

Poetry Series

Jason Bradley
- poems -

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Jason Bradley(November 17,1994)

A Heretical Eulogy

Disparage, yet
'Lest we gain and forget
Repent! So studiously they preach
Instilled with fear and fervor their expletives, the sins of each

Souls deprecated like the iron stake
Of which they pledge their minds to take
Wherever could their eyes up-cast?
The disfigured writings of the past

Amidst cobbled stones of once was
The holy see not what the child does
Blasphemy! Cried they and threw a stone
Breaking many an aching bone

Taking then his young and broken form
Striking a tempestuous and fiery storm
To the ash, the heretic is devolved
Rejoice, through faith we are absolved

Jason Bradley

Anger

And sending ever a cold way,
Tempting martyr friend of none.
Helios' scepter fire burns,
In the hearts and eyes of Pratha's children.

And the ice wept,
Under infuriation's ember gaze.

Jason Bradley

Beautiful Flower Grimmed

Beautiful flower
Left dead and wilted
Gone within the hour
In my world, untilted

Bereft of the sun
Indifferent to my affection
Unreachable, I am undone
Passive-aggressive without reflection

I lie in this lie, shaded
Acquiesced in the light that's dimmed
In a stupor, I sit jaded
Enlightened, frightened, grimmed

Jason Bradley

Brown Eyes

One could Find her comparable
To first breaths on winter morning
 Scented autumn breezes
And brazen Sunlight warming your back

 One could find comfort
In the sound of her lovely voice
 Her soft, lingering embrace
Within her rich brown eyes

 One could feel sorrow
At the absence of those eyes
 Or hesitation of her touch
Or at her moments of silence

 One could find a lone fanatic
However, she will not

Jason Bradley

Double-Edged Name

Join me in my malcontent.
As love shows itself two-faced, double-edged.
Can we only hope for it's favor?
Kiss only in dreams, where reality is nothing.
In that reality will not permit it
Even as I burn from the cold I'm given.

Jason Bradley

Driven

Give in, She says.
Give in, She breathes.

Driven, She says,
Give in to me.

I can't finish the rhyme.
'Till it's the end of time.

Driven, She says.
Hold on to me.

And I'm lost in,
Her eyes again.

I think the pain will win,
And she's there again.

As you take a breath,
And you see your death.

You can shut your eyes,
Or be hypnotized.

Give in, She says.
Give in to me.

Jason Bradley

False Hope (Within Metaphors)

Breath out and back in
The Light will shine again

Hold on and don't let go
The dark is fading, oh so slow

It's time for reflection
Take heart and wait for dawn

Look towards the sky and mourn
Eternal night is born

Raised arms come back down
Smiles degrade to a frown

Weeping cuts through the gloom
At our imminent, obvious doom

Jason Bradley

History Repeats

Sardonic pleasure serves it's purpose,
giving way to a reign of fire.

Jason Bradley

Honesty

I stare at walls of silence
Though profoundly preferable to violence

I subscribe to the thoughts of others
Of pain, our sisters and brothers

However gallant the contrast, believe
In ones ability and want to deceive

However innate our peer's honesty
Expect this to operate in brevity

Jason Bradley

Lapsing

Lapse in judgement, Heart
It's my only hope, in part

You might one day forgive me
But there's no other way, you see

To lock you deep within
Is a mistake I'll never make again

As you came back, in retrospect
And in-candid as I am, I respect

Your blind-eye on my affections
I can't much hold in your elections

Never have I been considered
A winner, and it's absurd

To think there might be a way
After all, I wouldn't last a day

Diminutive as I am, I dream
Terrible things, and feel, it should seem

But this is all in digression
Continue, at your discretion

No thoughts for me, I'll return
To my hollow, unknown to burn

Jason Bradley

Left To Drown

Stay here, so I can breath
Love me while I seethe
And sink down below
No strength left to row

Hard to see
Your empathy
But I'm clouded
In my world that stays shrouded

It's mystery
Why beg for the life of me
I'm alone, and cold
No hands left to hold

I'm sick, I clasp my head in my hands
Lost in life's sinister strands
Web of lies, or love
What difference is there, crow or dove

Am I wandering down
To the bottom, left to drown
Riddle within
Quagmire? Fen?

No hearts cease to beat
In my time of defeat

Jason Bradley

Metaphorical Sun

In fiery brilliance
You easily blind me
In prismatic resilience
You break from a living sea

With enrapturing radiation
Breeding fire in my eyes
Mistress of divine evocation
Possessive of the ability to make rise

Emotion and avid desire
Playing with so much power
Controlling so much fire
With equal ability to devour

Jason Bradley

My Paramour

Pressing down the heart still brings
A perishing to clinch the means
And hold a place so close and dear
And paramount to evil here

My Paramour, my premature
In which the soul still lingers
To where my mind beleaguers
Still euphoria mingled within
Melancholy twixt the wind

As it sighs and holds against me
And fills this mouth with envy
That I could see that dream ensue
To witness the future true

And covet the years to come
With feral and unequaled zeal

Jason Bradley

My Romantic Expectation

Like a burning elation
When you walk into my eyes
It seared to expectation
But the sun inside dies

And I hold my breath
In hope that you notice
It could be my death
The greatest blindfold is bliss

Bad things happen to the good
Why don't I have the best
If everything lies as it should
My mind can be at rest

The months will destroy me
But you'll flourish and love
I'll be lost inside the sea
In a kingdom you will be of

Cherubim and light from above
I'll keep my place alone
Not knowing of the word love
The hope that I've kept is done

Bad things happen to good people
Then why are you not mine
If the good must take the evil
Ever keep from me a sign

Jason Bradley

Patronage To One So Fair

This soul I scry
With heartache to fill the sky
No wonder I'm dead inside
A hope and love suicide

I've done this before
And never have I seen the shore
Barely under the horizon
While my heart slowly begins to wizen

Anointed, every fiber piques
'Til one bears for nothing but seeks
Hungers for the sating of desire
Only to be found false, a liar

So I thought, in a dream
Dark in thought, seam to seam
Until fire danced and breathed life
And ended my burdening strife

With words to caress the air
In patronage to one so fair
In a prose, lost without care
Mad, once more, to even dare

Jason Bradley

Saint And Sinner

Forbidden, layed out before me, I
Watch and learn and try to lie

My eyes lost in twin moons
Hazel and cherubic, voice of divine tunes

Unable to think, with obsessive single desire
Thoughts set aflame in a passionate fire

From ten thousand miles, wishing for unity
Praying, begging for release from this contested gravity

Pulling on my heart as a finger to strings
Strings discordant, confused at the feelings it brings

Distraught and panicked in knowledge of the absence
The flickering that died, the emptiness since

Oblivious and wanted
With dire disire to be hunted

For sanity, and morality
Relate to me the meaning of actuality

Forces must be broken for this dream
These wishes that are frayed at the seam

What hope is there for a Sinner
Begging to be a Saint, without consent; and wither

Earnest, bleeding, wrong, and waiting
Exhausted from yearning, instantaneously fading

What mad hope could contradict
This, our relation so soon brought to verdict

As seasons draw in, love seems to abstract
Enough for us to someday contract?

No, love stays lost in a throe
This broken soul, shunned in limbo

I'm lost inside this sad prose
Save me, my thorn clad rose

I'm a Sinner, save me, Cherub
Saint, my paragon, sweet love; Paramour, my breath you rob

For what do I wait
In these hours so late

What keeps my dreams from me
Who liberates me from the sea

This water, swallowing and gluttonous
Terrible as your glare, so less dangerous

But woe is me, as I lift one last hand toward the light
But fall, again - no more escape from the night

What starts as a love poem to an Angel, so quant
Degenerates, as do we all- But my sweet, lovely Saint.

Jason Bradley

Serenade

Through ire, all of grace and eloquence
Beholden to none
Frigid, laced with fiery dissonance
Hopeful for passion

Lost, the Healer who watches from afar
Still burning with hope
Reaching for the star that keeps hearts ajar
Gives reason to cope

With which fire do you burn so brightly?
Most brilliant star
But what burns attracts a moth, unsightly
And leaves but a scar

Revived one could be by the bright embers
Through dissonance, true
Unwavering and loyal 'til cinders
Held by eyes of blue

Jason Bradley

Sun Drenched Sorrow

Sun drenched sorrow
Laying down before me
The sadness of tomorrow
Which I'll surely see

Sunlit Shadow, fade
With this night that I reject
Sorrowful Sky, grayed
Cries for Benedict

Sad, soft shade
Call me again
With the sounds that you made
Moments before the rain

Broken, stricken semblance
Where have you gone
Away without a glance
Minutes before dawn

Jason Bradley

The Edge

Dim days
Heart strays
Vision turns gray
A mind in disarray

In the weak and old
Battered, cold
Cowers in fright
To come in Winter's night

As does it all
In the Thrall
Of emptiness
Will you cherish this?

As it drops on the eve
To drive you to thief
Here comes again
On the wind, a sin

Left in the fall
A dream or a call
Hours of fright
To come in Winter's night

The Edge raised, keening
'Till the heart stops beating
Came the sounds that you hear
The wind and the fear

The black unfolding
Tight you were holding
The Edge at your side
As the wind outside cried

And it spoke of your crime
In a torturous rhyme
With a scream much to silent
And a hand much to violent

Sanguine and white walls
The infinite halls
You try for the light
At an impossible height

The release now eludes you
Feeling so untrue
The cold will take
Your life, your ache

The light fades
In dispirited shades
As the Edge found asylum
And gave your cherubim

With the Edge raised, keening
'Till the heart stops beating
Came the sounds that your hear
The wind and the fear

Jason Bradley

'The End' Haiku

I guess it's hopeless
What else could I be but so
Time to end this game

Jason Bradley

Walls

Create your devastation
Say your goodbye's
Hammer the distinctions
There's a reason she cries

It's the money
And desire
You're a phoney
She's a liar

Send them raining
On us like fire
See them shaming
Themselves to get higher

You can run
You could try
It's begun
Stop and sigh

As they wake themselves
See them hate it all
As they wake the hells
Hidden by the walls

Jason Bradley

White Dwarf

Odd, that, such hope
Had I no mind of my own?
What worldly thing could help me cope
How madly I did hope to not be alone

Alone is all I've ever been
somewhat detached from the crowd
Unwelcome, enamored, and with hate within
Only feeling love when I am allowed

But uplifted, you made me
And filled with said hope, pale
I was unable to see
My destiny is always to fail

Jason Bradley