

Poetry Series

Mark Sebert
- poems -

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Mark Sebert(7-31-83)

88 Days

I can't believe it -
Can it be true?
In about 88 days
We say 'I do.'

You walk the aisle,
So amazing and true
I give to you a smile,
Maybe a tear or two.

I can't believe it -
has come to this
The rest of my life
In just one amazing kiss!

Mark Sebert

All My Sins

All my sins
are deep
- dark
- deadly
beneath the skin
of my soul
they seduce
with dark passions
they suffocate
deadly poison
pursing death
defeating purpose
they strike
fast and hard
without a trace
they finally win
leaving me sizzling
on hot pavement
alone and ashamed.

Mark Sebert

Crab Cake

Cry on my green shoulder dear one

for the crab cake is gone

hate has replaced

love's hum

order right now

crushed and emasculated

shall I now weep on your blue blouse?

Mark Sebert

Darkness Surrounds Me

Darkness surrounds me
like a permanent plague
pain confounds me,
it makes me insane
terror of the mind
when there's nothing sublime
[pain is all I find]
when life doesn't rhyme.

But i search for hope
a cool dropp of water
an oasis of ecstasy,
but the fire gets hotter
when i find it
it all fades away
I try to bind it
but it slips fast away.

I search on
my desperation seen
I need a shoulder to lean on,
but there is no one to cling on
I search the world
thick and thin
but it all made me hurl
when it started to spin.

Mark Sebert

Dear Lovely

Dear Lovely,

Wonderful and Amazing is your love for me.

It makes me sigh -
It makes me shout!
It makes me cry,
It makes me melt.

If only I could show -
but a mere fraction
of what you have shown me.

Trying and Striving
To love Deeper,

ME.

Mark Sebert

Dimples

Dimples surround the pinnacle
of achievement

your cute smile
to me
And those
sweet dimples
like a golf ball's

The pinnacle of my life
my crowning achievement

a hole-in-one
with love
A hole-in-one
with you.

Mark Sebert

Essence Of Desire

Dedicated to my Tabitha soon to be wife.

You are the essence of my desire;
You are the fuel to my fire.
Every glimpse of your radiance
Is a spark of utter brilliance.
You are the apple of mine eye.
Without you, I would surely die.
I thank my God up above
For sending you, my Love.
I cherish every thought-
I cherish every touch
When two become one
Forever and for aye.
I delight in your essence.
I revel in your presence.
You are the cutest.
You are the hottest.
You may disagree,
but I will firmly stay.
You are truly the essence
of my desire.

Mark Sebert

Gnawing

Gnawing at my teeth, I try to eat my gums
Sawing at my legs, the blade blunts
Like a silver spoon.

Clawing at my eyes, I pull out the socket
Balling like a b*tch, I put it in my pocket
as if they are keys.

Pawing at my left knee, I reach *rg*sm
Causing my brain to hemmoragh and spasm
Like a fish out of water.

Drawing my last breath, I evoke emotion
mawing at death, I sink into the ocean
faster than lead weights.

Mark Sebert

Good Night

To my love, Tabba.

Beautiful eyes, sparkle
with delight;
Sweet beauty, serene
in the light;
Radiate, illuminate, with
a smile so bright;
Loving embrace, hold me
really tight;
Kiss me, caress me,
wish me good night.

Mark Sebert

Headache

pound and pound
drumbeat on my brain,
bass is thumpin' -
throbbin'
noise implodes
light explodes
intensified - crucified
shock waves rolling
ever growing -
snowing a fever,
chill in my blood
a cold, moonless night,
pain is my light -
lighting is thunder's
delight, enjoying together
excruciating pulse
rupturing at all cost
deep in my head -
abounding and sounding
like a train derailment
splintering my spine
littering up my mind,
sharp and drastic
stretched elastic
snap, crackle, pop,
I feel like my head
is going to drop
cracked on the cruel
rock, ragged and rough
drooling blood and guts,
clean up with up a mop
on aisle seven of my head
glass stacked tall
slightest jar will
cause all to fall.

Mark Sebert

Hope Is On The Horizon

hope is on the horizon
just within reach the sunset
shows in golden rays and the
oceans sprays its cool, liquid dreams
roaring with beauty and imagery,
sea foam reflecting back
it spits on my bare feet
and bare back cooling, as
seagulls gliding across
the painted sky seeking
and devouring raw fish flesh
still vibrating an arms length
from death reverberating
that hope is fleeting... fleeting... fleeting...
salivating its next victim
crushing and ever winning
but the morning will come
and hope will set upon the shore
as death awaits the night for more.

Mark Sebert

Junkyard Dog

crumpled metal, scrap and all
fall it calls to the ground
teeth of the tiger bite of the asp,
claw of the monster sigh and gasp
lift it up on the mountain peak
descend and boom, oil leak
caked up on the sleeve
of the driver who is to leave,
finder's keepers is the call,
loose is the dog beware the fall
run, trip, get up quick, bite the
heel then the neck, blood
will flow you know, like a flood
up to the bridle the horse's neigh
crumpled body you will lay,
here comes the claws of death
to scoop raw disaster's flesh.

beware the dog the sign did read
but you were too stupid to heed.

Mark Sebert

Just The Beginning

it is hard to conceive
the reality has not hit me
facts are so fanciful
the feelings so emotional
love and peace and
war without strife
no end in sight
to the fist less fight
in the mind of my head
seeing it in red
warm and gooey
and sticky these insights
enlighten me that
there is no end
just the beginning
to all that is within.

Mark Sebert

Kitty

The orange ball with legs approaches my flank
I see the thing; creepy, mewling, insane
It wants to rub my legs and lick my fur
I vomit in my brain, it begins to purr.

Mark Sebert

Legs (Haiku)

there is too much legs
and skin on the tv screen
to cause us to lust

Mark Sebert

Memories

thinking of you
all - the time -
don't know what to do
to make our love rhyme
a kiss, a hug,
or just to hold your hand
my heart strings tug -
i'll do what i can,
to make this love last
forever and always
even when our time is past
memories are here to stay.

Mark Sebert

My December

It is hot,
but I am so cold within -

It is muggy
but all I feel is
my cold, damp skin -

the soul is
weary and worn,
my coat is thin
to the coming storm -

tension keeps
building, progression
of a blizzard
is chilling -

My December has arrived
in this hot month of July

Mark Sebert

Oblivion

Eyes wide shut
open -
for all to see!
darkness
descending
downard and
deeper than ever!

(my mind)dirty dungeon

Love is lost!

languishing.....bemoan
groan moan

weepand howl turn
your joy into
mourning: full of dry tears

eyes peeled open
like a banana

but.....

with a screwdriver and knife
split blood shot -

back to my notes
to drift back and forth
head bob job is not done

fall into

oblivion.

Mark Sebert

Ostrich Eyes

The simple truth is hard to find
buried in the ground zero of lies
the rubble rumbles, rough and tumble
the smoldering smells reveal what's under

The simple fact is never true,
What is left behind you will rue
cover the corpse, close the eyes
have you wondered what lies behind

The simple reality is always blurry
the rush and crush of everyday hurry,
a manifest matrix of your own making
the blue is better for the taking

The simple anything asks nothing
but stays tuned into its own creating
the ostrich eyes shut, buried, and closed
is a lesson for eyes wide opened.

Mark Sebert

Plagued By The Routine

plagued by the routine; mundane and pristine,
regular schedules and post-it notes in a line,
across a screen of the ordered and the rigid,
they keep interest only by necessity and survival
of the weakest who are addicted and afflicted;
tormented and rejected by the most unlikely -
themselves - the disease of perfection;
a toxic infection that is clean and sterile
healed by the random, cured by disorder
make a mess, my friend; enjoy the impact
of clutter; take it out on the gas prices,
they are just for you, the end of the line -
the party you threw by yourself is over,
the hangover is here, but you never had
a lick of beer, the toilet is ever sterile
by the gags and retches of routine and disorder.

Mark Sebert

Random Is Out

come up come in go out inside the floor
squeal and wheel tires blow out the door
finally some relief to it all dead she be
crashed and twisted carnage the remedy
to one two be three and four times
five is for quitters so it rhymes
lyrical hypothesis is in the game
ridiculous as Bauer is the game
come up come in don't forget
to take of the shoes with mud on it
all over the carpet stain the deck
twisted turned mess of a wreck
swearing is not bad if in context
my friend but do not flex it
in front of the kids at home
who look up to Karl Malone
for their hero and idol and impostor
better than father who is the visitor
steal their hearts away from me
steal their shoes and you will see
'green lean fighting machine' Hulk
son of David mighty men of valor
brave and stout random is out.

Mark Sebert

Red Handed

How long is pi? Where is god? Who is john galt?
These questions break my gaze, shatter the mirror,
I crash into the chartreuse table,
The sinking feeling of love lost -
I am an atheist
Will you pray for us?
I fear Divorce as she looks in my eye
The veridian trees pass in the night,
When daddy lost my balloon
when sex in love gets boring,
I open the door and get a beer
I push over the rocking chair,
My daughter walks in, I give a cruel warning
I put my headphones on and sit in the corner,
the cerise and blood-orange leaves fall on the highway
I get in my truck -
I fell like I am about to get caught
Time to wake up,
no I am not interested
but nice to meet you.

Mark Sebert

Rotisserie

sometimes i feel like i am on a rotisserie
the heat and the pressure is all but increasing
as i rotate my dilemma comes full circle
it seems all of sudden, i need a miracle,
but my hope is dashed by the seasoning,
sprinkled light and evenly, the smell
of burning flesh enters brushing my nose hair,
tickling my insides on fire, I hear the sharpening
whisk, whisk, whiskey would be nice
to ease the pain of chopping and slicing,
my flesh is now darkened like the tents of Kedar
dark and dusky, tanned golden browned -
ready, I scream but nothing comes out
not even blood which is in a bucket
with all my insides, the vivid evisceration
has long been passed, i see a man eating my
tongue, strange imagination as he cooks
my liver, and chills my spine. I should be dead.
my consciousness goes numb, this can't be real
the pain subsides as I wake up to reality -

The bucket of entrails is in the corner as I gnaw
on my own tongue, the liver is about done.

Mark Sebert

Ruby Eyes

Ruby eyes
a delicate surprise,

hidden beauty
beneath a sapphire sash,

porcelain skin
so smooth and clean,

a reminder of a goddess,
one who lives beyond -

a picture of perfection,
doubtless to my imagination.

Mark Sebert

Simple Ways Can'T Replace

Simple ways can't replace the pain that is inside,
only by grace can we reside inside this human race,
some say it's easy to run away and replace
the faces that haunts us most - with those
which will haunt us worse, but the image
which stares right back at us is the one
we can't substitute, this problem can't be solved
by changing our world but by a change inside of us
this does not mean we simply give in but that
we just give up, this may sound strange to ears
of the world, but we must rearrange the way
we perceive and listen real close, to what is
accepted and what is rejected our ego is first to go,
followed by a lust that must to the dust be blown
away from us, this is the key to security found in
our humility and willingness to open up by shutting up
the voices that rage inside, screaming insanities
and verbal profanities against the God we trust.

Mark Sebert

Skittles And Rainbow Sherbert

Skittle and Rainbow Sherbert in a mix,
dry ice and a cold beer can
that is empty.

I am amused at colors. Bright and Brilliant.
Bright and Vivid. I eat color. Green and
Red go down nice with mountain dew -

Not the stuff in the lime can
but the real cool morning dew
blanketing my dreams.

I am a dream more real than
the blanket. Electricity keeps me
warm when shocks wake me up.

I am hit by a truck going 90
but there is no damage to me
the truck is in a ditch.

I am that ditch. Flood waters are purple
with the blood of E.T.
not going home.

I am home. But I am not there.
I travel in a rainbow and live
in a lime colored can.

Mark Sebert

Take A Moment...

Take a moment ...
Right here right now
Appreciate and cherish
For it all may go away

Take a moment...
God is so gracious
Giving good gifts
Kind and true

Take a moment...
Pain will come again
Ache will break again
Appreciate your life

Take a moment
Be still and know
Rest... sigh....breathe
Take it all in

No more complaints available here
The shop is closed and boarded up
All is gone the slate is clean
Start fresh down the street

Take a moment...

It begins right here.

Mark Sebert

The Night Air

the night air brushes
past the skin of soul and flesh
deep into my mind.

Mark Sebert

The Toilet Poem

There is a worm in the toilet
it wiggles with glee
surrounded by an ocean

the land mass stinks
a floating island of rot
is a refuge for this creature

I am cold. He is warm
and cozy. My leg hairs bristle
to the sound of waves

crashing against the bulwark
failing, eroding
the worm is corroding.

My life is a worm.
I wiggle in stench gleefully
willfully in my freedom's bondage

Bondage - a funny word
to choke on - eat the dung
instead, but do so with care.

I am a thousand worms
lost on a brown island
spiraling down to a river

'Row Row Row your boat
gently down the stream'
the children sing to my angst.

Mark Sebert

The Trade

The Trade

The sideways watermelon sitting on the ground
Rotting, reminds of falling leaves all around
And new television shows I will hope to watch.
Dandy isn't it, trading time for pleasure?
Egalitarian and broad in scope.

Like viewing the cycles on the washer
I hone in on the penny moving faster
Faster and louder than my beating drum
Erasing each second, I waste like come

Finish off and tie it around tight
Open the toilet, put it out of sight
Run, Run, Run, death is coming

Listen it has arrived, much to our chagrin
Unveiled its gray and wrinkled self
Sucubus or Incubus, it does not matter
Trading my life for pleasure.

- See more at:

Mark Sebert

Tomorrow...

tomorrow...

will come no matter what,
the pain will still be here -
in ever increasing measure
with its doubt and fear -

today...

can be wasted, like popcorn
in a movie theater;
a fiver on a Friday night;
or gas in an SUV -
depleted, it can never
be recycled.

yesterday...

a distant, floating thought
after a lingering sensation
of hope or madness, crushed
in an ice blender or diced
in a hundred dollar paper shredder.

time...

is ever passing, roaring on
in ever increasing motion,
more challenging than
the Indy 500, roaring
and smashing all its opponents
against the wall mingling with
blood, sweat, tears, and oil fires.

tomorrow...

to escape the sorrow - the gall
of every single loss and ache -
fasten up, hold on, the drop is
just ahead - scream - faster than
Apollo's Chariot. grab hold -
of the bull and never let go.

Trapped

Trapped inside these memories
Of things said long ago,
The cursing and the yelling
I wish I didn't know;

Trapped inside my mind
The love I had for you,
Broken pieces now I find
I don't know what to do.

Trapped in this being
The hate I had for you,
For all of your lying
I guess I'm trapped with you.

Mark Sebert

Typical Nightmare

typical nightmare
screaming and sweating; blood tears
dripping down the bed

into a puddle on the
floor filled with red black spiders

Mark Sebert

Undiscovered Beauty

Undiscovered Beauty lies beneath the sheets,
Undiscovered Beauty sleeps in solitude,
Undiscovered Beauty will soon be joined
By a man desiring, craving her warmth -

She, the desire and craving
She, the lady who dances in my dreams
She, who is the epitome of gorgeous
Is the music to my soul -

Making me dance all night long,
Making me dance to her love song,
Making me dance while dreaming
about her aroma, essence, and love

Mark Sebert

When I'M With You

The beauty of the ocean
Could never compare -
To the beauty I find
In the sea of your eyes.

The amazing mountains
The breath taking view,
Pale in the light
Of your every sight.

The sweetness of honey
Is bitter in my mouth,
When placed beside
Your sweet embrace.

The vastness of this sphere
Shrinks when I think of you,
The never ending stars,
Diminish when I'm with you.

Mark Sebert

Your Beauty

You are beautiful in everyway
The moon, stars, and sun don't compare
Neither Adromeda nor the Milky Way;
You make the sunset dim;
You make the night quiver,
Because your essence sheds light
That makes all things silver;
Morning dawns to your sight
Shinning ever so bright.

Mark Sebert