

Poetry Series

Kay Gardner
- poems -

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Kay Gardner(August 1988)

I love words, because in the vast realm of mindless wanderings, it's the only thing concrete we can possess

3.600 Building

Grizzled floor harvesting petals
Like a collection of fallen ashes
Surrender to the darkness of shadows
The only place left to go
Entering the dementia of my mind
To the point in which a flower becomes a lover
Repetition of lines, (over and over)
He loves me, He loves me not
Petals determining fate. My love- My decay
Private conference in the corner
In fetal position, the mind cradles
Checking in at murderous shame
Playing roulette with a flower
Perverting devotion into seclusion
The walking flower with thorns for limbs
Caresses the taste of fragile skin
Laying witness as innocence drips
Slicing through delicate veins
Let the romance bleed away
Sequestered in this single moment
Now I know the place to go
Enter the dementia of my mind
Where a flower becomes a lover
Repetition of lines, (over and over)

Kay Gardner

A Collapsed Angel Apologizes In A Catchin Body

It is the quintessence of monotony: a mountain chain of stucco that lies atop fallow lots the size of kitchen magnets. Welcome to suburbia. I effortlessly enter my previous pastel palace, but the voyage to my room is an uphill battle; it is quite an insurmountable quest. The trek to my cell consists of a frozen spiral staircase. It is not smooth and slippery, though, but rocky and perilous. The portal lies beyond the staircase...

I force my way through the abrasive force field of forbiddance. The shrieks of my tearing flesh are subdued by the overpowering silence of my room. Words are mouthed, but not spoken. They do not exist. This cubicle of torment does not allow language, the embodiment of opposition. As I step into my room, I notice all the colors of the spectrum for a fraction of a second, then they appear red. Countless pictures adorn the walls; they are all of one person. I know her. Her eyes. They lack the luminescence of the youthful character they would portray. Her glances pierce through my being like light through glass. The carpet is a sea of scorn. It stabs my feet with blades of contempt. The walls of mockery laugh at me as I foolishly try to climb them to rid myself of its presence. Yet there is no escape. I have inflicted more pain upon myself. Nothing is soft here. Everything is jagged.

Kay Gardner

A Pretty Autobiography Leaps Upon The Carrier

When things are complicated it is usually defined by situation.
What situation could cause me to be so difficult; so complicated.....
Well, it's hard for me to explain because I shouldn't have to.....
I just simply want to get to know you.....
Nothing more.. nothing less.....
At the same time, if I don't end up to be where you want me to be,
Then for you, there is no longer a reason to know me.....
So then what is the point of getting to know one another.....
What's the point of the social chatter.....

....

I guess pretty much to meet, greet and pass

....

If that may be the case, then why prolong the useless chase.....
Because sweetheart, there's nothing wrong with you or me.....
But situation has me at a bad place.....
And until corrected you most likely won't get what you want from me,
except the opportunity to get to know me.....

....

If that isn't good enough, then I'm sorry.....

Once again it was based on lust.....
Now you tell me how I'm being complicated,
When the situation itself comes to conclusion it is just plain complicated.....

Kay Gardner

Amore Vincin Omnia

Waltz into the wink of the stars
Tread among the moonlight's trance
Ascend into celestial flight
Leave behind these earthly miles
Waves kneeling on a single strand
Through Pan flutes acoustic charm
Climb upon the hands of time
Etch eternity on my heart
Place a whisper in my hand
Courting fingers in divine romance
May mother's wind carry one single kiss
As we smudge the laws of reality's wish
Blissful euphoria written exquisitely on the face
Overcoming forces of time and space
Impossible amour, I sing a single refrain
'Love conquers all'

Kay Gardner

An Ode For David

Inspiration
From a lopsided table?
Words written down
Told as a fable
Strange request you have
My dear friend
Inspiration I will find
This I do intend

Wooden Table
Possess my tongue
Wintered table
Cry from my lungs
Pen striking paper
You shall be my muse
May the bleeding ink
Cry of your blues

Splintered skin
In a corner rest forgotten
Winding legs
You stand wild as cotton
Pen stroke slide
Across your lofty floor
Three legs you stand
When you should have four

Awkward table
You have no friend
Ancient table
You've reached your bitterend
Should my pen learn sea legs
I'd love you once more
But, on three legs you stand
When you should have four

Kay Gardner

Armadillo Streets

The dust has just begun to settle
Forming crop circles in the carpet
Oil marks kiss the walls
Where pleasure moments hung before
Spin me around one last time
Disappear with the walking sun

Look down that road lonely traveler
Before you pack your things
Vagabond shoes have lead you nowhere
But further away from home
Look down that road lonely traveler
Before you turn to leave
Just a tumbleweed blowing aimlessly
Along armadillo streets

Count the days as they barely move
Denying you didn't stop you from coming
Consumed under the trance of the moon
Enter Casanova
As ransom notes fall from your lips
Lies espoused, digested through a hungry mouth
Defense falls paper thin, until
I loose all inhibitions

Look down that road lonely traveler
Before you pack your things
Vagabond shoes have lead you nowhere
But further away from home
Look down that road lonely traveler
Before you turn to leave
Just a tumbleweed blowing aimlessly
Along armadillo streets

The residue of another late nate rendezvous
Greets me with the morning light
Half smoked cigarettes, a bottle of gin
A post card signed, 'See you next time'
I trace your silohette into the heels of your mirage

But I never did plan to understand
What happened after dark

Look down that road lonely traveler
Before you turn to leave
Just a tumbleweed blowing aimlessly
Along armadillo streets

Kay Gardner

Be A Lady

See you say, 'be a lady',
but then it's shady
because there is a fine line between sex appeal and degrading
especially when human bags of bi-polar disorder are masquerading as America's
sweethearts.
and 'baby shake that is ass' is topping the charts.
young girls with no role models
don't comprehend until their lipsticks smeared and their clothes are on the wrong
way
that " really wanted Dorris Day
because she had a daddy that taught her self respect
so there is no hole to fill from a grown man's neglect.
So ladies when you think that how you pu@#y pop is all you've got to prove
remember whenever you need him he'll be on the move
until the day YOU can brush off that cloud of self hating
and look at yourself in the mirror and say,
'Be a lady.'

Kay Gardner

Be Happy With Grass

Follow the herd, like a sullen cow.
Trade out your clothes to bear the horns.
When the rancher comes to brand you a**,
sit quietly; it will be over fast.
Swat your tail at those pestering flies.
Wear the cow like a grand disguise.
Don't let them hear you say more than a 'moo, '
else the rancher will call out his dogs and ravishly scorn you.
Don't stray away from the path of the herd.
Keep your eyes on the ground.
Just be happy with grass.

Kay Gardner

Beautiful Savior

Forgotten Field
Where buttercups grow
With crippled hands
I reach out
Reach out to know

Breathe in
the succulent yellow
Gently caress
A golden petal
Freckled cheeks
Kiss the sun
Bears the marks
Of the one who knows

Barefoot, I dance
Arms held high
I play
Play with butterflies

You've touched my tongue
I sing in your praise
Hallelujah Beautiful Savior

Kay Gardner

Beyond Human's Cadence

Tongue tied and twisted
Hands shoved in pockets
Try to drown out
The vibrant conversations
Consequences of sound
Plague me down
Every corner I turn
Imposing the silence
I so long to find
A place to exist
Beyond human's cadence
Failed trials force
The only option left
So I scream
From the bottom
Of my lungs
To drown the chorus out
However it flows
Out of my mouth
To only get tangled
In my hair
As my jaw withdraws
Silence fills the air
But now I hear
Those damned voices
In my head

Kay Gardner

Blue-Eyed Metaphor

Love is just a game we play
At least that's what they say
But then the man in the moon
Disappeared and abandoned his stage

You left with all your good intentions
Like a dress laid out but then neglected
Left me in a state I cannot mention

You're just a blue-eyed metaphor
For all that's wrong with this life
Words deliver my frustrations
Give love my consolations
I've taken all I can stomach
And it's time I move on to better days

Go ahead and forge
A picture in my mind
I'll try my best to forget
Because your love is as valid
As promises born from
A bottle of whiskey on a Saturday night

I don't sleep to dream
And you are living on cloud nine
Keep on playing your childish games
But I'm cashing in my chips
I've got my own hell to raise

You're just a blue-eyed metaphor
For all that's wrong with this life
Words deliver my frustration
Give love my consolations
I've taken all I can stomach
And it's time I move on to better days

Cause I'd be better off to slit my wrists
Then give your love another chance
There will be no more fairy tale twists

For all you could teach me
You would teach me this:
To take the pain out of living
Is to create a world
Where love doesn't exist

I've played the game and watched it fade
I'm sorry; it's just not an even trade

Kay Gardner

Carpenters Hands

You are a chapter of my life
That refuses to end
A fixated character
Always lurking in some dark corner
Desperately awaiting
To reveal your face
I've built bridges and roads
to avoid your path
You burn them down
Collapse them to rubble and dust
From which they were born
All the words I write
To seek distance from you
You shred them all
Spread them out
Like ashes in a wildfire
However you don't stand alone
In your guilty stance
For I too am guilty
I allow you to control me
I set myself victim
To your charm
But maybe one day
I shall be born with carpenters hands
I will build that bridge you see
One that can't be washed away
One day
I shall write you
Out of this story
Called my life

Kay Gardner

Chaos Is Against Ideology

Late in the night
As the world of vibrant conversation
Exits with the waking sun
The mind takes flight

Tumbled into a field
Where anxiety takes over
Conquering the psyche
Burning through my veins
Like brush fire in a dry spell

The night's wind
Ushers a harsh forbiddance
For curiosity came to cleave the calm
Of the moon's crimson glow
Pursuing the mind

Why must we make the stars align?
Can not we just let miracles be?
For chaos is against ideology
And against man's control

And hope takes home in the fool of minds
A defense mechanism
For the uninventive
Who'd rather rest in illusions
Baptized in false pretenses

Is eternity the albatross of bliss?
Cruel hands posing time
The tick of the clock
Reaching the point of destination
To final Armageddon

Synchronized bodies join together
Adjacent to soulless corpses
Succumbed to the march to death
Echoing chorus
The black parade, on to Necropolis

Salty tears rake
Ragged against a cheek
Pulling out the soul
Shattering diamonds, forever

Questions posed take hostage of the mind
Changing over the course of time
Yet the drone of the chorus
Remains the same
Victimizing the innocent

Kay Gardner

Come To Nirvana

Just keep searching is what you tell yourself
Lost in the middle of the ocean
Dehydration kicks in and all you see is your minds lies
Your skin is burning from the sun beating down on you
Everything is hurting that will keep you going
Your mind your stomach your strength and heart
Is this when you finally stop and lay in the boat to think
Was there a way you could of conserved the last of your strength
How much farther do you have to paddle and hope you see some life
But your mind plays tricks and non is real but the ocean and the sun
lay and listen to sounds of the water crashing again the boat
the feel the sway of the boat
some peacefulness is left even when you are lost
It may not last forever
come to nirvana and see the best in everything
your not alone rescue still may come
lost in the widespread ocean

Kay Gardner

Coming Home

Split the lips of this tired soul
Unveil my heart upon this quill
I've traversed the tundra of infinite strife
With the iniquities of my heels shadowing my steps

I've traveled through the flood on foot
Where the mountains were carried
Into the midst of the seas
I lay these vagabond bones to rest
Selah Father, I'm coming home

My soul is thirsty for thee, Oh Lord
My flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land
Mount Zion's harp call me home
Back where I belong

Nomadic, drifting shoes, turn away
From the white capped waves of destitute
Impetuous winds have left me lame
Wayfaring feet shall suffereth no more

Give into collapse, Broken on my knees
My soul is bowed down to dust
As these vagabond bones are laid to rest
Selah Father, I'm coming home

My soul is thirsty for thee, Oh Lord
My flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land
Mount Zion's harp call me home
Back where I belong

Kay Gardner

Confounded Heart

What did I expect?
A soliloquy in my name?
Heart you draw the wrong conclusions
Your glory is my shame
You revel in fantasies
Dreams that mock the mind
Filling every second
Conquering my time
Take a step back
Breathe in the fresh air
Heart says 'trust'
Mind says 'I don't care'

Kay Gardner

Count To Thirty, And Then Come And Find Me

I'm not doing this today.
I'm not taking that road to devastation
that's paved with false hope
and good intentions.

I'm not losing my inhibitions
over a smile and a
maybe-perfect ending.

Don't ask me to risk it all.
Don't ask for second chances.
I'm already second-guessing my emotions.

The truth is I can't feel.
The truth is I don't love you.
The truth is I never know which way
my heart will pull me.

You want to know what's real.
I'll tell you what's not,
but past that I'm unsure.

Because I'm scared I'm broken,
and I'm unprepared for the
words we both have spoken
about true love and forever.

I'll tell you to forget me
and hope you never will.

But the truth is I can't try.
The truth is I may love you.
The truth is I can't let my heart
send me down that way again.

Kay Gardner

Decartes

Reality is but a state of mind
Often translated through poor perceptions
How can you fully trust something,
Which has fooled you once?
For has not perception led you astray before?
To analyze existence, prove this life is true,
How can we do that, if we not trust our senses?
Take away distractions,
Ease an en cumber some psyche
Feel the heart beating in my chest,
Fall into my soul
Break away from the world of vibrant misconceptions
Bathed in allusions, baptized with false pretenses
The mind, yes, it has fooled me more than twice
But yet has not this deception been lead
Through an external life?
For by itself, the mind knows not
The color of the skies,
Nor the whistle of a bob white.
This synchronized paradox,
Only aides to conceive false thoughts
Separate the mind with a double edged sword
Let it exist by itself, and see what thoughts
It may percur
And this is what it whispers in my head
'I think, therefore I am.'

Kay Gardner

Distorted Mind

How I wish I could wander
The pathways of my mind
Too often I know not
The whispers in my head
Pain, suicide, loneliness, despair
Love, compassion, grace, life
Contradicting thoughts
Distorted mind affair
Who is the real me?
Which side to like?
How do I determine
Which of these thoughts are mine?
Who am I?
Am I the one who helps?
Or the one who destroys?
I laugh, I cry
Synchronized paradox
To the world
I smile, I am whole
Beneath the flesh,
I am tortured
A mutilated corpse
Who am I?
Who will I become?

Kay Gardner

Emancipation

Emancipate oneself
From the drone and mundane
Attitudes of the aesthetically
Unpleasing mainstream.
Reject the rigor moris
Of tradition
With its imprisoning
Black and white tiles,
Fashion oneself
In a way that would
signature one's own
Individuality and
Chaotic nature.

Kay Gardner

Emeralds Hold No Hope

Corrupted hands stretch out to the sky
Clasping diamonds in their fists
Corpses baptized in misconceptions
As a choir they sing and thus declare
'We laugh at death and fear her not,
We march onward to her door! '
A motto defining their crowning anthem
This tragic affair, one voice proclaims
'Repent'
Crimson roses bleed with pride
Yawning graves, a fortress to the dead
A drunken man say's he's found the reason
Devious smile, lingering thin like wire
With skeletal fingers, he beckons them 'come'
Onwards they march to Necropolis
Silent screams as they are inflamed in Dante's Hall
Mystery is at a loss
Suffocating under adjacent bodies
Succumbed to thy synchornized movement
Lifeless bodies cannot be veiled in ivory
We must not let this come between us
My soul is bowed down to the dust
Sweetly broken, fall onto my knees
Surrender now all that I am
Ashamed grief at what I've done
Placed on this platform
I compose a memoir to my underserving grace
I've been intoxicated in times of ungodliness
A soul convicted to the mutilation of life
I let it go
Render all I am into His hands
Break away from this dark parade
The devil's claws sieze my throat
But the Lord's hands, holds my soul
Salvation lies within
Emeralds hold no hope

Kay Gardner

Erotomania

Heart you've drawn the wrong conclusion
One to many times
Yet once again you ask me to trust
To give in to a love you define
You'd leave yourself dangling
Out on a desolate limb
Laying yourself out like a victim
Like predatorial bait.

Kay Gardner

Falling Out Of My Mind

A void pressing down
Like a starless night
If only I could remember
How it felt to smile
I'm drowning
In the darkness
Consuming me, body and mind,
It takes over.

I'm lost in the middle of nowhere land;
Where devious men come to greet you.
They will lead you down beaten paths
With winding roads
That work to tempt you,
Then abandon you,
Leave you running blind.
Hold you under
while you take in your last breath.

My lungs cry in agony,
Such solitude is unbearable.
I'm losing control,
falling out of my mind.
My strength deteriorates
underneath the weight of the world.
I'm terrified.

Fumbling around in the dark,
each move cautiously taken
For fear I may lose my ground.
I'm falling.

Should I scream would it be any help?
Can anyone hear me
When I can't hear myself?
A desperate cry for help.
Not from the voice,
but born within the soul.

Is the world so much against me?
When I hit the ground
Should the suffering end?
Just what is my destiny?

The darkness hangs over head.
Close to the places where angels tread.
But wait- what is that light above?
Such a glorious light.
Do you know how long I have waited?
Such magnificence and glory-
it pours into me, filling up my soul.
I am lifted
The sun breaks through.

Numb emotions begin to fade.
Shattered pieces
Brought back together.
The darkness is gone.
Open my eyes
take in my first breath.
And under my feet-
I find the ground.

Kay Gardner

Honest Means Hopeless

Confused. Conflicted.
Constructed from questions
and lacking the answers.

I've made a decision
I can't quite live with.

Call me a hypocrite.
Call me a coward.

(Why won't you call me?)

I'm better than this
and not good enough
for anything else.

I'm sure it's too late to
change my mind
but I still wish you'd
given me more time.

I'm out of cures.
My heart hasn't
ever been this pure.

I can't forget you and
I can't let you know that
I'd let you break my heart
if you promised to
smile while you do it.

You can deceive me if you
swear to kiss me when you leave.

I promise I don't mind.

Kay Gardner

I Lost My Virginity With Lucifer Himself

The waves curled and kissed my toes
Leaving traces of their touch
Darkness came and stole the light
Stars extinguished into dust
The moon stood still in habituation
To leave me running blind
Where only swaying reeds
Took count of passing time

Tis when he came with outstretched hands
Gliding, placid along the sands
He took me down a path not seen
Led me high onto a cliff
This is where he claimed
Our hands would intertwine

An apple tree greeted us
With warmth and hospitality
Bearing fruit upon her limbs
Extended arms of offerings
He plucked an apple from her breast
And placed it in my hand
Hungry eyes peering on
As I took in a silent breath
Sweetness of that apple
Absorbing through my pores
Odd to hear my heart beat fast
When seconds linger eternally set

I hug the apple to my lips
Bit into the crimson flesh
Felt a trickle of its blood
Dance upon the pathways of my chin
Eager lips intercepted
Cleaning up the mess
In that single fleeting moment
Flesh was given new life

Emotions overcoming me

Reason lost in passion
A stab of temptation and negligence
Along the tiles of my thigh
He pulled me deep into his chest
Incandescence of a blush
Pulsing through my cheeks
Dionysus himself have not enough wine
To intoxicate me with such power

The apple floated to the ground
Humming lullabies of Chasity
And up upon that sacred hill
The serpent had its feast
Drinking from the veins of youth
I lost my virginity with Lucifer himself

Kay Gardner

Impossible Amour

Waltz into the wink of the stars
Tread among the moonlight's trance
Ascend into celestial flight
Leave behind these earthly miles
Waves kneeling on a single strand
Through Pan Flutes acoustic charm
Climb upon the hands of time
Etch eternity on my heart
Place a whisper in my hand
Courting fingers, divine romance
May mother's wind carry a single kiss
As we smudge the laws of realities wish
Blissful euphoria written exquisitely on thy face
Overcoming forces of time and space
Impossible amour, I sing a single refrain
'Amore Vincin Omnia' - 'Love Conquers All'

Kay Gardner

Imprint

Below the dark clouds
Lies barren land
Witnessing mankind
Beneath the sand

Searching for their fault
Praying for another day
Before a last wish
Their whispers die away

Civilization ahead
Now a thing of the past
Where love rested
Life breathed its last

Generations later, eyes
Looking out in vain
Cries its heart out
At imprints of pain

Kay Gardner

Introverted Masochist

Realities are intertwined..
Forgive them their debts
For when they are dead
Who is to pay?

Oh won't you see me
Instead of the vision in your head
Give me a reason
To not dream to be dead.

Oh won't you see me
Instead of the angel perceived
Give me a silhouette
And trace the tears that i bleed

The picture is damaged
Like the models heart
Damaged like the world
Of which she wishes to be a part

But she's set aside
Pushed to the back of the book
Undermined with every word
Murdered with every look.

Sitting in the dark
Long into the empty night
She abandons her motives
That once caused her to fight.

Nobody cared anymore
About what she had to say
And for the universes sins
She was indebted to pay.

She falls to her knees
And speaks to the sky
I've never needed to know until now
So I must ask... Why?

Kay Gardner

Leonardo

Great Leonardo-
If you could paint a picture
Of this sorrow that I feel
My cries would be heard
Throughout a thousand years
Contain my bleeding heart
With oil and your canvas
Let the colors be your words
And I will be your muse

Kay Gardner

Lipless

A warm summer's eve lolls along
Leaves blow in the breeze
In a mellow tone, sing-song
Life allows a little tease

Darkness wafts in through
Open cracks left ignored
Light leaves, says adieu
Leaves the ignorant daily hoard

The clocks go on again, again
Tick, tock, tick, tock
Still awake until the end
Seems sleep will never dock

The vessel of sleep eludes my soul
Bridges still open that take their toll
Am I crazy or in control?
Is my head filled or just a hole?

Knock, knock. Anyone there?
Awaiting an answer, am I aware?
How do I answer, I know when I'm lying
How, now, however: I know I am trying

Lipless words then speak to me
How they come so innocently free
They say just let the answer be
Should I argue with my own plea?

Kay Gardner

Mockingbird

Hush little baby, don't say a word
Momma's gonna kill that mockingbird
Such terror in your eyes, don't look at me in fright
I'm still your momma, even though I wear this disguise
I love you baby girl, so quite now, hush up
Sit tight little one, this will all be over fast
Daddy told me that he loved us
Then why did he have to leave?
I see him in your eyes, why do your eyes bleed?

Kay Gardner

Never Ending Wall Of Silence

Train-wrecked thoughts,
Derailing words,
Lining wastepaper baskets
With ink and lead.

Crumpled up paper
Represent words
Wanting to say,
Meaning to say,

Anything but the silence
That stands still between
The poet or the messenger,
Whose means of delivering the message
Have thus, for the moment, been expired.

A confusion of thoughts,
Of dreams,
Of desires,
Both hidden and known,
Secretive and oblivious,

Form the lining around the poet's pen,
Who cannot find the means to draw them,
To say them, or to paint them
On the wall of neverending silence.

Kay Gardner

No God To Pray For

If there really is a god,
then where was he when my dad was in the hospital,
with stitches in his head.

If there really is a God,
where was he when I sat in the corner,
shaking in fear,
as tears fell.
No one could tell.

If there really is a God,
then where was he when mother was sick,
and unable to walk.
Couldn't remember her own children,
to even talk.

If there really is a God,
then where was he when my sister was slammed against the wall,
with no one to call.
When she was hit in the side of the head,
and had seizures monthly,
from her own husband,
who abused her nightly,
with no one to tuck the kids in tightly.

If there is a God,
then why do we all suffer?
Why did we all have to see him go?
he had every right to be here as we all are.
Jesse Cope,
always to be remembered,
and to be loved for ever,
never to be forgot.

If there really is a God,
then why are children left to cry,
for some to sit in corners,
shaking in fear,
as tears fall,

and soonly dry up,
the hole world will soon become,
the legend of God.

He who supposedly,
save our lives.
but yet,
all I can remember of the past,
as I'm sure all of u can too,
is misery and pain.
and more to come,
and with no God to pray for,
we are all dead.

Kay Gardner

No More

I can feel the world wrap around me
Smothering me, as I am grasping for breath
She coils herself around my soul
I feel so helpless, so alone
I cannot bear this weight no more

Jagged pieces in my head
A thousand screams of the dead
Tongues plagued with the fires of hell
Final scream of agony
I cannot cry any more

Twisted, coiled, the devil's eyes
My misery is His demise
Sharpened fangs clutch my breast
Shred the soul, decay the bones
Cascading showers of blood and rain
I cannot play anymore

Kay Gardner

Paint My Eyes

You would have me write of silly affairs
Of puppy dog tails, Of dancing bears
You would have me write of happy times
Keep the rhythms with the rhymes

Would you prepare me of a fantasy?
Then leave me cold out on the street?
Should I not consider the darker side?
Should I paint my eyes with bluer skies?

Reality is not kind as you would conceive,
No gentle pats or bright sunsets,
She'll twist you, tangle you, coil you tightly
Make you sweat day and nightly

She build you up like the Queen of Shiba,
Lift you high like a diamond in the sky
Then with a wave she'll overcome you
Bury you deep, Fall like a stone in a brook

So why you ask do I not keep it upbeat?
Why not surround myself with happier thoughts?
Covet away the deeper sides,
Paint my eyes with bluer skies

I shall build myself upon my own feet
Tighten the battle boots and lift my chin
Prepare myself for reality's worst
Paint my eyes with reality's skies

Kay Gardner

Paperweight

Try to find a place to fly
Beneath the waking sun
Dreams take flight but melt away
Under the summer's heat
Betrayed with the kiss of evanescence
And wings alive, reborn
Under the false pretense of hope
Disentrate into the wind
Scattered amongst the poisoned sand
Fall like a paperweight

Kay Gardner

Political Warfare

I'm not political.
I may seem rather analytical.
That's because the matter is critical,
Significant to the everyday buzzing and hustling
of the modern day demographics of a declining nation.

It's a league of nations
Of religions
Of ethics and beliefs.
It's a clash of interest
That consumes and governs
The human nature.

It's the hate that moves fully through
And the guns in the hands of those who shoot
It's the silence of the heart as one stops to breathe
And the screams of the mothers whose children they kill

It's the heartaches of the days
And the aching of the nights
It's the turmoil and struggles of the orphans in the streets
With no coats on their backs that clenches in the cold

It's the desperate measure they take
As they strive to survive
It's the longing and hoping that salvation is near
And in the arms of solace there shall be no fear

I am opinionated and I feel obligated to speak
Of the handicapped souls that move about in captivity
Living in bondage hidden from the secret
And the answer to their plight.

Kay Gardner

Porcelain

Tear drops break upon my cheek
Echoing shattered diamonds
In the currents, drift away
My soul and hopefilled life
Pick the pieces off the ground
This scattered mirror of me
Build a great wall around my heart
Finally rest in peace
Blood flows on the ground
Coagulates in the dust
For porcelain eyes can cry no more
And porcelain I shall be

Kay Gardner

Recollection Of A Dream

My Beloved, dear pen
Walk with me now
So much to consider
How to embrace the path
Of my journey's steps
To create my own self amidst the rift

Red ribbons, packaged gifts
Knowledge, reason, loss of innocence
Preparation of a journey
Tuck away colors and a pallet
Canvas of the heart and soul

Harvest the wisdoms of elder women
Insights into Madam's gallery of experience
Scroll tidbits of advice

Meet a man of strong convictions
Objections to your existing doubts

Alas,
Tarry away to find the angels
of art and of myself
In my soul I hold His strength
So many stand behind me

Certainly I had the desire
Sweet Pluto heard my call

Tiptoe gently to the moon
Beyond compare to a Paris night
Placid footsteps on a lighted skyline
Miraculous milkyway
Pause to find, I am still breathing

Exquisite sight
Incandescent, spirited roadway
Stars hung still in flight
Breathe in the spirit

Wealth of knowledge astounding me
Golden wings sprout upon dreams
Ready to brisk away in flight

Miraculous, Fly!
Or drift away as shooting stars
Nothing shall be denied to me
I have come to far

this poem is based off a dream I had last night, so sorry for its sloppiness, but dreams are not the most tangible and illustrative at times. My dream was mad crazy... Imagine reading this, and then experiencing it in the realm of dreams. Intense. ;)

Kay Gardner

Road Maps To The Sky

did you ever notice that the spaces above us look different?
that when you and i first spoke it was a cosmic collision
where the sun started shining three times too bright
and the stars in the sky folded and merged
to form the only constellation i'll ever wish on again
so now when i get lost in the road maps to the sky
the only thing i will ever see is you

Kay Gardner

Sapling

Precious sapling,
you grow so rapidly.
For it feels as if yesterday
you sprouted from the ground
like a burst of energy.
When the time came to grow
you did not dawdle,
your buds feasted on light
and your roots thirsted for water.
And as the years have passed
I can see how you've grown.
You stand tall now
in this forest you call home.
With each coming spring
your leaves reach out
like finger tips.
And you continue to rise
and look up to the skies.
You've remained strong and rooted
when the dark clouds surround you.
And stronger yet
when there was no water
to give you.
If only I could learn
from the wisdom you hold,
then I too can be strong
in the forest I call home.

Kay Gardner

Scrolled By A Blade

But what you don't understand
Is that without you in my life-
I'm a danger to my veins.
And I wish I could slit my wrists
Vertically
So that you could kiss the blood
The beating pulse of my veins
As you said good-bye
And abandoned me on this stage.
Where the man in the moon
Came at me like a rapist
I stand on the edge of everything
And nothing at all
Hearing the constant tic-toc tic-toc
With the backwards winding of a clock
And all the while you will realize
As I am six feet under in the grave
That the worms that are grazing on my corpse
Know me better inside-out
Then you ever gave a damn to know
And as I watch my dreams crumble
Like a sandcastle
To the sadistic feet of a brother
Like the ashes of a cigarette
I come to know
That I had the courage to love you first
But these words I write
I plagiarized from your mind
Thoughts- as you stared up at Mars
But you never did wish on falling stars
No, you wished on the ones
Who had teh courage to stand there
Through the darkest night
Through the hardest fight
And how could I turn down that light?
But I guess I was weak
And I guess I was vulnerable
Because I had the courage to love you first
But you never saw forever reflected in my eyes

I thought we would grow old together
Birth babies, like poems together
But that is not how you would have your story read
And so for a fraction of a second
I see the spectrum of every color
Until they fade away into the red
Cause without you in my life
I'm a danger to my veins
So I will slit my wrists- Vertically
So you can kill the blood
the beating pulse of my veins
As you turn to make your getaway

Kay Gardner

Scrolls Of The Mind

Feel the poison drip from crimson lips,
Let the toxicity pour from finger tips,
Infecting all they touch,
Do not twist these words around,
As your spirits slide in a tangled maze,
You cannot rationalize your mutilation,
Or vindicate what you know to be false.
While the ties shatter, tendons are severed,
The Devil's jaws possess thy tongue,
Unleashing screams of anguish and sorrow,
Drenching fields of barren soil
Endure this affair titled life
Onwards march, to the liberation of death
Composing the notes to your funeral song
Tomorrow remains an illusion of the mind
Set to deceive the gullible believers
Clouds sinking low, you begin to wonder
Could this world be a concoction of the brain?
Forgery written, Tangible scrolls of the mind
The earth consumes us, oozing its juices
Bathed illusions enslave us in fog
Transparent portrait, see through the charm
As feet grow older, bones rot in decay
We march on to our final day
These pen strikes conquer a once desolate paper,
Are these thoughts devoid of truth?
Prove these words are wrong.

Kay Gardner

Sex, Lies, && Heartache

I spend my days in limbo and
these endless nights in tears.
(Hasn't it been two years?)

I haven't made the
progress I thought I had
before you brought back
those old fears and fantasies.

Push me, pull me,
break me in two.
(I'm doing all of this for you.)

Maybe I don't know the truth
but at least I know the lies.

Nice try. You must not know
I'm more than what you've
been giving me credit for.

You don't have to say it sweetly
or whisper nothings in my ear.

Don't tell me that I'm pretty
and that you think about me
when you're sitting all alone.

Love is secondary in your mind
and my heart's too weak to try.

Leave me out if this.

Go get wasted. Have your fix.
All those girls with all their tricks...
then you wonder why your
shallow heart always feels so hollow.

It's not that I'm better
than you or them...

(but I know I'm better than all of this.)

Kay Gardner

Sleep To Dream

I don't sleep to dream
And you are living on cloud nine
Keep on playing your childish games
But I'm cashing in all my chips
I've got my own hell to raise

Kay Gardner

Smudge

Paint a picture of a girl
Oil meeting it's awaited lover
Give her a world of illustrious beauty
The whistle of each blade of grass
Rustle of leaves as she walks
Perfume of flowers succumbing her
Gently caress the shaded canvas
Pull out creation's colors
Feel your lives intertwine
Smudge the lines of reality

Kay Gardner

Sticky Culprit

Sticky Culprit

To weak to move

To pull thyself

From encumbering doom.

What shall you do,

Now that you have written

All that is to

Become of you?

Should your epitaph read

Of your failed past?

Should we lay you aside

Like some beasts hide?

Forget your forsake name?

Sticky culprit,

What shall we do?

Kay Gardner

Synthetic Love Situation

She wanted him more than anything.
It's all in the chase she said as she picked up her arrows.
Leaving her group of friends.
Like a hunter about to kill its prey.
He's just a fun loving misfit.
Placed on her sadistic love hit list,
Misplaced hello and a clumsy first impression.
Unsuspectingly falling into his plans.

Placed in a game of cat and mouse,
But what happens when the mouse gets the upper hand.
Its not just a game its more of the prize,
As she first made a glance and caught a look at his eyes.
Machinelike in playing the subconscious mind games.

Weeks pass and they're a couple.
Cat got reckless and let her guard down
Mouse became wiser and pulled her down
Into a pretend love secret
He cant help it if he doesn't want to keep the promise.
So what's gonna happen now.

His worlds been turned upside down,
Inside out, spinning around.
With his beating heart, in this in throat
About to be sick his stomachs turning.
Shy boy becoming a man.
Loving his life at the minute, but he wants to go back to how things where.
He wants to be in love, but without the after pain or aftershocks.
So they're playing into his synthetic love situation.
Creating love but without the pain,
The commitment or chores involved.
So now the timid little mouse is playing his own game.
But when the funs over someone's heart has to break.
Just for the next girl to come and try the same thing all over again,

Kay Gardner

The Lalala

I ohways said i wanted to type
when i was high. to be high.
Such a mindless thang.
Just the la la las of the stars
of a starvacuumed sky.
Since last summer actually.
birthday. big two ohh.
he gave it to me.
a ride around the streets
with a little birthday treat.
driving home.
the slow.
the quick
the ever so fast.
every moment frozen.
stand.
still.
laughter.
so yes.
as if my brain is pressing reset
with every seven seconds.
the up.
the down.
the turning round.
i am not really gettin
anywhere with this.
buts thats ok.
know why?
know why
cause its the passing moments.
the tic of the tock.
the cluck on the clock.
because its the months
i can take
its the oh my god.
i loved that line.
Its the months i can take
its the passing of day
from the moments to minutes

til your seconds away.
only eight minutes.
pleh.
play
ploop.
and now
i feel awkward.
ewwww.
i mean
i guess they are ok.
i am staying here.
but yeah....
anyways.

Kay Gardner

Things Unknown

A broken heart
A bleeding world
Tears fall
Like a razor blade

How did my soul
Become so torn?
A thousand pieces
In my hand
jagged bits
Of love's remains

Tell me it is all
A great facade
A nightmare gone awry

I thought we were forever
How did
Forever come so soon?

As I lay here tonight
Needed sleep
Mocks my mind
Silence offers no form
of resolution
It only allows
for a whisper of hope
Hung on a string
Of despair

I watch the minutes pass
Eternally paced

A blistered heart
I try to understand
Accept His Will
Perhaps after
The worries and struggles
I will discover

The greater plan

On bended knees

I yield

But my soul is tormented

By this things

Unknown

Kay Gardner

Time And Space

Down a cobblestone path we walk
In the stillness, we let our feet talk
Sliding under the crescent moon
I'd better say something soon
Upon the seashore, the ocean's coast
I'm with the one I want the most
Strictly speaking of time and space
Maybe I should tell you just in case

Kay Gardner

To Drown Or Catch Fire

I want to know what it's like
To look upon you- without yearning eyes
Like I am a seacaptain of a ship
That has been lost for years
And you are that candle in the light house
Guiding me home, offering me hope

But the wakes that trail me
Are made up of lost dreams
And the fury of the waves assail upon me
Threatening with sadistic fists
As anger in the eyes of the sky shower upon me
With a quick las of the tongue
The thunder claps follow
The beat of heaven's glistening whip

All for wanting to reach your light
-So bad

I don't know how much longer
I can carry on like this
The translucent glow of your figure
Is no more catchable than a star
One-two seconds longer
Soon I will give myself victim to Charybdis's fallen heart
Or sacrifice myself to the piercing teeth of Scylla's vengeance

Either way-
It has to be better than this
To hear the orchestrated call of Davy Jones' locker
To stand upon the plank of life and death
To thin a balancing act to be placing any bets

I want to end this raging battle
That has taken hostage of my soul
To estinguish thatflame and -feel
The weight of the deep come upon me
to take that final breath as I dive
Into the the currents and let the lips of reality kiss me

As I surrender

And yet...

I can't hand over my final chord of hope
I want to reach that candle
Lick the flames of desire
Until our bodies blazin in fire
Until your taste overcomes the tapestry of my tongue
Until we illuminate such brilliance,
That even the sun takes notice

I want to feel your heat
Dance upon the fingertips of my soul
To feel the slow simmer as love takes hold
Tearing apart our flesh and forging a single luminescent glow
To kindle soft whispers of forever
With the ignition of a passion that
Can't be put out by all of Poseidon's wrath

I want to radiate

No I won't give over that final chord of hope
I will not surrender to the callous tides of this war
You are that candle in the light house
That you may guide me home
Into the harbor of your soul

But a siren's echo reignites the burning question
To this whole damned love affair
What would it be like to look upon you
With yearning eyes-
No More

Kay Gardner

To Sit On An Uneven Chair

In constant tribulation
of the shifting weight,
Back-forth, left-right,
Yet the satisfaction of
evenness never be found.
Just when I think
I've conquered your legs,
Your deception unfolds
Pulling me back.
You're likened to walking
on a broken path.
Unsteady legs
Have no ground.
The tribulation mocks me,
Bearing down on my body,
Weary muscles loose control.
Look wicked chair,
Do you see?
This white flag I wave,
I concede

Kay Gardner

Visions From A Snow Globe World

The world will remember you-

Eyes that stare straight through ice
And into snow that covers discouragement-
Change comes
But does not stay away
It only lingers long enough for us to grow accustomed
(and you said forever) .

Life is short stories set inside a dream
And we make promises
As we walk away from the flame
Of crimson blue
Terrified and ecstatic all at once
And searching for valediction

We run from explosions and desperately
Cling to stationed moments of brief bliss
Hiding from the pictures that time our breath
Those black and white memories shadowed in color-
Laughter is the mind's greatest trick

Coming to grips with the story in your last moment
Touch is familiar and focus live long inside our hearts
Smiling in mists of distorted images

-The world will not remember you

Kay Gardner

Waiting For The End Of Goodbye

There is truth behind those tears
You are holding back
Let us reach the point
Where tongue and brain just met
Fill the air and infinite constellations
With sound before silent invasion
The quiet scares me
Because it always springs the truth
I keep breathing, just to pass the time
Waiting for the end of goodbye
Because truth is,
You could slit my throat
And I would apologize
For bleeding on it
Watch the blood flow
Fleeing from my veins
One more confirmation
That I am still alive
Let's take it back to the beginning
Words lost in the wind
To all the hesitations
I keep breathing, just to past time
Waiting to get to the end of goodbye
The rain in your life forgot to end
Yet the tongue in your mouth still seems dry
You do nothing but sit and sigh
For once your tongue
Is working harder than your heart
Fighting the need to regurgitate your plead
Praying to the deities for eloquent speech
I keep breathing, just to pass time
Waiting to get to the end of goodbye
Please don't allow this silence
To linger any longer
For love is raging turmoil in my soul
This beating heart grieves a battle cry
You cannot cut a check to God
To ease my pain, or make it less
Misery is standing at her door

Beckoning, 'come'
I keep breathing, just to pass time
Waiting for the end of goodbye

Kay Gardner

When The Fire Burns Out

What do you do when the fire burns out.
Not even a flame the size of your pinky finger is left.
Its cold and its dark and you have run out of matches.
Not even a blanket to give you the slightest bit of warmth.
Your searching for answers to get the flames going again
But there is not reply to your question.
Youve dug a hole to climb in to
In hopes to keep you warm
Then you have realize you have dug so far down
There is no way you can get yourself out
No fire no rescue
Stranded in the wilderness
you call your own

Kay Gardner

Yes I Will Play In Traffic

I am wisdom and perfection in the most innocent and flawed ways.
The graceful clumsiness is what I use as a distraction from the truth,
I am putting on a show for them and you,
Deep breaths make my lines walk straighter,
and as the horizon falls my converse balance faded on yellow highway guidelines,

I keep my venus flytrap eyelashes down ward and ask:
'where is home? '
Vagabond mystique painting pictures with words,
The wordsmith mistress,
I carry frustration in a separate pair of jeans,
The real issue is something you'll never be good enough to know.
And that's the reason why my pale skin glows,
A wise man once told me knowledge was power,
but what is power when the rest of the world is deaf dumb and blind?
I am the last woman on earth,
and the world revolves around spiritless air and vanity.
I need a dollar and a dream,
or else there is no real way to make a life worth living.
Put money in my pocket, and I'll still be full of it.
These thin green sheets tend to run away like heartbroken boys with trust issues,

I'll find a way to make it, just like I'll find a way to forget you,
Almost regrettably because I could see myself falling for you,
But i stay balanced,
Devoting my lungs to oxygen and networking,
The webs that make these footsteps travel,
This winding road seems so cliché,
But I'll dedicate these yellow-line traffic injuries,
to finding my way

Kay Gardner

You Know I Was Right From The Start

How honest do you want me to be
Cause if I said the words I'm thinking
I'd break your heart
So I guess this is where it's at
And I guess you should have walked away
when you had the chance.

You know I wish I could
but something about the way I know you're perfect
means I'm not right
I'm not right for you

I told you not to love me
I told you so
I told you so

All these words seem too cold to be my own
but I guess they'll have to do
Cause there's no other way to show
you that I never loved you

You'd hold my hand for life
but I can't let you
I can't let you take the pain away
I know I deserve it, I know
and I know you just don't get it

I wish it wasn't like this
but I have to tell you now
that you're too good, you're just too damn good
for me

I told you not to love me
I told you so
I told you so

Don't hold on, please, just let it go
cause it's so hard to say this
without your tears ripping me to pieces

Don't ask why
Don't ask how it feels
cause I just can't care anymore

I told you not to love me
I told you so
I told you so
I begged you not to love me
and now I'm being real
I told you I can't love you
I told you so
I told you so
I told you so

Kay Gardner