

Poetry Series

H.J. Shreeve

- poems -

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H.J. Shreeve(26/5/1987)

Amisulpride Days

Amisulpride days,
See nothing,
feel nothing at all,
Yeah I guess I'm a wanderer.
My chemical lobotomy,
Leaves foam at mouth,
A twitch makes me fall,
When I'm not sleeping,
I'm staring at walls.

Amisulpride days,
No spring in my step,
The beast still at the door.
Looking outside,
Watching a tree,
Guess it's staring back at me.

Amisulpride days,
All hope is lost,
He'll prescribe me anything,
No matter the cost.
Up for three hours,
Sleeping for ten,
At least I can still put paper to pen.

Amisulpride days,
All hope is lost,
He'll prescribe me anything,
Regardless of cost.

H.J. Shreeve

Caged... Like A Three Legged Pig.

Do not seek refuge in the places that I do,
Such places would do you no good.
This is all around me, It follows me there.
I am told it is not necessary to fear one's own kind,
Tell me, Do you?

Only animals, Broken in spirit,
Soil the place they eat and sleep,
I walk through your steel jungle,
I can not stand the stench of your filth,
The same filth that tars my lung, stains my teeth.

Do you feel free?
Do you feel like a once proud beast,
One tied, Drugged and placed in captivity.
You sleep in your own excrement.

I walk aimlessly, unburdened by map,
I walk amongst all this I can not escape.
I capture it on film,
Each morning, trying to seek beauty in this cage,

Still, It keeps me awake,
The spoken words, The sound of machines, The hum of neon - Like a thousand
flies swarming around all this decay.
For me, No escape.

Do not seek refuge in the places I do, Such places would do you no good.

H.J. Shreeve

Despair

Despair,
A hole dug deep,
By bloody fingernails,
Dug deep,
By the strongest of men.

Many hands have scaled,
Her endless, dirty walls.
I bite my fingers in anticipation,
I taste nothing but mud,
My poor, cracked fingernails.

Look up,
You no longer see,
Blinding light at her entrance,
Your retinas are pale,
From months in the dark.
Keep biting those nails,
You might get them clean.

H.J. Shreeve

Don'T Think Too Much Into This Poem

I wreak of desperate masturbation,
Two days consoling myself,
Trying to find happiness,
In this mundane place,
Dreaming of being warm,
Dreaming of being wet,
Between your extraordinary thighs.
For I was there in gethsemone,
When they took the Nazarene.
He did not kick,
He did not weep,
He rolled over,
Like a spaniel when kicked.
As will I on your return.
Two days of desperation,
Weeping like a lost child,
There's no one to feed me,
No one to help me dress.
When you come home
Don't depend on me,
I don't depend on me,
I am the lost child
Hungry, cold and alone.

H.J. Shreeve

Hey, Cruel World

Hey, cruel world.
Leave me alone.
I'm tired and I'm broke.
A bitter old man,
25 years on and im still here,
A blob of blood on a ball of dirt.

When will the madness end?
When the bombs go off?
When your religions die?
When I conform to your every need?
I'm still tired and broke world!
Leave me alone...

Stop knocking at my door,
There is nothing left to save,
If god was alive,
Then he died this way,
Choking on his discontent,
Most likely.

Hey cruel world,
You tied me to the wicker chair,
dressed me in lace and painted my nails.
I can't smile pretty for you no more!

Your demands are insane,
I can't keep up,
How many do I have to buy?
Throw in some knives and you got a deal, world.

I can't have sex no more,
I know your just outside my window, it puts me off.
Will you spread your legs for me, world? ? ?
If I buy a that new car?
If I keep my self clean?
If I buy a little house in a neat little street?

Hey, cruel world.

Don't bother me!
Leave me alone,
I'm still broke and tired.
A blob of blood on a wicker chair,
A neat little house, spreading her legs.
A bitter old man choking on his discontent.
Most likely.

H.J. Shreeve

Home

It always rains in my hometown,
The clouds are kind enough to wash what they can away

The town cut out my tongue,
It grew back sharper and quicker than the one they stole.

I walk by the river,
Still black from the ones it took,
When my thoughts fall upon a deaf ear,
I begin to whisper.
This is my home.

I care little for your Tupperware regime,
I care little for your barbecue tyranny,
One should always give way to real men.

Home, is where the heart is.

The fruit, plentiful,
It decays in the street,
By the grocer, by the police station,
By the school that keeps 'em comin'.

A species of their own, that Ritalin race.

At noon the fog lifts,
At two it sets again,
I do breakfast at four,
It is the most important meal of the day.

H.J. Shreeve

Idle In June

She dares not let the world hear her speak,
She's getting thin and looking meek,
A grey hair is splitting in her widows peak
She lays idle in the month of June.

Her hands are cracked and stained from mud,
although she bathes in lathered suds
There's a little of me inside her blood
She lays idle in the month of June

She carries child at her old age,
She's stuck inside her fleshy cage,
Her father birthed her insidious rage
She lays idle in the month of June.

They locked her in a cell up high,
The crime of seeking suicide
Some women they are born only to die,
She lays idle in the month of June.

One day, I know, I'll see her soon,
How I loathe the month of June,
We'll met again come the next new moon,
I won't forget her, idle in the month of June.

H.J. Shreeve

I'M A Cool, Cool Cat

I am a codeine dream
School girl sex gallery
Man and beast entwined
A finger short of a hand
The madness of painted lines
A vegetarian at the barbie
The dope fiend of pleasantville
The worm in your bowel
The soft centre of your cookie
Your unread text message.
I am what I am
The bi sexual orgies
The image you protect
The monster under your bed.
I am cheap Chinese furniture
Your deepest darkest hour
I am a product of poor environment
The product of bad parenting
The one she should of swallowed

It's a cruel, cruel world
I'm a cool, cool cat

H.J. Shreeve

My Dear Child

You were a product of poor environment.
You were given no chance,
You were given no hope,
Destined to be held captive,
In a prison of flesh and bone.

Children should play,
Children should laugh,
Children should explore new worlds,
You only knew of pain,
You only knew illness,
You only knew of despair.

No child should be as you.
No child is a machine.
I now look upon man in disgust,
For making you this way.

You were never kept by breast,
You were fed by machines,
Machines that kept you.
Once I saw you smile,
I know you knew of love,
My father kept you nourished,
My mother dressed you well.

I knew little of suffering,
I knew little of misery,
I knew nothing until I met you.
A child who couldn't speak,
who couldn't walk,
who couldn't read,
Taught me new worlds and possibilities.

Your final days, I couldn't watch,
I couldn't bend at knee,
I waited for the phone call,
To hear that you were free,
My dear child,

You were a product of poor enviroment,
You gave me a chance,
You gave me hope,
You have set me free!

H.J. Shreeve

'On Longing'

feel my longing,
dripping from each pores,
tight black,
makes skin so crisp and white,
beckon me to bite, taste, drown
My sea of sorrow touches no shore
pale, soft blonde hair,
no longer offends me
I have yearned for you,
Since I first smelt your sweet scent,
I forget you are merely a child,
I am a tortured old dog,
You are my cage.

H.J. Shreeve

'On Misery'

I find comfort in my misery,
Like the dog that refuses to sleep in it's box,
Despite the crunch of frost,
Despite the chill that licks it's face.

A connoisseur of sorrows,
I befriend the sick, the dying, the disturbed,
In the frost, I shiver in silent rage,

I am reminded of yesterday,
the scent of you exhausted the air around me,
It's not only the chill numbs my face.

As the sun rises,
the dog rises,
another night well spent,
I climb into my box,
Now I can sleep...

H.J. Shreeve

'On Modern Woman'

Smile, take a pretty picture,
Be the best woman you can be.

Paint your nails a scarlet red,
Stain your hair a pale blonde,
Be the best woman you can be.

Perk up those breasts,
Put razor to flesh,
Then Scrape off those old skin cells
Breed, woman, breed!
But don't you get stretch marks.
Be the best woman you can be.

Tear the hair from your vulva,
Be the first to church,
When in doubt, smile.
Steam your hair and bleach your teeth,
Don't neglect your husbands needs,
Be the best woman you can be.

Woman, did you read it in a magazine?
You're a void I can not fill.
Don't ever wrinkle.
You don't have to like it, it's gucci.
Snort this line, eat my words.
Don't neglect your petty needs.
Be the best woman that you can be.

H.J. Shreeve

'On Suffering'

My suffering,
A sea that laps no shore.
Three years stranded,
Stranded at sea.
I see no land,
I am a wanderer,
Dazed,
Lost,
Confused.
My little sea raft,
All that separates my body,
From sharks,
Teeth
Eyes black
Hunger for flesh.
A hunger I once new

H.J. Shreeve

So Petty, The Concerns Of Man

So petty, the concerns of man
That I would bore out my ears
For but a brief silence
Gouge my eyes,
With glowing iron
In defiance
Of your brighter tomorrow.

The fruit has grown bland,
full of pips and rot.
Once warm, sweet milk
Now Curdles in mouth
I no longer find pleasure in taste

So empty, The talk of man,
That I would tear out my tongue,
To be excused from reply,
Savoring my speechless silence
Sever my nose,
And become your scentless apprentice.

Here, I am among no one.
Here, I am a wanderer, dazed, lost

H.J. Shreeve

The State Of I (Incomplete)

There are parts of me of which I am repulsed.
Shadows that linger, at full sun, whispers of gods false.
This body of mine, a prison,
a chamber of sharp wire,
enclosed I am, reaching for light,
I am burnt from its fire.
I Search the walls in this vast space,
I await feeding time, though I've lost all taste,
Idunna's apples are always ripened,
though as I bite them they do expire,
one must ask why I eat at all?
for the days are lonely, this longing my downfall.
It would be best if I let myself go,
but no man knows what lies beyond those shadows.

H.J. Shreeve

You Grind Your Teeth When You Sleep

You grind your teeth when sleeping.
Not that it bothers me, but yet I wonder.
Are you angry with me?
Was it something I said?
I am a man easily misunderstood.
Are you dreaming of another man?
Caressing your loins,
kissing your breasts,
I remember how much you used to like that.
Is it your mothers drinking?
Her self destructive ways?
The new husband who hits her?
Something so insignificant has captured my train of thought.
You grind your teeth when you're sleeping,
It bothers me.

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