

Poetry Series

Jorge Alexandre
- poems -

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Jorge Alexandre(19th September 2001)

A boy turned; to a man, and with thy melancholy life lived by such beings of the human kind, alone on this forsaken ground appropriately named; " Earth" . He has turned himself to writing his sorrow, his greed, the pain he so desperately needs. And in his search does he bring, you to see, and every one the pain he feels and the love he hates so much, to see and hear of thee.

A Curse Of Beauty

Hold your applause,
For the bird chirps not for gratifying bread,
Or the tantrum of fine meadery.

Hold still thy thoughts,
Stay the youth of the mind,
For the beloved truth.

Hold dear art in thyself,
But hold not misery in its shallow walls,
That run in and out of breath.

The used weed that is decayed,
Like a Japanese knotweed,
To the building survey.

Destroying lifes dear motor,
And in itself, it holds life so dear.

All of natures beauty,
Decayed, from the blur
Of a single tear.

Jorge Alexandre

A Massacre

A massacre has occurred,
The devil, the gun,
The dead: so young.

The funeral rite is read,
Aloud; with a voice of tempest,
Its as though the sound; the voice,
Blocks all daylight from sight.

The melancholy;
Hundred slaughtered; wretched beings,
In this we see what we are seeing,
And in the requiem song,
We sing what we are living.

A sheep to a shepherd,
With the gunpowder slowly imploding,
We are breathing, we are dying,
Time is ticking, people crying.

Jorge Alexandre

A Serpents Sweet Thoughts

Oh, sweet chills,
Serpentine slime downing me;
Drowning me,
Still.

It slithers,
A silent 's' cuffed in every word,
Every slight forgotten memory.

The serpent's choice,
From hanging on the ceiling,
To my neck.

Both having,
Possible goals of dread.

Both being chosen,
Once every month,
By the serpentine head.

Thrice it loops,
Tightening my breath,
Like a bow tie,
Incorrectly laced.

And like a hand to hot water,
In reverse, I do the same.

Kicking back the chair,
Hanging from the chain,
Of interlocking rope and lace.

Sweet thoughts,
Of the insane.

Jorge Alexandre

A Spark

Thy comfort read to me,
Thy life is good; thy fantasy,
The twisted lies and truths of earth,
We are nothing; we are dirt.

People tread and tread upon us,
As almost as we are monsters,
But thy bitter taste of winter,
Shall say no more; to flint.

To start a fire west;
And to end it with the east,
I hit the rocks together,
To spark in us forever.

Jorge Alexandre

Adoration Irrelavance

Irrelevant,
Levitating gravitational light,
Diminishing the hope;
Of love.

Unburdened not,
By the hearts content,
Or the flow of the river,
Through my woeful eyes.

Sweet love,
In longing for your touch,
I repeatedly resolve,
In continuous death.

This is the second time,
The first not much to differ,

Once in every 2 days,
The same thoughts come back;
Without notice they arrive.

And what shall I do
Longing for your touch,
I shall die,
I shall die.

I adore it.

Jorge Alexandre

Anyway

Lest my thoughts betray me,
As they do each dying day,
Do not ask for me,
Do not wander far into my soul,
I will lead you astray.

It is not as it use to be.
Minuscule & blank,

Now it is grand,
"Elder" says the man,
In the purple shirt.

Finer silk be none,
And that is what you prefer.

The greed, the pride, the fame,
I am stuck in a loop,
You have left me there to drain.

Each ounce like a pint,
Each minute like a hour,

Drain my blood,
My soul, my body.

I would give it all to you,
Without the logic to perplex,
I have been in love you,
But when I say it,
I feel down,
I feel depressed.

Jorge Alexandre

Beauty Kills

Her beauty clasps the earth,
And the morrows sees not bliss,
Only rain comes and shows its worth,
In the tears of a single kiss.

Oh strings,
Strings and arms of beauty,
Why has thou blessed her,
and not another.

For she does not love me,
Oh irony of love,
Shall tell me to kill thee,
And no other.

And yet I stay my blade,
My wounds are where it be,
I stay my flesh and bone,
For all belong to thee.

Jorge Alexandre

Black Poison

There are many words in my mind,
Few escape,
Through the pipes of the throat,
To the eyes of a face.

Breath, breath,
Swallow perfume,
Choke on hallow death,
Make death anew.

Swallowing each drop,
As if it were the last.
The poison in the chalice.
Is green and yet black.

Jorge Alexandre

Blood Hue

Hanged;
Ceiling light,
Blooming bright flowers.
Beams of interstellar sight.

Travelling chains,
Holding tightly,
Ceiling to the ceiling light,
Flames of the devil;
The incarnate.

Shining, Shining,
Profusely; penetrating each
rotten; dying curtain,
In the mourning room.

And out from
The house of fire,
Came a red tint,
A blood hue.

Jorge Alexandre

Deadly Love

Thy company bewildered; uncertain,
The gods have mercy; I aim to please,
My oath of blood is taken,
Uncertainty; changing; changing.

The flowers bloom to die; again,
Thy sun will rise to fall in time,
What is thy purpose to thee; to thy; to thine,
Then to sleep; to love; to die.

I mate with death and dine with thy skulls,
The weight pressed to my tongue; my throat,
And yet as though danger surrounds me,
Fantasy; Fantasies; all around me.

Jorge Alexandre

Dear Joseph

Dear Joseph,

Burn Away, burn.
To the rainy water,
To the flame.

Run down the river,
To the town,
Lynch; thou has the blame.

Dear Joseph,
What has thou done,
Did and will do.

Dear Joseph,
Why is thou dead,
As I will be so soon.

Jorge Alexandre

Death By Thee

Thy moments seem long,
Thy burning flame longer,
It seems the waterfall; falls not on me,
And I am left for death; to die; to sleep.

Embroider me and cook me to degree,
And thy spirit shall forget;
What thou heart may come to deceive.

The present spares no gift;
And thy future is tender and tense,
It seems thine does sign death upon me,
With love; with love; by thee; by thee.

Jorge Alexandre

Demonic Possesions

I hear his voice, encrusted
In my unspoken head,
His words whirl around
My mind with dread.

I see not what he be,
I know not him of sight,
He is my mistake and my
Misery, for years and years
Of un noble fights.

Unspoken things,
Things that happened
But will never be revealed.

Cause as soon as I say a word,
He shall put me six feet,
Below the earth of thee.

Jorge Alexandre

Dreaming Of You

That stare,
Confining my inner-self,
To a small unsymmetrical,
Crevice.

Small minding death,
Temporary and permanent thoughts,
Of a demented oblivion.

In forth, love is for
The crowd.
The amused shouts of
The common vile vermin.

It is us,
The romantics.
That know truly the meaning,

The sabbath, the song,
The dying,
The singing.

It is all a dream,
And my love,
I love dreaming.

Jorge Alexandre

Entombed

Entombed by feeling;
Emotions; vulgar with excitement,
Ready for spring; ready for summer,
Affected by the environment.

The trees turn into leaves,
And the leaves turn into ash,
My mind; deceives, deceives,
Death is a requirement.

And now with a glance of sight,
As to a walk of my feet,
I dance to my love; my wife,
Ill dance till I'm deceased.

Jorge Alexandre

Float Float Little Boat

Thy text makes me warm;
The comfort to the reader;
In pencil stains of led,
Of the pallid colour grey;
So thin as the air.

The words stutter through my skin;
Up my spine towards the neck,
There laid pressed against a sin,
Myself, thy lust; thy love regret.

Thy misery and torture of words;
Bring no pleasure to the common eye,
But I find myself lost; in the worlds,
Of the forceful conscious mind.

And on this note as old as thine,
Shall see thy life turn to crime,
Oceans red as crimson autumn,
Yet all be dead,
You; floating.

Jorge Alexandre

Golden Glimpse

Thou art to be a flower,
Counting each petal,
Whispering each fallen word.

Sunken as thy roots,
Have brought my heart forth,
To a syllable, to a blur.

Inspired by beauty,
By art at reasonable price.

For what is priceless,
But a simple return,
For what thou beauty gives,
To the life in which we die.

And it giving much more,
Than that which it will ever get,
Hopefully shall not realize,
I am the toad,
And thee the princess.

Shown in neither astounding glim,
Or gloom of hope.
And yet thou astounding be,
Like a glimpse of gold.

Jorge Alexandre

Goodnight, Train Station

Servant of the night,
Mockingbird singing in moonlight,
Lingering heavy; wings of a shadow.

Cold-pressed beams sitting
To the sides of the broken stairs,
I too have walked down,
These steep steps of death.

Twisting darkness into light,
Through the bricks red, brown, and dull yellow.

The acidic moonlight mellow.

All ignorant passengers,
Of that invalid vivid life,
All wandering too cuffed,
To be bold and
to survive.

Jorge Alexandre

I Love You

I see thee in my thoughts,
Thou tempest through the winds inside,
You have though conquered;
That rough sea of mine.

Thy beauty droughts & famines,
Through the roughest winds yet known,
And yet look at how she stands,
In pride; so tall.

Thy gravity has pulled you down,
Unsettled you from thees comforts & desires;
And yet thou hast not winced nor cried aloud,
Like the famine within the crowd.

Thus thy conclusion stares at me afar,
So eagerly laying in my tongue,
Does thy beauty have no end; no pause,
Thy sweetness has made me stand; to applause.

Thy fire burns inside my bones;
And to my chest, I feel thy feeling burst,
I just cannot help this feeling I have inside;
Thus I say I'll love you, till I die.

Jorge Alexandre

If I Love Thee

If love is what binds
me to you;
and you to me.

Are we just two dolls,
In this game of misery.

It be fun if both agree,
Twice the more if with thee.

I know, I love thine eyes and face,
But do I love thy heart;
Thy root of all been made.

Thy flower brewed,
And brewed too long,
Its effects diminished,
Its father long gone.

Too long thee waited,
And too long I weeped,
In that forest; fertile,
With tears; with dreams.

Jorge Alexandre

Last Breath

Why Is all too soon goodbye,
And to sweet hello I mourn.
Simple wings of seraphic heaven,
Show no compassion, no remorse
For my adored.

Each wing of the butterfly,
Is a guillotine blade ready to erase,
Like a pencil to a book,
The head is to the blade.

Erasing all thy memories,
Thy thoughts thou thought thou hadst,
Well no longer will you have that,
As you have breathed your last.

Jorge Alexandre

Lastive Talk

Yes,
It is again the same,
The full rotten teeth,
The same old patch,
Of provocative pain.

I feel like days last longer,
Like an hour was as three,
I count each minute up,
One, Two, Three.

Extravagant.

The poor use of words,
The over-populated body,
Soon to discover the truth,
And soon to lie,
To you,
& Everybody.

Jorge Alexandre

Love

Love,

What is love but not your smile,
Thy lighted face with happiness,
What is love but not what I feel,
Not what I want; be it not real.

What is love and why does it lie;
In your sweet face,
Its like I love you,
Thy queen; thy grace.

Jorge Alexandre

Love Of Death

Mourn, torn from the chains of death,
Rippling onto the sword the nervosity of the flesh,
Oh, mourn in thy own way.

Show thyself, tyrant and king,
Show no wealth in thy beauty of thine skin.
Divine as it is.

In showing, show no pardon, my love,
For if you weep for me, weep only for death,
Only here could I find rest.

Weep not at my grave,
Seek not the heavy burden in the breast,
Acknowledge the death of love,
And the love of death.

Jorge Alexandre

Love Of Me

Thy beauty; pale and plagued with me,
Oh thy thoughts; thy feelings I consort,
For no eyes meet me like thine; like thee,

She a sovereign; a trophy to my sickness,
I am not well; I fell in love,
In feeble health; I am in illness.

Though thy emotions numb,
Thy sunken eyes low,
Search for my love;
And you shall find,
It is your own.

Jorge Alexandre

Love Or Betrayal

Oh, lies that thou doth
Whisper within one's breath.
I love thee,
I love thee she said.

Not the first to bring
Her into arms of thine own,
But now I know, I will
Surely not be the last,
To do as so.

And with impeccable beauty,
Thou doth lie, yet i fall to
Those serpent stings
Which make me die.

If thou has ever loved me,
Or sense a touch by these
Personas of mine,

Come to my sweet embrace,
And I will never again think,
Of you betraying I.

Jorge Alexandre

Loving Self

In love's binding water and ocean, I bathe,
To notice true love is always self-made.

In all the riches that lurk in others soul,
Has thou not noticed, it is deep within your own.

No need for loving others,
No need to sit and cry,
If all you do is love another,
How will you lonely die?

Jorge Alexandre

Marionette

Their thoughts,
Are murderous,
Their tongue,
Speaks death.

Why do they not trust my word;
My phrase, my crafted paragraph.

Am I so bad, so mean,
That you feel the need
Not to trust.

I guess in the end
It never mattered.

Even if I had done
What they claim.

In the end
I would still be rampaged
By the killing
Marionette,
In pain.

Jorge Alexandre

Mystery Moonlight

Despiteful love,
I adore that irritation.
The constellation of stars; approve,
The nocturnal tears I cry.

In my eyes; a supernova
Is erupt; a bride is drowned
In my galloping tears;

Oh, sweet demented years.

It is sweet to love;
Bitter, bitter is the touch.
The demons below,
Have defeated the angels—
Above.

The singing nightingale,
Chirping in secret slumber;
Seeing all the unsuspected scenes,
From the least suspectful, eye.

Knowing not how to love;
Nor how to speak; nor how to cry,
Sweet nightingale sees my tears,
And yet cannot aid me—
In the mystery of the moonlight.

Jorge Alexandre

Narcissist

Narcissist,

A Nazi to a Jew,
A deep tormented memory,
Cured with some tar;
The Same elegance in view.

Yet in all my misery,
And lament to commend,
I am in sphered by happiness,
A glim at all sides.

It is a curse,
I must die.

Jorge Alexandre

Of Love

Of love I have come to be divided,
In my spare demented mind of truth,
I have seen all things die, ignited,
By a single word from you.

Oh, beauty so vast and yet expanding,
From north to south, from east to west.
So is that appreciation I am having,
From Budapest to Budapest.

I am surrounded in your arms,
And with an embrace I am safe at last,
But each demon is like a toy,
And their playing with me,
And I have to enjoy.

Jorge Alexandre

Oh Thee

Oh thy beauty hath no
mistake, in this ill, meet
no worser fate. What of
love, beloved. What of
bliss, this love of ours
it is a slow and withering
Mist.

I cannot see, I blindly
love thee as thou says
thou art, and if thou
have lied, then truly
my hour comes too low
and nigh.

The burial rites I myself
have written, in preparation
of my demise, cause even
though thou art nothing but
some blood and imagery,
thou art all to some. and
some are me, who wish
nothing but a kiss from
thee.

Jorge Alexandre

Perfect Peace

You're Beauty
be far more
than that which
can be described.

your hands
hover endlessly
throughout my
endless spine

our love
be not as others
for it is
a love above it

we together are
the ones
to make
this world
perfect.

Is this
not peace
not calmness
in the
spirit

if it not be
this what else
is Cupid
hitting?

I love thee
too much
and that
be the truth

all throughout
my endless spine

my thoughts come
back to
of you.

Jorge Alexandre

Sadness

Awoken from deep torment,
Into deeper grief,
All the heart's content,
Now bleed, and bleed.

A dream passed by,
Sad Farewells,
Sadder Goodbyes.

Rain of spring,
Lift my spirit,
Weighed upon,
Sad hours,
Sadder minutes.

Jorge Alexandre

Stab In The Back

Yes, oh love that truly bleeds,
My thoughts are thines, my heart,
My tongue, my soul that wither
And strays too much.

I seek for thee into the night,
Hoping to find the love which
Will sustent me for life.

I find not thee, nor will I ever,
I meet the end of a knife
With disturbing endeavour.

Jorge Alexandre

Street Lights

Will this empty feeling, never end,
And I be burnt to the witching bone.
Will the lonely night stop grieving,
For its love the sun;
"Come home, come home"

The lonely night uncertain;
Unapproached in many ways,
And the rustling of the leaves never stop,
Until the light of day.

The once busy street now silent,
With lights that flicker;

RED
YELLOW
GREEN

RED
YELLOW
GREEN

I'm lying in my bed,
I'm dying in my sleep.

Jorge Alexandre

The Cigarette Is Blazing

The cigarette is blazing
The ash burning, burning, to the ground,
It fills my heart; my soul,
I rip what I plough.

The flowers; all dead,
Oh you were the only one alive,
I plucked you from the garden,
And I had you; I made you mine.

The sweet fire burns my mouth,
A noticeable warmth when I breath in,
And though thy tar and nicotine; kill,
I still have my cigarette at hand;

And it be blazing still.

Jorge Alexandre

The Fires

I hold and hold;
Thy hate against thine heart;
And if one is knocked;
The other; dies.

No matter how I hold thee;
Or how thy soul outgrows desire,
There never was or will be;
Weeping; weeping, near the fire.

Leave all fear behind thee,
And take thy soul from out the breast,
And thy heart should do what others must,
To work for greed; for lust; regret.

Bow your head and rest with thine,
I must; I must, until the fires die.

Jorge Alexandre

Thief Of Air

Red;
The vivid sanguine,
Dreary lips of yours.
Blushing to the touch,
That the gentle skin
Is sent to cure.

In sphered in rough pillows,
Suffocating, taking the air
From my scope of choice.
Not in suffering-
Leaking the heart of precious,
And yet unwanted air.

Taking what was once
Mine,
And turning all thy
Breathing air,
To thine.

Jorge Alexandre

Three Knots

The thumping,
Unfunctional beat,
Of the racing
Liver.

Serpent like sting;
Itching each bone
To ache; to crumble,
Into fine grain.

Jungle vine made rope,
Sweet hand-tailored faith,
Cuts throughout my red-stained skin,
Death; self-made.

Jorge Alexandre

Thy Hades Pit

Thy heavens; thy gods have cursed me;
Sown thy death into my bones; my skull,
And they have drilled me, killed me;
Bewitched me from your love.

Thy heart be not wise; thy head stands at tone,
The blacks mix with the greys; thy conscious; dethroned.
I stand in the pit; the scene of the crime,
I think of death, but mostly of you and I.

Thee has not moved; nor cried aloud,
I feel your laughter; the jest; the crowd,
Thy warm breath speaks against my ear,
"I want you to die, I want you to die, today my dear."

Jorge Alexandre

To Love Not

Has thee not sinned as others have,
Nor seen thy tempest; thy rough buds of may,
Will thee be with me forever; till I die,
And with thy smile come thy dying day.

Will thee not smile; nor speak her mind,
And let thy sweet emotions; with you; die,
Will thee not love as others aught to,
Oh 'tis too sad a stage for me and thine.

I love thee; oh thy thoughts molest me,
And lest I forget; forgive; thy thoughts of you,
I shall not respire or breath your love,
For thee I've loved long, and longer knew.

Jorge Alexandre

To Love; Young

Why can thee not stand besides me
Where I stand,
Though thy earth be with the moon,
And thy ocean with the sand.

How can thee be here not,
I must see thee at noon; thy Lenore,
But what to say and what to do;
I love thee; but I love too soon.

I fear death doth come for me,
And that funeral song is to be sung,
For I love thee,
And I have loved thee; since young.

Jorge Alexandre

Unconsisted Prayers

Sterile Hands,
Shaken by nervousity,
Crooked by each twitch,
Each clenched fist.

Forget her, says the hand,
The body.
Responding to her love,
Unseeingly retracting.

In knowing she will leave,
Desert me, in the pit,
Of bile; flesh and broken bones.

I am scared; frightened even.

Yet it is more complex,
More than the tumor which
Ridicules me; keeps me,
Closer to my grave.

It keeps me up all night,
Praying to no avail.

Jorge Alexandre

Unfortunate Tidings

The day comes and goes at will,
Like the sun arriving, departing,
Each dawn and dusk through the mountain hill.

The news has arrived to undeafened ears,
Wishing now they were buzzing with silence,
So they could not face the amount of fear.

The burden of unfortunate tidings,
That burrows my heart deep in isolation,
Finds and shall find me dead and yet awoken.

Jorge Alexandre

What Is Love

Love tis a rose,

Elegant; wild;
Flourishing ever slowly,
Loving all the while.

Kissing gentle heart dearly,
While devouring thy hateful bride,
Killing all that be unholy,
Leaving all the pain behind.

Is it not love that binds me,
That makes me stay my while,
If not love, was it hate,
Who has found me in the wild?

Who has saved me, time again,
Pouring kisses while I lie,
Loving all there to love,
Killing all that is to die.

Love tis a rose,
And thy rose be not mine.

Jorge Alexandre

Will To Love

The flesh in starvation decapitates selflessly from the bone,
Unknowing to the drench lips of love;
From years of repulsion, and being alone.

Atone the flesh of compulsion to drink from loves dear lips,
Knowing reason is soon to wither,
And all Cupids missing arrows are now hits.

Together thirst rejoices on heavens waters to bid thee welcome,
The mutilated heart speaks not,
And sees not, and yet understands the fathom.

Soon hunger awakes and distraught all living meat to bone,
Desire is soon injected;
Poisoned to the bloodstream of the known and unbeknown.

Soon life all cries as thy lips of love with their wetness dies,
All of the thirst refilled,
A life without love, is a life without will.

Jorge Alexandre