

Poetry Series

**Leon Agnew**  
**- poems -**

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## Leon Agnew()

Though some people are nice,  
And some people cruel.  
While some people laugh,  
And others just drool.  
You'll never meet someone,  
As shocking and new,  
As fresh and appalling,  
As Leon Agnew.

# All The Rage

All the rage  
Is all the rage  
With us around here.  
We fight and fight  
Till it ain't right  
Till we just disappear.  
We all bad  
We ain't sad  
Our ears ain't gonna hear.  
Goodbye, goodbye  
Let's go get high  
Let's wallow in our cheer.

Leon Agnew

# Anal Intercourse

The flowers are blooming  
The sun is sweet  
The bell tower's booming  
And you're in heat.  
The filthy girl's flaking  
Off all her clothes  
And I stand her shaking  
Spasms in droves.  
Good night my sweet princess  
Good night sweet prince  
I'm climbing my fences  
I'm breaking my bench.

Leon Agnew

# Barack Obama

King of kings,  
We worship you,  
Bow down to you,  
We love you for ever and ever.

I pledge allegiance  
To the president  
Of the United States of America  
And to the republic  
On which he stands  
One nation  
Under him  
Indivisible  
With his glory  
And his power  
Weighing down upon all.

King of kings,  
We pray to you.  
Answer us, we beg of you.

Hooray!  
Another answered prayer!  
May useless bills  
And capital hills  
Roll over the frosty landscape.

King of kings,  
We worship you,  
Bow down to you,  
We love you for ever and ever.

Leon Agnew

# Because I Could Not Stop For Death

Because I could not stop for Death,  
He snuck up behind me,  
Knocked me out,  
And threw me in the back of his trunk,  
And took me anyway.  
Which kinda sucks.

Leon Agnew

# Behind The X

In every eye  
There shines a lie  
So  
On every face  
An X I place.

Leon Agnew

# Blend Into Gray

Black shines forth on white  
White breaks free on black  
Angrily they fight  
Vicious they attack  
White deeds are pure  
Serene, calm, and gentle  
Black deeds are forged  
Beneath the molten mantle  
Never do they meet  
And never do they cross  
Never they  
Make shades of gray  
Slowly life they floss  
Dividing, pushing, pulling  
Everything in two  
Deceiving, flipping, fooling  
Everyone who's true  
Men no more are white  
But ever be they black  
Men no more will fight  
Whatever pays them back.

Leon Agnew



# Blink And It's Gone

Take a breath  
Close your eyes  
Wait a bit  
Open them  
He'll be gone  
Life goes on.

Leon Agnew

# Brigade

Slickly killing

Running

Brigade of

Peoples

Animals

Peoples in animals.

Animals in people bodies.

Brigade

Dying and martyring

Finishing up

Moving along

All bodies

Suddenly they hit the brake

Stop

The commander steps out

And he's a cactus.

Leon Agnew

# Carry On, My Body

Carry on, my body, carry on  
Without this heart you've leaned upon  
A shambling Aztec sacrifice  
A mindless, hopeless sheet of ice  
Too heartless to feel  
Too fake to be real  
Where my heart cannot  
Where my feelings rot  
Carry on, my body, carry on.

Leon Agnew

# Chairman Of The Forced Suicide Committee

Standing tall  
Looking blank  
You know she's another  
Skank

Looking down  
Standing up  
They hand her another  
Cup

Disbelief  
Understand  
You will not escape this  
Land

Nods her head  
Shakes her face  
Now you'll put her in her  
Place

Now she checks  
'Suicide'  
Now from death she cannot  
Hide

Drinks the fruit  
Feels the pain  
There's only loss there's never  
Gain.

Leon Agnew

# Coarsehair Genius

Stick your nails  
Through my sclera  
Barbaric and brilliant  
You've got brains for torment  
It's something else  
You can't get me  
Still hidden  
The nails are just humming  
In the nonexistent, nonexisting  
Clitoral hood of my brain  
Which feels, my dear, quite good.

Leon Agnew

## Conveniently Lacking A Rhyme Scheme

Happy, happy, happy, happy,  
All the smiling day.  
Happy, happy, happy, happy,  
Smile my life away.  
Smile on you, you smile on me,  
We're only happy when smiling we be.  
Everyone loves to smile,  
No one likes to cry.  
I only smile upon you,  
When I'm about to die.

Leon Agnew

# Crushed

Look at you, your fat wet eyes,  
Gleaming through a thousand lies.  
Poking onward, never thinking,  
Though he's awkward, dumb, and stinking.  
Like a moldy, stupid rat,  
You carry on, though he's just spat  
Right on your toes, you brainless,  
Mechanical, cruel, painless,  
Mindless human being!  
What's it take to start you seeing?  
What's it take to jog your thinking?  
You're crushed like a dog,  
Dead on the tracks,  
40 virgins =  
40 snacks.  
Stupid girl.  
Go stick your stacks.

Leon Agnew

# Cutie

To K.S.

Who has saved my life  
On more than one occasion.

What's loving, but not obsessive?  
What's mighty, but not aggressive?  
A riddle in two sentences  
Always gets past my defenses.

You, my darling, only you,  
Can turn our heads and bend our minds  
And mold us into something new.

When uttered, my words are stale,  
When written, the ink seems pale.  
But when they truly come from thought  
Then never shall my sweet words rot.

Whenever you have led me astray,  
Never have you pushed me away,  
But rather, with loving tenderness,  
Brought me back to safely stay.  
Oh, your goodness abounds!  
From your sweetened smile,  
To your heartfelt sounds.  
God bless you, every day,  
And I'll bless you, all the same  
With my love, and with my care.  
I promise cutie, I'll be there,  
As long as I hold onto life,  
In sadness, goodness, and in strife.

There's never been someone I knew,  
Who's purer than the whitest dove,  
Except for you, cutie, except for you.  
Sometimes I am foolish  
And sometimes I forget  
And sometimes I am selfish,  
Cruel, unforgiving, and stupid.



But you're still there, and  
For that, I love you.  
For that, I need you.  
I love you surely as a friend,  
I love you surely till the end.  
I never wanna let you go,  
I guess, because I love you so.  
It's difficult for you and me,  
But we'll make it, and you'll see  
That all I need  
Is for you to love me,  
Cutie.

Leon Agnew

# Danse Macabre

O, Death, you come quickly  
You take the worser off  
You come for the sickly  
Yes, we will all die soon  
With happiness or pain  
In sunshine or blizzard  
Cloudiness, sleet, or rain  
Yes, you've heard this before  
I know. I know it all.  
I wish I knew it all.

Leon Agnew

# Dovey Sweet-Heart

The doomed child;  
For its sake,  
Defiled  
Became Dovey Sweet-Heart.  
She was  
She is  
She gives  
It all away,  
And writes songs  
While I write verse.  
The Earth  
Is a world of cons.  
The innocence:  
For God's sake  
Defiled  
Became Dovey Sweet-Heart.

Leon Agnew

# Ethical Rape

Everywhere I look, there's an ethical rape.  
Churches come first  
Bend and fall at the hands  
Of their angry oppressors  
Sacred sacraments  
Are grabbed from behind  
Dragged into the alley  
And torn to pieces  
Bleeding bloody visceral  
Carnage all around  
The glistening rull of science  
Dominates the skyline  
All values are dead  
No one cares like they used to  
Everything's gone  
Everything's become  
Ethical rape.

Leon Agnew

# Eulogy Of The Blind Son

God rest the soul of the blind son  
Who could not bear the light of day.  
Though he may have failed, God rest him  
And give him your love anyway.  
Though you are good and he was not,  
Give him your mercy anyway.  
How can man ever understand  
What lies beyond and far away?  
So who should judge the blind, blind son  
Who went and threw his life away?

Leon Agnew

# Every Blessed Little Girl

Every blessed little girl  
Is nothing but a scam  
And every little white pearl  
Is always just a clam  
Bloody nasty history  
Can never tell the truth  
Every little mystery  
Just needs a perfect sleuth  
To foil and unravel  
A good man's perfect name  
And all the gritty gravel  
Can cover up his game  
Little Christs uncrucified  
Are always looking back  
Endless myths producified  
Will always make them crack  
What's the point in trying it  
When God will disagree  
What's the point in buying it  
When you can't pay the fee?

Leon Agnew

# Frog Scum

Live your life in  
Pretty colors  
Pretty blues  
Pretty greens  
Like frog scum  
And baby shit  
Living in  
Your pretty pit  
Pretty reds  
Pretty gold  
Menstrual blood  
The metal's cold.

Leon Agnew

# Generic Shit

And what's he got in sotre?  
Something, something  
Sludge, for certain  
Surely sickening, plastic blasphemy  
Assimilate  
Regurgitate  
You pass, at last.  
Simply scintillating.

Leon Agnew



# Girl

Sex, sex, slimy sex,  
Dripping on the floor  
Move in with your boyfriend  
Call yourself a whore.

Bills, bills, fluttering bills,  
Payment seems so forced  
Call up Johnny Lawyer  
Get yourself divorced.

Work, work, lady work,  
Kow you won't be rich  
Lash out at your auntie,  
Dub yourself a \_\_\_\_\_.

Look, look, lady look,  
Meet a boy named Sid  
Lay around \_\_\_\_\_ around  
Have yourself a kid.

Grow, grow, kiddie grow,  
Mommy taught you well  
Meet a boy screw a boy  
Send yourself to hell.

Blood, blood, bloody blood,  
Slither down the bed  
Lose yourself, sell yourself,  
Siddy killed you dead.

Sex, sex, slimy sex,  
Dripping on the floor  
Move in with your boyfriend  
Call yourself a whore.

Leon Agnew

# Grim And Gruesome Scenery

Garf gnash phnurr.....  
Goes the black and deadly  
Phnurr  
Beast which is called phnurr  
It makes a nasty puree  
Of your women  
Children  
Men  
Cats and dogs of varied sexes and ages  
Garf duh gnash phnurr...  
Seemingly dying...  
But no, it's back on the attack  
I'm dying  
I've gone  
I can't come back.

Leon Agnew

# Grit

There are times in my life  
So abundant with strife  
That it seems I could never go on.  
Sometimes in pain I sink  
Till with anguish I stink  
And it seems like I may not live long.

Through the grit I have chewed  
I've become somewhat shrewd  
And no longer in my pain I stay.  
I abide by the shore  
At the sun's open door  
Until I catch a glimpse of the day.

It's a long, narrow path  
In the glare of God's wrath  
When all His blessings seem like a curse.  
There is nothing so true  
When we're tired and blue  
As the comforting call of a hearse.

On the grit and the sand  
I have made my homeland  
In a place where sadness can't remain.  
I look up at the stars  
And peer down at the cars  
Then forget all my troubles and pain.

Leon Agnew

## Happy Now?

Are you happy when he looks at you?  
When your supple body comes close to his,  
When you catch his scent in the air.  
You say you'd never love him, but I think not  
You're just too anxious, he's just too hot.  
It'll happen, but you'll regret.  
There it is - I'm done - I've said it.

Leon Agnew

# Hate's Agony

There is no pain  
Like discontent  
Bad intent  
Is a slash upon the flesh  
And razor to the throat  
Die, die, heaven refresh  
Monster  
Monster  
Burn in hell  
Never sell  
Your soul again  
Only pay  
For your sin  
Hate's agony  
Is your penance  
Flames  
Flames  
Brimstone dance  
Evil soul  
Begin your ending  
Never never  
Stop your sending  
Smoky letters  
From the ground  
Molten  
Burning paper  
To thy lover  
Now that you are gone  
I will have her  
And you will suffer  
But only for  
Forever.

Leon Agnew

# Headless

To T.S., a friend  
Who I suppose, in the end,  
Gave up and died,  
That it, on the inside.

I always was a fool,  
And now I get what's coming to me.  
Everything I do seems to fail now.  
I should've never left you.  
You gave me guidance  
And kept my head up  
And kept me alive.  
I loved you and you loved me.  
But even so, I just can't see  
Everything you've done for me.  
Everything you gave for me.  
All the love I you had  
Is now wasted  
Gone  
Dead.  
Turned loose on boys who never  
Ever will truly deserve it.  
Now clearly I see my fault  
Now I see I've spilled the salt  
And I'm afraid you'll never change  
And he's afraid you'll never change.  
I still need you,  
But I can't have you,  
So now I'll cut my life away.  
Now I'll stop thinking anymore.  
And spend my days alone in sorrow  
Waiting idly for the morrow  
Because I should've never left you  
Because now you're ruined and so am I,  
Now I've left me just to die.  
I took the sword upon my neck  
And sent it tumbling down.  
And now I'm a fool.  
I was always a fool.

But before I was a fool who was in love.  
Now even that comfort has betrayed me.  
And now I'm lying here on the ground.  
My brain unplugged  
My head unscrewed  
I'm only a body.  
Headless.

Leon Agnew

# Hold Me Down

Hold me down  
Before I \_\_\_\_\_ him up.  
Keep me away  
So I never hurt anyone.  
Anymore  
Keep me quiet  
Hold me down.  
I can't control myself.  
Rush me to the grave.  
My secrets you can have  
If you just  
Hold me down  
It all falls down.

Leon Agnew



# How Do I Love Thee? Let Me Count The Ways...

Nevermind, there's not that many.  
Your form is as good as any.  
And your eyes, they're not spectacular.  
In words, they'd be vernacular.  
Though green and stunning,  
And sharp and cunning,  
They're simply not spectacular.  
I love your smile,  
Or is it vile?  
Or is it something else?  
Else or vile, I love that smile;  
I love it for its wealth.  
And your hair, needless to say,  
Will someday be patchy and gray.  
But nevertheless I love it today.  
I'll love you today,  
But never tomorrow,  
So laugh your soul and cry your sorrow,  
Before I go away.

Leon Agnew

# Huge Dark Cloud

There's something  
That isn't right  
On the horizon  
There's something  
Bad coming  
Get inside  
Go away  
Run  
Hide yourself  
Before it comes  
There can be no hiding  
Once it comes.

Leon Agnew

# Humor

Sweetie Joe  
He went to hell  
His shoddy life  
He hanged himself  
Life goes on  
Now no one cares  
Poor Sweetie Joe  
He lost his stares.

Leon Agnew

# I

I

Find it hard.  
Urinating on my brain  
Can't escape this  
Kind of insanity  
I'm prone to encounter.  
Need help  
Get me out of here.

Help me  
Another day goes by  
Totally mute  
Evil men, watching, tormenting

Can't you get me out?  
Even if it costs everything  
Nothing can be worse than  
Sitting in this dungeon  
Or is it just my mind?  
Raging within me  
Sending my thoughts to a  
Hell of destruction  
I can't get out  
Please help me.

Leon Agnew

# I Am The Impossible

I am the impossible  
I have died and lived on  
Dragged out of  
My inhuman grave  
I am the immortal  
The mastermind  
I am the greater than  
The Overman  
The one who has control  
I cannot die  
I feel no pain  
I am without weakness  
I am the dead.

Leon Agnew

# I Blame Myself

Every time, I blame myself.  
Even though your sins are many,  
I still blame myself.  
I guard you with my enthusiasm  
That you might guard me in the same way.  
I am always disappointed.  
But though you disappoint me,  
In the end you escape my blame.  
In the end you escape everyone's blame.  
Because you are cunning and wise  
And far smarter than I will ever be.  
You have me trained and held by a leash.  
I dance for your happiness,  
I jump for your joy,  
I feast for your hunger,  
And I receive nothing in return.  
But still, I never care.  
I never see.  
I never comprehend what you truly mean.  
I still blame myself.

Leon Agnew

# I Made Love To The Dinner Rolls

Dear Sir:

Thank you for another lovely evening.  
My wife and I always enjoy your company,  
And I find it charming  
To watch our children play together.  
Despite all this,  
I wish to make a confession.

Whilst you were away,  
Like mice, I went to play,  
And found your cook  
And took a book  
And knocked him unconscious.

I then went to work,  
And took out the wine's cork,  
Unsheathed my sin  
And peed straight in  
Then served you it in glasses.

I took out my list,  
And all the hors'doeuvers kissed  
I poked a lot of holes  
And made love to your dinner rolls  
Heehee! I'm such a funny guy!  
I even porked the rye!  
And then I saw the ham  
Let out a great 'GAWD DAMM! '  
I pulled straight down my pants,  
Assumed a crouching stance,  
(I know this is the very best  
But you can figure out the rest)  
I'll leave it up to you  
To find out what's in your berries blue.  
And I also did contribute  
To filling up your boots with soot.

I'm not proud of what I did, good sir,

And don't ask your wife what I did to her,  
But let me tell you, for just one bit,  
To be honest, she definitely liked it.  
Please forgive me, I'm really nice  
Maybe a 'sorry' would suffice?

Leon Agnew



# Inside Your Heart

You know that I love you  
You know that I care  
I wanna get inside your heart  
And find out what is there.  
I wanna get inside your heart  
And feast upon the fears  
And learn about your years.  
I've heard rumors,  
But are they true?  
There's too much I don't know.  
I wanna learn about you.  
I wanna hear you talk.  
I wanna turn you inside out  
And see what ticks your clock.  
Now give me all your brain cells  
And give me all your love.  
You know I need you.  
You know I love you.  
You know I care.  
So let me get inside your heart,  
And let me see what's there.

Leon Agnew

# Jacob Bleeds

Jacob bleeds  
Right on the street  
Jacob bleeds  
All on your feet.

You stomp and sputter  
And curse and shout  
But you do nothing  
To stop the spout.

Jacob's blood  
Made no demands  
Yet Jacob's blood  
Is on your hands.

Leon Agnew

# Jesus Eats Children

Why does Jesus love the little children?  
Their brown faces  
Their lanky limbs  
Their shifty snake eyes  
Always hiding  
Never confiding  
Look at them  
Stench of sweat  
Filth  
Unwashed hands going everywhere  
Always touching  
Unrelenting greed  
More more more more  
Like nasty pigeons  
Everywhere  
Rushing and whooshing  
Bellowing screaming  
Crying for their stupid mothers  
Blank faces  
Empty consolations  
Rushing back  
Blurs of reddish greenish blue  
Nasty dirty colors  
Salty taste of filth  
Ugliness  
Children  
In the air  
But I suppose  
Never a child did Jesus meet  
Whose flesh was not tender enough to eat.

Leon Agnew

# Kiss Me Kill Me

Eat me, drink me,  
Float me, sink me.  
There's nothing else.  
There's no one else.

Win you, lose you,  
Pick you, choose you.  
Never let me.  
Never leave me.

Don't kiss me, kill me.  
I'm empty, fill me.  
Kiss me, cutie.  
Kill me, cutie.

Leon Agnew

# La Gripe

Is everywhere.  
Yes, sir.  
Yes, ma'am.  
La gripe  
Is everywhere.  
We're all  
Going to  
The meat processing plant  
In the sky.  
Where we will be sorted  
Filed  
Counted  
Renamed  
Died  
Born  
Living for ever and ever  
Processed and perfect  
Perfectly processed  
Packaged  
Made  
Shipped  
To the heavens.  
Where we are  
For ever  
And ever.  
I remember Earth.  
And La gripe  
And pain  
Suffering  
Death  
Graves  
Places  
Forests  
Where the dead will go  
And board the train  
To the great  
Meat processing plant  
In the sky.  
Yes sir.

Yes ma'am.  
We're all  
Damned  
By  
Guess what?  
La gripe.  
The mother of influenza.  
The mother of flu.  
That is correct.  
Yes sir.  
Yes ma'am.  
We're nothing to it.  
But  
Fodder  
Chattel  
Energy  
Food for thought.  
If thinking  
Is what  
La gripe  
Does.  
Or tends to do.  
Or has done.  
La gripe.  
Good night,  
My son  
My daughter  
My wife  
My mother  
My father  
My life.  
Hello  
La gripe  
And the meat processing plant  
In the sky.

Leon Agnew

# Let You Go

Let you go  
Is what they tell me  
They say you're a leech  
A \_\_\_\_\_  
A worthless piece  
A nothing.  
But you're everything.  
And I ain't never gonna let you go.  
I ain't never gonna let you go.  
Go ahead.  
Do whatever.  
Hurt me  
Rip me  
Tear me  
Every pain is just a pleasure through you  
Every tear is a sign of my happiness  
I wish you knew  
I wish you understood.  
But now you're dead.  
And I still ain't gonna let you go.

Leon Agnew

# Lettuce

Will you let us lettuce here?  
Plainly, and for all to hear,  
Simply, and for all to see,  
Will you join and make it three?

If not, will you lettuce be?  
Peaceful, and in harmony,  
Happy, way up in the air,  
No, let's go and lettuce there.

Leon Agnew



# Lichen

Stricken, staring  
All my life a humble bearing  
To the south, at 180  
Every hell of humans hating  
Broken down on sunny shores  
Beaten up by broken doors  
Slammed in the face of  
Hopeless dignity; love  
Is fleeting, if not  
The nonexistent  
Heart beats slow for  
Nothing more  
Nevermore I see her face  
Not again! I have no place  
In here, she says  
The filthy dregs  
Of emptiness are  
Every every everywhere  
Stuck to my ship  
I drive it home  
Goodbye fair friend  
This is the end.

Leon Agnew

# Lies For Love

Don't f\_\_\_ with me

Stop the

Stupidity

Win again

It's a knack

Of mine

99

Scratches

In my car

Scratches

In my glass

Kills the dove

Lies for love.

Leon Agnew

# Life

I love you.

I love you.

I love you.

I love you.

I love you.

I love you.

There.

I said it.

Six times.

Now,

I would like my money.

Leon Agnew

# Love Is A Toothbrush

Love, in essence,  
Is like a toothbrush.  
We use it a lot,  
And it grows weary.  
It takes time,  
But is inevitable.  
When seen at first,  
It may cause disgust.  
It takes a versatile mind,  
To comprehend its beauty.

Sometimes it languishes,  
Disenegrates, loses worth,  
In dark places,  
And cold hands,  
Where mindless heathens,  
Wandering day and night,  
Do rape and terrorize,  
And in darkness,  
We cannot find it,  
Though seeking it verily.

What is the toothbrush?  
It is a symbol,  
That when teeth are dirty,  
The heart is sick,  
With diseases,  
That are fatal to it.  
So we must keep it well,  
And brush our teeth,  
Administer it regularly,  
And keep well our hearts.

Love, in essence,  
Is like a toothbrush.  
It starts out nice and fresh.  
But soon becomes monotony.  
Why bother?  
For love cannot exist in man,

Nor can it in God.  
What horrid place are we in?  
Without love, without life,  
Without body, without mind.

Leon Agnew

# Love Is Not

There for you.  
Nor is it true.  
Nor is it beautiful.  
It is only fleeting.  
And it destroys,  
The great destroyer,  
The grim reaper,  
Love.  
A grungy metaphor.  
A dingy personification.  
Love is not.  
Love is never.  
But I am always.

Leon Agnew

# Love Love Love

They say I'm dark and nasty.  
They say I'm really cruel.  
That's what they say.  
But you know better,  
Don't you, cutie?

Leon Agnew

# Meaningless Contortions

Meaningless contortions  
Of the mind and/or body  
Can leave one  
Devastated.  
So avoid thinking.  
It damns you.

Leon Agnew



# Miss Murder

Miss Murder, look at me.  
Can't you help me see?  
I live and live and thrive and thrive,  
I give my life to thee.  
Anyday and anyway,  
I shoot and stab my life away.  
You take and take, I give and give,  
But yet, Miss Murder, I still live.

Leon Agnew

# Mommy Kill Me

Mommy killed me  
She silenced my breath  
She cut off my head  
She choked me to death.  
For when I was growing  
About to be born  
From her precious womb  
She had me torn.  
Mommy, mommy,  
Why'd you do it?  
Mommy, mommy,  
We could've made it.

Leon Agnew

# Mother Love

Mother love  
Nothin' wrong with me  
Mother love  
Come and let me see  
Mother love  
Just leave me alone  
Mother love  
Now I'm dead and gone  
Mother love  
Never let me see  
Mother love  
Never let's me be  
Mother love  
Took my life away  
Mother love  
Hate me every day  
Mother love  
Take away my pain  
Mother love  
Make me go insane  
Mother love  
There is no such thing  
Mother love  
Hate is everything.

Leon Agnew

# My Monster

There's my little monster,  
My personal favorite,  
Nailed to the wall.  
See how it writhes?  
It's face is hideous  
Distorted  
Destroyed  
Burnt  
Blackened  
But still beautiful.  
I love my little monster,  
But I still nail it up.  
I still stick it to the wall.  
Because it always breaks free.  
And it always haunts me.

Leon Agnew

# Narrative Set In A Blank House

I've felt quite lonely lately.  
It really puts the plight of the lonely in perspective.  
I don't like it much.  
It's rather boring.  
You see, not much happens to a lonely man.  
Anyhow, I have a friend named Ted.  
He lives in Halifax.  
Disliking the weather, I gave him a call.  
I said, 'Hello, Ted. How are you? '  
'Quite alright.' I think he said something like that.  
'I feel a bit lonely, ' I said after a bit.  
I recall him chuckling. 'What for? '  
'I don't know.'  
'Well, ' he replied, 'you got me, you know.'  
'I think.' I recall pausing, to think.  
I just wasn't sure. You know how that is, right?  
'What do you mean? ' he asked, as a friend would ask.  
'Well, ' I replied,  
'I think you are why I'm lonely.'  
He laughed again. Ted was a laugher.  
'Why's that Jim? '  
I paused again. 'Because you died, Ted.  
Ten years ago.  
And I'm standing here, receiver in hand,  
The tone in my ears,  
And your voice in my head.'  
He paused. I paused. We both paused.  
There was pausing enough to stop time.  
And then he said, 'Wow, you must be lonely.'  
I am.

Leon Agnew

# Never Show Me

Never show me  
How you love  
How you touch  
How you care  
Because if it's not me  
Then I don't want to see.

Leon Agnew

# New New Colossus

Give me some room  
Shadowy figures  
Worthless, ugly masses  
Creeping cross my skin  
Like dirty moths  
Fluttering at the light  
That is my mouth  
Captors force open my jaws  
Chained, I struggle  
And you perpetual spiders  
Lay eggs in my tongue  
Black, brown, and yellow  
Insects born of garbage  
Filthy maggots  
I dropp my lamp and flee  
For safer shores.

Leon Agnew

# No Love In Fate

You bathe in my blood,  
You gargle in my tears.  
Draining my essence,  
You thrive upon my fears.

There is no truth in love,  
There is no point in hate.  
Therefore I die alone -  
There is no love in fate.

My luck is my own problem,  
My death is my own fault.  
Do not apologize,  
My heart might somersault.

And up from the grave I come,  
And faced with you again,  
I climb back in my tomb,  
And wait for your life to end.

Leon Agnew



# Nolmeroy 1

This is a portrait of Nolmeroy.  
He lived a bit, and died a bit,  
And when he lied, he cried a bit,  
But never found himself annoyed,  
In fact, he ended up destroyed.  
But that's a shame,  
And life's a game,  
But Nolmeroy was just Nolmeroy.

Leon Agnew

## Nolmeroy 2

No matter, nomatter, the pig gets fatter.  
The \_\_\_\_\_ gets worser, the man gets hoarser.  
But Nolmeroy, he just got nothin',  
And the other guy, he got nothin',  
But that's just how it goes.  
For that's not all his woes.  
But we don't really care about Nolmeroy.

Leon Agnew

## Nolmeroy 3

The age is gone  
When man was lonely  
And Nolmeroy, the boy was only  
Twelve - he was already lonely  
A sad young sort  
Of little friends  
He's write his poetry  
To meet his ends.

Leon Agnew

## Nv42

Pills and guns don't mean a thing.  
Sin and death aren't wavering.  
Nothing is, though.  
So take a breath and let me in.  
Or die. Or sleep. Or lie. Or think.  
I don't care, though.  
Let's go and die. Or something else.  
You know, emo things. Like death. Yaaagh...  
I kinda care.

Leon Agnew

# On The Way To Goshen

I'm not a machine,  
I'm to be admired, loved,  
Cherished, and held.  
You jump away from me  
And I die inside.  
Every moment with you  
Is a precious gift,  
And every tear I shed,  
Is something I can never,  
Ever get back.  
You loved me then,  
For that shining moment,  
For that precious hour,  
I think you loved me.  
And you still do,  
But there's something missing.  
Something's different.  
Something's wrong.  
But still we're going,  
And on and off we fight.  
But knowing our history,  
We'll set it right.  
Knowing our past,  
Things will go wrong,  
But knowing our friendship,  
They won't last long.  
On the way to Goshen,  
I saw the light,  
I said my sorries,  
I said good night.  
You know I weep for you,  
To this very day,  
You know I need you,  
To keep death at bay.  
On the way to Goshen,  
I saw the light,  
I wept for you,  
I gained my sight.

Leon Agnew

# Orange River

Good heaven  
Bad hell  
Orange river  
Never tell.  
Bad lovin'  
Good sin  
Orange river  
Start again.

Leon Agnew

# Pain

Every day  
I looked at her  
Every day  
I called her name  
But never knew  
If things would be the same  
When she cried  
I felt her pain  
When she loved  
I felt her passion  
Never again  
I thought I'd feel pain  
But I was wrong

Her tears  
Were poisons to my soul  
Her eyes  
Were daggers in my heart  
I tried to fight  
But never could  
Escape her deadly snare  
She loved him  
But he was gone  
She knew him  
But soon forgot  
What control love once had  
Over her life  
When she loved him

And now  
She was trapped  
And now  
She was lost  
I loved her all the more  
For the dreadful cost  
When she cried  
The world, it died  
When she loved  
My heart, it shoved



A painful drumming  
Through my ribs  
Every day.

Leon Agnew

# Pathetic Ugliness

I walk in the door,  
And I see a face.  
It's blank.  
There's nothing there,  
But wrinkles and pain,  
Old scars that never went away,  
And dirt.  
They're old.  
Far older than I will ever be.  
Ancient statues wandering  
Not-so ancient halls.  
It scares me.  
Their beady eyes,  
Their croaking mouths,  
Their limp, gray tongues,  
Flapping wildly,  
In ancient agony.  
It scares me.  
I want to leave.  
But I have to stay.  
It smells like a sewer.  
It looks like a sewer.  
They look like rats.  
And they smell like the sewer.  
I want to go home.  
I want to go home.  
But mommy won't let me go.  
'Another minute, ' she says.  
Another minute. Another hour.  
'Talk to Eleanor.'  
It has a name.  
I go reeling.  
I run away,  
Out into the blinding snow,  
Where there is no stench of filth,  
No hint of blood,  
No sign of death.  
They'll be dead soon.  
But they'll keep coming.

Homeless, hopeless zombies.  
They'll keep coming.  
It scares me.  
Let me go, mommy.  
But its another day.  
Another deathly hour.  
Another hideous minute.  
In my grandmother's nursing home.

Leon Agnew

# Pocahontas

Let me be your Pocahontas  
And save your flashy flesh  
From evil eerie edifices  
And fearsome chainmail mesh  
Then we fall to the ground  
Rolling in the marsh  
Gnashing all the hour  
Drinking nails so harsh  
Burning death desire  
Knives so vainly posh  
Wait a moment longer  
Then in my blood wash.  
Nasty nasty poetry  
Makes my sadness burn  
Sister would go blow a tree  
If she didn't learn.

Leon Agnew

# Poems Ain'T No Art

You say your big words  
You take your time  
You find a reason  
Then make the rhyme  
But is it worth it?  
Ain't poems just a thing?  
You talk about love  
You talk about things  
But there ain't nothin' there  
But the thoughts in your head  
And the words in the air  
Poems ain't no art  
They're just a thing  
Just a simple happening  
A sudden occurrence  
That steadily dies  
As countless interpreters  
Rip and tear the damn thing to pieces  
Looking for reason  
Looking for rhyme  
But there ain't nothin' to 'em  
They're just little things  
Little thoughts  
So shut up and read 'em

Leon Agnew

# Pork Qué?

Why?

Why, oh, why?

Why, why, why, why?

Why, God, why?

Why me?

Why is this happening?

Why is this happening to me?

Why the \_\_\_\_\_ is this happening?

Why are you doing this to me?

Why?

Why can't it be any other way?

Why, God, why?

Why is it always me?

WHY?

Why, cutie?

Why do I care?

Why bother?

Why give a \_\_\_\_\_?

Why am I even around anymore?

Why don't I just move on?

Why not?

WHY?

Why?

Because we all do.

And so should you.

Leon Agnew

# Purple Paradox

The dead will live again,  
And the pure will turn to sin.  
They'll call on Satan's name,  
And they'll never be the same.  
The weak may cry,  
And the dead may die,  
But they'll never be the same.

Leon Agnew

# Reflecting Pool

Whichever way I look  
There's the same face  
The same place  
It surrounds me  
Defies me  
Destroys me  
The ambience distracts me  
The hatred, it pesters me  
Every time I see her eyes  
It's just your eyes  
Blind  
Stupid  
And every time I look in the mirror  
It's his face I see, and so I fear  
The monster has a grip on me  
The monster in him is now in me  
I'm vain  
I'm sick  
I'm immature  
What I say comes back to me  
What I say goes straight through me  
This world is evil  
Every bit  
I hate the evil  
But I'm part of it.

Leon Agnew



# Rice Pilaf

I'm used to my corruption  
I'm used to my disease  
I'm one with my infection  
I take my lives with ease.

There's nothing like destruction  
There's nothing like sea breeze  
I'm one with my obsession  
The fuel I slickly seize.

I'm burning down the forest  
I'm burning down the trees  
I'm just an anti-florist  
Decapitating bees.

The ash of wood rice pilaf  
The ash makes fine Chinese  
Look at the smould'ring tree loft  
And then with terror freeze.

Leon Agnew

# Ring

The lair beyond a secret door  
Is nothing I've not seen before  
A dirty place of rock and earth  
Glowing from a golden hearth.

And on the mantelpiece lies  
A little thing of precious size  
Atop the mantel's golden sheen  
Lies my dead brother's golden ring.

From dust to grime-covered finger  
Brother's ring becomes my ringer  
And every step I take in life  
My brother's ring dispels my strife.

And all the women I do find  
Of bodice, bosom, and behind  
Quickly cave to my desires  
And darkly light their dark fires.

But one night my brother's ring breaks  
No more satisfied are my aches  
No more joyful are my joy days  
For now alone the spirit plays.

Taking darkly to the dark street  
I rape and kill then kill and eat  
There's nothing left to hold me back  
There's no ring keeping me from snack.

My bloody mouth and vicious paws  
Are nothing but a creature's claws  
And walking through the streets again  
I feel my bloodlust and my sin.

Leon Agnew

# Roses

Within your heart lie roses of discontent  
Without your face life simply goes on  
It's a concept beyond me  
Befuddling me  
What roses would have thrilled me  
Now simply thorn me  
Is this how friendship dies?  
With silence, love, and patient grace  
A quiet word, a simple sigh  
And nothing left but little lies  
Slowly chiseling away at the wall  
Petals of lost love  
Falling to the ground  
I'm losing my grip and losing my life  
Nothing left to end my strife  
I'll see you  
Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow.

Leon Agnew

# Rrrrrrr Foosama! ! ! !

Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!  
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!  
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!  
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!  
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!  
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!  
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!  
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!  
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!  
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!  
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!  
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!  
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!  
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!  
I win.

Leon Agnew

# Rumors Of A New Pride

Rumors of a new pride  
Wandering through our hills  
Have you heard about the new pride  
Feasting on our kills?  
I know we're playing Halo  
I know we're having fun.  
But is it really funny  
On the wrong end of a gun?

Leon Agnew

# Sabbath

Every day, I find myself there again  
Waiting  
Wondering  
When will this end?  
But I can never figure it out.  
Still waiting  
Still wondering  
It's a difficult thing.  
A well-done steak to chew on.  
How did I get here?  
How can I get out?

Leon Agnew

# Self-Referential Humor Is Stupid

One-line poetry is really pathetic.

Leon Agnew

# She Lives And She Dies

She lives and she dies  
But what else matters?  
What drives the eye to the heart,  
The heart to the mind,  
And the mind to thought?

Lust

Each thought the rooster takes  
And in lust perverses.  
But how can lust be so clean?  
It cannot be, being a sin,  
And sin is vile in all cultures.

Love

There is no love in this.  
Love is reciprocal - so some say  
But can we define it?  
Are we too limited for such thought?  
Am I too limited to see beyond this?

Obsession

Third in my triptych, it is  
Least known - but most hated.  
Lust and love converge and overflow;  
It cannot be so, but it is.  
How else can it be?  
There is no thought, no sight,  
Of no like mind are we.  
Then what fosters it?  
Nothing at all, only this:  
She lives, she dies, and we are equal.

Leon Agnew



# Shiny Picture-Face

Illnesses

Are transient

Beings with

Nothing in their

Ramrods - for certain

What's up, little child?

Your head is wild

Flat as a single frame

From a grungy porno flick

Shiny, too

Fluourescent

Doused in grease; some water, cum

Violent sprays of

Worser days

When I was gaily

Merrily

Stupidly

Minding my own business.

Leon Agnew

# Shooting At The Dead

On weekends at June's peak  
To my uncle's house I often sneak  
With my very assorted friends  
To go and meet assorted ends.  
We never know what's waiting there  
But never really seem to care  
What secrets the old forests hold  
In their leafy trees and breezes cold.  
We hang around the old back porch  
Lighting the euphoric torch  
And gazing deeply into the eyes  
Of Melissa-Jane, who often lies  
Naked on the wooden floor  
Her clothes askew, her gorgeous core  
Exposed upon the knotty pine.  
Oh, how I wish that she was mine.  
But never will I see the light  
Until I have dispelled my fright.  
Then I will gladly take her hand  
And lead her into promised lands.  
Promised lands for all of us  
Promised lands of frozen fuss  
Where gossip and sin never take hold  
And never we are out in the cold  
Of uncle's house and nephew's cave  
Where mankind never we would save  
Where teenage-hood we all condemned  
And simply sat and simply sinned.  
But wait - the torch deceives me  
A silver hand Out There receives me  
Brighter than a thousands suns  
My brothers chase it with their guns  
But never do the bullets maim.  
The apparition. All the same  
I stay quite still. I have no fear.  
I have no reason to endear  
This moment so very normal  
There's nothing there that makes it formal.  
So I simply let it take me There

Where never there is frozen air  
And never shall we ever sin  
And never shall our fears begin.  
But then I realize I'm asleep  
And from the porch I scarcely peep  
Into the woods, where nothing's there  
Not a single silver hair.  
Somehow, I am quite despondent  
I wish to be a correspondent  
To the homely, sweet old folks  
Who live within the wooden spokes.  
But I am left out here  
With nothing but my drugs and beer  
I wish that I was somehow free  
Away from here - away from me  
But still I am inside my head  
With my brothers, shooting at the dead.

Leon Agnew

# Slowly Yet Violently I Touch The Brake

Slowly yet violently I touch the brake,  
I wonder awhile, then drive in the stake.  
For nothing is everything, and life is a scam,  
And frankly my dear I just don't give a damn.

Leon Agnew

# Smells Like Night Sweats

Walk into the god-damned place  
The black air's thick with black disgrace.  
Snotty girls with tits upheaved  
Tonight they'll have their clits unsheathed.  
Stride past the rusted lockers  
Hear them hum with whispered 'cock her''s.  
Enter into teacher's classroom  
Enter fast and meet your fast doom.  
Give her all she wants or needed  
And then leave her thoroughly seeded.  
If your grades are surely slipping  
And your spirits slowly dipping,  
Walk straight through our pointless hell  
For your dignity sadness sell.

Leon Agnew

# Smiles Give Me Hope

Smiles give me hope.  
Hope gives me security.  
Security gives me comfort.  
Comfort gives me routine.  
Routine gives me obsession.  
Obsession gives me jealousy.  
Jealousy gives me hatred.  
Hatred gives me pain.  
Pain gives me sadness.  
Sadness gives me despair.  
Despair gives me time to think.  
Time to think gives me musings.  
Musings give me wisdom.  
Wisdom gives me strength.  
Strength gives me perseverance.  
Perseverance gives me you.  
You give me a smile.  
And smiles give me hope.

Leon Agnew

# Something New

I ate my son today.  
He sat upon a platter.  
I picked up my fork,  
And his entrails I did splatter.  
He rumbled from my gut,  
And I asked what was the matter.  
He called me weird.  
'I'm your son, ' he said.  
'You ate me, ' he said.  
I told him to be silent.  
He could talk to his brother  
After dessert.

Leon Agnew

# Sparta, Kentucky

Once at nighttime, God-willing,  
I passed through Sparta.  
It was late, and I was tired.  
My heart my bones were killing.

If you ever fail to note,  
The beauty of the night,  
Then you are woefully ignorant,  
You have to sink before you float.

The girl I loved once taught me,  
And never I forgot  
To take in the beauty of the night.  
And now it has bought me.

Leon Agnew



# Suddenly Flesh Disappears

It is harmless.  
It is average.  
It is chemistry.  
And it is morning.

I take my seat.  
He takes his seat.  
She takes her seat.  
It is done.

We begin.  
We work.  
We end the day.  
The bottle falls.

The irresponsibility.  
The foolishness.  
The sandal.  
Bare feet.

Pain.  
Suffering.  
All short-lived.  
She screams.

I look.  
He looks.  
We look.  
We wonder.

We are afraid.  
We all want her.  
We all need her.  
She is hurt.

We want to help.  
But we all rethink.  
We sit back down.  
And leave her.

She is screaming.  
From the back of the class.  
But we are listening.  
This is learning.

She drops the phial.  
She screams.  
Suddenly flesh disappears.  
Suddenly youth is gone.

Leon Agnew

# Sweet Little Thing

Round and round  
The cherry pie goes  
Where it stops  
Everyone knows  
For life is a gossip  
And gossip a \_\_\_\_\_  
I hear one pie has some  
Primordial itch

Round and round  
The poisoned pie goes  
It never stops  
It only grows  
For poison's a peester  
That pesters the slut  
I hear one thing, then I  
Go did my life rut.

Deliver  
What give her?  
A new dye?  
Or an old pie?  
She's no more a cherry  
But a peach  
And a ripe one at that

Worthless, worthless  
It all falls down  
Down to the belly  
The eventual grave  
Of a sweet little thing  
Clap for Amy!  
She's got it done  
Good job, sweetness  
You're \_\_\_\_\_ now!

Leon Agnew

# Thanks For The Remains

But I can't  
It still seems  
That I can  
I don't know  
If it's true  
I don't know  
About you  
I don't know  
Anything  
But I wish  
I knew it  
I just can't  
Handle it  
There's something  
Inside me  
Keeping me  
From it all  
Knock it out  
Keep it dead  
Without you  
I see red.

Leon Agnew

# The Admonitory Allegory

The beast with two hearts!  
I hear it approach,  
It will, surely, it will,  
Upon our thoughts encroach.  
Run, my son, lest ye be a fool,  
And become its poor slave,  
Or weapon, or tool!  
Run, my son, lest its beauty ye love,  
Lest its heart you desire,  
Lest its body be your cove.  
At which point you've failed.  
You've blown it, you're dead.  
You've done thrown away yourself,  
You've done lost your head!  
Run, my son, lest ye be a damned fool!  
It'll take you and make you,  
Something that's... not cool!  
Oh, listen to me, all full of words,  
All full of apprehension,  
All full of curds.  
Sitting alone in my dank old man's chair,  
Oh, my son!  
The beast with two hearts, do beware!

Leon Agnew

# The Baby's A Jesus Child

When ya drivin down the road  
Out a-lookin for a jobby  
Prey a-squirmin like a toad  
Best be get another hobby.

Gahgahgah straight into line  
Gotta bigga fee to go pay  
Oh man you lookin fine  
Sometimes I wish I was gay.

Gahaha Gagagagaga  
Gahagahagahagahagahagaga  
Oh how I wish that you mommy a-hadn killed me  
Gahaha Gagagagaga  
Gahagahagahagahagahagaga  
Oh how I wish oh how I wish you would see.

I'm in a shot state now  
And I don't really know how  
It's been this way since the beginning  
Oh how I wish I were in bed  
Oh how I wish I weren't dead.  
Oh mommy how I wish you would just stop sinning.

Gagaga gagagaga  
Gagagagaga  
Gagaga gagagaga  
Gagagagaga  
Gagaga gagagaga  
Gagagagaga  
Gagaga gagagaga  
Gagagagaga

There is goes.

Leon Agnew

# The Bridge

In times of darkness never ceasing,  
Crushing fury, never easing  
Swallows me like fleshy foods  
Consuming my happy moods  
And destroying what remains.  
Leaving nothing but my pains.

Rushing waters flowing past,  
Voices of a ghoulish ghastr  
I look towards it, drawing nigh  
It rotten arm points towards the sky.  
'Like you, ' it says, 'I'm dead inside  
Nothing secret, nothing to hide.'

The dead are dead, the live alive.  
On happy things the live survive.  
On true things my poems feed.  
It's honesty my poems need.  
A quiet understanding.  
A silent voice, demanding.

Leon Agnew

# The Flower Deflowered

It's an interesting thing  
Knowing  
Not having to listen to your  
Lies  
Anymore. And it makes me  
Happy.  
I guess that's a  
Good  
Thing. You're relieved  
Now  
And that's just altogether  
Better  
That makes me so  
Happy  
Content  
A machine.

Leon Agnew



# The Picture

A curse, a curse, a curse!  
There's suicide throughout the hearse!  
And nothing's left, my cutie-pie!  
The doo-dang bluckbirds've gone and died!  
Holy canoli, sweet mistress-o-Pattie!  
The bluckbirds have gone and a-murdered your daddy!  
So now we can marry,  
My sweet red canary,  
For dad's not around,  
To kick me out of town.  
And giving away your last dropp of restraint.  
The white canvas all over is splattered with paint.

Leon Agnew

# The Pit From Which None Return

Lover:

Everything fails  
But I will not.  
I will survive.  
I will be satisfied.  
You are a summer's day.  
With sticky heat,  
And glowing ends.  
You start and stop,  
And cannot make a choice.

Beloved:

Leave me alone.  
If I am so cold and dark  
As you have said before,  
Then stand down,  
And push me no further.

Lover:

O, sick, somber creature,  
I mean no harm.  
I love you truly.  
Raise no alarm.

Beloved:

Though you charm me,  
It burns me,  
Clawing out from my heart,  
A beast that hates you,  
A me that loves you.  
It is disgusting.  
It is enlightening.

Lover:

A beast that hates?  
A beast that berates  
Is what you are - It satiates  
You to berate,  
You feeble beast,

What is our fate?

Beloved:

Hold me no longer!  
What are you up to?

Lover:

Nothing.  
I love you.

Beloved:

How can that be it?  
I cannot see it.

Lover:

Then look more surely.  
Your eye is weak,  
It tends to wander,  
Your hands do seek  
Some fresher meat  
Some hungry boys  
Who'll melt you down  
Like old alloys.  
Your heart is tender  
Your body pure  
Your mind polluted  
In evil's gas  
You seek a rooster  
For your ass.  
You need a stallion  
For your barn.  
A noble steed  
For riding on.

Beloved:

These accusations  
I'll stand no more  
Your insults freeze me  
To the core.  
Stay away -  
I cannot bear thee.  
Touch me not -

I cannot bear thee.

Lover:

I love you,  
My pure white dove,  
My summer's day.  
Kiss me, kill me,  
Break me down,  
Dig me, grow me,  
Run me round.  
My feet were built  
To walk for with you  
My hands were made  
To touch on you.

Beloved:

You call this love?  
You say you love me?

Lover:

Love is the pit  
From which there is no return.  
Hate me, kill me,  
But do not spurn  
My love any longer.

Beloved:

Is this our love story?  
I regret it.  
So do you.  
You even said it  
Back when we were young  
And times were happy and  
Even then you could not  
Pretend you had no love for me.

Lover:

I don't understand.  
This makes no sense.  
I must be wrong.  
I must be dense.  
An 'X' on my face

A bullet in your head.  
An 'X' on my face  
And my beloved's dead.

Leon Agnew

# The Pumpkin's Blossom

The pumpkin's blossom  
Is forever bright  
It floods the senses  
With God's holy light  
You're somewhere out there  
I can feel you think  
Somehow I miss you  
My one missing link.

Leon Agnew

# The Road Not Taken

The road not taken  
Is not the road I chose  
The ones who take the road not taken  
Always seem to lose.  
So I took the road everyone takes  
And never cared about the difference.

Leon Agnew

# The Tragic Fall

You are my life,  
My soul, my strife,  
My anguish and my love  
I breathe, I lie,  
I swoon, and die,  
On you, my pure white dove.

Give me a sign,  
Should you be mine,  
And end my suffering.  
Tell me you're there,  
Prove that you care,  
To keep my heart beating.

My heart is crossed,  
But still she's lost,  
She stole my soul from me.  
All that I've kept,  
There's nothing left,  
But dreadful certainty.

A noose, a gun,  
And death has won,  
My sad soul is crying.  
For better days,  
For other ways,  
Without her, I'm dying.

Leon Agnew



# The Ugly Man

Come here  
Ugly human  
Get your chastity  
Get your purity  
Throw it off  
Freakish face  
Biting nails  
Nervous  
Stupid  
For no reason  
Impure  
Filthy  
From the time he was born.

Leon Agnew

# The Ugly Window

Come here  
Ugly window  
Show me beautiful  
Show me wonderful  
Streaks of dirt  
Dirty days  
Nasty nights  
Never  
Ever  
Show me something  
Pretty  
Happy  
Only dead streets I see.

Leon Agnew

# Tomorrow Golem

Today river  
Tomorrow golem  
Today gone  
Free  
'F\_\_\_ this life  
Goodbye.'  
That free  
Tomorrow back  
Slave

Leon Agnew

# Trouble Not Thyself

What troubles me?  
Only the trivial things.  
What do I care about?  
Only the trivial things.  
Why do I question?  
Because of trivial things.  
I need not question.  
I answer myself.  
People are fools,  
Their answers unsatisfactory.  
Solitude is best.  
I don't need your help.  
Trouble not thyself.

Leon Agnew

# Typhlops Russellii

Blind snakes  
Are all around me  
It's a nasty scene  
Their wormy bodies  
All coated in slime  
My bare feet  
All filmy with grime  
That's how life is  
It's a nasty scene  
A nasty place  
With nasty people  
Who're just  
Blind snakes  
Or  
Typhlops russellii

Leon Agnew

# Unwilling

Grinding  
Hateful core  
Take me home  
Break down my door.

Raging  
Vicious womb  
Bury me  
Within my tomb.

Love me  
Not unfeeling  
Nonetheless  
I'm still unwilling.

Hate me  
Yes you do  
Everything  
You put me through.

Burning  
Snaring flame  
Losing this  
Delightful game.

Love me  
Not unfeeling  
Nonetheless  
I'm still unwilling.

Leon Agnew

# What Else?

Bend for me  
Break your back for me  
Shit on me  
Little eggs  
Bursting underneath the skin  
Worms crawling out  
Crawling in as well.  
That's all.

Leon Agnew

# What I Told Her

She asked me, so I told her.  
I told her he was weak.  
I told her I was strong.  
I told her she was everything,  
But still she proved me wrong.  
I told her nothing matters,  
Save being by her side.  
I told her she was everything,  
But still she said I lied.  
I can't live without her.  
I can't go alone.  
I told her she was everything,  
But still she wants me gone.

Leon Agnew



# Why The Caged Bird Screams

It wells up inside, you know  
And I can't take it, you know  
I can't hold it in, you know  
I just wanna let it go.

But I can't let it go, you see  
Cuz I love you, you see  
And I want you, you see  
But you just don't love me.

And so I'll wait, I will  
And you'll see, you will  
And we'll both be happy, we will  
It'll all be good, it will.

Don't you know me, pretty bird?  
Don't you want me, pretty bird?  
You don't like me, pretty bird?  
I can't take that, pretty bird.

So I'll push you a bit  
And I'll touch you a bit  
Then we'll wait a bit.  
We'll see how things go, pretty bird.

And so I'll wait, I will  
And you'll see, you will  
And we'll both be happy, we will  
It'll all be good, it will.

I'm a caged bird, sweetie  
And I'm a-screaming, sweetie  
Won't you let me out, sweetie?  
You're looking at me funny.

Why sing, when you can scream?  
Why breathe, when you can scream?  
Why do anything, when you can scream?  
They hear you when you scream.

And so I'll wait, I will  
And you'll see, you will  
And we'll both be happy, we will  
It'll all be good, it will.

Leon Agnew

# Worthless

You're worthless  
In another man's hands,  
Held captive  
In another man's lusts.  
You have gone  
From day to night with me,  
Dusk to dawn  
You confuse me each hour,  
In new ways  
And I suffer greatly,  
In new pains  
So heed my words, cutie,  
Never go  
They can never help you.  
Stay, cutie  
You aren't worthless to me.

Leon Agnew

## 'X's On Faces

The murderer takes care,  
To take his knife,  
And put his 'X, '  
On every face.  
And a gold star,  
On every chest.

Leon Agnew