

Poetry Series

**mark king**  
**- poems -**

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## mark king(09/12/61)

Mark King is politically incorrect and single, but happy in my bohemian life style. I'm sorry but I have no time to do much reading and I know I have to some editing of my work.....

# 0430am

An empty darkness  
Spreads outside  
My window pane  
Watching me  
I am a soldier  
Here at my desk  
Capturing words  
And phrases  
Loyal to my watch  
And ever true  
What can I do?  
But this  
Finish the whiskey  
Take the sleeping pills  
And write this poem

mark king

# 1947

From outside this world they came  
To attempt a relationship with all mankind  
Fresh from victory and dancing with pride  
Because we achieved absolute terror and death  
In the remains of Hiroshima and Nagasaki  
Our path set in extinction of the world  
They came to rescue our world from our selves  
We assumed they were just like us  
Needing economies, countries, religions and war  
Their message, we only need one another  
And the ability to give and bear Love  
The end of days for those in charge had come  
It would've been economic collapse and change  
Instead of proclaiming their arrival here  
The guardians of government hid it from all  
Behind lies, denial, disinformation and ridicule  
Now we the people wait for freedom and truth  
From the vast open skies and stars  
by mark king

mark king

## 3am Poem

The touch of  
sleeplessness arrives,  
its just my restless,  
wondering mind  
making fun with me.  
Its so silent,  
all sounds seem  
amplified  
and loneliness is  
poking at me  
thru the darkness  
of the night.

mark king

# A Beach Romance

We partied, shooting barcardi  
Drunken, drained  
And filled with love  
The full moon lit the way  
To our hearts

As the surf touched our toes  
We laughed  
While we counted  
The stars above  
Cause it'll take forever

mark king

# A Bothered Mind Looks In The Mirror

I. In front of the mirror she sits painting the age off like an artist. She is a queen upon her throne here amongst the brushes, make-up, perfumes and the reflection of me in the corner of her life.

II. She catches me looking at her then moves enough, so that her skirt rides up her leg showing me the fancy lace at the top of her stocking. It is what I want and it is what she holds over me.

III. I rise up from the bed and stand behind her. My six feet seems to tower over her as she puts on the ruby red lipstick. I begin rubbing her almost bare shoulders easing the unseen tension away.

IV. My surprise comes quickly as I take a knee and pull her full breasts into me. She laughs that crazy laugh, because she knows I'm trapped. Our lips meet in a passionate embrace as the electricity touches our bare skin.

V. As we pull away I catch her bothered mind looking at our reflections in an act of self-gratification I can't understand. She starts telling me another story of why she is going out without me, but I let it go past me and drink from the cup of her beauty instead, which fills me up in a temporary fix that only a junkie would know-

mark king

# A Poet Amongst The Sneering Capitalists

I walked through the heat  
through the endless losing wills  
all the teachers are gone  
and the gypsy lives with-in me  
I pass the unhappy people  
with sneers and bloated bank accounts  
in the city of nots  
knowing they can't see what I see  
but maybe they'll hear a verse  
and catch a glimpse of the truth!  
mark king

# A Wanted Soul

I'm wondering  
when they will catch you  
like you snared me  
years ago

but all is false  
and hollow  
living a life  
with spoon and glass

mark king

# A Wolf In Sheep's Clothing

Seeing is believing isn't it?

And the charming proof

Is in the silence

Not said to you

No lies are told

If no words are spoken-

mark king

# Advertisement

I can rock and write.....

Sing you a lullaby

Or speak in verses

That you have never heard

Cause its all about you

I like to clean.....

Wipe, scrub and wash

So, everything shines

To show your pretty face

I love to cook.....

Shaking, baking and frying

From Louisiana cuisine

To bacon and eggs

I work from home.....

Making my own treasure

Taking care of all

And wishing upon the stars

mark king

# Afterthought

Sure I reflect on you

From time to time

But fate passed us by

mark king

# Another Love

I. Darkness surrounds us in the night lying together as man and wife. With a deep sigh I fall asleep as she lies awake fighting herself and what's right. Her thoughts of another lover only seem to mock her.

II. Sunlight pokes at us through the window making me stir in that instant, between sleeps embrace and wakefulness truth comes and I know there is love here, but it is not aimed at me as I look her over as if she were a stranger.

mark king

## Another Sombodies Love Poem Part Ten

Even though,  
I knew it wouldn't last  
The heart is wiser  
In the house of love

What's crooked,  
Can't be made straight  
But to forsake love  
Is to live in misery

Better to be,  
Poor and walk in love  
Because love flees  
When no one pursues

Sweet is,  
The sleep of love  
In the dream  
of life with you

mark king

## Another Somebodies Love Poem

Let us go hand and hand through the city streets and pass the midnight hour.

To love her is fate with desires unyielding holding tighter and tighter.

Breaking through her jaded mask beneath the stunning beauty lays depression and sorrow.

As we step into a shadow I pull her close and kiss her in case she disappears.

mark king

# Another Somebodies Love Poem Part Eight

I whispered in her ear like the wind  
If you really love me?  
I have ten grand for a Vegas wedding

Our eyes lock, then our lips  
We are one in the passion  
As we fumble with buttons  
Clasps, zippers and strings

The cloths are all over the floor  
And we are all over the bed  
Her breasts are firm  
And all her curves are right  
I explore her body, cause it's a wonder

She smells like daisies and lilac  
My hands caress and my tongue roams  
She is my fruit, my hunger

Slowly feeling her curves  
I work my way to her ear  
Pressing my body against her  
And kissing her neck, she moans

Because I am just a troubadour  
Whispering words of love  
Our love-making turns into fervor  
A waltz of man and woman  
Love and mirth

Bewitched and smitten  
Lovers lying close together  
With our hands laced together  
I watch her breath as she lies sleeping  
My eyes close knowing the secret of life  
As I drift off our hearts beat as one

The end

mark king

# Another Somebodies Love Poem Part Five

My favorite failure is you  
Covering myself with courage

I took you, you took me!

Wrapping you in words  
And making love anywhere-

mark king

## Another Somebodies Love Poem Part Four

In this land  
Of make-believe  
It is dusk  
And the sleepy light  
Still lights the way  
For these tears  
That comes from a depth  
I do not know  
With divine despair  
Like a ghost  
She glimmers in me  
In this land  
Of make-believe  
The tears are real  
For the girl  
I lost  
Along the way-

mark king

## Another Somebodies Love Poem Part Nine

the fool I am  
puts on wings  
of the dawn  
to rise to the heavens  
are you there?

the fool I am  
digs in the darkness  
of the earth  
sinking in its depths  
are you there?

the fool I am  
forgot to look inside  
through the dark  
and the light of the self  
yes, there you are!

mark king

## Another Somebodies Love Poem Part Seven

Hand in hand  
We lay on the grass  
Two stray spirits  
On a june afternoon  
I touch a thought  
A tantalizing glimpse  
Till I lose it  
Without a second thought  
I set my heart  
To beat against her  
And kiss her  
Our lips draw us in  
Making passion  
Joy and peace  
All at once  
I whisper in her ear  
My thoughts tease me  
While others stay  
Help me hold them  
And let go when needed-

mark king

## Another Somebodies Love Poem Part Six

All around us  
Time stops  
When we kiss

A love so fragile  
I bend not break

Breathe upon me  
Passions dreams  
The breath of Love-

mark king

## Another Somebodies Love Poem Part Three

December's days are brief with chill  
As the winter winds are dreary

Her frail beauty is decaying a little  
Curled or uncurled her locks gray

A heart is without her, a soul longs  
Seemingly it skips a beat with a thought

Painted or unpainted all fades away  
Real beauty lays underneath hidden

With little words softly spoken  
In moments when two is one

Maybe when the leaves bloom  
And the sun hangs high over head

I'll find her once again  
As summer winds unfold-

mark king

## Another Somebodies Love Poem Part Two

I'll take my heart  
Put it in my mouth  
And bring forth  
What's on the inside

When I wake  
Beside her  
Feeling the wisdom  
Of her skin

I await her voice  
It is the sigh  
Of an angel  
And my breath of love-

mark king

# Around And Around

Have not's become what if's

What ifs become have's

Have's becomes what was

What was becomes have not's

mark king

# Bad Girls Ain'T So Bad

Don't cry Momma just, cause I grew up questioning what is and what if?

That girl here now stares out the window naked as if the city lights attract her  
and call her.

She is no longer a mystery, nor a wonder to me anymore, but when she comes  
around she is mine, all mine.

mark king

# Behind One's Back

Get Ready

Get Set

Get Stoned

mark king

# Blind Alley

Loving too much  
It turns to pain

The consequence  
Is living a lie

United in fear  
Holding on and on

mark king

# Bluejay Greeting And Old Cat Laughing

I. In the gray of the morning the bluejay is spring up and down on the branch of the old tree. Suddenly the bird dives towards the ground over and over. Startling my breakfast and making me wonder what's happening under the window pane.

II. In the gloom I sit lonely with my love gone and the old cat off somewhere. Curiosity accompanies me out the door where I find a baby bluejay in the grass. The mother bird is screaming and diving towards the old cat keeping him at bay.

III. I grin with the old cat and laugh. The bluejay takes notice and comes at me. I quickly scoop up the old cat and retreat behind the door where the old cat and I grin at each other, then go about our day.

mark king

# Brain Dead Shopping

Its images flash by  
Feeding your desire

Shop, Shop, Shop!

It lingers in your ears  
Whispering like a lover

Buy, Buy, Buy!

It haunts your memory  
Like yesterdays mistakes

Charge, Charge, Charge!

Fighting the impulse from the last  
Commercial you seen on TV

Shop, Buy, Charge!

mark king

# Breathe

We know love  
and ecstasy  
commitment and trust

We breathed empty words  
empty words  
become empty hearts.

mark king

# Broken Bonds

A domesticated woman  
desiring affairs of love.

Ignorance over harmony.

Awkward public reactions  
stand against it.

Deceit over faithfulness.

Unabashed passions in a  
darkened room.

Uncertainty over sureness.

Words between a domesticated  
woman and man.

Reality over dreams.

mark king

## Broken Love Song 39

- I. Winds and tides of fate guides,  
but only one so jaded uncared.
- II. Life's luster lost invisible and gone  
taking the truth from each day.
- III. To love one who fell away in an emotional  
storm with all faults seen.
- IV. Every foolish longing not saying us,  
saying lips say we went wrong.

mark king

## Color Me Jade

I. It's the note she wrote that I can't throw away, written in her hand to another.  
It says she misses him and I'm wondering when and where this show will be over.

II. With my hands stuffed in my pockets I face her beauty and tell her what I had found cleaning her ruby red sports car.

III. Her eyes sparkle in mockery as she laughs her quick wit and clever words turns the tables, but she was something I need, something I can't lose.

IV. She was a one nightstand that turned into fifteen years, now I trace her outline in this big empty bed and know she colored me jade.

mark king

# Come To Me

Come to me weeping  
So I can wipe them away  
Come to me in dismay  
And I'll comfort you  
Come to me with passion  
Because we never finished  
Come to me with love  
So I may love you again  
Come to me soon  
Before I'm sleeping  
In death's cold embrace

mark king

# Confessions Of The Milky-Way

Confessions of youth  
In the midnight hours  
After the love-making  
Words play between us  
To and fro  
It is as if  
Only in the darkest hours  
Truth disturbs the Milky-Way  
And I hate the hour  
When the dawn arrives  
To chase away  
Our Milky-Way  
As the sun pokes  
Fun at us  
Our eyes meet  
And our backs turn away

mark king

# Connie's Poem

Brilliant words made of love,  
decay in a blur of rage  
and in-perfection.

A family is broken  
as the trigger is pulled  
and the unmindful bullets fly.

Compassion and lies have met.  
Righteousness and discord have kissed.

As she fades in deaths handcuffs  
Love slips away.

mark king

## Connie's Poem Part Five

Jealousy reigns  
As love is twisted  
Then unwrapped

Murder comes  
As she dies  
Without want or need

Not by her hand  
But by the one  
Who said love

Her family and friends  
Hold a sob soaked  
Kleenex box now

mark king

## Connie's Poem Part Three

Awakened by a chilling voice,  
the surreal begins.  
Shattered lives  
and splattered blood  
draining from Connie.  
It seems she passed  
her life on to me,  
its my ghost,  
made not of shame or guilt,  
but of love and friendship.  
Her life is mine penned in ink,  
like the blood flowing  
that awful night.  
The victim of Domestic Violence  
not fate, not God, but Man,  
her man who is not a man anymore.  
Sorrow is my weapon, my ink forever.

mark king

## Connie's Poem Part Two

The gunshots echoes the end  
Her chest trembles  
It is her last breath  
She is covered in blood  
It's splattered ever where  
And it seem like too much

I ignore it  
And hold her still warm hand  
As her eyes stare up to heaven  
I'm wondering what she seen  
Maybe I'll catch a glimpse  
Of an angel taking her away

C.P.R. fails  
The pulse is gone  
And I slowly stand  
Only to face the murderer  
In his eyes the anger and distress  
Have united in a paralysis  
Of fear and shock

He is mumbling  
Making no sense  
The gun is held  
Tightly again his head

Once he was called  
Husband and father  
Now he is something  
That is not man!

With disgust and fear  
I take Connie's gun  
From his shaking hand  
As he is waiting  
For the comfort  
Of the cold steel handcuffs-

mark king

# Crazy

She drives me nuts  
So I started smoking  
Blunts, real big blunts

But I can still  
Hear her complaining

Here comes the vodka  
Make it a double  
It ain't no trouble

But I can still  
Hear her complaining

Bring out the guitar  
Crank it up  
And hear nothing else-

mark king

# Crazy Beach Of An Ex-Wife

The party was great  
I was having a good time  
Laughing and dancing  
I was coming up for air  
From the life of the party  
Standing on the balcony  
In the fresh autumn air  
It seemed to penetrate my skin  
Leaving me refreshed

I stepped back inside  
Smiling at my many friends  
I'm watching the couples  
Decide and others wait  
I'm pouring myself  
Another absolut vodka  
When it hits my lips  
My personal anguish  
Comes through the door  
With the bearded man  
On a short leash of course  
It only brings back  
Awful moments

What is in her face?  
That is so familiar  
Is her face  
From another life?  
I look the other way  
Having out grown her  
We have the same friends  
Which makes awkward meets?  
I shake hands  
With the bearded man  
Thinking what does she see in that?  
Cause I'm like Brad Pitt  
Compared to that  
Maybe it's the pocket  
Full of coke

As she smiles at me  
She sniffles a little  
I hug her  
And kiss her on the lips  
Just so the bearded man  
Gets unglued for a moment  
And doubts himself

She sends her pet  
For a couple of beers  
My crazy beach of an ex-wife  
Looks pretty hot  
In the little black dress  
But I'm sure  
That is part of the plan  
She looks me in the eyes  
And says our fifteen years  
Wasn't so bad  
Maybe for her, not me!  
The bearded man then appears  
Wearing a frown  
But she jerks his leash  
Making him heel

Just then, Megan my date  
Rescues me with a hug  
And a juicy kiss  
Now the bearded man smiles  
And crazy beach of an ex-wife  
Is frowning  
I just tip my head  
Grin and pull Megan  
Towards the door  
Wanting to Make-Love  
Not Strife anymore

mark king

# Dave And Janice

He's dying to try  
And trying to die  
All over again

She settles down  
After the déjà vu  
All over again

He found himself lying  
About trying to die  
All over again

She got so high  
Night slipped into day  
All over again

The needle and spoon  
Keeps them trying  
All over again-

mark king

# Dear Empty Tv

While millions watch  
In high-definition

Dishing out trash  
Hype and tribulation

Making or breaking  
Like a God

With the bloomers  
As a bewitched flock

Quick to damn  
Cause heroes are cheap

Sleight of hand  
Conjuror of lies

Mesmerize the masses  
In a contraband of words

From empty people  
On a empty TV

mark king

# Death And The Other Side

The minutes end

As the journey

Is all over

Barriers fall

Death bandages

The eyes

Pain and hate

Creeps by

Into nothingness

A beauty in its self-

mark king

# Dependency

Love walks alone  
Somewhere in between  
The mortal being  
And the infinite soul  
Even though both know  
Of love and passion  
Love cares not  
For love can only love its self-

mark king

# Diane

Everywhere

In this old place  
Packed with rednecks  
Cowboys, dust and sweat

They speak

In low tones about Diane  
Because she's so wild  
But I'm sure it's the vodka  
I've been serving her

She keeps

Ambushing me behind the bar  
Like we're playing  
Cowboys and Indians  
I'm losing of course  
But I like the fifty some bucks  
She's shoved down my pants

Diane has

Misdeeds in her eyes  
Whirling and twirling  
With every man in the bar  
As she looks  
Outside her wedding ring  
Late in the crisis of her life

Somewhere

She bent her ear  
To fortunes muse  
Who whispered so softly  
As truth laughed  
While times hourglass  
Keeps sifting away

As lonely waits  
Dressed in black

mark king

# Dirty Word

When the final ugly word came

Divorce, divorce, divorce!

It was done with such innocence  
The dirty word echoes in your head

Divorce, divorce, divorce!

And you only say, I trusted you  
As all eyes in the restaurant  
Seem to be peering at you  
You think they're whispering

Divorce, divorce, divorce!

Your feeling light headed and sick  
As the cat grabs your tongue  
Again you only say, I trusted you  
With-out another nasty word  
You take the check and pay  
The hot rod truck starts right  
And you rev the V-8 a few times  
To show everybody you're a redneck  
As you leave the restaurant angry  
Your better half comes running  
As you dump the clutch and slam the gas  
Leaving the smoking tires to choke all  
While yelling at the top of your lungs

Divorce, divorce, divorce!

mark king

# Dog Love

To be yourself  
is all you can be.  
Do you know that person,  
the one inside?  
Have you forgotten  
or have you been  
recreated by another,  
all in the name of love!  
Where you molded  
into an image?  
The dream is love,  
always was,  
still is,  
in those arms,  
its peace,  
you want to stay,  
like a DOG stays  
with its master!  
Who are you man or dog

mark king

## Dream Song 46

I. I had a frightening dream of an old man with his grey head bowed; he was knelt down in prayer.

II. His head turned up towards the wall to where the sunlight lit the wall.

III. A picture hung there old and dusty of someone he must have loved.

IV. He looked at the picture with dim eyes fading. Faith had found him and took him.

V. At the funeral many cried soon he would lie under the green grass at peace.

VI. Through the rain she stood crying looking so familiar. As she bent down to touch the name I saw it was mine.

mark king

# Equinox

Welcome love, arms full of blessing  
Enter me with golden wisdom  
May I be your student?  
Reflecting upon what's gone  
And what's to come

I greet you spirit of darkness  
Knowing you dwell within  
While you are frightening  
I fear you not  
You are not evil unless you dominate

Bless you my friend anger  
Harvester of hearts, guardian of chaos  
Be in harmony with me  
You are energy and power  
Impel me to achieve great deeds

Love touch me and teach me  
My restless heart finds silence difficult  
Affirm within me knowledge  
Let me heart hunger for you  
Now I sing my love song for all

mark king

# Ever Clear

Clear yourself  
Look into your heart  
Outside are dreams  
Inside is vision

mark king

# Evident

God is love  
Feel it in the air  
God is love  
See it in the heavens  
God is love  
All nature sings  
God is love  
Proof was on Calvary

mark king

## F\_ Is For?

Beautiful failure  
Blood shot eyes

Shaking fists  
Cravings for alcohol

Its father  
Love or hate?

His falseness  
Is the love

mark king

# Finding Dreams Spent

In dreams alone I roam  
To places  
I've never seen  
But always in silence

Am I a message in the breeze  
Do you not hear me?

Searching for joyous paths  
And familiar traces  
I used to know  
Heavy are the hours

Can I still hear those little things  
Have they forgotten me?

For my sake  
Let me lay down  
And whisper in my ear  
Things of love and grace  
I used to know-

mark king

# For The Time Being

In the fairy tale of being in love  
You're drowning in loves embrace

One never knows where or when  
To place your bet on fates table

You give and give on a one way street  
Running on sugar, caffeine and hope

With a hunger he eats your words  
So he doesn't have to listen to you

You're fooled by the bedroom eyes  
As he speaks in clever white lies

Your heart lies in a hurtful place  
With your shoes under the wrong bed

Always remember my love for you  
In this fairy tale of love I still wait

mark king

# Forever

We are the ones who will never be broken  
and the ones who will survive.

Sounds brings us together  
cause we are on the same side.

And through it all, our spirit's live  
On and on through the verse we write.

mark king

## Forty-Six

I've known Love  
Passion and Bless  
But now I wait  
For its glory  
To shine on me  
When a touch  
Becomes desire  
And a kiss  
Is not just a kiss  
When I sigh  
It is because  
I don't have Love

mark king

# Genesis

Silky lust, desire and love  
Under the satin sheets  
That caresses the skin  
As nakedness enjoys  
All pleasures to be

Laying in love's philosophy  
Tangled in sweat and spent  
Waiting for sleeps sweet slumber  
A fruit is brought forth  
In the woman's womb  
Silently making mother and father

mark king

# Grace

Perverse and foolish we stray  
Yet in love God sought us  
Love's gift is God's gift  
For God is all loving  
Let love echo in you  
Love will live on  
For love stands the test

mark king

# Green Plus White Equals Blues

With the green  
you can have love.  
She needs the green,  
it buys the white,  
she says its her job.

Its just an act she says  
every night and day,  
seven days a week  
or till she passes out.

Its sad,  
but true,  
the denial is real.  
Green plus white  
equals the blues.

mark king

# Heaven And Man

I. He forgot so much. All the wonders of creation and God in Heaven and Son and Grace and Blessings of joy.

II. Lost his shield and rock. A muddy river he became. In its depths the unseen with no shining sun.

III. Uncaring he became to everything, not remembering love nor passion.

IV. Lord in Heaven forgive him for those deeds Done and Undone by him.

mark king

# Heavenly Dream

Of an infinite space in the heavens I dreamed the everlasting dream.

Worlds spun by as light poured down with Angels and Archangels singing.

I saw God then upon a modest throne cast in a brilliant light glowing light.

God asked me, what do you dream of? I said of knowledge, all the knowledge.

In that moment I was drunk with knowledge, all kinds of knowledge.

Then I knew knowledge is strong, yet love is even stronger still.

mark king

# How The Capitalists Killed Canton, Ohio

How The Capitalists Killed Canton Ohio;

by mark king

I. Myself and I; In the broken bricks where the memories mix like the mortar that once held them together with the shadows that are us. I am the spokesman for the shadows.

II. Storms; It rains pain here and thunder kicks you when you're down, while the man with broken English takes your money at the corner store.

III. Bricks; Bricks built this city and bricks broke it down. Slowly and surely they filled the marsh and bought the farms. Rising up new places to choke this city. How could they not know?

IV. Mother; She was born here in the post war hay days when the down town bustled with shopping and business. The factories belched smoke and people had union cards. We even had an amusement park, ballroom, burlesque and a speedway.

V. Mother and I; Under the green grass she lays on the hill overlooking all the progress. The leaves blow in the wind never still to long, just like our lives. Now it's all peace, because all is behind.

VI. Fathers; The first I never knew, but they always said I'm just like him. The second tried, but he wasn't ready and the third Isn't even worth a mention.

VII. Empty Space; I'm sitting in the empty space they call a park, but its hole in the heart of the city, like some bodies head. The best Coney's in town were sold here along with the fresh markets, drugstores, and a five and dime. Now all we're left with is Rite-Aid.

VIII. Famous Spot; Monument park holds the late great president William McKinley in a Masonic looking tomb. He coffin is so huge I wonder if he was a Nephilim, like in Genesis. Behind it is a creepy cemetery where my friends and I used to party in days long gone by. One thing I noticed is they keep the park in better condition then the city, so the squirrels have a good home.

IX. She Said I Was The One; I'm walking the trails and smoking just because it

pisses the joggers off. I'm thinking of a lost love who told me I was the one forever and always, but I let her go and she ended up in the penitentiary, just like I said she would.

X. Dave and Janice; I always went to fast and so did they, however needles and spoons befriended them in a twisted love affair. They used come over and shoot dope, but after the needle was empty they'd lie on the couch and become one with it. Now Janice lives in the sky and Dave is behind cold steel bars.

XI. Out of Towner's; On Fridays and Saturdays we're invaded, like Vikings in there sleek ships they come in sleek SUV's and Cadillac cars to the acclaimed art district where art shops, restaurants and bars do more than get by. I have no grip about this being a striving artist myself, but how about industry, retails stores and such?

XII. Ghost Town; It's the middle of the week and the middle of the day. My thoughts form words that I pen on the paper as all the government workers, lawyers, and office types populate the city on a 9 to 5 basis then its back to the burbs leaving it a ghost town.

XIII. Angels; Another hour has past and the angels on the federal building trumpet it in, like they have for a hundred years. At night they are lit up with colored lights and I wonder if anyone sees the beauty here.

XIV. City Mission; I'm eating at the soup kitchen in the Refuge of Hope. I see at least thirty faces I can call friend. I used to work here; it's where I learned the better part of me and to see that in everyone.

XV. Libera Nos A Malo; The shadow cast from the building is like a dark cloud with a slight chill I wonder about the future for our children in a city that has become a widow to the men and women who left it behind.

mark king

# How To End Love With Shock And Awe

So hot are the clear pale blue skies  
I wipe my brow looking at my estranged love  
Is the wind blowing or is it her words?

There is lust in my eyes staring at her  
With her full lips begging to be kissed  
And remember how the sweat mingled  
Between our bodies when we made love

Her words have been bouncing off me  
It is just the lust daze I have fallen under  
She thinks I'm taking a deep breath to two  
But I'm taking in her words it makes me  
Strike a curious pose and I get an odd look

Listening to her latest scheme  
I inject my standard objections  
Making her pause with the evil eye  
Her voice leaps to me like a cat  
And her smile seems to caress me  
With lovely romantic visions

Reality imposes its grip on me  
Making me wince for a moment  
It is as if I've been shaken  
By an unseen hand  
Looking into her misty eyes  
I catch a glimpse of hell within  
And silently pray to my savior

I'm about to give in  
Giving her my best smile of course  
When my lips part issuing profanities  
That I have not used for a long time  
Her ego has deflated quickly  
And it shocks her into nothingness  
As her footsteps fade away  
I'm in awe at what I've finally done

mark king

# Humanity

Fastened in flesh

We feel pleasure and pain

Bound to mortal things

Including love and sin

Now are past is proved

How can we face fate?

mark king

# Hungry

Day and night takes its toll.

Hungry emotions and wishes.

Being here or there, they wait

To come true.

mark king

# If

If they said  
the day you tried  
you faked it

What's your reason  
for forgetting  
your own lies

I'm sorry  
not for you  
but for me-

mark king

# I'M Not Laughing About That

Let us begin  
Carry our love  
Up on high  
Safe from all  
Sing together  
Our whits not troubled  
Patience profits  
Heaven's gift is Love  
Its enlightenment is true  
See the unseen  
For Love is true

mark king

# Imposition

Under the sheets is a breakdown  
Hiding in a cocoon of blankets

Tossing the covers to the side  
Your feet touch the cold floor

The windows shows a dreary day  
And you know today is the last

You stand before your spouse  
With tears falling from your face

Only to say you have another  
And you don't have love anymore

mark king

# In A Bad Way

He shot his girl  
After he found her  
In bed with another.

Now he's sitting here  
Down in Lucasville  
With the prison blues.

And he's feeling awful  
With those damn blues  
Cause he's a stranger here

mark king

# In Spite Of

I. The old gal fancies me, but I wish she'd keep her hand off my leg.

II. The vixen behind the bar who's shirt is to tight mixes us another.

III. As I tell the old gal of her beauty, all her success and how in spite it we loved.

IV. Of how I let her down and how she ended it in the warmth of a southern night.

V. With her hand on my leg, an arm around my back and her head on my shoulder.

VI. She sheds a tear as the vixen behind the bar hits the lights and ends the night.

mark king

## In Toto (In Full)

Will we hold hands  
Feel the morning dew  
On our bare feet

Could we steal away  
In the tall grass  
Sharing each others love

Waste away the day  
With the sun high  
Trying to touch us

We know no time  
No fate or wait  
On this summer day-

mark king

## Inter Nos (Just Between Us)

Smiles leave in the somber colored eve.

Even though it sing its own songs.

To some who listen to little things.

mark king

# Invitation

Speak to me  
in sorrows

let me confess  
our joy

and our strength  
for love

mark king

# It All Means Nothing In The End

I'd been told about her  
And I looked at everything  
That came and went, even me!

A friend sat me down  
To tell me  
You're using me

I said to him  
I promise you  
Let her use me up!

And he said why  
Then I told him  
Every path leads to nowhere-

mark king

# It's All In A Night

Her barstool has six legs  
Two are hers  
It plants her to the bar  
Where she is blooming  
Like spring flowers  
Drinking in the spirits  
From the bottles I serve her  
The smile she wears is false  
It's from the bravado she drinks

She lives with me  
Calls herself mine  
But the bottle  
Is really her home  
And her first love  
I only visit her  
And hold her dear  
Because those moments  
Seem to disappear

I'm laughing at her  
As she shakes her ass  
To "Johnny Paycheck"  
While my hands  
Move with speed  
And grace  
While I'm serving  
The rednecks, cowboys  
And other dubious characters

The girls are trying  
To look like movie stars  
And mine?  
She is waving at me  
Teasing her way  
To a free drink  
Or shot  
But she always  
Comes home with me

It's past midnight and everyone is tight  
Laughing and being fools  
I'm the bartender  
Leader of fools  
Mixing their delights  
I light their smokes  
Laugh at bad jokes  
Fix marriages and broken hearts  
I'm the law and sometimes a nurse

The night is over  
Everyone is gone  
They're satisfied  
Some found love for the night  
While others will be sleeping lonely  
But medicated  
I count the money  
Peel my wife out of her barstool  
And go home thinking

It's all in a night here at "Cleve's"  
I'm really an actor  
And the bar is my stage  
Because all this  
Isn't really me  
It's a temporary fix  
I'm just faking it  
Lingering in the shadows  
Waiting for something-

mark king

# Just To See You Smile

I put my heart in my mouth  
making words mixed with tears  
you still live deep inside me  
and I feel you with me

I woke from the night  
thinking I felt your breath  
brush upon my face  
maybe its your way  
of touching me

I can never forget what you did  
when I had my date with death  
you came with comfort and love

now you have need  
lonely in that awful place  
you and I are always friends  
I'm coming with comfort and love  
just to see you smile

mark king

# Laying With Lonesome

Laying With Lonesome

By Mark King

She stands before him  
With tears streaming  
Down her blue eyes  
After the show  
He felt something wrong  
Because she stayed  
In the dark corner  
Of the bar

He is tired from the nights  
With twists and turns  
His senses numbed  
Without the stage lights  
Or the speakers screaming  
In his hand is a glass  
Of Johnny Walker  
As he sips  
It eats at something  
He cannot put his finger on

He slowly looks her over  
Her hands are shaking  
But he not asking why  
He just pulls her close  
For comfort  
Feeling her soft skin  
And her soft hair  
It is so familiar  
Like a comfortable  
Pair of ragged jeans

Looking into  
Those beautiful blue eyes  
He sees they no longer shine  
In the spirit of love  
She whispers in his ear

She is tired, so tired  
Of the grind, the road  
And all uncertainties

They met months ago  
And never looked back  
At each other  
He says little  
Knowing he is a slave  
To fate, chance and the music  
It is down to motions  
When emotions are spent  
They say bye  
And turn their backs  
To lay with lonesome

mark king

# Listen

I don't know what happened  
Yes I do  
You taking more than you need  
But I don't care  
So you call me names  
And I just laugh  
Cause they're my other names  
But you didn't listen-

mark king

# Loathing In Louisiana

In the smug darkness of the saloon  
Her pale face stares back at me

As I try to find a dream in her eyes  
The tear in her eye tells me more

She came to free herself from promises  
Broken promises of friendship and love

Little do I know of her joyless struggles?  
And the solace found in a bottle of alcohol

My heart is torn in the chaos of this place  
Because in her anguish, she can't love

I bend not break only saying I understand-  
mark king

# Lonely Knows

One glance and one kiss  
a few words of kindness,  
your eyes really see me,  
not for what I've done,  
but for who I'm.

How did you know I was waiting  
and did you know you were saving me?

I've never known such comfort  
never felt so much release  
and now there is just peace,  
what a gift to leave me with,  
lonely has known me for the last time!

mark king

# Lonesome Love Poem

Its lonesome  
to be me,  
to be you.  
I'm gaining on you,  
then I can't catch you.  
Its lonesome  
now and then.  
I'm just watching  
my dreams  
dance in and out  
of my life.

mark king

# Love Be

Love be in my head  
and in my understanding.

Love be in my eyes  
and in my looking.

Love be in my mouth  
and in my speaking.

Love be in my heart  
and be in my being.

Love be at my hands  
and be at my touch.

love be at my side  
and be mine always.

mark king

# Love Is A Problem Solver

Love is a sun lit refuge  
A shelter for the heart

Love of lift and passion  
Will draw the together

Love is a shield of protection  
The only weapon of peace

And if the well of love  
Ever runs dry, all will wither

mark king

# Love, Hate And The Ex

She hasn't seen me in months  
Anger is drawn on her face

Her ranting is like razorblades  
Its purpose is to cut and wound

But I'm neither offended nor bruised  
My wit interprets the meaning

Of all the colorless sharp words  
Now my feet shuffle with grace

And I'm upon her pressing closely  
As our lips greet one another

Discord and passion have met  
In a kaleidoscope of emotion

mark king

# Loved, Loved Again

I. Memory is calling, living has turned to haunting dreams. They seem to call out whispering her name, an invitation to be loved again in the midst of all the dreams that can't come true.

II. As her last breath brushed upon my face her last touch weakened on my arm. Despair and depression have made me promises they will keep, unlike the ones I can't make to her.

III. Her last words still ring, I love you my love forever. In the moment of death I caught her last look, I saw myself in those eyes, I saw a love and a future that wouldn't be.

IV. One careless moment and the brilliant color of love becomes black, lonely prevails, it wins. Leaving just a longing to be loved again by her.

Dedicated to Beth

mark king

# Low To High

In the park the depression is deep  
Visiting those familiar places.  
Just to see or hear  
Is there any magic left?  
All alone, but not alone  
Children are playing.  
And in their laughter  
Depression fades away.

mark king

# Magnetism

Surpassing reasoning  
Together let us look

Thoughts stir the heart  
Charming ways attract

Gracious lips call  
Prying eyes strip

And a kiss  
Would seal fate-

mark king

# Mark, Marsha And The Devil

My love is dancing  
On a spoon  
With the Devil  
Inhaling his breath

It takes her deep  
Inside herself  
To a place  
I do not know

She is a Goddess now  
Deep inside her meditations  
And I?

I am just her companion  
Waiting for my Goddess  
To return

mark king

# Matrimony

Stepping out from the shadows  
Letting the world see us  
For what we are and have  
We hold hands as love holds us  
So nothing or no one  
Will steal it away

As we walked down the broken roads  
The broken people watched us  
With envy and secret wishes  
The sun beams touch us  
Warming our skin  
As love burns inside

Our only object in sight  
Are the fruits of love  
In a pilgrimage togetherness  
How feeble is mankind's power  
Compared to love

In the place of a higher spirit  
We advance to a higher state  
Saying vows fair and true  
Making her the best of me  
And me the best of her  
In a union of love  
To accompany one another  
Through all that is life

And as we grow old  
With snowy white hair  
May we become sojourners  
Breathing our last breath  
Of love together  
Only to dwell forever  
In the spirit of love

mark king

# May Beauty Last

My ill deed loiter all about  
With my bent thoughts doing nothing

As my heart is broken again  
Each thought takes its own way

Leaving only doubt and denial  
That falls into the weeping place

I held on to a kind of peace  
From somewhere deep inside

Taking her last rose and pressing  
Its lovely beauty into the book

So its time will pass more slowly  
Unlike my ill forgotten deeds-

mark king

# Means Of Grace

Plan the pattern of my ways, let not my will be torn.

I yielded my love to her without doubt, it dwells with abiding care.

Our souls found refreshment there content to trust, to be together.

Burning love fills my heart, in my flesh hope and desire lives.

And in my everlasting soul, lives a means of grace.

mark king

# Mother

I. Never did I want to be here, but I remember why I came. Death spreads before me in words, black words on the whitest paper. I pick my head up somehow then read what they want to hear.

II. With their ears pleased and their numb minds they leave to gather on the grounds. Handshakes and encouraging words flow as everyone takes their places again.

III. After the preacher is done preaching she is lowered slowly into the gaping hole. The flowers gracefully fall to her, unlike the way I fell from grace. In and amongst the flower petals with bright colors shards of me remain.

IV. With the sunlight reaching for her only a dark corner remains there, just like mother and I were entangled all our lives. Time wins on a september day.

mark king

# My Empty Friend

Men buy and sell themselves  
And you can't see the pain

Like your father emptied his self  
You're emptying yourself

Your last care, your last regret  
Leaving an empty heart burning

mark king

# Night Delivers

Night is dark  
Hiding in pain  
Night is quiet  
But trouble remains  
Night is still  
For those suffering  
Night delivers dawn  
Dawn delivers day  
Day delivers hope

mark king

# No, He's Not Man

The way that was  
Creeps back unheard  
Now as he did to you  
He'll do to another  
Neither hope nor trust  
Survives his folly  
He is just the spark  
That always returns  
Back into the night  
With no hope of light

mark king

# North And South Love

It all started with a smile  
I am smiling at her  
And she smiles back  
Maybe we caught love then  
She is 5'8"  
With long brown hair  
Misty blue eyes  
And an attitude  
That said the world is mine

There was an October chill  
And everyone was getting ready  
For Halloween  
I told her my name  
And asked for hers  
Then I asked her out  
And she told me no  
So, I shuffled back upstairs  
To play the chords  
That gives me peace

About a week later  
She knocked on my door  
Saying yes  
A month later  
After a snow fall  
We where in the park  
Making snow angels  
Snowmen  
and talking about how  
we would warm up  
under the covers

later that night  
I told her to get into the bed  
Because I had a surprise for her  
She gave me a curious look  
When I waltzed back in  
With my guitar strapped to me

Her first tear fell  
On the first word  
Of Bob Seger's  
Accompany me  
After the song  
I asked her to live with me  
She ripped my cloths off  
And we made mad love  
With my guitar still on the bed  
I plucked notes  
To the rhythm of love

Around two months later  
Love turned sour  
Her sobriety went with the wind  
And so did her senses  
As she walked a path  
Of drugs, schemes and lies  
I came home one morning  
After work  
And there was a stranger  
In my parking lot  
He couldn't start his car  
Nor could he hid his cocaine eyes  
I checked his car  
And told him the starter was shot  
Then I gave him a ride  
While he told me all

She pretended to be resting  
But stirring too much  
As I fell asleep  
She crept out of bed  
To meet decadence

When I wake up  
She was gone  
Leaving a note  
That said this and that  
But I know better  
She was clean and sober  
When we met

Funny how things go

The coffee is hot  
And the tears salty  
As the yoke of love is broken  
Leaving me to embrace myself  
And my music  
At least they never  
Leave, hurt or lie

I called off work that night  
The March air was crisp  
And refreshing  
In a bitter way  
As I packed the van  
In sadness  
With all her stuff  
And all the memories  
I knew we had sowed the seeds of love  
And not harvested them

Late that night  
When most people sleep  
She came in  
Surprise was written all over her face  
Along with tears  
Sipping the coffee staring at her face  
She looked at me with those cocaine eyes  
And said she had fallen again  
But she really loved me  
I took my heart  
Off my sleeve  
And hid it away  
In a dark place  
So no hurt  
Would find it

After a moment of silence  
I told her  
There can be no love with doubt  
It would only be a slow death  
I thanked her for her love

When I was hurt from another  
And we drove in silence  
Through the March night

The motel sign said vacancy  
And I thought  
Life is full of vacancies  
Of the heart and home  
Some in pain  
Some in peace

mark king

# Once More

A chance second meeting  
And I crashed into her.

She dances with wickedness  
May I cut in?

As I ponder all  
Her good for nothings.

I wonder if fate  
Will show her face again!

mark king

# Opposites Attract

Fate I do know  
In words and deeds  
By there leave

What atonement  
Must be done  
In you yourself

Your sublime wit shines  
I live to sleep  
You live to wake

Vanity meets wisdom  
Opposites attract  
In truth sown together-

mark king

# Paradise

Time moves slowly  
And no one seems to notice  
As he tries to make paradise

Maybe one can only  
Catch a glimpse of paradise?

May God forgive him?  
For what he tried to make  
And let those who love him  
Forgive him

Paradise is not to be made  
It waits  
In love and faith  
A child's laughter  
In hugs and vows to special one

It is all around  
But you must open your eyes  
To the waves crashing on the beach  
Or a walk down a snow covered lane  
It is in the animals scurrying about  
Or the tears at a wedding

Don't be fooled he writes others  
Paradise waits-

mark king

# Perhaps For The Loneliness Of The Author

I drove past the old house today

Perhaps nothing happened at all

Maybe I didn't see you at all

But even if I did see you

I'm used to not shredding tears-

mark king

## Poor Pitiful Me

I'm both good and bad  
Even though Momma  
Always called me trouble

Dogs howl and growl  
But black cats purr  
Cause I'm just a stray

I'm the bounce in your step  
And the sigh in your breath  
When you think of me

And I'm just a tired bird  
Flying high  
Just to be free-

mark king

# Pretty Little Things

I walked past the hearse  
Knowing it wasn't for me  
With the warm July breeze  
I write my pretty poems  
With dirty little words  
Thinking about the smile  
She always leaves me

And the special something  
In her dark eyes  
It's her calling card  
That renders me a smile  
And looking for my need  
But who I'm I to tell you  
It's in your eyes

mark king

# Psalm 151

We are unworthy  
Trying to become Gods  
In our own right

When God became man  
Christ was born  
Who are you?

mark king

# Psychopathic Dream Girl And The Nurse's Aid

- I. I met her long before all the psych stuff. She was a stripper in the bar where I used go have a couple drinks at. With a beautiful face and the matching body it hardly could get any better.
- II. I told her right up front she couldn't hustle me like the losers there, but I'd always buy her couple of drinks. We'd laugh at the scheme's she had and sometimes I'd read her a poem of mine or two.
- III. Sometimes she'd tease me with her native tongue of French-Canadian, which I thought was real sexy. After a while I stopped going there and went my own way screwing life up as usual doing stupid things, but enlightening.
- IV. One night I popped too many pills and started to nod. My friends got scared and took me to the hospital. Yes, the stomach pump and charcoal sucks.
- V. I got admitted to the psych ward that night, but was too tired to care. They woke me up with a cup of coffee, tranquilizers, anti-depressants, anti-anxiety pills and who knows what else, plus a crappy breakfast.
- VI. I ate my food like a good camper and observed the room with everybody in it. I came to the conclusion it was full of zombie's. Some self-made others like me just along for the ride. There were three decent women and one really gorgeous girl with messy hair, so I being me got up and sat beside her.
- VII. She looked me over and smiled showing me her perfect teeth. I shouldn't reveal her name, but when Terry started talking to me in that French-Canadian lingo. It's just the sexiest thing I've ever heard.
- VIII. Well, we hugged and kissed, and then the orderly said no touching. So we walked the hall and talked, it's like a date in the ward. When nobody was looking we ducked in her room French kissing till we landed on the bed.
- IX. We had our PJ's off and were doing it doggy style when suddenly the nurse's aid came waltzing in. Everything went into slow motion as I looked down at that perfect butt and our perfect union I didn't want to quit. We were like deer trapped in the headlights.
- X. The nurse's aid told us we couldn't be doing that anymore. She said they would separate us and watch us all the time. Then she and her clipboard walked out of the room shutting the door as she went about her duties.
- XI. My dream girl and I had a nice quickie then we even took a shower together. After that we hung out till lunch time. Later after we took our meds, I went to take a nap. Leaving Terry talking to another girl about sex.
- XII. While I was sleeping the nurse's aid came in and woke me up then tells me she didn't tell anyone about our episode and maybe if we wanted to do that kind of thing to do it on the 3rd shift after the bed check because nobody comes around for two hours.
- XIII. I woke up later with dream girl performing a sex act on me while Gracie was

watching. I didn't know it was real till I ran my fingers through her hair and asked Gracie what she thought? She said anytime I wanted anything hit her up.

XIV. We finished our little party and went to dinner where she told everyone she had a boyfriend on the inside and one on the outside. I thought damn, all I have is ex-wives out there. Later that evening outside boyfriend came to visit her and she introduced us, sick girl right?

XV. We made love most every night and never got caught. Timing is everything isn't it? I had earned enough redemption to be released. Dream girl got out a week later and went back to her dude. He has no idea at all what his Barbie doll is capable of. I dropped a twenty in an unsigned thank you card and sent it to the nurse's aid. Thanks again!

mark king

# Questions Of Love

Change your mind  
My eyes still rest  
Upon you

Be my teacher  
For I cannot cry  
I tremble  
But no tears fall

Just sing to me  
While I count the stars  
Because it'll take forever

Isn't to give Love  
Enough to receive Love?  
I ask again  
And again-

mark king

# Recovery

As soon as you hit the door

The somber mood spreads

Not a sound do they make

As they wait for the remedy

mark king

# Relationship Help

Weep then laugh  
Mourn then dance  
Argue then embrace  
Love then love  
Again and again

mark king

# Rest With Me

To my listening  
All nature sings  
Rest with me  
In thought  
My beauty queen  
With woe and pain  
Rest with me  
In thought  
In her hair  
The morning light  
Rest with me  
In thought  
To my listening  
I hear your song-

mark king

# Rhyme And Reason

In the very means  
Of this life

The spirit of love  
Still holds true

And for the poet  
Time doesn't march on

It is remembered  
In the flow of ink

mark king

# Ruins

Ruins

by mark deviant king

broken and hurt  
with wounds sleeping

look how lonely  
married the city

as she fades  
from the limelight

like those letters  
written to her

nothings are true  
when dreams lapse

mark king

## Semper Fidelis (Always Faithful)

I see those  
old roads again  
the words pass  
through my heart  
as I whisper on low  
those loving things  
so they don't stir  
the earth  
while she sleeps

mark king

# Seven Wishes

Not to care, but to care about

Not to regret, but to look ahead

Not to judge, but to see

Not to break, but to bend

Not to control, but to let go

Not to hate, but to love

Not to have war, but to make peace

mark king

# Seventy

I. Seventy and his eyes are darting from doctor to nurse then back to his wife with tears on his cheeks.

II. Seventy and she offers her hand for comfort as her back arches from the pain the doctor reads the results.

III. Seventy and there is not much time to go, maybe it is love that keeps them holding on and on.

mark king

# Snow Daze

What made me sad yesterday

Was it the stinging snow

The cold wind at my back

Or my lost foot prints

In the snow?

mark king

# Status Quo

Her beauty is so it creeps into dreams  
taking breath night and day.  
She disappoints me still,  
but I adapt myself to it.  
Letting go of the rubbish  
Of days gone by.  
As the solidity of my heart  
Never wavers it feelings.  
It is the overlord  
Of the mind and soul.  
Clearly the mind guards  
And the soul searches.

mark king

# Streetwalker

They call her  
A whore  
And a crackhead

I know women  
Hold secrets  
Of this life

As the world  
Uses her  
Like a vampire

The setting sun  
Brilliant orange  
Embraces her

She could be  
Your daughter  
Or mine

mark king

# Submission

From kisses to steamy  
bedroom fantasies,  
she innocently smiles  
from delight.

Eyes sparkle,  
made of beguile,  
its from the love she feels  
and the passions of our flesh.

Midnight flashes by  
at the motel  
of pleasing memories.

Lies are drowning  
in the past  
while love engulfs  
the darkness.

mark king

# Sunrise Greetings

Before the sunrise,  
birds are singing  
to one another  
for companionship  
and comfort.

In the sunrise  
birds are soaring  
near the misty hills,  
they dance in the wind  
and welcome the sun  
in flight.

At the sunset,  
birds are singing  
to one another,  
thankful for the day.

mark king

# That Girl

the light couldn't be seen  
even though  
it shined from her

so I carry her with me  
and now  
life doesn't pass me by

mark king

# The Adventures Of Mark And Beth

I. During my wayfaring years going from here to there with the smell of the sea in my face I would usually hang my hat in the local bars, but my tattooed comrades talked me into going to the enlisted club where the drummer from Molly Hatchet was playing with his solo project. After the first set of southern fried rock we went outside to smoke funny things and so I could show off my bad motor bike of course. Like some women I've met she was a real screamer. Being punched out.60 over and stroked, she was one loud Harley-Davidson. I would keep this bike for twenty years longer than any wifey or girlfriend. Back then she'd beat just about anything except that crazy fast KZ-900's. Showing off I threw my leg over her kicking her to life. This was precarious with all that compression. I let the old girl warm up and showed them how to do a burn-out.

II. We went back in to see the rest of the show cause rock and roll never sleeps. The empty beer pitchers and shot glasses began to litter the table as the band jammed an Allman Brothers cover tune when this gorgeous blonde girl was standing next to me having a vigorous conversation with a jarhead type built like an Abrams tank. Well suddenly to my chagrin she plops down in my lap, smile at me says " hi honey " and puts her arm around my neck, then she looks up at the jarhead who's mother didn't love him. I know this because the grunt has a tattoo of a heart with the word mother tattooed in it and a big bloody knife stuck through it or at least that's what my alcohol induced brain sees. The girl at this point looks at him and says my boyfriend wouldn't like that. While she says that I'm wondering if the words can pierce that thick hide.

III. After he is gone (thanks God) she offers to buy drinks and my friends shuffle their chairs so she can sit beside me. I ask her what is your name and why? She said Beth and because I looked like a nice guy, plus I was real cute. Later after many drinks and lots of great rock she slipped her phone number into my tight pocket. Of course I'm over thrilled about that and then I ask her if she'd like breakfast at the Orange Park Denny's, to which she says OK. As soon as she sees the bike she says, oh, yeah let's go! So off we go rather quickly to Denny's. I smoke the rear tire at every light and even do a couple of wheelies, which makes her hold real tight. She is screaming she loves it as I weave in and out of traffic making a lot of noise. At the light before the restaurant she nibbles on my ear and kisses the back of my neck.

IV. At Denny's we sit side by side and feed each other, flirting and kissing the whole time. Her leg is tight against me and she slips her shoes off to play footsy with me. We can't stop kissing and messing around at all. Later the waitress clears her throat and asks if we need anything else, I say no pay up and tip out. The ride back to her car is all the same horsing around as before. The marine at the gate just waves me though, because he has seen me plenty of times in the

middle of the night. We get back to the club and it's all deserted with me, her, the T-bird and my bike. We lay back on the hood of the bird, watch the stars and talk some. About 5: 30am the MP'S wake us up. I steal a last kiss, then grab another one. I'm kicking the bike over as she pulls away waving at me, On the ride home I feel like a twelve year old who just got his first kiss and I'm planning the next date which will include riding the bike, the beach and red wine.

mark king

# The Beaten Path

With the cocaine  
She's numb and dumb

Just a beautiful habit  
Spread out before me

Love has lost its pride  
A battered heart grows cold

I'm not what she needs  
And I'm not taking anything

But the tears from her eyes  
So none are shed on her cheeks

mark king

# The Golden Chain

I spied upon them  
in their moment,  
it seemed so silent  
as the golden chain of being  
unfolded before me.  
Order in life is broken  
as they embraced.  
Solace is found  
and reliance is shared,  
compassion and fulfillment  
have united as one.  
Passion is surrendered freely  
in the golded chain of being.

mark king

# The Jagged Edge Of Love

At sea time does not exist  
We are one with the ocean  
Headed towards fates unknown  
Tossed about like birds  
In the wind

I saw her face  
In a dream to which  
I did not want to wake  
In the morning facing east  
Just before dawn  
Tasting the salty air  
I could see the city lights  
And knew land was coming  
But nothing more

I held that dream  
Walking with it  
In the middle of the night  
The full lips  
Curly long blonde hair  
And eyes that sparkled  
With an unseen magic  
It seemed  
Maybe she was looking me over

Sailors do not do much  
When stationed on land  
Maybe it is just to still for us  
We rest, eat, drink,  
Chase women  
And do little work

A few weeks later  
The club was crowded  
With sailors, marines, rednecks,  
Tourists and little old me  
I was sipping on my Finnish vodka  
Minding my own

Grooving in the southern rock  
Just glad to have my feet  
On the ground

The face I saw in my dream  
Was sitting across the bar  
Our eyes met  
As did our smiles  
I saw a burst of fireworks  
A bouquet of flowers  
Balloons and rainbows  
I could hardly breathe  
As I moved through the masses  
Like a snake  
Slipping and sliding  
Closer to her

She watched me  
Make my way to her  
With that smile that never stopped  
The band was playing  
"Molly Hatchet"  
As I glided to her side  
I whispered my name into her ear  
And she whispered back to me  
Her name in a wonderful  
Southern draw

I suggested we take a walk  
On the beach  
So we could get to know  
One another  
It was a hot summer night  
And we left our shoes  
Hanging on my hot rod Harley  
We walked through the surf  
Hand in hand  
Really not saying much  
Because our hearts were one

In the follows days  
We were inseparable

And the ingress to love was brief  
There was no distrust  
Or in securities  
We never had to use  
A lot of words that said love  
We just knew  
And we just were meant to be

Months after we said  
Our vows and promises  
Of sweet love  
To a navy chaplain  
We made lots of love  
With her long curly hair  
Falling all around  
And when ours eyes locked  
It said more than words

On a cool southern night  
We took the thunderbird  
To see "Heart"  
At the colosseum  
The sounds filled our ears  
As romance filled our hearts  
Our lips met  
And our tongues danced

That night  
So little did we know  
It would be our last  
On our way home  
Holding hands, laughing  
And flirting  
As a black fate approached  
Maybe the drunk driver  
Never saw the red light  
No body will ever know

He drove through the light  
And into my heart  
On impact he died  
As did my love

Love turned colorless  
And lonely  
As my heart hardened  
Their suffering became mine  
Maybe because  
They could not finish this life

And still to this day  
In the middle of the night  
I walk with her on the beach  
In my dreams

mark king

# The Saddest Love Story Ever Told

The Saddest Love Story Ever Told

(Based on a true story)

By mark deviant king

It was the day before Christmas

But all the blonde haired

Blue eyed girl

Wanted was her mommy

Daddy tried

He did his best

But he never be mommy

And he never

Could replace her

Hiding his somber mood

Till the lonely of the night

He danced with his tears

The tears continued

In the grayness of the morning

On the drive to the penitentiary

Through the northern California hills

Only this time

They fell from heaven

Tears of joy

For a little girl

And tears of agony

For a man

At the maximum security penitentiary

Where everything is gray

Gray walls, gray moods, gray lives

In a gray world

Between life and death

The euphoria

Of the mother daughter reunion

Cannot be described

The bond is as old as man and woman

The little girl

Sticks her ten year old fingers  
Into the chicken wire  
Scanning the yard with keen eyes  
Taking in all the lost souls and fallen women  
She hugs her mommy and says  
This isn't so bad mommy  
We could live here together

For who will heart cry to?  
It is mother  
Remembered in a lonely walk  
Through the northern California forest  
Or on a trip to the coast  
But always in her heart  
Keeping its own direction  
On towards a future  
Of what has been lost

The young woman  
Goes through a nonchalant life  
With a love splintered  
Just a dreamer and a stranger  
In a wearisome land  
Rebelling with drugs and schemes  
Crime is easy when you don't care  
Her pores know what is to come  
A botched robbery seals fate  
And the four walls  
Of what is due closes in  
She quickly says guilty to the judge  
Ending the longing for mother  
She is not low, she is high  
Coming to mother

Under a gray sky  
In a gray place  
Mother and daughter meet again  
Tongues waltz  
As two hearts beat with love  
Everywhere in the yard  
Old and young faces  
Breath in dreams

Because that is all that is left  
From sleep to wake  
Mother and daughter  
Drink in love  
Not lost, but found

Epilog,  
Mother is fifty-seven  
Has a pacemaker to keep her beating  
She walks with a walker  
To keep her walking in the yard  
All her teeth are gone  
And their to cheap to buy them  
She is serving life  
But barely has any life  
Daughter is forty-two  
With no GED  
No job  
And no hope  
Everyday is a struggle  
How long till she returns  
To the gray place  
In gray life?

It cost enough to lock up a person  
As it does to educate them  
And give them adequate medical care  
Is that not truly rehabilitation?

mark king

# The Shock Of Being Died

Their tattered bodies died  
without knowing why  
they were slain.

Souls ascended past their grief,  
laughing in disbelief

mark king

# The Songs Of Xanax And Alcohol

I. De Novo; It all started innocently Being home alone Sitting by the lake With "Bob" The fire blazed in the pit And we were kicked back Under the night

II. The Question; I started to wonder about my wife When "Bob" dozed off So I headed to the house To use the phone But decided against it And raided the medicine cabinet Where the Xanax lay sleeping So I took two then headed back outside But when I passed through the kitchen The bottle of Crown Royale called my name

III. Feeling Groovy; A little while later I figured That combination of pills and whiskey Was like magic making me feel great So I raided the medicine cabinet And rescued the Crown from retirement I also recall having a one sided conversation With "Bob" about faithfulness

IIII. Felling Groovy Part Two; A few more shots and Xanax And I found myself on my boat dock Shooting my Colt.45 into the lake I bet the fish hate that When I do that V. Real Genius My next brilliant idea Was to go to town Find Cheryl and say hello Actually whine until she left with me

VI. Beachhead; I spotted her car right away At the Chalet lounge Her favorite watering hole Snatching the pistol Bob and I went in like Marines

VII. Look Momma It's Magic; I entered the bar shouting orders Making demands and waving the pistol It is my magic wand The band stops and the crowd quiets Maybe it's the sight Of seeing someone they know snap Or is it the pistol

VIII. God And Moses; My love is sitting at the bar Where she is the center of attention Or was until I arrived Love is my God And I'm faithful to it I wave my magic wand And crowd parts like the red sea Making me think am I Moses

IX. Bob; "Bob" has been watching my back And hasn't said a word During my relapse of anger He is my German Shepard Who is more faithful Than the one I am after

X. Who's The Boss; My wife's barstool spins around She is ranting and raving Pulling strings and switching my switches The breaded man turns around And his get really big Then the asshole speaks I stick the gun in his And tell him he is on hollow ground His fear shows and he shuts-up

XI. Peace Of Mind; While Cheryl is still bitching And the breaded man is shaking  
Larry the owner appears out of nowhere Saying what you doing son Your gonna  
end up in jail I'm going take you home Cause we're friends In what is left of my  
mind Reason unfolds and I say OK

XII. Ex Post Facto; When I awoke in the morning at Larry's All hung over And  
trying to piece it all together I knew our crazy romance was over But we just  
didn't know it at the time I would end up leaving her to her games And finding a  
peace in just being me

By mark king

mark king

# The Sum Of Us

The Sum of Us

There is no supernatural  
Only the sum of us

As the sun sets  
It also rises

Our souls are part of nature  
Making us reason and love

And when death comes  
A birth is near

By mark king

mark king

# The Unregarded Flow Of Fate

What is it with this?

Most of the night I waste  
Half in dreams I chase after  
To the delight of early skies  
At my hands, lips and eyes  
Is a lovely shell of beauty  
Small and white as a pearl  
Made so well, exquisitely  
A miracle of design and perfection  
A beautiful woman  
Who is measureless!

mark king

# The Wretched Truth

Sometimes love fails us,  
sometimes love is grand,  
there is laughter and tears.  
Yet we go on living  
as the world pursues us  
under a fading star,  
we're moved by  
sounds and images  
from the notion of love.  
It calls you  
bringing you closer,  
willing you on and on  
to find the Wretched Truth.

mark king

# This Land Divided

(I am a freedom loving American, and a Veteran. I have faith, love, poetry and art. I have been from riches to rags. I'm working my way back up with faith, love, friends, poetry and art. I was first published when I lived in a homeless shelter. If I can do that, what can you do?)

One nation,

One nation indivisible is divided  
With an upper class split  
From those who shop  
And those so high in the sky  
Others shop for them  
As well as pay the bills  
Raise the kids  
Supervise the servants  
Put food in their mouths  
And everything else

Who fuels it?

Money fuels the explosion  
At the top  
Wealth builds amongst the few  
With no new seams of gold  
Or uranium  
And no more domestic oil deposits  
Discovered or drilled  
Where does it come from?  
The endless wars  
Only fuel military contractors  
And suppliers  
It comes from squeezing Americans!

The workers,

Take away pensions and benefits  
Because it swells profits  
Easy credit on dubious terms  
With high interest

Raising insurance premiums  
And refusing to insure  
Those who might make a claim  
Downsizing and outsourcing  
To boost share profits  
Reduce the wages  
Distract us with lines like.....  
We are going to a service economy!  
Just another way to say  
We are giving it all away  
(Like the steel industry, etc)  
As the looting continues  
The average American  
Is maxed out  
Overworked and overspent

Christian values?

Propaganda says  
Ban gay marriage  
But how can two peoples  
Marriage threaten another  
Isn't marriage about good values?  
And morale's  
The Bible does have homophobia  
Endorsements of slavery  
And animal sacrifice  
But not a word about gay marriage  
Yet poverty and economic injustice  
Fill the Bible!  
Remember Jesus  
He was a hardliner  
Of the redistribution of wealth  
Imagine what he'd say?  
About the Bush tax cuts  
Secular liberals  
Should invoke Jesus  
One lesson from the ancient Christians  
Should be followed  
By all liberals and progressives  
They stood against imperial Rome  
With their hearts, souls and bodies

Believing in change  
What can you do?

What is left?

How many wake-up calls  
Do we need?  
We need a new deal  
Should we continue to fall apart?  
Into trailer parks, tenements  
And gated communities  
WE DIE!  
As Americans and country  
We can restore our glory  
Beauty and respect from ourselves  
And the world!  
But it must happen now  
Do not be fooled  
The democrats are not communists  
My Grandpa summed it up like this.....  
The republicans are the party for the rich  
And the democrats are for the working people  
Nothing has changed  
We have just forgotten  
Fooled by the right  
When it was really wrong

mark king

# Three Letters We Are

In the morning  
She's eager to play

In the afternoon  
She's bored with me

In the evening  
She's in exile from me

Later we keep the distance  
From what we are

And that is  
Cat and Man-

mark king

# Till We Meet Again

God's counsel guides and upholds you.

When peril confounds, put God's arm around you.

Keep Love's banner over you, let no ill power find place.

Till we meet again at Jesus feet may God be with you.

mark king

# To Love Or Not?

To know love  
As a thing of moods  
Not of laws  
You young lovers  
Know none  
Your crime  
Is being a puppet  
Always dreaming  
Sowing seeds  
Of illusion  
Nature is laughing  
At your folly

mark king

# Tobacco

Blanketing his emotions  
Is his will  
Yet still  
They try to pop  
Through and through  
With bitterness and wallow  
Never swallowing  
He spits in the street  
Leaving little brown pieces  
Of his character  
For all

mark king

# Together

You are the Dark,  
I am the Light.  
You rescue me,  
I'll rescue you.  
We'll dance in the shadows we create,  
Relax in the Dusk and the Dawn we made.  
Never to bright,  
never to bleak.  
We were meant to be Together.

mark king

# Twenty-Four Glowing Eyes

It was a cool foggy night  
And like the fog touches the skin  
She touches me  
Even though she is my ex-wife  
Who passed the cross roads  
Long ago  
We could never quit completely  
The thing that separated us  
Drugs and crime  
Yes, my ex-wife  
One of Canton's finest drug dealers

She does not know  
What no means  
As I push her away  
The harder she comes at me  
And yet  
Something pulls  
Our hearts together  
But I stopped telling her  
I bleed love for her

It is about midnight  
And my cell phone rings  
It seems to pierce the night  
Like a howling wolf  
I reach down and hit silent  
As I do not want to disturb  
My current girlfriend  
I sneak out of the bedroom  
And stand in the quiet kitchen  
To collect my thoughts  
Till I return that call  
The one that promises  
An unbridled passion

She is outside the townhouse  
In her boyfriends Cadillac  
I dress quickly

Kind of like superman  
Then I leave sleeping beauty a note  
Saying I went for a walk  
And slip out the backdoor  
Jumping into the Caddy  
We lock lips  
She starts to drive to the motel  
Of addicts, drunks, lairs  
And cheats  
But I tell that girl  
I have a better plan

We drive north  
And turn into the old strip mines  
That is an industrial park now  
She pulls in between  
A warehouse and the woods  
We talk as she does hit after hit  
And I am doing sip after sip  
Of my coffee  
Bought from the Circle K

I embrace her  
And our full lips meet  
It breaks the hold  
That the dope has on her  
We undress even faster  
Than superman  
And get in the back  
Lips and hands roam  
All the while I wonder  
If my idea of making love  
In Jim's car  
Comes from some primal urge  
To mark my scent  
Or maybe I am just mean

The love making is great as always  
We are one body and soul  
She is on the bottom  
And moaning with pleasure  
As I look up and out

Of the side window  
Seeing all these glowing eyes  
Like green beacons in the night  
At first I am frightened  
Thinking Lucifer has come  
To claim his bride

The rhythm of love has stopped  
And she asks why?  
I say look  
And we are both staring  
At a huge Buck  
With all his does  
And young ones around him  
At least twenty-four glowing eyes  
Are staring at us through the fog  
Then I make her laugh  
By telling her  
We are porno stars now

mark king

# Verbum Sapienti (A Word To The Wise)

I once named a star after this city  
Only to watch it fade slowly away

My life is painted on a broad canvas  
All in pastels filled with life's blessings

Somehow nothing has died inside of me  
I'm just leaving well enough so alone

With my books and pictures of dead poets  
I stand unaccompanied in a wasteland

In fairy tales the wicked are ugly  
Now wicked is a second hand love

Satan keeps this town in his pocket  
Laughing all the while it fades away

At least dead poets say something  
Most here are just blank slates

Canton, Ohio has only wasted her time  
And stole time creating illusions

From riches to rags and sickness  
I know when to love, ignore and leave

mark king

# Waiting For The Return

In the cold winters breath  
A love lies dreaming  
But who should I tell?

The sunlight grows stronger  
Weakening nights long shadow  
As winter's grip lightens

My soul keeps the heart warm  
As my spirit watches for love  
To return as the summer does-

mark king

# What I Am

I am the ghetto  
The dirt underneath  
It rains pain  
And hope  
Is hard to find  
Amongst the dealers  
And fallen women

I am a listener  
Walking alone  
Hearing a noise  
I stop  
But it is  
Only the city  
Sighing in-between  
Her tears

I am a broken family  
Were fathers changed?  
Like the years  
Alcohol reigned  
And abuse was the norm  
Their favorite saying was...  
Don't do as I do  
Do as I say  
(If you find yourself using  
Those words, you're a mess,  
Get some help)

I am divorce and heartache  
As lovers tire  
Through the years  
And fate brings  
Broken promises

I am the scent of tide  
Old spice, irish spring  
And sauve shampoo  
This razor

That shapes my face  
And my toothbrush  
That marries crest  
To polish my teeth

I am love  
Of god, life, friends  
And the earth  
To things seen  
And unseen

I am this paper  
The ink  
And these books  
A collector of words  
Ideas and visions

I am your friend  
Both good and bad  
Light and dark  
In the lullaby  
Of this life

mark king

# What Men And Women Fear

Love is too weak  
To unlock the heart  
And let it speak  
Even lovers are powerless  
To reveal  
What indeed they feel  
The mass of men and women  
Concealed in fear  
Tricked in disguises  
And alien to them  
But why?  
When the same heart  
Beats in every human chest-

mark king

# What We Are

I. A mind for thoughts, the heart for love and five senses to detect.

II. Is this the whole of us what shall we be and what are we?

III. When all is thought and all is argued in court the heart still rules.

IV. Yet we hope, believe in trust and have Faith!

mark king

# When An Ego Explodes

The Sun,  
Its rays reach to her  
Through the window  
Lighting her beauty  
It seems so surreal  
Like she's an angel  
(Not)  
I roll over to share  
In all the beauty

Making Love,  
I caress her soft skin  
Till she gently wakes  
I reach to kiss her  
And the kiss  
Turns into desire  
Solace is found  
In the embrace  
Making love slowly  
I whisper  
My latest love poem  
Telling her  
It's all about her

Her Ego,  
I think  
Her ego has expanded  
To the power of ten  
She is smiling  
Taking it all in  
And I'm patting myself  
On the back  
Of course  
Then I think....  
What if her head explodes  
Would that be murder  
What if I died to  
Would that make it  
A murder/suicide?

My Ego,  
Well, I'm finished  
With the poem  
And she says  
That's really sweet Mark  
But could you shut-up  
And make love to me  
I grin to hide the fact  
My ego has just exploded

mark king

# When Drugs Turn On Their Master

Here sleeping beauty lies  
In the throes of prozac  
It used to keep her up  
Now it keeps her down

She dreams of murder  
Mayhem, and suicide  
Making a hit list  
In her twisted mind

The doctor only says  
It is a side effect  
She can only cry  
That it wasn't her

Now she rests with peace  
In valiums sweet embrace  
Wondering what was real  
And what wasn't

mark king

## When I'M A Million Miles Away

I. She says I love you, but I'm a million miles away having thoughts of another the one with misty gray eyes, long brown hair, velvet skin and a touch of wickedness I can't resist. She is always with me even in my dreams.

II. I'm holding my girl after the passion, but I rather be holding another. This girl here with me now is so good to me always there for me. I can feel the love she has for me it grips deeply, but I can't let go of my other lover.

III. In secret we meet my ex-girl and I casting spells upon one another. Making love in rooms we rent for a few hours. Finding happiness during the embrace of passion as we become one. She always whispers to me "we are soul mates"and it always hits so deep inside taking my breath away.

IV. My girl is sleeping now and I'm a million miles away having thoughts of my other lover. How did it become like this? Now like my father hurt my mother I'll be suffering to this woman who loves me.

V. Now as she sleeps I silently cry at what I've done. I'll wake tomorrow feeling down knowing what I must do. I'll make my confession of when I'm a million miles away.

mark king

# When The Heart Divides

There is a hesitation  
Written in the trembling lip  
As the tears stream  
Off her beautiful face

Is sweet love lost  
In the bitter tears?

She has tasted  
The wild wind  
In the great chasm  
Of a unchained love

Her heart divided  
What words will come?

Through the trembling lip  
Emotions swirl to and fro  
As the parting of ways  
Is brought forth

mark king

# Wipe The Clock Clean

Wipe The Clock Clean;  
By mark king

- I. As I lay upon my bed dreaming my head is filled of the beauty who shares my bed.
- II. The sun streaks through the window telling me that fate has granted me another day.
- III. Hear my lover fumbling in the kitchen till the footsteps fall and she is in the doorway.
- IV. Smoke and mirrors couldn't hide that look. The one that pierces and makes me wince.
- V. As I sit up my dream fades as her smile that never fades does!
- VI. Her words surprise me, but all I do is look at the clock, because I'm out of time.
- VII. Lonely creeps up my spine as the stupid things I always do flash through my mind.
- VIII. She's expecting to hear what I can't give, so I wipe the clock clean, now it ticks no more.
- IX. It's her last moment with me and she curses at me, but that's Ok, it's just another name for me.
- X. Reach to touch her only to wipe the tears away and steal a kiss, my last kiss.

mark king

# With-In, Without

Hollow feeling stay  
What lies between?  
In the meadow  
My soul lingers  
Sweet smells surround  
The breeze blows  
Pushing me along  
Always searching  
To fill the space  
From with-in

mark king

# Years And Miles Away

Most people prefer to be a step away  
And out of time, leaving me last!

I'll write "I'm put together differently"  
And if I write it on a wall  
Would it come alive?

And when I'm years and miles away  
Will it still live?

mark king

# You And I

You and I;

## I. The Room

This place is a mess with torn draperies and cigarette burns, but it is what we give to one another and what we are.

## II. The peephole and dead brain cells

After the passion I pretend to rest while that girl is getting high. Noises and lingering in her mind, so she gets out of bed and is staring out the peephole in the door.

## III. More passion

I'm tired of seeing her staring out the peephole, so I go to her. Kissing her neck and letting my hands roam breaks the fixation with the peephole. We are soon headed back to bed.

## IIII. Life moving to fast

When the loving is done and she is nearly out of dope she starts scheming for more. I hold her till we exchange I love you's and broken promises.

## V. If you can't beat her join her

I'm laying in bed with lonely feeling pretty down when I start wondering what she had seen out the peephole. So I get out of bed to take a look. It's such a narrow and distorted view of the world just like you and I.

By mark king

mark king

# You'D Be Surprised

How tender she is  
Making hearts whisper  
Things of Love.

Yet the deeper you gaze  
Into its wonder  
Why do you fear love?

Love is calling  
Meet love  
And be in love.

mark king

# Your Cocaine, My Blues

In the meantime  
You have your cocaine  
I have my blues

A fate waits  
When you need me  
I'm always there

A love waits  
Like the poems  
About you

You missed the latest  
Poetry slam  
It was all for you

So I shuffled back home  
All alone  
Still wanting you

Listening to the blues  
I feel the pain  
Like the words I pen

Seems I feel yours too  
Someday you'll be strong  
Till then

You have your cocaine  
I have my blues-

mark king