

Poetry Series

**Ren DSanti**  
**- poems -**

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## Ren DSanti()

I'd say I'm too attached to ever be ironic. I'm too ignorant to be influential. Too distracted to finish. I'm working on it.

# Adult

When I was five, when I grew up I wanted to be a movie star, because everyone liked them.

When I was ten, when I grew up I wanted to be a writer, because everyone understood them.

When I was fifteen, when I grew up I wanted to be an artist, because they understood.

As I grew, I didn't drop any of these things. I worked hard to be a writer, an actress, and a well-rounded artist. I wanted to get good grades and make lots of friends and be smart, and pretty, and talented. I wanted to go to the best college in the world and make my parents proud.

Now, I'm only eighteen, but I don't think about growing up anymore.

I don't think about being popular, or talented, or smart.

I think, 'what am I going to do? '

'Do I go to that good college, since a second chance won't come twice? '

'And, like mom says, if I want to be famous and successful, I need to go to a good college.'

'Or what about CUNY? I'm sure, then I can keep my job and help support this family.'

'But is that enough? '

Now, I'm thinking, 'I want to stand up and support my family on my own.'

While mom and dad are off battling for custody.

Dad is the one who raised us while mom worked and came home tired. But, now... Could this just be because the alimony is gonna run out soon and he just wants the bigger cut guaranteed in court if he holds custody? Or is it because he's truly worried about mom's capabilities as a mother?

And I know there's no way dad could support us, financially, at all. But, is that the only reason behind mom fighting for us? When she's voiced, not just to dad, but to me, how she's tired? How she wants out?

Why do I have to worry about this?

As their children, shouldn't we believe they love us?

Sadly, I'd only have the two of them to blame for our lack of faith.

I hate that my little brother has to hear his father calling his mother a whore. And the way dad does it, we can't even stick up for her, because everything just adds fuel to the fire. Brother knows, learning from all the bridges I've burnt with my disrespectful retorts. And he'd rather just give in.

And I hate that mom has to cry and beg for her son's love when dad's not home. She makes her child see just how weak she is, just how much stronger he has to be at age 12, stronger than two adults. And the self-hatred for letting her be weak, because he'd rather have her crying than tell her his true feelings and have her respond with that hate-filled voice she uses on me.

I can't help but think that if it were really about us, they'd find a way to win us that doesn't kill me trying to understand.

Don't most parents try to shield their children from these things?

I don't think either of them can take care of us.

I want to do it.

I'll find another job, and a third, and fill up the time where they're at school with work, but be sure to be home on weekends to cook dinner and be a parent... I'll only work enough to pay our rent, bills, food expenses, and the occasional splurge (if that's not too optimistic) . And on the days where my sister can't be home early to be with our brother, I'll ask him to come to my job, and help me play with the kids. Since I'm a nanny anyway, I'm sure it would be okay to bring him.

I think that we'd be fine like this.

I just want to be someone who is old, and tired, and smiles because her brother

and sister love her and are proud of her.

I think that's enough for me.

I don't need to be rich, or famous, or beautiful, or smart, or talented.

I don't need to be recognized by anyone, but two people.

My two most important people.

If I can work hard and make them happy, and they grow up into happy people with happy lives, then that's more than enough for me.

I want to be the person the movie stars play in their award winning roles.

I want to face my difficulties, and live my life honestly.

I want to be stronger.

And when I do grow up, I want to know that I've actually grown.

Ren DSanti

# Courage

I walk through the forest.  
Barefoot, though I feel not twig nor stone.  
My eyes stay closed, as you had said, 'walk and see with your ears instead.'

The swish of the leaves in the breeze. The call of the birds in the trees.  
The sweet sounds shift deeper. The incline grows steeper.  
The temperature grows milder as the winds become wilder.  
There is a constant crackling beneath me, and stray branches whip my bare form.

The cuts might bleed, but never will I flee. In my head, resonates your odd decorum:

'Look, but not with your eyes.'  
'Look, though you might regret it.'  
'Look, but you won't hear their cries.'  
'Look, though you may forget it.'

What lies ahead, I cannot say, but something keeps the danger at bay.  
Like Orpheus, I only need not to look back. Like Eurydice, there lies a passive-aggressive attack.

My breath quickens at the notion... Am I afraid?  
Overcome by emotion, I feel myself fade.  
The winding flow of my thoughts tightens my chest,  
And tempts my eyelids, that twitch in contest.

All the while, my throat fights one huge lump.  
All the while, blooms my best organ's dense thump.  
My organ, so vital, so very alive.  
I can hear it, I can feel it, and I will it to thrive... Strive... Survive.  
The pounding organ is overwhelming, if only just.  
I know, though, my heart does just what it must.

None betray what lies before my feet. Still, I walk, blind, with that steady beat.  
And though my eyes are closed, I still can cry. Cry alone and no one hears but I.  
Still, I walk my trek through the brush of rigor.  
I can't know what comes next, but hopes flush with vigor.  
I know if I stop, if I float to the sky, then that's giving up, and all that's left is to die.

It is then that I hear it, I am not alone.

'We all walk together, carved from the same stone.'  
All are meant to thrive. Strive. Survive.  
And Fate was set before our time.  
Who knows our reason and our rhyme?  
We're all just meant to be alive. And so,  
my feet keep pace.

Ren DSanti

# Ferris Wheel

It's been hard  
Let's make a deal  
Awhile we ride the Ferris Wheel  
Our cabin's being jarred.

The ground beneath us  
Gets deeper and deeper  
As you and I go steeper and steeper  
And someone is causing a ruckus.

The ride began  
But slow and steady  
Untouched. Perfect. Spoiled before ready.  
Could not yet take a stand.

And the wind became colder  
Your hairs dancing much wilder  
Cuts across the cheek, my temper grew milder  
But my actions were bolder.

It's been hard  
Let's make a deal  
Awhile we ride the Ferris Wheel  
Tales of how we've been scarred.

I had the misfortune great  
Of letting the walls of my cabin fall around me  
Weakened by the growling wind, knew I'd never paid the fee  
To board this ride so late.

And you had never loved the lights  
Of green and blue and red  
Twined around the Wheel of Dread  
All those many lovely nights.

And I learned of the piercing cold  
One felt without a shield  
And you of what it's like to yield  
Love a beauty but never you hold.



So then we reach the pinnacle  
In a cabin with no walls  
Wind swallows up our pleading calls  
I am less naïve and you- somehow- less cynical.

It's been hard  
Let's make a deal  
Awhile we ride the Ferris Wheel  
What it's like to be on guard.

The cabin is heading back again  
And we lean forward and imagine we'd fall  
Perhaps wishful thinking, our grips tighten after all  
Our bodies may falter but our souls transcend.

The beatings begin to lessen  
And the frame of my cabin creaks only a little  
And in the silence we find the metal riddled  
And we prepare to let the rest in.

We are no longer at the top  
But still a cold whisper turns my insides hollow  
Like the frame of the cabin, the truth's hard to swallow  
For now, we know the ride will stop.

It's been hard  
Let's make a deal  
Awhile we ride the Ferris Wheel  
A cabin's single shard.

Ren DSanti

# I Guess It's A Feeling

In my gut. Maybe.  
Not my gut.  
Maybe in my chest, my ribs.  
I don't know where, really,  
but I don't think that matters.  
It's the feeling I get, that feeling.  
It's like, for a second, I can't even breath, like,  
I've forgotten to exhale, and-  
and even though this only lasts for the first split second-  
the air building up in my chest puts all this pressure,  
and it's- what is it?  
It's so intense, it's so. Thick.  
And I get like that for only, like, a nanosecond.  
Just that first instant  
when we come into contact with each other,  
just this minute moment in time  
Just for that single moment.  
When our eyes meet.

Sometimes, when I'm with you...  
I'm not sad or anything, but-  
I feel like crying.  
I don't know why.  
I don't know.

Ren DSanti

# I Love

I love my brother  
And I love my friends,  
And I love anyone who prays before bed.  
I love my mother,  
And the books she's read.  
And all the good food I've been fed.  
I love the weather  
And I love the poor,  
And I love my pets that pee on the floor  
And I love pleather  
And clothes noone makes anymore  
All thrown on right before I head out of the door.  
I love to talk  
And I love to listen  
And I love the reindeer that's named Blitsen.  
And I love to walk  
And the people I'm missin,  
And the people I should've never been kissin.  
I love my sister,  
And I love our fights  
And I love when we all hang the Christmas lights.  
And I love a mister  
Who is not in my sights  
And to whose heart I have no rights.  
I love my father  
And I love what he bakes  
And I love anything except fruit cakes.  
And I love to bother  
And frozen lakes  
And just like children love snow flakes.  
I love to eat  
And I love to sing  
And I love the chill that winter will bring  
And I love the treat  
Of a warmth that can cling  
To my arms that hug when we both know it's a fling.  
I love to look  
And I love to dance.  
And I love the thrill of a second chance.

And I love what he took  
When I gave him a glance  
And my heart did a quick little silly love prance.  
I love Fall  
And I love love  
And I love the snow that falls from above  
And I love it all  
With a friendly shove  
That gives me the courage to show what I'm made of.

Ren DSanti

## It's A Circle

Broken chains can't be fired back together. Not these, and not when they're mismatched links to begin with.

They keep trying to get back together and the colliding links clink metal ticks through the rest of the chain and erupt and quake and break. Regroup again, re-link, reconnect. Try it, try it. We want a whole. We like to see things put together.

But it's like the broken pieces aren't polarized. Maybe they never were in the first place. Maybe this whole time they were forced together by some super glue and that super glue just run out now and it's out of stock and it's not coming back in stock, at least not anytime soon.

I think broken things, in general, are very pretty. It's fun to point them out and admire the beauty in the ugly. If I were to see that broken chain lying in the middle of the sidewalk on a street somewhere maybe down by Wall Street I might think it's pretty. I might be moved by it and want a picture of it or want to take it for myself!

But it's not fun if you're a link in that chain. It's not fun when that broken chain that's scattered and un-polarized- but still associates with one another- is a chain that resides somewhere half drowning in swamp and sinking and sinking and the last thing that link, that's you, that's me, sees, is a chance.

Ren DSanti

# Quit

I can't tell whether I'm letting go  
Or holding fast, and convincing myself otherwise.  
The paths may change, but the patterns remain the same.  
I'm stuck there while I'm here, and here while I'm there.  
And I don't know...

I don't know if I'm emulating truth  
Or if it's a fallacy cooked up by my own lacking.  
And lacking, in a less general desist;  
Lacking in strength. In trust. In love.

Lacking, in a less general desist;  
The strength to push through the complete, flawless darkness in the unknown.  
The trust in my heart to not need to give the benefit of the doubt,  
To not give in to my misgivings in a harmless, or more than,  
In a sincere one-on-one  
To not question  
The love I need to make it. The love I need to be it.

Lacking in the Love I need to persevere.  
I need to persevere.  
Through the complete, flawless darkness in the unknown.  
That finds me new paths,  
But lets me keep my patterns.  
So that even when I'm there, I still can bring here with me  
So that even when I'm here, I still can bring there with me  
So that even if I've chosen, I still can look back  
So that even if I'm wrong, I still can stay true  
And stick to the path they've moved for me

To align with my foot steps  
And softly, they take me  
Off of this lacking  
Lacking, in a less and less and less general desist.  
And less.  
Until I choose to take the patterns off, then strip them thread by thread  
By thread by thread until there's only the one.

The last string. The last in an endless cycle.

The last is Fate.  
And I can follow, one fragment by one fragment,  
The thread that may guide me  
The thread that may make me  
The thread that may take me  
In all the steps I've taken  
To find this sweet Nirvana.

Ren DSanti

# The Devil's A Dandy

I had a dream  
Where Satan took me away.  
He bewitched me, seduced me, he wanted to play.  
He had my mind and my body and my spirit utmost  
And he loved, he entranced, with my existence as host.  
I had a dream where the Devil wanted to play  
With my desires and weakness and anything that was gray.  
He was the ruling, and no qualms had I.  
Only me was I fooling with such a magnificent lie.  
If the Devil's a dandy  
There would be no confliction  
Sadly, he is a disaster,  
And my encompassing addiction.

This is my King of Dreams.  
My trump card in the grand scheme of all fantasies.  
Emulated by my own longing, my poorly hidden desires reflected and mirrored  
back at me through the very soul of his rumbling core.  
This is my ace in the hole of a life led without fulfillment.  
And I don't want it.  
Suddenly I don't know how to exhale, and the pressure is building and turning  
into hot air and lifting me up!  
Sure, that's nice at first, but not when you can't stop it.  
I'm like an indestructible hot air balloon passing past the illusion of sky,  
scorching through the stratosphere, up and up and up until there is no more up.  
There is just space.  
And that space, that vast, filled... Space, is not an illusion.  
They mirror my emotions, now drifting through this endlessness that seems not  
to end or begin at any given point and just exist.  
Mirrors my feelings, that don't start, end, stop. Can't be stopped.  
As vast for he in that beautiful container as the infinite areas of existence.  
As we are, as all is.  
These feelings just exist.  
As quiet, as profound as this endless, dusted black.  
My feelings for him... That quake and shake with every little gesture, with  
everything he is, for me or not- are returned.  
And I might prefer if this was just a sweet dream.  
Because I can't even control it.  
My tears swell when I just think, 'I love him, ' as abrupt and destructive as a



volcano.

My body quakes with the thought that he might touch me like thunder on the ocean.

Like space.

Like space,

I wish I was all-encompassing.

I wish he were the center of a universe that makes my feelings real.

And choke on it.

Together.

In a space without oxygen.

In a space without planets or stars or wormholes.

Where he is at the core of me, and I am at the core of He.

Just space and it's center.

I really wish this was all just a dream.

Where I could be placed.

Where I am just a person.

Where I get by because, then, I don't have to be this immeasurable, infinite...

Thick.

Suspended by irrationality and belief and floating.

It's too much like a dream already.

Where I can't think,

I can't speak,

I only can act

On my nature,

My motives are truths,

So compact.

And he is as true as the stars are like suns

On a night so intense that my spirit just comes.

An orgasm that shoots me out of my body and spreads me

Among the vast and infinite soft human melody

Existence is so much a word I cannot define

Only live by,

Surrounding as something all too divine

To be defined as the Devil,

Though that's all he can be,

Like a human manifests as true as the free

As immortal as air and as pure as a lifetime

Lived to the fullest with a reason sublime

As simple as breathing,

In and out,

In and out,

Out

Out of the swelling in my core of a belief without doubt

I love and I trust,

I believe in the we

We humans are crystals,

Like precious pearls of potent purity

Compressed into bodies that reflect the obscurity

Gathered together in the form of disunity

For in truth,

The world is just as they say,

To be pricelessly cherished like the Devil's greatest play

Representing one of every single day

Out of love for the whole of all that is gray,

The Devil is my lover,

So come what may.

Ren DSanti

# Tweet

Sometimes i want to save everything and everyone and sometimes i want to leave it all behind.

37 minutes ago from txt

Are you reading this? Probably not. I don't think you have a twitter.

41 minutes ago from txt

'When I'm with you I'm not sad but I feel like crying.'

41 minutes ago from txt

It still has pillows but really i'm just burning and poking shit about 1 hour ago from txt

Getting pseudo creative in my lofty art space that was my bed. about 1 hour ago from txt

I think there are now four people that stimulate a muse in me... They are two pairs of enemies... That's funny.

about 2 hours ago from txt

1 comments

Kat A. said...

Inevitably, you will leave it all behind. Feelings of wanting to save everything aren't contradicting with the desire to let go. There is a time and place for both. Life is no more than balance.

And woe to your former bed.

(24.1.10)

Ren DSanti

# Unconditional

There is no such thing as unconditional love.

Those circumstances where women make bad mothers,  
where they abuse them,  
where they abandon them,  
where they deprive them of love- are not the exceptions, where they just must  
not have it (that unconditional love) .

It's the norm.

God, bless those women who stay with us.

Those that guide us, nurture us, love us.

It is a life they've chosen.

It's a path they've paved themselves for us to walk on.

There may not be unconditional love, but there is devotion.

Ren DSanti