

Poetry Series

Anthony Charles King
- poems -

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Anthony Charles King(02-04-1966)

this dribble that i pass off as poetry you must understand that it needs to come out. as bad as it is. for to keep such nonsensical ramblings in would put me deeper down the 'well of madness' where i spend most of my time trying to crawl out of....and usually each'poem' is never changed. it is as i wrote it. unedited and also bad. usually written in a hurry and without much attention.. so forgive me dear readers if you happen upon my scriblings....

A Leg Of Love

the courage to love is like a razor to the throat..

... you can sense that the edge is sharp
and you know the flesh will open

but if you slide it across fast enough
you dont feel the pain

a wise man once said;
'love is a three-legged dog from hell!'
i think he almost had it

....but it makes me wonder if he knew how the dog lost the leg
in the first place.

Anthony Charles King

An Animal With Wings

why do we scribble so....
dear poets
alone
weeping ink into the void

...and for whom
for whom do we 'bleed'

our soul
...in words
our heart
....to verse

and this muse that summons us so..
for what do we owe such pain and wild abandonment

so to identify
..so to annuncify
.....so to immortalize

i am no more a poet than you are a killer...

Anthony Charles King

Born Into Captivity

exploited with knowledge
crushed by ignorance
what can you say to the world?

you can search among these mocking words
they will divide you...
..like a shameful prayer

you have become..
'the machinery of life'
keeping count your mercies
suffering carefully

...on this mountain of terror
we stand
in silver rags

our blessed children
..begging for tears

our dreams were sold
to the truest friend..
..his tiger teeth gleaming
from end to end..

Anthony Charles King

Dream 1

when i dream
i dream in colour

it is the living world around
me that is black and white

Anthony Charles King

Execution Of My Nascent Existence

the ballet of death
elegant and prowling
grinning in the dark throat
flexing new muscles

i could love you
although i fear you
you with the wet eyes and silver tongue

so i will pretend to be a happy whore
to augment the total of all our suffering
and i will toil away the hours...days....years
until the flame consumes me

to whom do i write such savage words..

Anthony Charles King

Love Or Something

it seems a necessity in life....
of life....
in moral confusion.
of simian possession..

..to burn....all things
...beautiful

Anthony Charles King

Picture This ..Why?

so there i was
riddled with sunday gloom
stumblin in out and through
an animal can
all dangerous and naked
and pushin out the tender sun
i laughed my crazy nightmare laugh
out at the cruel world
and goddamn if i didnt feel insane
and full of all the broken distracted headthoughts that insanity brings

standin there

all swollen and golden..
in madness!

Anthony Charles King

That Rainy Morning

that rainy morning
shrouded in sweet darkness
i lit the fire and let the flames discover your beauty

we were mad then...
deliciously mad

and we whispered about love
you said-'an invitation to larceny'
i said - 'a proclamation of lunacy'

you were ticklish and you laughed that crazy, meniacle laugh
.that one that i learned to love
....that one that is silent now

as you turned towards me
as i turned to meet you

Anthony Charles King

The Frugal Repast

art is the offspring of sadness and suffering
monochromy
...the beaten beggar
...syphylic prostitutes

all of us...in the throes of joyless and hopeless love...

disease
poverty
..the undoing of soul!
the livid pallor of flesh

...our muse.....has become....a formless shadow..
..us of open-eyed blindness
we are prisoners of a solitude that encloses us
...like the stranglehold of our own arms..

delicate
violent

Anthony Charles King

The Lullabye Of The World - Pt 1

let fall upon its back
our morning of mercy...

.. let it sleep so peacefully

for soon the lightning will bring conciousness

and the world will revolve.
like the last twist
of a knife

Anthony Charles King

When I First Saw You

i first saw you on that summer sunday
ravens dancing in your wild hair
the warmth of the sunny sun sun upon us
as death smiled

my eyes like furry monsters
followed you
the sweet sweet flow
everywhere

and in my dreams
we touched the face of god...
and danced

what was it like to have such wings
and not be an angel

i hardly knew you then
but much better than i know you now

and all the mornings of the world were not enough
and you could not kill 'the infinite sadness'
that this terrible gravity has left in your soul
like a heavy blanket over a still singing bird
slow and tangled
my god....you were so beautiful..

i remember our last night together
as we prayed in the darkness
you held on to me like a crucifix
trembling with tenderness

i now know that 'i loved you'
and i wish you could hear me now
but you gave in to that one mystery
that makes a ghost of us
and now you are wrapped in cold earth and wood
pale as the moon...

but i remember when i first saw you
on that summer sunday...

and so my love....
i will send you a prayer with each new morning
and ' live in the light and kiss the stars'
as you once did..

..until we meet again my love..

Anthony Charles King