Jake Zynisch
- poems -

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Jake Zynisch (22.3.2001)

A chronic romantic, present in the 21st century.
A Lovers Grudge

I'm sending letters to you, with these distant signs delivered by my eyes,
I'm sending letters to you, with these words passing through my lips.
I'm sending letters to you, with these turns of my head as a simple disguise,
And I swear I can't stop my eyes from staring at your hips.
I'm sending letters to you, by crying out in pain when your gaze leaves my expanse
I'm sending letters to you, by catching your eyes when they stare at mine.
I'm sending letters to you, by monitoring the explicit changes in your stance,
And I swear I could just kiss your lips when they shine.
I'm sending letters to you, for as we leave I do not stray away from your side,
and
I'm sending letters to you, for all I do is smile when I catch you blushing.
I'm sending letters to you, for when you laughed I felt our hearts coincide,
But in the end you send me nothing.

In the end, we leave each other's wake
In the end, we leave behind the drinks, and the place where stories met.
In the end, we leave the place where we could allow our hearts to break,
and all I wish is for you to agree to what our hearts have mutually set.
In the end, our laughs no longer grace each others ears,
In the end, our hands can no longer touch.
In the end, our minds cannot speak out to one another about our fears,
and for that we will always hold a lovers grudge.
In the end, love is a thing we think means so more,
In the end, love is debunked by simplistic resistance.
In the end, love is what leaves to the aching feeling of remorse,
But we merely chase romantic omniscience.

Jake Zynisch
Brail Of Romance

Brail of romance
It fades, and it recedes
The heart of a romantic
And whom it deems.
I may constantly be in love,
But always without it,
Surrounded by an abundance of mules—
Oh so besotted.
If my eyes could leave trails,
It would be
for the distant dreams
of love
and glee that lie within fantasy.
Pucker up asshole, chug another down the hatch;
all those girls you've been with, boy aren't they a catch.
Oh so subtly, I yearn
to pick up the hussies and dive deeper than moans,
to itch at an impulse that resides deeper than an influence from kin-
They toil,
with your heart
cripple it,
toss it to the dogs,
Leave you with your teeth digging into soil.
and with each passing day you mutter, when shall the next come to moan
and scratch at your heart, leaving only grooves of scars.

Jake Zynisch
In The Heart, In The Gut

the muttering calls an end
to the ballads and the sideway tens
ights filled with hopes and squandered dreams
life's ruined by missed opportunities, and misappropriated leans
This mutter turns towards different sights,
different goals,
towards labouring night's
and wanderers tales, dangling lost souls.

For I no longer feel this, text empty with passion, except I do question how
every waking hour rings me out, to a dryness resembling scorched soil,
every sleepless night a torturous temptation into ditching the world order,
abundance of escapes thwarted by the bitter burn of ethanol and cigarette oil
the girl tells me touching tales about the men who cause trauma to her.
My nose feels heighted to the burn,
A burn I no longer smell in her presence.
The thought of such a girl, oh how I fucking yearn
to simply affect, or play a part in what fills her essence.

She overshadows all
With her cathartic screeching,
And crooked smile; knots my gut into a ball.

Jake Zynisch
Stonewashed

Such noise reminds you of the girl whom seemed to you much alike a shoddy jewel in a cheap setting
so just lie there. The original image of their beauty faded from your stonewashed mind
And you'll wish to be torn apart as does your mind. But you can't see their eyes anymore but even in my dreams.

Jake Zynisch