

Poetry Series

Heather FlowersForhan
- poems -

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Heather FlowersForhan(6/19/1978)

Aurora

The joker's fury
couldn't be contained
by a quiet movie theater.

They came to be entertained,
But were murdered or maimed instead
After being gassed like civil rights protestors,
The calm ripped away by smoke and gunfire.

Hollywood feigns shock
At this coward's final act,
Denying their industry
Leads to fantasies that kill.

The dark knight has yet to rise
In a city plagued with bedlam,
Far from Gotham
In the beyond of Batman

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Autumn Epistles

makes old men of trees:
fragile, hollow and bald
the scent of their swagger
brisk in the air
while their skeletal, twisted limbs
await breathless and expectant
foliage peaks

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Chaos

Spiralling like DNA,
the infinite universe
spills coincidences upon humanity

ancient stargazers
craved constant contact, an order
among disorganized governments
that were puerile compared to the no-limit
spaceships that visited them,
and learned to map the sky
for something to rely on.

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Epistles

Turned
like a fist
closed to the fingers,
I waited and watched
with increasing anxiety
on the examination table.

It seems
that my dis-ease has returned
like a habit
broken long ago
by the threat of ill health.

The door opened
to the white coat PHD
who was sought out
to translate my x-rays.

'Well....'
he began, and I knew right then,
could see the grimness of the news
through his professional demeanor.

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Geisha

a kimono and a painted face,
delicate hands pouring tea and sake
with a draping sleeve, this
is what turns men on.

Hair pulled up,
a black complex bun
to show a white glimpse of neck
and a delicate fruit cake
given in a ribboned box
to denote ripe virginity

Nothing lacks fascination
with one in the room:
she plucks an instrument,
or laughs musically

A quick disturbance,
a rustling of silks,
and she lays down,
her body has been bought and sold:
now it is time to awaken sexuality,
unchained

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Litter

she birthed them, and now must nourish them
five mouths that mew their tiny hungers
ten eyes, ten ears and twenty paws
each tearing at her teats painfully
until the milk flows, at last.

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Poetry

is a drug
the pushers are made of paper
and veins are opened
when pen is brought to its breaking point,
committed to the fix.

We mainline words,
Snort metaphors,
Freebase similes
And dropp alliteration
As if the world depended on our habit.

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Smoke

thick, acrid, and psychedelic:
an emergence is felt,
butterflies tickling the brain
its pull magnetic
while under the influence.

The paper burns, the pipe smolders:
A deep, audible exhale
Pulls one down, drifting as in a dream

A rush creates paranoia and pandemonium,
Swirling tendrils blanketed in ash
Dazed and inebriated.

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