

Poetry Series

BLT REI
- poems -

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BLT REI()

I like things. What are pretty colors? Colors that are pretty. I also like to do things.

Ask Owen

wee-man! ! !

I lost my weed man.

feed man.

the ice cream truck never plays punk.

and I am here waiting for truth.

But she (and yes the female personification applies)
left for a one way ticket to Vegas

I just wonder...all the fucking time

what secret she keeps from me...

BLT REI

Damn (Ed)

It's late, too late to be raining
The dog does not walk the old man.

The teenage buzz drowned in yesterday's paper.
Spring love stays in to watch February's movies.

You were not at the park with your tan and carefree play.
I did not approach with junebugs in my hand.

The sun makes its cameo.
The swings and slide take their antidepressants.

Flowers eat their young
Swallowing mundane vases.

By the window...counting endlessly,
Damn its too late to be raining.

BLT REI

Fire

Oh How I once Loved!
a boy's hearted ocean
where dancing in parking lots,
and leaving poems on doorsteps
was for love itself
the unquenchable, the intangible,

the fire that will burn us all up.

BLT REI

GOODBYE...

Goodbye is shivering out in the cold as you take in the last scene
Goodbye is the last call music meant for her as she is meant for him
Goodbye ran out of change

Goodbye is the holding out on getting a cellphone
Goodbye is 'Hello' crossdressing
Goodbye is what remains despite blackouts, new haircuts, new girls and hidden scars

Goodbye is the lonely and lovely sound of her car as it regrettably merges with a smaller and smaller horizon
Goodbye is the jetstreams of lost loves
Goodbye is the metallic sound of her name said by strangers in airport intercoms

Goodbye goes home alone to a television with knobs, a ratty ol cat left in the dark, and a tepid can of beer labeled November
Goodbye left you out on her secrets
Goodbye is to blame

Goodbye is bomb
Goodbye gets played over and over on an answering machine you purchased second hand
Goodbye may not be ready but there is no alternative this time
Goodbye is Antartica.

BLT REI

Hmm?

If God were in the details...

I'd be an Atheist.

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I Dreamt In Whispers

I dreamt in whispers...
the calm azure canvas
the subtle ache
of a return
to you.

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Mad Summer Nights

The mad summer evening stretches its
thin weakened blue across the sky

The mad men stir in their soon doom.

These summer queries of mad men
stretch the already thin layered hope...

across these infinite dying blue skies.

Ah! and in the summer, the mad men
yammer to themselves

For the starlit, mad night to come
and sing them a soothing lullaby

Ah! Ah!

Those mad summer nights!

BLT REI

My Cursory Prose

your brevity
my long-winded plume of circomlocation

your whimsical parasailing
my sperlunking for tightly held treasures

I lost in you speech
you had me with your gesticulations

a simple turn
of unparalled lives

BLT REI

My Friend

and if put my heart at your doorstep,
if i oogle you in the closeness of the dark,
if i ask you to love me from the beginning...
knowing
I just won't win.

BLT REI

One

Take your house...

the sunken in foundation, the creaks and the aches, the syrupy moat of moalasses where the do gooders and their platitudinal well wishes slowly drown.

it's your world, your house, where the familiar leaky faucet drips 'stay inside, stay put', the incessant drafty gloom-bedridden in moss, the forever spiraled stairs of certain death.

You were left bereft.

And it this house, your house, the pictures coalesce with cobwebbed foes. Her forever echoed cooes. the never again somnuambulants jaunts to her crib.

It is your body now. The scarred lines of relief perpindicular to veins. It is who you are now and what you once were. This is the door bell stuck in mid-chime with specters of laughter. This is your forever goodnight.

A mortuary mortgage.

BLT REI

Sound And Furry

signifying something?

shave and be clean?

Jesus shaves?

Shave the whales?

Love without regret...(because three dots cannot be a question mark)

we look for answers but don't live the questions (sorry Rilke)

to step out anew.

avoid the dog poo.

what does your laughter sound like unrestrained?

I cannot tell you what all of this means...nor can God, your mother, your father

and honestly what will you gain from the ascetic discipline of meaning finding

when forsaken...(wait for it)

is true and simply of pleasure. take a breath. take a shit (and read a book!) .
smell (ah the lost sense) brings us back. too much visuals. and I know this is
not a poem and I apologize for those that take the written word serious. take
yourself too serious and just look at the Steppenwolf or the fallen before they've
had their time...

just look closely at the life you are leading...ask who is truly leading it...cuz its
not a matter of where we all end up (dust perhaps) but the how and the NOW.

Laughter is my favorite sound.

Wet grass is my favorite smell.

I guess I can't get more personal than that.

BLT REI

Terra-Fied

heart-soft-red-delicate-loving-a child's laughter
protection.

hidden.
to let go...

to love the whims
the churning of a stomach

the pursued
the distancer

BLT REI

The Low Man

"My hole life's in limbo"

-he muted as he was cautiously lowered.

The tears at his wake

fuel the closure of fossils.

He did scream in unfished rivers

(-there are no unfished rivers-)

He scorched unseen skies

(-there are no unseen skies-)

Too late to love her earthquakes

(-her laughter was an earthquake-)

He thought-by gun and pills-

"There is no one to love me..."

She stands over his entombed carrion soul

in torn black embers

□if only"

□

BLT REI

The Sound Of The Gong Goes 'Gone'

In the surburbanned cavorting of my dirty knee youth...
the smells anchored me in
 orange slices
 clean cut grass
and asphalt

the sights of forever blue skies
of the deep end swimming pool
standing 20feet above with
the girl below

to be simple: a hero, a rockstar, a sports star, the dynamic battle with Satan for
the sake of the girl.

For the price of gum,
friendship came easy.

It was bug hunting in snake and mossy canals,
It was Atari playing in friends' basements
and dirty cable at 2am. my first breast shot.

It was empty lots of BMX racing where our dreams lived and died,
dirt jumps from loved lost objects-abandoned.
(we put a context)

My friendships were celebrated in those days.

It was throwing eggs in the glee of our juvenile doom.
It was coca cola classic binges in garages and kitchens.
It was racing the sun home to find dinner cold but warm.
It was confiding to another in a hiccup.

Oh how those forever blue sky days.
They were long and now

...they are subtly redolent in my tempered adulthood
The bountiful heart of boys finding the expansive in a cul de sac
a block from home.

My friendships, today, in cusped greyness
can be found in a menu, an electronic one, where I am disturbed from my
doldrums via electronic notifications

I wake with the smells farther and farther away. A physical distance I am no
longer to bridge. Only hoping as I trudge on through this land of rock that my
Ipod will give me one last hour.

I risk the daylight and construct melancholic rustic buildings that shade me
endlessly from the forever blue skies of my youth.

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Thorns And Hearts

I'd prefer your thorny comfort
to soft, wet petals of a misty rain
I prefer it now as I did then
drifting slowly to sleep
to wake with your laugh and smile
vined around my heart.

BLT REI

What It Took...

Not the endless lists of daggers

Not the saturation of gloom

Not the sands of bitter time down an unquenched gullet

Not the replays of replays of you walking away from me so so gracefully

it was you and him.

gone were the justifications, the remedies of hope, the echoed laughter.

it was you and him. simple.

not me. not us.

that I can now venture the purpled horizon without you. with sadness.

in silence.

with singular purpose:

to heal.

BLT REI

Yellow

You were a thin, yellowed man;
Raped history, scorched earth
In your own time.

Benny, I was sent to you.
I was made to bring white linen,
Clean dreams, and chilled, distilled water.

You drank from tobacco stained paper cups
Your little yellow garden, harvesting despair,
Wilted flowers of never.

Hospitals, police lights, mute platitudes
From forgotten, familiar faces.
Your death so clandestinely smeared

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Yesterday

Slumped in a question mark.
I, fish, breathe my elixir
The cackles, laughter of women
So far away, barely perceptible

Temporary smoke-filled mirth.
Tenderness in my voice
As I order another
And throw some money into the machine

Wanting yesterday.

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Your Tail Lights

your hairlights
at an arm's indifference
enscensed in the illusion of your return
I've always held you at an arm's distance

to draw back by pushing
OR
to bring closer by pulling

I tether here and there (you were always my greatest illusion)
as the november snowstorm gently bemoans your decreasing taillights

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