

Poetry Series

**xavier jones**  
**- poems -**

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## xavier jones()

Born and living and shit. Love and heartbreak blah blah. TRAGEDY! I like to go North in the winter and look at the snowy trees. I like white redhead girls but I've never actually met one. I want to be a spy.

# Bitter

I am not in love  
With any soul  
My heart it does not stir

Your eyes that shine  
And glimmer bright  
Serve only to deter

I wander in my apathy  
The cold and barren streets

Searching for a refuge  
My lonely self retreat

When hands that stroke  
And lips that kiss  
Appear in hazy dreams

Tis like fire  
In a well  
That's quenched and only steams

xavier jones

# Enablers

I like girls who smoke cigarettes,  
Whose parents are divorced or dead,  
Who sneer at the world cynically  
Who philosophize when there is nobody listening,  
And smile only when something amuses them  
Who assault the world head on  
Crumple their enemies like old newspapers  
And throw them into the fire.  
Who make their lovers hearts burn with only their eyes  
And melt with their lips.  
Confident girls who keep their insecurities hidden,  
Yet can see deep into the soul's of others.  
Intelligent girls who make it all the way to the top of the world  
All while wearing a bikini.  
Girls who will break your heart in a second  
But linger in your mind forever;  
Forming a dark patch on your brain that haunts you wherever you go.  
Girls who fly off into the blazing cosmos  
Without even a glance into the past.

xavier jones

# I Don'T Mind It Now

Love me softly she said  
Wasting away inside her head  
Before we sat on the terrace  
Love is dead

Cause ice in the winter  
Brings those cold alibis  
Before the final whispers  
Say good-bye

xavier jones

# Megunticook Lake

Remember the sail,  
The silence,  
Ambiguity.  
Tepid darkness,  
Taciturn trees.  
Cherish blue tranquility,  
Hope for grace.  
Sophisticated serendipity.  
I think of my mother and smile.

xavier jones

# Vein Woman

Will you surround me with your warm poison;  
Wild perfume  
Melt my naked heart into a stream of desire;  
Hot wax in my chest.  
Your kiss like glass;  
Your body cold like marble;  
Your heart like steel.  
Haunting like needles.  
I look at my pale hand,  
I miss my life.

xavier jones