

Poetry Series

**Claire nc Castachino**  
**- poems -**

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# Claire nc Castachino()

you may call me california -  
i'm driven by desire  
i act on impulse  
i'm a vegetarian  
i will correct your grammar  
i'm worth \$2,379,836 on  
i have never been this happy before  
i'm willing to risk everything

# [sometimes] You Make Me Feel Like I Matter

you call me babe  
you hold my hand  
but i'm not sure i understand  
how you can feel the way you do  
how all the things you say are true  
how you can care so much for me  
when i haven't even begun to see

Claire nc Castachino

# [un]breakable

break of dawn  
sun breaking through black  
a sincere breakthrough  
break it off  
break away from reality  
[nothing is real anymore]  
break up  
and the truth is told - no easier than before  
break down  
falling into the astramentous realm  
broken soul and break free  
break through  
into white light -  
that knows [no] pain.

Claire nc Castachino

## 24 Feet Of Metallic Blue Beads

my beloved  
you wait with bated breath  
for a smile upon my lips  
your frantic eyes a pleuthora of colors  
frozen for my reaction  
desperately trying to abolish  
that which haunts me  
but to no avail  
and you call yourself a failure  
never knowing you're the one  
who saved me...

Claire nc Castachino

# A Moment Of Silence At 11: 11

your narcolepsy...  
one last photograph  
lucid eyes...memories  
faded sharpie says it all;  
permanence.  
hidden behind dust  
and blind eyes  
surviving in the flame of a candle...  
the scent of then.

Claire nc Castachino

# Autobiography

sitting bare - foot  
cross legged in the grass  
ripped up blue jeans  
boyfriend's t - shirt  
blonde hair blowing  
curls wild as ever  
spring breeze  
azure sky gives way to purple mountains  
thoughtful expression  
staring at a dragonfly dance from blade to blade  
and watching a dandelion sway back and forth  
this is me  
without all the pain

Claire nc Castachino

# Bad Poetry In Mla Format

i try to write a poem  
but nothing comes to my head  
all of my thoughts  
my ideas are all dead  
i try and try  
and just when i might  
think that i've won  
i've won this fight  
the words start to come  
but they do not prevail  
it's not my best work  
or so says her tale  
so i come back to my paper  
so empty and meek  
and my pen so full  
so full of black ink  
i go back to writing thoughts that aren't there  
and writing for people who simply  
don't care.

Claire nc Castachino

# Epilepsy

one thousand stinging spines  
creeping upward from inside  
crawling along my spinal cord  
up the small of my back  
spreading into my muscles  
taking over my shoulders  
eyes roll back  
u n c o n c i o u s n e s s  
shaking starts  
violent and beyond control  
vomit  
and the pain is gone  
and i am back

Claire nc Castachino

# Hiaku's Gone Wrong [just Like This]

friendship; ; in the form of  
d e c e p t i o n  
clinging to reality...  
or lack there of;  
extracurricular activites:  
breaking hearts

Claire nc Castachino

## Like Pins And Needles

like pins and needles penetrating all over  
voices of the day running rampid in my head  
drowning out the music in the background  
open windows  
a midnight breeze brings freedom into my room  
firefly flases nearly lime green blend into the stars  
and are lost in teh velvet blue sky  
the moon wanning into a crescent  
grinning golden in the canvas sky  
rocked by thunder rolling over the mountains in the distance  
and the feeling of pins and needles raises the hair on my neck

Claire nc Castachino

# Mapquest

feeling of words tangeled on my tongue  
when i really don't know what to say to make this better  
a reasonable facsimile of  
what i think happiness is -  
Total Time: 9 hours,41 minutes  
Total Distance: 604.79 miles  
i'll exchange 11 months for 1  
can we call it a deal?  
this is what i want - minus 604.79 miles

Claire nc Castachino

# Puppies

black-white  
solids or stripes?  
yellow and chocolate; white chocolate  
dappled not gray  
languages - accents - impediments  
all in gibberish  
all the same  
the same understanding  
long hair, coarse and fine  
matted, dreds, bald  
colorblindness conceals discrepancies  
stereotypes no longer prevail  
in a world of carbon copies and blind eyes

Claire nc Castachino

# The Ballad

i thought if my screams were loud enough  
you'd rescue me  
but you were deaf to the sound of my voice  
your own earpiercing lullaby  
is all you've ever heard  
but suicides have their own language  
asking 'which tools'  
rather than 'why build'  
you watch me  
waiting  
waiting for me to unwrap an old wound  
waiting for my wrists  
to spill crimson into a thirsty world  
your lie that i mistook for a kiss  
ever so carelessly left open to that page  
but his love, whatever it is;  
my infection and my cure.

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# The Beatdown

i've never felt like this -  
never dealt with this...  
and i only wish  
that you could taste... my... fist  
you've been light years away -  
` don't hear a word that i say  
` don't take it to heart  
while i'm falling apart  
your blood spatters the ground  
[shhh] i won't make a sound  
but i will  
make you wish...  
that you'd fled this town  
don't cry out to me  
i'll knock you down on your knees  
beg for me please -  
to change my mind?  
well i'll just... take... my... time -  
in deciding for...  
or against  
this one... fatal... crime.

Claire nc Castachino

# To Your Face; In My Head

words fresh from the heart  
that i keep in a locket  
around my neck  
[my noose]  
protecting me  
[strangling me]  
as the storm rips through  
[rips me apart]  
sending memories  
falling in inevitable torrents from the sky  
thank god love is[nt] waterproof

Claire nc Castachino

# You Won'T Do Poor In Calculus Like I Did [you Won'T Have The Chance]

Fifteen years

Fifteen years of moments

Fifteen years of memories

Fifteen years of heart beats

- skipped heart beats

Five thousand four hundred and seventy five days

One hundred and thirty one thousand four hundred hours

Seven million eight hundred and eighty four thousand minutes

Four hundred and seventy three million forty thousand seconds

- makes fifteen years

Fifteen years

I know you had to smile once

Maybe I could never understand

That one smile doesn't outweigh one thousand tears

Maybe you could never understand

That one person would shed one thousand tears over you

For you

For you I pray

- and I never pray

Fifteen years

The sum of events that could occur in fifteen years

The moments

The memories

The heart beats

The components of fifteen years lost in one second

One second betrays four hundred and seventy three million thirty nine thousand other seconds

Fifteen years

Fifteen years of choices

Fifteen years of decisions

After ten years you started making your own choices

If they're not going to make you happy

- ou should make yourself happy

Make your decisions to cajole you

Why concern oneself with pleasing others?

It's not selfish

- they're selfish

Fifteen years  
Six hundred seventy eight million and twenty four thousand heart beats  
- can occur in fifteen years  
At the end of fifteen years  
The smiles  
The laughter  
- are drowned in the tears  
One decision is made  
A decision that yields no heed towards anyone other than you  
- or maybe you thought that it did  
One choice is made  
One second is lost  
Make the boy scouts proud  
Remember how to tie those intricate knots  
The six hundred seventy eight millionth and twenty four thousandth heart beat  
becomes the last  
- as the back of a chair collides with the floor  
Rest in peace  
- knowing that we never will.

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