

Poetry Series

Corey Baker
- poems -

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Corey Baker(1984)

'I'm not like them, but I can can pretend. The sun is gone, but I have a light. The day is done, but I'm having fun. I think I'm dumb. Maybe just happy.'

-Kurt Donald Cobain

(Some of these poems were originally written when I was going through a 'I hate life, I hate myself' era, the ones in all lowercase are downers, for some reason I do that. Don't just read one either, if you do, you might not like the aftertaste.)

Children are future,
Corey Baker

A Destruction Of Humanity

Remorse is a believer, face the quiet titles
Lust has overgrown and noticed,
only by readers of the bible,

Living has been an understatement
but will be worth what we tell
we celebrate this, just forgot to send it.

Could they be wrong about 'god' and the stories?
Could they be wrong about the history behind it?
How could a 'god' so great, fall from all glories?

Mistreatment, Endowment, and Repentence
nothing outside this circle, is normal
except for the lack of universal sence.

Sagacity, is the end of all things sound.
understanding all, truly knowing nothing.
The Great Paradox, unsightly profound.

One great boom and gust of air and timing
leaving all the world a smoldering shell
looking above for answer while your dying
Amatory painlessness, will end in reality's 'hell'.

Corey Baker

Alcohole

Always sad, lost or indifferent,
I send myself through a door of cold sweats, drunken praying,
Anti-paternal stereotyping, and a cache of ridicule.

They will never be straight again, crooked and disturbed,
leaving them alone will make the pain leave.
I love my AlcoHole.

The mothers are wishing for their children to stop,
but its already been done, the Hole is now covered.
My own poverty is the antidote.

My throat swells and bulges, the night after and before
I haven't had a dropp to drink, even though the bottles
outlines my form on the floor.

Corey Baker

Ape

Quotation marks have served their meanings
the cruifix the black and leaning

Martyr's gone and god's shares the loss

people cry and praise,
while the ape mounts it's cross

bleeding ears, bleeding spectrum
bleeding mind, just let go

too much love and not enough sleep
jesus is grounded, dead and diseased

love is mis led, suicided and coroded
all the funerals were recorded.

Corey Baker

Blessed Ignorance

Your god was born inside your mind,
manifested, changed and sublimed.

It is wrong and immoral, this sweet dirty god,
impostering 'holy' in delightful facade.

Leaving all the keepers and dreamers, not left up to,
Animal gods always flourish without you

You are nothing to me, an illusion, a copy, a fake,
your god will die of of it's own mistake.

If it's not already deceased, it will be and be kept still
swallowed down by mountains of dying pills

Left alone in the black, you misunderstand every word
thinking my beliefs are wrong and absurd

You are killing your god, with money and greed
It all serves you right, I want you to bleed.

You are the ignorant, repulsive, red masses
evaporated into your pure blood gases

All thought is dead.

Corey Baker

Box For The Unwanted

'Anonymously throwing out a child is unacceptable'
Newslines of another world flood in the window
I wish I could hear them, I wish I could care

'I came with Daddy' was his virgin plea
But Daddy's vomit clears your sight
'Stork's Cradle' sways from the tree

The train took him to a home made of heat
The lights, father told them to be quiet
and a nurse with a little plastic child

Abandoned and weak, the little boy cries
His name isn't noble, his face isn't round
His tears aren't cosmetic, his pain is real.

Corey Baker

Cloned

Clone the children, they're better that way
Clone the children, now they can pray

My world is unaffected

Clone the god, its best when it sighs
Clone the god, it's all inserted lies

My world is unaffected

Clone the world, emotionless insanity
Clone the world, and let the children see

No salvation
No forgiveness
No redemption

Clone the martyr, he's not needing
Clone the martyr, he quit bleeding

No salvation
No forgiveness
No redemption

My world is unaffected

Corey Baker

Consanguineous And Speechless

Lifeless but loving life, failed at everything,
and everyone.

Christ-lover and minority aggravator,
quips the small child, 'God is understanding, loving.'
And to it, quote I, 'Only if the belief is intact,
will your god understand and love.'

Clinging to the 'greater' things, for morality,
purpose, despising the 'sinful' things, to intoxicate
and to curse.

Spit on my way of life, is only semi-Christlike,
alternate realities are found in the metaphors,
Shakespeare-esque lines rain to earth, bleaching it's face.

Understanding your own rulebook, you failed at it,
called it something false, my mind is 'the new Gorgon'
forget me and live your lives.

You will never know true freedom while
in the shadow of a god, without it you will be
reborn.

Corey Baker

Crying Child

Scraped and re-done, over and over
given to the child, his parents grew colder
escaped a view, and he groped the covers

his father wore his own dress,
mother never seemed to care
about the the fantastic utter distress
and the child washed the blood out of his hair

he cried when he could, for all day was a waste
after school he would politely give chase
to girl he knew, he could never taste

Thinking and moaning, he soberly sighed
the broken hymen will bleed and then it will hide
and the child pointed to his head, and died

Corey Baker

Delta-9-Tetrahydrocannabinol

Smoke blows into my booklungs, filling
my intestines with grease. At ease I sit,
never wanted my persona to end, but it has.

The music is never more the clearer as is now,
so crisp and light my ears open to see the words.
My tears are not made and deserts become my eyes.

My lunchbox heart is jumping. My cares are gone,
made for violence, they aren't needed. My body jiggers
and complains of disposables that don't exist.

My change happened here and my love isn't
far behind. My fears leave me empty. True Alpha is
made, to part the glories of his happy day.

Corey Baker

Dextromethorphan

My fingers are stains and cut rags, into cloudless shapes
they curl and masturbate like cigarettes.

The flame sings off the paper, filling the air with mist,
a piece of my death is inhaled and given a home.

14 years, sentenced to death, given the right hand of some
liar god and juiced into earth. A blender of emotion,
a trash can of hate, a flesh balloon of fear, and
pissbucket of disgrace.

A room too small to set a fire, breaths out the fumes.
The room darkened and gleamed with soot and ashes.
Teeth scream a solid reminder:

'This will kill me.'
This will heal me'.

Never before has a void so empty, needed a
cord, as this addiction burns my stomach out.

Corey Baker

Final Step Towards Absentation

In water, all things are alike,
drowning, floating, grasping for the air
that doesn't exist.

In life, one prides himself with the ability
to do most things and, in a sense, function.
It still does what it has to and always thirsts for
the one thing that isn't there.

Existence, in itself, is a paradoxal
phenomenon. Without death, life would not exist.
And without life death cannot exist.

Perhaps god is a medieval puppeteer, pulling on
the invisible strings connected to our souls.
Maybe he made us and the abandoned us.
Or maybe, he never did exist at all, maybe all we give
to god is a lie: redemption, sin, acceptance.

Without sin, religion is useless.
Without religion, sin isn't present,
Religion created sin.

Corey Baker

Gift From Nox

My child is a neo-rebel, god fearing man,
My love is another part in another Klan,
My nausea is dead, sharpened and pointed
Drench up the oil, it was meant to anoint.

Baby's head is the size of a splinter,
My elector's lust is nuclear winter,
Size of my heart is deformed and lied,
Only she will ever see me cry.

The funeral was sad, but still I had to see,
What kind of world would do this to me.
Finally I saw what I hold to be right,
That fate never existed and all is just night.

Corey Baker

Hands Of Many

own too much land
build the house on sand
damn your righteous hand

victims of your fame
not treated the same
selective judgement in shame

have your day
have your day
mine is on the way

but when one mind ends
something else begins
but without a scream
nothing short of a whisper
hands of many
minds of few

feul the masses
feul the masses

Corey Baker

I Don'T Know Your Name.

How can you breath inside of
Why can't I see what you've shown?
Show me what I can't have.
Take it away from me.

I don't even know your name
You're not the ones to blame
Scared of what became
Give in to the shame

Something breeds, how can that be?
Be someone sweet, get away
Satisfied? I can't go on.
Leave it to me, I feed off of you.

Living though the pain
Scratching inside the chained
How empty, how drained.
Slowly running insane.

Corey Baker

Imperfectionalist

Sobriety serves all the plastic ceramics,
Complete your sentences. Fill them with democracy.
Dot all 'i's and cross all cruci'fiction's, with taste and manner.
Sores saturate with lust, saliva, and surreality.

Living in this day, crying because what you see
isn't what you want to happen, and your enraged,
but only if you're paying attention.
It's unsafe and 'risky', but risk has it's advantages.

The VCR becomes a religion, the Television Cult
and the Hollywood Furor Sabbath is primetime.
Sweet is now vinegar, foul is now fair, your god is now.
Whore the belongings to yourself, you are the church.
Always rob 10% at time and you won't be caught.

Corey Baker

Instauration Of Macrocosm

Sterilized by the most high of all, the god of whom you speak.
Brainwashingmachine of a closet undead, knowing him to be weak.
Mechanical Jesus lifts his head to sigh,
His tears rust his face and heavy his dying

Haywired and soothsaid, only your eyes drink within,
covered in mud and wet in sin, no one will ever make it end.
Wicked and dissolved, and apes came to evolve,
Into the beast you see, a crime left unsolved.

'Prepare yourself, no one knows what will happen next'
Lies are spewed from the gods to insects.
Machinegunman carries the justice of the state,
only to see himself perpare the Grand Hate.

Human nature was never eco-friendly, tearing the skies,
Leaving the war we decrimanalized.
Invasion is wrong, but god ignores the prayers.
The bill we pay for electing an ape for mayor.

Corey Baker

Librium Hoax

Greatful numbness, powers are sedated,
my mind is exploding and I don't care.
No one watches me, I can't hear them now,
But soon, they will return to haunt me once more.

I pray, 'Silence', to the noises in my head,
'Stop your screams', they will not leave.
I cry and sob, moaning like a raped child,
'Stop, God make them stop! ', And I fall.

And inside the mind, a movie is playing.
A person is watching, but no one is waiting.
'It's a rerun show', I say to the man,
'Not to me', he returns, and leaves.

Corey Baker

Lover

How many people died today?
Bit their bearings and left?

Never saw the light, if any,
still, they are dead.

The way is not, the path is short
To see your father's disgrace
and your own afterlife.

Understanding the masses,
and the hating, oh, just madness

Love was never arranged, like your truths
Never ever existed, until tomorrow

And then, like the love, the trust and the truth
was downloaded and raped.

Corey Baker

Malformed

Hearing the voice of their own god,
it must be a pleasure,
to feel his presence and indulge his treasures.

But I cannot know this great feeling,
for I am abnormal, scarred forever
without healing.

Just because I find it odd,
that a people so strong and beleiving,
keep the world forever mistreating,
a book, letters on pages, as a leader, as a god.

But this is their world, I am not supposed to be,
not here, or now, close to what I am
a person, a lover, a man who sees
so, in thier own words, I'll am the damned

Corey Baker

Man With A Mask On

Playing with a corpse, the man cries.
His tears run blood down his mask, steamed hot
and enveloped wrought, the man lays his toy down.

The man feared her, she taught him things.
'Sex kills you, women rape you, ' he whimpers.
He throws his creations of human flesh, his lamp
is breaking and his clothes rip.

He turns to her and asks, ' Mother, may I play with the children? '
But Mother has nothing to say, and nothing to say with.

'Ring around the Rosie' he sang, as the man gropes his suit.
His idle playthings are all rotted. He consumes them.
Fresh flesh is craved. The killing begins.

Corey Baker

Man's Son

Nazi stain on strain, forced to believe
To love a man vile and out-dated

Fears of his god were always hated

Forehead exclamation, produced his offspring
Calming malnutrition, led his armies.

They lived together but always separated
by men and women, they were monsters

by his god, they were savours

Controlled by masturbation, and excitement
excrements flashed, and he was caught

for conspiracy, and murder, he thought them to be
the angels only he could see

Corey Baker

Middle Class Bible

Eat the fat to clense your worth
See your god to buy your birth

Beleive the lies, hymen the nights
Another place to lay the maggots

Drink the Oil and wash down Tablets

after all, your only the middle class human remains
after all, your city will fall and withhold their withstrains
leaving you and your blood colored rains

drink of god and hear their word
the bible was sold to the highest bidder
and it's not jesus, telling you what you want to hear
it's the 'profits' and the 'prophets' words

Corey Baker

Nevering

crowded room, and no space to store
needed a savoir not just a whore

sleepless nights, fantasys are danced
love songs, breeding eternally

godless profession, faithful nutrition
signed the petitions, face the confessions,

fade,

extacy's glow, bleeding in a ring
choirs sweet sound, to god they sing

slave to the world, slave to his god
master of his music, lesser of the two lovers

gone, she died in the morning
wanted to die, quickened her moaning

crying, i die, too
crying, waiting to live
crying, killing myself
crying, just to fall asleep

my 'heart' is missing
im hollow, and discorded

purified, the tears drain
to carry the casket, pallbearers shame

godless professions, painful sensations
loving cascading, slave train's degrading

crying, i then i died

Corey Baker

Ode To Sound

Quaking, sun-drenched rumors of a quilted heart
Empty out into the mental wounds of anything that takes care.
The screaming nothingness of night is forgotten in a moment,
When the soft spiraled leaves of a blacken tree crush in on themselves.

Breathe in the vibration of a single slanted string,
Broken under a leftover stockpile of gibberish.
Sweet Nonsense! Bless me and fill my mind with something.
Saturate me as if a starving calf feeding on his heavy mother.

□

When hearing the agony of a nation
Is better than seeing life stopping into silence,
The unwavering rule to give up fulfills itself.
And in the silence, such a cruel notion of universal truth, something takes
over.

The vibrations give forth change, survival in putrid stillness.
We bloom. We live. We heal. We dream. We die.

Corey Baker

Piles Of

We are the burning, mangled trees
living in fear of the ones who bleed
Faggot trails compel small children's prayers
Enveloped in strange godless tears.

Scapegoat herder love has fallen
Living in my mother's whore golen
spit in the buyer's faces, the consumer
That hates but buys it to slash the tumor

God never existed, your minds lied
the story fosters and the cancer divides
Shoot down the clowns of the society
never gave in to the blasphemous dieties.

Hell or heaven was imaginary, until now
Hell is present and heaven is death, You'll go
Afterlife is an oxymoron. Much like 'united states'.
We dispise each other, and life will manifest those hates.

Corey Baker

Portion

Green lust sprays from the young man.
Collected at the feet of his spouse,
the tiny ball of red yarn flattens into the floor.

The dumpsters are full of contradictions
and children wander the streets for their sweet drugs.
The streetlights burn the only feul.

Stylized words flash across his tv screen,
'God is here for you', he reads with a laugh.
Never again will he be betrayed by a courtroom lord.
His portion is untouched.

Corey Baker

Sess' Plea

Loving nature is often a oxymoron, seeing as nature can't love.
By this reasoning, it can't be loved, only appreciated.

Stop the Ozone Destruction, with your feul-guzzling-God-cars,
Station wagons plead redemption for the 'sins' of smoking,
Feeling lighter than air are the ones giving explosions.

But for all this, I cannot be made the blamed,
For trying to save the place we live,
I am the blamed, and in the end, only we can stop it...

...But, it's too late.

Corey Baker

Spurious

Damaged stares are smoking the waterfalls
Focused pain creates moods
Needles of faith, Empires of rust
Martyrs are buried, insanity lost

Minus one, forever masturbated
Under the covers of a book
a paper binding

Overboard on a capsule
Drowning in nothingness
Major Tom is still lost
His wife will never know

Knife wielding Manson kin
midnight wishful garbageman
Seraphim's Swastika, neverending songs
choirs of insects burn and reflect no light

Primates rapes human minds
cannibal music sways the trees
the night of God and his apes survives
The internal explosions kill everyone

'This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper'

Corey Baker

Taught And Tantered

Teach me and you own me
Let me buy you
Let me touch you

I am tired of being by myself
I am the exhausted truth
end is near, i can see the darkness

click in tone
face to remain
life is not real
religion's a shame

the first and the last caper to leave
the milky rains come down
the last lamb of god is dead
he rose, but still in sin

mimic what you are thinking
try to hear yourself speak
once you could help the child
instead of teaching it to blink

my day has gone
yours will too
blood will run in your eyes
and help you to pray

Corey Baker

The Great Gullet Of Man

Filled with violence and malformed suspense,
For all the bad sins against an altar that was so intense,
And for the time in the dark reaches of a galaxy far, far, away,
that was forever corrupted in the primitive Valley of Decay.

Self-mutilation skills are above normal, although that still climb,
and all the King's Men have deserted him upon the Pine.
On High, is the Goddess without hatred, never stopped save the insects, because
in the end, all we are is a product of parricidal sex.

Monkeys to Men? Created by the god? Just came about?
Who knows? Who cares, we're already done and filled with doubt.
No sense in caring now, we are all already dead.
Just waiting to pull the trigger of the gun aimed at our head.

Corey Baker

The Pump Atrophied

I said, ' To leave me, and borderline the rest, will kill me. I will be desecrated.'

To this She replied, 'Never cared, you, said I was God, but never tithed to me,
used my name in couragous vain, and hated.'

Never I saw to this again, left then and will not return.
Cannot makeup for saying her God was a lie.
In her words, 'When you die, you will burn'.
My pump was taken and frosted with fluorescent dye.

I can't apologize, because it was all true.
But the Burnam Wood, still marched and overcame this,
coveyed to me that 'love' is out of veiw,
Hearing the lips sing and never to feel the kiss.

She told me to die.

Corey Baker

Unequaled

His insides were abortion leftovers,
his mind was full of perverts and killers,
his father undressed him and, in turn, sentenced him.

Drugs were made of diamonds, the safety in numbers failed.
Living in the lie of a god, he compared his sins, and made him think.
His fault lied chiefly within, and without it, his contempt rose.

In all apathy, his empathy again did he pray.
The Thorns of Life fell upon him.
And he bleeds for it.

Corey Baker

Unexplainable Violence

She slept.

She never got it.

I took her head, she turned 47 today.

She didn't deserve it.

She didn't deserve me.

On that lonely street, she gave me.

I took her head.

I took her head.

Terrorists and killers do it all the time.

I didn't care who I killed.

Even my mother.

She still sleeps.

Corey Baker

Wet Suicide

lake of possession
mind in depression
failed to remember to live

apes of god dance and sing
sealing thier enternal fate with him
failing to forget the death of one

seeing pain and death in himself
took his own life, left the bleeder
failed to remember his god wasn't waiting

dead, a small bird rots and bloats
he failed to learn how
his mother failed to teach
grabbing the air, out of his reach

Corey Baker