

Poetry Series

Wilkins Driver
- poems -

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Wilkins Driver(11/09/46)

born in 1946 this writer aged within an accounted marker he loved to fancy up even though he lived in the slums of freelance oregon he never left or ever was in another city but in 1998 wilkins driver disapeared and i his distant relative has found all of his writings that were in his abandoned cabin and im gonna post them all on this page when i have time because i dont know if hes alive anymore. he never had kids but he had a wife for 2 years she died in late 97 i guess she used to complain about his alcoholism alot. he never actually did anything after he retired he mostly sat in his cabin alone writing about whatever came to mind i guess i dont really know anything else about him i only met him one time when i was six my mom told me that we needed to visit a family member. from what i remember he was sitting in a chair drinking and talking about somebody he knew. he only talked to me once and he told me to sit in front of him and look into his eyes he asked if they were empty i didnt answer i was scared and ran away. afterwards my mom and dad were talking about how crazy he was and how they wished they didnt go i dont know ill let you read his writings cuz they interest me somehow.

Cancer Treatment '98

i got a visit from home and they asked how life has went and i replied
a smirk on their face the young boy ran away and cried
i was talking of a girl who stood on all fours and had yellow eyes
i told her of my dreams in the closest disease ive been through in past years
she gave me treatment and i spoke more often
i listened to her once it was the last day we talked about our paired up selves
she fell in her grave and i didnt watch
i sat alone in the cabin
it rained that night
i just excused myself from the alcohol and i walked into the waterfall
and i cried i cried over my life and now
i dont have the treatment anymore
shes dead gone in a box they sent her through
i paid my dues and bought a doomsday parade for all her lovers
but i missed the show
and just cried myself to sleep outside

Wilkins Driver

Dead To The World The Knowledge Is A Thread '84

pull on my shirt
make me naked
the thread was leaking into your hand
but i resolved myself
and took you hostage
inside my house
the language was spoken
i said i was a guard
and you told a story of a fraud
well i let you bleed me
into your teeth and out of your mouth
the words were spoken
the length of your hair
i wasnt scared for a moment
but in a moments time i died
and you pulled me away
from myself and my thoughts
and i cared for noone
but the pulling twig
growing out from the stem
i felt the air calm me
and i awoke when
i said your hurting me
then you called your best friend
and said he broke me
but i was left here
a sallow in the greatest game i ever known
you pulling me towards you like a thread

Wilkins Driver

Grail Inside The Relished Angles '98

well he looked around for a mirror
his expo told of a bleeding trolley
the cuts inside quotes succeed
in calling out a name to the frowny man's head
he actually studied a memory in stale anguish
and felt the organs melt the wooden branches in his lungs
ohh he screamed horribly in front of the window
wiping off his torso he exhaled a tear
from a blocked out screen it was the shear
folding him into pieces up on the drawer
i made him a bed to tuck himself inside a box
when he cried out loud in the middle of the night
i woke remaining stable on how he won't differ
if i showed a light that seemed fossil grey
for if i told him the tuck won't end
sadly i grieved and let the mischief out of him
walked away the streetlights bounced off him accordingly to the moat
where he got some water and stared into the cabin
with a mask in hand he took them prisoners
made fools out of their father he was just asking for more,
of that feeling we get when the bodies can't take no more
i assume that this is robbing so i drink from his mouth
and acted like a clown who's being tortured by the crowd
lying down laughing at how quiet it sounds
the left debris were asking for the following lead
but it wasn't me it was those beggars who fled the scene and i wondered why
did we do all we can
to make his life a little more perspective
on how he sees the trees or how the moon shines when it's dark outside
the rain was in the sky and i offered him a drink
the guy said no so i left cloudy
i offered the grail and he didn't want no more i suppose
that us on the ground made him know
that everything in the whole world is still offering up a toast to anything
that poor statue didn't think that we'd all be praying alive inside our homes
these little dolls stand beside the fireplaces
and we mourn the dead to them in an act of praise?
i feel that a hoax is among us
so peacefully drown with a bible in hand

and be asking for forgiveness from the statue of christ
for hes your forgiving disposable ceramic landmine

Wilkins Driver

Growing To Obluesque '96

real tin deers pinch greusome town defects
yellow corridors with picket signs waving
we are the killers who resign with technique
broomstick handles other ditch reflections
stickin out the weather underneath torn deserts
just pause the second and try the attraction
of agonizing relief some better intentions
endure these contractions ice age retaliation
this hope ive found running around the clouds
falling down loving being down
internal trouble im dumbfounded scopes
mingling deception to imbedded postivity
pannier trinkles of prosperity
undone desks trying to sit among the objects
who relates a finger of touching dietetics
language boredom respects the facial inspections
im done im done with the caressing im done pressing
are the dictions of the dictionary among your soul
of your soul ohh real hope no more jokes no more jokes
unaffectionate prospects loving the fun of the world
in the wrong way of mishaps universal grunting dock specks
the water it flows but how would we know
the weight of a spoiled rutine defection
ohh my god will i just realize
once ive died theres no more sequels
to the feelings ive controlled
past prequals the verbs ive overused
and abused every link toward the decipals telling
levitation abusing our bodies like we arent doing it already
up in space we think of outside still
in our bodies on a chair walking up and down the stairs
we are still peeking thrones wondering how these dreams dont die
telling how our words spoke more than our actions ever sold
papacy out of control the disk has tried eminence
dormer however still listening to me and discomfit
truffle our memories ohh the kindess i hold in
if you dont understand alaska dont try it
an understanding of math thats subsidiary with the ball of dawn
humming with nouns of misuse

the useless poems they refuse to give us
the tag of dwelling conduct inscribed in the well
away to the flies we kill with swaps out of luck the seal of detention
questionable love triangles in the shapes of ageing
reality opening up to the unfolding
something inside no no no no no no more killing stones
rocks of hail feeling exiles in prisons
the crunch of love deteriorating no more touch
though we are just loveless now
pushing each others affectionates possessions
littering nothing but trust no cuts we love ourselves
of course were on thin skinned bones
dealing with this spell that seems to swept us
out in the open we've been dead for years
this wont end with death but life ohh dreaming still its amazing until.....

Wilkins Driver

Guiding Smothers Grate The Feathers Of My Wing '69

fever the waiting whale ocean capsule tainted help
swallow one and wait for drops of pain to wheel the mess
yards until sheep could be shaved
taking away the foreign shelter of their zilch
gorging oasis hooked the flight
i came down with a jokers knife
tell your father to come shoot me
tell your mother to yell straight through me
i dont know where i have come from
though i am your own insulation
warm in the cold and hot in the heat
situations become incomplete
great thing to toast about
the warning year of spring
growth for the clovers fellow kelp
water in the sky i came to help
hollow trees escape the hell
in being real all the way through
im just joking come to the carnival.

Wilkins Driver

Helms For The Extra Gulsadrag '89

for light is nearly modest i dont glow
for selflessness and emptyness i show none
of this parralel
this is a parralel inside my mind
for i am not so real as id like
for my body wasnt born and my ankles never stomped on dry land
this is my mind and im not alive and never was
but the girl i thought i knew her she told me a story
'why are you so unattendable when i speak towards your face you breathe out
nothing but this thing that you call an angle to live on'
well i dont know but this is getting old hiding behind names
for i can state that i wilkins has never ate nor drank coffee
i was held in arms the first in '88 where i cried and sank to the bottom
of a pool
i think its intoxicated and beleive that i cant be true anymore
the lies swarm everything
like honey bees i sting inside waiting to die
so i created something like a writing uniform that i disguise in
for i am still a child seeking something more
like dissolving into a grain of clarity
the true form of me this is my first thoughts of who i want to be
for my real name is sad and gleamy
the paste on my skin holds me close to the nerves in my head
but the clue i give is this is me but the letters on my uniform spell
an unorganized mime talking out of turn this is my illusion

Wilkins Driver

I Cant Breathe Anymore '88

i was sitting with a drink in my hand
i was looking for something to eat
my head began to hurt and my nose tried to bleed
my neck fell back and the blood started seeping to my brain
and my eyes popped out and the walls were all heavy shakers
i stood up to see if life was even around to follow
i look at the picture in the living room where i noticed i wasnt awake
the picture turned to shingles and i was staring at a roof
i walked on over to the end
the ground was levitating over the water
and the puddles were nothing to talk about
so i left the scene and woke up feeling outside of the dream
but this feeling i despise wasnt questioning a thing
the whole world never saw it through my eyes so i know
that nothing i agree on will ever be taken from the animals
in the spite of things i notice i am breathing in like
im part of what i can swallow and i am part of what ive never bothered
so if i look like im noticing you give me nothing
for i just like you have never peered onto the street with our empty bottles

Wilkins Driver

Insured '90

i got a plan to live my life
and pay for it
for in case it goes off-track
please help me distraction
from death
ok
this is stupid
just think about it...

Wilkins Driver

Look What Happened To Me '68

i walked down the street asked for a direction
the man pulled a gun out and took me straight to where im from
torn up i called my old friend
we went out to look for my wallets man
he wasnt around today
i took a tangerine and bit right into it
the juices came down my mouth
i was sticky like blue use i was sticking to the blue news
my identity left the corner store i cant buy no more hydrated flow
the cuts they pummeled into me catching up with a sick astrology
my stars connect with 5 dots on a carried away foreign ship
the stars they move with me while i walk along the road
looking down now i strain to sit back up
for the pain is quicker without me.

Wilkins Driver

My Lesson Learned 'No Date'

as we fight to climb all the railroad signs
a beckoning reminder comes to join our favor
and relive the thing that i most preciously hold in for sacred skin
in the meantime i dont care
but then the time is right for this end of mine,
so i push away my paper and leave a note
of my trailed memory i detoxt more than i see today
but still i feel the favor in my way
the reason for this is the people in this place
wont replace their sorrows for me
until i drift so far then the wave will be gone
and ill be flooding in the mud so greatfully
how i remember me and all my happenings in this bottomless tomb
i enjoy all things i suppose

Wilkins Driver

No Title '65

i was born im told in the year after a war i cant see
my mom and dad seemed scared for me
but they've passed away with tugs of felting time
i miss them both but my sorrow isnt too heavy
for i believe that light is born from death so ill try to shine

Wilkins Driver

Sometimes. '89

every once in a while i greet a telephone
and when i eat the voice i swallow it wrong
by the time i think the tension follows things
telling of a tour in the well shaped story
the bells are hearing me
they whistle back towards the welting heal
i rush to the front row to get a snapshot of the veil
yelling sorrows heavy im entertaining
the young minds and the croaked tool
stripped to the bones of my fallen hole
a whole within a hole
building the dirt i wanna get outt'a here to see some friction please
alright yellow is the color of my positivity
and grey is the sound where i hold no phase
just excuse my colors and remember im not too careful
with the phases i get from the moon
the eclipse took a long drive on the night
staring shortly just briefly the evacuation of our eyes
illuminate the bloody tossed up sun
tough to try am i right?

Wilkins Driver

Sudential Plastic Repellent '94

of one and wonder
of time and departure
in themes of shallows eyes
a drift of sweat came along as the dew spoiled a flower
in my backyard a door fell out of the sky
i looked hard at how it didnt break from the fall
inside the colors mailed my eyelids out of whack
constant staring my unimaginable sway
right to the outside of the floor
out the door and on my back
it floats away knowing that
i resisted full arrest when the screen glowed cleanly
full of reason to make way
the idea of the biblical way of death
gave a preview to me
and i passed away
full of evergreen literacy
the sparkle in my eye made everyone ask if i was ok
but i headed back to the welt of life
and sadly stared at the picture in back of my house
not much strange happenings like the fascinating doorknob splatter
ohh how the world went easy
then i fade off like a morning cloud around the sun its glowing imagry
the stainglass scenery my window is misery
the fresh air decieves me from the lock on the bell
the strike in a doorstep gave me hell
the preview of the show that gave me shelter
in my dearest memories this ones the propeller
to ride me all the way toward the other fate
of life and death in the radiant marks
the unveiling of the persons belief in loss
i wait up for the waking sky
all the stars realize, they cant exist in the brilliance of light
the sun takes part in its spell
draining the water that applys to our blood
raining the sky has nothing to do
but fall down repeatedly
i think its a rule to our cycle
in the desparation tides i find some way

to criticize
this shifting sign

Wilkins Driver

The Girl '98

she stole my dreams and laughed at me
well it wasn't directly i learned
it was for me the total forgery
it kept my existence
without persistants
i love the girl for what she did
she made me a liar till i counted back on her
she is she and i am i
i cant confuse them both
i quit giving out and started giving in
i want to be with her again
so just please world listen to me
for this time
could be mine
a throat choked no breath to control
i like the sound of that
take me away my orchird love
take my life and make it yours
take the time to destroy nothing
for time is not lost
i think about nothing this time
time and time again i seem to revive

Wilkins Driver

The Last Telling Of This Truth

i called myself on a telephone
wrote a billion pages then through em away
took the time to talk about it with my little lies
i cried for an ocean with endless living
the cueballs were curving around the stripes in the bar
i drove home after fighting with my own brother
i fell asleep in the car driving 400 miles
the time took long and i lost my mind
closed in that car like an endless montage
i got home and i wasnt surprised
my parents thought about drugs how i used them alot
i threw up in the morning at dawn
took my freind with i was a cause
i made the death all through the day
found my best freind then threw his life around
i got back home and yelled at the top
i gave away all i had even from leaving my stuff in sequence
i gave up then stumbled across a girl that liked me
i took her for a long walk and struggled to hide
that shes trying to engulf my soul
im total crime the punishment lost
though she feels sick at my sudden surprise
i cry now cuz im dead in a door
everyone pays to open the knob and see me be
im known to me as a completly new human being
seeing the world now knows me insane
the course of my history now is a scrap
the cooking girl was baking me gingerbread love
she eats the cookies with me
i look and smile while she dips in milk
she gets real strong and tries to overpower my life
now im silly like a puzzle
try to figure out what you've discovered
im not what you think your stupid full of blood
thick as a body in front of a hall
she smothers and calls for me still
though im listening to her ears
the real truth is i think
she wants to love but gets so sick

shes lost her fight
but likes to try
she touches my spines
and curls a twine
i shiver and try,
to summon the doll
and call her away to the bridges
so she can cross and learn whos shes not
the doorbell sounds are now gone
but my mind still is not
for the matter of it is
i hate this girl with emotion
and the plane that cover my shadow
i dove along an ocean trench
was stuck underwater for 37 days
and im now out with wonder
of whos around now that im alive
better start thinking before i die

Wilkins Driver

The Letters F E A T '90

exert existence everyday
each execution eligible eduse the edge
effort from ego-trips, elevate
eel tearing tornados effluvium tracheas
egress tortures analog forced telepaths
Edison took traces to educate, tentacles
tearin the time to act feverly,
effigys are teasing feather airs
tearing eyes from the amputee
theorize the augur each feeling felt thrones artificial experiences
ashore to the friars farm
they fritter free-on-board
this friction fell from tall tale trance
anti-social tacid emceeing
the ember told an array artery
first and foremost thence across earsplitting ease
anomaly a epidemic euphony

Wilkins Driver

The Night Of Silver Sad Locks '97

hopeless intertwine of relay walks an interface of evermore
silly lions they feel obscure holding down the weak and poor
sinking itself into me more as it becomes part of him
till he throws it up in the day, when night comes he stays away
is it darkness that doesnt mourn an actual pace of thought
disconnected with every trace of existence, why not light candles
a buried smell of a fume is torn through and the air gets wet from the fire
and music gets made with skin a form of alteration
in dreams its all we got, fire that marks the spot
of something i dont understand but if so id probly disagree
sadly i peek but feel like understandings not real
just a product of some new organ
thats been played through our remaining phase, of language

Wilkins Driver

Wresting The Antlers On The Wall '98

train station, its got a few explanations to show
the finger splinters pushin out of the depot
knuckles bare and truffles from shoveling the snow
i hope it starts solving on its own
a quarantined temple had a liscense revoked
oh the cautious level themes who agravatley appease the instalation of a soul,
the killers got a throne
and hes parking in my garage
his followers bring him in on a stool
i outdrank the fool till he bleed severely
out his nose he couldnt breathe when i stole an apology
from my own hotel clone
the basement records i dont own
were shocked and spreading out my lean parabols
intelligency agents getting sold to the warfare on the street
the clocks are naming faces every time they meet
turn it off my brother and turn it on you leper
steadily i fall through the plastic corridor
while delta airplanes cruise on an anticipated shore
warnings of a massacre the sky who followed God
as its surpasser the conscious state of being active
intricately causing favors to the unknown person in front now,
now is then and now was when the earth had a dream to be created
but first off this question was awaken
by the forcefed mouths of havens
gods put in place of animals who just make regards
i do the same but cant seem to name them
the town it seems to me to be an avalanche on the way
its coming for us below the crust of our eyelids
the people in the century are worried about the fossils like their coffins
this is where we have came from well one thing i gotta tell you all
is that your wrong way too often
the answer here is being written
in what we call a fixation
we've eaten too many apples
and the sound begins to age us
ohh well what are these contents
extra baggage from the cloud that hit the ground
it mixed up all of history

so were stupidly counting angles
the wind just shakes them down and starts to betray us
lets forget the dreams of history-
the darkness swallows abnormality to the touches of gluttony
we want more of what i just want to know? laughs!

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