

Poetry Series

Jesse Russell
- poems -

Publication Date:
2007

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Jesse Russell(4/28/90)

livin' life,
livin' fuckin' life
thats all.

its all a melted plastic mess

this blogspot has a lot more to show:

<i>

0-96

Two ATVs
Ridden like straddled horses
On straight roads,
And dancers
Around turns

Shoulders
Lifting up
Lightly
And laying down
Lightly.

Jesse Russell

0-99

Mr, you with that small cigar
You have infatuated me with your scene
Big band music
Air nipping my neck every so often
Warm coffee taste in my mouth
Clarinets and saxophones
Swing me into your carelessness
Breathing through that cigar
With arctic eyes

Jesse Russell

1

call me
if you want to see
the real thing

afterglow
lone
ly red punchline

a deep knee
into the abdomen

beautiful tripe.

Jesse Russell

16 (For My Father)

he was telling me today
how you'd sit
facing the street
every orange morning.
in your yellow chair
with white hair
and white cup
of black coffee.

elbows on your knees
hands folded,
your coal fingers
holding a single cigarette.

one long drag...
and you'd let the fire burn
itself out
to the skin

staring into smoldering space

Jesse Russell

19

tiptoed
between camouflaged
barracks
and construction pines.
found the edge
and took
the last leap of
faith freedom.

proud blue water
lonely
slowing sky
thousand feet up
bird's feet
facing the sun.
feathers
on black fire

we die-ve together
in pinpoint tornado.
when i think
of birds i melt
together

so diving
living
with a liquid
spirit
i landed like a thousand
gleaming drops
of selfless fresh
water.

Jesse Russell

2

truthfully
there is absolutely;
beautiful'ly
around
this

assimilation:
everything-you
will i be
of

Jesse Russell

After You Breathe For Me A Time Or Two

I recognize that I am not the first
Human Being
To feel the Human Being

And to suffer the Human beating
to reserve the Human beating
(for someone else's Human beating)
to raise the Human beating
to fall to the Human beating

And to walk with Humans beating,

Surrounding my heart

Jesse Russell

Dirt And Playdough

in the dim light legs crossed reading
the dim but proud? has yet to shine
will? ever

you answer that question you
take it to the waterhole covered in rust and vegetation
crucified saints rallied up facing the fleshy runway.
all we have here are our faucets and our fathers
to quench parched dreams of figures though-
in palms that will probably
 never share the blood burn and splinters

taking that log out of your eye has never-
been easy for you bandwagon-america
never ever
however
 forever
this is a love letter-

Jesse Russell

Industrial Skylife

crows
long and slender
pencil thin
fly over my rooftop
and unfold again.

as they dive
remaining entwined,
their wings
brush the early branches
of spring.

mountains of pink smoke
above peppered black murder
give this mourning
a terminating glow.

Jesse Russell

Lord Mary

the child in pink
that was eating Cheerios,
just reached
around her mother.
and brushed for a second
the blonde hair
resembling her own.
and with uncurled fingers
and eyes,
a crooked smile,
and my(eyes)
i saw her point to Mary
and the star of the sea.

i shifted my focus
then, to my black foot
pivoting
on the winterish floor
grinding salt into salt.
somebody told me we had to leave.
so we stood up, and left

Jesse Russell

To Paint Your Face

give me a list of the paints that i need
to paint your face
but not with fragile colors
but not with delicate colors

give me a list of the paints that i need
to paint the motherfucking world,
to paint that old personality
give me a list of that paints that i need
to tear out my heart
to tear out my god again

just give me a vacation
and i'll find my grace.

Jesse Russell

With Valour

You've put hair on my chest.
Through surgery no doubt,
but nevertheless;
What a distraction
from shadows replacing ghosts:
Bladeless black, with white
and rust.
It's a beautiful damage.
What a picnic-life
I have unfolded
from your origami heart.

Jesse Russell

Written By Two People With

little clinking blocks of charcoal
for toes
and bigger shaded ones
for feet

spindles of a table
for ankles
and paint chipped bocce balls
for knees

baseball clubs
for legs
and a shifting box of cigars
for hips

rotten tree trunks
for spines
a pile of hunched burning brush
for ribs

rusty transmissions
for hearts
and a extra lukewarm companion
to enjoy stops along the way

sunset warms us
and we sit back and watch it happen

in an open car
one of us becomes fate
as the other epiphanizes reality.

as it (you know) dances
on either of our branches

we face the world and change.

Jesse Russell