

Poetry Series

**Butch Decatoria**  
**- poems -**

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## Butch Decatoria(August 10)

"The thing about love is that we come alive in bodies not our own, " Colum McCann (Let the Great World Spin) .

A mix of Irish & Filipino, I was born in the nation of 7000 islands, in the city of Olongapo, near Subic Bay. Father was in the military, my mother was a maid, but they never married. Immigrated to U.S. in '81 and feel as American as the next, English my only language, written or spoken—words I shape to beautiful...

I aspire to leave behind something beautiful & worthwhile, and t hope it creates good ripples to make the world better than I had left it. To inspire others, to be memorialized and immortalized by these gifts I leave behind. Death by beautiful songs sung, words hung in the stars on high. A poet artist who's heart and soul for ever shines, Thank you for taking the time to get to know me...

Peace be with you.

## 12 Steps (Senryu)

Most Alcoholics

Who drown in their own thirst, know  
How much "empty" hurts.

Butch Decatoria

## 2: 22 A.M.

Is it insomnia  
when I don't care for sleep?

The sort of sleep that is belligerent  
interruptions at each half past  
in the middle of every hour,  
intervals of interlopers  
awoken by invisible passersby  
floating enemies striking me  
with the hatred of their kinesis  
cerebral lightning at my heart  
or attempts at my suffocation  
as I wake to a coughing start,  
intruders invading my dream mind  
as well as its peace

anything that would hurt me  
they revel in my breaking,  
I can hear the clicking of laughter  
Their teeth...

Desert and city  
should have crickets... no?  
yet Vegas feels like its been dying  
the quiet now replete  
no chirp of the lucky bugs  
nor busying of bees with their buzz  
rather its the fizzle of neon panic  
the beatitude of cheats  
the machinations of gamblers' defeat

or sometimes mostly  
this deep in the twilight  
a swarm of Ninjas, Suzuki, Kawasaki  
Harley roars  
toward their kabuki room foot rubs

a twenty gets you a dub  
rub you long time

for an hour behind red doors

Try to spank myself to sleep  
if not to exhaustion,  
but I can still hear the distant piercing  
screaming  
of latter days & soy-lent green  
the secret war as alien is to any sound  
sleep.

They look like people...  
we look like meat,  
the living dead  
their artifice & pale flesh  
all torn away and beaten

up like faithful lovers that creep  
seduced by the sluice  
of the street / symphonies,  
of rocket ship Discovery

Can't turn the volume down  
in the black of night  
when my mind's eye  
is behind a veil  
in the dark of 2: 22 a.m.  
(in recovery)  
and still the aliens  
wretchedly wail...  
whilst i'm  
slumming in attempts at slumbering,  
the Grays are watching  
humans lumbering  
and whoring in the dark @  
2: 22 a.m.

(If I fall to sleep, is it still Morning

When there's no light to speak of?)

Butch Decatoria

# A Beatnik Love Story

Kaleiope Hues looking out from her second story balcony at the metropolis that is Sullen City, Nerves End, a state that is in duress and dirt and on fire, the neon hurt that is on the way toward Temper's Empty waste of friggin hells. In this season of Drab, the malice seems becoming and quite-while eye opening, that brightens a frosted light on the homes and the dunes of hopelessness on a boulevard with twinkling rainbow rictus signs lusting for the life of your only company.

Might as well, young miss colorful Hues lights a doobie, pre rolled slim cigarillos with a strain name of Green Crack, no joke it Is a strain but crack makes jokes of fools... and nowlighting her tree, Dream Hues puffs it deep and oh what gifts you give organic Green Crack from Blume, in the smoke I Am Jin, her mind says to the insignificant busy of thizz NoWhere Industry shedding the web faux fur fucked mink fox and fishy lips selfishness. Kaleio floats on the light of some kind of miracle wonder life...

Some immense thing a spark of a feeling inside, Miss Hues made wide a smile stretched out Into infinite's and Never Was a Nothing, pit of a hell-mouth A Nonexistence unbecoming everything we know now cannot live In love with us... She is an airship above her corner or your hood just outside the Sullen Strip, where it's happening mostly in cloak of night, and Kaleio' plummets at feeling a shudder of love loss like strings of glowing hair ripped to diminish to the somber grey that drabs the life and dabs out the fizz-gig of all the universe we home... Just by the absolute truth of knowing we are miracles miles unconditionally the name and the very story that is also a tidbit about us... she whispers beneath her prayer a inkling ember of seriously this is Whatev's...

If you knew whatevs then you did not know Hues or True in the color scheme of Sullen City, Nerves End, Free-land Fracked By Father's Pounding heads into a pulpit and split snake spit licky Lou split the bet, sucks to be fodder under foot-soldier school shooter sniper Circus Land, near the Strat Needle... she avoids the gathering of darkling floaters and ditch pit stop cease...

Lil' miss Hues recalls laughter in hearing the unbridled sidesplitting snorting spittle and skittles across her skin kind of like goose-pimple wild-river runs a flow of electricity or magic ... carpet cloud soon drowns without air— that feeling of being held safe, nothing Is not a thing to think on, but feel Instead the energy between and all about us. Kaleiope Hues

Gazes at the skyline of Drab here where the city Is as its squeamishly gleaned, but there's something to smile about and happy Is her levitation, it seems she sees more than somethings' many disputes with numeric bytes infested and

jargon double prattle on... Sally Jesse Oprah. There is appreciations sheen and depth, there is a light, and morefathoms more sight beyond look see, how can she tell her tale, in the dark of mass bygone minded knit wit away and unremembered frozen vacuum quick squeeze of lime, a cerulean berry floating lantern gathering our gravity toward the lotus lion octopus with a single eye. Here she rules the garden and cradles life. Best believe the blind are growing legions mindless armies, employee dog meat to feed their masters and hells-mouth grey wyrm artificial chi... this childhood's end begins with shedding what need not be...

Hues awakens and reality enlightens the garden becomes an album of the many pieces that is brilliant as powerful as omnipotent as creation in the body of most beloved we can not deny the light of goodness me and such thunderous as a lion as majestic as majesty all love. Mums the word.

#beatnkheartstory

Butch Decatoria

# A Gracious Lover's Kiss

Poetry is  
Writing what all we felt  
When the heart is asked  
To translate.

Poetry is  
Love,  
Made malleable  
Through the eyes  
Which behold beauty.  
Poetry is Life,  
The love of life, malleable.  
Poetry is meant to be  
Touched by  
To be moved by  
(and with)  
Love...

Poetry is  
A song of words  
A dance of exuberant emotions  
A Grace  
Full of gracious  
(a) Lover's kiss.

Poetry is  
Jump for joy and stabs of sorrow  
Sculptor Singing Sepulchers  
Molding nights & days  
A mash up  
Into one and the same  
Something brand new  
Reinventing  
Recollections  
Of / For / To- You  
True blue or Red hot stuff  
We lie to believe in

Ourselves  
Something better / New  
Flower Love Child  
You had better  
Best believe  
Poetry is  
You.  
.....

It's not what you're looking at,  
But what is seen.  
What you see / what you feel  
In the zeal of heart's appeal  
A beautiful up-lifting  
To artistic heights

Poetry is  
Mortality made miraculous  
Charisma and magic  
Choreography of verb / Oh's Of nouns  
All the world - a profundity  
Of Our lives  
Whether lost or found

The Love letters / in red envelopes  
Your heart  
Crowd surfing  
Amongst the herd;  
Blossom bouquets of passions  
Poetry is

The quietude and secrets  
Kept  
In the shade  
In a home, a warmth made  
Or an ode to a glade,  
For the night  
Of the empty souls'  
Respite

Poetry is...  
Your bleeding heart

Shining bright  
Your Grace  
An invisible light  
Only to be seen  
By knowing  
One's true  
Feelings

Poetry is  
A Painting  
Of Love's loud moments...  
It's not what you gawk at,  
But what is gleaned.

Poetry is...

Butch Decatoria

# A No One (Tweaker)

Tweaker

They all call him "Tweaker";

Those on the corners of Decatur

and Desert Inn, those thin

Pale faced who pace

the same sidewalks and sleep the same block.

He's ironic and contradictory,

calling everyone he happens to meet

By his own pet name.

"Slim";

With an emaciated smile

Merely black potholes and pyrite

Always as genuine as his intentions,

shaming traffic with shameless sadness

cardboard paper signs

"Just trying to get something to eat";

There should be a question mark

My exclamation point

No excuse not to give...

So here you are "slim"; collecting the guilt

All the dollars a day in your concrete quilt

and your own red Target

shopping cart...

Caught red handed behind 7-11

In the alley (cats avoid)

with a dub, a dime, or nickel sac—god smacked...

carrying conversations

With / a / no one...

Butch Decatoria

# A Scroll Unrolls

A Scroll Unrolls

When in Time's wisdom

One learns to let go

The weight of want & need

The insatiable pith of greed

And lust

The beast is yourself

To defeat

The enemy that you trust

When you must

Let go...

A Scroll Unrolls

Not one river to the soul

But all with Love

A Scroll Unrolls...

Butch Decatoria

# A Shoulder

Go if you must go  
Slowly now go

At your heart's pace  
With good intentions

Written  
Psalms upon your face

Be mindful  
Open to listen

Firm with whom you know  
You are

If not presently  
Who'll go find oneself now, then...

If you must  
Do so with love's intention

Then tell me all about it  
Even past Morrie's Tuesdays...

I'll be here  
I'll be old

But I will still love you enough  
To listen.

Butch Decatoria

## A Wet Dream (Senryu)

Sing in the shower  
Close your eyes, pretend you're there!  
One-man Broadway show.

Butch Decatoria

# A Winged Kiss

A wave of a hand  
a wand  
a wink  
a nod or blink

a winged kiss...

You wriggling your nose  
spurns me to rub your lamp

I dream of you  
as I often can,  
magically and yearningly  
I divine your eyes...

What curse or bliss  
(Too much of this)  
to be abused by your smile  
from the muse of your wiles,  
all the while  
Truly  
in our Utopian isolation  
no other image of what must  
or emulation of their love or  
such none-such nonplussed

&quot;you'll die, oh you just must&quot;  
dumb struck crush

while we paint ourselves tender  
in writhing naked laughter  
our own canvas  
signed by us...

and only just  
ourselves to Van Gogh  
&quot;Water Lillies&quot;and  
&quot;Starry Nights&quot;  
in your blush...

there I can see the future  
of your worth  
a masterpiece of our colorful theatre  
inspiration's lovely birth

in the museums of my lungs  
in my life  
the art we shape with time  
with touch...

what curse or bliss  
this wish  
come true

a wave of a hand  
a wand

Our winged kiss.

Butch Decatoria

# A World Without

A world without women

Is a world without

Mothers, daughters, sisters, wives...

It's a world that won't survive

Unable to birth Life or ever know

Unconditional Love.

Butch Decatoria

## Absinthe (Senryu)

Sweet green alchemy!  
Let's drink to forget our pains;  
Love's absence and strife.

Butch Decatoria

# Activist Cry

Sisters, brothers  
Fathers, mothers  
Friends and beloved other  
Birds of a feather  
No matter the weather  
We are here together

We suffer the same  
Each of us to blame  
The shame of losing truth  
Allowing "them" to continue  
To set foot inside the gates,  
Disguised as though good  
Excuses as human as soot  
Endangered lives too late  
Worshippers of lustful hate.

What is it that motivates  
Those of you mindless heartless lifeless  
Devoid of love's grace?  
Where for are thou  
Oh human kind, racing to  
The burning lake  
Take take take  
Mine mine mine

Who fucking cares anyway?  
Just another day we prey  
And slay the precious thing called  
Life...  
No cheese in this maze  
Just rats devouring one another  
In a cage of do as the Bible says  
No questions asked  
When all play the end game  
Evil sits in First class...

We all bleed in wait  
Suffer the same, til the very last

Of the devil's wake  
Witness the time pass  
Drained of humanity  
Aghast!

The matters of family  
As we run on empty  
Silent at mass.  
Brothers sisters fathers  
Fracking strangers and jacked...

Butch Decatoria

# Acupuncture (Senryu)

Needles to threadbares.  
Old Chinese secret-blood-map.  
Porcupine poultice.

Butch Decatoria

# Against The Bricks (For Banksy)

Gigolo leans  
Against the bricks  
Gotham gothic walls  
Left thumb hooked on a pocket of his  
Faded denim jeans  
Right hand caressing a carnation  
Steady

Ready to go  
Mr. Gigolo in a James Dean glow

Mean  
Black leather jacket  
Shiny slick like  
Ghetto pothole puddles  
Wet lacking rain

Only street lamp  
Spot light  
Backstreet dangerous  
Gigolo leans with  
A flower for Ms. Green

Come hither squeeze

He waits  
There in the sallow  
Glow  
Another shadow  
Against the bricks  
Graffiti  
Cannon spray paint art

Masterpieces  
Within living scenes  
Cool as concrete rain  
Patient as an evening breeze  
Passing moments  
A Smiley face

Honest pain sculptures  
Poetry is exploding  
Street Glean hues

Art full in appreciating  
brick walls  
In his low gigolo lean  
Worth noticing  
Life's but  
A dream / a living work of Art.

(I heart Banksy)

Butch Decatoria

# Alien

New  
To this plasticity,

Grey matter in a nimbus  
Mind as infinitely hollow as  
A galaxy or dungeon deep dream  
Lost to the starlight oblivion

Of distances we place  
In the familiar / fealty and touch

Our human gravity,  
Spirit and superstitious will  
Heavy by testaments and old teachings still.

Yet war has long been our  
Problem-child  
And like the parents that we are

With these days, digital,  
We are unwilling to accept its prognosis

Nothing more can be  
Poured into a vessel,  
Nothing more can be fed into the flame,

If ash and black  
Lift into the sky...  
It will be alien

To even try to  
Resurrect another age.  
When there is no warmth or  
Use for light  
It's a world unbecoming

alien...



# All Saints Day Sunset

The last walk for the dog  
Just passed six p.m.  
Just above the tree line  
Shadows of rooftops  
The meadows in silhouettes

From Sunrise or Red-rock canyon  
Darkness dusks the desert  
In starlight,  
And sin city sequins like  
Christmas on the Strip  
The Flurry of lights  
Neon fluorescent  
Bling  
The desert  
Glowing like  
The Anglerfish from  
The deepest unknowns...

But the explosion of color!  
Against cobalt blue  
deepening;  
The Evening's canvas sky  
Afire  
Like a metallic fire  
Of magenta, fuchsia,  
Tangerines  
A wounded dream  
& The  
Most emblazoned red  
As though alive  
It's curtains  
A breathing theatre  
of illumine.

Stage: Firmaments  
The sinking sun: The immaculate  
heart

Brightly bleeding  
This Sunset on All Saints...  
&quot;Let Love lead us&quot;  
Righteously.

Butch Decatoria

# Alone

Alone

Unfolding

I am mourning before the dawn  
unveiling  
crumpled bedspread sheets  
a hollow space  
where comfort once found  
your slumber deep,  
I find an echo  
of your breath  
as my tears interrupt  
a yawn / a stretch

while trust feels like a home  
invasion,  
a rape save for the flesh...

I am a trail of moisture  
upon the cheeks, the searching  
throughout a graveyard home  
yielding empty halls,  
bleak,  
of no fruition / a tomb;

I am the ache within  
Darkly,  
My harsh and sordid  
imagination / disambiguations  
roaming  
To thoughts of you  
in someone else's fever  
a slicing cut that opens  
and equals that pain

unleashing avalanche of blood  
but it's only a crimson thought  
which floods...

again & again...

I'm in that home now unkempt  
the dust on portraits  
in sepia's gloom  
there's a sound of bare feet  
clapping  
on hardest wooden floor

In a saloon  
lacking conversations  
without a care taken  
of why / from where / or whom

I once was strength  
which wanes  
Like the more waves punch  
the cliff and shore,  
as my reserves begin to drain  
I collapse into bed  
On pillow, lay...

I am the hope which wants  
what lived before  
My out-cries' / beg / praying  
to only stay  
alive yet  
Afraid  
dying in these  
sobs of promises that fray  
Like ghostly dust  
In daylight skeins

I am a tomorrow  
of love yet made

inept at finding any trust  
I have been blind told to  
break...  
(My iron will  
To rust.)  
I am alone

since gone are our yesterdays  
Since you romance your secrets  
with escapades,  
grinders found in spades.

I am the hush that must escape  
never getting to know  
the calligraphy & colors,  
all facets of love's  
very face,  
unjust  
unfeeling  
replaced

I am a violin  
from some distant space,  
far and away  
a wish  
a yearning...  
To display / my tears out loud  
and loudly dying

Asking kindly

Love me  
if only  
for the sake of today  
for I am  
lonely...  
for I am the light  
at night  
unfolding...

Alone.

Butch Decatoria

## Artichoke (Quatrain)

Love for all its glowing praise

Be not so simple to reflect

Too many subtexts to explain

Layer'd lessons so complex.

Butch Decatoria

# Asexual

Is it a sin to self gratify,  
Until the lower third eye spits glue  
All thru the night  
Madly rapaciously lascivious you

Almost desperate to find  
Even when we were warned  
Likely to go blind  
Symptoms of a hairy Palm

When one can't come close  
To transcend or feel  
The ethereal bliss that glows  
In the love made real

And there's no one worth it  
To waste such sighs  
Is it sinful as unwanted births  
or better to self gratify?

Butch Decatoria

# Asphalt (Senryu)

Metro's wastrel streets,  
Littered with points, blackened foil;  
Excremental prey.

Butch Decatoria

# Babygirl Sour

Sweet Babygirl, the world's become

Mean

Hey daughter where you been?

What you love above

House & prairies?

I see you down with it now

Trickin' your treat

Mean

Muggin' Mad dogging

Taking a beating

Drinking is bruises

Numbing

Until her eyes can't see

20/20

Mind can't think

Stuck on black

Sweet baby girls

Gone sour.

Butch Decatoria

## Balderdash (Acrostic)

Blathering of nonsense, noise not language  
Adding rubbish with gibberish garbage  
Lathering bullshit and claptraps, damaged  
Diminished intelligences all in dunce caps  
Eager as beavers breaking dams and bad  
Respite silences drowning in our sleep  
Do unto others - thumpers' speak  
Asshole candidates asinine speeches  
Say this isn't so! So stupid yet bleakly  
Hell sounds empty, ears burning with the meek.

Butch Decatoria

## Ballet (Senryu)

So Divine—Such Grace!  
The words cannot embody,  
Ballet when God speaks.

Butch Decatoria

## Bananas (Acrostic)

Believing or not, shit happens  
And then it hits the fan  
Nincumpoop narrations nude news  
Alcatraz turns Hollywood tours  
Nightlife street food  
A craze of tastes du jour  
Split or peel the monkeys drool like crazy...

Butch Decatoria

## Before I Leave

I would of liked to have said good byes  
Look upon your face into your eyes  
Looking for my little princess somewhere in there  
I want to tell her I was sorry

Before I leave

I want my baggage to be light as air  
No strings to bring me worry  
When recollecting the most memorable  
Letting shit go, most amiable

Before I leave

The America that fostered me, Disney made believe  
My hopes heart filled with 3-D colored dreams  
I hope to give my thanks even on the other side  
The world might end while closing the eyes

Before I leave

I would rather not have any need of all that  
Find myself in all this, happy at that...  
I would of liked to have waved goodbye  
As I fly away... Heartbroken in the sky...

Before I leave

I just want to know &quot;why? &quot;  
What did I do so wrong? Did I hurt you?  
With my &quot;such a user&quot; usefulness, a deadbeat dad,  
Reasons running away with the ghosts of us

The ones that haunt me still (eek-gad!)  
I will let go / of - flying home past the clouds  
I will look down and feel how small I'm now  
and how wonderful the world I see!

Before I leave...

(it's not about me)

Butch Decatoria

# Begotten Cold

Forgiveness is forsaken

By all

Knowing love Is unconditional

Coming down on us

Like cats and dogs

From father's mothering

Gone now from above

Goodness gracious

Infinite the sky to see

Cloudy days, stars at night,

Supposedly

Life Is written in illuminating light

Across the vacuous void

Proofs and blooms of nebulae

The shapes of the known

Formulae

A Universe within

Forgiveness not forsaken

Perhaps forgotten

About the times of us

Milky ways

Swirling dance of dust

Who's asking

Who for whom

Bells tolling tongues

Naming the wizard a man

In odds within

Oz

Looking for idols of immunity

No way out but falling

Up

Or In love

The rain seems the only thing

Forgiving

Lately

Its begotten cold.

Butch Decatoria

# Begs No Need

Tell the machine

How you feel

Create envy

An Ethernet tear

Remind it

Possesses no fear

Unlike the "man";

How he kills

His own humanity

Blaming "god";

Created plenty

On third rock

And they infect it

Hungrily

Tell me what is

Want

When "dead";

Begs no need?

Butch Decatoria

# Belief Vs. You

Belief is becoming

Estranged

Twisted in ugly shapes

Why believe in it

Following fallen frisson

Fracking followers factions

Mind-fucked by

Their UnTruths

Darkening

The clear view

From your point of view

It's understandable

Thoughts turn askew

Deeper wallowing

Still

Belief is yours

Becoming or befalling

Love is up

To you

I'd rather have

A good view

Through

&

True.

#beliefvsyou

Butch Decatoria

## Bigots (Senryu)

Their hatred darkens  
Like an oil spill on the soul  
Heartless mouths pollute.

Butch Decatoria

# Bike Ride

We sped on our bikes  
inflated by the ride, the new feelings  
awakened, leaving behind the night

this is how we meditate  
lapping of light, sipping the dawn  
to conquer ourselves, while

enjoying the bike ride,  
often times in a hurry  
infatuations with distances, blurry...

visions of what is upmost,  
All truth and light and love  
all that surrounds us

the road, the clouds above,  
to be in this miracle  
without reflection or worry;

a bike ride is all this is  
a breeze on our face, a gentle fury  
never sorry of the light of day

loving the now- understanding & knowing...  
no anger for the traffic growing,  
yielding to stop / signs say "One Way";

we cruise on our bikes  
just because  
We love's it - now &  
Always.

(Much appreciated, thank you)

Butch Decatoria

## Bilinguist's Cunnilingus (10w)

Enjoys tapioca

Puddin'

Peach pies

Often sups

On beef

Cakes.

Butch Decatoria

# Black

Black is not one color  
but all of 'em in one

Black is not a face nor a person,  
Not a baller nor bum...

it is the period when this sentence is done.

Maybe black is the ooze  
that drowns sea and fish

or is it that nappy young'n  
all hungry with wish

Black is certain as black is your eye  
when you're fighting just to prove your right  
(or keep one's rights alive)

Oh yes, black is what makes the stars shine bright  
while under it- knocking boots aside...  
no matter what, love is also made  
in the darkest of nights...

So why would somebody  
as golden as me  
care about one crayon  
or a stripe of a bee?

Because if nothing is wrong  
then our skin shouldn't be  
or much worse- whipped til it bleed...

There is nothing more to say,  
but let each embrace teach you

Question all history, but now just do you

as long as eyes can take a look  
know your neighbor, love that crook

experience and love is not from a book.

Surely I'll sit next to you  
since we ride the same bus,  
do you get to know my color  
or speak to living dust?

Black may be just a word  
that fear blinds from trust.

black is beauty under the sun,  
til time is rust, til gone is done...

So speak truly and be free  
Love the same as all of us  
Cherish blues and greenest trees  
Since we do ride that same ole bus...

No words need screams or fistful hate  
Cuz Black is Moonwalking  
up to the Pearly Gates,  
where the boogie cannot wait

and the blind finally wake...

Butch Decatoria

# Blame.

It's not the Book's fault

The actions of reactions of the reader

From its contents

A leader interprets

Either good or bad

(Not evil) a leader

With choice

To take the blame / to hate or shame

We become that choice

Diminishing our flame...

It's not the Books' fault

These actions of the reader.

Blame.

Butch Decatoria

## Blithe (Acrostic)

Bubbly champagne gladnesses  
Lady like, lux limned levity  
Infectious smiles all showing  
Teeth, Cheshire pearls floating  
Happiest and joyful glee  
Enamored with your brilliance.

Butch Decatoria

## Blur (Senryu)

Tears are no longer  
Loose and quick to disarray  
How eyes understands.

Butch Decatoria

# Bodies Not Our Own

Bodies Not Our Own

"The thing about love is that we come alive in bodies not our own"  
- Colum McCann (Let The Great World Spin)

\* \* \*

How often have we departed,  
Only to return for those accomplishments  
Yet to be attained  
in complete relinquishing of all chains.

Doubt is kicked aside like boxer briefs  
Allowing our starkness to trust the ease  
Of limber flight its heights  
when bodies feel more of heaven  
removed from themselves

as if an out of body replacement  
in each other's unexpected ache and deprivation

There is nothing more immense of touch  
Than to experience it with/&in another  
To become elation and levitation without wings

Love if only a brief conjuring of taste  
is better explained in skins met and kept  
oddly artistic- like fetal sleep -its shape:  
Two minds, their temples, composed and content

At their waist:nude / umbilical / magic spent.  
Hearts between them beat, overcome  
by rhythms from heaven, sent...

how often than not, have we left such captions  
of shared life / ecstasies  
to the halls of unremembered  
the ill-equipped journeys by the ignorant  
by the newly seeing youth that we were

rushing ahead for bigger sensations to better  
the previous fun, without caution, defunct on rum  
dizzy inside maelstroms overwhelming, yet freeing...

Behaved as anyone would at losing sight  
following no roads displaced eyes not to recognize;  
all thoughts scrupulous doors, dreams mapped absurdly

Tower of a life, a tree a leaf a tear falling from Sky

naïve belief - its all good, yet lonely numb inside  
still the hollow hungers and also hurts  
misplaced pathos, uncaring of worth your dirt...

How do we evolve without wellbeing or love  
why are we, if not measured for the crown of kings?  
How often do we listen before our voice is strong enough to sing?

Loving through gifts of our intermingled feelings  
Bodies we speak wordless into being, one skein of light  
From pitch dark and lost reasons, wakes to its peeling  
Night is as beautiful in light's mystic gleaning  
Found in another's succor, two bodies divinely beaming...

Butch Decatoria

# Bombyx Mori (Senryu)

White Mulberry leaves'  
Veins like univoltine wines  
Silk/worms' waste / of time.

Butch Decatoria

## Braille (10w)

Touch can teach the blind to see  
Worlds in Braille.

Butch Decatoria

# Broke

Oh these omnifarious  
Human habits  
That become habitual  
Habitats  
For the concupiscent  
Hungers  
Of the nefarious  
Needing  
Nothing but more  
Hurt...

Butch Decatoria

# Bubblegum

Jibber jabber gobbledee-goo  
tittle tattle ingenues  
verbosely nose-y Velcro verbs  
sibilant smacks or lips a purse  
wealthy whacks stickball whips  
no tweet or talk but mailbox spit  
gnawing down our chews of cud  
converse with street rubber tongues  
pinky-swore on Bazooka gum  
summer wonder learning none  
we Schwinn & Huffy bike the day  
child hood friends what else to say?  
(Especially at that age...)

Teeny tiny laughter dust  
we race like Del Mar champion studs  
no babble trouble wordy sting  
our Super 8 remembering  
"look no handle bars! "  
our arms for wings  
young ole boys  
California Kings...

(For Jonathan R.)

Butch Decatoria

# Buck Necked

Buck necked,  
Dreads hanging by a cat's hair ball ...  
Buck necked,  
She tells her moms  
On my Obama phone, long distance  
Welfare carriers  
Pigeon messengers  
Yelping life at her mama  
On my cell

&quot;They just be different here&quot;  
&quot;Auntie, daughter-sister-niece&quot;  
With her best pal black  
Making promises late birthday gifts  
Buck necked  
Didn't even touch water  
Long distance in the Ladies'  
At least a couple hours  
On my Obama phone...

It's definitely not about me  
When hooting & hollering  
Mad loudly  
Urban jungle jive,  
Who the hells this guy  
Mr. Old boy push over  
A gay  
Patiently waiting  
For her shower with black  
White pizzle steam

Learning to speak up  
If we are free  
I choose to enjoy my experience  
Not the type to be  
Tugged on some else's leash  
What little time We  
Dismiss or  
Fully embrace

&quot;People just be so different here&quot;;

Hi I'm chop-liver, welcome to  
My place,  
Give me back my phone  
Not feeling at all  
At home.  
Yet she's buck necked.

Butch Decatoria

## Busking (Acrostic)

Boys Breakdancing, popping & lockin'

Urban sidewalk stages, crowds flocking

Spinning on their heads, cartwheels, beat boxing

Kaleidoscope costume characters, Magician meets street

Intricate limb ribbons of contortionist's pleats

Noir Carnivale, cirque of metropolis dance crews

Garish otiose stars on the walk of fame, busking moves...

Butch Decatoria

## Butterfly (Senryu)

A dangerous thing,  
Inspiration's fragile wings.  
Metamorphoses.

Butch Decatoria

## Caboshed (Acrostic)

Cabin in the wild wood

Along mossy unpaved paths of pine

Birds call from the canopies

Over the fire cobblestone fireplace

Stag head and moon face clock

Harken toward the dawn's heraldry

Eventual hours in their lime light

Dog waits by the door for the next hunt.

Butch Decatoria

## Cadavers (Acrostic)

Church steeple silhouette  
Against Sunday's sad sky of blues  
Dithering of old birds  
A Murder of ravenous crows in suits  
Volume of quiet dread  
Escapes in held breaths of youths  
Rascal red blush among aged crepes  
Squirrels silent in the belfry...

Butch Decatoria

# Cafe Cream

hmp... where are the open mics?  
This coffee-bean bag city abound  
with eclectic fusions of wireless access  
enter-the-net -abilities  
Kenya to Columbia / slow, dark roasts...  
and Napa Valley vineyards  
intermingling  
at Cream...  
How oddly bright, surrounded by glass  
windows- like discovery of x-ray vision,  
through clear walls i see how packed  
like an iMac convention it is  
inside...  
Poetry readings: Yahoo local search directed us here,  
barista-scented alcoholic webmasters  
thin-legged tables laid out like a life-sized  
chess board- us three white rooks performing  
black bishop moves to the cashier;  
curious like George as to where  
in Carmen-cool-San Diego,  
in this glowing Rubix cubed place;  
where in the fluorescent skins of Comp-USA borne  
peoples of the web, where  
where oh where's the poetry?  
Reading Vista-windows rather than obsolescent-absolutes  
of books by Keats  
or obsessive-compulsive Koontz...  
Though bright and machine-warm, Cream  
felt metallic-shiny, slick as plastic; conversations  
with an electric hiss  
rather than a hum of heart-beats and laughter  
where's the darn poetry? ?  
the readings?  
a prolific geek or Hemingway refined older men  
on a single microphone;  
turn-table-tales in rhyme  
on a platform made by the local grind  
college theatre techies (staple-gunned and glued) ...  
where are those poets?

those spoken-word-wisdoms, writers  
performing, even in their Goth-blacks, even in  
their Seattle angst of corduroys or dock martins;  
forget Starbucks, leave behind Jitterz,  
the Espresso Roma is the poetry of coffee  
no enterprise  
can replicate  
duplicate the unique...  
sadly i must concede, the spoken word  
and poetic fluffers are a dying breed; as far as  
i can web-surf, no place  
houses them any longer, no more  
do they sprinkle their pixie-dust of verse  
or prose, mosaics,  
fantastics of floral or funk  
imagery and emotional  
stark revelations of discovery...  
sadly- it is the day's turning of a page;  
sucks is the word,  
adverb to lost horizons, i am  
a dinosaur of the mess-no-beatnik-era,  
"poet-a-sore-is-rest";  
deep thoughts' ooze now the blood of  
{fingers snapping} history  
"yeah, man, cool...outta sight";  
and i'm not yet extinct;  
i am a tetradactyl with so much sky  
soon without a place to land, / below  
crash into the matrix sea- Cream pixelates my woes...  
communication has become a plastic factory  
to Japan, and Europe, my inner "screech! ";  
"where is the poetry? ! ";

Butch Decatoria

## Caliente (Senryu)

Like habaneros  
Her words burn, her lovemaking  
Keeps home fires lit.

Butch Decatoria

# Calligraphy (Senryu)

Curves of your cursive  
Ribbon Art of penmanship.  
Flowing locks of hair.

Butch Decatoria

## Carbuncle Blvd. (Senryu)

Beggar's change buys Black.  
Broken system's open sores,  
Homeless flagellates.

Butch Decatoria

## Carousel (Senryu)

Bright painted ponies  
Running circles round and round  
Mad whimsy of youths.

Butch Decatoria

# Catnap Fever (Senryu)

Feline glowering  
At nude Clowder of Sphinxes.  
Moody caught a chill.

Butch Decatoria

# Channel Surfing

Harlots now have their own shows

Guess there's an interest

With how they do...

It's easy money

Selling sex as prostitutes do

Never heard of downward dog

Celebrity hookers?

Is there such things

Famous for being overused?

The Real Man-whores of false reality

Harlots on Hulu

Now our young daughters

With no lessons of self respect

Dream of Big

Dicks / Winning a golden one

In the annals of History

Those honored and celebrated

Reach the peak and the summits

Accomplishment

Not with polishing his knob

But self sufficient

Lady woman mine

The real deal evolution

To better beings

Not harlots on parade

Or gigolos (who hit the spot)

It's The Wang Chumps Show,

The award for best acting ... goes to

(Insert Nom De Porn)

This too shall pass

And must Haves to go

Channel surfing for growth...

Have nots

A damn clue

For show.

Butch Decatoria

## Cherry Diesel (Poetpoem#2)

There's just something about Love

That gives me strength

That Lives and lifts me

There's just something about You

That lights me up

A sun, a moon, my earth,

My sky

There I see you

Here I feel you

Gives me strength

That something about you

Love so

Lovely

The brilliance

Of your eyes

So blue.

Butch Decatoria

## Chicano (Acrostic)

Crip or Blood or Cop  
Happenstance in L.A. cages  
Incarceration-Deportation Salsa  
Children of concrete Suns  
A Latina for president or vice  
Native Monarchs returning home  
Oscar once was Mayor.

Butch Decatoria

## China (Senryu)

Man's Golden Lotus,  
A wealth of divine knowledge.  
Heavenly on earth.

Butch Decatoria

# Chi-Raq

A Buster is busted.

Figuratively disfigured

Mayhap way he speak?

Not just slow

Cuz he got flow

Figured out the Hustle

Keeps on and on and on and...

&quot;Damn Life, brothas Broke! &quot;

Sweet Swisher Blunts

Swish and stunted swoosh

Jumping hoops

(For who?)

Busters are Busted.

Vigorously. Voraciously.

(Or rock-steady Kool)

And the gangs'

Got gats no milk

Tommy-guns Polishing

(Head like a hole...)

Our whips.

Our babies.

Our Peeps

The War / The Streets

The Word itself, asleep...

Sweet Tea at the ready!

They're thirsty in

CHi-Raq.

Butch Decatoria

# Chocolate

Doesnot need to be neither  
whether dark,  
milk, white or  
Andes' mint greener  
they all are pleasant  
in feature  
like  
smooth footsteps upon the tongue  
plush / sweet:  
puppy-love pudding  
the suckle way it melts  
dissolving  
like velvet quilts down the throat  
palate-warm  
exaltations' high  
like dolphin skin / leaps in sun light  
And spider feet / goose-flesh  
endorphin chill of skin  
after such a chess game - consumption  
bemoan a second piece  
hugs & kisses again & again  
all the while,  
chin, cheer  
ear-to-ear  
smile  
no nuts /caramel / nougat  
A valentines heart shaped piece  
so pure in promise...

A pip / of inner profanity,  
a lift from life's lemon-sanity,  
a silent orgasm in the lungs,

Smooth footsteps upon the tongue...

(Chocolate)

Butch Decatoria

# Chrysanthemums (Senryu)

Gold Mandala Suns,  
In fine Ming vase of green jade.  
Welcomes day's good Grace.

Butch Decatoria

# Cigarettes

The bowl of a glass ashtray  
on the night-stand  
is brimming with cigarette  
butts and burnt tobacco.

This is what wasted  
time looks like.

Grey songs  
of a caged bird:  
ashes and cigarette butts.

Butch Decatoria

# City

Beach city by the cool sea  
not so easy city  
not too busy, too sleazy, or greasy city

to take off  
your shirt  
to feel the breezy - city  
I am  
curiously lost in,  
excitably exploring you  
engorged asphalt-hard city  
different from my boyhood memory

not so scary-big - city  
a great place to grow-up  
kind of city  
open roads bike rides  
on my schwinn  
safely suburb city

she's successfully savvy  
sophisticated city  
evolved from understanding  
Downtown pity  
No border walls  
Chaps are diggy  
Navy city

city of girls who can be  
as manly and boys are as  
pretty, gritty  
city  
of individuality  
like a quirky  
cousin, sissy, brotha, niece  
with Cali.-valley speak! - city

there's so much i want to see,  
learn and believe in

this city,  
i am a long lost twin city  
just a baby,  
friendly city, sucking your full titty  
city

care for me daily  
wish me luck a lotto city  
even in my muck and shitty ditties  
unconditionally cradling me with love  
this LEGO city...  
californicating sea world and zoos  
old town wanderlust  
Carmen on the trolley

San Diego by the sea  
City  
in my blood  
this city by the beach  
This city  
that I love...

Butch Decatoria

# Claustrophobic Animals

Claustrophobic Animals:

Peoples

Neighbors

The ones near you

Next to you on the bus

Behaving in the box

Silences of hateful thought

Sucking all the air

Keeping a grip

I see there behind them eyes

The lick of canines slick smile

Hollow of empathy

Behaving in these boxes we've made

Into stage and cage for rage

To notice you

And I suffer the same

Peoples

Family

Strangers school

Shooters

Target

Us, we mortal

People

Death

The claustrophobic animal.

Butch Decatoria

## Cockring (Acrostic)

C inch the boys in their place,

O bjectified / attentions indecently like proposing

C rows these proud chicken heads loudly

K illing the blood-flow / frozen still

R idgid hoses, denying it

I rrigation or relief

N either giving it room to breathe

G orged on sex, in a pulsing noose...

Butch Decatoria

# Coffee

It's a Kuerig

Not a cure all.

Since every workday

morning

I have mistaken as weekends,

Like those Indian summers

At nine

Over-sleeping-in

My little white pillow cloud

I piggy back rode

Since then mistaken my dreaming

As Heavens (in the Nth

degrees)

Far from my youth

Here now,

@MidLife

Grind...

How dark roasts have that

Not so dissimilar aromatic

Bitterness

And caustic ash

After

Taste.

Instant is cheap.

Unemployed drug of choice:

Coffee.

Butch Decatoria

# Coitus

We dapple our kiss  
hot white Zinfandel

and like the blind groping for  
doors, you open me,

longingly /our warmth,  
one hearth we coalesce.

Butch Decatoria

## Cold Front (Senryu)

Wind hops on tree tops.  
A howling child who is wild,  
Grows and makes the storm.

Butch Decatoria

## Coleoptera (Sedoka)

Shadows'-hollow shell  
Desert street extremities  
Deep down city ritz

Heart hardened by shit  
Clipped his wings, legs tied to strings  
Another insect.

Butch Decatoria

## Communion (Senryu)

Beach's morning wakes,  
I awe as blue ocean drinks  
The sky bleeding gold,

Butch Decatoria

## Concerns (Acrostic)

Chapo will only notice if money is missing.

Other intimacies are nonexistent to greed.

Notice, not like &quot;Urgent&quot; paper / pay your bills!

Children's unfiltered eloquent hugs,

Elderly who have fallen you help get up,

Racial tensions, too much attention / negative media.

No one will care until the bitter end it.

Show don't say that we're Be-friended...

Butch Decatoria

## Concubine (Senryu)

Wrapped in Red perfumes  
Soft business of Pale-Skin Moon.  
Husband's secret vice.

Butch Decatoria

# Constipated

Mulling about  
The muck  
The haunts we are hardbound  
Foggy fetal leavings by the sea  
Right before the light;  
The days of purple haze  
Of sallow street cars, street lamp,amped up  
Yet dampened loss of desire  
Pop another oxy-hydro-fire.

To be able  
To muck about  
With inner abandon  
the abandonments deep  
Numb battlements / "Hoorah! "  
Semper Fi the pain  
Only significant  
With derivatives  
From cocaine plantations  
Opioid addiction's contractually binding  
Lingering love notes  
A vice grip on idle minds

So many now that prey  
But with a side affect of  
Try holding in your shit  
for three-plus days

So as not to feel  
Not at all  
Not even the rage  
We keep anxiously pacing  
Clawing at  
Nonexistent strings  
A Beast inside our cage  
Forgiven by preacher men  
Proclaiming to hallelujah  
Change

At war with illusionist  
Freedom  
The boys fight for still  
A country of patriotic pill poppers  
Believing in heavenly kingdoms'  
Healing  
Secret silent pleading  
Because nothing takes away  
The pain  
Like Hydro Oxy foxy pills

Self medicate down wind of will  
If unaffected &quot;consult your physician&quot;  
He's at the edge of the stage  
A Spearmint rhino making it rain  
For Peaches  
From patient list of his bitches  
The business of lust  
Is feeding the loss of will  
If you still feel lost -and war sure did  
Give them nothing but  
PTSD & bad dreams  
Machine gun migraines  
Pop another pill  
Jagged little killer  
Softly knocks you off your feet  
Black is cheaper  
Smoke out not to feel

The muck-about days of  
Constipated pains  
Reader Digesting heavily,  
Numbingly unreal.

Casualty of a nameless waste  
That's his deal / what it's like:  
Most fecund  
A life on the toilet  
In wait for relief...  
Get off the pot  
Can't give a shit

Like this bowel movement  
His heart has called it quits  
To all this unholy shiznit!  
Veteran  
Patriot  
Manhood's defeat  
Damnation

Mucking about...

Butch Decatoria

# Coulda—woulda—shoulda

Would you if  
Could you with  
A gift of any wish  
Granted /  
Change  
Beauty  
Or what they deem to be  
The ugly  
in humanity  
Simply (for one's own comfort)  
To see and to shape  
Satisfactorily  
It's property...

Metamorphose.

So suppose  
You could impose  
Your willing whim on Man,  
Or make refined  
These grains of sand  
To cry

Change sweet sugars  
To sour lime

And with this power on a dime  
Create your own heart  
To love / to shine  
Maybe even shape the world  
With peaceful times! ?

As always  
rain will fall  
As war  
Often loudly screams to be  
Consistently and capitalistically  
Decreed

A Disagreeing discord  
Ever more.....

But if you could  
And if you should  
With every beef and steer  
Against the odds angst and deep  
Defeatists' endearing fear  
Educate the darkness  
How it can be lifted by  
A single spark,

Would you

If could you

Should have

With a gift  
Of a single wish:  
Recognize Our Heart

A good place to Always  
Start...

(Stay true for you are Art)

Butch Decatoria

# Countenance (10w)

Cigarette butts

Felatio-red lipstick stains

Age rings of Sin City.

Butch Decatoria

# Crackersfrack

Crackers Fracking barrels  
Where family eats  
Got diabetic farming gasoline  
It's a franchise made  
To give disorders  
The Web did not free men  
It's global gone viral  
World wide sky net  
Complaining to the same machine mean  
They will not listen  
Crackers Fracking barrels  
Don't shit where  
We sleep  
When we close our eyes  
What is seen inside  
Inner void burnt  
Black  
Stuck on black  
Not so easy  
Sunday mornings  
Faceless nation real politics  
Scapegoat housewives of  
Mothers once beloved days  
Parasols in the sun  
Spin doctoring  
Crackers Fracking our lungs  
Deforestation asphyxiations  
Marching drums.

World Peace Now!

Butch Decatoria

# Crocodile Tears

Crocodile Tears

Let's pretend I can read your mind.

What unkind words would you not say,  
whose name would you hide?

What places would you flee, in dismay,  
or wish to Caribbean cruise to?

If I could hear your love,  
what would it tell me  
that I do not already know?  
What kind of fantasies would whisper?  
Will your fears be softly moaned,  
or scream loudly to be let go?

Let's pretend you knew I could  
hear deeper all your silences,

how many flatteries, there, would echo  
like broken vinyl,  
a skipping heartbeat, a flat tire...on the road...

Would you still lie, if you knew- that I knew,  
still believe in them?  
Still make me believe you good?  
(never telling the truth)

Let's say you could  
hear my thoughts... my inner worth...

Would you condemn me and herald my secrets?  
Command me for your work  
make me a lackey  
or say I'm crazy  
to everybody—a nobody...?

If you could see inside me

or feel my worst hurts,  
would you understand \why and how  
my heart should burst?

And of course, this is all make believe,  
imagination at it's height,  
but true life is another sort  
of his and her stories....

from our minds' eyes  
to witness  
to be told:be realized.  
And every tale has once come true:  
man now  
flying, cloning,  
in rockets to the moon,

I'm sure my fiction will be  
written soon, if not already  
In that book...

what kind of mood  
&quot;He&quot; must of had when craving  
King & Koontz  
the idea of me...  
(and &quot;god&quot; knows who)  
scratching chin  
his beard of white  
in a bowl of crocodile tears,

playing pretend,  
and silent night  
with our living years...

Butch Decatoria

# Cross My Heart

For my Goddess /  
i go sexless...  
I let go desire.  
The needs of the flesh  
I let go  
For the Goddess / i am sexless.

Butch Decatoria

## Curmudgeon (Acrostic)

Cranky gramps next door's not well

Unwilling to listen, to mow his grass

Rumination's ruination's curb appeal from hell

Miserly, unfriendly, cussing and crass

Unwavering, a prejudiced old goat,

Doltish Scrooge with no family left

Graying graveside his home unkempt

Eaves and chimneys and curtains closed, yet

Openly racist with his dragon's breath.

Needs a bit of love to soften such deaths.

Butch Decatoria

# Cuttlefish (Senryu)

Oceans emotions  
Skin dances illumine shouts  
Body says it all.

Butch Decatoria

▪

Oh yeah!

I love to dance with

my hands

Also love to dance

Together

Hand to hip

Lower her back

A dip, her hair-flip

Sweep round and

Back

Hand in hand

Heart to heart

A kiss on her neck

&quot;Mi passione's si&quot;

Waltz to cha-cha to hip-hop

Running Man He sure be

But man, I love to dance

My very first

Romance.

Dance.

dHope.

Free.

Butch Decatoria

# Dancers In The Dark

Nocturnes wide awake  
All the days inside  
Infant dreams

Nightly flights  
Til morning blush  
Strokes the twilight brightly

Blindly painting  
Colors never before or ever  
Since seen

But in slumbers' deepest wish  
These high-noon deserts  
Brimming white Heat

Waves of ether  
The ethereal bloom  
Light defeats none but we

Moon with scars  
Cat-calm Cool  
Turquoise pools reprieved

Vast and fastidious  
Chinook whirlwinds  
Climbing the on-coming storm

Dreamer maelstroms  
Fearless babes we embark we,  
Dancers in the Dark.

Butch Decatoria

## Dandy (Acrostic)

Dressed to the nines,

Among threes and fours

Nitpicks the suit of floaters,

Debutante rutilant and

Yankee doodled too.

Butch Decatoria

# Death

Death is the word that strikes fear in the hearts of men, some lose sight in such loss. Would it be easier to think of it as a door or a box? Shall we wrap it in ribbons like a gift?

Butch Decatoria

# Death Valley (Senryu)

Akimbo cacti

By the scenic Highway routes

Flail in Hell-hot suns.

Butch Decatoria

## Debonair (Senryu)

Dean in gabled suits;  
Eloquent bodies, Jazz smooth.  
Sweeps her off her feet.

Butch Decatoria

## Delicate (Senryu)

Tenuous beauty  
Ballerina on tip toes  
Lace across the eyes.

Butch Decatoria

## Desire (Senryu)

Burning in gooseflesh.  
Yearnings, a caldera-thirst.  
Your kiss is like rain.

Butch Decatoria

## Desire 2.0 (Senryu)

I'm burning without  
Your fire, your kiss I thirst  
April full of Rain.

Butch Decatoria

## Devoured Hours (Acrostic)

Diminutive minutes fly by and imbue.

Ennobled, hungers the second hand.

Verbose and loud, its villainous ticking;

Oxen heavy, that kneading sound,

Under skull and depth of dreams.

Rescind the mad lives we vitiate;

Enchanted by hollow, fear of ghosts,

Dancing in a pitch waiting room.

Happenstance for insomniacs,

Ogres and dark shadows howling

Unapologetic at the light and moon.

Riot of the quiet, against daylight

Star: quarry in the void of night / time / dark.

Butch Decatoria

# Dickensian Ode

Dickensian Ode

Oh my dearest Life,  
Oh soul of mine,

Oh heart!

Imperfect within this mortal coil,  
Within these ribs a cage,  
Perfectly attuned to love and hate  
To sky and soil,  
The rage of dying days...

Oh how like the wind that craves  
to rush with sighs,  
To fly, to wish,  
My yearning dreams doth the same  
For substances of lips  
Made flesh from kiss  
As corporeal  
Your touch since, missed  
Lingers still...

Oh when I close my eyes  
How perfect my ignorant bliss  
Oh I pine to fly  
Away from the ache of this

My imagination's lovely will  
And lovelorn heart,  
Fallen apart and untouched still...  
Influenced by a fantasy  
A childish kind of mind, of flesh,  
Eyes blinded by your brevity:

The beauty of Days' caress  
Brilliant in its levity  
Poetic in its might:  
One heart's glowing light!

Oh Beloved!  
Oh divine destiny,  
Infinite and true  
Keep close my soul  
To find always you...  
Oh ever after  
Ignite my starry wish  
Beyond this mortal flesh

Oh heart  
Oh soul  
Oh heaven in my chest!  
I love you still  
(And always will)

Even unto death...

Butch Decatoria

## Dinosaur (Senryu)

Past life only bones  
Our flesh once giants—lies dust...  
That feeling extinct.

□

Butch Decatoria

# Downtown Mike's Halitosis

It's not easy speak  
or a Speak Easy  
when conversing with him,  
darkling gremlin toothless grin  
but he's your friend so I carry on  
with Yoda in the corner of my mind  
&quot;judgmental you must be not&quot;;  
and Com-icn's collective excitement fading  
as the light will do in the west...

We speak easier with the circling  
of the communal pipe  
crystal peace in mists of glass orbs  
oil burner fog horns  
piercingly in & between my ears  
but its not so easy to ignore  
the scent of death in his halitosis

We spoke of Superheroes  
their idiosyncratic identities  
His secret celebrity crushes  
envying Green Lantern's ring finger  
he speculates on Cyclops's orientation,

&quot;Y don't you make me an X man, professor? &quot;

Informatively encyclopedic volubility,  
Mike speaks queerly and toof-less  
yet well versed on oral  
said he rims pacific beach boys  
(And I can smell the white lies  
wafting from his mouth)  
as I color at his studded fairy tales  
and his idolatry for prepubescent boys  
his hyper kind of dominance  
he verbally recalls the taste of how sweet  
the sweet untouched were...

&quot;The most gorgeous guys I've ever seen

in porn or anyplace on the face of the planet  
comes from and are probably cumming now  
in Europe... Mmm, European boys...  
I want to use my life's savings to go there  
enter the war zone and come back wounded...&quot;

I can't even imagine  
Shrapnel jacked backside, points and protrusions  
grandiloquent mouths and holes full of  
enunciations...

&quot;Fourteen is the age of consent there...&quot; he is smiling  
a caricature of a wolf fag fang less  
Such a pseudo wanna-be  
possibly already  
pedophile friend from the broken rainbow factory,  
how I chuckle uncomfortably  
shake my head disbelievingly

oh the humorous horror of it...

(I'm grinding my teeth, until I notice myself  
doing so and then  
get an image of him  
with a gummy grin,  
I preoccupy my thinking  
nodding as I half-heartedly half listen)

Butch Decatoria

## Drab (Acrostic)

Deathly colored roiling clouds

River gleam bleeds insides out

Anguish a quiet ire gloom

Blooms of mushrooms grey and doom.

Butch Decatoria

# Drag-Queen

... he points his toes  
like a swan stretching its neck:  
smooth shaved calves in fish-nets  
to slip into stiletto heels,  
performance art of a deceptive nymph

... grace on fine-point tips: his gift - gentile lace  
Stage lighting and mace  
impersonation or personification of feminine beauty  
leporine lithely limned  
delicate dancer  
it is almost as if floating across water  
he mimicked once more before  
some inner mother's nature took over

façade of savored tastes - savior faire  
voila! a star in it's place...

... It is her face when the night creates a cape  
borne with Van Gogh plumes sufficed with self  
she paints upon his face: starry nights  
sun-flowers, irises covering the welts...  
comparably museum worthy, imitation flames  
yet like any other canvas  
beneath it could lie disappointment and mistake  
drafts of inspiration, cover-ups of cynicism  
another creature - some creation unlike him  
what was before / her soft curtain / kept behind his in-betweens unseen  
(prick)stage hands spot light polishing knobs "my name is Job..."  
but what if...

... the truth and what presently others see  
Diva or DILF  
to believe or not convincingly  
could be / only amateurs who attempt:  
moments unfeeling under layers & layers  
of blush / trial and errors / sharp contempt  
Sunken cheeks of graveyard sheep  
Lip syncing nubile twinkles insomniacs  
Dry shave stubble style...

would you wipe away Mona Lisa's  
smile so devilish with wicked secret  
just to uncover blemished a masterpiece:  
an ugly Danish duckling underneath?

To prove his swan-lake / a gent

... to evolve from broken eggshells  
become a song sung timely  
hummed & remembered well  
(hells bells and balls)  
Drag queens'  
priceless history / murals' on passing face  
No broken naughts  
While performing down his lace  
define yourself, she affirms her mirrors...  
The harsh flight of life from the embers,  
happiness pursuant to tender  
Fully free with goddess grace,

it is the power of creativity / the spirit's ability  
to overcome adversity  
the art of divinity - that is  
what he is practicing  
This trumpeter  
swan in stiletto heels...

Butch Decatoria

# Drank

Curiosity was killing cats  
especially when Prohibition says  
that cats ain't gone scratch...?  
Uh huh, feverish she is.  
Now Ms. kitty is on  
the tin roof  
On fire!  
Itchy's whining, scratchy's moaning  
Howling  
at the full moon's  
reflection on the  
Mississippi,  
Damn thirsty for  
some Drank!

Butch Decatoria

# Dream Big / Bird

Why Dream Big Bird?  
Why do dreams hurt not come true?  
Why do we even, for why try, for whom?

For in the name of heaven's love  
The beauty of Us, childlike and new,  
Why do dreams we dream  
Evanescence awake  
In sleep more vivid and felt more

Laughter, lifts us, afloat  
Ashore...  
Why not fly big bird  
Fly? We specks of stardust  
That glitter the night  
Space and Time

Colors on the painter's palette  
From wish and perfecting  
Masterpiece  
Without malice  
Yet acquainted with its wars  
Vastly we make or forsake  
A hearth  
Afire  
A chance meeting with fate  
A most famous hero  
A great mandragora  
We are as one  
Universe from zero...

In dreams big bird  
Stars supernova births  
Not made  
Each sunrise immaculate  
In its brilliant worth find  
Beloved  
See how certain, feel how finely  
In dreams big bird fly

While each of us  
Children of the garden choose  
Fear or shine  
How ever brief —just be  
Twinkle in the eye  
Awe and smile

Why dream?  
It's where big birds fly...

Butch Decatoria

# Drive-Thru Wedding (Senryu)

&quot;I Do's&quot; through sunroofs.

Hallelujah honeymoon.

Marriage number two.

Butch Decatoria

# Emphatically

In the hush of your eyes

my heart speaks loudest

feeling our lips hover

our conversations

not a word

rhythmic drums

rapacious lungs /

repeating

the beatitude

getting

after you

inhaling

exhaling

in all "caps";

"YES!"

Butch Decatoria

# Ennui

## ENNUI

Poor Mrs. Sincere Lee  
Stares longingly at a frame  
Gilded gold and empty  
On her wall  
Once a portrait of her younger face  
If only her wane and fading  
Mind beneath her thin crown  
Of silver white  
Could remember  
Nimbly  
If she could only  
Brush stroke memory

Back to life  
Since her thoughts have drowned  
In misty loss  
Her youth and summers  
A distant shore  
In a regretful ocean of  
Salvatore Dali clocks  
Her emotions turned against her  
Enemies at the door,  
Draining the vivid Now  
Most recollections are merely  
Half together sewn  
Waves of ups and downs  
Cast away in an album of  
Forlorn

She recalls her demure lil curtsy  
She was loyal as a pet rock,  
Still she stares at the blank canvas  
Rather than the dawn on the dock  
Frozen in the lack  
Of having not known nor found  
Someone  
More than this

Silent dame of down,  
With more to her than some  
Husband's name  
Mrs. Sincere Lee in her pink  
Lingerie  
Can only stare not at the painting  
But it's decaying frame...

With a thinning crown  
Of silver white  
Of wish of need of crave  
The days without an empty canvas  
Or her sentence  
of self blame  
Time is leaving her  
Frozen In such hollow canvases  
Not angry but a foggy haze  
And a wrinkled touch of  
Shame.

Ennui.  
The trenchant ocean  
Burns with out a flame.

Butch Decatoria

# Envisioning

That "Happy Place";

Close my eyes, smiling

Happy Faced

"Have a Nice Day";

then Imagine

Nation Skylines

A tiny speck of light

In the dark of our minds

Fantasies infantilized

Fantasized Supersized

What a prize

What should i see then (when)

Envisioning

Wonder-walls

Good Heavens!

"Hand me my remote";

Butch Decatoria

## Ephemeral (Acrostic)

Ever the Mayfly's  
Passerby-Passionings  
Hovering in the quick-day heat  
Ever the Mayfly thickening  
Minutes of a lifetime  
Ever the brief flight  
Remembering petite mort  
A requiem dance  
Living for one day perhaps.

Butch Decatoria

# Evening Strolls (Senryu)

Long shadows greeting

The sun sinks walking our dogs

Star looking for Moon.

Butch Decatoria

## Evil (Acrostic)

Efforts of the sinister shoals,

Vehement lust of vacuous souls.

It is "Live" backwards and untoward,

Loveless, thoughtless hatred to murder.

Butch Decatoria

# Exude

Exude.

Shine.

Brilliantly.

EXUDE.

The strength of ten thousand mountains / eons old wisdom.

EXUDE.

Like an Oyster with its prescient pearl's opalescence that it shits. A gift?

A necklace, a ring, beauty will sing so...

Shine.

Brilliantly.

Earth angel mine.

EXUDE.

Out into the world. The treasure-jewel that is you.

Precious gift / Light of life.

EXUDE.

Emanate.

Radiate.

Ooze.

All that is You.

So true, Now.

EXUDE.

Butch Decatoria

## Fag Hags (Acrostic)

Fringe Frocked lesser queens are drags.  
Aquarian eyes, blondes all Ambien moths.  
Girl! rides the Cat bus as wig-less Pricilla coughs

Haphazardly half naked, half baked on gorilla goo  
At any moment, look the part of unLucky Lou.  
Girl, don't talk, better not (in daylight Barry White)  
Silence compliments illusion, "Shirley's lip-sync tonight! "

Butch Decatoria

# Father Time Has Fallen

Father, time has fallen  
Away, leaving you  
As your virility and strength do  
Now, as your pallid skin  
Is doing,  
Falling away... in time.

Like your own words  
Once resurrecting memoirs  
Of the charmer  
Extrovert you who  
Once knew  
Of yourself/ spoken words  
The amorous youth you

Discarding all armor  
Love the only weapon  
A fearless wonder you  
Invincible once again  
As I listen then  
To You remembering... you.

But time is simply cruel  
My father  
And silent lesson, you're  
Great wisdom is mute  
In the loudness  
Of your mortal diminishment.

Oh how honest it tolls  
A grip in all hearts. Truth.

Oh Father, time has only then and when  
A sadness goes  
As Far as the thunder's roll  
Oh father, now in heaven  
I have no doubt we'll meet again  
In the light of zen  
Everlasting. You.

Butch Decatoria

# Fathoms

Dungeness landscapes...  
fear, an abyss, blindly swims.  
My thoughts of you glow

A conflagration  
in liquid skies where we bathe  
minds, flash lights to see, ...

So deeply precious  
a breath that remembers you  
soaring dark chasms.

Dread at failing Us,  
I give a drop in the pond  
my life for True love...

A magic nation  
love for water will not thirst.  
Imagination.

(In your thoughts I'll glow.)

Butch Decatoria

## Faults (10w)

&quot;Want&quot; takes you to Obsession.  
&quot;Need&quot; will lead to Despairing.

Butch Decatoria

# Find

See yourself in the mirror, but do you see yourself through others eyes? Find yourself through every handshake, smile, or hug, and in the eyes of love...

When you find you, is it a treasure to the world, or just another lie...?

Butch Decatoria

## Fireworks (Senryu)

Cheers in the heavens!  
Chrysanthemums igniting  
The night's cobalt sky.

Butch Decatoria

# Fish-Lips\_Presssend

Selfies are fake  
[pictures]  
Without friends  
Fish lips press send

&quot;Who dat bitch? &quot;  
Fake stars are dark  
Black holes are  
Singularity  
Spheres

Selfies dine alone  
If  
Love is what's up  
Snapshots taken over  
Acting  
Strangers  
Dangerous  
Mice some men  
Alien artifices  
Non intelligence

Selfish faces of death  
Shhh  
It's on trend,  
Follow the material  
Memento of wide webs  
&quot;Like OMG! &quot;  
(B F F F)  
Best fake friends forever!  
Giggles hehehe!

Pick a profile pic  
shoot shots snap!  
Chatting with none of You's

Selfies don't say much  
Not a photograph of true  
But all burning men are liars

Walking pyres, deadhead to the end  
Fish lips \_ press send...

Butch Decatoria

## Flimflam (Acrostic)

For a sweet sip of sovereign truth

Liars liltng their tilted tastes

Insensitive apathies in jest inflates

Malice dark and unforeseen

Forked tongues licking fearful air

Like carrion crows to carcass fairs

A Jack in its bedazzled box:

Mad fibs of thieves, clown faced mobs.

Butch Decatoria

## Floating Lanterns (Sedoka)

Here we lay flowers  
where we bury our loved ones  
close our eyes in prayer.

If heaven is Up,  
and night sky so full of stars,  
I will awe instead;

Wonder which one shines,  
how bright the life that was you?  
A floating lantern

With a lotus flame  
Lift up in memory of  
Amaranthine Love.

Butch Decatoria

## Fluffhead (Potpoem#3)

Penniless

A fat man weighs heavy

Entitled

In his thoughts

(Out there in sin city)

Inebriation like game nights

Gin Rummy

Sorry / Life

Heavy lump of heaping

After that hit `n run

Mr. man without a place

has a bank account

Direct Deposit post haste

Drunkenly barterers

Hookers to push

wheel chair and his buttons

A room at Charlie's

After bathing

His loud blathering about nothin'

But what everyone owes

His bones sore he swore

Just like any

Lazy bum

After that hit and run

Indigent insists

His settlement money made

Him the target

Of bezonian hookers' hooks

Snatching his cash

Gone to Charlie's

Still drunk off his ass

Dumb as the numbness

Tall ounce cans

Damned boozed down to the toes

And up in his nose...

Shit crystal is easily pimped

Around spring mountain road  
But mr. Don't know  
That ice is snow  
And the streets are cold  
He demands what blankets  
He's owed...

Hookers got their hooks in  
Like fish line fishnets  
All sinkers and stink  
Even metro steals dinners  
Giving hard knocks harder  
Thoughtless asked to think  
At spring mtn. And decatur

Hey man you're way too heavy  
Full of shit  
You're not my brother  
But I'm just another  
Burnt  
Bridge.

Butch Decatoria

# Fluorescence White

The pages of my heart's journal

Aglow in this light

The sun as it sets vermillion

Time as with vivacious Life

Wears dueling faces

A lattice of stars supernovae

The other Sun-godly

All them days

In this kind light

My pages glow

A gloaming In between

Dream

& dog-walking my Mojo...

I understand how

We settle in

What was Has been's

Infamously Made cubicle

An unfurnished home

I feel displaced

At least my pages glow

Alive in them nights

The face of the universe

A lattice of stars.

On paper fluorescence white.

Butch Decatoria

## Fomo (Acrostic)

Friends fake endearments written in yearbooks

Or until the reunion when age can't pretend

Many attend only to feel better about themselves

One night to reminisce, pity accompanies regret.

Butch Decatoria

# Forsook

Your body is a temple  
Where love Is worship to the forsook  
With such heavy vespers, breathing  
Wordless cannons to the Divine  
At our ends, repentance,  
A tear so fine  
Angelic cry on high  
Final words climatic blasphemy  
"Oh my god! "  
In the end (without & within)  
Death the only sin  
Your body is a temple  
Praying  
Deliverances  
The wretches of this life  
Where all's forgiven.

Butch Decatoria

## Fracking (Senryu)

Jonesy punctures black  
points in caves, great mother weeps  
wells of poison rain.

Butch Decatoria

# Free Burma!

They cry turmoil thru my web-pages,  
pages on pages of Tribunes and Suns and Times  
and Quarterly

&quot;Free Burma! &quot;

it's all turkey and pig-latin to me,  
just &quot;dunno! &quot; like a dunce-capped miscreant,  
inept of their vitriol

as i was not so great at geography  
i got by before junior high.  
Where-the-tarnished-nation is it?

&quot;Free Burma! &quot;

Notice the elephant in the room  
like a whale named Willy  
attempting to escape  
brothers of all of ours  
engulfed in war  
some ocean somewhere someone is dying;  
notice that elephant in our laptops  
ivory and blue tooth and i phones  
telling me, showing us  
to care  
i do / want to  
we should and we must  
yes

&quot;Free Burma! &quot;

will i need to donate a dollar,  
two, three? will i receive  
a correspondence  
of a child i am saving  
a face of a country  
i'm ignorant to...  
will it's big sad puppy eyes be

commercialized?

i am no less as educated for not  
following the strife of thousands  
my own is as heavy here as an orca's leap

&quot;Free Burma! &quot;;

what cage, bear or mouse trap  
have they gotten themselves  
and ourselves into?  
if it's anything like Yayo or Martha  
business  
i have a better &quot;good thing&quot; to do

but if it is  
like famines in Africa,  
Mendelson, or Tibetan Monks  
on strike with kung-fu skills  
i will join U2,  
(and if she's aware)with Oprah power  
activate!  
(fist to fist)  
&quot;i will be a well of spring-water! &quot;;  
and she a holy cow, a worshipped saint

&quot;Free Burma! ! &quot;;

free water  
free of fear  
free everyone, i pray,  
under this sky  
wipe away all tears

free you of your worries  
free of all chains  
free of mines  
free of lies and borderlines.

Free to be  
together  
free to live and choose to see

A planet a place  
A peace

&quot;Free Burma! &quot;;

Freedom  
as one  
community.

For you, for me.  
Home.  
Free...

Butch Decatoria

# Friends In The Dark

I wonder how your birthday suit would taste  
On Groundhogs Day

I'm curious how cool your touching hands  
In our peppered moods?

And yet I think you're my favorite  
Acquaintance and infliction

Upon the eyes' leisure,  
When there I bite my tongue,

As timid as tangerine Suns slow to set,  
Our silence still telling and wet...

I consider and call you friend  
For you disperse the grey and heavy

The thunderheads of sadness  
Replacing it with regalia and levity

So stylish your scintillation of conversations  
Your body language like turquoise pools

Refreshing views and clear cuts through  
The babble of the rabble not much to say

You must be from tomorrow's new  
Breed of brutally honest and humorous

All other spewing hubris  
But you must be from a stranger world

An alien place to be so you...  
Yet like Summers, in the heat of our youth

The moments that Deja vu  
And dream out loud our foggy recollection

The friends I have called true  
Come and go like falling stars

But the brightest stay where they map the night  
There you are so brilliant a far away sight

You must be a real friend, a guide and then  
After we have spent all hours blindly high

Oh truest North, the bosom of your light,  
Keep all the lonely ones in awe

The brightest hearts alight

Must be a friend, accompany me here  
Then and since  
In the dark...

No matter how far  
Hark for thou art a shining  
Star.

(In pitch darkness  
A diamond made priceless  
Thou art...)

Butch Decatoria

# Frustration's No Emotion

Frustration is not an emotion per say,  
But more like a circling of sharks upon  
A swarming silver ball of fish,  
A jumble of feelings, of uncertainty...

It makes heavy every dream there after  
A sense of being caged, chained,  
Like free falling  
Your Inner child unlearning how  
To fly

Because our astral minds got broken  
From fear and lies  
Everyday subjugation  
Of old obsoletes, fakes fucking belief  
A flood of spotlight on running empty  
The heartless and the pitch  
Unseeing  
Void of concerns  
Caring none but scratch of itch  
Conditioned not to give

A shit  
Head  
Is that ass-wipe who grabs the wheel  
Unable to drive  
Lacking direction, faking it  
Unmaking it possible to breathe  
All the colorful surfaces of dream seas  
Drowning

In Frustration  
Not emotion,  
Only in my dreams  
I fly with devotion

I am the ripples  
Of my ocean, Patient grace  
The Magic potion...

Frustration's no emotion.

Butch Decatoria

# Fugly

You say you fly

I say you're high

Don't even try, you just a duckling

Ugly hide please hide the hoes

Making babies cry, your face don't know

I say you're high

When you glamorize fucking sucking

Fugly mocking us howdy hoes

Don't deny or say it's fine

If we're still struggling,

For something and everythang...

Feel so low from getting high

Broken system killing hope

Softly, the serious starlight

Don't bullshit me and say nothing - no

I say you're high

Damn Fugly mugs on drugs in everythang...

Why oh why

Lie

That's life.

Don't even try...

Then again...

Fin.

Butch Decatoria

## Ganja (Acrostic)

Grass at home, cocaine at "the studio";  
And then arrives crack, speed, heroine generations,  
Needles and needfulness, both get tucked in.  
Just waiting on my guy to re-up at the Meadows...  
As Calypso drums and reggae plays til mellow yellows.

Butch Decatoria

## Gardenias (Senryu)

The pure scent of Church.  
Adorned with virgin flowers  
Sunday morning pews.

Butch Decatoria

## Gentile (Acrostic)

Gravity of flesh, a soft kiss

Every gift given as selfless

Nightlight glow pastel ceiling

Intentions to experience alight

Like levitation's heights

Like submerged flight

Eloquent as life, wide as oceans.

Butch Decatoria

# Gethsemane

Get in a last word, since silence is golden,  
then in the end, all that is spoken  
betrays the honest truths;  
the value of sharing a meal  
sustenance to feel  
fulfilled, rebuked or pleased,  
now that talk is cheap...

Be more profound to take me aback,  
like a gust of wind through hallowed doors  
to the hollows of burial and sage and prayers  
where subservience of love  
denies the body of its flesh  
to please the ephemeral ghosts  
Suffer as we must—awake a last...

So tell me how deep your adoration's lashes  
if all the deserts we've traversed  
meant as much as the time of my worth  
will it bleed- those words for me?  
Are your words as bread or food  
uplifting in the roots of you?

I am no shepherd nor are you a herd of sheep,  
a flock unable to fly without a mind to think  
I am just another king like any like you  
the last word at the rabble  
a dying flame from the candles drinking wine,  
beneath the sky of olives and infinite eyes  
here with the stain of un-seeing  
in search for a well that will not dry  
for a familiar day of kind of rain...

Tell me what's a good word without one  
made by fisted hand of man,  
one that is like music / laughter  
a celebration's feast  
teach me instead,

and please don't preach...

What worth is made when words are bade  
like a trader of slaves to whom he's paid,  
or a master in his own house at a maid?  
Such business is moot in its absolutes,  
a kiss on the cheek without a word  
multiplicitious and astute  
obvious in the eyes of company kept  
brother in the dark I heard wept

A tree in shadows hangs the rotten fruit  
Ananke  
dangles like most words must do  
from the mouth must taste as dung  
often done -invisible daggers to the heart  
untruths  
then less and less of brotherly caress  
nor some kind of familiar can be found  
no infinite wonder

the one and only one

You,  
whom I have been  
preparing to be made new,  
to wake from the pain of this blister  
these mirages we hunger and run to,  
don't speak what I want to know  
I already have seen the final show  
and words are only words  
unheard by the deaf heavens  
selective with their ears to cherubs glee  
what is found when the One above  
or any of the many stars that see  
our globe in desert blizzards,

ill regard as plenty as snow  
nothing of the kind, or good in kind,  
what word equals

the image of everlasting

Oh  
just a sip...?

There are only so many words  
in a universe of infinite light  
language can be made like jars of clay

simple like breaking (of hearts and day)

if eyes were speaking through our tears  
how loud must we shout "Love"  
before there's nothing that's enough  
to keep us thusly  
home not just merely  
an EYE to clear / and still, I am  
with you here.

Push away the old world words  
that once poured into my cup,  
I want home to be as heaven is esteemed  
take this cup away from me  
blood of transcendent poetry...

Butch Decatoria

## Glaciers (Acrostic)

Going Green all the years round

Leads to strikes, tree-hugger &quot;skound&quot;;

Activist road rage, nazi in a Lincoln runneth them over.

Caroling winters melted sound of Gibraltar

In the human chapters of hubris excuses

Earth bound contusions fracking mother's tears

Races face the gambit nature of twister-dares

Slow still drowns with the Hare... learn how to swim.

Butch Decatoria

# Going Down

Oh paradise in your nether spaces

Never racist upon the lips

Most are unseeing in the dark

Love suffocates without that spark

In case this breaks us

I will impart it's quite enlarged

Letting you know as you go

You taste like Art...

Butch Decatoria

# Goldmine.

Silence is golden  
The golden truth  
A mouth does not listen  
Seeing is not believing  
When it's the heart  
Where the soul weeps.  
Falling to become tears  
Overcome by absolute  
Love.  
Golden  
Heart  
Be true.

#goldmine

Butch Decatoria

## Gracefully (Senryu)

Regret will age you  
As old as your "Soft-shoe" moves.  
Painting by numbers.

Butch Decatoria

## Greyskull (Potpoem3)

It's the serpent's summer

The cold blooded basking in the heat

Like those beating down

From the furious Sun,

Like these from the bleeding of brotherly

And Families / communities

At each other's throats

War, at its core, is the mouth of hate

Hell mouth of chaos

The slow death

Of days

We only annihilate our futures past

To be nothing

The finite fate

Of once was— now no more,

A man who is his own riddle

To defeat none

But oneself

To wake to thy own mistake

For thy own sakes ...

Make it there—a better day

I am certain

After the serpent eats it's tail

A tale to fabricate

Make our own happy Everlasting

Light of Life

I'll dream you, my love,

The new heaven.

I give you my heart

Oh light of my life!

Everlasting.

Butch Decatoria

# Gypsy

"All i have now are embers of your fire..."

A Tambourine, and the evening is beckoning  
through the distance  
of time: a serpentine road / echoes  
the colorful blouses and silks  
the memory of love's fire  
casting lithe shadows outside the starry nights  
fat with celebration  
merely a breath from the walls  
of this weathered tent...

You were a storyteller on my skin  
your lips like fireflies igniting the dark  
where only the cold unseen  
had gone untouched  
until the blaze of the starlight horizon  
engulfs without consuming or burning us

you are wildfire magic  
the emperor stag or wolf or stallion  
and the world is one kingdom  
with many heirs  
and bright castles...

There is a fire for keeping warm  
and a fire so hot to shape iron into swords  
You are both  
mine

Be mindful  
Of the wilderness.

Every camp we make  
a home to hold the embers glow

Perhaps we stay and mold stronger roots  
claim the dirt and dig for gold  
place a hat and dub a crown

nothing lifts like wind yon embers

But when love is not around,

life is without fire

no warmth can be rendered,

when your love is not around...

Butch Decatoria

## Haiku Journal #49

Bonfire on the shore.  
A circle of childhood friends.  
Warmth of nostalgia.

Butch Decatoria

# Happened To You

i happened Free-Zone  
not to hunt  
for coercion or collision  
i came to begin  
again, without a diet of another  
no one to occupy  
just myself tonight to slight

yet in the euthenics  
of smokers in their alcoholic snares,  
in the hotch botch laughter  
of girth-guised relics  
i notice you  
sang-froid solution  
against the shriven wall  
your own tempered poison in hand  
eyes teaching me  
how to thaw my disregard  
lips in a cruising smile  
specific for my purchase  
but i was here to forget  
the imbrications of lies  
the past life  
of being bitten

still notice you noticing me  
grant no one contours  
contiguous to friendship,  
not now  
on a night of nursing  
nut-hatched hurts  
when i'm not searching,  
i came to drown in drink  
with archives of broken vows  
new porcelain hearts break  
each crack - a lie  
each bruise and tear  
cut like each cackling

of frozen, deceptive hosts  
whom i allowed  
assuage  
my time a home

tonight i'm learned  
my turn  
to snick and sneer  
my turn to steer the wheel...

they all want me, here  
yet you are there:  
smooth warning, cool leaning  
against the shriven wall  
solid notions of promise  
which warrants a platform  
and so i found myself  
migrating toward self  
compromise.

i happened to you, then  
in your nascent nape  
and in my moment of molten need  
i genuflect

in prayer  
for more than persuasive phantasms  
rather overlapping warmth  
over joyed  
in the beauty of great duration  
over that thing most token  
defined by trusting  
the truths of this emotion  
but not too often spoken:  
too early to call it  
a thing  
but you happened  
to open my wings

L

O

V

E

Butch Decatoria

# Hard Knocks (Senryu)

Learning the hard way  
Lay in the bed that you made...  
Concrete streets will teach.

Butch Decatoria

## Hello (Acrostic)

Holler from across—way yonder...  
Endearments and farewells;  
Leporine leaps lithe laughter,  
Love letter greetings grandiose!  
Open lotus welcomes Sun.

Butch Decatoria

# Here I Am

Here I am  
Exiting the smoke shop  
Down the street  
Observing ostriches  
An old gray haired granny  
Driving a new silver `vette  
While a big gal drives by  
In a little red fiat whip  
Pass us by  
Here I am  
In Stranger-Land  
Hyper aware  
In the age of ride-share  
Here I am  
Where it is when  
Among many plenty  
Not questioning  
The Zen they're in  
Not without a pip of grace  
Know thy own name  
Where I am  
A light  
A flame  
A shelter from the rain  
Here I am  
A neighbor  
A brother  
A handshake  
A pack of smokes  
Called Time.  
Pass us by  
Here  
Where we are...  
In a blink of the eye.

Butch Decatoria

# Hero

Thine eyes were first, earth angel mine  
To arrest the breath from within my lungs  
Lovely deep blue pools, I drown in kind  
But naught a drop from heaven flung

After the reprieve to calm my wits  
That your flawless face should dawn  
And as tho' a corpse that escaped its crypt  
Your beauty dearest, resurrects dead songs

Where in my bones had lingered none.  
Oh how I should sing of heavens proved  
Having myself been saved yet undone  
For thou art gravity of the stars and moon...

Your love, delicate and fine, divinely saves  
Since life has been touched by your grace.

Butch Decatoria

## Hibernal (Acrostic)

Holiday seasons' snowy glens

Inside the frosted windows white

Bundled in warmth and love so tight

Evening stars above, on Christmas tree

Rushing in excitement to unwrap and tear free

Needful youths' for things of worth

Acts of kindness louder than words.

Love's hibernal gifts we share one world.

Butch Decatoria

# Him

I can't believe how much I love him

don't stop these spells of static stirrings  
won't wash it away, like sleep  
in my succinct showers  
(rightly, comely in my hand)

And still I absorb  
the absolute-arrangements of him,  
the bear-bulk hulk of him

still I swoon,  
aroused with naive-named niceties  
ceremonial dreams of touchable torches...  
And I am overcome,  
by flagrant fuels, a-flow  
ever the more juvenile  
for who am I / to have  
the grand spectacles of him...?

I can't imagine why I love him so  
can't begin to convince or list it  
don't keep this leaping lush of laden love  
ungoverned / inside...  
I won't ignore it  
I can not hide  
I want to tell him  
like laughter spreads its joy  
he's a riddle to be reveled in.  
Want to know the questions,  
his face being the answer I want to see...

It is he that silences  
the noise of me,

it is he that revises  
the mistakes of me,

it is he that spends

the worth of me,

it is he that lifts up  
the truth of me

I can't believe  
I can't begin

how much I am  
in love with him...

Butch Decatoria

# Hiraeth

The aging blind man at the florist's  
Recalls his vision, his statue'd youth.

Here, the sensation of scent  
Is a meadow of heartache  
When days were alive as fresh bouquets,  
Nostalgic now to go see his love.

Alas when sight was fragrant...

He carries her lilies out the door,  
Old and blind,  
A man holding on to all memories  
Of bright before's.

Alas when life was fragrant...

Butch Decatoria

# Home (Senryu)

1. Opening of gifts,  
All the warmth: the welcome smiles,  
Where our hearts reside.

2. She lays the baby  
In her crib, while father reads  
At bedtime, stories.

Butch Decatoria

# Homily

After the preaching's  
Done-finished  
Picking at the scabs  
Of our guilt,  
At week's end / day of rest;  
Just when we almost had it  
Bygone / Forgotten  
From our minds...

It's a kinder kin to amnesia  
A softer fog of fugue,  
A healing art of our brain farts,  
Not soaking in shame's  
Diminishment  
Or stewing in self-helps.

&quot;Deliver us! &quot;;(bow down genuflect)

But then again  
Here we are together to gather  
Uncomplainingly  
Complacently listening  
Absorbing every lash  
Of the metaphorical whip,  
To be guided back to good

Such sermons for the flawed  
humans that we know  
We are -unworthy...  
But willingly we suffer  
The word.  
Oh how to be just like  
The lamb...

So now, afterwards, when we have been  
Emotionally & verbally punctured  
Full of hollow  
We are holes unworthy  
Of being

Made whole...  
Or so, we've been told  
&quot;It is written.&quot;

Now then let us meet for  
homily  
After King James harangues us  
His version of fellowship,  
Let us have verbal  
Intercourse with the word.  
(Begotten?)  
Perhaps over supping  
Or during beer & NFL  
Or some blood  
Sport  
Non-emasculating,

Reminding us how  
Weekends roar  
And Life is  
Worth more  
Than the inner wars  
We are ourselves  
Fighting.

After the sermon,  
Let's have true verbal  
Intercourse...

(Without be getting a shred  
Of guilt)

Butch Decatoria

## Hootenanny (Acrostic)

Hosts with the most, beards & home brewed ales

Occasions to get clam baked and curl the `stache.

Oboe players ginger and banjos baldies fast fingers

Time and triangles harps heehaw a succotash

Every excuse to make a ruckus a bash

Nimble fiddles fetching feet tapping toes

Accordion lungs for big love, big band

Noise of boisterous slap happy snap clapping hands

Nascent anthems deep country and folk

Yipping and dancing beneath Day star or moon glow.

Butch Decatoria

## Horned (Senryu)

High on candy-land  
Miss Sugar-lips plays all day.  
A fork on the road.

Butch Decatoria

## House (Senryu)

Four walls and a roof.  
Vacant windows, stone facade.  
A Lifeless structure.

Butch Decatoria

# How Old By Your Hands

Church Lady Dearest

Says she's grown old

&quot;Silver's not so foxy&quot;

Says she is quite practical

Serious her moonlight moxy

Now no use

For Face-off make-up or

Delusions of grand magic

Says she

Don't worry—with age comes

Pragmatism, Sister Agnus Wisdom

Sure bound to

Have fractures / cracks

With such antique

Foundation...

Old lady Golden Goose

Giant wisdom, beanstalk limbs

Sullen dreary sunken

Lost princess whims

Thoughts like her hair frosted,

Thinning...

Says she has nothing to whisper,

Sweetly cannot hide

A great old oak's age rings

Inside

There's no use for abusive rouge

Mirage of glossy lips kissy

Thing in headlights

Make up with oneself, forgive, and confide

Besides because

Your hands tell your aches & true age

Church Lady just smiles...

Butch Decatoria

# How We Do Family

The older elder have their superstitions,

Tiny rituals they keep under their breath

Spitting

Wards & incantations

Sweep of broom stick, and what the hex?

Is Grams commanding demons

&quot;In the name of the Father

And his son Jesus! &quot;

&quot;To get out of this house? ! &quot;

We all have one of those...

Or a lost cause / loose cannon

Black sheep first cousin

Into bestiality, or something unacceptable.

Perhaps their smell or appearance?

But with all the many different kinds

Of races of people / faces

Painted, pierced, gold plated,

We are biologically similar

The Homosapien kin

Bleeding tribes, clans, houses,

Fathers and sons

Who believe in war for the higher cause\$

All above / us below

How does that way of life persist?

When the world dies in

Misunderstanding...

But we tolerate our addict

Uncle, hooker aunt, sister

Suicide watch ...

Because our humanity for family

Shouldn't change what our eyes must see

Can't push brick mansions

But we all can climb every wall

How we do family

(Together standing tall)

Love accepts without opinion

Without doubt or regret

No hate to have dominion

Peace be

(Unconditionally)

All the best.

How we do...

Butch Decatoria

## Hullabaloo (Acrostic)

Hectic happenings—snow day or heat waves  
Under flashing lights, paparazzo pomp & circumstance  
Line dancing Hollywood hookers pleading the fifth on Vine.  
Lights blinging signs, crowds, streamers loud attention  
A ceremonious flock of white doves at red wedding  
Boisterous unions picket signs, cons mob meddling  
A scaturient family of the bride throwing rice  
Loads of breeders drunk scrubs beaver hunting  
Open season for the business, howling rug munching  
Oral congratulations, fussing over gushing bumpkins.

Butch Decatoria

# Humdingers (Acrostic)

Humdingers (acrostic)

Hopefully not a mystery mistaken

Unquestionably remarkable your presentation

Miss muse of heavy breath's monologues

Deeper meanings, thus rising hot

If to relations

No need or want for explanation

Greater words now simply lost

Entrails of vaporous profundity

Respite sleep below limbs' entangled quivering

Some sort of worshipping screaming "god!";

Butch Decatoria

# Hunger & Thirst

Oh hollow Thirst!

How it drowns out life's liquid scenes,

All trenchant memory now

It dries the tongue;

When recollection swims with dire aches

In the stomach lingering

Deserts

once oasis-providence:

the ease of us

sifting with the sand

Minutes limpid between caress.

Creation our chalice overflows

Quenching in and each other

Love for water

As the hours go touching vastnesses

To open us / one heavenly sky:

Illuminating you

Both assuage and succor...

But I am drought and man both

Flesh heavy / crawling through

War's searing hills

Chafed of what made me fearless

Once a Traveler discarding haste,

Still Thirsty for the palm trees'cool shade

Those Still-pictures of our bodies we felt,

Still continuously feeling.

It is as though an affliction's game

To wait

Between search and weaning

No swift elixir

I am just a bare tree leaning.

(praying for love's rain...)

This Thirst is deeper than remembering

The drink that once was Us.

. . . .

Halcyon,

I'm bathing in your adoration,

Nothing so sinful, or minuscule, as to need

Redemptive rinses of the spirit

When we were

With what we only knew how to be,

Ourselves,

yet together sharing feasts...

Which we lay out for each other

Ceremonious only through the unveiling,

Knowing how to trust in this (just between us) .

Oh How to feed that old hunger, I long for you,

Love soft mornings dew on skin,

Like when we had the outdoors with our mischief, bodies

Attentive as the grass when we look within...

Those bright eyes that pierce me deeper now

Understanding / how my breath always quivers

With the slight tips of your tender fingers.

Wish makes the body famished and weakened,

Needing

The food from in between kiss and spark

Lovely of smiles that shares heaven's glee,

In each other's sensations, feeling the answer

Rather than being told to eat...

The Reveries of wines tasted, the lifting of all things

To a memory, yet not having the full course

Of dining with serenity, finding that destiny

Has yet to begin

When love was the race I was questioning,

Kindnesses were supposedly human,

While dreams came true with happy endings..?

Hunger can make the world seem cruel

When we give up on searching for meaning,

We ourselves make

The feast of All meals

with our believing ...

Butch Decatoria

# Hustlin' (Senryu)

Super dope Uber

Driver, fixer, father, man

Fly for that paper.

Butch Decatoria

# I Am She (For Women's Day)

I Am She (for women's day)

I am she  
Who compliments and completes  
The dream lover and the wish  
Made when he is asleep.  
I am she

Who suffers the most,  
Giving birth, cradling the ghost  
As the crone,  
Once and always a  
Sister mother daughter wife.

I am she  
Who waits through the night  
I am she  
Who equals the strength  
Of his light.

"See me with your loving eyes  
See me more than the tears I've cried"

I am she  
Who is willing  
To go with him to war,  
Not a man but as his equal,  
(I'm both soft yet hard)  
I am she  
To whom he'll give his heart  
I am the tunnel's bright end  
I am where  
The family starts,  
The breast which nurse  
Small men.

I am she  
The twin,  
The Juliet, the goddess divine

I am she  
Who deserves the same,  
In this life, for all time.  
(Peace be...)  
I am she  
I am you  
I am her  
I am the one besides  
And inside  
She is I...  
The romance in the dress  
Patient Partner to the ends,  
Tiny dancer on the floor  
I am  
The one that loves you  
Forever &  
Evermore.

Butch Decatoria

# I Dream / A Dream / In Sleep

## I DREAM /

Sleep, sweet—lovelorn mind  
Wishful pining for the Truth,  
Hoping vividly.

## A DREAM /

To keep promises  
enthusiastic as War.  
Men at last Needless.

## IN SLEEP /

Cradled in silence,  
A loud mind coalesces  
with the Universe.

Butch Decatoria

# I Love You's (Senryu)

Birthday bouquet  
Every year for dear old mum  
Goes without saying.

Butch Decatoria

# I Thought I Might (2008)

i let you foretell forever  
in your footloose fluent flow  
inside your killjoy kiss  
and i fuse your dream into  
my hips and this hoax

i do not feel relief  
when i apologize  
i cannot repair those reptile lies  
i do not love you  
i thought i might...

i let you sacrifice  
your sphinx and spice  
your stage, your trust  
and i teach myself your tambourine song  
capricious, shake, then silence

i do not weep or even hurt  
i cannot share your loss

i do not love -damned i am  
i cannot be your dumpling man

i cannot repair your sordid lies  
i do not love you  
i won't apologize...

Butch Decatoria

# Icarus Cush

Get on with your Bad self

Go on with your Hustle

Into the bustle

And the gristle

Briskly

Frisky

Grizzly world...

Go 'head find and get that paper

Let your greenback wings unfurl

Telling you who to be

Made

So dapper...

Go Rise above

But still only talking

'Bout

That Unfathomable

Love

Still wrapping

The turkey in a noose

Letting bullets loose

For hundred dollar shoes

Shoes!

Shoo sure 'nuf!

Time to wake up / this close to the Sun

Wax in' & Flossin'

Ill prepared to Rise above

Pretending to exude

The same kind

Of Love...

You

Go'ne now...

You Dawg you - A &quot;g&quot;

N-word y'heard in Everythang

We trust

Go'ne muss it up!

I just must know

(My boo)

Didn't you?

Give the World

This Life

Much Love?

Fire in the sky... Fallen

Too high

At dusk...

gone to fly into the eye

(Cush)

Butch Decatoria

# I'm Not Afraid (To Die)

To survive  
And sustain itself,  
Life  
Must eat life / in this physical plane

In our pains and stains  
Everyday we feel  
Our souls drained  
Of chi's otherness  
Illuminations  
Just &quot;because&quot; unforgivingly  
We are warring  
With our selves for goodness sakes  
For love in life  
Do not mistake  
My kindness is not weak  
Still Their's needs please  
Society's Pleasantries

Wolf in sheep's clothing  
Thick skinned  
To survive  
That there  
These here skids  
The secret war's  
Begun  
Forgive me for having been  
Remiss  
Asleep  
Almost lost who now  
I am or was

Not here  
But beyond the human sufferings  
Painful lack  
Of  
Beloved  
Love  
All as One

Light is  
Mums the word.  
#notafraid

Butch Decatoria

# Impermanence

We reside in the monumental  
Structures of our own making  
These finite moments  
We consume  
Asleep in boxes  
Homes for corpses...  
The living in denial  
Of the absolute truth  
We are pilgrims of  
Impermanence...  
Flightless Birds perched  
On the presipice

Home is for the living  
We must let go  
Ask the Earth for forgiveness  
Thank creation  
For each breath  
Our very human presence  
Our mortal minutes

For Another day  
Residing in impermanence.

(Thank Goodness  
And Goddess)

Come what may...

Butch Decatoria

# In Dark Rooms

In my dark room,  
Listening to the dirty din of Sin  
City streets  
concrete weight of after hours  
My window ajar  
to let the outside air in  
while chain smoking to the whirring sirens'  
soundtrack  
of harpies' in heels  
clucking and squealing  
(laughter as sharp as their stilettos)  
midnights past  
black rubber tires burnt  
From black boulevards  
vehicular collisions'  
sounds stalagmite, metallic  
crunch  
against the hum of sleeping traffic  
signals  
this hollow city like a wide amphitheater

with the occasional Harley motorcycle's  
Growling thunderous fuss  
waking car alarms  
(a choir of infants' high pitch wailing...)  
The desert night's siroccos  
outside my 2nd floor apt. window  
in dark rooms  
where my silence is a deep listener  
and my mind a curious wanderer,  
where the walls  
not only keep out  
but carry every conversation  
in such a cryptic void  
a spark is gleaned,  
a firefly wisp of an epiphany  
we are not separate  
you and I  
city and fly  
burrow and groundhog  
dam and beaver

we are unread books in dark rooms

waiting for the absolute

truth's boon

we find

in one another

to be known

to be keenly seen

Igniting past horrors

loudest pains

from this city that strips us;

our pages open like Window panes

ajar...

no matter how ugly the chapters

we will have known

joy being

a passerby's "J&quot;

Your emblazoned story

is also mine /

Up north & southern

swamp willows

breath and sultry kiss.

All humid human wish

Sweating the nights awake

Until dusk is dawn

And light drains the sinew

All screaming sins made few...

Steaming shadows

shattering length wise

In lieu

of bright carpets made of morning

Green grass and dew

still

our day yet written New...

dreamy like

fireflies in dark rooms,

a simple story

(a night sky full of story...)

Each light our eyes touch

Fireflies in dark rooms.

Butch Decatoria

# In Penitentiary Orange

The U. S. of A  
&quot;We're number Won! &quot;;  
Millions committed  
Striped pajamas  
The Folks over  
Incarcerated  
Behind bars in the Big House  
Hot  
Damned  
Shanked

WTF fashion of the day  
For the caged bird  
Is the Onesy  
In Penitentiary-Orange

The dawgs  
Pit the bulls' grey  
songs / gone on too long.  
Platinum grilled  
The Billboard  
Charts at #1  
Roof Rough Wolf  
Barking  
The knuckle rings blinging  
Krunking Twerking  
Unemployed  
Packing the heat  
The sun as a gun  
In hands of sons little ones  
What's not  
The thing to keep?

Feels like the odd side  
Of the street  
Lack of toiletries, an empty roll,  
In his Onesy  
Jonesing  
In Penitentiary-Orange...

Butch Decatoria

# In The Land Of The Wasteful

In the land of the wasteful

The flesh is bound to despairing

Unmovable feasts

All dreams dreamt away

In the shallows of sleep

As transient as blood

Orange shades of clarity

In the mind blindly

seeking sun

sincerity and kindnesses

Not those in the land

Of the wasted...

Pain is as hollow and as full as

The hearts of mannequins or kin

When already the broken who pose

Now lets go, passed long ago

Since childhood's end

Not having known

To recognize

Or find oneself

In the beauty of a world

We played pretend.

In the land of waiting

For our sadnesses to end

Waking up alone

After all

In the land of ungrateful men.

(The kind have gone extinct

once again,

In the land of the wasteful

Matter to madness

Of loss

Of hateful men

On trend

Never to transcend

Watch how it ends.)

Butch Decatoria

# Indifference

(it is like)

a brief farewell

dismissive and brusque

the outdoors as grey and as serious

as nature is without mercy

we sit across from

one

another

demure & remiss

of words

as time between

colorless

bleeds

the collosus

of our silence / becoming

a book

we master to read...

Butch Decatoria

## Infernal (Acrostic)

Immaculate hatred's burnt souls  
(Nether and Never land hollows)  
Formally known as the flayed  
Evil minions employed by holes  
Raging at light of day —malaise follows  
Necrotized dystopia's savage skyline afire  
A dying dream of pitch and forked sires  
Loss lingers longest unforgiven. All must retire.

Butch Decatoria

## Insipience (Acrostic)

Idiocies, flagrantly rotten hearts, such stupid shit

Numb skull niceties of chumps, chimps pimping us

Serving subterfuge, lucidly playing dumb

In life's dark cauldron now overrun, brimming with

Premeditation and enemy minds, a convict's bitch on the side.

Inception & loss by way of the gun, itches to kill to get rich

Eager harbingers of calamity and pain—terrorists...

Never feels not ashamed, brainwashed school-shooting kids

Crude excuse for players haters games, cheat & takes (life)

Empty of wisdom, belly aching snakes eats tail & world alike.

Butch Decatoria

## Irony (Senryu)

Young 'un from the hood  
Enlists to join the "Navy";  
Unable to "swim";

Butch Decatoria

# Jive & Mashed

Jive & Mashed

Condoms, oil burners, shattered glass

The homeless homies homemade shit...

Now Chris can't sit still in class

Pounding the pavement with kisses to heaven

All hustlers sell

Dipping Dots

Wrapped in latex

Liquid to vapor overkills

The loss of will

From after parties after hours

Romancing the stoned

On the corner

Bong hits / schisms / victims;

Asphalt littered with

Shattered flowers

Them chicks on the streets

Ladies of the night

Its matter of fact

Mr. Hightower / boulevard's class

For the hard ass  
Piss poor "G" learning how  
To trample through his ghetto  
As she masters each one  
Hand job / hand - jive and mashed  
Chris and his gang  
Up for sale (hot-damn sexy jello asses)  
For white Hyperion and  
Black, mellow minutes cached  
Out / yellow bellied / thin  
Such barefooted souls /  
No Marrow  
Easiest to break  
When already hollow...  
Spirit without a light to follow  
Never will live beyond  
Their sorrow /  
Nor see another tomorrow...  
Butch Decatoria

## Joe.

Joe without his legs  
Wheelchair, bedside G.I.  
At a meeting  
Ruminating and feeling  
It's like A.A.  
Rehabilitation games  
The system plays War  
Craft with missing halves  
PTSD R e s p e c t  
That ain't the half  
Of the stink and the taint  
Sniffing glue  
Replacing chipped paint

Joe only worries  
If there's somewheres  
To be  
After rehab  
Need a Lyft Uber quick  
Downtown a ton to do  
Joe worries arriving in 12 steps

Sponsor anonymously  
Befriend responsibly  
Joe worries  
Like long time buds  
His legs  
That they won't work  
Like they did back when  
He got laid  
And was paid  
By way of Vietnam  
And damned Uncle Sam.  
Joe worries

Of wheelchair accesses  
His favorite places without  
Doors he'd like to  
Fit in

And go on  
Living  
To be loved like a brother  
That no one knew  
And no one cares to  
Joe feels like  
A third wheel  
A phantom limb  
Who's bucket list is to  
"Invest in the Google"  
"Learn how to use  
The cloud"

Butch Decatoria

# Karaoke Night (Senryu)

1.

Lively out of tune,  
Songstress with liquid courage  
Croons, frogs in her throat.

□

2.

Sake's bad English,  
Raw fish pronunciations,  
Glad songs of drowning.

Butch Decatoria

## Kiss & Tell

He conjures conscience  
The constable of contrived control  
A pontiff in pools of dogma  
commanding total touch, demanding slow rolls

Lovers' pedigree among shadow-figures  
posing in folds of unfocused pitch  
he is the flush  
I am the flurry  
isotopes fashioned for synergy's  
ping-pong pleasing poetry  
in the noise of the itch  
Rebukes sensibility for physicality  
Quite in a hurry to get hitched

He brings compassion  
as if it were the last remedy  
in this reluctant relish  
our satin satire  
Fires we swell, swirl, swish  
somehow within we understand  
kindled by this kink  
kissed by kismet's lending lure  
I am the murky ink, new  
To their silent intentions  
he is the pure,  
Was it mentioned  
Cat will purr when sure of nip

He stirs manx and mesh  
a mint-tingle on my flesh  
an open oyster  
which offers a pearl  
with its whole entire shell  
He's blue, blush & world  
I am his kiss and tell

Butch Decatoria

# Kung Fu (Senryu)

The art of peaceful  
warriors themselves master  
The wise open hand.

Butch Decatoria

# Lacquered

Upon these nights indentured  
to its end  
we blur the minutes  
and the linear perceptions  
of hop-scotched hours bent  
loses its weight as we  
circumnavigate  
each community of our skins

Lacquered

with licks and lips  
nibbling each vineyard grape  
Tuscan Country tomatoes  
basked in italian wines  
mosaics  
&quot;Divine&quot; they call it

This sensuality  
foreplay  
how time leaps forward  
when lost in a kiss  
forgetting the rest  
of the nymphs  
in the starlight newly naked  
night

Lacquered

I am a slave to this skin  
as we collide  
meteors  
expressing supernovas  
mastering how to swim  
in heaven

lovingly

Lacquered

In sweat

Butch Decatoria

# Las Vegas (1999)

Las Vegas (1999)

Among these godly spires:

Hot streets that harvest  
tourists from afar  
pockets romancing  
neon sluts and slots

our tables laid out to serve them  
sliding doors and rollercoasters,  
they are all ours

i dwell in the butterfly wings

with none other who can stand  
the fat rain and desert hail  
in spring  
skeletal skeins  
of lightning  
life, i am on-watcher...  
blind from the sights,

sleep stealing summers  
heat so disfiguring,  
no longer listening  
to cassettes in the car  
melted like Dali art

the sun is a horrible comedian...  
our winters are kite killing  
my nose feels as if locked  
by Samsonite  
Winds wailing below freezing...

Among these lit boxes  
copy cats and volcanic hopes Mirage

through trials and tides  
of creative construction of yore  
most still stand erect

gambling on dreams  
on days unkind, here i am  
a unicorn

losing / winded / coming out un-even  
alive tho trying  
to enjoy / her  
admirable rivers of new  
peoples and foods  
fire-breathing signs  
she has many stories up  
beneath  
her evening skin  
and silver teeth

while i am young  
she flashes me  
underground  
and  
glowing candies...

Las Vegas

is my grease  
lightning  
and seductive Sandy...

Butch Decatoria

## Le Valentines (Senryu)

Red roses, sweet prose,  
Cyrano Deburgerac's  
Moonlit balcony.

Butch Decatoria

# Left Over

I hear your stress from down the hall  
Not yet having let go  
Of the static / hard day's work  
Your voice sizzles  
Like rain on sidewalks  
I hear you  
"Did you set the alarm  
for the morning? ! "

"Of course I will! "  
Unfolding with purposeful hands  
Your side of the California  
King  
Fluffing your pillows  
Soft intentions trying to still you  
From here

Tomorrow breaks with a panic  
As dust on all the old clocks  
Settles like snow  
from the cold of such stillness.

Forgot to set the alarm  
And to wake with you  
(In you)

That morning

When did I begin  
To forget?

how to love the world  
you left  
behind  
me...  
Afore  
Afire.



# Lighthouse

Mother  
Father  
Someone in one's immediate  
Someone overly concerned  
Who cares enough  
To wait awake  
Until day light dawns  
Or fatal news breaks  
Brother  
Sister  
Grams  
Even uncle auntie  
Cousin not far  
Removed

The folk who know you  
Knew you when you were  
Still in diapers  
Took pictures  
When you were cute  
They will wait  
Until you come home  
Keeping vigil by  
The landline phone  
This is how it goes  
Every time your youth will  
Stumble  
Every mistake and failed  
Attempt  
When suicide inside  
Incites your storms

Even when your nature  
Pounds the shore  
The strength and last straws  
Self contradicting,  
Breaking promises  
These few  
Whom broke bread

With you

You,  
Who are lost  
In the world  
Life's the perfect storm  
Far from home  
Most often drown  
Without

They are the ones  
Who will  
Who will?  
Keep the candle lit  
Even if black is most  
Difficult  
To quit...

And if or when  
You decide to return home  
Finally knowing  
Who  
And how to let go

The riptides undertow  
The vast ocean of tears cried  
Remember this love  
Is a light house  
Breathe in such  
submergence  
Let its light  
Lead you home.  
There where the heart is

Without your wars  
A hearth  
Of family  
Waiting for you,  
There upon such shores

Unconditionally  
Yours

True love  
Evermore.

Butch Decatoria

# Ligo (Shower)

Rain dancers

Children bring forth

The deluge

Joyous and nude

Boogie away the heat of our Cebu

Wash away the grime

The worries of Times

The sufferings

Of war, in Mindanao, in you...

Dance oh Children

Of Sulu seas

Blissful droplets

Mini Filipinos me's

Though the air force jets

Thunder overhead

Weep not lil ones

They are further dead

And now in these drops of sky

Be drank

Bathe in the Life

Which we give thanks

So, bring forth

All earthly deluge

We babes of Cebu

Bathe

In the sacrosanct

In the truth.

(this is my Philippines)

I am You.

Butch Decatoria

# Like Ahab On Moby Dick

Epic... currents from a frozen heart,  
tales, obsessions  
A wrenching, unfreezing fist  
raising sails  
molten summits of emotions

To know one's own deepnesses  
One's own submariner seas  
How to breathe in it:

Darker trenches / squalls / the uncharted  
Abysses alien to airy rowan cliffs and breeze  
The cold of it lacking breath

Tho' Open sky, song of suns  
Warms the flesh of its perception's anchor  
Certainties  
Tides  
Symbiosis  
The Brine  
From icebergs of inexperience  
To thirsts quenched  
As Droplets  
Borne from glaciers  
Dancing ice,

Drifts  
Rinse  
Worlds, mine  
Like ships in the night  
Silhouettes in passing  
Upon romancing  
Skyline starlit moon  
For the shadows since  
Denied / the doubtful fall  
These journeys now I choose to suffer

Thaws all such  
Fears

In winters' noose  
And from loss of strength  
Such hearts  
No longer sharing  
Meiosis breaths  
or sail on the truths  
Accompanies no one there...

Now singing sirocco  
Aye aye captain  
Across the vast places  
Frozen with no names  
And arctic without blame,  
Map-less voyages of  
Nautilus  
Ahoy, Sir Loneliness!  
Shameless  
To Desolation go—  
A life cage,  
If mine  
Banished  
On Tundra of time

Stalactites  
This  
My unfreezing  
By simple choice, sublime

Captain kid again, all mine  
Joy the light  
Truth my life

My whale of a ride  
Damn  
Epic.

Butch Decatoria

# Little Mister

From a sidewalk stoop she stood, a smile  
And a style like a Brooklyn Ma.

"Josiah!" Calls thrown out  
Into the Kitchen's streets, it was near dark  
"Josiah Love!"

"Why you calling out mister's name for?"

"Mister?"

"You known to mister Josiah?"

"Mister Josiah?"  
As she repeats the name it begins to feel  
Like a name with some weight  
Of Importance

On the third whisper a sort of power  
Like the dusk, her silhouette  
A shopping cart with a black  
Umbrella in the darkened  
Hood.

Says it repeatedly under her breath  
Now, almost reverently  
Lovingly like he were hers

"Who is He to you? —what'd he do?"

Woke me without touching  
Unlike them street nasties  
Sex scabs minds flesh  
But love woke up  
Every kind of eyes of mine did see  
Mister Josiah saved me  
Taught me heaven's love  
Down here in our own dirt  
So heavy a life on earth

Oh Mister...

Curiouser a cat, I inch closer  
Listening to this mouse  
Scratching carpet muff & furry's  
Rug on her shopping cart  
Unraveling a story  
A name of my son

"He was the loveliest  
Unlike most them hoodie rats  
Fat Jacks pimping out  
Her Box... but Mister was an  
Angel.  
Of course he was black!  
Like us in The Kitchen"

Blatino Jesus

"Did you happen to know  
Him? "

Ever closer to her mouth, listening  
To the scent of her experience  
Like an Elvis sighting  
Enquiring mind I ask  
Sketch artist  
A face with her homeless words

Again just "Lovely"  
A man she savors  
A savior from her past dives  
Dumpster dust bunny  
Lady with the cart  
In the dark of the Kitchen...

"Josiah! "  
"Son! —come home! "  
She calls out in the dark now...

A little mister  
Giggles in the sunset backdrop

Shadows stretching  
Engulfing blue  
Sky to Night  
So many stars distant  
Light

And mine  
Love collides into her arms  
A little cherub smiling  
Bright

Thank goodness  
Now that it's become dark

"Let's get inside by the warm fire...  
Little Mister."

Butch Decatoria

# Lord Brian Of Lost Appetites

Brian telephones me and invites himself over

He is eloquent, verbosely underlying a sadness  
Sullen stories of his damages  
Inside himself  
Steps around the open fire

From his Rhode Island  
Portlandian Indian / Apache  
Scalping American schtick  
Survivor  
Shameless fairy slut  
Let loose  
Got lost and  
how  
quickly young new hungers  
Accost  
a pack of wolves on a carcass in winter  
His innocence ripped apart - hopes  
Shapes of dreams in longing  
Childhood's end  
&quot;gang fucked....&quot;

how  
one is raped by stupidity,  
drugged decisions in adolescentignorance;  
&quot;...(I)was left for dead...&quot;  
continues to confide in me, my lips and eyes unmoving,  
my ears, a canyon echoing native stories...  
Floating three feet above solid ground  
in a sling, being bred,  
body like a loaf of weak wheat,  
says he / is vivid with his memories  
&quot;...bleeding, my hole dripping loads...&quot;  
how  
uncomfortable I become  
squirming and puckering  
an odd poster pinned in mind:

an ass bent over  
red hand printed, polka-dotted & picked cheeks  
activity of an insomniac in twilight, tweaked  
strawberry quick  
fairy fountain spilling over full moon  
with a script at the bottom - "Got raped?"  
a milk mustache and purple  
bruised eyes....  
how  
a gory rendition of gay tales  
with a dry snicker  
always optimism mr. fag storyteller....  
It is His key  
defense  
humor and ease of availability  
to numb himself, sugarcoat his past,  
crystalize his hell;  
leading to the great whoring hours  
partying with the gargantuan  
how  
frequent the members, bath-housing  
cocks  
how  
"fun-filled"  
getting fisted was / a sex puppet  
moaning the hollowness of it  
ventriloquists' drool and pools of lubed indifference...  
Brian, Lord of Lost Appetites  
and paradise  
how  
ignorance (now, he claims)is blissful  
even in recollecting  
results of his test at nineteen,  
positive lord of bad luck,  
always expected it....  
how  
this rolling stone  
gathered all the midnights in his moss  
but grazing always  
a smile  
on the road of loss... and  
how.

## Butch Decatoria

## Lotus Flower (Senryu)

Morning Star blossom.  
Floral crown on tranquil pond  
She walks on water.

Butch Decatoria

# Love Is A Speakeasy

Love Is a Speakeasy

1.

Love is a speakeasy  
The secret joint where we get on

Where from under crawl spaces  
And in between walls of bricks

None could ever ever tell us no  
Here We let loose - Mr. Slick

Hey Cool Daddy, and Big Mama &quot;Oh's! &quot;  
Drinking, music, drunk off jazz and soul

Love is a speakeasy  
Not everyone knows,  
but everyone should...  
Go and let go.

2. (Loop)

Deep down  
Down the steps  
Step into the underground club  
Club of jazz greats  
Great Gatsby happens nightly  
Nightly partake in raucous debauchery  
Debaucheries of heathen heat  
Heat exuding from the beat  
Beat of drum and bass of hearts  
Hearts of lovers in the dark  
Dark corners hidden  
Hidden from all eyes  
Eyes who spy their kiss  
Kiss of true love's wish  
Wish made on fallen stars

Stars that bedazzle and awe  
Awe and wonder romancing the night  
Night that finds two in love  
Loving' / is / a speakeasy  
Speak easy with love....

Deep down  
Down here where  
The great Gatsby happens...

Butch Decatoria

## Love Poems (Acrostic)

Lately I feel wayward

Over the moon, frenzied emotions

Vermillion chaos

Entangled thoughts run amok.

Pleasantly out of sorts,

Off balanced, too much of this, of you,

Effortlessly beautiful,

Making grown men

Swear and cry —to be forgiven...

Butch Decatoria

# Love, Philosophical

Often times when reading the messages  
poets metaphor in rhyme,  
in reason and allusions and imagery

they say the same thing- as if they all of 'em took  
a class together on love

they say "love is relative..."

relative to what?  
to whom or how or when?  
like a family member twice removed,  
an aunt, a grandmother's warm smiling  
invitingly familial

be it an impromptu emotion, described grandiose  
and Hollywood acclaimed,  
love seems  
obscure  
demure  
fickle at times  
wishful  
blissful  
fervent even  
magically  
restless  
with its deliciousness  
on and on so it goes / without saying toomuch  
how it will breathe  
new life into those  
lackluster  
those without  
yet who are  
consumed  
hollow  
those without hope, suddenly are given it  
anew  
vividness  
An energy miraculously appears,

In HD the world is seen / absolute brightness  
faultless and star-filled  
clear..

Yet it well can cause  
our worst of fears  
of wars / casualties / gruesome endings  
tragedies  
: a movie  
with Shakespearean poetic pain,  
the pentameter of the mortal heart  
sonnets of our human condition  
: a documentary  
of life  
conflicted  
it is a cause many have and will bleed  
for, some even die for,  
searching and reaching out  
whether in vain  
or suffering in the pain find  
awakenings

that's what it's all about...

it is relative, to what or why  
in life,  
pragmatic,  
fractal  
human feelings reign -yet a populace  
of loneliness, millions of neighbors  
never extend an open hand or invitation  
so love can be difficult to find

in the sea of Man,  
of many in a world separated,  
it strikes like lightning, they cliché  
quick  
unannounced  
unstable  
it happens without warning, cupid's arrow  
hits, descriptively it must be a wound..?

yes / yet no / unknown

it is beginning then an end  
to a means - a chemical thing

(hypothesized  
in scientific circles,  
I guess  
just one of those undefined  
Unexplainables)

like crop circles  
in the wheat fields of the heart  
it sometimes is,  
unpredictably may appear  
obscene  
wild  
flavorful  
rigid  
rarely  
mean  
spirited  
ferocity  
at times...  
all the while

in nature's law of strength versus luck,  
small prey to a predator: eat or be consumed,  
love is not recognized (or is it? by the animal)  
mate and procreate in their simplest terms.  
Does a shark check out it's female before it decides  
to release his sperm- take it on a date, a swim in the riptides?  
a bite of sushi first?

Empress bees and others with their queen-ruled colonies  
birth a world from one,  
does she feel the same for her thousands of husbands  
fathers of her millions of children spawned?

love is relative... love is blind  
another descriptive fallacy  
invented by folk without husband or wife or vision

nor same-sex partners: universally  
known in these modern communities  
of man-made homes  
and tomes...  
blind... as if like a person, the word  
unable to see,  
inept of decisions, making a finale,

who will stay by the means of our simplicity  
flesh and feelings  
silent servants  
beguiling  
hidden  
treasures

Now imagine lightning striking  
suddenly  
real  
unabashed  
fulfilling  
electrifying  
sensual  
salivations  
Exhalations

far beyond restrictions of the flesh/ sex,  
past times and her finite  
musings, they say it will go on and on

&quot;forev'a ev'a? forev'a ev'ah&quot;

so it goes / the song repeatedly plays.  
so then i say, as long as we are  
still the masters  
of this life's age, kings of consciousness,  
of intelligence and rage  
Love tho'  
fleeting  
Careless  
Whispers  
It's like

Being  
Liked  
Obsessed over  
quenched kissed  
All yours  
lessons-learned  
Feeling aloft in flight  
Love  
will stay

And as witnesses to war  
or after: in peaceful days,

O the one true thing

I have seen of love's relativity:  
love is relative to humans  
and our  
being  
whether blind or whether seeing  
It's yours and ours  
heavenly seeking.

(Free of will & full of meaning  
Love is the truth  
All Life is feeling...)

Butch Decatoria

# Magic Shakespeare

The last romantic...

Briefly departs his Shakespeare

Pages serenading sublimity

Juxtaposing the beauty of the stars

To the abyssal depth in lover's eyes

Lost in sonnet sunset

And the pentameter of lonesome sighs...

His heart must surely be a fish

Lovelorn wanting such oceans of wish.

To feel alive from being torn

Into madness a tumultuous storm....

The last romantic far from paths

And roads leading home,

Far from metropole and reality

In solitude, a garden gnome...

Deformed lack of society's

Influential propriety

Of hurry get married, of monogamy,

Grooms bride for every norm...but no.

Oh how aloof and naively blind

Dismissing the tutors' lessons in mundane life

The logic of love-life like reasoning

These days of mail order brides,

Milfs and Latin booty seasonings,

Are now for bid to buy (at auction price)

How is this decency or poetic

The Geometry of a fit sound mind?

(High on cloud nine, in line for a hookers time?)

Oh dear King Lear, what's happened here?

Sign of our times slow demise

Yet no one questions such schisms

Or asks why?

The illness of the romantic was once floral

It sickens with sweetness and awww

A dreamers pox deluded flight

Psychedelic was the high

(just stop all that effing rhyme time)

Perhaps it's self inflicted

Conditioned poetic days

To view all the world with love

Fawning eyes awake  
Maybe in his idolatry of medieval adultery  
There is a sort of peace  
Of mind, of truth  
Maybe accidentally it is found  
Far from the madness of the heartless,  
Mindless Crowds  
Murdering muse and moody blues  
By the numbers we color refuse and defuse  
These digital days that pass in fog  
Diminished worth  
From fears' poison smog,  
An un lived, unloved life askew  
Dead to chances made aloud  
Tho' The perfect time is now...  
  
Perhaps the last romantic chooses to go without  
Shedding a painful tear  
Detours introverted meekly feels  
Avoiding any meaningful kiss  
With every passion

petite mort... a tiny death my dears

Some cannot handle such tragedy

Star crossed youth I hear

Are all fools for love

And Still will / surely must

Die hard

Whether from wounds of doubts

Drowning in Lies of ties that bind...

Yet true love with imperfect hearts

Revere

Our Immortal beloveds

And the last romantic

Near or far away from here

Romancing whisper

All the lovely

Untouched years

Heavy as a hollow bone

Broken in perpetual wish,

His alone

A soul yet to atone a life of fear

Bewitched by drama's

Magic Shakespeare.

Butch Decatoria

# Malleable

Should tomorrow cease to rise  
The whole of a life, looking back,  
Through mind's eye and memory  
The whole of your life a soundtrack

Each hour most loudly heard  
The saddest times weigh heavy  
But all the songs of your black bird  
Should feel all light and ready

Never linger down too long  
And listen to each our living songs  
The whole of your life infallible  
Here where our souls are malleable

Never linger down too long  
Here where every song become  
One: Listen with all your being  
Two: Awe and look deep with feeling...

Here where Love is malleable.  
We hearts of clay still beating.

Butch Decatoria

# Manifesting

What is a man?  
Who shapes his words  
His worth  
Like the loudest shouting  
Empty with meanings  
Manifesting a destiny...

Who is the man  
We all look up to  
When it is the Sun  
The day arisen  
How can a (running)man?

And where in the dark pitch night  
Where men are blind  
Even by their unkept  
Word  
What is a man  
But a caged bird?  
Manifesting...  
Song.

Butch Decatoria

## Mermaid (Acrostic)

Moonshine full upon our seas  
Evening breeze sweet beckoning  
Reach below, within me deeply  
Move me movements, tidal pools  
Acquiescing a kiss or two  
Inside where we're wet with need  
Drown me in your love.

Butch Decatoria

## Metaphor (10w)

It's like onions

Your poetry

Gots layers!

Your poet's heart.

Butch Decatoria

# Meteor Shower (Senryu)

Friday Night starlight  
As we caress the hours,  
Streaks across the sky!

Butch Decatoria

# Micro Madness (Senryu)

Kamikaze bees  
Death by jacuzzi drowning  
In glowing chlorine.

Butch Decatoria

## Milieu (Acrostic)

Mountainous misgivings murderous

Intentions mass ineptitude, cold snap, G 6 7 8

Landslides not inside you but surprise! no truth...

In Death Throes, fracking wildfires hurricane &quot;May&quot;

Ennui experience the &quot;day&quot; toward poisons, blight,

Unbelief grief until antithesis snow globes night.

Butch Decatoria

## Mlk Day (2016)

What preference did the shackled legs,  
the whip gashed backs,  
sister-child maid wife  
what favorite tastes or memorable tune  
did have  
those seen as a lesser you?

Far African kingdoms without the murals  
or architecture of mathematicians,  
or the pomposities of golden circumstance,  
no gilded marble halls or pillars  
or streets of cold stones  
no fashions for the sharp nosed  
pallid under parasols  
caricatures of indifferent beauty,

rather the abducted men from the other shore  
have a realm as fine to witness  
if not much more  
cathedral ceilings of heavens  
ever shifting in days and darkness,  
diamonds not found in bloody muddy ground  
as priceless and as pure  
the wealth not considered but conditioned filth  
the wilderness and otherness  
abhorred,  
the living landscape the abundant beasts  
giants of profound creation  
gentle and danger - not found but there  
the expanse of hot suns' earthen bones  
and further back beyond history  
these mirages shimmering walls  
of palaces that have wind and width of awe  
for its halls...

What infant legs that ran with cheetahs  
offend, the native cries along the chains  
die with the weight of loss  
not yet found - the kingdom of suns

the people removed of their crowns

made to hate and sold and laid to waste  
ever the more thirsty then  
in the wooden boon of ships  
on oceans cannot drink.

What choice or gift of eloquent conquerors  
allows another a life not lived?  
And still... this kingdom that is the life  
we all see  
creates from shackles the blues  
everything new, no matter how often  
the iron grip of times they kill  
or assassinate the truth

We can always choose to see  
the palace walls of heavens' surrounding kingdom  
made soul and food and love  
and hip hop

When freedom is absolute  
the preferences or favorites once missed  
will be no more a hollow well  
when life is as equal to theminds we share  
and the times without fear

the lines will blur  
because there is nothing more between us  
to cross...

(we all are rich when we have choices  
to be free is to raise our voices)

Butch Decatoria

# Money (Senryu)

The Hollow Mountain  
We climb to reach "Easy Street";  
Root of men's pursuits.

Butch Decatoria

## Moody (Acrostic)

MOODY

Maelstrom of unrequited emotions

Openly verbose with feelings hurt

Offering no reprieve nor resolve,

Damned if I do, damned if I don't.

Your time of the month?

Butch Decatoria

# Motel Room

Vegas heats up in these idle lungs  
Summer weekends begin their urge  
like a roar of blood in the ears, no anticipation dwells so  
not even those addictions we've reasoned to be just  
or justified as youthful relief...

I sit as still as the neon blinking through drab curtains  
can allow / without obsessing into a tick / a nervous twitch

The lumps on this bed, like ghosts  
from forgotten trysts, seem to jab / to escape /  
even when sleep attempts to drain itself from the body  
due to the lack of it.

It smells vaguely familiar of 2000 flushes  
and ashtrays with liquor stains  
hurled from mouths overfed with parties and past  
indiscretions / guilt / scattered  
on the carpet, and in the corner  
reminds me of our foolish frivolity / heavy with loss  
hope, laughter / shapes and shadows  
in that corner where you vomited  
with tears and self realizations of mistakes  
with a chuckle at its absurd truths,  
followed by a blank stare...

Your face in its tracks of saline depth  
like a painting of twilight rites of passage  
which we had to burden in bewitching hours / early  
before the sun / sobering  
those times we diluted and ache for still

As I recollect in the hush of a motel 6  
Drunken neighbors with their sounds of sex / taboo /  
echoes our lost twenties  
learning to live and define emotions - like secret messages  
from devils and Jesus  
washing over us / growing up,  
losing days to nights / so doubtful and wretchedly alive

in the uncertainty of oblivion  
of searching for its celebration.../ losing ourselves...

I sit in this hotel room  
wretchedly alive / in and out of neon lights  
trying to find an emotion  
staring at the corner / shadows of you / vomiting  
A message that I only now begin to understand  
from tears to echoes  
laughter still to be / Heard here  
In memory's sorrow / oblivion  
While I sit / unfeeling  
before dawn, hours hollow...

And so wretchedly alive  
Like sleepless starlight  
Wordless and still  
Wretchedly  
Alive.

Butch Decatoria

# Motley (Senryu)

Birds of Paradise  
Coral & floral gardens.  
The crew in your Life.

Butch Decatoria

# Mouths

This Experience  
An imperfect reflection  
Garden of pavements

Broken purposeless  
Flightless birds will all look up  
Feeling more of sky

Yearning phantom limbs  
That Substance of unfeeling  
Holes want to be filled.

The freedoms championed  
By the long gone days of Old  
Had good intentions

Experience still  
Makes business of great divides  
Caters to the Wolf

We're the hand which feeds  
Mouths eating away the world.  
We get what we give.

Butch Decatoria

## Mtv. Happy...

I remember when MTV was in its prime,  
A new voice to represent the new boom  
Babies growing up since the 80s  
Louder still through the troubling decades  
After —the punks in nirvana and rapping clergy  
It was the only channel on  
Youthful rebel yell —honest news  
I remember it pretty well  
Shaping us generation x y and Personal Jesus  
New wave good bye to when  
Childhood then without pain of malnourished  
Africa or nukes threatening our  
Cruel summer days  
We're we happier then?  
So what happened to the music  
Television  
Nowadays  
Seem more gangster  
School shootings terrorists  
On the train, kamikaze planes,  
It's all the same ole  
Bling kablam oh bits  
Bitches please  
Redirecting our attention  
To WMD  
WTF  
Where the hells are we?

I remember back then  
On MTV —Nicki Minaj says  
Between the hysterics of police brutality  
She said Happiness is living your life  
Without struggle,  
That stuck with me  
Because we all watch the tube  
We all search for meaning  
Sadly defining what happiness  
May look like  
Real World and paradoxical reality

TV  
Para socially defunct  
Clarity  
Conditioned to continuously  
Stay tuned  
Brief message of empty  
Hypnosis a pure form of business  
Wall Street  
Boulevard of broken dreams  
I want my

Happy. What do I mean  
To be?  
Life sucks lately  
The human condition  
Talking too much  
Refusing to see  
No more talking heads too much  
Bla bla bullshit  
I want my  
MTV. Happy.  
My generation  
We are the world  
freedom And yes, Peace.

Man kindly as one  
Symphony  
And street, a melting pot  
Of diversity

I remember the music  
The future  
I had hope to see  
Behind the shades  
Circa 80s 90s  
What time is it then?  
When will we  
Begin  
Again

Don't worry be happy  
Run forest run!

Butch Decatoria

# My One Commandment

Un-parch and part our seas  
of need  
&quot; Be True&quot;;

All kisses kismet  
For your being  
In my motives, complex

And your presence resolute  
Is like Moses to mountains absolute  
Defiant to Pharaohs fleeing as they wail and wretch

Dry reticent's / fake to make  
Gilding what they deem  
In themselves as golden truths  
A society unseen with no relief or boon  
like swarms they only teem  
with beauty in masquerades,  
still sly as any thief like

A house of cards  
All ready for the fall  
Weak in their deceits... Replete  
Of teeth  
and walls...

Build me instead no regret  
No slaves / compelled or bade  
But compelled or bade but choice  
In devotion's open season

Not entombed / embalmed / awe of death  
Rather a heart in spades, life with breadth  
No commandments madebarricade

But our names reclaimed instead

No fear of darkness never-was  
yet

Alive even unto death.

For we are freedom  
We are loved  
A nest, a hut, a cave  
A tower, skyscraper / a home  
Our kiss in the shade

A Genesis

Resurrection roads  
The Universe / all oceans of O  
Lovingly we will wade

Again and again  
inhale  
sweet life's rhapsodies  
and the rose...  
again and again / our song  
at the up-most

Understanding without anger or books  
Conceding and agreeing  
It is all good

This is us  
And now in hush  
Eyes beyond sight must

Open / See: the Empathy  
questions keeping note  
asking not acquiescently  
In who's company?

Why,by Love's infinite dynasty  
Now know

No one is lost when already home  
Love is much stronger  
Is further thrown  
Than any tablet made of Stone.

&quot; Be true &quot;;

And in this moment

Awaken

Absolute

Now go

Always not almost

Beloved soul ...

Butch Decatoria

# My Red Pen

My red pen with black Ink  
Bleeds dreams through words soul

Empty hollow eyes—in a blink...  
Spatial darkness without glow;

Within us—poet's primal prose,  
Between human ripples and inflictions

Such lovelessness much ado  
Oh well—golly geez—so It goes...

My red pen unraped in deep volition  
Until the muse of truth full of woes

Embracing us without "arms" harm  
Counting fingers many wars name

Wrenching apart what feelings came  
I know the dangers of earthquakes...

The spirit of my love creates lovingly in love  
The deep moving poetry of touch

Touching further than within  
This black spit scripting feelings end

My vehement red pen  
My passionate heart

Pining for her peace and favor  
While they reap the word unsavored

While we practice whilst they preach  
For always Love we must beseech.

My mighty red pen's black scars  
Poetry a sword. Oh hallowed be...

Love's invisible mark.

(In me)

Butch Decatoria

# Mystic Soup

Mystic Soup

I've been fed with  
Alphabet  
& crocodile tears

Chicken soup  
For the soul  
His love inside me  
Took with the book  
All my human sweat  
Tackling  
Climbs so biblical

Greatest is Everest's  
Pinnacle peak  
To find  
& Touch Zen  
Zanadu  
Shangri La  
At the foot of heaven,  
A door to Shambala  
Rainbows to Oz  
The forbidden kingdoms  
Spirit realm...

In Between  
Infinite  
The Absolute

Inside is light  
A place named perfection  
All good  
Mornings  
Forever new...  
Then again  
I recall  
Being fed upon  
A sluice

Draining out the poetry  
Of being  
One  
Before it is  
Spoken  
Words verbs lyrically  
Painting Music /  
The emotions' rain  
Coloring pain  
On windows gray  
The thunder

Upon the heart reigns  
Honored  
Life  
Far more  
Dignified

Thru the eye  
Carrying one soul

To where the blue  
Upon  
Our oceans' breath  
Clouds  
Abound with sky  
Temperatures  
Tuscany temperate  
Close to pristine  
Before  
It's  
Go'ne Green  
There's  
No pollution  
Nor global warming.

And thru baby blue  
Windows  
Soul I see you  
Feel

Soft comes the clouds

Yet  
To be made loud  
With thundering drums  
Precursor to lightning

There  
Might  
Then  
Lead to stairs  
Upwards

Yon pearly gates  
& Nirvana's  
Everlasting peace

A grace

The light at first sight  
All perfect love  
(Upon every face)

Like Smiles from glowing parents  
"Welcome to the world"  
I promise you, baby  
The future of us  
Cherished  
offspring

You'll not know that sort  
Of suffering,  
Or dying  
Of hunger  
Pangs the same as pain  
Or hurt that won't go away  
Lonely and loveless  
More mean than meaning

Promise love child  
We live to raise you / up  
Happy...

I've been fed with much

The poets'  
Mystic soup

A beautiful joy  
To learn to slurp it all up  
Because Life is  
Delicious  
& Vicious goes playing coy

I spell my mind  
with a why  
Without a doubt

Brighter visions  
Telling threadbare eyes  
Of needles  
To Storms / twisters  
Not licorice  
Twizzler Cylindrical

But cyclone spiral  
Of ennui tearful  
Otherness

The afterimage of life  
Is heaven  
next

And she said  
"Love me as the earth  
Or as the sky  
With awakenings  
Birth  
A mind  
No fear of nothing"

For nothing is impossible  
Now Then everything  
Is more probable

See for yourself

With light  
of truth  
Seeing you  
newly / beginning

Sight farther seeing  
With heart made  
Doubtless  
For believing

In you  
Love / soul

ever illumine.

Death goes flesh  
When the soul gets leave

The brilliant cries  
Spinning  
The distant stars  
Look  
beyond blind  
Life & such beliefs

The Tree  
The Ladder  
The Sun  
The Eye  
The One

Feed me shine  
Our Life  
full of Love...  
The kind  
That shaped me  
Into a poet

Spoken word  
The poem flies

When the heart opens

Honest as the sun  
The dark did not know it

The breath of evergreen poems  
The kiss of liquid  
Water  
Fall  
Lagoons

Drinking wisdom  
Au natural

River like the soul  
Soul River to have drank

Eternal love's  
Je suis  
Poetry.

Our alphabet  
soup  
Awe Life,  
Oh cup!  
Drink up the hours  
Rain for tears  
All  
waterfall  
Showers.

Oh poem of love,  
You've got the power!

Butch Decatoria

# Name Game

I want you to understand my name,  
the robes of rude electric activities  
were once made to fit my  
curves and canvasses  
when i use to paint them  
perspiration / desperations / commotions  
all mixed in a soup  
of sensuous satiation...

I once had hands so clever  
with ingenuity and imagination,  
i held nothing, really  
but the naked mute  
holding nothing  
just palms lined with psalms'  
life lines and predictions  
many unable to read  
or feel akin...  
predictable and gullible  
are we not made  
to change?

In the lion's pit Daniel learned  
swift and well  
the name of the game is  
Live to Tell,  
we create our own designs  
and belief  
and even our own hell...

I want you to know my name  
when I name one angel: "wisdom";  
and one skeleton: "shame";

know me well  
forget yours just the same,  
once i was the victim  
soon now the Lion's Mane...

One angel:&quot;wisdom&quot;;  
One Skeleton:&quot;shame&quot;;

Butch Decatoria

# Nautilus (Sedoka)

The submariner.  
Deep Ocean's gravitas, this  
carnivore protist.

Down dark lonely depths  
The bowels of pressure & pitch,  
Small fearless tiger.

Butch Decatoria

## Nijinsky (Senryu)

How Divine! Such Grace!  
The Word cannot embody  
Ballet when God speaks.

Butch Decatoria

# No Hell

There is no Hell but the one we create,  
and should intelligent beings be made  
to contradict itself and become less than ape?

What gardens there be, of all that is discovered  
not created by evil or a hand that plows a lover  
to the ground, with an alien heart that plunders

and with all thoughts so weak to give in  
masticate an opposite of love called Sin,  
that we should forget what life has been

what All is seen and some mistakes have made  
the blind cannot and will never wake  
to know what a breath so small has shaped

this is life, not yours or mind to rape,  
but be witness and appreciate - what evil could never  
nor hate should endeavor to replicate

the garden you plant will not flourish without light  
in a hell (there's no Hell)nor without the rainy heights  
you do not need to acknowledge the Might

but inhale a breath and open your eyes, mind  
the heartless beast are about in the wild  
if so inclined go sleep with them a while...

\*\*\*

(I doubt you'll ever praise evil again,  
but then again, stupid are born everyday)

\*Smile, have a good day... Namaste

In response to a poem I read, praising evil... If there is one thing I could hate, it  
is Evil. (And I do try not to hate, but evil, should not Be.)

Butch Decatoria

# No Jins

No smoke but greys  
No wish to make  
No want or need  
No lust or addiction to feed

No pining, yearning or coveting  
No romancing or desires metric  
No Shakespearean theatrics  
No actors or pretenders  
No hysterics

No human mistaken for an excuse  
No worry or stench of consumption's refuse  
It's no use

No wars without  
Make peace within  
No wish upon stars all over again  
No dreaming of "things"  
Of crowns or nine clouds  
To reach  
No truth or lovely lives beloved  
Therefore no one preach but teach  
How to rise above  
No worship but peacefully

In the light or after  
In life  
Swings  
chandeliers  
Rafters  
Live it loudly - no mutes  
Speak  
No hate

No wish for life  
Perfectly lived  
No human to stain or brains  
Mistaken

No wishes to Jin ever makes  
The self awareness of self made  
Men  
No smoke or lamp  
No Jin or lies  
No soul can fly if by chance  
Afraid

No fear or sleep  
No tears of sheep no kraken  
But we who love  
And mind all life  
awaken  
No wish to make  
No smoke no Jin no lives to take.  
No faking it on Sunday  
Or everyday  
Until you make it  
Peace be and  
Namaste.

Butch Decatoria

# No Succor For The Self

The solicitous Self,  
with and in each exchange  
of conversation's  
volley of commiserating  
commissary verbiages  
words of curbs and gutters,  
owns not its guilt  
knows not good will  
nor for those whom shatter  
in our drowning hours, unstill...

The Self is begging  
for your idolatry's bastions,  
wants you to find it beautiful  
and superior  
above any other

attention and ingestion  
gorging and hoarding  
the tid-bit compliments  
the cloud nine glances  
succulent smiles / flirtatious lick of lips

the audience pumping up  
its hot air ego-balloon  
to beach ball widths

a deadly kind of perdition  
for you, character fool  
careless and distracted  
blase' as a toad on a stoop...

It is a weed

the amorous Self is  
harmless, the beginning seeds  
and whimsy / at flowering  
in your hands:

fluff and puff intimations  
child-like glee / pleasing / blowing  
nonpluss dandelions  
nonthreatening  
in ruminations  
N' stuff...

but like any weed  
when it spreads and takes hold  
the real estate of your time and soul  
it chokes and feeds  
off your serene prosperity  
of peace of mind  
of identity

a thief of your ideas  
makes your dreams its own

It suffocates all others  
behaves with dismissive airs  
like you it becomes  
you, who has watered  
this pest and catered to its musings  
like a sudden sunrise it appears  
out of the blue appealing  
a dandelion, quaint & demure  
yet alluring

The prostitute that is the selfish  
solicitous thorn  
knows its own nature  
far too well  
hides its hideous  
kink so none can warn  
it is a war

with Self  
the attention whore

Self being compelled  
as all else

a parasite to its growth  
a virus and its host

what she now only has to give  
in return:

assuage  
her malingered spell

she breeds in you  
a ghost of once you were  
wastrel grime  
wasted time  
an empty shell

Abhorred.

Careful what the Self  
is selling  
the solitudes  
of obsessions  
Possession  
Suffocation  
not much else...

No succor for the Self.

Butch Decatoria

# Nostradamus (Senryu)

Doomsday soothsayer  
Who's visions doth entertain  
Medieval profits.

Butch Decatoria

## Obits. (Senryu)

Memories live on  
As long as the funeral's  
Floral arrangements.

Butch Decatoria

## Oblong I.E.

A Noun: The oblong: thing.

The name of that lounge: a place

By the face of the strange shaped lake,

Dinosaur Egg / oval / green grapes.

An Adj.: Oblong Longboard

That's such the coolest name

Of a person: Not a thing oval shaped.

Mr. Ellipsis made no complaints

About tiny alien ant farms

&quot;From Outer Space! &quot;

The natives made to slave

Oblong grew his beard out

After the sideburns days

Mr. Ellipsis far far away

Fires of the Sun

Will not discern—when

The Light returns

The wrym will burn

In oblong throes of defeat.

At peace: A Verb.

Butch Decatoria

## Odds (Sadoka)

They vie for corners  
Young beggars in Chinatown,  
Scrap for the best spot

The intersection  
Like a cardboard box for work,  
Hard pressed with traffic

Yields better odds for  
Hand outs from passenger-side  
The Horse gifts for mouths.

Butch Decatoria

# Of After

It's like time being pulled

In opposite directions

Racing forward

Super quick

While at that instance

In the direct opposite of it

Slowing in reverse

Widening space

A vector string

Stretching draining your soul

Dreading the empty

Time pullsaway

This is what is being felt

As life leaves you

Time like a rubber band

Stretched until it snaps

Torn asunder then

A flash of brilliant light

& Waking to the Wonders

Of After.

Butch Decatoria

# Of The Fittest

Survival...

Owens no manufacturer's manual  
on Life, it has no scheme or plot  
nor the ability to count cards

it's genius has no shame  
does not reflect  
or give pause for consequence  
it does not think  
about what great lesson it learned

Survival pushes on  
with or without a Joker's grin  
Or lack of grace...

Survival has no feathers  
or Nietzsche beauty to display  
never hides behind a rock  
it wears no shade

Survival does not express  
fear, relief, or shock  
just simple Strength  
with an unreadable  
poker-face...

(Because Death knows nothing of haste,  
Nor cares for your human race.)

Butch Decatoria

# Old Dog Was Once New (Trick)

If a young blood should wonder  
To ask about town  
The oldest trick in the book...?

Usher the boy to the encyclopedia  
Away from control  
The trance of hype media  
The internet did not free us

Let the young kid know  
Find and seek to  
See for yourself be without  
Doubt  
Not for nothing nor for satisfaction  
Having the answer,  
No...

But if it helps,  
Me thinks it's a pic of your me-maw  
In tassels & cowboy boots  
If it's that kind of trick  
Your pa-paw  
The old dog was once  
New  
Tricks that learn quick  
Young buck is proud  
Without doubt  
The oldest most likely  
Wise  
Though our  
Problem  
Wild  
Child.

Butch Decatoria

## Once (Of Substance)

Excitedly I say once,  
&quot;if love was a substance,  
if only more than  
some sort of word, more concrete  
if only&quot;  
rather than heard  
in song made wispy or absurd  
instead bold in your face apparent  
a freak-show, cirque du taste  
such theatrics (once) those lips  
the film noir of your thrilling face.

Undeniable you  
unabashed like a growth  
to the left  
a mole on your kind skin  
red lipstick puckering miss Monroe  
eyes that ooze dreamy

How I always noticed you, once  
saying &quot;Ooh look here, this is love&quot;  
pointing to that dot,  
but i know love is more than  
a tiny tiny blemish  
(or Marilyn's coy mole) .

Once, I recall  
a beauty marked me  
with what was quick-draw  
and newly raw  
touch with much whirling  
such were we  
openly exposed to...

Effulgent: Love making

All things of wealth  
Of flesh imbue,  
matters less now

than those ugly truths...  
our golden glow not many know  
what all we felt  
suns, dawns, and woes

So wretchedly, loudly  
made so obvious / where we partook  
(Old denning of youths)  
briefly donning heaven in our looks  
hold on  
to my arms - keep hold,

i say to what was once,  
love now as heavy as you're letting go  
caustic as your doubts

i remember saying  
&quot;look here -once, this was love&quot;  
now just a gesture  
where stands my shadow

as I regret  
not informing you: &quot;should of kept your eyes open  
during the fall  
should of kept honest is all...&quot;

If only love to you  
was of some real substance  
beyond misty hours or  
something like  
the prose of rain to heartache  
empty like open doorways of us before  
because  
once is now  
no more.

Butch Decatoria

# One Of The Most Difficult Things

One of few  
words that has no other definition  
but itself both  
written and referenced

with many synonyms similar  
a muse universal and familiar  
adds shade for heated  
hearts all quite red

like a rose  
it is its own unique beauty,  
long stemmed  
Love  
it is nothing but...  
(and everything to us)

not Lust or Covet, for they are too brazen  
and carnal with their hunger  
unlike Love, which fills the need  
steadily- in time, relieving the craving,  
leaving contentment  
then feeding others without requirement  
of payment...

not Adoration or Crush  
because they are still children  
without the understanding  
or capacity for self-sacrifice  
which Love is familiar to  
like years unconditional  
this trust is a marriage between  
naïve, wise, and special.

not Passion or zealous Desire,  
due to their one-sided tunnel vision  
without compromise or sway,

almost indifferent to all else  
but the prize at the end;  
for Love has it's eyes in everyday  
at all times  
in your corner

not Like or Fondness, for they are weak  
in emotional life,  
half devoted and half way gone  
waiting for the other  
to finish a simple thought  
indifference is not a line to cross;  
because Love cares for both  
itself and yours and all the other,  
&quot;love thy neighbor as thy brother&quot;

love is willing to carry the weight  
always keen to always wait  
no matter how long  
or how late...

It is so wonderfully loyal  
Love is  
that it is at often times motivated  
by a blindness for only it's devotion;

And true Love  
does not worship  
and sometimes must let go  
to preserve it's integrity,  
for if it's real  
it will return with more fuel for the fire  
to light the warmth of our hearth  
higher...

Love commits fully  
even unto death, whether star-crossed  
or over time's deepening breath,  
it is defined by each and all  
it's own victory and story...

Still,  
one of the most difficult things is  
to fall in Love  
and never understand it  
but you know it  
like a lullaby from infancy

she whispers to you  
do not fear  
Love is  
here.

(Checkmate King me)

Butch Decatoria

# One Sunday Morning

O

Moan.

Y a w n.

Purr.

How I adore our meanderings.  
Mornings of misfit nomads  
waking to the sturdy fur of you,  
pecks, abs, inner thigh  
unclad  
body heat...

The world outside feels absent,  
your hardness  
your breath  
presently  
itching against yesterday's 5-o'clock  
shadow...

We breakfast on such sensations  
satin thousand threads  
sifting in grips of sheets  
creating  
silken dunes of flesh creamy hues  
soft mounds from our twist  
tied  
tethered limbs  
then opening passages with kisses  
and humid licks  
our lips:  
camelback & cobra songs  
to Sahara

Heatwave

where we worship obelisks  
until slumber  
has rendered us  
stardust and sphinx

mused and fused - our flesh again  
in hymns  
this Sunday morning...

Less stealth of night but copious  
is touch  
slithering undulations  
of parched needs  
for us to swim in the hunger of its seas

Since sensing sensual stiffness  
your shifting  
your shaft  
my blood collects  
to tighten what is mine within

When this grabs hold of us  
like the blinding noon  
we forgive  
that it is Sunday  
mourn that I thirst for you.

Such thickets of urges  
juicy sweet confection / completion's  
masculine deprivation  
half grin half flurry,  
No worry  
displacing thoughts of infection  
secure in our relations...

Stretching with both my hands  
behind me  
gripping with claws of the passionate  
buttocks raised (waiting for rain)  
as if to be seen & named  
by the gods' - creative breath and shame  
I yearn for your embrace  
Heaven forgive me  
for the heaven he gives me...

Affirmed

as though we were the firmaments  
sky without permission (or air rights)  
to fly  
comely  
and in our rhythmic trance

we become Spartans  
(with our war cry)  
Driven  
Breathing  
One defeat  
Shriven as we're falling  
One choice to leap.

Exhale Olympus  
Fallen pillars' hush.

Good morning, Love  
a taste of how Nirvana feels

constellations and the heavenly  
wheel.

Stretching.  
Eyes open to take in my world.  
Stretching

Behind  
Reaching for you

if just briefly knowing  
the whole truth...

Butch Decatoria

# Open Mic Night

"I'm the best lover I've ever had, and to tell the truth,  
I'm not half bad..."

Says the barista lesbian  
Open mic regular looking too butch for such  
A handsome face

If I were her in her twenties  
Tight and fit  
I'd be getting licked  
Every which way to sunrise

(I'm the baby on open mic nights,  
The junior in a crowded cafe  
Of retirees and university attendees  
Who have had that higher mind made  
Taught how to be better poets  
Literally literary in every  
Word of the day...)

I learn over the years it's not  
So important a pedigree  
It's better to have such passions  
And love for this

These cursive expressions  
From colorful hearts  
The wit that blazes from stars

Like her on the mic,  
Open with her verbal scars'  
Poetry  
The sensuality of venus  
But strong like mars

I guess it has to be true  
—gotta have a little spark  
Not only a pulsing heart...



# Orafice

It is just a hole...

Gaping puny or wide  
uncertain of the shadows it hides  
if nothing else  
inside

it is just a hole.

I worry when so many  
disguise / among us  
impersonal un human un-persons  
A traffic of panic  
At mass / hysterics  
Stranger danger  
passerby  
kicking and screaming  
Dust and shit  
Wordless eyes /void and thoughtless  
deviant clerics subterfuge  
mummifying manna and meaning  
indifferent to our needing,  
So so hateful in their  
preening

(a predator will lick itself clean  
until the hole needs to be filled...  
hunger overpowering will.)

be  
Careful you who mind  
and listen  
careful not to fall in that  
cavern  
pothole  
wishing well  
cavity  
(Gutter)ditch  
sink hole

Glitter Gulch  
(an Unloved life)  
Or singularity...  
Careful of every kind of orifice  
and every hand  
that feigns well wishes  
they will push / shove you in...

Remember?  
baby Jessica's televised face?  
rescued from a hole in the ground?

It was just a hole...

and television is just like this,  
an orifice,  
a square/rectangular hole  
that's loud yet saying nothing  
But headline and panic  
Like any tunnel, periscope  
Hole  
We fall for it  
The show's same ole  
Widescreen pity surround sound desperation  
Loudly  
pushes us in...  
Just Another head like...

and like your life and mine  
falling through time  
the whole of you,  
(Reason should be aware)  
find some wisdom  
open your eyes

Pay close attention,

you who are mindful  
and listen.

[Television is a barrel of a shot gun pointed at your face.~~the Birthday Book]

Butch Decatoria

## Organza (Senryu)

Veil of black viscose  
Curtain to hide widows's Tears  
Her sad world turn grey.

Butch Decatoria

## Origami (Senryu)

These creases of ours:  
Tales of dragons and white ships.  
Neatly folding sheets.

Butch Decatoria

## Ossature (Acrostic)

Obelisks of modernity and industry

Square footage of steel and glinting glass

Stratospheric Spear stabbing skyline

An askance monuments high rise dare;

Trophies of artifice kings for new Babylon

Usurping the upper echelons, tiers of air,

Raping nature in blatant defiance against creation.

Elevating their delusions of becoming more yet squared.

Butch Decatoria

## Owl (Senryu)

"Who! ? " Rather than "tweets".  
In the dark keenly can see  
All her nameless prey.

Butch Decatoria

## Paintings. (Love's Loud Moments)

Love is the exquisite pain  
The poetry of sultry rain,  
in unison, our breathing,  
Hot blooded  
Fogging the windows.

the hollow siroccos moan  
cold grey lonely down  
Hallways dim  
VelvetSorrows  
Blackened  
Walls of deep new moon  
Devoid of our lungs' rapacious  
illustrations

Even now in memory's wisps  
How exquisite in the frame  
Picturesque recollections  
Polaroids for the finalities of farewell.

It's only us / ghosts now  
Without / but dust / once was  
None-such  
Eyes / dilate...  
Can emptiness be  
Felt  
Flagrant glaciers  
Enflamed diminishment?

(Seems the loud moments remain)

Clouded reasons all its thundering  
All intentions deigned,  
Defeated slump with  
No dire aches  
Mumbling, a corpse heavy mind

Lacking a fleet of feeling  
to combat self hateful

Blight.  
Gloom  
Palpable like the taste of smoke  
Fire blooms  
That carries warning signals to the sun  
Climbing with native drums  
Going  
Almost  
Gone  
The will o' whispering past...

Yet shadows are forgetful in dreams  
As we are sleeping to wake  
In the beams  
Memory echoing from touch  
Our bodies quake...  
Inspired by much of  
Hearts rush

And still the loudest feelings remain  
An old painting in its frame

Our art  
the body of  
heaven pouring in

You and I remain  
Born not made

Love our loudest moment:

Canvas to frame/  
A window and the rain...

Butch Decatoria

# Pan

Poet dances song in quietude  
our dreams throng  
down huckleberry roads

Unscripted spoken motion  
Mosaic heart emotes

Hope

As he composed  
Faces glow so  
connect the dots  
those consumed disposed

Knowing we're not broken  
But in the art we form  
as one whole - our garden grows...

Poet paints love with understated eloquence  
visions of war never-was

with every tear an ocean  
with every dream a peace

all seedling springs.

Poet grants wish  
Dances in the street  
laughter as he weeps

beauty is what we all seek  
to lovingly keep

evergreen

and free.

Butch Decatoria

## Panache (Acrostic)

Peacocking with Carnavalesque gyrations in leather

A machismo macho man fearless in boa feathers

Nubian jazz queen big Afro up doo & nails did too.

Alpine foxy ski the white slopes bundle in chinchilla minks.

Charisma as vibrant as its dance, birds of New Guinea...

Hubristic fandango of Saturday night club kids

Eschewing their walk of shame, stained taints of train wrecks...

Butch Decatoria

## Panda (Senryu)

China's gentile bears  
Of black and white, mostly love  
Bamboo not Kung Fu!

Butch Decatoria

## Paradigm (Todos)

The heavy dust from dry summers  
selling Chiclets from inside the rim of a sombrero,

Tortured attire of a woolen rainbow  
Poncho, pleading to appear a lowly vagabond

by an uncle who seeds alleyways,  
Clothed in his tequila stench;

Instructed by an aunt, obese from endless  
refried beans and Uno-Vision sopas.

"Chiclets! - at the top of your lungs, mejo! "  
Louder as the weight of the dust devils possess

His voice: a squeaking version of itself,  
Coughing at the same spot in Tijuana's

L'Miserables, the invisible, at market...  
Dirt in his tears, no longer noticed, too often cried

There is no need to pretend how lowly  
Or dingy his juvenile face has smeared;

A clown of earthen make-up, in misery's portrait,  
to example the tender, the precious,

have been left to pander to love, for sale.  
A paradigm of angels, fallen from the truth;

Deep in this formidable of fates, of hell...  
Here, he is not above the silence

But he must live in it, live to tell.  
How wishes are often made without a well.

Butch Decatoria

# Passion

A mind that does not question is an empty ocean,  
A night without stars.

A life without fear is a bird in flight,

A heart that feels love is that bird in song.

An inner fire's light.

Butch Decatoria

# Pedestrian

To be without you

Means nothing to want

Attention.

Seems I'm jaded...

My eyes are Abyssinian's

Searching for red laser

Points

On the walls,

Of pedestrian faces,

Cuz none will

Ever do.

But to be without you

Means I am

Nothing. Wanting

Attention

Nothing Wanting

You.

Are you in them rivers?

In these herds?

These lakes of

Lips

Kissing the silence of melancholy?

Means nothing

To want

Your poetry

Feeling much much more

Than

Pedestrian.

Butch Decatoria

# Persiflage

There's a sort of hectic language  
Life's inner city airs  
The indigent grime, swearing  
They do declare  
As heated as Vegas summers  
All 'round the block  
On the Chinatown Strip  
Spring mountain valley view  
The homeless congregations  
Rolling their luggage  
Like albatross droppings  
Migratory fixtures  
Shit white on black walls  
Black in white veins  
Rolling luggage  
Keeping precious metals  
Coin collecting, jewelry  
The bling and fake gold rings  
Anything a junky can trade  
For foil wrappings  
Thick with high grade  
Napping in the inferno  
Silver state of epidemic  
Many rolling carryon luggage  
Goes without saying  
That sort of summertime language  
Inner city airs  
That begs  
Help. To differ.  
They do  
Declare

It should mean war...  
But, welcome to the fabulous city!  
Sin ain't fair.  
Love lost here.  
And still in herds, in droves  
Conventions packed disinventing us  
Folks.

Butch Decatoria

# Petrichor

Maybe and Perhaps?

Maybe more like

IS

God is... the scent, the lightning, the rain...

The sudden clarity of seeing someone

For the first time, with eyes of love...

And yes, it is the truth

God is also the Lie of the Lovely broken

Figurines of ballerina precious things

The wrinkled concerns of great great grandpa

Worried you can't get home

So yeah God

IS

The scent of rain falling on stone

The earth and skies behind sky,

The eyes that look upon you

Now

With love

God is the window of the soul

While outside

We are laughter and loud

Thunder under

Rain and cloud

It just

Is.

(The scent

Of falling

Heaven

Now)

Butch Decatoria

# Photo Booth

Photo Booth

Now bold to keep hold  
of child idle wishes,

when in all a boy's life  
the bliss is true in kisses.

Verbose promises mostly misses.

What is corporeal is made real  
in beloved eyes' appeal

yet just one is giving deepnesses,  
heaven half realized in their weaknesses.

A sunken heart congeals.

Framed in little honest pictorial pieces.

Butch Decatoria

# Photograph

At times I need to glance at this.  
When you've gone, I'll think fondly of  
all the summers from that smile,  
you're just so beautiful here.

And now as I look ahead  
at the times I'll again need  
to rout the insufficient days without you  
my eyes will fall on this

Thoughtfulness  
Fraying at the edges  
An old glossy paper memory  
Kept perfect, still —your smile  
that's mine. I'll hold it near & dear

with me.  
without you...

Butch Decatoria

# Platypus (Senryu)

Duck-billed, beaver-tailed;  
The strange egg laying mammal.  
Donald down under.

Butch Decatoria

## Present (Senryu)

Family &quot;Face-Time&quot;:  
Holding an Apple iPhone,  
Sam sung birthday songs.

Butch Decatoria

## Primal Urges (Acrostic)

P atronize not its intellect,

R ake & sown back together,

I nvitingly to each their own / beastly

M inds calculating murders in the back of it.

A cts of hunger, our nurtured nature

L eft behind as prey ...

U nder their blind eyes, spectacles of collisions

R avaged, wrenched apart and away.

G ladiator gore, cherry red lipstick,

E agles' talons on silk chiffon

S trangling for a touch of kinship, kiss of skin...

Butch Decatoria

# Proud (Senryu)

Sacrificial Lamb

Motivates the hearts of Men.

How good sons are made.

Butch Decatoria

## Quatrain 2

Hello poetry no goodbyes  
But Love in your eyes  
Hello True naught a lie  
Shine my Light I am You...

Butch Decatoria

# Quiet Silent Students

Silence murders the future  
When none learn from the past

Too shaken up this American morning  
Too shook up for prayers in class  
Emergency exits —don't look back,  
Run outside, find some life  
Some help  
Blue skies

A season of Spring  
All guns and knives  
No angels for calling...

Those moments of silence taken  
For the fallen  
Learning how to make storms  
Shot caller with plenty of ammo  
Preppy  
Private  
Getting schooled  
At the Alamo  
Babies at a gun show...?

(Got a rifle?)

&quot;The wars are won within&quot;

Teachers lessons stifled  
Since fear itself will burn  
And no words are heard  
When bullets fly  
Like bats out of hell  
Men imprisoned

Minds  
unlearning as children cry  
We all die  
Sometimes too soon

Pond of life  
Pool of blood  
in the muck  
WTF

Off to school  
One last hug, good day  
And good luck...

Butch Decatoria

# Raisins To Wine

No one is into raisins,  
it's all gone into wine.  
Sign of the times.  
Too much of a good thing.

Butch Decatoria

# Razzle Dazzle

Raucous

Applause

Zaftig

Zealots

Look-on

Eagerly

Daredevils

Aerial

Zig-zag

Zoom

Leave

Elated.

Butch Decatoria

# Recluse (Acrostic)

Recluse (acrostic)

Reticent in his rumination:

Excalibur sometimes sheathed in stone.

Candelabras in castles of his imagination

Likens not to bloom to vain applause

Uninvited eyes of guillotine judgements

Sensitive as he is to compliment guffaws

Eeks out existence, collecting curiosity & moss...

Butch Decatoria

# Red

Dying of a day /  
reflections  
on surfaces of oceans...  
Burnt Umbers, blues, in blood  
Muted, drowned.

The sinking sun  
wounded.  
death sees red  
before the dark fall / Ruins.

It is the sensation of ripples  
when supple pink linguist  
leaves poetic pining  
—fires we're touching  
on nape meek tasteful lips,  
lifting countries to new  
—conquered kingdoms  
of skin—  
gooseflesh and earthquakes  
blood as lava  
rushes in  
kabuki cheeks  
secret joy begins.

Red and parched  
Those sudden seas  
of thirst  
parts /  
As our senses / must  
breathe...  
(like art)  
Magic whispers kiss  
because touch enpassioned  
is red and wish.

Love lorn letters  
poetic bliss  
spontaneous wings born  
each ache and void  
trumpeting words,  
when distance fails  
the hearts which speak  
red

the oceans felt  
the tides that ebb  
hurried pleas  
desperations  
red

when letters  
lose the dying magnitude  
the importance  
and impetus  
that love must free

clarion song  
of hearts are red

as are all  
kisses (scarlet)  
even to air  
and dead  
begins on such lips

Red.

Butch Decatoria

# Red Balloon

Remember when  
every touch  
with all its intention  
was a kindness  
Tender like our lips  
at first kiss,  
deeply  
in one another's eyes

seeing with feelings  
discovery past the weight  
of fevered flesh,

a dervish flight  
through those walls  
layered with doubts as heavy  
as the stones  
we now turn our hearts into...

Remember when  
every word  
was lovingly spoken

uplifting wisdom  
like feathers, wings:  
the soft music of our mouths

when life is floating  
lanterns  
and we briefly are a/part  
you still have me  
soar...

When we are finally as one,  
whole, a hearth warm,  
and nude  
those wet silences  
become undulating music  
the times we demure

our mouths still drinking, singing  
instilling lessons  
within depths: the heart's thirst

which only absolute certainty  
calms and quenches...

keeps alight and so on  
carrying on  
knowing tomorrow will come  
yet when I'm with you  
I am new...  
even in the dark  
All stars are born.

Remember when  
in the break of morning  
when eyes open from trenchant sleep  
(better than adrift or hollow)  
remember how stunning the view

inhale surprised  
to waking life's wonder, then  
a/part as the wars pain and riot

fearlessly I say  
depart and drink  
the rain  
freedom love  
sky and eyes  
will awake...

And if we have yet to meet  
since I know  
Truth and believe in Love,

when I fall for you  
Thank all the heavens, vast  
I fell for you  
I will fall up...

Because I remember

now  
it's you  
Lovelyloving love  
who fills my very cup

floating in the drink  
of us.

(God how I love you.)

Butch Decatoria

# Remains

I have found a means to numb myself  
To remove what confounded heart is left

For if what remains of it should break  
All meaning in my breath will melt & I pray

Nothing will matter but my rage or hatred  
...and I suppose what remains of myself

Removed? I fear it is a monster with nothing  
Else to prove... A one eyed thing, a furious storm,

Hell bent to return what pain was laid to rest.  
No love remains if the only gift left is death...

Butch Decatoria

## Reno, Nv (Senryu)

Night-parade showgirls

High desert blithe, ghost town crones,

Hopeful Casuists.

Butch Decatoria

## Reverist (Acrostic)

Rainbows raked in ripened rays

Evening is for sleeping nightcrawler you

Voluminous Imagination runaway train

Ever brighter dreams in eyes away, per say...

Ricochet rinds of zest and streaking memories

Is this a face, a life, a mom could love?

Stories Simon says simply

Task your mind to understanding, light the dark...

Butch Decatoria

# River

The impetus  
Of being  
Always on the run  
Through pinwheel eyes  
Those standing by  
The mystic roadway:River  
Blue yet to be brushed  
or in blush  
Of evening chill's breathing  
canvas-like windows dreaming felt  
All mindful  
And chockfull O'  
Wonder  
Then ponder  
Yonder &quot;window breaks&quot;  
Past the wilderness' sleep  
Bone heavy wood  
Umber earth

Past whoosh and rush of liquid  
Folding on itself / a soundtrack

Listen now  
Pedestrian be

Mindful of the cautionary whales  
Old Ahab's yell  
Obsessions  
Fears  
Or loathing.

If one is drowning in one's sleep  
Look wildly  
widely  
Blithely  
Down river  
Or up there beyond finger's point  
Sidewinder snake journeys  
Until sky and below it

All meet

The distance  
Now only a line  
Coalescing what is beyond  
Our ability to see  
Far and away  
Evanescent  
Effervescent  
Ever after  
River. Life.  
Here  
We are proud and  
The free spirit is fluent  
With the rapid rivers loud  
Always on the run  
Currents like a child's curiosity...  
How then,  
When or why  
does it end?  
Where do we go?

Like most things existing,  
Will lead to the high art /  
love's deep oceans...

We often forget to seek  
And mind  
the sublimations/  
drift wood.  
Let's then  
Begin with a dot.  
A speck of dusk  
bursts of light  
A starry sky,  
pieces to mastery

Raging fragility of waters'  
Unctuous undulations  
Folding itself in volumes  
Or falling from on high  
A droplet cry!

Then flash of lightning  
(crash or bloom)  
From the heavens  
like electric rivers  
So brilliantly  
Festoons

Where do we go  
With those under toes  
There and here / underfoot /  
Over north / southern sleep  
To oceans twilight deep?  
Go wrapped or map-less  
Or no.  
Up  
Way  
Up yonder  
There up there  
Everywhere  
All without fear...

My heart like the river yearns  
To go toward the sun  
A flow /  
the beating drum  
Always on the run  
And  
Yet  
Still  
Here.  
□

Butch Decatoria

## Roads (Senryu)

Where all walks begin.  
Some are quick to find its end.  
Wise keeps journeying.

Butch Decatoria

# Running On Empty

Do not assume or presume  
Just say "know"  
Capital NOW,

How can one ever completely be  
Certain with one's self?

Are the second hand accounts  
stronger when we promise loudly  
with  
Belief?

When did self doubt turn malignant  
Since I was taught to question  
Everything,  
Especially when we weren't  
Surely certain...

Can fear Infect our serenity?  
When it invades our minds  
Blinded by dreadful Indecision  
Or worse still  
Hateful indifference,  
The uncaring passerby  
Detached from one's own  
Lackluster hearts dead soul

.... carry on  
But do so with the kindness of  
A clear sound life  
Without the unflinching faith  
Commanding the mad mob malice of men  
To obey without a glimmer  
To hope (with Prayers)  
To not be moved

Because we are told  
That our god will be glorified  
In the victories

Defeating the enemy we  
Face the days  
In disquieting vacuums  
Of words upon words  
Conditioning and running  
The empty  
The bleak  
Dark  
Mouths  
That devours  
Those questions that  
Fill those cups

Because those who thirst  
Have no need  
Or want  
When we no longer  
Drown In the hungers  
Of a life  
Without purpose

Meaningless  
Just means  
Lacking or devoid of reason  
Or definition

The story has no end  
When life  
Is a circle and  
We carry on  
In a waltz  
Spin  
Spin  
Sugar  
Sweetly

Do as thou willingly  
Choose to

Good or ill?  
All or be still

Running on empty...

Butch Decatoria

## Salamat Po (Acrostic)

Sincerely surly American accents

Amany humble apologies spill

Likewise the well wishes

A many ways to say or quill

&quot;Thank the heavens for you&quot;

Precious things reminding few

Occasions many of appreciation's due.

Butch Decatoria

# Same Same

The one thing that makes us much the same  
Is that we all have our differences  
see beauty in you, see beauty in life  
The resplendence of kindnesses  
Redwood giants point to starless night  
Should the light fall out of life—oh love,  
The world is growing ill without  
Be together not the same.  
Now who the heck are you? ! Owlbifocalsbatanevillookingclown!  
Question mark in caps...  
Captured  
What makes a difference, or you different  
No other mockery or clone  
Symbiotically alone in the world  
Consumed  
By their own self importance  
And products of chicken little sky  
Falling  
Rain-fire  
Opioid crisis  
We all have differing  
Rifts  
Of misunderstanding...  
  
WorldPeaceNow.

(The experiences  
#samesame)

Butch Decatoria

# Samhain Night

Evening shimmers wet with Autumn rain  
It's sheen reflectors, mirrors, eyes

Of cavorting shadows amongst the fey  
Like city tinsil this Samhain night,

Oh how lovely colors celebrate  
With ghostly kin & youthful lights...

With circus-painted skins and facade  
Of candied ghoulish grins,

How sweet & innocent the haunted highs  
Infects each home, "trick'r'treat" of hymns.

Laughter like All's been forgiven,  
All seems right, again...

Though hidden faces -forgotten sins,  
Speak sie la vie this holiday,

With carved pumpkins, witches' cry,  
Screams are as illusion as the fright,

This Samhain evening's tide.

It's all babes and monsters ball  
This hallowed eve  
This Samhain night

Tra la li, tra la lay  
Then tomorrow is Hop tu naa...  
The days after for all our saints...

Come the winter will be white,  
As the ghosts this Samhain night.

Butch Decatoria

## Sanguine (Acrostic)

Secretly her Spring will bloom

As winter melts ice and gloom

Nature nurture birth resurrection

Gift of seedlings brilliant births

Under umbrellabursts reflection

Imbue the world one love your kiss

Noble seasons after rain and rest

Evermore new again, a valentine wish.

Butch Decatoria

# Santino

It would be rude to  
Ask his mother (running to market for syringes)  
Ask if he was crooked coming out  
A broken bambino, was he?

Haunched Santino and his mother  
From their makeshift hut of crates  
And unwanted soiled baby blankets  
Stab themselves between the toes,

While the Asians pass through  
In their Lexus's and glittering Samsungs  
As indifferent as the heroine  
That Santino and his mother share  
(Veins like fingers rivers lightning)

She's sensitive about some things,  
Watch what you say...  
It seems like love, a son and his enabler  
Or vice verses all the world  
Their rotten oyster.

I dare not ask his mother  
Which came first  
(The chicken or the egg?)  
Was he a crack baby, her good boy, Santino...  
Or was she?

"Watch your mouth! "/ She's yelling  
At foodies parking their cars  
With her eyes closed, walking about, lost lots...

He's a good kid, forever her bambino.  
I now understand selfishness,  
How deformed came the world to Santino...

Butch Decatoria

## Saturday August 25,2018 (Senryu)

Silver Sturgeon moon  
Reprieve from cruel summer sun  
Cools crowded night—life...

Butch Decatoria

## Seahorse (Senryu)

Pregnant father sways,  
rocking chair to ocean's gait,  
Champions patience's race.

Butch Decatoria

## Second Skin

I find sleep quite amiable  
less resistant  
after touching  
timpani and tiger  
prowling  
Your other wilderness

It's my undoing  
after we have done what we did  
Physically akin  
Our own skin held close  
Tingling with tender cooing  
Gooseflesh quivering

the miasma of life's (bowels)  
howling, bowdlerizing  
the sensations of our  
everyday heaven

I find sleep more pliable  
after a swim in you  
and I taste myself  
in the salt  
of our commingling  
skins  
swathed in mouths  
and primrose  
fragrant waterfalls  
thunderclouds  
and rain

Seed & Petrichor  
in the aftermath,  
The climax, one victory  
within and about  
our dance of skin

I am washed away  
a tiny death

a cry to heaven

I am naked  
when you're not clothed on me  
how strange to need you to swim  
I find dreams much better  
aloft  
my second skin...

Butch Decatoria

# Seedling Springs

Dreams like Redwood trees  
Can grow tall, but slowly climb  
Children of Gaia.

Butch Decatoria

# Sex On The Beach (My Lips)

Breathing hard,  
we swam in the oceans of our skin

bodies hot,  
flesh aflush

as you fall beside me  
feigning to be tired.

I close my eyes  
and think about the twilight beach

if it will be you or the moon  
walking alongside me there

within the decrepitudes  
of waning one night

stands your inconsequential  
manhood...

As our Friday night breathing  
Slows to a silence of regret,

you get up to towel down;  
While I allow your power to dry on me

Still, you come and wipe away our sex  
as you kiss each place

where you had landed  
yet you never consider

my lips...

Butch Decatoria

# Sex Vs. Love

The mechanics of body language

sex in it's sweet sweat shops

the subtlety:

skins Swiss-navy slick,

homo-erotica's evolution - our rubbing

two fleshy sticks

&quot;pill-pop-pin' easy&quot; this is

sex is a floozy

a fishto catch

to release

in bed, in baths - unleashed

defeatist

without and with / in / doors

which revolve

the staccato silence then evolves

to a symphonic sing-song of meat

a detached unfettered feast

from all hearts involved

many emotions unresolved

hatched

from ratchet tight sheets  
satin security unmatched  
yet melts away  
with every faltering step  
and constancy of fights for validity  
the normalcy of gay circuit weddings  
fucking like mutes  
under the disco ball  
All open mouths - seal sounds  
a chorus of barking for the sea...  
Trust and casual conversations - is almost  
to keep us stable or sane  
no motivational lust  
tho' it speaks without shame  
out of turn  
sex is easy, leaves deeper scars  
easy to blame  
easy like Kodak / to share, to play  
like a multi-player game  
Hollywood square's celebrity fame  
a flame is our spirit's

flagrant bane

tabloid worthy paparazzi mud

but Love, oh Love...

To know now love

consider me a deep pond

an unmoving Lily

unhindered beautiful

love is wrought with fragility

and tender tinder

Too much fire without water

can burn us to cinders.

Butch Decatoria

# Shango Cheesecake (Potpoem#6)

Imagine then  
How it was, must have been,  
Afraid of the things  
Can't and couldn't see in the dark  
Being human it is our fear  
Of the unknown  
Or the goosebumps in nights  
Imagine then  
Discovering that the twilights  
Of stars caressing the void  
Moon shining her mystique  
It is undeniably there  
You see the light?

Darkness is not theirs  
It's simply an empty room  
A husk from alienation  
the locusts of a dead before creation  
A new evolution  
To be better people  
Escape their hands, be free with  
Truthfully  
Your chi / energizer  
Bunny's  
Hunted habits  
Taw I taw galaxies  
Aloft in  
The dark  
The bodies  
There on beyond our horizons sky...  
What is Devoid  
Is lacking  
Light

Life

Love.

Sight.

Butch Decatoria

## Side Piece (Senryu)

The peach pie he hides,  
Bides time like a Rolex watch,  
Kept in her pocket.

Butch Decatoria

## Sign Of Conflict (Senryu)

It's monsoon season!  
Poor old Eucalyptus trees'  
Branches on the ground.

Butch Decatoria

# Silence

Silence is golden  
A golden Truth  
For the mouth does not listen.  
&  
Seeing is not always believing  
When it's in the heart  
Where the soul weeps.

Love, be convincing,  
Put at ease, at peace.

Silence.

Butch Decatoria

## Sin City Sarcasm (Senryu)

The last Romantic  
Shoves old folks down off the bus.  
Chivalry's dead beats.

Butch Decatoria

# Snow In Sin City

My overweight little old dog

Nudges my cheeks

Out of sleep

Waking me

In a way Telling me

He's about to shit the house!

Quickly now I take him out

To the Front patch of lawn

Now frigging covered in freezing snow

The early morning storm, winter-silent

The sky thick-gray with flurrying

Falling snow

Damn! It's really coming down

Hard

To believe, almost apocalyptic

Snow in Sin City!

Someone tell Trump this is "Global Warming";

A desert dressed in glowing snow.

Butch Decatoria

# So So Sorry

For being stupid we apologize  
For big booty bae on Jazzer-size  
Solid Gold moves  
Two fingers across the eyes  
Super fudged  
Fem Riot fuddruckers gays are born  
When Disco was  
Sequins mirrors lights camera  
Dancing with fag hags  
Fun with Coke whores  
Smells like the 70s & 80s  
Clash of 93...

Sorry for the stupid  
Self worth getting fried  
Mr. Blitz'd and Careless  
And whispers wham  
Much too much  
Then nothing to worry  
For stupid

Is more blind than  
The ones without eyes  
Who lost sight  
So sorry  
So so sorry ... we'll apologize

For stupid.

Butch Decatoria

# Sol

I am lightning and loudest thunder

A roaring lion, the fearless wonder, child

Soaring above It, becoming sky

All back to One, see then the light,

My third eye blind made merely mortal

To be torn asunder, all flesh will die

In cold coils of pitch portals Under

Yet my Sol will surely shine and fly

Made of lightning and loudest thunder.

Butch Decatoria

# Somekindahome

SomeKindaHome

Indigent / outcast

trailer trash

flotsam.

We are products of our surroundings.

Or is it upbringing?

Taken / down

Far from home

If it's where the heart is...

&quot;Worthless idiot&quot;

She spits on me

Like her rednecks and negro

Big pimping

Her tricks

Quick to flick

Their Bics and dicks

Bringing home the other

Black.

Reynolds wrap and points at the back

Hiding in the thickness

Of weeping veils

Of willows

Outside the picket fences

Just beyond Royale Park mobile

Some kind of

A Community

Missing it's gate

All the times shivoo

Since the South is clammy

Sweat shop swamps

And blistering

Hot like Gold

Coast fires / petrol dragons' breath

(She's a mockery  
Of the word -revelations  
Turning pages  
Now napkins and coasters  
Tissue for bloody noses.)

Vagrant vespers  
In the dark  
she lets the men  
Inside her double wide

Inebriated bruises  
Polka dot excuses

Even in the city  
It's funny  
How the homeless can hide  
Out in the open

Escape artist  
Pacifist spaces.

Indigent / outcast  
Trailer trash  
Minutiae boy

Barely half /  
Legally blank  
life blind  
Yet lucky to be alive  
Still in search of  
Some kind  
A Home.

Butch Decatoria

# Something/.

A poet has to feel something.

If nothing else

With All things / passionately penned /

Since Experts

have claimed &quot;it's All good&quot;

The things that a poet

Tells / in tapestry / the heart's voice

Like the rolling rising

Ocean, majestic

The emotions / drips /

scribbled /

Down

On Ethernet / digitized participles /

Note pad paper

Down

Absurd inadequate words

It's a winner! Poet

On a whim

All joyous / pain

Seeing is believing so

Whip it out...

Blades of grass, seasons

Of Frost and Plath...

Something has to be emoted

Everything is carte blanche

So write

Something

In the poetry of / someone / yours?

Not no one's or none-ya business

Broke a bloke,

A somebody / a muse

Who has to feel /

Haiku

this / rhyme that is

You

Are

Something.

(better than nothing)

Butch Decatoria

# Southern Emergency (Senryu)

Drowning in Dorian's wake  
Flooded streets rooftop islands  
Real Global Warming.

Butch Decatoria

# Soylent Green

These names of prey  
In "His Name"; they pray  
Men name  
The products on the shelf  
Hot dog Burgers  
Bacon obits. &  
Illegals  
Wet backs  
We the people matters  
Of lives  
Chinks and Blacks  
The Asses stacked  
The Street Meat  
The Addicts  
Shopaholics Alcoholism  
The names of prey  
We the products on the shelf.

Butch Decatoria

# Spilling Ink

Black on white  
Canvas  
Paper  
These feelings I write  
The art of inner peace  
All about perspective

Can't have one without the other  
If we're Life on Earth  
The world our mother  
That makes us brothers

It's not all black and white  
But what spills out  
(I'm)A work of Art  
Spilling ink.

One upon the other.

Butch Decatoria

# Spirit Walk

Panacea

Predestined

Predetermined manifesto

The Mother's womb where spirit blooms

Instinctual wonderment

Yet the kind are almost extinct

Wish and their screaming wings

To stars moon dreams...

The loneliest finds wisdom

Northward believing

So gains his willful strength

Being

A "Self"; beginning

Un-scrawling secrets

Once lauded in lament

Gone are its notes

And perforce coins' anarchy

Collects in its place pockets full

Full of glory beauty

Accounts rather for star gazing,

Advice with considerations Glow

Knowing now a purpose

In the Truthful

Journey

Destined

Fulfilling

The lesser roads to constellations

Worthy of ghosts memories din

Renderings from every heaven

In evenings the stars destiny is written...

Butch Decatoria

# Spoon The Moon

To Spoon The Moon

I make smiles from shattered eyes  
cry December's distracting frost

move my soul with hopeful sighs  
and pray our devotion is not lost

It is the eve of renewal's glee  
gave sad promises to spoon the moon

but in the haste of glass we freeze  
pose with strangers who fill our room

sweat bemoans my reaching hand  
your eyes are vacant with his lust

he bids the hours by your command  
we smoke our feelings into dust

this boy is weak yet worships you  
opens darkest gates to breed

now enter light that stirs, confused  
my tears to scream still go unseen

i am a wish of hearts refused,  
the sound of fallen poetry...

Butch Decatoria

## Stained Glass (Senryu)

Shattered pieces make  
The cathedral of your soul.  
Stained light still shines true.

Butch Decatoria

## Stout (Senryu)

More torso than legs.  
A short strong drink-of-a-man,  
Frothy mug of beard.

Butch Decatoria

# Stroke N' Waves @ 7-11

I dislike it when he says  
"I love you butch, man  
I do, bud" idiotically blind.

The jaywalker drunk  
He's my neighbor he lives  
In a one bedroom with his sister  
An old jawless chihuahua  
And neglected kitty cats

Don't say you're my friend who says  
Nonsense  
Standstill in the middle  
Of traffic inside a seven eleven  
I'm a geriatric caretaker it's become

Oh Our cotton mouths ...

I'm in a desert begging for water  
And all you want is alcohol  
Two for one blue bud ice forties  
Saying loudly  
you need a nickel cent

I even asked for permission damn it!  
Not your beer money but the e b t...  
Now you want to cross?  
Across to terrible's cuz it's cheaper beer!  
While I'm holding the pure life  
In hand  
You said you would  
What you didn't know was it was  
For both of us,  
Not just my thirst  
Yours as wells....

Oh sigh  
If I Am Life  
I want better,

If all I have is this experience  
Knowing after will be after  
I demand better  
If you could see  
The way "a friend" is treating me  
If I am my perspective respectful  
Of what I gave out  
Not to be stomping on the meadow  
What experience I strike out  
What pains I've made kites  
Out of

I am myself  
I think therefore I know  
I am  
This experience  
Certain I've done decent  
"To supposed friends"  
Where I stand  
Don't offer me your hand  
When all my Thirst needs  
Water ... when  
I am fire  
Don't stand too close right now...  
For fucks sake!

Don't say a thing  
I expect a little more conscious  
Don't waste my time

Don't treat the world the way  
You treat your friends  
Bugger off!  
I'm damned thirsty...

Think the heat has come early.  
Strokes and waves.

Butch Decatoria

# Subterfuge

What genius evening keeps secret... moribund

His foot falls to echo the chill of November deep  
Tapping, clapping, wrapping  
His man heavy fragility in wool

How distant and suddenly wide is the night.

What shrewd skills fear casts, a mask,  
That evening keeps him wary, attentive as wax,

Shadows shed no comfort for this lamb,  
His rhythm once lord of the dance  
Pulsing toes as eyes flash to every creak and whisper

Depth of sightlessness made paranoid by twisted twilight  
Shapes, shifting with the nerves frozen with haste...

His weakness, not knowing, a pallid winter on his face  
Even now the slow climb upon his back  
Carried by the slip of a breeze laying waste,  
The soundtrack of dead leaves and black

His foot falls stomping to clash and map  
A stroll as reality saves nothing sincere, when fear  
Deepens to his bones resolve and panic...

What genius a weapon: flights of fancy  
And the conditioning of youth to preconceive

The hollow of city sidewalks, midnight's screaming chill  
The mouth of alleys he passes ready to swallow him still

Strange and delicate the space between his ears  
Defeated before finding a sure foot  
Before reaching a well lit street

Familiar and familial suburbs of a mind  
Diminished by the subterfuge of fear...

His foot falls turn a corner  
And the sound of concrete and conflict

Disappear...

Butch Decatoria

# Sugar Cookie (Potpoem#1)

Silver spoon-fed fixations

Littering wasted

City living concrete

Mean street-habitations

Blackened foil-thin

Syringes and

“Cigarette butts

Felatio-Red lipstick stains

Like age-rings of Sin City“;

Like great trees

Of iron

Proof of affliction

Taint in between city

Homelessness and transience

Broken system

Silver Spoon

Feeds fixations...

Butch Decatoria

# Summer 2019

Turquoise reflections  
Poolside on a clear day, cool  
July Sky so blue.

Butch Decatoria

# Summer Winds

The Santa Ana's  
Scorching heat  
Soon begins  
Strong  
The siroccos  
Galloping through  
The trees  
Blowing in  
My ears  
The Santa Ana's  
Summer  
Winds  
Galloping through  
The trees.  
The tears.

Butch Decatoria

# Sunflower (Senryu)

Great Golden Pinwheel.  
Tall and proud the face of day,  
Brilliant Love's bounty.

Butch Decatoria

## Sunset Sherbert (Potpoem#2)

A Passersby-&quot;J&quot;;

A Passerby's &quot;J&quot;;

Good for lookin' out

These harsh / hard times

Endangered kinds

Hanging tough love

Peace up

Peace pipe

A Passerby's &quot;J&quot;;

Thanks

For lookin' out.

Namaste.

Butch Decatoria

# Supernovae (10w)

Stars are made in the dark  
Like most love made.

Butch Decatoria

## Svengali (Acrostic)

Strides the stallion proud like so..  
Visionary bright in Aviator shades  
Each sunrise toward horizon muses  
Nude rudeness without excuses made  
Gregarious salesman gravity xi fu,  
A Boss Lady, Apple genius executive  
List maker, name taker, the exclusive.  
I still see you, a mr. Guru who hearts NYU....

Butch Decatoria

## Symbiotic (Senryu)

Lungful of forests.  
Each other's exaltations.  
Love so evergreen.

Butch Decatoria

# Tai Chi (Senryu)

Morning ritual,  
Wet grass tickling bare feet,  
Wave away the night.

Butch Decatoria

# Terrible Twos (Senryu)

Clumsy in mom's heels  
Curious barefoot toddler  
Clown faced, smeared her rouge.

Butch Decatoria

# Thanksgiving Day (Acrostic)

Traditionally

Hungry

Americans

Never

Kill

Stork

Geese

Instead

Value

Indivisible

Narcissism

Gobbling

Down

Ardent

Years.

Butch Decatoria

# That's Deep

I wish to be Profiund

Say something loud without

Making a sound.

Butch Decatoria

# The 4th Of July (Senryu)

Sparklers and fizgigs,  
Whistling rockets, blooming lights.  
O Skies shed thy grace!

Butch Decatoria

# The Deep

Deeper than the ocean's blue

Deeper than vast space & time

Yet deepest I with you

Further than the light can shine

Still the furthest I with you.

How deep is your love?

How shallow is your hate?

Maudlin life in wait,

Free to choose your fate

I choose Love as my faith

How deep do you live to love?

Brilliant as the star above.

I Brightest still with you.

Butch Decatoria

## The Deep (2-Acrostic)

They say "better learn how to swim"

Hate the game not the player

Everest can't be everyone's molehill.

Drumroll please for the broken hearted

Even when drowning all alone

Err to be human, Wash off the mud,

Perhaps, by chance or enchantment, find love.

Butch Decatoria

# The Dishwasher

The Cook asks the Dishwasher, who wipes the kitchen clean, and clocks out at Ten; why bother doing such a good job when it will get dirty again, each and every day? The Dishwasher retorts saying, &quot;Ah, such is Life, I know myself well enough that my actions speak volumes. I know without doubt I do good.&quot; \*Even with all the slobs I work with, making me work twice as hard. I will wipe the dirty kitchen clean, for such is my life. And he says why bother? \* Because I love Life. I let Love rule.

Butch Decatoria

## The Familist (Triolet)

Were you but my familiar, charmed  
A chain and cross for the Quietist  
Oh Love, we will not suffer such

Were you a kept vigil, an owl in the barn?  
Must keep the Peace, it don't take much  
They may praise such New age heretics

Old words we feel familiar warmth,  
Loving fewer Still we furious familists.

Butch Decatoria

# The First (Senryu)

Cloudy and ice cold  
Street revellers have gone to sleep  
Overfed earth pigs.

Butch Decatoria

# The Flamboyant (Senryu)

Deadliest to kiss,  
From deep seas or coral reefs,  
Bright colorful fish.

Butch Decatoria

## The Idea Of. (2008)

so far, alone  
in days of want  
in nights of hollow wish  
i can not shake the hush  
seems everyone has someone, and  
the idea of love  
acosts me  
in images / in noise  
a couple embracing in the park  
sharing secret meanings  
between their kiss  
as i wander / thirsty / as i walk...

so far, a rogue  
with my own scars of battles lost  
searching for a second soul  
to drive me crazy  
to annoy me / to know  
craving an odor  
a touch / a somebody  
who never asks too much  
talk about with my Martini friends  
and co-workers who color  
at hearing of what positions  
we partook  
of last night's meal...

so far, self-gratification  
a quick, crude cuisine  
compared to the exotic dish of another's flesh,  
i won't just settle  
so still sleep alone  
hermit with a t.v. dinner  
longing / a wish / that love:  
a bed / the idea of:  
Someone  
to call  
home...  
(gonna learn how to cook

Eating alone)

Butch Decatoria

# The Last Time

Can't remember

the last time I made love,

not the quick unarmored sex

gasping in a Friday night urgency,

tearing off clothes

with tiger-teeth and monkey-hands

no, making love:

like a gentle wash cycle

of lips on shoulder and nape,

simple looks of consenting thirst,

gorgeous shape of muscles

sifting into one another

glued in a slow, deliberate,

delicious dance

no conspiracy

no ulterior motive

but to know each and every niche

the highways of sweat and skin...

Can't recall exactly the date

of that last time

but I remember who

and I know how,

still remember those heavy eyes...

His searching hands between my legs

hot breath on my neck,

damn- how that had made me melt:

considerate fingers playing deep blues

my sides, my ribs,

rapacious thirst of oceans

dissolving into my august body

discovering sensitive spots to linger wet,

his mouth, I remember

pink caucasiansmoothness whispering

more & more my name - such authority on the kiss

As we become Las Vegas

bright lights & heat waves

hunger no longer an ache or crutch

I can't remember precisely

that last time I've been touched,

when my heart & soul felt

so much,

but I still can remember

the last time

with whom I made

This, like that

Oh! and

How!

He made me

melt...

Butch Decatoria

# The Look Of Love

The Look of Love

Father has that look  
On his face  
I recognize it when he

Looks upon her face  
Even when she rages at him  
His stern furrow softens  
Then a corner of a  
Smile  
She pauses then

Mirroring expressions  
That look  
Of love  
Upon their faces  
Sometimes silly fawning over  
Overacting then a soft seriousness

Drown thoroughly  
Reaffirm reminder kiss  
Read their lips  
&quot;Mahal an mahal kita&quot;

I don't doubt it  
I know what Love is

The two are one  
in love  
(The romantic kind)  
And I also know  
We are imperfect  
human  
Beings  
Perfectly existing, so

Don't lose sight  
The look of love

For  
The heart of life  
Is love.  
Alight.

Butch Decatoria

# The Miserable (Senryu)

Fake it well and smile,  
Tho' streets hard up life never could.  
Company we keep.

Butch Decatoria

# The Profundity Of Sheep

I will follow you  
and call it love  
to the edge and the ends  
of our earthly bed  
by your pipers' song  
trusting your will with my blindness  
because I do not fear

your Love.

Teach me and lead as a shepherd would  
my own wisdom bleats  
no depth nor words worth hearing  
since speech  
Belittles the lesson  
and removes much meaning

Of the gifts that Love gave.

Pull me forward and away  
to awe instead of weep  
the heavens in your embrace  
where there is no place for doubt  
no panic but for the grave...

I trust that I must matter  
even as a speck of dust  
you carry me through winter  
to rainbows  
reminding me that

All is Love.

Even as I wallow in the hollows  
of no self worth  
you mean to me as I'm meant to be  
since time was given birth  
the golden truth  
the Light of you

Though I'm a speck of dust...

Flooding tears upon the eye  
no worry  
or boundaries  
No bleating cries

There is no Falling  
when you, my love are  
my every  
sky.

Butch Decatoria

# The Qualcan

Hey!

This is the final high

The final weekend to get high

Go'on

Out thru the stratosphere

Looking down at its tower

Sin city on this final

Hour

Sunday night Repenting

From such a criminal high

Oh so high

As they read me, throwing

The book at me

Judged by my lackadaisical

Stride

It's the final time

To get stupid to say goodbye

To boy who refuses

To grow up

To heave the load

Weight

Of this shit sucks!

Farewell to Fun Freely

For serious now

I now do see

Career path open with mindful eyes

For serious now the world

Will eat you

Out there babies in this

Spherical stomach

The digested / dies like

Minutia Flotsam debris

From waves Hi Low

Seriously

To Tomorrow

Take hold make mines

Better.

But for tonight,

Oh my Friday Starlight!

It's the last night,

To get high / knowwhy?

Because

Reality will drug test

Taking DNA / The Helix Towers

Through true blue

Stratosphere's

My serious eyes looking fondly upward

Feeling

Sky

Smile.

My Friday Night Starlight

On high.

Butch Decatoria

# The Scent Of Lonesome

The drab curtains and carpet

The naked walls of this bedroom

The stillborn air itself

The hollowness of cold silences

The tendrils of smoke

From a cigarette

In a candy dish ashtray...

The Scent of Lonesome

&quot;Blue&quot; L'eau de Toilette

Blue Candy Dish - Ashtray.

Imposter Parfume's

The Scent of Lonesome.

Butch Decatoria

# The Sea Of Trees (Acrostic)

The Sea of Trees (acrostic)

Trace their patterns, paths of strings

Hastened-like colors like bird-less trees

Epitaph-Web of confusions nesting.

Say, my love, do not retire there

Each kiss of light the Dawn's

Absolutes, a belief gong wrong.

Open eyes to sky come rainfall

From gray minds, another pavement...

Truth changes still the drink of Us,

Reasons they misplaced The Reason since

Every day I am found!

Every lost starlight hour!

Surrender not Love in the Mountain's arms...

Butch Decatoria

# The Vapid Snake & I

The Vapid Snake & I

HE is the Algae on the stone  
at the bottom of a lake

I am the waterfall and foam  
the rapid and it's wake.

HE is colorless and blindly  
groping for life & breath...

I am the rain and kindly  
Quenching the thirst of death.

HE is as un-renown as any thief  
vapid and cowardly hides and keeps  
secrets and nothing new  
HE is untrue, just a creep...

I am love and open sky  
Vulnerable as gold to greed & lusting eyes,

I am heart and shine of light  
I am truth and I am right  
I have no fear  
I have the strength-will to try.

HE is shallow made of shadows,  
Our kingdom forgotten in the gallows,  
fractured and renews old sorrows  
Ever no more a soul to borrow...

Still I am vision,I am marrow,  
every peak and flight of sparrow;  
I am days  
of bright tomorrows...

He's a vapid snake  
nothing new.

While I am the Love  
The life, the truth...

The Sunrise, Absolute.

He's just  
Nothing new.

Butch Decatoria

# The Weather (Senryu)

A Flash Flood warning  
Scrolls in red `cross the big screen,  
While lives in duckboats...

Butch Decatoria

# Tiger With A Lion's Heart

The Tiger with a Lion's heart roams his lands and jungle, dark.  
Alone to rule, a mighty king, with journey's yearning he then embarks  
In search of something unbeknownst to solitary Feline Kings,  
Save for The Lion, who reigns with his pride & clowder of offsprings.

The Tiger with that kind of heart, learning of such things like familial love,  
So new a concept, so alien as fires of men unseeing in the dark,  
A heart of a dire beast inside, emblazoning like the day bright star.  
To be so lonely a king without knowing progeny or if it's him they'll love.

He makes up his mind, shapes his wants and needs into a list,  
Like stalking prey, each step toward a pride, he plans for this  
First of course he must roam to find, the queen to his king, his female side  
Who'll bare him heirs and never will fear him, never run away to hide...

The Tiger with Lions heart without noticing how far his strides  
Leaves his jungle, in the scorching desert sun then dies with his dream and his  
pride....

(A king without a kingdom, dies like the peasants. Reign over your feelings, rule  
over your heart.)

Butch Decatoria

# Time

The river of Time

Rages rapid or sluggish & slow;

Undulates each birth, decay - the ebbs & floes,

Awhile fathers of men ride its very tides

Upon their aged faces longingly, mortality cannot hide...

Butch Decatoria

# Tiniest Of Tempests

So, grasshopper....

What is love / to someone who is complaining?

Screaming. Wailing / Proudly prevailing / loudly Reprimanding  
Or commanding Bounded feet

Pushing.

Shushing in rushing / Busiest with everyone else's business

Pushing.

Dumbfounded yet Enforcing.

Forcing / mindlessly

divorcing meaning?

Not knowing / Rather assuming or presuming

To speak not for himself

Instead for us, lauding law, howling for god

What is it without making / any sense? /

Having no reason?

What is love if only a word /

Sung or graffiti tag on walls / Ave.3rd / blurbs

So to speak / a word / whispers...

Write or read / Flat screen / one dimensional unexperienced /

Word up / Another billboard's Loud propaganda

&quot;Unt wonder-bar sinfully delicious&quot;

You will OBEY

Says snickers /

Harangue of commands

The replete of a single word / repeat

&quot;Believe&quot;

On and on / carrying calm

And what is forever to an insect? With brief breath

VampiricParasitic Abuzz

Without purpose but swarm

Wasted waning / Locust death Landscapes / we barely notice

Cherish just a starving word

So goes my question / Unanswered. Kept  
distant. Unproven / underserved  
The point is moot /  
What is love/ To you?  
Without proof Without life  
What are eyes without the light?

What is love if nothing /If never born  
A mind Emotes/oceans / swells /

Love....  
The tiniest of tempests

One thought becomes a storm  
Felt Like dreams /Stars for diamond tears  
Energy in living form... now asking why / Are we here?  
No doubt It is to know love  
And so... What is a good word?

Truth (the word of god)

Namaste  
The eyes wordlessly say  
Love light: Our beautiful day.

With every storm loud with thunder  
A serenity is found /Amidst All Life's blunders

So jump for joy, grasshopper... Being loved is like being found.  
Finally seeing the awe and the wonder.  
The clarity of a mind's eye, life is the dream  
breadth of heart you must plunder.

Fight fire not with fire, but with water  
that which you can have but cannot hold...

and what is love  
if not sharing a drink  
like every storm

we all are wet underneath  
like every heart must sometimes think  
we will wake already ashore

inhale this gift - the perfect time is now

because this is love, grasshopper  
and we are the tempest  
the hearts who think...

This must be love  
having been  
given everything?

my cup is filled by heaven's rain  
no fear of death,  
No storms, war or pain...

Oh Beloved  
You're a beautiful day.

Butch Decatoria

# To The Late Of Night

Again—again, swift friend  
To our end, again...  
We commune to the late of night  
to suspended tunes with distractions  
made of bubbling toil and troubled,  
Satisfaction  
in silver streaks  
We're forgetful of this breath's flight  
Not to be meek of Right.

But that life style  
with surround sound slapping  
steel-hard flesh whilst  
a wolf's eye inside  
nude full moons, moons  
so pale too soon to rise...

Again—again, we failing friends  
Tribune this piercing  
scream of only instincts,  
inarticulate  
again—just stiff, obtuse sticks  
instructed by our wilderness

not to feel or think  
Lack common sense so stuff it hard  
lick and suck it  
until it's gone—happy—endings:

dispensing wars with  
eagerness of eagles' energies  
Or in Xanax-shaped tears  
melting memories  
in beads of suffered sweat

Naught to forget...

Again—again, we ravens,  
crazed friends from paper cups

sup' nesting cockholds  
syringe-able suspensions' luck  
again—and somehow  
through the groin's gruff  
and guile of drug-induced fucks...

Again—again, commenced  
Love-lost sex-lust  
we forget to &quot;be&quot;

Us  
again if only friends amok  
our eyes off to the shadows, flee  
on walls written on bedroom showers  
greasy with gristle  
and regretful towers

powerful stink of misery  
whilst spit  
illusion in lieu  
In the eyes of its company...

Again—again, tell that friend  
Without refusing  
us again, our spinning life  
begin again—we clones commune

to the late of night  
numbing the looming doom  
our wool's worth  
Libra scales and afterlife  
Oh the tithes which bite

Again  
To the late of night...

Butch Decatoria

# Togetherness Song

Please don't leave  
Oh Love, don't go

Stay with me  
In the Afterglow

Peace in these  
Wars of theirs devoured

Self & wish are only  
To its self the power

Full of hails  
Grace To marry the World

In the strong  
Softness of Beloved

Please don't leave  
My love, don't go...

(Stay with me in the Afterglow)

Butch Decatoria

# Toss The Bones

The indigents' trail of pup tents

The plastic pox on the face of asphalts

Down alley and the darkened

Beat all walk

Yellow brick roads, skid rows,

Littered with points

Tossing Bones, reading runes,

It screams nothing good

Becomes

This / Husk of the blinked

The zombie-fied existence

Unliving / the homeless

Dead, the heart is where

Loss finds shelter...

We're belongings with heavy longing

Chasing waterfalls,

Down the rabbit hole

Down alley and the darkened beat

We're caught

Wide surprised eyes in headlights,

In the riptides of the streets

So often open

With the heat of its nights

They kill just to smoke black / white /

Joints...

W T F

A Graveyard of points.

Butch Decatoria

# Transparent

Were it not for the secrets kept  
To selves deluded with self importance,  
Eyes not blind, the mind made less, yet  
The witness of your thoughts an ignorant

Real Life / worldly emergencies  
The thieving of Green, and all currency  
Not cared or shared with the broken, lost  
Streets' breaking News have sharper claws

Not concrete or laws, where love can't last  
Regret no stains, taint, but the self made of glass  
Still, Transparency is the king's masterclass...  
Were it not for the secrets... mess...  
#transparent

Butch Decatoria

# Traveler

I am an eagle with wingspans  
Of impossible delights  
Who argues with it it's flight

In a sky without the light  
Incapable to be free

I am now a ghost  
Here reading poetry  
It's living years:  
A breeze through eyes  
Filled with tears

A gargoyle pacifying all fears  
Past the night

This is a wish, a kiss, deep  
A hopeful sigh  
Hands bound, fingers clenched  
For Love to deliver me  
From here/now  
To a place called perfection  
Infinitely

I am fish/sparrow  
Swimming in the in-between  
Looking to always see...

No end to the ends

Sunrise and free.

Butch Decatoria

## Trysikad (Senryu)

Dong knows how to row...  
Uphill battles, rickshaw roads,  
Pedal nowhere fast.

Butch Decatoria

# Tsunami (Senryu)

Deep devastations  
Chaos drowns the petty wars  
and all last concerns.

Butch Decatoria

## Umami (Acrostic)

Under Country flag and fried steak tastes

Meaty hooks and ham hocks refined

A morsel of tender cuts fine

Menu for the carnivore splendors

Infused, sauté, marinated in wine...

Butch Decatoria

# Umbridge Gaps & Platitudes

Umbridging the gap

and the platitudes of word-whores

as well as the Encyclopedic pimps of posh

spiced with lingual ice...

Because I am a simpleton

with a thirst for the Beloved

and its descriptive meanings, I am

scholarly lacking

Juxtaposing my script to refer

to references Grecian or urn,

enflagrante artisan

spurts with superlatives and

personified iambics of rhetorical lines

limned with deep chagrin

because my verbs are linear

even when my chicken scratch

struck midnight a match stick

flame to illuminate

my poetic fluffer's formulae

schisms from my own mind's magician hat...

Not to be-little or slight those hands walking

that yellow the pages

with slothfully seeking rote

for meandering bibliographies

a librarian's histology, fingers for Captain

Cook / exploration's verbose

exploitation if at most

connecting dots treasured maps

of purposeful / placement for imagery

in the textiles

of poetry's destined and enlightening

cloak & dagger or a Throw

or a goose-down warmth

of Love / to blanket the night away

just as would a mother's / tucking in

from the day's overwhelming

lack of reverences, referenced

oh how to closely listen / or live

beyond the history

to be in the moment

comparing and sharing

our joys and the power of now... keep it simple

because I am a simpleton with a thirst

with a thirst for the Beloved,

the Truth of a promise / endowed Tao of Us...

Butch Decatoria

## Uncut (10w)

Wang Shlong Johnson, Peter Pecker / wood, don't be a Dick.

Butch Decatoria

## Unnoticed (Nonet)

High speed elocution and magnetized

eyes / to one another's burrowing,

glaring / the two of you connect

touching without suspect smiles

secrets in lovers' stares

while I'm / unnoticed /

minutia leaf

On a sea

drifting...

Knots.

Butch Decatoria

## Until (Senryu)

'Til all songs are sung  
Mortal breath becoming Wind,  
'Til soul learns to swim.

Butch Decatoria

# Untitled

"To be or not to be? " Shakespeare's lyrical question proposes that we have a choice in the matter, and what is the matter? —with Existence? We argue with it, compromise ourselves, our well being, our own sense of morality, to be given the answers (they speak and say) . The answer to Shakespeare's rhetorical query is "to be" always to be, if there is a choice, then congratulations—you are alive, and it's about Life and all that is encompassed within and without us... The clarity of one's choices, along with the feelings that blurs and places doubt, must be defined and decided precisely, logically with the sharpness of absolutes and truth. Do the math, they sometimes say, but too many get it wrong when it's a question of doing right.

Butch Decatoria

## Vato (Senryu)

Tattoo of a tear.  
Beaner in a low Beamer  
Cool-kissing his gun.

Butch Decatoria

# Vespine Eyes

Vespine Eyes

In the void of pitch

Lurking

Itching to kill-switch

Human life

All that kismet Light

It watches in

The dark of dreams

When we fall

In between sleep,

It's seething

With the devil's hate

For light of lives

Within, without.

It covets in wait

Vespine Eyes.

Butch Decatoria

# Voices

The mind is a fragile glob of a thing...  
central command  
controls to the push buttons.

...and there is a reason  
why the surgeon-generals  
scientist's with their lab-rats  
witch-craft  
place warnings  
on cigarettes monoxide fumes

and reasons why  
the educational systematic d.a.r.e.  
warns of the downfall  
having anti-drug  
show and learn  
with actual footage  
films about imbibed catastrophes  
needles punctures junkies  
(show them,  
they do not wince  
they've become tolerant,  
immune to their everyday occurrence  
like morning coffee's  
little push.)

Slides on red tape murder-scenes  
angry D.A.D.D.  
S.A.D.D. mothers  
radical vehicular  
AA  
involuntary  
man-slaughter N/A  
under the influence teaching  
prevention...

Although experience  
is the best kind of good teacher  
to be a child

is to be impetuous  
and naive,  
mistaken, even,  
grievous  
when i wish now  
the voices that whisper  
in my head  
my name

tell them to  
close the door

that keeps them out

behind  
them...

Butch Decatoria

## Voraciously (Senryu)

A lustful mongrel  
Licks the bone dry on full moon  
Nights that booty call.

Butch Decatoria

# Walk The Dog

Ain't it all damn-glorious!

A beautiful morning to you

Mr. Velvet suit

Softly breezy too

What bout bamboozled

Mr. Velvet suit on the street

That damn corner foo,

Looking for your boo?

Mr. Velvet suit

Your babae making babies

From sexy jazz to city blues

Diminishing cool

A little bit more sad

The only lone piano

(Black crescendo just a half key, so b-minor)

Mr. Velvety is an entrepreneur

I doubt he'll sue her

That girl he got all dressed up for

The sweets

Mr. Velvet suit's candy

Shop

Holding down the bizness

The Streets!

Mr. Velvet suit's company

Don't he dress all nice for you?

A bright summer morning

This here tiny corner of a bruise,

Of a great wide world

Sin City and Mr. Velvet suit.

Good morning!

Niggah pimp.

He Escalades as I walk

The dog

Looking for tricks...

Butch Decatoria

# Watercolors (Acrostic)

Weeping waifs' diluted Journals

A sleeping dragon's cloud, bleeding soft blues

Taming Lions with brush and stroke of hues.

Efferent pastels to demure flower with wet elation's

Revered soft pining of colorful jubilation,

Canvas of new and in blind white fields

Of untouched imagination, whispers, bends.

Longingly the colors bleed, the heart ascends

On painter's opus deeper seas, the vivid soul's

Recollection of raindrops, splash of heaven.

Silken gossamer dreams of us there and then.

Butch Decatoria

## Wears Wife-Beaters

Check out the ink,  
authentic as a groupie giving it up  
each memorable stain  
Taints / scars  
&quot;see this one, that was the time...  
on the road, the streets of concrete and black&quot;

waking up with something missing  
another concert and back  
stage passing out  
green rooms become lucky charms  
&quot;magically delicious&quot;  
when molly and 'cid drown out  
the loud self hatred howl  
the piercing sounds like snow on a telly  
made of wood / in the hollow  
of the skull  
screaming fans  
get giving head  
(another Grateful Dead  
teddy tats  
le mort - with top-hats)

Check out the ink on them cats  
'cuz its cool to hit it  
And just like that,  
they're just like bruises  
Rorschach birth mark  
Skin art muses  
like permanent stickers  
Yang and yin  
punch bug & liquor  
Business inc.

quarter machine  
bouncy balls and shiny things-  
Smiley face!  
Have a nice day!  
Happy colors cover up

To hide the deeper pain that don't hurt  
but slowly softly kills  
somewhere inside  
where somethings  
gone missing...  
(now they swallow pills)  
...

Like plumes of flamboyant flocks,  
Birds of dying paradise,  
and schools of shimmering fish,  
Anima and abyss  
Inside this living planet, all eco systems  
Habits,  
Habitats make  
for interesting documentary  
nature shows  
since nurture blows  
And just  
Goes to show...

Some guardians use  
The back of the hand,  
belt / buckle / switch

Yo peeps pay close attention...  
Check out the ink  
swats and shit!  
(wears wife beaters)  
and his chick during the summers  
wears faux  
furs of mink...meanwhile  
fucks on roller skates without a rink  
Such expert skill sets  
At Sonic  
always runaways  
drive by drive-thru,  
So cool I'll call 'em Culo...  
Wouldn't you?  
Predator and Zoo....

(In their natural habitats, the group and packs

and murder of crows, find one another  
Luscious... candy color coded hides...  
like the wilder-beast their multitudes progress  
run migratory trails anywhere from the law  
or their own shit making a mess...

Welcome

Mutual Of Omaha's Wild kingdom  
in permanent ink... stains...  
memorable times... wasted)

Butch Decatoria

## Winter Gift (Senryu)

Downey skin Snow White  
Like a cold glass of fresh milk;  
Unwrapping Christmas.

Butch Decatoria

## Winter Gift 2 (Senryu)

Flaxen autumn leaves  
Fall in the dead of winter.  
Chemo for Christmas.

Butch Decatoria

# Winter Solstice

There's magic in that love

Mothers' homecooked Meals

She's my rehab

Recoup dujour

Chicken soup for body

And soul

And heart

It's a work of art.

There's magic in that Love.

Butch Decatoria

## Winter Solstice (Part 2 & 3)

There's spirituality in that

Music

&quot;Oats in the water&quot;

Apocalyptic loss (of true love)

Serenade me, Ben Howard.

Lullabied

Tears in my eyes

There's magic in that

Love...

(Part 3)

Swaying in the snowfall

Bodies closely dancing

Melting the snowflakes

Butterfly kisses from Winter

Her magical whimsy

Crystalline mysticals

On nose and eyelashes

Holiday sprinkles

Mistletoe and thaw

Swaying in the snowfall

In our warmth

There's magic in that Love.

Butch Decatoria

# Wisdom

Wisdom is ageless, a verdant tree  
Atop the highest peak.  
No words, rising above it all.

Butch Decatoria

## Wishing (Acrostic)

Wanting, like most a fantasy, is a sinkhole beneath your feet.

It's Icarus befallen, melted with his waxen wings' hubris.

Souls stymied then rots with envy, sows such needful things.

Hope is but a naïve youth casting lures into the night, while

Invictus conquers the long ride with men's devotions...

Never land carousels can never replace heaven, all

Gilded but not gold... words & wishes, echoes of empty halls.

Butch Decatoria

# Woke.

Uninspired

By and by a passersby

Another grace for grains of sand

Loiter lingering longer

Down low below beneath your toes

The sublimity of heaven

Farther furthest spaces

Within and beyond the fleshy faces

Far from firmament and sacrament

The stages

we pretend perform

A jig getting down jiggy without

The doubt that cuts not rugs

But peace of mindful tiers

Enlighten me to wake yet feign

Not to feel

endangerous the hollow

Spaces that wide open

A nothingness of soul

A sky of soot and funeral silt or soil

We darken our glow to not toil  
Thou wilts  
Give praise,  
This miracle of days to witness  
Nothing else we make less  
But ourselves  
With fear and doomsday loudly  
Cry.  
Each scintilla of a sigh profoundly  
Forever feels like  
A spark  
Big banged life's boomerang  
Why worry to go hurry in lines  
Manga tales  
Minds bright implosions  
Think tank  
We drank and wankers  
Laugh  
Feeling glad bags  
Full of glory.  
You are one in this box

Sphere made of fear

Shape your story.

Don't drown in the Gobi

Or such empty tears

Eyes panorama grand o holy!

Shhhh.

be we wide awake...?

(To'lly)

Butch Decatoria

## Yellow (Acrostic)

Your umbrella and muddy galoshes

Elvish child of Spring, dancing in the rain.

Lovely as the innocence of being chaste.

Laughter banishing all fears so dark.

On faith, on stars - the color of remembrance...

Wondering if it's raining where you are?

Butch Decatoria

# Yo Americano

Yo Americans

Yo.

Fil -Am I am

Tho' that Uncle Sam

Is a pilfering kind of uncle,

I still believe in Love

Of Freedom rides

Of Lady Liberty's symbolic

Light

Burning brightest

A united flame...

Yo! Bro'

There's no need (yet so many do)

Have - nots hafta

Feed

All Walks

Long Roads

Home.

The seeds will sprout

Great roots of evergreens

When we quench every thirst

With poetic Justice

Logic / Science / Reason

Truth.

Yo!

Now, Says we

No Underground or miners' sky of coal

Cuz hearth is home

Where the heart is strong,

A coat of armor, of many enamored hues

Of cotton- chain gang- rainbows

Of our bodies

Electric / this sojourn railroad

We dance  
Deep down soul,  
Blues / rhythm/ love on high  
Every kind  
Spectrums of jungles and light.  
Sun tan by Sky...

Yo!  
Joe, my bro', is not  
No niggah,  
G's / Living Proof  
Peeps this  
White wigs  
My All American is multinational  
(Hero)

Youthful

World of nations  
Toward one republic  
(Mans Fire and Golden worth)  
The future is moot.

From soot or steep  
Great Walls and Mountains'  
Sherpa Buddhist peace  
Rise from our only Earth  
As we bask beneath with all  
The bounties of the Sun

We are Sam / I am  
And we are  
One  
together  
Here the same  
We are  
American gnomes  
As for me, half breed  
Filipino  
O-oh  
No shame in my game.

Yo! Americans

Be Thankful / you thinkers in kind

Mankind / Human in all our  
Suffering,  
Suffrage and Tribunes,  
From melting pots  
A succotash

What kind of American are you?

---

African American  
Native American / Indian American-Hindi  
Asian American  
Irish / Italian American  
Spanish speaking Mexican American  
Japanese and Chinese American  
Korean American  
European / Canadian / French American  
Siberian / Slavic American  
Middle Eastern / Arab American  
All American Russian / Syrian American

A co-habitats of all of us.  
(A world of beautiful American Mutts)

Butch Decatoria

# You.

Furthest-more  
i will love  
You as I have  
Always loved  
You;  
When i am finally there  
With you  
Loving  
You  
Now, as I did then,  
as I will  
Tomorrow.

Butch Decatoria

# Young

I am full on wonder  
from basking in the love  
in your eyes  
not knowing how to lie  
or become hollow  
looking down...

Let the bulls run past  
Don't let that lightning flash  
die  
not your spirit into glass  
In your eyes  
I can feel (at last) forever...

with Love, together

I am full on wonder.

Ask why can't I  
be loved like that - with all that  
kind of thunder?  
too young yet for such loud hunger,

So stay fly cupid's child  
don't go to older  
angrily mourning  
not just yet  
Cool your jet's  
slow burn  
if there's only one roll  
it's your turn  
on the die -just once I'd like  
to see someone smile...  
The mind of my youth  
ain't afraid to die -

quicksilver  
my lightning love

deepest

with your thunder

Listen to an old man...  
stay young

Get full on wonder.

Butch Decatoria

## Zaftig (Senryu)

The bratwurst woman  
Knows the best way to his heart,  
Voluptuous meals.

Butch Decatoria

## Zilch (Acrostic)

Zero, I am my own unhelpful Hero.

Illustrious A Lion-fish, a flightless Swift.

Leaps, longing to swim or fly deep skies

Chastising shadows in box rooms, bird's cage

Having nothing leads to hating everything.

Butch Decatoria