

Poetry Series

Kent Holman
- poems -

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Kent Holman(12/07/1963)

Kent has been a Technical Writer for the past 9 years. He graduated from San Jose State University with a degree in English and Technical Writing. Kent is an avid gamer and enjoys not only PC and Playstation games, but also Airsoft and Medieval Recreation. Before becoming a Technical Writer, Kent worked as Chef in Europe and the United States. Kent enjoys writing poetry and some prose, but as of yet he is unpublished. He would like to publish some his writing, however, he writes more for the pleasure than for recognition. He welcomes criticism of his writing and also suggestion on improving his work.

Dalliance

Staring, and waiting for that moment
To express our deep held desire.
How the passion sets us both on fire.

Our eyes meet, yet we are unacquainted
What shall we do to know one another?
Certainly, we have both been smothered.

Forbidden pleasures are what we need.
Our dalliance should be savored.
Like fine wine, it is flavored.

Kent Holman

Disembodied Voices

In the valley where technology thrives

People are dying

Like a decaying corpses

Rotting

Stench so rancid

It curls the nose

Disembodied voices scream

To be heard

Who will hear them?

What became of community?

What became of friendship?

What became of intimacy?

What became of marriage?

What became of relationships?

What became of our voice?

What became of our choice?

Our choice, your choice, Everyone's choice?

Do those relationships exist today?

Did they ever really exist?

Are they relics of the past?

Kent Holman

Do What You Must!

Do what you must!
For it makes you
Who you are.

Do not wait
for the sun
to shine once
More!

Practice something
Daily
No matter how
Insignificant.

Keep your dreams
In sight.
Do not let doubt
Shut the door!

Life is fleeting

Kent Holman

Gnawing Anger

She sat looking at me,
Not listening to a word.
Every time we talked, she
Said my opinion was absurd—
You should have seen my face;
The anger I showed was a disgrace.

For years, I have lived with such anger,
Gnawing anger, the kind that lingers
Like roadkill. To be sure, I am not stranger
To rage. Its long bony fingers
Have touched my heart many times,
Urging me to commit heinous crimes.

But to blame anyone for my rage is unjust.
No one is responsible for my fury,
Though I may think so, my eyesight is simply blurry
Anger is seeking a new slave;
As for me, I'd rather be brave,
Before anger puts me deep down in a grave.

Kent Holman

Her Shrill Voice

She made me bleed
With her words.

Her shrill voice
was like a knife.

It stuck me
Violently.

It sliced the sinews
Of my heart

And it
Tore into my soul.

Such suffering
was to be expected,

Daily, weekly, monthly,
yearly, maybe eternally.

Or until the decision is made
To get the hell out!

Kent Holman

It Is Not Enough To Say

It is not enough to say
I love you
It is not enough to say
I care about you
It is not enough to say
I want you
It is not enough to say
You are beautiful
It is not enough to say
I cannot live without you
Those words mean nothing
If they are merely uttered
They must come from the heart
They must be followed equally by commitment
They must be followed equally by action
If not, I might as well whisper my love to the wind

Kent Holman

Just Some Ink

My mind is open
My pen poised
Over a blank sheet of paper;
Silently I wait for inspiration.
Quietly observing,
Channeling,
All my thoughts toward one end
Focused towards one purpose.

Some ink is finally on the page.

It records the moment;
It saves it from disappearing
Into the abyss where all things go
To die.

Quietly,
I write.
My mind is clear,
Yet streaming,
Sometimes Screaming!

With my pen in hand
Anything is possible.
Everything is real.

Just some ink on the page—
Nothing more.
Yet, it crystallizes
The moment
For all to see
And love
Or hate
Now and forever.

Kent Holman

Man

Sitting here
the little man stirring.
Feeling like a pubescent
boy trapped in a man's body.

What makes a man a man,
not a boy?
Is it how his body looks
and feels?

Is it how he sees the world?
Is it that he takes responsibility
for his actions?
Is it how he treats others?

Is it how he treats his mother?
Or is it how he acts rather than reacts?

Kent Holman

Mumbo Jumbo

Moralistic Mumbo Jumbo,
Sounds that reverberate
in the inner ear making me
nauseous as if I drank too much beer.

Kent Holman

Spontaneous Combustion

Spontaneous combustion
Exploding feelings across
The wide open page
As if to say—
“I am wide open for your inspection.”
F... that! !
Don't inspect me!
Respect me

Who the f... are you anyway?
Who the f... am I for that matter?

What am I here for?
What pain must we all endure?

Here for the ride I guess!
Always skeptical
Always a receptacle

For the sh...t of the world
And of our own making

Is dumped
Pumped and;
Thrown,
In our face

As a spectacle

For all to see or

More likely ignore!

Kent Holman

Sweet Intimacy

Softly kissing
The nape of her neck.
So white so smooth.

Like a newborn
She coos and squirms
At the slightest touch.

Only moments later
I feel her hot breath

And I remember Sweet intimacy!

Kent Holman

The Death Of Hope

Pessimism invades the soul
Choking hope

Can you hear hope's
Death throngs?

Can you feel it?
Can you see it?
Can you sense it?

What can be done?

Kent Holman

Toy Box

A Children's toy box,
a wooden soldier,
a block or two,
and a ball therein.

These are treasures
That a child holds dear.
A childhood of wonderment
In each toy that lies near.

As she gets older
The fantasies erode.
Life becomes real.
She follows a new road

Memories of the past are gone
Stored away in her mind
Ahead are new memories to create
New adventures to find

Dreams of another kind
Consume her limited time
And she waits for the day
When she has time to play

To let her imagination run wild
To be as free as a child

Kent Holman

Waiting

Waiting kills the mood.
Constantly it gnaws at your nerves
Like some flesh eating disease.

Stomping your feet or
Tapping your fingers
Alleviates nothing.

Waiting is maddening.
Relentlessly it lingers
Ever present in your mind.□

Let the madness go.
Calmly assuage your nerves.
Waiting is inevitable.

Kent Holman