

Poetry Series

**Jordan Crider**  
**- poems -**

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# Jordan Crider()

jordan was born. he played guitar and wrote stuff. he hasnt died yet.

## 555's

i see a broken man on a crooked stick  
holding the hand of his wife thats sick  
reach for a half empty packet  
strike the match light the cigarette  
faint embers eat the tabbaco leaf  
smoke rises exhale the healing nicotine.

old veteran walks down the street  
clutching crutches that keep him free  
a tool, he uses his missing limb  
arms stretched out as i pray for him  
a handful of song is his only hope  
to get him a relaxing smoke

gray gasses fog the view  
wipe the depression from your eyes  
smash the looking glass, seven years bad luck  
no hope in tomorrow's sunrise

construction workers seem to forget  
how to work so they hang their hammocks  
watch a flood of helments pass  
start to drift away as one asks  
his friend 'why does life seem like a pointless game?  
Never mind, to hell with it, can i borrow a flame? '

take a looooooong draw  
forget your future and cough  
clean out the desperate lungs, have a puff  
tap the tightly rolled stick  
suck in the life, every last bit  
then dropp and smother it.

Jordan Crider

# Blind

tell me how the resting sun looks so serene,  
skip the description, not another comforting scene,  
because the star escapes, and i lie awake,  
while I'm sleeping,

tell me how the clouds choreograph a dance,  
pink flurries ballet with the flaming sky,  
a pirouetting dream, not as exciting,  
as the last citrus glow,  
that stabbed the milky marsh mellows,

take a picture, capture suspended time,  
remember with a reminding sigh,  
pick a lonely wall to decorate,  
make sure there's no forgetting,  
that dawn is the same as the sun setting,

focus on the creeping shadows,  
stretching the the rolling hills and softening the cliffs,  
they try to enhance the innocence and,  
give truth a chance,

tell me how its time for the darkness to bleed,  
into our town so we can satisfy our need,  
to be revived and after we close our eyes,  
but the sun isn't off, i weep under my sheets,  
an 11 hour difference and i want to curl up and die,

close your eye lids and think,  
about the famous bright blink,  
was it something like magic or just,  
another dull shade of green,  
is it time to awake or is it the sun setting,

try to understand what the setting sun can do,  
as it falls from the sky revealing guilt,  
i hope it reminds as it burns you,  
□ as it burns you,  
□ as it burns truth,

See the orange sink to the bottom of the tree,  
Leaves rustle was it gravity,  
That plucked it from its hanging branch,  
For all the world to see,  
Is it the dawn or is it the sun setting?

Jordan Crider

# It Was Raining

She reflects like a newly born widow  
Waiting to be pried open, dissected, and analyzed,  
cause that's all she's worth now, oh well,

She drifts away on a closed storefront window  
Waiting to be contrasted and compared, washed of her dignity,  
every last speck, rinsed from her fine glossy black hair,

She stares into her blurry future, remembering her clear past  
Waiting to be engulfed by the pitiful pattern,  
cause now she's a natural, a painful poem,

She buries her overload of baggage in an oversized handbag  
Waiting for a thief to glance a peak and steal her secrets,  
so we can construct, speak the story, and retell her tale,

She models a dress quaint and simple  
Waiting for the cash to purchase a new slate,  
cause all this one offers is a reminder of better times,

She waits for hopeful holes in the pitch black sky to take her home  
Because the pavement is a despairing road,  
Stained with your sweet lies by perfect words that fell,  
from your sweet lips to create perfect hell.

Jordan Crider

# Let My People Go

When the waters came we were sitting,  
On your dry front porch,  
Watching the remaining embers of the greedy fire-swept city,  
Die away;  
The columns of smoke turned white as the poisonous, salty, and chilling tide  
blanketed the coals of what use to be a bright and busy boardwalk,  
Full of blissful people;  
Our view from your industrial home,  
Perched atop the over crowded mountain of overpriced material houses now  
dressed in gray,  
Was perfect;  
We could soak it in, the reality of what was coming,  
Everything,  
Even the crisp cutting cry of the ocean bending and breaking the iron supports of  
the baseball stadium was audible.

And there we sat,  
You on your piano bench, gently, like a mother,  
Softly caressing the ivory keys of the 1920 Parisian upright piano,  
While my callused fingers bled emotion through the heartstrings of my frowning  
guitar;  
And you sang!  
Oh your sweet liberated vocal chords announced to the earth,  
That we were all that was left.

And your voice guided the waters to us,  
Giving birth, like a virgin, to our own Nile River;  
And when it cradled the wail of an abandoned infant in a 4000 year old woven  
basket to our port,  
You smiled,  
And waded through the polluted muddy water,  
Past the sailing washing machines and anchored minivans,  
To the middle of our dead and silent street,  
Where the Egyptian package met you;  
And as you spread your arms out to catch the floating treasure,  
The wind blew through your wingspan,  
Up to your pitch-black star bright hair,  
And brushed it out of your green eyes,  
Revealing the smile you were hiding;

The smile I had never seen before,  
A smile that assured me,  
Everything was gone,  
But not to worry, we wouldn't be left behind,  
Soon, we'd be gone.

So you opened the dull brown basket,  
Your pale skinny fingers only used the strength necessary,  
No more,  
No less,  
And out shot a hand, stolen of its staff,  
A small wrinkly hand, amidst the blowing ash and calm water.

It took hold of your finger,  
Like a child does a balloon,  
A red one;  
And your smile grew faint,  
While you tucked this infant,  
This lost cause,  
This baby moses;  
You wrapped him in swaddling clothes,  
And the ocean mist perfumed him with frankincense and myrrh,  
Then you let your draped hair cover your tired face as your back bent to kiss our  
baby moses on the forehead;  
Such a brave kiss!  
Quick and painless, without hesitation,  
Then you made sure he was snug and warm,  
And replaced and secured the intricate woven dome of the wicker basket back  
on;  
Then you pushed him away from his red balloon,  
Into the rising waters,  
Just like Yocheved must've done.

And you turned,  
Without a cowardly second glance back at the biblical baby;  
And you waded; waste deep, back to our musical messengers and me,  
And there we sat,  
Sending musical messages from that dim porch,  
Even as the waters came,  
To the level of your accepting keys;  
Even as the waters came,  
To the level of our necks and washed against the ash that caked our empty faces

and aged us through the years until our hair,  
Was as thin and white as Abraham's;  
Even as we took deep deep breathes,  
In the cold jealous water,  
It came.

And there we sat,  
On your front porch, letting go to all we ever thought we knew;  
Providing the elevator music to whichever direction we were headed,  
Up or Down.

Jordan Crider

# Parking Spaces

Where is he going?  
he has no clue,  
he got lost,  
looking for you,

Where is he going?  
he has no map,  
he got lost,  
a while back,

Where is he going?  
he doesn't have much,  
he got lost,  
stick shift and clutch

Where is he going?  
he has no sign  
broken windshield wipers  
leave him blind

Where is he headed? !  
cause, he wants to know!  
          he is so alone!  
driving down,  
this lonely road,

Where is he going?  
he must have a place,  
off of hostage highway,  
an empty parking space.

Jordan Crider

# Pearl Shop

While on an Eastern beach,  
you might see,  
among trash and seashells  
she is fishing,

With the grainy sand at her feet,  
and the salty sea breeze,  
she is,  
casting out, with her daydreaming,

And she searches the horizon  
Scanning for a vessel, to escape from  
Her isolation, on her sleepless island

Take a scooter down, a dirt bend  
with clay stained red,  
up a tropical hill to a place,

Where web-footed dogs chase,  
girls in pink dresses, they compete for  
attention with an empty tourist store,

And she works here selling,  
Tear drops draped on strings,  
of faith in her, daydreaming,

But before the sun is switched off,  
She gets off of work,  
Leaving just in time,  
To make it to the coastline,

With her mind on a crest,  
sailing far far away,  
from her landlocked blues, that are waiting,

She's left with her feet,  
being cleansed by the sea,  
and her eyes losing the sun, while she's,  
daydreaming....

Jordan Crider



# The Beads On Our Wrists

Dirty child walk this way,  
Leather toes over rusty clay,  
Petty crimes you commit stain your pathetic feet,

You laugh so hard, so innocent,  
5 colors of a beaded bracelet,  
sing you safely to sleep,

But you let it go and turn away,  
Another tourist who's got it made,  
A memory fading like the rest,  
And I come to reality, staring at my bracelet,

Cause it's the 19 beads wrapped around my wrist,  
When my thoughts shed selfish blood,  
That keep me there away from this pyramid,  
And take me back to honest love,

Forget yourself and you'll remember,  
Or kickback lazy umbrella drinker,  
With the pretty people on the pretty pews,

Plant yourself overseas,  
Take time to harvest some sympathy,  
Or watch your back, cultivate a cocoon,

But you shrug it off, and turn away,  
With tourist t-shirt on display,  
A memory failing like the rest,  
And I escape, staring at my bracelet,

Cause it's the 19 beads wrapped round my wrist,  
When our actions pay in blood,  
That keep me here, so blessed,  
And take me back to cheap love,

Cause it's the 19 beads wrapped around my wrist,  
When my thoughts shed selfish blood,  
That keep me there away from this pyramid,

And take me back to honest love

So start the show, its so slow its...

Criminal, what we do...

So shine you're shoes, and just forget...

These beads on my wrist

These beads on my wrist

These beads on my wrist

These beads on YOUR wrist

Jordan Crider

## Tv Guide

i was a television hosting a cartoon,  
on early saturday mornings, to take away your blues,  
i was your comedian on those rainy afternoons,  
giving you a smile in a soothing room,  
you were so young with your painted dreams,  
an idealistic boy, you wanted to keep them,  
i watched you grow and thought 'perhaps',  
you'd be the sower with the perfect hem,

i was a television hosting an empty screen,  
'cause you grew older and lost time for me,  
i was your comedian without a jokes,  
for you to hear under you counseling yoke,  
you were so young with your textbooks,  
stitching useless knowledge in place of your dreams,  
i watched you learn and thought 'someday',  
you'd have the time to finish sowing,

i was a television hosting a commercial,  
while you slept to regain energy,  
i was your comedian to help you,  
have a laugh and become healthy,  
you were so young curled up with your dreams,  
in a remedy of blankets you fell asleep,  
i watched you dream of a peace that was dead,  
but you reconnected it with your needle and red thread,

i was a television hosting the 10 o'clock,  
when you were wise and watched the newscaster,  
no comedian could entice a smile,  
on that evening when they televised the disaster,  
you were so young, i saw it drip from your eyes,  
sympathy spilled as you calmed your wife,  
i watched you pack and thought 'of course',  
you'd sacrifice a loom for a country at war,

i was a television hosting a cartoon,  
to take away your grandchildren's blues,  
i was the comedian on that rainy afternoon,

and enjoyed your smile in that old soothing room,  
you looked so young dressed in wrinkles and gray hair,  
everyone else grew up, but they wished....  
I watched you age backwards, and thought 'you never did',  
yeah, you still dream, yeah, you still that kid,  
□ your still that kid.□

Jordan Crider

# Warm Christmas

I look inside the warm window  
wishing i could taste the fire's flame  
i want a family to be a part of  
but i cant enter with an icy heart

smoke signals scale out the chimney  
a message painted black in the sky  
of evergreen love all gathered around  
as i slowly sink to the ground

The holiday's come, clouds cover the sun  
and snowflakes coat the earth  
The best time of the year, full of christmas cheer  
and in this i'm given birth

last night he stopped at my house  
and delivered gifts, for the nice kids  
the little ones with tender souls...  
but i'm all alone, i think id rather have coal.

The holiday's come, clouds cover the sun  
and snowflakes give me breath  
The best time of the year, full of Christmas cheer  
Is there any spirit left  
to keep me warm?

the feast is over and everyone's full  
i watch the girls catch guys under mistletoe  
as i turn from the wishful window i freeze...  
so surprised, there he is, my creator with something in his hand  
he smiles and says, 'here's a scarf, Merry Christmas Mr. Snowman'

The holidays come, clouds cover the sun  
and snowflakes are sent form above  
The best time of the year, full of Christmas cheer  
and i know i am loved.....

i look inside the warm window  
and taste the fires flame

growing inside my sculpted snow  
a heart melting from change....

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