

Poetry Series

**Kali Rose Stewart**  
**- poems -**

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## **Kali Rose Stewart(March 14th,1994)**

Kali Rose Stewart is a poet, musician and visual artist from the Dallas-Ft. Worth area. She grew up in Denton, TX where she developed a love for music, both performance and composition. She is set to receive her B.M. in Music Composition with minor in Songwriting from Southern Methodist University in summer 2016.□

# 0 + 2 = 0

There once was a One that I could call home  
They were happy with me and I wasn't alone  
Time dragged us on, and then they were gone  
Thus leaving me hollow as a bird bone.

Days daggered on and seemed much like years  
And I was alone, save for my tears  
And yet they were there, lonely One in my heart  
Yet it felt just like None because I tore us apart

Then came a time when One turned to Two  
Then was I happy, and home was in view  
But Time ruins all and thus it was done  
Two became One and One was undone  
And then there were None and I was alone.

Kali Rose Stewart

### 3 A.M. Migraine.

The dead of night, and still  
laptop speakers emit dizzying syncopated grindings  
birthday flowers wilt ironically  
as technicolor balloons' deflation add  
a permeation of stench to white petals withering

The dead of night, still,  
Sterile chartreuse fluorescence flickers  
My fingers observe obscured aches beneath the shallow shale of my skull  
While an offending bedside table observes me ceaselessly sadistically  
Indifferent to this scalpee's plight.

Still, it is the dead of the night  
in spite of 400HZ electrical hums that never desert me and  
higher frequencies screaming as they die in my ears forever  
Now, silence begins to smash my eardrums inward  
Save for my lover's murmurs languishing meditatively  
Rising, falling, hesitantly  
squeezing my murky spine, dull distraction from  
dust collecting in corners of my throat.

Now, dead of day, always still  
Birds peeping pentatonic pining for fleeting measures  
Given cynical sunlight hours or miserable moonlight  
I'm not sure which I'd rather choose to live as  
there's not much of a difference...  
When 2: 38 pm morphs into 8: 54 pm morphs into 12: 30 am morphs into  
3: 13 am morphs into waning wakelessness weighting my watery eyelids  
like cinder blocks around a mobster's feet as he begins Piscean dreaming

Still, the dead of the night is, still.

Kali Rose Stewart

## 6: 00 Am

6: 00 am:

My favorite time of day....

Insulated from splattering rain with

Doors closed, we can whisper of epiphanies and histories

While the rest of the world sleeps sound

(None the wiser to our private intercourse.)

Mistaking coffee for hot chocolate

We drank and laughed until sunrise

And awakening, I saw the thing I dreamed of seeing

Your blue, loving eyes.

And as we drifted off, wound together like guitar strings,

I thought:

"6: 00 am, my favorite time to go to bed....."

Kali Rose Stewart

## At A String Quartet Recital (Haiku)

The two that I love  
And I keep Hadyn between  
Strings that keep playing.

Kali Rose Stewart

## Birds (Haiku)

Do these birds take flight  
Sensing a storm's approaching  
As danger twilight?

Kali Rose Stewart

# Contemplating A Flower (Haiku)

A red rose cannot  
Love or time reconcile;  
Thwarted dreams undo.

Kali Rose Stewart



# For My Dearest.

Okay, my friend,

Consider me this:

Are you happy? Overwhelmed? Relieved?

Yet still, does your heart do anything more than breathe?

Your eyes anymore than walk?

Your feet anymore than see?

When you find that your soul yearns for anything more than these....Anymores,

Let's talk,

And walk,

And see.

Okay?

Now breathe.

Kali Rose Stewart

## In Einem Bächlein Helle.... (Haiku)

Hook, line, and sinker.  
Reeling, your kissing hooks pierce!  
Splashing! Thrashing! Caught.

Kali Rose Stewart

# La Petite Mort

Oh, I do long to slink through the dark of your heart's alley;  
(Embrace) the right-wrong between.

Seek the corridor wherein a cellar door awaits  
Find rest in the shadows of your morgue...  
Skulk mausoleums of drawers  
filled with secrets hushed and worries forgotten  
(The lips all lifeless but mine)  
No one will disturb me here.  
I can safely confide among the bones of f-fellow souls  
If-float in e-ternity...  
Hide until I c-cease....  
If-f-freeze.

Kali Rose Stewart

# Landlocked, Longing For The Sea

How long will we wait, my love  
For our souls to intertwine once more?  
When we collected each other bit by bit  
As seashells on the shore....  
Ultimately waiting to be dumped in the waves' froth, once more  
I must on a journey of land and sea  
To seek not a treasure greater than thee  
I must lift anchor and dash on the rocks.  
Because the storm clouds went and came  
And tempest winds push me the same.

When the journey is ceased and I'm rid of my doubt  
And the tides pull me ashore,  
How shall I convince you my love is true once more?  
When your lighthouse goes out, my sea is a drought  
And I'll long to be buried by the shore.  
And when I'm in the damp sand, my journey unmanned  
I'll dream of you and me.  
Landlocked with the sea.  
When I'm naught but my bones, returned to my home  
I'll dream of you and me.  
When I'm naught, I'm alone, waves kissing my headstone  
Resting landlocked, yet longing for the sea.

Kali Rose Stewart

# Modal Borrowing (Haiku)

Intermodal faith:

Lonely Lydian pines her

Mixolydian.

Kali Rose Stewart

## Musing On Time (Haiku)

Time is a vacuum  
Once we're caught in its clutches  
It sucks so damn hard.

Kali Rose Stewart

# Musings In A Mid-Tempest Din

In the evening of a storm's interlude

Moonless, cloudless

I sit

And listen for rustling trees, perhaps to touch a warm wind swaying them

Inhale dampness permeating pavement, possibly trodding soggy leaves under  
which it hides

View purple sky, perchance to glimpse the bright white lightning cracking it

After all

They exist, too, don't they?

Not just the downpours, but atmospheres creating them.

□

Kali Rose Stewart

# Ode To The Golden Ratio

i  
need  
of you  
(a) breathless thing  
(of) senseless ceaseless moaning dreaming;  
(Fibonacci's) ratio  
(a) sequence  
(s) imply  
be(ing.)

Kali Rose Stewart



# Overcast

There is a space within a dark place  
Where spots of sunshine may caress my face  
And the rays may dry the tears  
That stained my cheeks for years  
This brief sun provides a refrain  
From the eternal overcast of my brain.

When I am adrift, the clouds seem to shift;  
For it's you that I love and adore.  
And when the sun comes, away go my glums  
I am warmed by your love once more.

Kali Rose Stewart

# Primordial Muck (Haiku)

Apologies if  
I reek of pond scum...see, I,  
Too, emerged from muck.

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## Protestations (Haiku)

'I am unafraid! '

(.....only in your company.....)

Ours, inherently(?)

Kali Rose Stewart

# Question Words

I know where you are  
But where did you go?  
No heart knows how this makes me cry.

I know why you are  
But why did you go?  
I never even heard a "goodbye."

Kali Rose Stewart

## Sleep? (Haiku)

Can we sleep now, while  
Most of the hours of the day  
Rain pours down outside?

Kali Rose Stewart

# Soul Tap

There is an oak barrel with a steady, strong spout  
No one quite knows what it's really about  
But it's full of a thing that may be our "being"  
And we wonder if 'twill e'er run out.  
But what happens when the spouting stops spouting  
Its wood panels begin to leak?  
What can one do in a soul's sudden droughting  
When there be no replenishing creek?

We're tapped till we're tapped, methinks.  
And n'er again will Alma e'er come out  
Because people just love to drink.

Kali Rose Stewart

# Spectre

Spectre

Let me be your ghost  
So I may haunt your dreams  
And waltz across your eyelids,  
As moonlight gently streams

Let me be a phantom  
As shade in shadows seem  
To easily stalk your corridor  
As silence and stars gleam

Let me be your spectre  
Permiss me to love your dreams  
To be but a doorway into your thoughts  
This is what haunts my dreams.

Kali Rose Stewart

# Synesthesia (Haiku)

Green, brown, icy blue...  
Lover's stares infinitely  
Run together all.

Kali Rose Stewart



# The Look

Can you know someone from a look alone  
Can your life be changed from a stare?  
One fateful day, you peered my way  
And my best laid plans gave way to a dare

Searching a graze from your magical gaze  
Into my daydreams, I stole  
Lust for a hint of an iris's glint  
Suddenly tangled in curtains of your soul

But what's in a look that can make someone fall?  
Can a look, love, somehow ensnare?  
You gave me a glance that made my heart dance  
And now I look for that look everywhere.

Kali Rose Stewart

# Thoughts On An Airplane

Oh, how I long to explore the tiny nooks and crannies of our world,  
between those valleys we view from the sky.

Where people and things escape from our eyes,

Little microcosms of life where one can hide.

Where we may be shaded in cool clouds and wind our own paths

In the dirt and grass....

In our own little microcosm of potentiality.

Kali Rose Stewart

# What If?

What if  
You weren't you  
And I weren't me  
And we were just two in a dark matter sea  
Simply float we as entity eternity  
The matter would mind its smatter eventually....!  
Until it was just you in me in 'us, ' see? ☐

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