

Poetry Series

**Jay Spence**  
**- poems -**

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# Jay Spence(26-06-1988)

# Borderline

Stab me [once again]  
With cherry-lipped syringes  
Inject emotion designed  
To disguise the opiates  
The curls of your blonde hair  
Are knotted and stuck  
In my throat  
But you wouldn't  
Shut up to save my life

Push me backwards  
Just beyond your limits  
I have no taste for my own

Rewind these brown eyes  
Strip the paint of mere pennies  
And plant another flower  
For all the injustices of the world

Mute, cold bitterness  
In bright, bold colors  
Unzip the denim of raw truth  
Button down words weaved  
Between strands of cotton  
You're topped off with  
Snow white intoxication  
And I'm heavy with a lust  
That cauterizes my spine

I bite down  
On the softness of your skin  
I still recall the rhythm  
Of your oceans  
I miss lying beneath the moon  
With your hand in mine  
But I know better now

Today you taste of copper  
Today you taste of shattered dreams

And broken hearts

Jay Spence

# Cherry Lollipops And Cheap Horror Flicks

A Collection:

Throw me down your rope  
Tomorrow will never come  
My flesh wounds are rotting  
They will never see the sun  
Immaculate conception  
Never was the case  
And what you cannot have  
You always want to break

-xxx

Shivering skin and twisted lips  
I cannot stand your good night kiss  
Just turn away and leave me  
Scraping nails on metal crosses  
Strike a match to cut your losses  
Keep silent now and grieve me

-xxx

Madness!  
Lovers raining in my head  
Leaving puddles in my bed  
Laughing softly as you said  
'Nothing is worth  
Such sweet suffering'

Jay Spence

# Fields Of Enlightenment

Desolation

Endless miles of air  
Compact and suffocating  
With invisible beings  
Of light or illusion

An electric kiss;  
Heavy breathing  
On my sweat-soaked neck  
A blissful burning sensation

Fire!  
Inside, between  
Atoms yearning to reach another  
In a deadly combination  
But it was the only time we ever fought

The water is soothing here  
Souls healing like pagan potions  
They can fly, you know  
Weighing heavily in guilt  
And light in truth

I contemplated once  
The value of a word  
Honesty? In its absence  
Always selfish  
Lies are no more real than dreams

Desire  
Alas!  
Even I have felt the cold touch  
Of a dead lover  
Just the same  
Do you not consume flesh?

Where is morality?  
Or better, what?  
Society is only half of life

And the other?

I am reminded  
Somehow of the snow  
Purity in all of its bitterness  
Snapping hungry jaws  
At tender scars, pink  
The beauty of it all  
Is not in her innocence  
But in fact, her pain  
Meaningless  
Bricks fallen in dirt

You claim knowledge  
Of spirit, of divinity  
Feelings, you say  
And answered prayers

It's all self-induced  
Comfort or poison  
Depending on your  
Point of view

My faith is like yours  
Based on ignorance  
My philosophy unlike  
Any eye I've touched

Precious metals  
In all states of  
Radioactive decay  
Jewels sparkling  
In a hundred  
Shades of gray

I search desperately  
For eyes of such value  
With shimmering beauty  
And blind seeing faith  
And honest morality  
And time-shattering  
Asphyxiations of passion

I wondered once  
If such a thing could exist  
In more than my  
Ancestral pagan lore

I am resigned to fate  
Bound rather, by limitations  
Walls of doubt  
And shrouded in a mist  
Of uncertainty  
No longer do I fight  
For a made up freedom  
In far-away lands  
Or sit alone  
Locked in artificial memories

Instead I drag my feet  
On concrete  
Heated by the summer sun  
The realization of reality  
Is the most painful part  
Because the only thing one can do  
Is walk on.

Jay Spence

# Morning

Angels sang to me today.  
Their voices carried in  
From a garden to the east.  
Sweet hymns filled my senses  
Tasting of fine chocolate  
Silk, dancing over my skin  
They were beautiful  
With strong, soft features  
Clothed in strands of sunlight  
But the sound!  
It was like none I have heard  
A cool water touched my soul  
And soothed the ache inside.  
Or perhaps I was simply drowning.

With a breath of air  
I returned to Silence.  
Lying in my familiar hole,  
My eyes lifted to the harsh  
Glitter of snow  
And in that exact moment  
A breath grazed my ear  
Whispering the most  
Beautiful song

And I moved with a smile.

Jay Spence

# Mother Moon

With the heart of a holocaust  
It's no wonder my pale skin  
Is black and swollen with truth.  
Open wounded scars revel  
In their shine, reminding me  
Of the narcissistic infant inside.

He's the liquid cocaine burning  
Through her veins & he's beautiful.  
You can see the darkness in his eyes,  
Endless oceans of suffocating starlight  
[Still in motion]  
His brother, bright Orion,  
the climax of ignorance.

Every fiber of my being clings to the  
Reflecting moonlight. But she's cold,  
Detached, & evading my frozen fingertips.  
Even the sun is just a page  
In her Book of Illiteracy. I can be  
Nothing more than the shadow of her mistakes.

Thus I lie in the dust of a never-ending fairytale  
Next to me, the fading image of daybreak.

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# Void

Typical day:

67 degrees, light rain  
The dulllest shade of  
Watered down gray  
Paints skies in a cloud

Every smile I see,  
Worn out from years of stasis  
Makes me sick to my stomach

Today  
There is no breath-stealing pain  
No unnecessary tears  
Or the harsh words that cause them  
I can't find a cause for anger  
Nor do I wallow in self-pity

Today  
I am not vomiting  
The bitter knowledge of life  
Nor am I screaming  
For salvation from myself

I feel only the itch  
Of permanence  
In a body that will soon fade  
But it bothers me less  
With each unpassing minute

The soft coldness  
Of wet ground  
Seems to soothe some  
Unknown ache

In nature's blatant lecture  
The world moves oblivious  
In a way I am unable to comprehend  
She cries softly, endlessly

Today is forever  
And this is the end of the world  
For today is empty.

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