

Poetry Series

Yorktown Disciple

- poems -

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Yorktown Disciple()

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Antediluvian Cowboy

With Levis smelling of horse exhaustion and used leather,
(the mercy in every gallop would spill on thy boots,
and cause the Devil to ride next to immoral disputes) .
Dangers of the range were more threatening than the weather,

The Cowboy was older than Noah's flood, and crippled,
He was looking to stay in the saddle to the end of the drive,
For the last round up made him feel scarcely alive,
With his horse out of breath, a hungry belly, odds of dying tripled,

But he rode on, keeping the herd moving as he grew older,
Oh, Lord, riding into his sunset years was very painful,
Pray thee! aging permits his life to burn away, then smolder,
Made worse by the stench of cowhide becoming disdainful:

Turning into an ancient, decrepit cowboy, out on the open range,
Makes his daily sins and everlasting hope an impossible exchange.

Yorktown Disciple

Boycott Bowel Movements

Evening, as slow as thy flaccid gases descend,
Covered with gentlest push on the stool so still,
The straining battlement, and coldest chill
Now explosive; I think of bowels that have to bend.

Who soon perhaps, by lachrymosity surely rode,
The gross smell of delay, where pleasure wants,
Expiring; wander amongst thy cherished taunts,
Gleaming; line the floor near the old commode.

Hang oddly, thy dirty underwear like an old cape
Presented as a holy grail, where the tired body
May rest, near the bathroom, wretched and shoddy,
Nor accord the hourly moans to easily escape.

Ah, magnificent feelings, giving you fresh lumps of bile,
Should grow wondrous like you; leave a perishable pile.

Yorktown Disciple

Eggshell Homicide

Eggshell Homicide, the space
crushing fibers of the universe,
cracking under the weight
of a mephitic gas hearse.

Fumes escaping with tiny bursts,
contributing inescapable death;
Consuming our only planet,
choking out transient breath.

Cracking the covet
of God's holy thought;
Sneaking past the Spirits
and never getting caught.

Eggshell Homicide,
causing misery to its host,
exhaling pigmented smells
just like a delirious ghost!

Yorktown Disciple

Language Of A Poet

O, Poet, strangely perfect, thy thoughts so keenly splayed,
You speak as though the earth was formed by your tailor,
Stitched with hand tools, a compass borrowed from a sailor,
Skillfully rolled, divinely filled with holy water after you prayed.

Birthing a poem, sorting words, diligently as a poetical midwife,
Granting all living creatures the ability, to devour each other,
Respectfully waiting for the strongest, to survive their mother,
'Tis by your word you gave meaning to beauty and horror of life.

You wrestled with champions, head locked the blessed and meek,
And then you rested, while watching to see of a crescent moon
Would interfere with your planned rotation, penned by noon,
Thy wonder, symbolism to honor, poetic thoughts so mystique.

O, poet, you shine like a beacon of dignity and embroidered bliss,
I too, long to become a master word seamster, no one can dismiss!

Yorktown Disciple

Pages Of Misery

When the light of the Holy Rapture
speeds to the earth, and men of
crudely infused atoms stir the pot
of selfishness as they take up arms
against opposing ideas -
faith matters.

Suddenly, trust in epicurean sin
cannot override the wailing sounds
of cowards and thieves.

The blood of the Almighty washes
quiescent rust from the unbeliever
and monastic hurricanes cut stingy
thoughts from the stubborn mind.

Alas, pages of misery are ripped
from the substance of sinners, and
darkness hides the smug, splintered
fool.

Only prayer remains.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Abhijna

(Buddhist philosophy, power to travel, see, hear know other's thoughts, recall former existences)

Traveling sideways, without
having to mildly move, seeing
God's birth with eyes tightly
closed,

I knew your spirit before it had
a host, before your parents
were manifested by
conception,

I mapped the cosmos before the
Great Explosion, snapped a
picture of the Creator before He
posed.

Straightened by twisted
expectation, I found the
Beginning, in spite of the Devil's
deception!

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Amalgamation

(The meaning of living together)

The challenge of assembly, naked
quirks of living amongst one
another,

Implosively engaging, shuffling
through the crowds hiding from Big
Brother.

Providing sanitation, leaving smiles
untouched and spirits to roam
free,

Splitting space at different times,
sharing ideas in hopes no one will
flee!

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Apocalypse

Inspired by atomic transformation, the Devil has
found the energy required to map earth's rivers of
blood,

Apocalyptic invoices mailed to the dwellers
of sin with an eye for destruction of individual
liberty,

No pity acknowledged, all pain ignored, the end
will dawn when all the screaming turns into a
flood.

Fighting for sanity will prevail and reason will
once again be in command; the masses able to
see.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Apotropaic

(Symbolic eye - exaggerated painted eye within a emblem resembling the figure of a man's bearded face with a woman's naked body.)

Protector of sexual deviance,
Lord of mistrusting urges,
watcher of the concupiscent
mounting,

Warding off all cruel deeds,
policing of the shameful and
lascivious encounters no one is
counting.

Racing to defy judgement, deference
to all spiritual punishment, all
scathing lectures of moral
failure.

Placing the symbol of Apotropaic
on the soul, to force control of human
experience, intentionally formed to be
superior.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Artemidorus

(Soothsayer - Oneirocritica)
(interpretation of dreams)

Rustic flashes of twilight,
stream across a ladle used
for drinking omniscience,

A pail of liquid harmony,
spills over the sides of
despair without protection,

The rise of immortality, conjures
up wild dragons of reverence -
paints pictures of rational sense.

Cries of traducing dreams, crystalize
chaste honor, steering the soul
clear of damaging its reputation.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Big Bang

Matter, so densely packed
even God could not observe
it,

Escaped from a holy lab where
thy Heavenly Throne doth
sit.

Fortune spared thy Creator
when the explosion took
place,

Ah! the Almighty was cleverly
hiding far out in deep
space!

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Bigfoot God

The exaltation of man, first
found God lying near a railroad
crossing,

A guardian angel appeared
without warning: the earth began
tossing.

Mankind was about to run toward
salvation, but the whistle began to
wail,

Thy divine train stopped, God never
boarded: He knew freedom would
derail.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Bongo

(African Antelope)

Bless the colorful flank, spiraling
lines around their menacing
world,

May consecrated hoofs and
sparkling legs, carry their lives
unfurled.

May the spirit of the tundra, the
soul of the plateau, comfort the
antelope,

Tomorrow they may find a
foreboding elixir, containing their
horoscope.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Devil's Apostle

(Devil - fallen angel)

Prince of Evil, in search of the
confused and those who love to
follow,

Signing up campaigners to get out
the word and sell lies others can
swallow.

A beggar's lifestyle crimped by logic,
bordering on soul burning
malfeasance,

For thine is Satan's Apostle,
celebrating with all converts of moral
deviance.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Devonian Period

The spoils of the air, irriguous water,
cleansing the Universal Soul of evil
breath, mercilessly settling on all
plants.

Spirits upon request, gleaning foul air,
for special words that cannot drift
easily from the mind, to eternal
dwelling.

Implanted like an embryo, the soil of
mankind, hidden in the water, escaping
Satan's home cooked
coagulants.

Immerging safe and glorious, we now
know that the essence of the past,
gave birth to our spirits now
swelling.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Dipteran

(Dipteran - insects)

O, scourge of the earth, blood
suckers; unsophisticated plant
crushers,

Blanketing the earth as if for hire,
collecting allergens like a church
usher,

Pity upon those tiny wings as
disease follows from fecal matter to
skin,

The earth's design may collapse
from starvation, imperiled by larvae
sin.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Doppler Proverbs

Lest thee not give grace
before each and every
partaking,

O, lest thee watch bread rise
without yeast in the
making,

Thou soul shall mewl and suffer
when little is known to be
true,

Forgiveness is an idle disposition
that causes death to
renew!

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Drapery

Drape the human form in
folded cloth, as if to set
sail,

Measure comfort with a
truthfully wrapped, inductive
veil.

Let not the soul go free,
loosely clothe it, similar to the
body,

For when the spirit is openly
bare, it often turns out
naughty.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Evolution

Yesterday, a worm was
lying on the hard, damp
ground,

Today, capriciously
appeared a hobo, looking
profound.

The worm has disappeared,
therefore, tis best to
surmise,

The squirmer, no doubt, is
faking it, as a hobo in
disguise.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Fairy Tales

To spin a tale of fancy, to
wash emptiness so clean,

The mind sharp, but caught
in a fanciful scheme.

With imaginary pie crust,
shaped like open eyes,

The spirit of my laughter
burps loudly in disguise.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Fasting

O, thy hunger, driving the burden
and the body in search of
vitality.

Lest you not be troubled by
countenanced deacons, of
unreality!

For it is in thy dreams, where
intoned rapture overcomes all
craving,

And you must learn to horde
temptation, wilst hunger is still
raving!

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Hellgatory

(Hellgatory - a place worse than hell)

Condemned to everlasting torture,
suffering perdition with a twist,

The sin of temptation, will cause you
to feel the Devil has been kissed.

The mind will forge an iron soul,
with the weight of a thousand years,

Behold! the dark side of humanity,
seen through caustic, blood soaked
tears.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Honey Bee

The sweetness of the
honey, smooth as God's
smile.

The wonders of the hive
and a sting or two -
worthwhile.

And as the clover awaits
for undying love to be,
transferred,

The honey bee seeks to
help feed the world,
undeterred.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Incarnation

Born into sin, embracing
a compelling tale,

I was not born this way,
I was created to prevail.

Salvation is not required,
I am already saved,

My soul came from God;
will remain unscathed.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Independence

Take thy thoughts and spike
the wit of the wise,

Break the chains of bondage
the reverent so despise.

Lest you favor pity, or the
Barking of an Overlord,

You must now capture freedom,
you no longer can afford.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Martos

Falsely accused of murder, Carvajal
brothers taken to the tower; out of
breath.

From a decree of Ferdinand IV, the
accused were forcefully hurled to their
death.

Tis justice of mortal terror, a small deed
of the Ruling Class, only fear can
attest.

Twass in the tower of Martos, in 1312
and it was intellectual thought -
dispossessed.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Pacifist River

Pacifist, true and standing alpine,
believing in righteous
blame.

Thy sword lodged in the scabbard,
thy soul reposed in
refrain.

For I shall not fight for freedom,
tis what my courage doth
deliver,

I am willing to die without battle,
and sell my wisdom down
river!

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Paul Revere

Alas! his call to the
townspeople, the beginning of
history, the awakening of raw
sacrifice,

God! the giver of liberty, the
reason for freedom and all
rights according men to think
twice.

The gates of thought broken,
the yearning to climb from the
sod, giving rise to new
wonder,

Individual bootstraps, hoisted
to levels unheard, kept
ignorance from pulling society
asunder!

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Peridotite

(Igneous rock)

Course-grained: Impervious
to spiritual trickery or a lasting
thought,

Buried in the earth in
mountainous layers, hiding is for
naught.

Full of minerals for treasured
use, just holding still for thy glory
find,

I shall exploit the heralded gift
from God, for I know He will not
mind.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Puck

(Demon - medieval English folklore)

Sparring with wandering
discernment, disrupting the daily
lives of benign velitation,

Tiny creatures, dripping blood,
hiding amid the conscience of
puritanical messengers.

Fear grips the questions, sorrow
slips into the answers, causing
sinful temptation.

Twisting braids of hair-brained
judgments, leaves us crying next
to bedlamite bleeders!

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Recycled Reason

Embracing humble wit, deep
within the mind of lasting
schemes,

The expectant doubt lays
fallow, at the end of recycled
dreams.

Forever discarding moral deeds
that should be sorted and
saved,

The memory of reusable material,
quite naturally, seems
depraved.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Religious Eating

Disgust! Thy eating of selfish
turnovers, baked by candle
light,

Your soul will putrefy, as your
heart begins to clot with each
bite.

Thy intake, learned and
ingrained, not easily shaken by
shame.

The foods we eat, attained
through the pews of worship, we
proclaim.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Romantic Road Runner

The glamorous road, so winding
and long, sculpted from the
earth by hands of spiritual
wealth,

Paved with golden thoughts
stacked neatly near an intersection
carved from passion so
stealth.

No warning of Cupid's arrow
heading my way, no indication
of the love coming this
summer,

I am now preparing to chase you;
rub on a sensual potion to
become a romantic road
runner!

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Royal Rope

Autonomy! Royal Rope of
tyranny, tightening around my
neck,

Swing! Political Horse I
have mounted - impatient
wreck.

Slavish Mount, now bolting,
allodial body swinging in
air,

Oh, Mercy to tied hands; I
pray to God liberty has a
spare!

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Science

By grabbing a morsel of
knowledge, immersing the world
deep into deductive thought,

We have befittingly claimed
atoms of fidelity, now imperative
to life but can't be bought.

But the Will of our Natural
Force, proficiently planted,
harvested and barely gleamed,

Leaves us wondering what we
know and what it is we should
have precisely dreamed.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Shame Logic

Thou has put fantasy truth
up on a circular block,

Only to find a fools wealth
resting on a sinking dock,

The thoughts floating down
river, from your mind,

Are shamefully ignorant,
dangerous and unkind.

2

Your are a menace to
the rational and honest,

Truly, a disgrace wrapped by
delight of the ugliest.

You cannot hear your own
words when you speak,

Alas, it turns out you were
born, an hallucinating freak.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Sons Of Darkness

(Sons of light against the
Sons of Darkness from
the Dead Sea Scrolls)

Smite thee; cut down idolatrous
hinges holding the door to
righteous sacrifice,

Slice evenly - fat laced hatred
clinging to flagitious bones of
growing infidelity.

The Sons of Darkness lie in the
valley where compromise exists
prolific as desert ice!

Hope for peace, overwhelmingly
shed, along with the concept of
reinforced Christianity!

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Spite

O, spite thee, with a vengeance
worthy of attention, a bullet to your
design,

Spare thy measured incompetence
and pin your illusive hopes on
mine.

You thwarted my attempts, to
reconcile the differences we have
sewn,

And now the hostility that favors
my reason, even God does not
condone,

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Suppiluliumas I

(Egyptian King - 1380 - BC)

From sacrosanct immunity, to pharisaical
assumptions, the insatiable longing for
divine governance pulls on the ego
until pity drips from stretched pain.

Binding sin as though it were bundles
of wheat, shaking the stems of immorality
until only chaff piles up on the ground,
where greedy men cry from starvation.

With sword in hand, the task of striking
down inviable rivals dropp from decisive will;
success is obtained from gathering followers
who are willing to perish in vain.

Mercy for few, greatness reigns, and when
the sun has set, the life of another fiend will
work the King's harvest until the most
worthless among us decay from evil temptation.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Terrorism

Bombs strapped to the
gonads of the Devil,

Rabid fear pushed to an
intensely horrific level,

The wailing of an ideology,
destructive to survival,

Blowing up reason as if God
where having a revival.

2

Lest this fiendish insurrection,
be slain with lethal haste,

Fear will grow and foolish
decisions will grant a foretaste

Of death that will swallow
those in search of life:

The Devil will consume humanity;
Make God his wife!

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Traveler

Stranded among a thousand sounds,
without a way to hear,

Standing on redemption road,
in a weakened effort to disappear.

Alas, the weary forsake their goals,
flag down a passerby,

God sojourned within an hour,
the travelers were left to cry.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Tyrants

Embarking on the will of ordained revelation,
focusing on a selfish world no one can
afford,

Debauched hellions, appear to grab the keys
of Freedom's cell and leave the door
locked,

No one leaves, no one enters - rules intimidating
and royal - no escaping the edge of the
sword,

Freedom lost, heresy born, sequential truth laid
barren; the soul constitutionally immobile and
shocked!

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Vermiculated Spirit

O, thy spirit, irregular, near the
lower end of benevolence,

Rising up to quell the wariness
of humanities arrogance.

Wormlike features chiseled at
the bottom of spiritual mistrust,

Vermiculated specter left naked,
without light at the upper crust.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Volition

(the act of free will)

Lest I quietly portray, the reason
for drifting past the smell of
God,

I must confess, it is freedom
within my soul, calling out the
odd.

My preferences, my purpose,
as seen through mine own
eyes,

They're not the ones you prescribed,
'tis I who was born, old and
wise.

Yorktown Disciple

Quatrain Of Wise Sin

O, transgress thy divine law
accorded the wisdom found in asinine
writs,

Thine rule cannot always withstand
an infallible providence, reason
permits.

The truth does not follow a universal
patter without occasional
adjustment,

For there are times when logic does
not foresee God's rules, as
reinforcement!

Yorktown Disciple

Rails Of Love

I climbed aboard a dream
Seating myself on little trust,
My soul began to slowly move
Across rails of love strung over dust.

I crossed a desert within my mind,
Saw a cactus existing on hate.
The heat became so intense
My mirage of love was left to fate.

My train of love rumbled on,
Passing corruption no man can deny,
Passing trestles of ignorance stretching
Valleys of death where foolish men lie.

I became impoverished by scalped ideas,
Struck dumb by the whistles blow.
I plowed through regions of terror,
As my stolid ideas froze in snow.

Oh, blood thirsty is this train,
It sucks the living dry.
My essence supplies the fuel it burns-
I will give until I die.

So I leave you now - in a dream -
Never to return due to the strain:
If I must ride this train of love,
Dreaming will help me stand the pain.

Yorktown Disciple

Reverent Troubadour

If by chance a shallow friend, yonder follow,
His heart burning from shabby betrayal,
Compatriot mountain, the humble hills now loyal,
Should know who stands above the hallow.

Why, 'tis the Devil's goat he once herded,
A babbling fool, coming back for more,
To butt heads, causing tears hard to ignore
With mindless ideology so carefully worded.

And as cuts of untold lies slowly healed,
The voice of God came thundering down
As if speaking to an old friend of renown,
And a strong thought was feverishly revealed.

God misjudged his character for a street whore,
Buried his songs - he was a reverent troubadour.

Yorktown Disciple

Riding High

My friend spoke with a cadence
that sounded like horse breath.

When it snowed, we used to
shovel each other's devotion.

On rainy days we soaked our
indentured notes of atonement.

It wasn't because of our short
sighted history of molten bias.

No, it was because we ached
to straighten out inept cognition.

We strained to do this without
shoveling snow-quenching sonants.

We wanted to travel together and
not fight barriers of callowness.

But as the years passed we just
drifted into mawkish weather patterns.

We became cloven-hoofed astronauts,
unwilling to dismount our space saddles.

Now, we circle the earth endlessly,
while praying for more horse breath.

Yorktown Disciple

Solitude Of Thyself

When your soul vanishes,
and your friends turn you out,
Where do you turn
in this wicked world of doubt?

When the money doesn't flow
and the stomach begins to ache,
What do you eat
in this wicked world of hate?

When you find yourself alone,
and see doors go closed,
How do you stand
in this wicked world of foes?

When all is finished and done,
and you see you have lost,
To whom do you turn
in this wicked world of high cost?

The only peace of mind - you will find -
is as fictitious as an elf.
The only comfort and consolation,
is in the solitude of thyself.

Yorktown Disciple

Spanking Love

Beauty, behold your lips so gracefully flush with expectation,
Smile, so satisfying, mildly resting on insipid words I can't spell,
Yet, when you put my mind at ease, I fail to yield to your smell,
One thrills, I spend my days searching in sumptuous exasperation.

Rapture does not explain the affection at the bottom of my soul
Soaring excitement elevates some of what I often feel,
God knows the torment raging in me, due to your fervid appeal.
I will stay pastoral when you place your glance upon love's goal.

Oh, you are the dearest to me, an angel, so blessed without travail,
Gleaming in your face, exclusive bounty of wanton lust,
Scatters my mind on jagged shoals, turning rock into dust.
Nothing left to grab or steal, as my longing begins to soar and sail.

So, kiss me trifle, kiss me hard, fill my desire with untold splendor,
And I will give back to you, all that I have, lovingly and so tender.

Yorktown Disciple

The Chickens And Statesmen

On these roosts that quietly rest far above soft chicken poop,
The rear of the Statesman hangs out with a shadow near his feet,
Often passing legislation that will smell for ages after his defeat,
So willingly, he continues to plant droppings to bolster a big whoop;

And, lest not forget, the Statesman and the chicken sit together
Targeting the floor below as if life were a bombing game,
The rest of us are slow to understand the claws used to shame
Freedom - of the life we hold so dear but would wish to tether.

God help us all, let the chicken lay only eggs and the Statesman too,
But if, like I think, they want more of my blood than I can give,
Close the coop and pen them in until the stench - they must relive;
Another election will help to singe feathers with a constitutional tattoo.

And chickens and Statesman will be seen as the same flock;
The world we want will be near to God and thee; I'll be in shock!

Yorktown Disciple

The Rhythm And The Rhyme

The Rhythm and the Rhyme
The pace of ceaseless time,
Linger the dismal day
As if the pace were mine.

Sublime in every fashion
This Shape surrounding me,
Beaten into a perfect mold
Like the sand beneath the sea.

Time has brought me here
Time will take me away,
The passing of a moment
Reaps the passing of a day.

Wrinkles cling to my face
Weather beaten and worn,
The Motion I find everywhere
Is gathering in its Form.

It counts out the Rhythm
It adds to the Rhyme,
It flows ever so gently
As if the pace were mine.

Yorktown Disciple

Umpqua River

So young was I, when I roamed the river bank,
What delight and fascination, listening to the water run
As night would catch me gradually running out of fun,
While catching inspiration from the rocks I sank.

Counting butterflies seemed as much joy as watching a deer,
My youth was drifting fast and would soon become undone.
With utter devotion to words not spoken, I let my mind be spun,
Among grassy fields where I could lie, staring at the sky so clear.

And as I dreamed for omniscient love I hoped to find
I left those yearnings parked near the water's steep ledge,
Praying my restrained experience wouldn't let me fall behind.
Alas! to travel with broken humanity, I vowed to God a pledge,
I would give up all gratifying happiness and just unwind,
And in return be the best - to hone my skills to a sharp edge.

Yorktown Disciple