

Poetry Series

Joey Wade
- poems -

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Joey Wade(8th March)

A Memory

Trapped in a land of shadows,
rise the incessant tides rushing into coves of sanctity,
thrashing in wild fury, destruct now the present,
a thousand veiled disguises, remembrances of sorrow and poignance,
stand strong oh seeker, life goes on with thin paper smiles and innocent sorrows,

rain arrows on my bleeding heart, give me melancholy to write symphonies from,

Why have you laid your heart bare..?
Hide behind the mountains open stare,
weep in tender agony, embrace sorrow as thine own mortal,
hold thine hands and cover thy heart,
let the rain fall and feel not sorrow,
rise and depart alongside shadows...!

Joey Wade

A Search Into Futility

I search everyday for you in the consciousness of my being,
it ends up short in the hollow steeped into my embrace,
in the emptiness dwelling deep inside me...
I search to cool the stinging flames dying embers,
brief though our acquaintance be,
how I lost you is still an eternal mystery....

Strangers briefly embraced in life's undying chambers,
driven apart by their own inner choices,
I sought you everyday, words failed at the sight of thee,
the reason i could not speak was often your vision within me,
filling me with shame at my mediocrity,
you would not be happy with me taunted all my broken dreams,
I believed those jaded dreams, for I always looked when you did not see....
Constant trespasses into the boundary beyond my insecurity,
you were a daydream and tats what everybody convinced me to be,
Longing with enchanted magic, separated by a crushed inner rhetoric

I've seen your smile, your laugh and your silent dreams,
though i looked from afar, and averted my eyes in close distance,
it was because i trembled in sinister density... your perfection brought nerve
symptoms,
with incoherence and jumbled verbs that served a sentence.
It did hurt rather strangely to see you with a guy other than me,
but maybe he deserved you more than me...
For all i've got are dreams, dreams and dreams baby... And then we departed,
as strangers from the day we met, a meeting of cold distance.

I remember rather vividly in the vault of my cherished memories,
i was in the shackles of a former life of inner tension,
and suddenly in the midst of all those strangers whose faces matched their
status,
right there in the midst of chennai central, I saw you after eternal oblivion,
that moment suspends before in an easel of mental sketches,
a moment for all of history, when a prodigal memory returned to its axis,
there in that sinful capture, I saw all that mattered,
a flash of crimson whoozing through all of my tension,
a burst of innocence flocked my upper comprehension,
stumbled again did I into reckless infinite power,

rising out of the shackles and their sadness.

A brief moment did our eyes connect, a vibration at my inmost recess,
a moment fraught with significance, I wasted it with my incoherence,
there was something in your eyes that begged for a fleeting moment a glimmer,
it was extinguished with gusto in light of present innuendo,
I lost you for the second time that day, a loss that has stretched into a unfilled
shed empty of hay,
A thousand maybe's have since sold me their propaganda,
I engage in them to grieve in cold logic our eternal separation,
for in a sea of stolen memories, you were once a brook flowing into my
unsuspecting canaan

Joey Wade

An Unexpected Ray Of Sunshine

What is this calm enthusiasm flowing before me,
this sunshine of the soul, that shines on my darkness,
eroding the thunderstorm into a warm sunshine,
The funky drops that enthrall and weave me out of my fink,
a silver lining on a warm sky of yellow and pink,
fresh like rainfall on a thirsty windowpane,
a starry plunge into a atmosphere of infinite promises,
an interest that stalks in ease the anticipation
of things beyond the common sense,
I sleep with eyes open, no longer defined by a dot,
a rush into a highway formerly grim,
think i've finally found some hope for tonight!

Joey Wade

Day

(Passage)

Where does the day disappear..? Down into the rabbit hole and far out of sight,
hidden beneath hairy heads and dusty calendars, remembered best for their
sunny summers and
Felt in warm brown eyes rushing all the way through the eternal highways of the
heart,
Divide a day into your soul, for none can grasp its fading notes,
inscribe them in the temples of your hearts, treasure its blooming roses and its
colorful visions,
Knock not into a day with brood and mood,
James dean screams with a bright gleam, "Dream as if you'll live forever, live as
if you'll die today."
A day possesses its vicissitudes and magnitudes,
Learn of its beautitudes, always bow back in zen like gratitude,
Life pollinates the wake of dawn, flesh and skin,
serenade not the miser with scorn,
nor the tramp with haught,
Days open glimpses into dawn, live amongst the subterranean devils,
dance along the urbanian manacles,
Open your eyes into the present moment, drive with the windows rolled open,
rhyme a maniacal melody, laugh like you were crying,
love like it was the first time, speak of heroes, rebels and revolutionaries,
dont you see the tiny string needling together an umbilical cord binding all
humanity..?
Tiny candles stretching all the way to the andromeda galaxy, fizzling out every
now and then,
reignited with the birth of the impenetrable stars

(Celebration stanzas)

wake up with your coffees, run off those invisible calories,
pray for good days, Look upto the heavens in search of abundance,
Let the day bless your soul, bow in front of the altar and worship the almighty,
Walk the bridges of day with calm sentiment,
speak in abstract your urges, trouble your heart with unfinished fragments,
Dream, dream of people who have forgotten your presence,
avenge them in imaginary sequence,
Madness it is all madness scribbles a petty drunk with dried charcoal and ash,
Repent or face the flames of Hell warns the pastor,
Transform your longings into women with raven tresses and sultry appearaces,

Does the day have a name...? Why are you never the same...?
Why are you always the same..?

(Praise)

Oh dear day, enter my prison with your quanta,
trickle in dots, fill me with sweet thoughts,
Oh dear day, who gave thee thy vivid decorations...?
burnt thee in furnaces gorgin through raw chemicals,
and filled thy form with elemental natures..? Shifted thy silhouettes and drew
your curtains...?
Avant garde realms of the unconscious,
projecting forth metaphysical mosaics and non-existent amorousness,
Dawn welcomes what the noon eclipses, realms of the known and the unknown
live amidst one another,
bring back memories of raja ram mohan roy and confucius.

(Voices)

You write really crappy poetry..!
You know what your problem is...? i'm sorry what one of your problems is...?
You are hardly ever here..!
I dont think I can do this..!
Why dont you ever look at me...?
Is this how I want to be remembered..?
Why cant I enjoy a moment's peace anymore...?
What am I gonna do now...?
Where will I stay...?
When will he ever change...?
I cant believe she did tat...!
My life is ruined..!
Its over..!
What are you gonna do with your life...?
Why doesn't anybody ever understand me...?
If only..
I dont think I can ever forgive you again..!
He thinks he knows everything...
How dare he...
Its my dream... not yours
Whats wrong with them..?
Why doesn't anybody ever listen to me...?
Why do they hate him so much...?
Can they even see me..?
Hello..? ? I am here too you know..!

Everybody else seems so confident...
Just dont let them know... please GOD dont let them see me like this
I know they dont really like me... I will never let them know that I know...
Such a perfect day....
Can't they show a little respect...?
Time to show them who's boss..!
How does he even do that...?
Someone... anyone...? ? ? ?
No one sees my tears..!
We are all the same aren't we...?
Aw.... crap...! ! !

(Finne')

Can a day be but rotation of circles in the sky..?
I think in delight often with piano and other members of orchestra,
that a day is but a divine symphony played ingeniously with tender touches
affecting all of humanity..!

Joey Wade

Not Again!

Ah, i've learned it, in vain comteptuous rise,
when pursuing a vocation in another's valued intentions,
their attempts mirror my own intentions, I utter in glutton like tension,
I will do so in similar fashion, in vain absorption,
I perform in nervous association, but the end draws in mere seconds,
I find myself once again in the very beginning!

Joey Wade

Opaque Smiles

Tethered to senses captive in an indecent hue,
Fearful of standing alone in crowded blues,
watch women parading in designer boots,
Mascara, lip gloss and caffeine stains,
Dazzle now in a riot of plain butter glue,
shutter flash as primeval blades,
there is an audience for every autograph toss,
Lose the tear in the mirror,
Smile like a million, frolick among silver screens,
pour gasoline on the masses,
We, they us! who?
Smile now, Let us sleep to ur fornications,
rays of spunk, awash in tremors of greed,
A lil girl unaware steps in front of a mirror,
staring into desires and dreams,
the descent schedules its ascent,
A windmill slowly turns, her mind is no longer her own.

Joey Wade

The Shadow

A spot tender on a floor, gentle imprints of a flower upright to the flow,
dimensions stellar and invisible to a busy eye,
solitary and resplendent in sketches of gray,
trapped in excitement of a buddha meditation,
the surface lingered on an earthly convention,
hovering as though possessed of galactic gravitation,
I know you will dismiss it as pure imagination!

Joey Wade

The Unresolved

An inner grip heeds the uncertainty of the horizon,
Forceful questions linger deep, unresolved and pregnant,
rise up as spirits, dead before justice,
floods of inhibition surround the island of creation,
He is cut off from all of mankind, lost in lonely intentions
forever seeking social dimensions!

Two mistresses fight ever so in rapturous delight,
one reminding me of my gloom and the other of sheer delight,
I serve each with blind devotion, one reminds me of scars and subtle trembles,
the other of my strength and might!
Nourishing a lonely soul, insignificant in a vast plot!

Who am I?
the shadow invisible in another's eyes? or
the defiant rebel rising to destiny's sighs?
the enigma or the symbol?

The mystery thickens with people'faces,
words fail and feelings thicken,
their sighs, their absorbing smiles, their success and their pathological desires,
stolen secrets from the past, presented in original conscious designs,
why am I here? I shout

Joey Wade

Trees

What is a Tree? can it be but a.

A leaning figment or stellar apparition alight with whispers,
or a stem leading to a veil of skeletal veins, or better yet
a seed, of enigmatic harmony, of a secret ceremony of the faithful earth and the
wandering sun,
a saga of leafy shutters dwindling in a summer breeze, provocative and serene,
a staircase of curves and humps along a highway of wood and bark,
auras, dreams and meditative feels,
Richer than stale greens, wiser than ubiquitous beards,
happy as the birds melodic cheeps, lonely as me,
but so strong you seem, beneath the unseen tears and maskless guises,
A shrine sheltering lost souls and wanderers,
Compassionate healers of broken flowers and loose threads,
Relics of silence and infinitude, open air strings playing symphonies of an
invisible breeze,
Humble knights receding to the monstrous concrete,
cast their crowns in a pool beneath their feet,
A symbol linking all of humanity, breathing its breath for the gifted moment
and also to those who have passed on into another dream with eyes dead to this
world but open beyond,
soft shadows of a divine window screen, perch do the angelic sparrows chanting
their ever bubbling glee,
you fill my insides with fire, you quench the hunger of a lonely soul,
Deep within your embrace have I found a part of me,
veiled in skin and bones, oblivious of the world of crowds and its indulgent
derision!

Joey Wade

Urbania

Traffic screaming in a packed street, Children dancing in manias intoxicant
A wanderer walks with big eyes in an invisible land, Smell the garbage of your
hearts you busy men,
See the poor mud huts with thatched roofs that lie in the shadow of the grand
hotels of the rich,
Weep for their sorrows, narrow your angry glances with accusations of greed and
murder to their 8 inch floors,
Run, run to the glamorous theatres, forget, forget the pain and misery,
the world chooses its tenants, worships fearsome idols with sounds of metal
clinking in a temple street,
Bow, bow to the invisible up above, fight, fight your middle class neuroses,
Stare wide eyed at damsels wearing knee high jeans, retreat, retreat to your
cave beneath ur sheets,
Grind your teeth to the sight of a policeman stopping to fill his greed,
Hide, hide your anxious ponderings, laugh, laugh with maddening imbalance,
Mock with defiance the probabilities of romance,
darken your thoughts with lustful desires,
Leave no stone unturned, hurt for all the tricks played on your heart,
Drink to forget the one person who could've changed it all,
Lose, lose your integrity in all the fancies and wishes that money seems to
conjure from a world of insects and noise,
Rebel, rebel against mothers and fathers and their latent fears,
Speak, speak against the steel bars that they trap your youthful dreams,
weep, weep behind closed doors at the unfairness of it all,
Blare, blare the ghanas and the ragas of village poets,
walk near statues of souls lost in a desolate park,
Divide, divide your senses to puppet strings held in wide empty spaces,
Battle temptations of a generation divided unto itself,
dream, dream of the Louvre in romantic distant paris,
Soak your repressions in gin and vodhka,
babble tales of grandeur and righteousness, slump onto a pavement dirtied by
outsourced sandals and cry at the agony of it all,
Cry that everyone else is always someplace else when you need them the most,
Go back to your home, recognize the monster raising his hands against the only
one who stayed...??
Run back into the shadows, discuss vehicle crashes and the politics of
matriarchal anarchy,
Why do we forget the smiles of the very people who once hoisted us over their
shoulders...?

Remember the sun soaked days when a run in the streets barefooted, racing
child faced competitors in elastic shorts was enough..?
Remember the suspenseful voyages of ages past...?
Dream, dream of the princess in perfection that will make everything disappear
in matrimonial glory..! Accuse, accuse foes in masks conditioned by the culture
next state, walk in roads of bright glares and commercial wares Feel, feel the
abandon and the craze, feel nothing, feel anguish, feel jealous,
feel hostile, feel frightened by the beggars and their crazed stares,
preach doctrines of freedom and western imagination,
forget the pranic breath inherent deep in thy chest,
inhale smoke off tired old buses and their haughty conductors,
Fall into the pockets of the man next to you,
Act fantasies of rage in professional demeanor,
Imagine a land with no poverty, Imagine a world with no chastity,
See the moon abalze against the stars, sing tragic love songs beneath the skies,
Shoo a crow from your bike seat, gaze at people with no mind screen,
Dream of flats and that Lamborgini car, vrrrooming against the ordinary cars,
Insult in vernacular fashion the friend of his foolish passions,
Think, Think of yourself as special in your westside stripes,
flanked by edges knitted of a blue dark night, sport trendy shoes,
speak the language of sitcom insanity, laugh and speak in fashionable drama,
Run away to the security of education and money, smile condescendingly when it
comes to equality,
Cry for sympathy, look in the mirror as the tears dropp down a velvety cheek,
Speak of ages past, linger in sentences of shakespeare,
drown in quotes of Vivekananda, sport t-shirts of Guevara,
Live in a world of mass mania...

Joey Wade

Wilderness Within My Soul

Frenzy, prairies and an open screen,
endless with infinite possibilities,
I have not mortal greed and hypocrisy,
there is wildness here totally free,
free of judgment and weapons of deceit,
the trees glow with the sun's dying dreams,
animals wild and free, their voices do softly creep,
embracing the breeze with their symphonies,
Hunger, lust and reckless abandon in an animalistic scene,
Imagine a creek pulsating with ecstasy,
rushing with endless purpose into its scream,
the buzz of a bee and the scowl of an owl,
the prowling of a panther and majesty of them all,
free me from this mortal destruction, and diabolical greed,
unite in me my wilderness aflame in a distant unhurried dream....!

Joey Wade