

Poetry Series

Alexis Pena Goco
- poems -

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Alexis Pena Goco()

Six Places - A Collection of Six Poems - Volume One is an intimate portrait of separation and confrontational self awareness. This is a poetry art book; included are colorful illustrations and digital images composed by the author. Also included are the fine art photography works of Michel Demanche, complimenting the poetry and bringing this published work to a new level of artistry.

This is a hard-to-find item.

Written in 2006/Published in 2007, re-released in 2008 with Michel Demanche

I have been keeping a journal since a very young age which has evolved into writing poetry. I organize my personal life so that writing and creating is part of my daily life. I am inspired foremost by music, film, romance, loneliness, and the dark arts. When I imagine vivid images in my mind, I am motivated to write about it. During the creative process when I paint or draw a picture - I am ignited to write.

Some of my major influences are Lourdes Pena Goco - my mom, Robert Henri, Lotte Lehmann, Betty Edwards.

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Six Places - A Collection of Six Poems - Volume One

(Six untitled poems) is now also available as an audio poetry book, beautifully mastered in dolby stereo. A narrative recital of the Six Places poems accompanied in music by Kevin Macleod. This storylike collection of poems is a serenata of song that will ritually perform for the listener.

Other poems available here are also featured in audio and anthology publications(Beautiful Poem, Key to Cease, Never Look Up, aka Ms. Placed, Cigarettes, Crossdressing and Song-Poems)

(untitled) From 'six Places'

your presence was like the sky,
delicate in its intent and tenuously present
or like a shadow that followed me everywhere,
discomforting in reproach noticing fixedly my faults,
I turned away twice, blistered with embarrassment
then consulted you in my day dreams and libido
and how readily available you are

your confidence reminded me of
an idol figure attending with sympathy
and observation, and myself in affinity
without avowal, analogous and equal
and how quickened and exalted you are

you passed judgement on your perceptions
of me and diluted your own faults
and misfired these
while I reclaimed advantageous position of you
'til I created a memory akin to your disposition
and how forgetful you are

I conjure your presence day and night
and awaken the future with me arousing
to call forth your response to inflame us
and how impressionable you are

I will and mold three dimensions
illuminated with your hues
that you notice before any of my
misconstrued self concepts
and how infatuated you are

I hope to see myself
through the eyes of the beholder
and imprint in my mind myself anew
and how longing you are
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Aka Ms. Placed

I dialled your number and called you about an hour ago
it appeared to me that you were not interested in answering
I was glad that you did and we got to talk

you remembered how I want to finish some chores
and reminded me to do so, including the trip to the post office
I need to make to pick up the package

you refreshed my memory of your plans for the day
and how unhappy you are about the busy day ahead
I'd like it better too if you did not have to,
and rather spend the afternoon with you

we rambled on the line about the television program I was watching
and how the plot is boring and how there are too many
commercials and you added that the movie industry is going
stale and how you have not seen a great film in much too
long and then I agreed

Now you are here, in the middle of noon contrary to what you
told me that I presumed as your schedule and it seems like
every thing we talked about before seeing you in person was
untrue, not any plans for the day and you, very excited
about making some plans, and you also mentioned what a
great flick you saw last week and asked if I was interested in
picking a movie to see of all the great flicks released now,
unlike I thought you said in our conversation when I
dialled your numbers

I responded with uncertainty and ignoring the inconsistencies
I guess I am hearing voices or imagined something and
talking to myself alone, next time I talk to you I'll make sure
to use a telephone and device, and not validate our mental
exchanges throughout the day, but I know I will miss it too much

Alexis Pena Goco

Cigarettes, Crossdressing, And Song Poems

Oh song shark -
though thong, dark rubber leggings
beseech you, marked-cover beddings
beneath me; Inhales and exhales
precede, mine duties to happy end!
oh song shark - perceive these words but do bethink my booty-yen!

(A poem is but a songs nutrition
come hither, jut a moan - I pay tuition!
Ms. Uhhh? do foam a tub and be your tither;
Ms. Uhhh, I'll roam my nub and quiver!)

Oh song shark -
so long! Hark rubbers, and lube,
cross dressing, and tunes!
(To reach around a setting,
a new poem - thy fortune... indebting!)

[footnote: 'song shark' is a term used for 'Song Poem' producers who lured poets by ads placed in the back of 'popular magazines, comic books, tabloids, men's adventure journals and similar publications with a headline reading (essentially) Send in Your Poems - Songwriters Make Thousands of Dollars - Free Evaluation. The term lyrics was avoided because it was assumed potential customers would not understand what the term meant. Those who sent their poetry to one of the production companies usually received notice by mail that their work was worthy of recording by professional musicians, along with a proposal to do so in exchange for a fee. The early 20th century versions of this business involved setting the words to music and printing up sheet music from inexpensively engraved plates.]

see:

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Cinderblock

at times I burn the cinderblock
to rhyme or mime a nice pile of burnt cinder
as shavings I keep in a sack 'n' lock

the cinder from smoke
that rose from a cinder burner
dinder inder the rapture turner

at times I burn the cinder shavings
to rhyme or mime a nice pile of anythings
as savings I would entreat in a sack 'n' lock

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Lucifer (Part One)

Assemblage of immorality
a series of my low self esteem
congregating from the past
For shame! My regrettable truths
and uttered unto him a song of dedication to love

The sin didn't reflect in his eyes
the way they did in me - stained and wicked
then, when I struggled to change

He spoke to me apprehensively but certain
inasmuch separate from me
inasmuch unique from me
with extended will and exalted pride

For shame! My regrettable truths, lost
and uttered unto him a song of engagement to forgive...

(incomplete)

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Magus Magi (Gift Of The Magi)

(use of famous quotation[s] within poetry)

Here I sit booked and waiting
I recall your voices and remember
Remember the things you taught me
December the Kings who do me
Frankincense, Myrrh and Gold
Remember the things you bought me

The Three Kings and this star
Adoration of the magi
The Three Wise Men and the stars above
Journey of the magi
The many wise men and me
Gift of the magi
The Three Kings and me makes four
Magus society

Adoration of the magi
Journey of the magi
Magus journey
Gift of the magi
Magus society

'Did you stay up last night (the Magi did)
To see the star shower known as Leonid
That once a year by hand or apparatus
Is so mysteriously pelted at us? '

'To study the stars upon the wide, boundless sea, is divine as it was to the
Chaldean Magi, who observed their revolutions from the plains.'

'We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their gods.
I should be glad of another death.'

'A cold coming we had of it,
Just the worst time of the year

For a journey, and such a long journey'

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New/Rough Draft

1)

Momma, daddy

I love you too much

Pappy's happy

I'd die with no luck

the way you treat me

I say you beat me

but in the end

a day robbed and 2 feet under

Away today ends

array of hope lends

and in the end I am my own magician

2)

Sister mister

kissed her, his tore

waken bacon ether-lore

A tangent manger

collapsed to sinder

Hark, the heralded danger

From dusk to dawn

our timeless sleep

confound in me a deep

and wakeless eternity

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Public Apology In F Minor

'by the grace of God I am what I am to remind myself of the Gosple nurtured to me by the ones whom I have taken in vain like school teachers, and the faculties that surround our frimly resolved systems; I am the least of the believers but have been persecuted by the church to relieve me of the destination of my life. For the commands of the transmission in phonograms imprinted in literature in all forms and finally in the morphogeneous markings on every individual that deliberate the freedoms encouraged by the human spirit repent because the Kingdom of God is ours.'

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Six Places (Poem One)

you arrived at the door
how becoming it was of you,
arriving so timely
hurriedly devoured the reflection
which I aimed at your perception
and hoped you believe the contours of
my face that I painted with my mind.
Escaping your notice, and veiling my intent
as I stroked every second that passed in ease
and indulged myself into your
passive attendance and hoped to scar your
memory with my inept physical attribute;
features that I crafted while we
exchanged hopes... but then I moved on
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