

Poetry Series

**Brittany Flowers**  
**- poems -**

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# Brittany Flowers()

# Coffee Shop Confessions

And so you speak  
Words flow like music  
Of your lips  
That sip from the edge  
Of a styrofoam cup  
And the imprint left  
Lasts long enough  
For you to change your mind  
But you dont  
Not this time  
You whisper in one ear  
Out the other it goes  
I cant listen anymore  
I cant hear the words  
You speak  
When captivated by the eyes  
That speak of you better  
"It will get better"  
You tell me  
I tell myself it wont  
But oh, you're right  
Things come and go  
Ebb and flow  
And I thought  
We would always be stagnant  
But here it is:  
A fork in the road  
Hundreds of miles  
And I'll imagine your face  
Next to mine at night  
And I'll imagine  
The way your hands  
Used to feel in mine  
I'll look back  
One day  
And think of that one saying  
Of never wasting fresh tears  
Over old griefs  
One day

I'll hope  
To get that phone call  
And we can pick up  
Where we left off

Brittany Flowers

# Country Mystic

Never liked the country much  
Until moving to a place  
With pines and wild berries  
Facing the window  
The sunlight peeking  
Through the evergreen branches  
And reflecting the scarlet  
Like the rouge brushed on my cheeks  
To feel pretty.

Never liked the country much  
Until the city skyscrapers  
Became the wind whistling  
Along with the steady rhythms  
Of the melodies  
Through my headphones  
Beating like a robin's call  
As I lay elegantly  
Swept across the porch swing.

Never liked the country much  
Until the hum of the crickets  
Replaced ambulance sirens  
Where I could sit in solitude  
By candlelight with words  
Of a classic story  
By a classic writer  
Whisking me far away  
Into a world of unknown depth.

Never liked the country much  
Until the lens of a camera  
Became my best friend  
As the sweet falling leaves  
Danced prisms of color  
In the autumn wind  
And it became an adventure  
Like a scavenger hunt  
Or a kid in a candy store.

Never liked the country much  
Until the rush hour traffic  
Became the winding roads  
Of endless time  
With a cigarette flying  
Out the window  
To the tune of Led Zeppelin  
And his guitar riffs  
Raining upon my ears.

Never liked the country much  
Until notes in agendas  
Became destinations on a whim  
To playgrounds of mountains  
And country diners  
Where the waitress  
Never fails  
To forget your name  
Or your favorite drink.

Never liked the country much  
Until my four-inch stilettos  
Became the comfy tennis shoes  
And messy-bun hair  
Where there was no who's-who  
To try to impress  
And the simple plaid and flannel  
That I thought ugly  
Is now what keeps me warm at night.

Never liked the country much  
Until the sunsets of grandeur  
Replaced the gray steel frames  
And concrete sidewalks  
Where the clouds seem happy  
And white with fresh air  
Away from the black exhaust  
And my silly road rage.

Never liked the country much  
Until moving to a place

Where I could be  
Who I really am.

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# Just For Now

Contemplating  
Behind the wheel  
Is where I contemplate  
Best  
When far from reach  
Is a black beauty  
Of eighty-eight.

Succumb do I  
To the tendencies  
Of unorganized  
Thought  
Where the trails  
Of black asphalt  
Compose them neatly.

And guided am I  
In capturing such  
Atoms of idea  
Flickering  
Like the flame  
Where the nicotine is nursed  
By sounds of Imogen Heap.

Brittany Flowers

# Les Yeux

Les yeux.

Captivate. Intrigue. Enlighten.

Lines of symmetry branch from a dark circle of mystery  
Colors dance about prisms of light  
And they're all mirrored at night  
And they sleep beneath a bed of subconscious.

Do not blink, you'll miss a spare moment  
Shut not, the medium of view  
And the visuals that you once drew  
And a single image is never a constant.

Movement is the repetition.

Cache a tale of a thousand tries  
Attempt view through closed doors  
And the footprints upon the floors  
And be grasped by such cautious truths.

See each path but never once turn back  
Penetrate what is so direct  
And there is time anon to reflect  
And remain steadfast on that before you.

Refrain from the contradiction  
Piercing every thought conveyed  
And all life connected or astray.  
Les yeux should know the wisdom of intentions.

Captivated. Intrigued. Enlightened.

Les yeux.

Brittany Flowers

# Little Jar

Change floats on a current  
Like a sailboat on a stream  
And I dream  
As a feather frees itself  
In a breeze of flight

And I want to catch the wind  
Not just fly into the clouds  
Bottle up the sounds  
In my little jar  
Like fireflies  
Blinking in our eyes

A lone man wandering  
Looking where he's been  
On a whim  
He follows along the tide  
In stride with the ebb and flow

I want no boundaries  
I want no boundaries

And I want to catch the wind  
Not just fly into the clouds  
Bottle up the sounds  
In my little jar  
Like fireflies  
Blinking in our eyes

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# Realistic Equation

What's in reality?

Truth is that which is real, which is inherent, which is belief.

Or not belief.

Reality and inherence are the  
constants in this equation  
but it is not entirely proven  
that belief is in the solution.

False is that which cannot be proven, which is incorrect, which is unchanged.

Or not unchanged.

Proof and being incorrect remain  
consistent, but that is not  
to say that false  
can be unchanged.

Belief can be deemed false.

The unchanged can change into truth.

But there are three more factors in this formula:  
Acceptance, Judgement, and Interpretation.

True and false alike can be  
accepted, judged, and interpreted.  
But all is subjective.

One can refuse to accept truth  
while judging it for a falsity  
whereas reality is  
interpreted incorrectly.

One can accept false  
while judging it for truth  
whereas there is no reality  
to be interpreted.

Reality is this complex way

of characteristically viewing  
what one sees and  
determining true and false

Ignorance plays part by  
altering that view of which is true  
and an open-mind plays part by  
analyzing and concluding  
that which is truly false.

With all that said, do me a favor  
and examine the inherence of  
situations before you are quick to judge.

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# Redundancy

The fingers that dropped the pencil  
echoing across the desk  
that caught the release  
Fold quaintly beneath a tired cheek.

Eyelids begin to droop  
and retinas penetrate comfortable darkness  
Searching for an escape  
from the monotone background.

A scalp allows the hair  
to fall before the face  
Hiding self-conscious impurities  
and captivating a mystery  
in a loose embrace.

A book of lines lies empty  
For the pencil is no longer  
dancing through  
attempting fingers.

The caffeine that grasps  
attention has long since worn off  
When the lack of priority  
has become the insomnia.

So open your eyes  
little one  
View and reveal  
your hidden reserve.  
It's time to wake up  
and smell the new intentions.

Brittany Flowers

# Sonata Infinite

Caress the ivories so delicately  
The ebonies interrupt.  
Fingers bond to the keys that let them glide so smoothly ascending a chromatic  
The language blotted across parchment is the sanity that breathes emotion  
Allegro contrasts to the largo yet blends so beautiful  
Sound emits comfort and sedation  
Entrance into a subconscious becoming of the music  
Crescendo a passion  
Diminish the tension  
Sit before a realm and let the hands so pure  
Play the dream of a persona deep inside  
Arpeggios are but one measure to complete a defined tale  
Engulf in its superiority  
For it can portray better than one can in words  
Let the transparent voice hypnotize your fingers in a timely sequence  
Surround yourself in an aurical embrace of a masterpiece  
And let the hesitance escape

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# What Have We Become?

What is that that sparks through one's mind?  
An instant of thought unaided by rule  
Of that is a creation by distraction of an abstract  
Or merely the visage of a simple reality.  
A light enters the eyes through processes entrancing  
Transfixed verbally the medium spoken  
An idea or discovery is overcoming and overwhelmed  
Yet so is the arising of interrogations and mystery.

What is that that becomes one persona infinite?  
A judgment of ideology certainly defined  
Of that is action by coinciding with reason  
Or merely an unnamed motive of impulse.  
A connection by the beat to the mind's rhythm waves  
Fading in and away blinding memories morose  
An occurrence involuntary or causing of choice  
Is the acceptance of course and of fate.

What is that that is due to some change of pace?  
A timely accord of habit to alteration  
Of that is produced a variance in response  
Or merely a minuscule difference in step.  
A record of time within environment and condition  
Some tale of attempt with plausible success  
Oh, if the world were to be of an open gate!  
The repetition without furthers the blank cognition.

What have we become?

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# Yellow Lines And Speed Limit Signs

Yellow lines and speed limit signs  
Rounding a curve  
With both hands on the wheel  
As if the pistons firing  
Were that of a racecar  
And not this little '96 Volkswagen.

Changing lanes passing snails  
And tractor trailers  
Glimpsing left and right  
As if to gain insight to the lives  
Of the drivers- their destinations  
And whether accompanied or solo.

Body pulsing to the tones  
Of sound reverberating from speakers  
With bass vibrations  
Strong enough to bother the blue-haired  
Driving her boat of a Buick  
Thinking rock music is a sin.

Green trees playing hide-and-seek  
With the tangerine sun  
That smiles in the rearview mirror  
Before dipping below a hillside  
And tagging the moon  
Who comes out to play.

Highway blending into two lanes  
Signaling a final destination  
Where a red-coated canine  
Will greet with a wagging tail  
As the racecar engine settles  
From a high-mileage wind.

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