where are you .....dear .....Philadelphia?

Rumor of Treason

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Serious Injury II

I keep company with bad company, you see
the kind that welcome themselves but leaves
with a piece of who I am
little by little they track mud and fear
across the floor of my mind
disturbing the little peace that I keep framed
shattering the glass portraits of my heroes
ripping the sheets of my lovers
all in the name of insanity and solitude
I keep company with bad company, you see
the sort your eyes hide from but sneaks
glances when your asleep and thinking apart
they whisper wonders of my failures softly like my lady
touch me rudely and roughly when I'm aching
taking pieces of my shimmer and gloss
all in the name of insanity and solitude
I keep company with bad company, you see
the ones that take love away and play
keep away and far enough so that I won't believe
in the yesterdays and verses laid
pretending to be and not be
attempting suicide on my fantasies
they rule me and stab at my vision
blurring me temporally and eternally inside
all in the name of insanity and solitude...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Size And Destiny

Like a Summertime facade
painted plainly across an Autumn delight
the spark from his eyes faded to a bitter brown gloss
of disenchanted gain & loss
And so, no more
his character cried division & invasion
it was as it were, fallen & alone
like an April shower
reigning gloriously with a Winter chill
fogging the outside interior of now & then
through and through
Explain to him never again
under the childhood sycamore tree & motherly breeze
As I remember the values and forget to breath
the chorus of everyday here and happily
Shade me deaf & colorless
for an hour a day, so to stand apart
As a Fall sunset in the fictitious warmth
of your favorite author's lover...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Sleepless Shore

With ink on her hands she wrote to me her truths
reading over her fingered letters
she gave onto my eyes her promises
and as her words echoed through me
its her hands I ached to kiss
its her fingertips I wished to feel along my face
I moved and I kept still to her image
writing back to her impatiently my inner-truths
my collapsing conditions without her I wrote
steady was the heart and mind I listened to
finding words that came easy to promise her
always and just enough to carry on past it all
whatever it was that came and left its mark
with gentle strokes I painted each letter each passion
laid and displayed carelessly and faithfully in her name
and in the pattern of my insanity, I spoke to her willfully
yours now and forever began each page
forever and a day ended each phrase and with it I reached for her
and in the tune and ballad of a memory I finished....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Soulless Stone

Remember me_ through the whisper less night
in a silhouette of black & white
sweet in that order falling shapeless
Alone & diluted warming your shoulder
Calm & Slow within the confines of the soul
of water & earth _ Remember me through the sunshine
With the night before in mind
Under the half-moon and cool breeze
searching the cracks of the ocean floor
Remember me _ while plucking the berries from a
daydream, kneeling softly on November whilst
holding tightly July & May
reaching for what may sing to you
cry with you in mist of marble rain drops
pouring from the amber skies
Remember me_ frozen in the comfort
of acid snowflakes screaming to melt in heaven's ear
Damn the ignorance that bounce from window panes
to soothe your pain's pain mixing across the infinity
of blackness interrupted, Morning have rested here
in this corner speaking in the nothing language of velvet flowers
slept on and forgotten with shame & plenty joy mustered
faithfully in prayers taken under the star flake snow of February
Shimmering with a certain afterglow of a sunset romance
Remember me_

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Stagnant Repose

with the drops of poison staining his hand
he took his drink and placed the glass across from her
and in that moment he promised her forever
as his eyes began to wonder and a smirk took his face
he knew then as she knew before him that it was at a loss
reaching bashfully for her hand his eyes asked for a better yesterday
and as he focused his stare his strength began to abandon him
and a tear escaped his composure just as he read her lips
assuming only in his mind it her love being given
and in a quick motion he gave into his weakness
and fell first to his knees then back
facing her shadow fading in a perfect silhouette
he can only feel and recall it was his contentment
it was well lived, it was calming
and his breath trembled and surrendered....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Stone And Human

I'm weary of the nighttime chords and melodies
only the yearning rain makes the peace of memories sleep
here in this dramatic setting of love and pain
and so I fell and flew in harmony with the clouds around me
the stars danced for me, becoming strangers to the skies they lit
and as the old-fashioned tear fell from my face, I knew then

I'm weary now in this cold shell i feel as skin
laying helplessly on lies and theories spoken softly in a crowd
here in the melodic overture of time and marriage
childhood and conscious birth and so i held and i knew then
that the reflections were only fading finger paintings of faith and denial
and as morning skipped over the years I stayed awake to see the evening
just so to touch her hair and whisper never again

I'm weary again for the tenth time now tonight
not remembered not taken not forgotten not any more
I'm drifting once more over the black sea and singing  unforgettable
precious i wrote on the midnight delivery to the moon and heaven
and i knew then as I knew now, the delusional and romantic all has kept me
and with the illness of my mind, my heart has gone away on lullabies....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Street Sweeper

Another summer’s June has found me
Sooner than my exhalation of yesterday
And I have no one
Fading in and out of my strokes
Bending and forcing the corners
Never soft and so unevenly stained....
These bristles and street stones
Of Singapore and Neptune
Dragging and pulling
Each without destination....
Never clear...to the next crosswalk gazer
Blurring past my grunts and motion
Making my memories fond of the dancing sounds
And twilight shadows that play beneath the unwavering sun
They have become my gentle belongings
These distant and intimate steps of strangers and season
These glowing distractions of memoir and gossip
Painting and writing my biography
Listing no name or date
Without childhood nor color
I am her keeper of avenue and boulevard

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
He did not hide his hands
and in the strange delivery of his words
she reached for him
and with a step so calm, he wasted no distance
and he held her, so wistfully
they forgot the place and time
persons and colors were behind them
and gentleness kept their hold
never before has a man looked into a woman so
nor never before a woman have given a man so
the kiss of mid-September became season and date
and he did not hide his affections
crossing and shivering through she loved him
by each stare and moment gone
the crowd grew and above them they soared
and on the day that the moon and sun carried their weight
the kindest of breezes marked the hour and memory
for ballads and stories took their inspiration
and evening dew hid the lovers
fading the view and curiosity of others
he had his love and she had her reason...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Yet here I am, finding age and regret
Desperate to feel everything but regret
Speaking analog in a technical society
Whispering failures in a crowded room
Hoping to solidify meaning and eternity
Without giving out my name
Yet here I am, a contradiction of faith and logic
In search of passion and opportunity
But guilt have consumed me
And insanity have become a flirting companion
The sort that has bruised me badly
Without knowing my name
Yet here I am, faking my own existence
Without color or sound
Inviting strangers to dream and wishing them lovers
Wishing them better then the hue of an afternoon
The scent of an apricot sunrise
The warmth of noon’s summer
Yet here I am, midnight still
And, an hour after morning
Sporadically remembering happiness
As I can only remember it
Distant and few
Somehow forgetting the most of the few
Nevertheless yearning to close the distance between them
Yet here I am...

Terminal 6

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
That I Am

In a losing frame, it is he and I
Tossed between the seasons and natural rain
Our battle struggled beneath both sun and moon
Leaving only the missed strikes and thrusts as victims
There lies no romance or color in our battles
Just pains and mistresses waiting to be caressed
And forgotten with morning sun
Bruised and blistered I stand without ground
And he bleeds and sounds off with no armor
We have lost our arguments
And have found our mutual ignorance
Below the bellows of angst and prejudice
Time has disappeared in the background of this place
No name or address
I don’t think I’ll make it through
My soul has forfeit the night to the victor
And my eyes has only followed a trail of his death
Between his reason and sword..
And still I find no joy

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
The Door

He left like the air that comes in and with every breath. Not even a word or maybe goodbye, no..nothing just the air i felt as he rushed by. That door closed so fast i forgot what or who we were. So when he rushed out that door i saw a man who wasn't my man anymore.

Not a word. Not a sound in any form, no whisper, nothing to be heard. Just her stare, daring and waiting still..for my promises, shouted and pulled tenderly close..to be felt. Bout still not a word. Just the cluttering sound of memories fading along with my footsteps out. not a word. My clinched fingers ached to caress her face to comfort. Make a sound, mumble a word, and i will stay..not a word. Not anymore.

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
The Foreigners

We have fought so long to become peddlers of dreams 
remitters of past lives 
long winded swimmers of the night sky 
dramatic embracers of the gentle verse/

Only still we fall prey to the compromising 
forgetting to romanticize our very breathe 
under the fading Venetian sunset/

Impatient to meet forever in daydreams 
without said written letters vowing nevermore 
ever again, never like so/

We have birthed only our immortality below these lines 
pulling out from inside the very grace of our touch 
leaving the colors around us paralyzed/

A once upon  reason to believe that we will last 
beyond the dates of celebration and land marks 
perhaps we fought far too long between kisses/

perhaps we have become strangers to our own destiny...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
The Odds

I have just begun to fall
I thought I was rid of this since infancy
This debilitating stutter walk
But its not the same now...is it?
I have just begun to fall as a man
Or is it fail as a man....?
The years have been indifferent to me
As the experience of it....

I have just begun to regret with no regret
No mercy for me I have been written off
I was conscious of it, and for it
I felt it leave me...without the kindness of
The dead of night, or the dramatic of a letter
I was awake and attentive to the lost of it

I have just begun to be successful at my failures
Rising high enough to fall into a great deal of ...
Misery and shame
Or was it insanity and blame
Whatever it may have been ....
The pain of it knows my name

the Odds

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
The Series 89

what say you gentle moon, can this be it
your crescent glow through the night has made
this all too surreal, all too perfect
what say you tender wind, can this be it
your momentary caress's has taken my breath away
softly so, wonderfully felt
what say you dear night, can this be it
below your faithful constellations
this emotion, this freefall
what say you heart, can this be it
your rapid beats and still second pauses has me
lost, confused and worried and remarkably happy
what say you fate, can this be it
can your sister destiny bless me with her, she who sits quietly
next to me, we have become one and I have found the one
what say you, I remain tickled by this love, this heavenly drop
into forever...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
The Series 89 II

They think him lover and villain
unkind and unlike the milk-white roses he leaves behind
Mad and insane, enraged even
through the stretch of the imagination they have condemned him
And in the gentle cover of the night she think him tender
innocent and vulnerable, timid even
they have cast him and banished his memory
in the cave of social despair he sleeps
till her voice heals his wings for flight and fight
but I tell you I never saw a man as complete
as he was when she held him
ey they think him villain and lover
imperfect and wasted as a breath exhaled
the kiss he gave and the hand he reached with
she took and warmed faithfully through weeks and years
For his doubts came to pass with her glance
and they came to fade in the background with her touch
and so in the wistfulness of a new day
they sailed above the sunset and below the revealed moon..

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
The Series 89 Iii

Could it be away from Ethiopia,
Charm has poured constantly to her request
and in the splendor of her kisses have bruised her feet
broken pieces of heaven have fallen as snow to her wonder
but these dear lovers is not the best of gifts
its the gentle looks from her brute, her gladiator
Away from the motherland they sailed and into grace they made land
Inconstant weather and consistent ballads have made them stronger
And he has kept her, promise has become a past hobby
and its the stare of eternal affection has come in and made home
Ever after has become the morning after greeting
and forever more has made its way to brunches and petals
captured and lost to the wind of she and he
touched by his lips she lifted him her king
and she his queen beautiful and it came to be the best story
ever passed along and told aloud...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
The Waiting Of Fulfillment

It is a great pain in being a great man's son
to walk in the shadows of those footprints
and imitate the clarity of his dignity
to overshadow all traces of imperfection
with great intent and direction
to rise above the past and create a foundation
of legacy and pride
and with all mistakes and failures aside
be a hero and idol to the eyes that follow
behind idealistically as the warm of the sun
It is a said burden in being both human and idealistic
feeling within oneself the mixture of romance and reality
touching closely to the glare of an unforgiving stare
the need for wholesome success in a corrupted field
holding dearly the naive warm long enough to feel noble
It is a tragic longing being left alone without caress of want
to need what can't be placed or imagined just needed
just yearned for and written about in the crevices and spaces of
dreams and goals and such things that are reported about in the
obituary of morals and virtues....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
The... Disciple

Even as the third person, my hand shakes
scribbling forth words and letters
in crazy form and melody
leaving space between each impression
of my pen for deception and subjection
in the accumulation of verbs and nouns
I lay open the decipher codes of my very soul
backstrokes and ink drops would release me
unleash the heat and passion below the sounds
that speak in broken language and charm
claim me as an orphan of the word and paint
of rolling fathers and mellow mothers
stifled tenderly against the heavy bosom
of whom I'll assume the birth giver of my Mecca
and color, feather and pen
bite and release the lips of lovers and remitters
that capture the nature of my Godiva chocolate mind
second thoughts and bright eye, moonshine memories
resurrected and glorified in fifty-two bars
no guards just gatekeepers and rotten influences
caressing the certain lines sicker and deeper
than the before fairytales and happily after's
of what should'a, would'a made her sing for me
believe in me, but as for now leave it behind me
analogies I leave with the mark of the beast
fingerprinted and guilty for a single-celled delivery
cut and refined in the galore and glass precision
that dreams mold past pages and screens
supplications & documented calculations
I fade......I fade in the third person......

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Thousand Lights

My ending will be bittersweet
below the Brooklyn bridge, with a memory held
and caressed by thumb and tear
and with the echoes of the world above
waving and flying through
it would be a grin with her name leaving
my lips, 'till later love'
these words will mark my reason
and with the day ending colors kissing
my face tenderly, the night would come to fall in
as the sounds would grow distant and close
to the moon's melody, and all that was
would be all that is and will be
between here and home...and there
I had become what I had dreamt of...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Traveling Along

And sometimes I'll drown in the night
catching the least of my breath in the rapture
of my whispering horrors
and as the feeling of reflection fade my thoughts
I'll awake to find her sound playing faithfully
in the shadows of my regrets
patiently caressing the echoes of my tears
into a melody that can tease the fairytales to nightmares
And as I reach for the door it would flee from my warmth....
and it is in these solitudes I find the children of yonder
waving away my past into the a careless wonder....

*
I'm flying down the corner of 6th street
fleeing from my mind and calling out her name
racing to catch a future that may bring her smile
gripping tightly the roses that hold her memory
I soar past the stoplights just so to leave a glance
behind for yesterday and regrets below my breeze of hurry
slicing faithfully through the wind just so to carve vows
within the tapestry that warms heaven's floor
I will spin and marvel below the streetlights
fading imperfection down to my feet
crashing past her front door and into her bedroom's warmth
I laid my heart along her feet with my hopes and truths
dripping from my hands and outer garments.....
I swore.........
*

Every once and a little while
grace may fall along the heartache of yesterday
chasing apart and away the tranquility of fears
pressing below its feet romance and optimism
just so to float above it all...
steady now dreams become as you were meant to be
carry yourselves away to the warmth of the heavenly father
and bring back the tenderness of tomorrow
quietly now dear fairy, leave behind the bushes
and thorns that may hold you from taking my words
to the faithful walls that surround us
so they may speak of us as we age
and grow into the legends of our very fall....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Unmentionables

Another night went on without me
while I was kept in my thoughts of you
and in this solitude I found the mornings sorrow
Another night passed me over
as I fell in my consumption of failures
and in this reflection I lost my optimism
the day had begun and I was still held between
the night before and mid-night morning after
memories and tragedy swept my heart under
leaving my sanity crying to leave me be
Another night slipped away from my grasp
as I kept my heart company in missing you
and in its bittersweet moments I wished you away
questioning my questions I was left unanswered
and it just may be that I lost you before I had the pleasure
of calling you mine above the whispers of a faded daydream
and in the after-all's of our romance I was happy....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
My mirrors have abandoned me
leaving behind only the reality I fear to see
under the street light of honesty & 6th
it has left me as an orphan to the night sky
and a shadow below the morning sun
risking a facade for those with guns
terrifying dignity indeed...
from its beginning I can't recall
without the dew of its season warming
the regrets of my present
kind and unkind silence, how delightful
you can be to a crowded soul
laying in the indiscreet corner of my religion
supporting and guiding the path of tears
in the evolution of pessimism
shunned and kept as secret as I can reflect
with my eyes....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Vigorous Judgement

He saw hieroglyphic lines
Behind the white noise as black voices
grew across the outline of passing clouds_
Ordinary things
He said with vengeance on his lips
Of middling stature he stood fading below
his own personnel consequences _
Ordinary plots
Dripped from his bold voice
Seeking the same emotions that escaped abuse
Thoroughly accused, his honor only spoke from the
Distance, Tensions mounted, Torture & threats
Unlike the dreams before
Who knew what he spoke of
these indignant lovers of metaphors & trapezoids
Lost behaviors, their fidelity laid softly
under suspicion_
Ordinary Defeats
He cried tenderly those dry tears with hate feeding
inside his veins, he knew betrayal religiously_
Ordinary privileges
He replied...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Village Idiot

He does not stare into the night
he stares into her eyes from the distance of his
heart and imagination complimented only by his memory
he does not kiss into the air
he only falls into the hold and scent of her hair
kissing softly her cheek and reaching kindly for her lips
He dares only heaven to compare and even at a loss
he'll take his chances and spend forever admiring her
He does only what any man would do
dancing alone and laughing to what she once said
insane to some and fortunate to many others envying
the purity of his happiness felt with her presence
he does not need much from the passing wind
he does spend nights counting new stars
wanting her warmth next to him when he lays down to sleep
captured in her love he surrenders only to his foolish character
hers and complete....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Waiting To Exhale

I have taken my breath of you
stuttered shook and ready
I have left my heart at your feet
counting the hours faithfully till
we fall covered in skin
folding and unfolding our tender & delicate
as we play fools to the stars above
lighting our joined silhouette
from under the caress of our unfolding love

And its one more night of forgiven passion
pearl and vow filled with a certain glow from behind
I have drawn my map across the small of your back
denyng the long December and fleeting summer and
I have left my fears under the welcome of your front door
leaving only traces of promise and faded images

I have stared off onto the distance
and found still your picture shading my eyes
lingering romantically inside the four corners of my mind
And I see you standing above the rejection and ache
interrupting the beams of the moonlight complimenting you
and I stand ready and colorblind to shattered colors
of the past and fallen future

I have taken my breath of you...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis
Weak Emporium

I am fading from myself
Growing ever darker and lighter on every corner
The distinction is beginning to blur
So I lay awake at night, almost every night
Waiting to find and discover the transformation
But what I find waiting is only the solitude
I escape from during the daylight hour
And by that time I also seem to see
That distinction blurs itself into something
Of a midnight hour between the morning hour
Interrupted only by the passing quiet storm
Cooling the window pane reflecting the partly
Clouded moonlight circling the outside rim of my thoughts
And there, as the whispers of my house and mind collide
And commute, I can pick out the melodies
That only childhood memory can bring softly and faintly
Regrettably, those moments last as long as first glance
Never to be warmed by a second or third
Still fading, I still wait for the discovery, the illumination
Before mentioned, during so I can only relate to the curtains
And sheets that shelter me within my own closed shelter
Keeping only the focus of a distant thought
A secret thought, maybe a secret fear
Lurking and bidding for its place at my side
Slowly gripping and pulling at her picture
The picture, never before mentioned but always in mind
If I ever was to fall, “search for that picture”
I would hope they’ll say as they whomever they maybe
Think of me and wonder as to how I had come to fade
Fade into the particles that romance the tears of lovers lost
And star crossed dreams falling into the pockets
Of dreamers and poets reborn
All to occur, all to expire
As I find myself fading from whom I once was.....
You Can Call Him “william”

He was, He was a village boy
Cutting quickly through the heart of it
Sand bag heavy his breaths left him
Brushing cuts fanned his view
Waving between his searching hands
Flash and stillness draws him
Close and warmly kissed
Trailing promises held slow and rocking
Merge now ground and reach
Pull fast shots have rung
Sleep walking they said it would be
Numb running it has been
From its harmonica to its taxied tradition
Policing contradictions and branches the same
Fantastic stride now
Deep breath and smile proud
Those eyes have owned you since u knew
No footing, panic is swimming
Mixing in exhaled sweat and push
Limp steady, look sharply back
It’s a mad dash, his bark compels him
Their bite begs for haste
What a breeze, what scent to keep!
A sight well tailored to these hands
Here’s its border
The abortion of his chase have neared
One hand over, a final glance given
And his afternoon hers to remember

You can call him “William”

KarlRomeo PierreLouis