

Poetry Series

**Michael Ardizzone**  
**- poems -**

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## Michael Ardizzone(February 10th,1986)

I was born not too long ago in a suburban hospital in New Jersey. I grew up in my hometown-lived there throughout my formative years with a good family in a two story house. I go to college currently in Poughkeepsie, NY at Marist College, studying Computer Science (my major) and Writing (my minor) . Currently I'm in a program that will allow me to graduate after five years of schooling with both a BS and MS in Software Development.

My eyes have been a trouble since I was very young and though I wear glasses now, I can never hope to see the world how it should be seen. As such, I've developed a different way of looking at things. Everything is rich with metaphor and significance to me-sometimes it is overwhelming. This is my inspiration to write.

My skill in writing was slow to develop. I didn't grow into anything close to a writer until I was 16 and discovered that I enjoyed writing poetry. The past five years have been speckled with spurts of poetic productivity. I read poetry every day from both amateur and professional authors. I try to study and hone my art as much as I can while I work and go to school.

I'm still not a quick reader, though I greatly enjoy reading novels, it takes me a month to get through one. I enjoy being immersed in another world and drawing the emotions from the characters into myself, feeding on them. These emotions inspire much of my work. Likewise, I need all the emotion I can get-I tend to be a loner. My friends are few and close, but none seem to appreciate poetry as much as I do, so I've come on the internet seeking like-minded individuals.

# A Birth, A Breath

A coincidence of motion  
meets with the apparition of affection  
to create, in one's heart  
a fluttering of birth

(the birth of something molten  
that flows downhill  
and pounds in your ears) .

A whirlwind of stillness  
(grasping for straws in silence)  
.the mind reels  
.the body aches

(and with realization comes hope-  
and with realization comes)

continuation.

Time stops  
for no man  
but for new love  
it holds its breath.

Michael Ardizzone

# A City Scene

Streetlights, cigarette smoke  
rudderless cars leak bland pavement,  
symptoms of a night flooded  
with dull yellow light, flickering  
faster than eyes can follow.

Gardens in house-fronts lay fallow  
every phase of the year has united  
in the bleakness of the city's empty  
eternal twilight, flooded with cigarette smoke  
and blinkerless human beings who cannot  
face the harsh monochrome of traffic law.

There are three colors: the red of  
change, the yellow of flight,  
the green of new life. We refuse  
to maintain focus, keep our eyes still.  
We pass the time as passersby  
engraving hope into glass-walled monoliths  
in hopes that Someone is on our side,  
even if we aren't.

Michael Ardizzone

# A Collapse Of Conscience

It's a way to live:  
(in this space between the stars)  
all the falling happens  
with opened arms.

and the dead will awaken  
to sing in this eternal dark  
for only sound will we have  
to allay our fears,  
to succor our tears  
as they thrust themselves  
towards the waiting ground.

And East will fight with West  
as North and South look on,  
and Friends fight Friends  
while enemies,  
o enemies applaud.

And strength will falter,  
its ego swollen by hope,  
its pride swollen by immortality,  
and all that will be left  
(without sight) is your mind  
and the voices in your head  
(and not even they are yours,  
you hope)

Michael Ardizzone

# A Sonnet For Cliched Lovers

The strength I draw from you I make my own  
to fight for you so happy you can be  
and of this strength I hope it's eas'ly shown  
through strength for you my love enhanced be.  
Though taken from, this well will not run dry  
as strangers meet when meetings seem most rare-  
as lovers part when lovers want to cry,  
my heart with you I would forever share.  
A fool may hold you hard within his grasp,  
his heart so tightly clutched in your sweet hands,  
but he cannot, in silence, seek repast  
in seeking water, reacheth he for sand.  
Climb with me, forever through the stars  
for you, I'd steal from God his every scar.

Michael Ardizzone

# A Vivisection Of Loneliness And Its Reason

) the ending;  
Here we look at a lonely songbird  
-it sings, solitary voice  
weaving through leaves:  
filtered by the warm  
air between the leaves of the forest(

a foolish poorly wrought end

) the middle  
(Here we discuss  
-in our lonely academic tone-  
the nature of love  
and why would two pure reasons converge  
in flesh so impure?)

waits on the beginning  
where truth shines unfiltered  
by a forest  
by a mind  
and is not caught on the lips  
of Aphrodite (but spreads  
from Athena's open hand) .

Michael Ardizzone

# Age

Getting older:

So fast leaves grow  
from bud to stem  
they unfold, awaiting  
glorious sunlight.

Getting older:

Foolish flowers  
dawdle in the wind.  
They wait,  
ignorant of time.

Getting older:

Smells are stronger now.  
A girl's summer dress  
bellows in a clear, crisp wind,  
the girl beneath is ready.

Getting older:

The wind carries the scent of rain.  
The earth's a gouty knee  
that God has forgotten.

Getting older:

Everything is much clearer  
but my tongue can't  
give it voice.

Getting old:

The stars shine brightly as ever  
but my knees cannot lift me to them  
like before.

Getting old:

But all the lights are so much brighter-  
a driving rain shatters their brightness  
into a million specks.

Getting-



dead leaves whirl in the autumn air.  
The sky opens up with a crack of thunder.

Getting-  
away from this earth,  
where knives of lightning  
and the hammer of thunder cannot touch,  
there is only blackness.

Get  
into that black-  
it's so warm and dry  
I can't

resist

Michael Ardizzone

# Ars Poetica

I.

Poetry is taking a blind man  
and trying to describe the rainbow to him  
using no adjectives.

II.

The Poet walks into a dark room  
and paints the air white...  
or at least attempts to  
while the whales eat him whole  
and recreate him again.

III.

The muses and the poet,  
locked in a game of baseball,  
forget that the poet must die  
and forever they linger,  
haunting students  
with a bigger picture.

Michael Ardizzone

# Conspiracy

I have a creeping suspicion  
that life is a collection of no  
in a container of yes.

I have a certain superstition  
that involves truth (death's ally)  
where truth is seen as an unlucky end.

And all the conspiracies  
are coincidences to each other  
mutually exclusive in their bumbling

A chance once had  
is broken by truth (death's minion)  
and mended by belief.

Michael Ardizzone

# Dawn

Greeting the red dawn  
she weaves a headdress of fire-  
each flame is a weakness,  
a flaw in the glass  
curve of my right eye.

And in my left,  
each flame dances  
(its only life is in dancing) ,  
a furnace they form together  
to forget used tears.

Greeting the red dawn  
the sea reflects it,  
this water only rushes  
with the wildness of new love,  
with the force of sheer humanity.

And the sky  
i see as the ultimate lens  
focusing the cosmos'  
endless eye on all of us.

Focusing the red dawn  
into flames that dance in her hair-  
that dance in my eyes-  
and in their eternal movement  
I am at peace.

Michael Ardizzone

# Discipline (A Thought In One Beat Words)

I choose a path  
where vast hills roll with my thoughts.

Some call this path I take 'straight.'  
It is as straight as hills  
viewed from the side.

My friends can try  
to shape these hills,  
but such hills will not  
be shaped by man.

These hills fight  
the lone fight they know.  
They give me hope  
that strength can hold out.  
(They give me pause  
and let me think.)

The way of these hills  
is the way of God:  
They are made to be seen  
but not forced to fit our way of sight.

Much like how  
a guide knows the path,  
but can't walk it for you,

These hills give me the strength  
to walk a way I have yet to see.

Michael Ardizzone

# Eulogy (On Grass)

As I look at this blade of grass, I notice that  
Oh, the sky and winds change a face too little  
for this blade of grass to stand up straight  
or to bend-to kiss a brother, a sister  
to entwine with a lover.

When we take the first step down the path  
all the decisions weigh heavy on dully colored lips  
the endeavors of each motion  
are burdened with the categories of ideal.

But the sky burns at sunset  
as do lover's cheeks at the sight of another.  
The sky is bluer than a million brilliant thoughts  
and deeper than the eternal abysses of hell.

And we contain ourselves with watching  
two blades of grass, three, five,  
stand in a million, simply waiting for autumn

(they wait with a passion  
and try so hard to become one another  
but in the end are dumbstruck  
at their singleness)

and then waiting, again,  
(they wait with a solemnity,  
a cold passivity not unlike stone or a frozen lake.  
as they crumble whole  
the snow briefly coats the world in purity)  
for spring.

Michael Ardizzone

# Exiles

God has built his house of silence,  
correspondent with the skies.  
Gravely mortal, his creations  
crave the fruit which He denies.

Solemn faces, lone in nature,  
wander will-less, wander wide,  
Filthy both in mind and body:  
Souls are famished, Truth denied.

Living yet while mocking Reason,  
subtle with their guilty jabs,  
solemn soldiers without leaders  
sidle hell-ward-lonely crabs.

Likened to a sinner's fountain  
spilling forth with grand deceits:  
built they towers, forged they weapons  
cultivating souls' conceits.

Lonely Heaven looms in silence  
as our fathers toil and slave  
forging egos large as shadows  
darkly edging out the day.

Buried then by rushing waters  
tortured then with firey tongs;  
who would build an altar to Him,  
He who won't forgive our wrongs?

We, condemned, still mark our struggles  
scrawling notes unseen, alone:  
writing lines of fleeting fancy,  
casting not a sinless stone.

Michael Ardizzone

# Famine

Your face is a puzzle  
oh how I could stare at it  
at you for hours  
and those hours I'd never want back.

Your body is a wasteland  
all the time I've spent  
adding to it my hope  
and now that time I want back.

And I want for those hopes  
to blossom in yourself  
and yield to me a harvest of you,  
but the fields aren't mine.

The crops grow withered  
by intuition, but exhausted hopes  
and finally seeing the pitiful harvest  
o, I wish that your land was never cleared.

Michael Ardizzone



# Father

I never knew the lonely  
long dark hours before my father  
brought light or warmth into the house  
with matches bought from corner shops.

I hadn't felt the lonely  
patronage of my father's clean hands,  
his calloused and overused hands  
that carried my mother's love

(a love that was always burning,  
  
careless and wild but endearing.  
A newly lit match.)

The nights were dreams and days  
were thunder and the numbing pounding  
of rain against unwilling sidewalks  
and their brothers, the sloped roofs.

Now, overdressed unknowns wander  
a funeral parlor. They cry  
(and wonder why they do)  
for the calloused old man they knew-  
the stiff man who rained and thundered  
out of a withdrawn sky.

They wonder how such a man  
could have so many mourners.  
They could not remember the long dark hours  
where fires-unquenched by rain,  
unextinguished by wind-  
so long had burned, unwitnessed.

Michael Ardizzone

# Glass Man

There's no glass left  
to break in my hand  
when I make a fist.

There's no strength left  
in my swollen pride  
to make a fist.

and to raise it,  
well the broken glass  
has torn my shoulder so...

And all my dreams have fallen  
onto this ground,  
covered in eggshells.

and all my friends have left  
this ground  
to swell their pride elsewhere.

When I die  
my deathbed will have no legs  
because it's hard to be tall  
when you can't stand up.

Michael Ardizzone

# Good But Dead

I sat down under a tree  
Where above me stood a man  
His neck, to the side  
As if asking some deep question  
Of great importance.

His eyes were slits in his head,  
His pupils dilated  
(Perhaps because he saw  
A nirvana shortly ago) .

I stood there, then  
A thought crossed my mind:  
Was innocence a possibility in this world?

An answer: No.  
But perhaps life is something that makes anyone good.  
The man above me was neither  
He was a victim of society.  
He was good, but dead.

Michael Ardizzone

# Grow

I see the clouds before me  
and the storm that lies ahead  
and I think to my lonesome self  
I'd much rather be dead.

I feel the foam at my feet  
and the wind in my face;  
the harder I have tried to win  
the more bitter it made the taste.

I glance over at the bridge  
and only i can tell  
there was a lost man on it;  
he wavered, then fell.

I stare into the future  
and the only thing i know  
is that what's to lose has been lost:  
the only way left is to grow.

Michael Ardizzone

# I Am In Love With The Sky

I am in love with the sky:  
its rains can only build  
life as it hugs the grateful earth.  
(To give life, the greatest  
way to be.)

The stars are in love with me  
their light, oh, it is enough for me  
(and the children that we are  
can take off their clothes  
and lounge, happy  
under this sky)

An emptiness there  
tainted blue by day,  
but by night, it's true,  
the sky is the best space  
to hold two lovers apart  
(or to keep men from  
the blackness of space) .

Nothing can build  
that can't also erase-  
but I'll meet my end  
with a smiling face.

Michael Ardizzone

# I Am The Night

I've considered the night  
as the moon's influence grew  
over the sky.

I've sat with the night  
when the only rain to touch the ground  
is salted with regret,  
and hastened by emotion.

I've become the night  
when the sun falls off my sky  
boiling itself into nothingness  
as the moon's cold reign commences.

When no moon's white grace  
could be reflected in a lover's eye,  
I am the night  
and I miss the sun dearly.

Michael Ardizzone

# I Hate Writing

The ability to torture the reader,  
Like other writers torture me,  
Is a comfort.

It is the most accursed blessing.

It is the Divine torture:  
The impetus to action  
Driven by physical inaction—  
Internal reaction to push  
(perhaps too far for its own good)  
new ideas to the brink of reality  
only to be dashed—  
crushed by the end.

Michael Ardizzone

# Ideal Is Nothing

What is nature  
but a buck's head  
mounted on a wall  
or a lonely grizzly bear  
rummaging through trash cans?

And what is real?  
Regardless it will watch indifferently  
while we live gaily in movies  
but commit suicide tragically  
for no conceivable reason  
just as deer freeze in headlights  
to become entrails  
to be cleaned off of chrome.

Ideal is nothing but the mask  
we force a reality to wear:

Ideal is nothing but the make-up  
on Marilyn Monroe the night she died,

or the way the lights shine  
on a baseball diamond,

or the way a poem ends  
when spoken, dissolving into the air  
and not being forgotten.

Michael Ardizzone



# It Is Better To Live Than To Love At All

There once was a man  
who thought it was better to love  
than to live at all.

I turned to this man  
on a moonlit spring night  
and pointed towards the heavens above.

He looked at my arm  
and looked down to my face  
and shook his head from side to side.

'You'll never understand'  
said he, as he turned and walked away  
humming a tune to himself.

I encountered the man again  
this time during the winter  
we stood together at the lodge, sipping cider.

As the man gave me a smile  
i pointed into the cup that held my cider  
after taking a short sip.

'You'll never understand'  
said he, as he turned and walked away  
humming a tune to himself.

For the third time i saw the man  
he was standing alone by a great oak tree  
and his head was in the way of his feet.

I accosted him,  
'what is wrong, my good friend? '  
Tears began to stream down his face.

'Love is gone and i am left  
a remnant of its glorious empire  
disenchanted and lost in a strange land' said he.

With those words he withdrew a dagger from his belt  
and with the quickness only broken love can bring,  
he sheathed it in the pumping chambers of his heart.

As the man's body lay on the ground  
blood filled the grass beneath him  
and all i could do was let out a sigh.

'living life to love is like  
taking your heart and asking for it  
to be broken into a million pieces

'Yet living life to live  
and letting love come and go as it may  
allows for the enjoyment of life and love.'

I turned on my heel  
and walked away from the corpse.

It is better to live than to love at all.

Michael Ardizzone

# Jealousy

The sun stabs through the window;  
its jealously, a terrific sign for me-  
the air is full of her when I awake;  
the broadness of the world seems  
a quaint question of accompaniment  
soon solved in our meeting.

When she's indoors the sun rages  
for I have her to myself  
When the daylight touches her cheeks  
the moon weeps because  
the broadness of the world seems  
a distance unconquerable  
soon solved by time, but not soon enough.

And when my will is overcome  
for I had her to myself too long-  
when the hours have made her  
so close to me so long  
the broadness of the world seems  
a distance unconquerable  
unsolved whenever I must leave.

When impermanence manifests  
I had her once to myself  
and that's the only sharp knife left.

Michael Ardizzone

# Love

All of your nonsense is sense to me  
your truth I'll take for any that can be.  
I'll suffocate in the fruit that you bear  
and dedicate myself to a strand of your hair.  
my strength, it will take all of time to recount,  
how your strength do I see as my strength's font  
And in this death we two will bonded forever be  
because, unlike you, i've lost all of me.

Michael Ardizzone

# Lust

The heavens may forget  
that lovers sit on idle haunches  
waiting for the stars to fall  
for lust to make manifest.

The lovers may forget  
that heaven, unlike earth,  
gives not strength to fools  
who would lust make manifest.

The fortunes of fools  
my rest on her breast  
the fate of nations  
may lay in his hands

but lust, oh lust,  
to it, who would entrust  
the power to turn a man  
from steel to dust.

Michael Ardizzone

# Marriage

Men with knives can hurt themselves  
As much as truth's been soiled  
Men tell truths with lies at heart  
Their hearts will get them boiled.

Girls that love will die afraid  
Of fools who loved the prices paid.

Men sell cars and guns and lives  
As much as heaven lets one  
But what if heaven's gone to lunch?  
Will death be less than certain?

Girls that tempt will tempt their fate  
For fools who come, but come too late

What death awaits the clever man  
Who with a woman forms a bond  
That God himself would have approved  
To tempt such death, to gall the strong  
To fight honest and then be conned.

Michael Ardizzone

# Massacre Of Misunderstanding

So embattled with the night  
we may forget that nature  
(a caressing arm not yet weakened  
by the bewitching brew, technology)  
would give us a thousand  
drops of water for each  
inch of this hate we love so much.

We yell so ears have company  
so minds need not dwell  
on what waits within.

We encase ourselves in pleasures  
of the eye and finger  
so thoroughly and constantly  
that the air seems profane  
and sweat can no longer  
push two lovers together.

We continue so that  
some day we may forget  
these wars that we fight  
and then,  
perhaps  
we'll no longer be fighting them.

We'll be the uncounted casualties  
in a massacre of misunderstanding.

Michael Ardizzone

# Rumor

This house we've built  
to shiver and sway in the wind-  
Built of steel and glass,  
built of care and foolishness  
(of hubris and hopefulness) .  
I dread the day  
our friends see it.

From them comes a wind  
that, though weak,  
leaves ruins in its wake.

Michael Ardizzone



# Shadow

This shadow  
flirts with my windows  
and, with the door,  
it occasionally carouses.

It makes the ceiling jealous  
and the floor nervous  
(so nervous i can almost feel  
it twittering to itself.)

When this shadow  
is not cast  
but instead the body  
lies with me-  
oh i'd give an  
eternity to remain this way.

But alas, light comes  
packaged with shadow  
and that shadow must  
(unwillingly) entangle  
itself with my house again.

Michael Ardizzone

# Steel

I see too much steel  
but now plastic  
but now the next plastic  
painted to look like plastic  
that looks like steel.

I see  
too much steel, old steel,  
machine-flesh crushed and bent,  
twisted, reshaped to fit flesh  
that already knows steel too well-  
too warm to remain unbent,  
too cool to ask questions.

I see  
steel stretched in straight  
parallel lines  
hooked to one another  
to the horizon (pulling  
it towards where I am.)

I see

(in the desolation  
of empty euphemisms  
and neutral jargon)

that

We live in a tired steel time.  
Worked and reworked,  
we are quiet steel waiting  
to be reshaped into  
who we are.

Michael Ardizzone

# Summer

The sky is congested  
with the light of the myriad  
stars crowding into the pinpricks  
of pupils-nothings within nothings.

The summer is a slow drip  
down the back of my throat  
the steady rhythm of a leaky faucet  
echoing endlessly, perhaps playfully  
changing form. Leaving  
the calcium and manganese around the  
drain at the base of my skull, accreted  
memories of restless nights in the humid  
accommodations of desire.

The feeling of another's heartbeat;  
another's breath fogs the black  
glassy surface of the night sky as  
the moon slides down. Clouds are  
whisps that will us to remember the whims  
of past summers. Desire is a futile  
weak and limited word to describe  
how our lips touch or the way we  
press our bodies together in  
a desperation that fools may  
call love but we'd call the only  
breath that life can fully breathe.

Michael Ardizzone

# Sun To None

Deaf speakers  
feed me my life  
with a spoon longer  
than the plank  
i am so slowly being  
pushed off of.

The ship sways,  
to and fro:  
a gentle motion,  
yet like my friends  
i must go,  
fall off of the plank  
into darkness.

All alone  
i take one last drink  
to the things i know  
and to the things i think,  
or rather i think i know....  
does the mind not grow?  
too bad mine just got swollen;  
when the ice applied  
gone was my wit;  
my intelligence

clever?  
i am no longer.  
Life?  
i am no longer.

i go from hello into goodbye;  
day into night;  
sun into rain...

sun into rain?  
no, rain is too temporary.

sun to none.

Michael Ardizzone

# Talkless Time

I once dared to ask a clock a question but  
it didn't answer like the Kennedies with money and  
rumbling rockets for lonely moons or handshakes  
for Soviets standing cold and fur-clad as they wait  
shivering a slight insufferable rhythm of defiance  
to the sun and moon as they sweep out seconds  
or hours or days hardened not by talkless time  
but mirroring the repetition of idiots, stammering

Rugged and alone we cover time in conversation,  
slather seconds in stylish phrasing, restate the  
insanity of mortal time in rumbling instrumentals  
of flesh and motion and bodily fluids that ask  
not what you can do for your country but what  
time can do for you is kill you dead and leave  
not remains, but who would remain when time  
leaves the room but those who dare to be  
stupidly silent in immortality, to be still and  
eerily ask questions of clocks as they stop  
ticking or as a heart may not stop beating, as  
death is no parenthesis as ee cummings said  
but semicolons are jealous and periods have  
armed themselves like Soviets with a million  
Hiroshimas silently shimmering in the winds of  
change or time that relentless and ruthless  
butcher of nations of men of poems of secrets  
words may end prematurely but time will  
ultimately bury, so please don't ask me what  
time it is because it hurts to hear the seconds  
scream their tick against eternity, useless

Michael Ardizzone

# Talkless Time (Expanded)

I dared to ask a clock a question but  
it didn't answer like the Kennedies with  
rumbling rockets for lonely moons or handshakes  
for Soviets that stand cold and fur-clad shivering  
a slight insufferable rhythm of defiance,  
sweeping out seconds or hours or days  
hardened not by talkless time; their wristwatches  
crudely imitate the repetition of idiots, stammering

Rugged and alone I wander through a conversation  
drowning out the seconds, covering time in stylish phrasing,  
restating the insanity of mortal time in propaganda  
posters hung from the sides of Liberty Ships:  
the hull's steel is good it was hastily made of flesh  
and motion and bodily fluids that ask not what  
you can do for your country but what time  
can do for you is kill you dead and leave  
no remains, but who would remain when time  
ends its shift? those who dare to sail the  
stupidly silent sea of immortality, to be still and  
eerily ask questions of clocks as they stop  
ticking or waves as they stand still, now mountains

as death is no parenthesis as ee cummings said  
but semicolons are jealous and periods have  
armed themselves like Soviets with a million  
Hiroshimas: shimmering reflections of change  
writ large in smoldering wood, blasted concrete;  
we may kill by harnessing nature but time is  
the most ruthless and unerring butcher  
of nations of men of poems of secrets  
words may end prematurely but time will  
ultimately bury;

please don't ask me what time it is  
because it hurts to hear the seconds  
scream their tick against eternity, useless





# Technology's Siren Song

A faith so strong shall fall before the end  
to gods: the men who shatter wills on truth  
and fruitless will their search come to an end  
for truth will conquer strength and hope with proof.  
A dish once heaped so high with merry fare,  
the food of hope, the drink prosperity  
the plate has rotted, drenched in myriad cares,  
the food grows rancid with nobility.  
I'd deign to taste that honeyed summer wine  
(that wine that gives what soon shall ruin us)  
but time, i fear, has want of taste for wine-  
I fear that fact more than the death of trust.  
Machines may imitate the noblest man-  
of hope they cannot make the thinnest strand.

Michael Ardizzone

# The Erosion Of Faith

Wakened by the turbulence of thought  
and fed by hopes more insolent than lies,  
this log we need, too soon shall start to rot  
when on it stands the one who holds the skies  
and heavens-he alone holds them apart.

Bitter foes have made their peace in time  
and logs once rotten fertilize the soil,  
but you, oh you who knows not death's decline  
for lies you simmer, truth will make you boil.  
Hope, sweet hope, will fail before you start.

Michael Ardizzone

# The Next Ice Age

My lady, I would kill the stars for you  
and drain the sky into a paper cup.  
I'd cut my heart, my soul, straight into two  
if chance should give me knives with which to cut.  
The only knives I see are soiled, though  
by lovers insincere, their passions fed  
on others' passions' source. Their meager flow  
they build it false with thoughts, but thinking's dead.  
Their hearts they've spilled to others far too oft  
to make this show they have convincing, so  
they bleed themselves of every dream and cough,  
complaining that the wind is growing cold.  
My hope is that there is love yet more true  
to find before an ice age passes through.

Michael Ardizzone

# The Temptress' Fortress

Confused by your deadly art  
my friends and foes have come and gone  
and still you deftly pick apart  
the secrets I have left alone.

The spirits of both here and now  
flirt sprightly with your gilded breast  
and dreams of truth and hopes of love  
are crystallized in amethyst.

To make this stone, to turn this rock-  
your soul into a pleasant beast  
I've worked and worked to break the trap  
that you have set to guard your feast

But food and wine will not fulfil  
a hope so starved, a dream unfed  
'cause strength has drained with naught to kill  
and hope has withered as it's bled.

So statues now astride my grave  
will sing again a silent song  
of loves once had, of strength most grand  
of rights once made against a wrong.

Michael Ardizzone

# Three Words

Like a fire that sucks all the air from the room  
she enters and drains my hope into a reservoir of love.  
A collection of choices made once now will alternate forever  
forever altering my mindset, my set of hopes and dreams  
and with a wish, a gesture, and three word phrase  
a thousand windows are broken by a delinquent ball  
and no-one cares at all-  
and those three words still hang in the air  
thicker than a choking fog,  
though the end of this choking-  
it is not death. It is new life.

Michael Ardizzone

# Time

I've poured my soul into a paper cup.  
I've watched the sand run through my hands.  
Oh Time, you fool, you push us on  
and no one can resist-  
such a tyrant is Time.

Michael Ardizzone

# To Dream A Dream

To dream a dream-  
a deep day dream-  
living through my day dreams:  
I'm forever seeming, falling, sleeping,  
spending hours lying, dreaming;  
(dying slowly, not realizing)  
sleeping deeper not realizing  
as death arrives on his steed,  
a black steed, uncompromising,  
to perform a deed  
(Not true nor false): but realization  
sleeps with speed;  
so slow the past, with realization,  
becomes the dream.  
As I'm forever drowning, dreaming, sleeping,  
drowning in my day dreams;  
such deep day dreams  
can't dream to dream.

Michael Ardizzone

# Towards The Heart

And I say if love shall turn to dust  
and friends grow bored in lack of trust,  
that we should away (most fleet of foot)  
go towards the sunset-  
go towards the the root.

And I say if pigeons should perch on your hand  
and bankers should cherish a wallet of sand,  
that we should go (not in greed or in lust) ,  
go towards the heavens-  
go towards our trust.

And I say if fools shall rule o'er this polity  
and lovers grow bored of their frivolity,  
that we should go (as the sun sets) ,  
go towards our hearts  
and away from our chests.

Michael Ardizzone