

Poetry Series

Dylan Rivera
- poems -

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Dylan Rivera()

A Couple's Surprise

When you first meet,
it feels perhaps you know.
'I love you' let me just say,
because of course with time, we'll grow.
Eyes that first reveal too many questions
still leave the heart excited.
But with awful surprise,
tears will eventually cry misguidance.
I used to commit these mistakes.
And throw my pennies down a well.
Wondering if they laid unconcerned with sleep,
or if they laid vibrant,
under Cupid's spell.
Please, someone, somewhere answer my calls!
If not for me, at least for love's sake.
And with time, my pennies joined together,
but wishes they did not make.
I ask you to be with me as selfish as infants.
And never give in to another smile that seems more deserving.
Think and understand, before you find my reasoning,
at all unnerving.
I will learn to run like old women to church on Sundays.
When they've gotten too old and scared to know whether god is really true.
And they keep on running in search of something they too,
once knew.
I will learn to love the way the day loves clarity
without any blindness from the night.
And soon my prince, you'll be my warrior,
my caesar and my knight.
I will be unexpected, and put my worries to the side.
I will love eternally,
anxious and undisguised.
I will be the color of love,
deeply entrenched with roots of red wine.
And better to wait and know
Then realize and know
your love,
was never really true to mine.

Ave Verum

I shivered as my body protected me from myself.
That cold feeling inside,
when you think of someone you love
is about to give you your heart back.
That feeling,
except with a far more agreeable situation.
Angelic sounds lingered down my spine for crucial substance.
A harmonic passion blended in with mine
as our souls became gratuitous of our origin.
I cried.
The way soiled lungs cry for oxygen.
Replenished,
Ascending into an orgasmic realm.
No-thing
was ever more beautiful.

Dylan Rivera

Father's Inspiration

Inspiration doesn't always come so easily.
I find it hard to create
when thoughts aren't always where they need to be.

Life, taking me far away from writing
because Life and I are fighting.
When your father just attempted suicide
by throwing himself in front of a truck,
writing gets overlooked,
drafts get rudely cut.

But yet,
here I am.
Writing,
Even though words on paper are not
in my plans.

Father, goddammit.
You steal from me happy pieces;
I should call you poetry bandit.

I love you
but you hurt me black and blue.
Sometimes,
I wish you would go away.
But without you,
I would have almost nothing to say.

Dylan Rivera

Good People

Good people are like finding clean white socks
cotton,
and when the winter comes,
they protect any air
reaping through unknown seams on the bottoms of boots,
freshly cleaned from pure snow.

I know.
They leave room for joints to rest slightly curved,
but not bending from a shoe to small.
Bad people are corns and bunions
with sentiments of apathy.

They live so tragically.
Not too often have my feet been kept warm,
but with toes locked together,
ruby colored;
iced temperatured.

Deferred,
stretching to greet blue veins pulsing with formal morals.
Poisonous blood; contagious:
riding with what has gone on for ages.

Cold feet venomous to the brain,
yet the polars never came.
Walking in the coldest water.
But don't we all besiege our unselfish ways.
Tie a rope to it because we've all been hurt,
Bitterness, only learnt?

Dylan Rivera

I Smelled Him In My Pillow

He wore a cologne that made my heart stop
like rain on a sunny day in a coming spring.
His voice was soothing,
mystical: Billie Holiday,
getting ready to sing.
I smelled him in my pillow the next night.
Hours after he left with hugs
that seemed to offer future promises.
His taste, his touch,
his gaze,
too untrustworthy for me to ever wallow in.
Alone, I still contemplated what could never be.
Lifestyles far too different; too complex,
But still refused to listen
or to see.
I knew it would end,
but still hoped to be the girl somehow written for the script.
Accepting false precisions,
I had given up on all fortitude,
essentially lost my grip.
But I smelled him in my pillow
of drunken doings, made up feelings, and cinderella endings,
to escape everything I knew.
And in the mornings of the birds chirps,
I woke to another day that had to be taken responsible of
to be considered true.
Naked,
I laid ambivalent about whether or not I was truly ashamed.
The comfort in my sheets resting softly on my skin,
as if to tell me he was the one to blame.
As if to say they would rest softly on my skin night after night.
As long as I needed them,
to fill that empty constant.
When Billie Holiday would sing the blues,
and rid my pain in the day
of forthcoming nonsense.
Sweet,
Yet so terrifyingly cold,
It was the smell of him in my pillow;

An absent friend and foe.

Dylan Rivera

Identity Crisis

Stand tall on rooftops.
Make them dropp their gluttony holes,
buoy their focus,
and hinge their snickers,
onto uneasiness.

Irradiate assumptions.
Believe all you can be,
is who you are.

Laugh through mild medians.
Stomp your presence into concrete.
Make them love you.
But if they don't,
Burn the floors below.

Dylan Rivera

Know-Ledge

I think I know
I think he does too.
Or maybe she?
Oh, I don't know.
Am I in the know?
What did that ever mean?
The infinite makes us 'not know.'
And we create,
and go further away from really knowing anything.
Oh, it's rather difficult when you
just
don't
know.

Dylan Rivera

Library

We're all rats.
Our fingers typing,
Sounding like mice,
Scattering cupboards.

Lying barely awake to fill our quota
Of accomplishment.
Silences louder than any operatic shout.
Gulping down food substances
That sound like car collisions.

Whispers,
Like thunderous rain.
That boy over there flipping pages,
mine as well be slapping the desk.
The library is the loudest place I know.

Dylan Rivera

Lovers

We know they're fools.
Keeping their insanity clasped in their hands;
clenching their wisdom between their palms.
Down by the bay, they are stillborn
because life is up the street.
Street lamps watch their every move.
It is time to go home.
Down by the bay, you'll find them:
As the oceans whisper about them and the sand
works towards burying them.
The clouds watch.
Cheer on from the bleachers,
and the lovers are unaware.

Dylan Rivera

Poet's Are Disgraceful

Words linger onto paper,
or a technologically advanced beam.
And all the while I seem to be the victim.
The fiend.
Ideas are unknown to an extent.
Almost inalienable,
they've fostered unique meanings:
Perhaps, heaven sent.
In other words,
I think poets are depressed.
In a state of despondency,
poets crave to be heard,
much more or less.
Poets have no desire to ignore
or understand their passions,
but to simply ignite their questions.
Poets come from a place of vacancy,
they're rather unpleasant.
Unfamiliar to the world,
Outcasted in a sense;
they scream for attention.
Or maybe a hand to comfort their tension.
Reassurance;
reliability.
Most of all, reason
is what drives a poet's agility.
Am i crazy?
Unafraid to ask.
Brave enough to be told.
Poets are in search of...
I am in search of...
To be quite frank,
poets are admirably disgraceful.
Thank god.

Dylan Rivera

Scary, Is Writing

Suffocated by these notions of thought.

Words.

Seeking unchained hands,

it abandons all ransom inquiries.

Controls my being and walks towards facile skies.

Sunsets of grey, clears any haziness of yellow

that only care to belong.

Because there isn't any room for daisy like colors.

I document my existence and these tangents imprint their tattoos.

Censoring is always prevalent.

For you never know if Mary is watching.

So pure, and fictional,

my thoughts look to emulate her.

But so harsh and actual,

my thoughts are nothing like her.

Dylan Rivera

Sized Wrong

Thin lies get distorted by a perception of deception.
You have been fooled.
Loving yourself was never blonde and ambitious.
Never bold and likable.
Never superficial, toothy,
or tanned by cancerous beauty.
Never,
was it beautiful.
Cut here, replace there, and smile through vacant stares
of the amateur painter.
Higher cheekbones will hide the waves of the river.
Ultimately, killing all life.
Curing flaws from outside pressures, is of the essence.
Longer legs
will walk you
into acceptance.
Through knots of irreverent photographs.
While fake hair will make a voluminous star;
Depending on the moon.
The sun
has left no mercy.
Why are we fooled by this barbaric liturgy?
We've lost the fairy in the tale.
When through time,
Mona Lisa is still the most beautiful girl in the world.

Dylan Rivera

Their Dreams

Their dreams landed just under the roof.
Ambitions last seen in lost fathers and soulless mothers.
Men illuminate the block with true inhibitions and become distant lovers.

Time and again, the cycle continues.
And success was last seen on the red eye train for those selected to attend the
organized venue.
Older sisters, just twenty years young, but already seen with daughters and
sons.

Older brothers put in jail just before high school is done.
No one knows a thing.
False hopes seem to be fostered by what reality is unable to bring.

Sky was the limit for those who saw a hole in the roof.
But when the rain befell, their dreams became difficult to get to that person who
was so capable, the one they never knew.

Preaching got old after Jesus became just a man in a tale.
Our choices seem to never have meant so much until the knife of
misunderstandings slay us all,

Away.
Have we lost all hope when judgment day has not been heard from, or in the
very least seen, been portrayed?

A reoccurring problem that has been accepted as is.
But insecurities walk miles to create some type of bliss.
There must be some sort of rift,

to get these people from feeling aloof.
And finally land their dreams beyond just under the roof.

Dylan Rivera

Those Who Cannot Speak

Owls create shadows that hurdle with trepidation.
Their eyes cut behind your ears
to keep you from listening to their words unsaid.

Trees apprehend into night and become protection from the hazardous burrows
in the early afternoon.

Frogs feel silly with a child's tongue.
And dogs are always quickening their haste.
Fishes lie forever in oceans unseen.

Like natives in their home land.
They are comfortable.
And beautiful.

Rats are simply awful.
Wet, under tracks.
Tittering among begotten filth remaining from resentful souls.

Constantly listening below
to people and their mindless conversations.
Roaring,

their mortal sounds leading to what will soon be,
heartless vessels.

Salamanders are eye-catching, but always make one want to wash their hands.

But for some reason, it is they, who-
possess life's answers.
But like originality, they get trampled upon.

For so long, they've held on to Zeus's lungs.
But soon, I'm sure...
They will finally be able to make their cerebral debut.

Dylan Rivera

Through With 4 Letter Words

No more 'am I going to say I want.

No longer will I I speak about the self being taunt.

I cannot live and give.

Because I'd rather not ache.

I cannot accept these things, others consider fate.

Summer used to be my favorite season, but now it will be winter.

July is no longer appealing.

I will not speak about a swan and how it gives me nice feelings.

I will not drink coffee in a cafe.

I'd rather drink on the street.

I will not be in a cage trapped and feeling weak.

I will not tell someone to stay when they want to leave.

I'd rather say it was a pleasure.

I will not let my children play in a bush, but let them be noticed ready for life's endeavors.

I may be a sight to see but you will not see me in a show.

I may run, but I will not walk and never will I stand on my toes.

I will not do anything that is a four-letter word.

I will not even call this a poem!

No.

This is a statement.

Someone should've thought of it a long while ago.

These words should already be ancient!

I'll write things that I'll desire to say.

But never will I talk.

I'll stand up for my rights, but never will I boss.

I'll see the beauty in a pigeon before I see it in a dove.

And I'll always remember this piece so I'll never say words like LOVE.

Dylan Rivera

Travels

I shall not find a traveller
with heavy bags filled of tree bark
thick and brown
like the clothes I wear
and the weight I carry

Dark and bitty-
clung to life's roots.
Filled to the brim.
Teaching me,
me.

Brilliant 'I love you' tags
placed on the outside of
dusty old bags.
Never,
have I had.

Don't want a briefcase.
Maybe a cotton back T.
Extravagant,
my peace.
His bright eyes divine,

Finding a home of my own,
a grass to be sewn.
Bunching my weeds
to neatly pack my things to bade.

Someday,
I'll stay.
Inside, I travel.

Outside I hold on to,
an emptiness that seems to smooth sharp edges.
In the middle lies plaster wedges.

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