

Poetry Series

Bill Kamen
- poems -

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Bill Kamen()

2011

A commoner from Berkshire
found her Prince,
and the earth shook
from Japan to Oklahoma.

Hawkeye laid next to a seal,
wings spread one more time,
many welcomed home,
some not.

From Libya to Pakistan,
the highway of death
well traveled.

An Arab spring
updated an
edition to
Animal Farm.

The silhouette
of a world
approaching,

and the
last words
uttered
by the
dying
Jobs.

'Oh wow.

Oh wow.

Oh Wow! '

Bill Kamen

A Blessing

A glow from above appears to me
with a human scent of fragrant blossoms.
And as I breathe in, the aroma fills me
with love and serenity.

I break free from for all the wrong in the past
as I open the doors and my soul is purified,
like a child who has just been born.
I begin my inward journey of awareness
to explore life through my new lens of perception.

Bill Kamen

A Dying Dream

Blame it on bureaucracy or whatever,
but I've been waiting two years
for the abandoned house next door
to be torn down,
and the other five on my block.

The sounds of vagrant rodents,
squeaking,
hissing,
grinding,
and the stench of urine in the dark wind,
coming from the feral house next door.

Whenever a peal of thunder moves in,
it begins raining decay.
Lead from crumbling bricks, peeling paint,
drifts toward my windows.

It sickens me.
What can I do?
I have been robbed of
an American dream.

Bill Kamen

A Rock

There's a
madrigal
in my
head
trying to
get out.

However,
my heart
is too uncaring
and won't let
anybody
listen.

Bill Kamen

Above Me

My wife
of forty years
was attractive,
intelligent,
high-income.

All the things
I wasn't.

On our 40th
anniversary,
we traveled
to Mexico.

There
was an
accident,
and my wife
was killed.

I had her
cremated.
before going
home.

I boarded the plane
and found my seat,

then, asked the
flight attendant
where I could put my urn.

She said,
'I know a secure place
in the 1st class
compartment.'

On the flight home,

I thought to myself,

even in death,
she was above me.

Hi Wkamen,

Without a doubt you write the most surprising poetry.
You never know how it is going to end.
I love the minimalist approach you enjoy using.

Look forward to more,
Sheryl.

Enjoyed this a lot... an interesting contrast between
the serious nature of the material
and the tone and light form used.
As Fish said... very different. Thanks for sharing.

Rob

Hi, Wk, I really enjoyed reading this.
I enjoyed the irony of the finish,
and must admit it brought a smile to my face, hope
that was something you anticipated.
Very nice writing, entertaining and yes, surprising.
Heart

Heartafire

Bill Kamen

Another Night

Drunk again,
lost,
roaming the
streets
at night,
looking for
my room.

It shouldn't
be hard to find,
a big place
with 100
men rammed
together.

A lady wearing
a tight miniskirt
and low-cut blouse
came up to me
and asked.

'Do you want to party? '

'No', I said.

I need
to replenish my naggin-bottle
and find my room.

She said,
'I won't nag you,
and I have a room.'

Bill Kamen

Art

Unadorned wall,
a picture.

Adorned wall,
a picture,
white
wedding
dress.

The pieta

Bill Kamen

Awkward Silence

After a night
of partying
I accompanied
my girlfriend
to her flat.

As we
entered,
she quickly took
her black dress off.
I followed her
to the bedroom,
and removed my pants.

The room
became silent
and the awkward
turtle appeared.

Bill Kamen

Beautiful Sadness

I have
observed
a reversion
to the wild;
the sounds,
the ivy,
the shrubs,
the trees,
shelter
feral
houses.

Bill Kamen

Beautiful Things

They're textured,
protruding,
strange tasting,
and above all,
they make
suckers
out of men.

Bill Kamen

Black Tide

The seabirds circle above the darkened water,
beholding the water's repelling betrayal.
The flightless penguins without sweaters
struggle for survival,

Whereas man thrives and preens,
seabirds and penguins can no longer.

The tainted seaweed cries,
lies hidden under the sunlight
binding without salvation.

Paradise lost in the circle of life
to satisfy human self for wealth

Bill Kamen

Change?

A stigma
from the ebb
of a nation,
creating
trepidation,

That'll compel this stain
to immerse
and enrich the soil,

or scorch the path.

Bill Kamen

Cold Beer, Women And Music

I like cold beer on a hot day
I like hot women on a cold day
I like music on a hot or cold day

I like to have cold beer in my pad
I like to have my women scantily clad
I like to have my music not bad

I like my cold beer enshrouded
I like my women endowed
I like my music loud

I like my cold beer in my right hand
I like my women tanned
I like my music close at hand

I like cold beer to unwind
I like women to dine
I like music to remind

I like cold beer with women
I like women with cold beer
I like cold beer and women with music

Bill Kamen

Confrontation

Immediately, after the confrontation,
He poses in the room for hours',
drinking wine, smoking cigarettes, and listening
to Dylan's just like a woman.

Like a trapped deer in headlights,
she gazes upon the room's hunger,
pondering this cycle of existence,
challenging her mind to understand.

When they awaken the next morning,
words are now thoughts,
the air is clear,
and the song has ended.

Bill Kamen

Curtain Call

Displaying diminutive movements
in the pale morning,
he puts on his cap.

Muse, the plans
fall apart on the
feel of contemplation.

With curtains gaping,
the outside seeps in,
onto the stage.

He calls out
responses evade,
like echoes in a box.

Existing in a small mind
The outside will not bring him down
before himself.

Bill Kamen

Darkness

I am with her waiting for darkness to come
The time will come when her eyes will see
As darkness will be bearable when the angels descend

As the light on her face fades to dark
she whispers low into the darkening night
"you have given me the best in you everyday
now you give me piece of mind and comfort to my soul"-

As total darkness descends on her, I look into her eyes and I
see—Forever Young

Bill Kamen

Eruption

She suddenly explodes and I can feel the heat
of her glowing rage on my body.
I flee from her wrath as darkness reveals itself,
like a prisoner escaping into the night.

Now that night is the day,
shock fades into sorrow,
like the sudden death of a loved one.

What once was paradise, now lost,
as she unleashed a toxic poison on the surface
and greater perils below the surface,
as the tainted seaweed cried out in despair.

The images of a barren beach where families once played,
now home to seabirds covered in black,
and their wings thrashing upon the sand,
fueling my perception of loneliness and loss.

The door of hope is always open,
However, deception and secrets made me a traitor to all.
My fears and beliefs will
test the reality of a recovery.

Bill Kamen

Final Voyage

The oasis held their cravings,
escaping from the clamor and bustle
of the heartless reality.

The nurturing summers
unlocked his emotional isolation.

Drifting away, they would
come back on a
crest of a new day.

Sailing on a vessel of embodiment,
cherishing the freedom from within,
realizing no man can be an island.

The raging sea,
The untamed waves
crushing her heart.

Beneath a moonlit sky,
adrift in pleasure,
bonding their love together.

Many summers came and went,
her love was never swayed
in celebration of their summers together.

The ruby canvas,
aged and tired,
yet her appearance
still pleasing to the eye.

Beyond the twilight,
they cast off to a distant star.
Their final voyage.

Bill Kamen

Fragrance

This aroma
compelled me to stop
and look around
in wonder.

I pursued it,
through a maze of molecules,
until it vanished.

Then,
it filled the air again,
and inevitable
splashed upon me.

Bill Kamen

Friends

Hold fast
to friends,
for if they
depart,
life becomes
a wasteland,
with just tears
to wet the fields

Bill Kamen

Grand Canyon

On
Edge

Bill Kamen

Hidden Love

Standing in silence,
where land meets the sea,
I have come to talk to you again,
with unspoken words of love,
frozen in time,
not stripped away by the passage of time.

Like a beach-pea blossoming
and binding the sand,
a brief vision of all that is
beautiful is but a memory.

Time and affection abandoned me,
concealment surrounded my being,
words overshadowed with silence,
my soul conditioned to a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Where faint hope could never have soared,
someday you will die in my memory.

Bill Kamen

Holidays

I awakened
about noon,
hung over again.

I went into
the living room
to turn on the TV.

My wife was sitting
on the couch
crying.

I asked her
what was wrong?

She told me
the Kardashian-
Christmas special
might be canceled.

I told her
not to let
that ruin her
holiday fun.

Besides,
we're still
planning to have a

big-ass

party.

Bill Kamen

Is It A Miracle?

Amazing, you call it.
You haven't seen
anything yet.

New car \$1290.00
New house \$6650.00
A gallon of gas \$.15
A gallon of milk \$.78
Gold per ounce \$35.00
Silver per ounce \$.71
Holy Cross wins the
NCAA championship.

Is It a Miracle?

No

It's 1947.

Bill Kamen

Lessons

My parents were
skilful
teaching me
valuable lessons.

They started an
allowance
to understand
savings.

Provided examples
of values
and morals,

and surprised me
with a pet
to learn
love,
loyalty,
and sharing.

Then,
when I became a
parent,

I taught my kids the
same valuable lessons,
except the session on

losing your

job.

job.

Bill Kamen

Life And Death

My life is a perpetual struggle between body and soul
My body wants to enjoy the world
My soul wants to better the world

My Life is full of fear and pain
In which soul and body must endure
Faith will cure then love will endure
Love will conquer wholly

Love empowers life until death
My soul beacons to the heavens above
While my mortal body turns to dust

Bill Kamen

Lost In Time

It started as a house,
but it did not stop there.
Soon love entered and
the house became a home.

A home that echoed a baby's laugh,
walls that remembered joy and happiness,
grief and sorrow.
A home that mellowed through the years,

Then the winds of greed began to blow,
and the foundation began to unfold.
As its life came to an end.

The sounds of vagrant rodents,
squeaking,
hissing,
grinding,
and an odor coming from
the feral house.

Suddenly, as a peal of thunder moves in,
it begins raining decay.
Lead from crumbling bricks, peeling paint,
drifts toward the openings.

Bill Kamen

Lost Love

A virtuous love she once had,
Lost, like footprints in a changing tide,
on an avenue of conflicting emotions,
reflecting the vulnerability of her heart.

Time slowed, like broken hands on a clock,
and could not ease her pain, and pacify her mind and heart.
Feelings of hurt and betrayal confronted
her tamed nature of reality.

When she is lonely and full of despair,
and in the depths of hopelessness, she looks to her soul,
and dreams of the love her heart once knew,
and seeks solace in a lost love song.

Bill Kamen

Love

I love you like a butterfly;
my stomach flutters,
only for you.

I love you like a diamond,
sparkling and glittering,
when I look into your eyes.

I love you like raindrops,
that embraces the leaves with tears,
when we're apart.

I love you like a lighthouse,
with its guiding light,
always there, forever beckoning.

I love you like a mystery,
which I can sense,
but not explain.

Bill Kamen

Marvels Of America

Every 90 minutes,
Old Faithful awakens
from her nap,
and spouts a
blistering
spectacle.

The towering
skyscrapers
of rock,
arranges
nature,
and within
their borders;
black bear,
coyotes,
and
mountain lions
roam the
meadows.

The canyon walls
explode with
rainbow colors
as it's
mammoth depth,
strains the senses.

Mile after mile,
Mother Nature
has created an Eden
for all to enjoy.

Bill Kamen

Model Job

Everyone says
I have the dream job.

After posing 10
hours nearly naked
in cold weather,

I wonder
to myself,

what awful
dreams some
people must have.

Bill Kamen

Mullet Party

I went to a mullet party
With all my rowdy friends.
And People came from far and near
Mick flew in with Lady Jane,
Jimmy sailed in with his shaker of salt,
Stan was entertaining the crowd
Yeah, they got pretty loud
rocking the mullet.

Ah, I love this party!
Feel the rhythm in your feet
It's my kind of party
and I don' t want it ever to end.

Ah, I love this party!
Come and get down with me
It's my kind of party
and I don't want it ever to end.

We got thirsty, tanned, bikers
From the open road.
Queen Mary
Strolling the dance floor
Looking for love for evermore
and Billy Ray over in the corner
with an Ackey Breaky Heart.

Ah, I love this party!
Feel the rhythm in your feet
It's my kind of party
and I don' t want it ever to end.

Ah, I love this party!
Come and get down with me
It's my kind of party
and I don't want it ever to end.

We got cold beer to unwind,
Well endowed, hot women scantily clad,
music close at hand and Mulletts
frying on an open fire.
We're having the best time we've ever had

Ah, I love this party!
Feel the rhythm in your feet
It's my kind of party
and I don' t want it ever to end.

Ah, I love this party!
Come and get down with me
It's my kind of party
and I don't want it ever to end.

Bill Kamen

One Is The Loneliest Number

In the distance, by the lake's edge,
beneath the day's twilight, the water
echoes a calm feeling.

The cob and his pen float in rhythm,
unattached from the world,
as their plumes stay dry.

As I watch the vivid creatures waltz
with beauty and grace, my thoughts
recall a room full of lilies,
and the drama of a wedding dress.

In the morning, they rise into the silent air,
my inflamed heart, not able to test
their flight, soars to a distant time and place,
once more, pondering whether
this will be the last migration.

Bill Kamen

Rare Maneuver

The package
partly blocked
the sun.

The Arabian goggles
caused a total eclipse.

Bill Kamen

Road Trip

I am traveling
but I sit still
and move.

Thinking of the trip
Moves me.

Simple as that.

Bill Kamen

Senses Of Love

As I lay here with you,
in the still of the night,
watching you sleep,
I feel love that I can not express.

As I listen to you breathe,
like a gentle sound from a wind instrument,
I start to reminiscence.

I render a gentle caress which
brings a wondrous bliss to my soul,
As I can feel my heart pulsating faster and faster

I render a gentle kiss and taste the nectar from your lips,
like a hummingbird tasting nectar from a flower.

As your sweet fragrance fills the air and becomes one,
Our love becomes one.

Love remains an eternal mystery,
which I can sense but not explain.

Bill Kamen

Solitary

Running
the path
at night,
street's barren,
privacy prevails.

Walking,
waste
abounds.

Bill Kamen

State Of Mind

Long long time ago,
a sacred store appeared,
to greet us with
love beads,
bell bottoms,
and flowing
silhouettes.

Beginning with,
'the gathering
of the tribes, '
and ending with
summer of Love,
the lost generation,
were eight miles high
and not coming down.

Bill Kamen

Superficial

Beyond the horizon,
clouds of dust and gas
formed,
creating a burning love.

Her body began to expose
a blue glow,
releasing energy,
with passion,
and swells.

For many years,
we were locked
in an orbital embraced,
until, the core
changed its appearance.

I migrated away
from the gravitational impact
of her overgrown,
shapeless matter.

Without support,
her body became a
red glow,
collapsed,
then died.

Bill Kamen

The Day The Music Died

When I hear that song.
I see you walkin'
on that beach
swaying to the
sound of the waves,
pony tail flowing down
blowin'in the wind.

We became children again,
building castles and palaces
with the sand,
snapping photos of each other,
and watching that flimsy contraption of
paper and string floating on the breeze.

Sometimes we hurt,
Sometimes we wept,
Oh Boy,
when we were together
the world could see
we were meant for each other.

When I think about that song.
I think about you.
I think about three stars falling
from the sky.
Strange
how a song
sounds like a memory.
like a recording
of a summer's day at the beach.

The day the music died,

Turn a different corner
we would never have met,
and faint hope would

never have soared.

That first sunset,
we spread a blanket,
unpacked a basket,
and laid back
for a picnic on the beach.

When I think about that song.
I think about you.
I think about three stars falling
from the sky.
Strange
how a song
sounds like a memory.
like a recording
of a summer's day at the beach.

The day the music died.

Sometime following that
sunset
in the still of the night
to angel of the morning
the silence of your
gestures and your smiles
attracted me
then
you said stay,
and it was complete.

Strange how a song
sounds like a memory.

like a recording
of a summer's day at the beach

The day the music died.

The day the music died.

Bill Kamen

The Dolmens

Climbing uphill,
our thoughts
focused on
the dolmens.

At the top
of the hill,
we surrounded
and held them,
like a loved one.

I gazed with
tenderness.
Others stared with
reflection.

Suddenly,
A melody
came to mind,
a feeling most
observed.

A circle formed
shoulder to shoulder,
and a song broke out.

Feelings followed sounds,
each in a different tone:
loss
hope
joy
happiness.

There was a sense of
bonding
with the spirit
of the dolmens
long forgotten
feelings.

Bill Kamen

The Gift

A cold December day,
Jennifer is home
in her bed.

Gravely ill,
suffering from cancer,
surrounded
by her family,
fading in and out of
consciousness.

For the first time
in months,
she could embrace Cindy,
her three-year old
granddaughter.

When Jennifer was in the hospital,
Cindy had been extremely
fearful of all the machines
next to her Grandmother.

Cindy gently ascended
onto her bed,
and they shared one precious
moment together,
before she fell back into
unconsciousness.

Suddenly,
she opened her eyes,
and her hands fervently reached upwards
towards the corner of the room.
With a faint whisper,
she said, ' My mother is here,
she looks so radiant.'

The family thought
she was hallucinating.

However. Marie,
Jennifer's ten-year-old
granddaughter said,
'Grandma where is she?
I can't see her.'
She said,
' you won't be able to see her,
she is here for me, not you.'

Jennifer glanced over to her
night stand,
and asked Michael, her husband, to
get her diary.

With her hands tightly clutched
around her diary,
she said, ' this is my Christmas gift
to my mother.'

Jennifer then closed
her eyes
and passed on.
It was Christmas Eve.

Bill Kamen

The Language Of Drunk(Acrostic Poem)

Three sheets to the wind, the boat meanders,
Hammered with repeated blows.
Euphoric, triumph will prevail.

Loaded with accessories,
Annihilates the blue screen of death.
Naggin-bottle, empty and sweaty.
Groggy from exhaustion and blows.
Under the weather deck,
Addicted in a weakened state,
Giddy, as dusk approaches,
Erunk, The past becomes present.

Oiled on troubled waters,
Fried from battling the waves.

Drunk with passion to reach
Rocky land in the far distance.
Under the influence, controlling my fate,
Newcastle, on the horizon,
Knowing, the safety of the harbor.

Bill Kamen

The Song

I awaken to an early-morning rain,
with a song in my head.
The room dim and still,
empty beer bottles and ashtrays filled
from the night's passion.

As I climb out of an empty bed,
lyric pain awakens the uncertainty.
I know it's over or
did it ever really begin?

Bill Kamen

The Storm

On a warm Spring morning,
Children are laughing and playing,
Fathers are spraying their young lawns,
And Mothers are planting their gardens.

By afternoon the sky quickly blackens
Day becomes night, darkness induces fear
among the residents, like the plague of darkness on Egypt.
The unruly wind blows the rain,
and the rain adheres to the leaves with tears

The wind intensifies
Birds struggle to fly
Children are crying

Suddenly a snake like cloud appears over the picturesque hills
fear turns to panic
residents attempt to find safety from the approaching storm.

A young mother and child
struck down by the wind
struggles to stand.
A father and son alone in a church
crawl under a communion table
praying for protection

In a moment, which seems like a lifetime
the storm is over.

Within the shattered homes and scattered rubble
A dying woman was found with her baby cuddled beneath her crying..
A father and son were found beneath the communion table in a church
The entire church was gone except for the father and son and that table

God must have been busy
Many souls were lost.

Time And Love

Waiting, longing for love, slowed time.
Quietly sitting dormant like a volcano,
the slow pace of time tormented my soul.
I failed to see the signs appearing before my eyes.

The passage of time, darkened my sorrow,
like the night sky bringing sadness to a few.
Day after day my soul bides time.
For all things to pass.

Time did not rest, finding love was quickly fading.
The cycle of time awakened my soul,
to a clear knowledge of a time past.
Bonding time and love eternally.

Bill Kamen

Weekend

My wife and I
visited San Francisco
last weekend.

We went to the
opera,
a 49ers game,
shopping,
and took a
whole bunch of
pictures.

You know,
all the
popular
and trendy
places that
tourists take in.

We both
love
chinese,
therefore,
we went to
chinatown
for dinner
both nights.

We thought we'd try
a new restaurant our
last night.

I thought
the meal was very good,
much better than
yesterday's meal

whereas,

my wife preferred
last night's
meal at

My Wang.

Bill Kamen

Words Of Love(Acrostic Poem)

Love can be lustful,
offensive,
vulgar,
erotic.

Love can be lonely,
open,
virtuous,
emotional.

Love is liking,
organic,
venus,
endless.

Love will lure,
ooze,
vindicate,
embrace.

Love was lost,
over,
vanished,
expired.

Bill Kamen

Your Silence

It was your silence that seduced me,
the silence of your gestures and your smiles,
the silence of your wide eyes and parted lips
gazing at me.

And in the silence where beauty once concealed
could no longer be heard,
the silence of your words
caused me to go astray.

Bill Kamen