

Poetry Series

Mark Gould
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

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

Mark Gould(11/08/1988)

I am from Jupiter Florida and one of my many hobbies is to write poetry. It serves as both a hobby and a therapeutic exercise. It helps me release some of the emotional tension I have experienced throughout my life.

Apathy

Flashes, fleeting pains from ages long ago,
Locked away, tucked into chambers down below.
Pain nicking, biting at the scars,
Tearing open what once was sown,
Searing through the fires.

Eyes have dried their empty tides with nothing left to show,
Nothing worth mentioning for those who cannot know,
This life has had it's share of loss but this cannot be so,
The illusion of a warming heart, the scythe that reaped my soul.

Alone, atoned in dark plutonium bliss,
Heartless heart of apathy rests upon you're lips,
You lied to me, you never care, you're time is at an end,
My wounds will heal, you'll never feel the love I want to send.

When you lie there with nothing fair, and no one else to blame;
You'll wish you would have lived in love instead of shallow fame.

Mark Gould

Doubt

As I sit here
Clenching the clinging fibers
Around the hilt of my heavy soul-
Grip loosens
The lit torch in my eyes sheds its last ashen embers
Bleeding flames dry
Flickering, dancing no more.
Boastful pride fades into severing servitude-
Broken, inglorious, despair.
A voyage Into the shuddering shadows of dank dementia.
Thick smog of
Darkened dreams cloak the seas of my thoughts,
Blocking a burdened heart
Chained forever
To my cryptic tomb.
Static, dull, dredged in the oils of memories
Long ago.
Enslaved by fretting fools,
By drama's devil,
Faceless villains-
Sneering fear-
My
Doom..
My...
Doubt....
Get out!

Mark Gould

Erase Your Name

Rejection rings, echos, and stings
Shame is adorned with humility's thorns
Supplanting my life as king

The reasons, the flaws you keep in your thoughts
My failure blooms, sampled and wrought
Upon derelict tombs of a promising dream
Yet vanished and washed upon hell's fiery stream
Spelling the words of Insurmountable
Doom.

Your eyes, the lies give me comfort
Sometimes
But words without weight fall upon
Deafening skies

Fleeting feign taunts my name
Sorry but I'm not to blame
As the reservoirs of my guilt dries
I can see the truth
Painted in my cries

My heart is sick with your disease
Throbbing sores, opened doors
Truth attained through empty vain
Closing doors, sealing pain
Memories granted to see your stain.

Mission made clear, done with the tears
Love cannot survive, with a thought of you there
In the chambers of my heart
Deep within your stare

I erase your name
I do not
Care

Mark Gould

Eyes

A morning dew's first glistening drop
Falls, timeless in eternity's ecstasy
Drops into my careless heart
Waves of light, seas of delight
Surge within me
Amazing
In the garden of your warmth
I walk, float into
Green carpets of silken wax
Brilliant colors of glass prisms
Transcending light's limitations
Opening virgin eyes
To the bliss of Ivory halls
Golden falls, placid streams
Tranquil in the face of time and space
Unsurpassed in snug innocence
In purity unimagined by men or gods
True beauty, brighter than stars
Apricity on a spring morning in heaven
Melodic symphonies of nature's wings
Freedom locked behind feathers and flesh
Cool springs of deep hues
Soaked in pleasures of immeasurable cleansing
Snow capped mountains enclosed in jade blankets
Beset by jewels illuminated by the sun's warmth
Atop rolling hills
That go on forever
Diamonds forged from the depths of the earth
Meticulously polished for lifetimes
Under the steady hand of time
Bringing forth an immaculate perfection
Birthed from the caverns and valleys
mountains and streams
And dotted seas of cool grandeur
Within the wonder
Of your eyes.

Mark Gould

Iron Curtain

'Spiteful words can hurt your feelings but Silence can break your heart'

Silence locks your tongue
What has my love done?
Is the glow in your eyes
Gone?
What have I done?

My trembling hands cannot bear
The words I cannot hear
Your words suggest hopefully
But your actions
Reject
Loving
Me.

Mark Gould

Jealousy

At couple's glow I smile and sow the fibers of my vanity;
the dam brakes free and rivers rage drowning fragile sanity.

Gloomy dim what lies within and seals gushing wounds again;
To see me rip and tear and quake before a couple's baneful grin.

How dare the fair to flaunt and share a fleeting greeting lover's stare?
A life despaired is enough to bear without a couple's searing sin.

Sensuous stares bleed the air how dare they mock singularity.
My pain is vain in weakened shame to justify my jealousy.

Mark Gould

Locked Ivory Doors

“Confront the dark parts of yourself, and work to banish them with illumination and forgiveness. Your willingness to wrestle with your demons will cause your angels to sing. Use the pain as fuel, as a reminder of your strength.”

- August Wilson -

Bloodied and beaten
A small price to pay
Enemies trampled
Miraculous victory

Demons seared
By the light of white swords
Burning bright
Like boundless Starlight

From the mouth came those words
Yet that blade has been dulled
That same shame is sheared
My fate has been called

Fear loosed from my soul
Stripped of the sadness
Same hungry cowards
Hungry for madness

It's not here anymore
No clouds of rage
No cries of the tragic
Just wakes of the brave

Just pure renewal
Like springs of hope
Like shimmering waterfalls
In desert's winding slopes.

Those ghosts of the past
Mock me no more
They visit in vain

To see
Locked
Ivory doors.

Mark Gould

Lucid Dream

Love is just a word,
A crushing veil,
Cloaking light, sealing
Strangling every breath;
Until weighted lungs give way to dooming death.
A red hot sword,
Slowly piercing, searing
Delicate, fearing flesh,
Severing last clinging chords of
Fangless, hollow, hope.

A brooding cloud,
Stalking with every face, with every smile
Gouging eyes, bleeding life's last
Tears
Until death, like a warm, sunny spring day
Amidst a numbing, stinging arctic night,
Frees a fallen heart.

Love,
An endless pit,
Devouring inch by inch
The soft tissue of my soul.
Salivating in delight, with each crushing crunch.
An endless itch,
That burns with each soothing scratch,
Leaving a blistered, bloody mark,
That time nor nurture can erase.
A thoroughly charming thief,
Breaking in
Taking what little that is left
Only to leave a home empty,
Empty
And alone.

Love,
A scowling echo,
Past lies haunting revived fears,
Muttered gossip that grows and flutters;

Like butterflies softly swooping past alerted ears.
A devil's dervish trap
To ensnare will less weak;
Feasting upon them like wicked wolves on a captured kill.

Yes,
Love is just a witless word;
An elusive, hellish, heaven;
A fallen, false messiah;
A believable, broken promise;
A living, lucid dream.

A lucid dream...
That I can never,
Ever,
Escape from.

Mark Gould

Mania

Secret's bleed the lies concede,
Heavy, burdened, broken dreams.
Shattered echos,
Past deceit;
Blaming me
only me.
Sacred silence,
Safe retreat.
Into darkness, mindless sleep;
The chain less dungeon,
The river keep.

A foggy creek of eerie stone,
of tar and soot,
Of broken bones,
Shut out to all,
I call it home.
The shackled past,
The deathless trash,
Boundless lies,
Of morbid mind.
Bonds of burden, binding guides.
Demon, angel, god or eye,
Or life itself of ceaseless sky,
Of blinded light from sunset find,
Cure the plague
Within my mind.

Mark Gould

Nice Try

I have slowly faded,
Lies made jaded, Through pain
I thrive.
No longer under your sick little spell-
-Go to hell;
I'll meet you there smiling.
A weak will turned-
Your greatest nightmare.
Bluish scars coat my chest;
They bleed sometimes but
Strings of steel keep them still.
Your nothing but a
Fake
Like all the other spineless snakes.
I will break you with silence,
Kill you with kindness;
Behnd these words is a sea of hate.
Call me names,
Call me mindless;
Only whores understand
where you stand.
Like you said
It was infatuation, never real.
You tricked me into believing I feel.
The noose you tied has been cut,
The lies you fed, spit up.
Cutting steel with stone
Foolish little one,
You failed.

Mark Gould

Religion

The sly man's perch
A filth ridden, ghostly plane.
A clenched fist and acid rain.
The play that everyone loves and hates
A bluffing man that keeps his face
Loving hate, and killing promise
Fighting for their precious ignorance
Never right, yet Never wrong
Every lie, with every song
Ringing bells, to sound the call
Flocks fly in, for death to stall
It's Propoganda, Spitting lies
Through its death, Reason thrives

Mark Gould

Revelations

I am ready,
Ready to tear away,
Everything.
Everything that I know,
Is nothing, nothing more than everything.
That I Hold, in my head.
The fears, the pain, the loss, the gain,
Everything, everything is me,
Just me.
For nothing is infinite
or out of death's
Reach.
Except for my everything,
My experience of this place
Given to me by nothing,
This life, this nothing, this me is something,
For I will conquer Death,
For death is me,
For I am everything
and I am nothing.

Mark Gould

Turn Away

All I ever wanted
Was a smile;
Even a sliver of your love
Would have made the clouds rain gold and the whole world glow
But you turned away,
When I needed you most.
Now overcast skies have blackened my broken heart.
The innocence I gave you is gone;
You stole it.
Each setting sun gives me some hope,
As if one day I would get my wish
To never see it rise again.
You're love
A rogue wave it engulfs all who are near you
But I am too far to feel it.
You're smile,
An eternal light that soothes and thaws even the coldest heart
But not mine.
I am just an afterthought, a fluke in your pristine sublimity.
I just wish, for once I could feel
The warm embrace of another,
The way I felt with you.
But now,
In the shadow of your presence
I feel only cold death.
Like an eternal, sunless blizzard in the desert of my heart;
The last frail grains of hope you lent me slip through my calloused fingers;
And the life you revived is simply another dull blade, another meaningless task.
All that you have left me is your looming shadow
That blackens nights and stains the light.
It consumes the happiness I thought I had,
Leaving only streaks of dry trailed tears.
Why could'nt you have let me fade in peace?
Why did you visit me,
In my darkest hour
To show me true love,
To give me hope,
Only to tell me it was never real?
I would ask you in person,

I would cease to paint the pains of my heart,
I would express the hint of sanity still strung to my soul,
But you would simply
Ignore it
And
Turn away...

Mark Gould

Vengeance

Eyes, lips sell me lies,
A steeping price for a worthless prize;
A lump of flesh that breathes
Yet dies,
Within the window of my mind.

Skulking dreams disturb the pond
Of my soul's eternal bond.
Shackled, broken, opaque demise
Lay upon you're lovely lies.

Devilish countenance jolt surprise,
As quickly as love and innocence dies.
Anguished callous aching, bleeding
Morals fail, light's receding.
Leaving bones stripped of flesh
Entombed in rags of a
Stinging
Burning
Pulsing gash.

Darkness bleeds through fickle veins,
Granting death to the remains,
Swallowing lies to fuel the pain.
For within these eyes lies only hate
And deathless pain is what awaits
For any fool who treads
And seeks
to find a place
Within my baneful,
Bleak,
Blackened heart.

Mark Gould

Winter Wish

'In the depth of winter, I finally learned that within me there lay an invincible summer' -Albert Camus-

The blankets of winter's warmth
Spreading like autums charm
Upon your silk skin
Locked in hand
Far from harm

My love resides in you
Truest of all the true
Yet those words upon your tongue
Cannot be freed
Cannot be sung

Though the air is thick
And times are hard
And stuff's a wreck

I will be true
I won't falter
I won't fear
I will do
I will wish
I will dream
I will love me
And I will always
Love you

Mark Gould

Winter Wonderland

Crisp slurps of heavy air
Floating flakes of sailing ice
Ghostly moon, blue twilight
Crunching, sinking steps
Gloves, filled with sweat
Dry, watery eyes, vision blurs
On top of the world
Now, my turn
Grasping my oaken steed
Bracing, heart racing
Slow, agonizing dip
Plummeting
Hair raising
Fast, too fast
Weightless, face clear like glass
Grinding, scraping; Metal and ice
Fearful groans, a roll of the dice
Gritting, smiling
My final destination
Greeted there, by blue and red lights
Angry men, rob me of salvation
My winter wonderland, I mistook for public recreation.

Mark Gould

Worthy Of Love-Farewell

'True love doesn't have a happy ending, because true love never ends. Letting go is one way of saying I love you' -Unknown-

Dear,
I wish you were near
I wish your words would stop the tears
I call out your name
But
You do not hear.

Dear,
My love, my bane
We are worlds apart
Yet both the same
My angel, my queen
If my heart still beats
These hands will scream your name.

Dear,
My hope, my curse
I gave you my heart
You gave me a tomb
To lay in my hearse.

Dear,
I did not lie
When I said my love for you
Would not die
My love, my dear
I have no heart left
No joy, no cheer

My love,
Please disappear
The thought of you
Brings me pain
Brings me tears

My light,
I wish this wasn't so
I wish my heart
was not dead and cold
I wish my soul
wasn't withered and old
But what you told
Made me fold.

My life my light,
I cannot bear your face
I cannot stand your name
Your ghost stands beside me
Pointing out the pain

My hope,
Stay out of sight
What's left of us
Is dead and gone
My love for you will carry on
But my soul is shackled
Bound and down
My love, my darling, my light, my life
I must say farewell
Farewell for life.

Mark Gould

You

Insecurity, shame, and humiliation's the game
Arrogant, pompous, proud fool
YOUR eyes are your weapons
YOUR flattery, your tool
YOU ignore my pleas
YOU made me feel whole
Using and abusing YOUR undeserved power
YOU are the sickle, I was the Flower
Selfish, pitiful, no grasp on reality
Have YOU no rationality?
No consideration?
YOU can keep YOUR pointless vendetta
Close to YOUR chest
YOUR fooling yourself, at best
When YOU Break hearts, to boost YOUR vanity
all that means, is YOU are willingly
Losing YOUR humanity

Mark Gould