

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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# I Did Be A Fool, If.....(I Am A Fool, If)

I did be a fool,  
if i applaud myself  
With a palm pat pleurably,  
At the back of myself  
but in sight  
with the Man in the Mirror  
Observe a  
Photoshopped me  
of character  
inferior,

YET I SMILE at me;  
AHHHHH!  
THEN  
i guess i am not myself.

When the same Metacarpals  
that was once spread wide  
noddingly,  
with much vigor  
tapping me,  
as Conga(drum) boys  
touchingly  
feeling the skin  
with hunger joy  
stops playing:  
suddenly;  
A prehensilic presence of hate  
like innumerable amount  
of cold steel  
sharply  
pointed  
at it's tip  
pierces my spirit, soul, and body  
jointed as three.

I did be a Fool,  
if i be the toy  
to be joked on, comically

and yet fail to be the tool  
to fix me up always, properly.  
I AM FOOL if i  
gainfully  
trade  
originality for pretence  
but sure as heaven and hell is  
i will be at loss with all regrets  
I AM A FOOL IF I AM NOT ME.

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# O Cumulonimbus

Set thou thy sail slow,  
paddle through the blue  
amongst't you glow  
open thine gullet  
and sip slow.  
End thy thirst  
drink, drink  
I say again drink  
fill thy belly  
till its bladder protrude;  
contract the detrusor  
and take a pee  
at thine surest time,  
A plea  
we make to thee  
not till we thirst  
no, not whence patched tongue  
wont revive.  
don't deign  
for we gave thee drink  
when thou didn't say thirst  
so repay our kind kindly  
yeah, piss us the content of thy belly  
we care less  
what be it  
for if to every blessing  
there be curses;  
then thy tinkle  
we take  
with no mercy.  
The humus is broken  
and seeded  
the autumn foliage wants  
to feel green  
the choirs of the sky  
wants to sing of  
joyous songs of rain.  
O CUMULONIMBUS

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