

Poetry Series

**Mary Schiotis**  
**- poems -**

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## Mary Schiotis(08/22/1986)

Mary Schiotis was born and grew up in Reno, Nevada from 1986 and she moved to Iowa City, IA in 2013. In Reno she went to spoken word but was too nervous and shy to read. Upon moving to Iowa City, she made friends with a fellow poet and thought seriously for the first time about publishing. Though Mary Schiotis has written stories since she was a young girl, she began writing poems at 14 years old and joined the Poetry Club in high school.

# Alcohol

I know alcohol  
Family and friends fall  
Young people die  
and daily wherewithal fades  
Brilliant minds dull and change  
Brimming hearts unplug, drain  
Patterns stick  
Possibilities are plagued  
Trying is futility, early to the grave  
Miracles are lacking  
Toxic debris trapped in  
the body does it's lapping,  
and disintegrates cells slowly  
Tearing, scarring and bathing  
in demons and doom  
Oh, how they want to take you!  
Empty promises are dormant rooms,  
a hollowed house of tunnels  
Heart-shaped and unmoving  
hardening, screwing, solidifying, entombing

Mary Schiotis

## Alcohol 2

Clear, pure, rough  
Cutting up insides  
Splitting, innocent liquid  
I remember how you came in me  
and filled me with a distant sense of relief  
Warmth, pain and stupor  
reminding me of getting beat  
days of waking up to beds  
plastered  
Smashed by a semi in the night  
or a Mack truck  
I remember your lust  
The way you made me saunter  
My heart skip a beat  
until it was just too much  
too many threats to take me back  
into a black hell  
Nothing remembered  
but people as dinosaurs  
eating each other  
Woolly mammoths, slaves  
and skeletons eating us in chain gangs

Mary Schiotis

# Anger

Anger

Like a heart attack  
Rushed to disproportionate speeds  
Rushed inside the heart  
Through blood in veins and arteries  
Felt the beat and pump  
Of you pushing me through  
to succeed  
Complete, and create life  
Deplete? Eventually  
Scar? Like everything else  
it's just a test  
one where I don't want to feel guilt  
Where I don't want to melt  
your life to the sidewalk  
like a delicate crayon  
and I am the sun  
pulling planets around  
with my gravity and tilt  
Down in your lungs  
Crystals are hung onto walls  
feeding  
give them pleasure, give them pain  
feel your hearts beating  
while on top of her  
beating between her legs  
Give her pleasure, give her pain  
Exhale air changed into  
some chemical chain receding  
Repeating words and sounds  
doesn't help  
mouth pushing white clouds out  
Making shapes, and digging graves

Mary Schiotis

# Awake

Open eyes from sleeping  
Take drinks of color  
and dance on meaning  
That doesn't exist  
Flowers open  
to show small beautiful bees  
Gathering pollen for the honey  
You are my lovely  
Innocent as nature  
As sweet nectarines  
Jewels of creation  
Make love  
Never wondering at death  
or consequences  
Never worrying  
Over disease, sin or malice

Mary Schiotis

# Black Fillings

Smells like metal drifting  
through the strange mouth  
jagged teeth pulling on me  
big wide eyes  
liquid pupils,  
do they hold lies?  
Eyebrows point down  
lift up sadly  
Long waft lashes  
spider and scurry  
try to kiss me  
try to crawl me  
Brushing lightly calloused fingers  
stubby palms, glaringly ringless  
open gently  
feels like soul bliss  
Pulling entirety gently through this  
Missing pieces of teeth show  
poverty-the only one that understands me  
no failed promise of security  
comes through the small modest mouth  
kindly laughing  
like an ill child  
eyebrows reach down  
to lift me up from saddening  
long waft lashes  
drink me into  
try to kiss me  
reach to give to me  
brushing lightly  
working fingers  
a hand that fits mine  
mutual gift to us

Mary Schiotis

# Boys Under The Bridge

Strong and meek  
jailed and weak  
Lost boys and peace  
is this a dream?  
A team of discarded talent  
a prodigious disgrace  
Innovation straying into anarchy  
A real humanity  
underground society  
with passion dripping plentifully  
wheels of invention  
turn in the brain with the dirty face  
The youth in streets  
who dare to live, and dare to dream  
there is a power that screams "no";  
when chained and enslaved  
by corporate greed  
A band of merry men  
that still exist  
and rob the rich to feed the poor  
hold a man to sooth his soul  
give a place to lay his head  
laugh and while away the time

Mary Schiotis

# Charity

Muriatic breeze  
Witnessed by ancestral travelers  
to America  
Our bittersweet homeland  
tinted crimson  
As blood embraces oxygen's kiss  
To cause our perceptions  
of what's real  
Chapped as a beaten man's heart  
Working long through the hurt in his bones  
Only to give what he earns to those he loves  
Your lower lip gives to me  
the substance of life  
Fat, soft and round leaves me  
childlike to chew and suck  
running amok  
Too alive from your substance  
and desirous of more  
Gives to me like a gray, tattered  
Gloved hand taking mine  
With long, strong fingers grasping  
Pale and freckled  
To pull me up before total loss  
and say, "Notice my skin is still on,  
My heart is still beating,  
My mind is still there and I'm alive."

Gives to me like  
kisses on my back  
fingers in my mouth  
and joyous fulfillment.

Every empty space occupied,  
by protesting members of your philosophy  
Whispered in my ear  
in unknown hours of exhaustion  
each hole in my soul and body  
complete  
and gives to me like a baby

A son, child's eyes, smile and tummy filled  
laughing, chewing, playing  
feeling safe on holy days  
taken care of and loved

Mary Schiotis

# Complete Gnosis

Write your report

Insane

labelled no brain

Do you see my eyes

roll in my head

turned off machine

too jacked up for bed

Too fowled up for your place

trash, bum, tramp

street waste

What treatment is this?

Look at my grin

what a disgrace

so grim and chizzle-eyed

slapped by a steak

born a mistake

Am I set here, a piece of meat

in a freezer to wait

for the day I'll be thawed out

and eaten?

Admission, your worst

childhood insults

spring to your mind

Today and every day

keeps me in misery

keeps a frown on my face

and hate in my eyes

The pain, the pain

this temporary discomfort

is an itch in my eye

a soreness, a boredom

Made to make you puke

Here to take your fall

Here for you to use

seen to have no soul



# Consummation

A man and woman  
come into one  
He comes into her  
nervously one  
His hands hold hers  
the whole time  
turning white  
No disappointment at  
mere sexual fun

Free to do as you please  
isn't enough  
He waited and waited  
She understands  
held loosely and in waiting  
My lovely dear  
relax your death grip

Serious love, hit home  
like a bomb threat  
Don't do this  
We need this  
both are free to do as pleases  
I am with you  
It will be fun  
Not mere sexual fun

She understands  
My dear relax your death grip,  
Give your fear up  
and reason  
His hands release hers  
and move over her body  
he comes closer and closer  
to possessing her  
She is his wife  
and grips her tighter  
owning all of her  
forever

Mary Schiotis

# Cracked

I eyed the black rot in his teeth  
The missing pieces  
Then I kissed him hard

Mary Schiotis

# Creative Mess

The baby gnashed his pointed teeth  
covered in sweet black jam  
sticky and sickening  
I followed beyond enraptured  
Unblinking determination thrust me  
and folded me in obsession's quilt  
Love's molten center  
flows swiftly over jagged routine  
Rigid daily cliffs, drunken waters mock  
but lie at pools  
murmurs over black rock  
Communication holds a foreign pen;  
circles cursive or calligraphy  
details a point of view  
sifted as powder on pastry-  
harboring the horrid mouth.  
Anticipating, hovering elder clouds  
cast shadows of doubt  
and puffed up pride,  
rids their insides.

Mary Schiotis

# Damage And Dandelions

Barefoot in the dark  
I pick dandelions  
and blow their seed  
into the mud at my toes  
Tears fall  
for another sin I can't undo  
My lack  
and my faults  
chase me  
as spiders in the grass

Mary Schiotis

# Dope Home

619 and a half house  
Halfway out in the middle of the street  
His measurements only a guess  
but probably incomplete  
with half an income at their feet  
Walking the streets  
Carpenter crawls to the neighbor's  
five feet from the door  
They lie tripped on like a thief  
to get a bag of speed  
the shadow man runs around endlessly  
his energy never depletes

Mary Schiotis

# Expired Punk

Can't you see they're killing you?  
Arrive in carriages  
Lie in your caskets and burn  
A hearse is waiting  
Spring up from the soil  
Grim smiles and applause  
from the mourners  
As we lower you in, grins  
Tears of joy, pride and shame  
I wasn't there that night  
To make sure you were six feet under  
Bugs crawl out  
My heart overjoys  
There's a big punk rocker  
round about the way  
Cling to his frame  
Drink with him tonight  
Use his drugs  
You're the lucky ones, so much fun  
For a service tonight  
in cold, dark Reno

Mary Schiotis

# Forever Night

This glare  
the sun is crouching  
a child making mischief  
running wild  
My heart is too  
much like a pink  
sun, dragging to the very top of the  
sky  
then wilting blue  
and black on quick  
descent  
in these labored  
efforts at breathing  
strangled in the  
smallest light  
I try  
Closed eyes and drooped  
head  
this sun feigns dead  
but burning bright  
energy can stop  
for no one  
The sun changes colors  
shedding petals  
and bares the  
insanity within  
For this day grieves  
with deep heavy groans  
The sky heaves down  
and the world recoils  
it is coming down low  
Each creature wonders  
if this is the end,  
creation is bent  
as I lose my best friend  
What's more it is  
pulsing and pangs  
the world deflated  
clouds gently hang

It is letting go  
of this sweet ball of  
love, miscarries  
rolls  
heaven drips blood

Mary Schiotis

# Forget Me (Love Letters)

Patient gentle replies  
lines uniform to  
the sound of my voice  
smiles heard in words  
beyond unique  
Forget me  
when my eyes danced  
over your face and body  
like a child understanding  
the world anew  
Forget you  
My hesitations  
and tone God's  
precious gift to you  
Amusement hidden  
Humor holds a deep  
spot in the crevice of  
my mouth  
Forget me  
when you thought  
you saw my spirit lift up  
when you thought you saw  
my heart alight  
you hoped my body'd ignite  
colors fill the room  
patient prose  
private supplication  
confession  
careful explanation of  
all my intricacies  
time and space's work  
building me from another nation  
kept me alive through abomination  
delicately laden  
Reply,  
forget you?  
Imagination overflowing  
in my heart  
waterfalls of art

the love of a poet  
I long to give to you

Mary Schiotis

# He Hates Me

Central  
egotistical  
testicals, male  
man  
not a friend  
just a hand in a shop  
mechanizing parts  
managing how I run  
without feet  
you don't know me  
you don't try  
but maybe own me  
does it make you cry?  
like it makes me cry?  
does anger boil inside you?  
vaporize your blood?  
yes, mine does  
when I think of how you treat me  
you exist  
only reason, to hate me  
Do

Mary Schiotis

# Hearten Hatter

Your arms are the best place in the world to be  
In the Queen's garden of white roses  
dripping blood (not paint)  
pulling off your trousers one strap at a time  
but never your cap  
for fear of, off with your head  
how I love that silly head  
and dark eyes  
With a fishing line  
and a few classic books,  
we'd have lovely days  
cooking turtle soup together  
reminiscing on the caterpillar  
and talking to the flowers

Wonderland pumps your madness through it-  
blood through a heart  
I miss the Hatter; husband, lover, friend  
I sit in this pool of sorrow  
formed by the tears I cry  
beside a dodo bird  
that may simply be a reflection  
with wet heavy petticoats  
I don't want to move,  
the animals around me  
run a horrible race to stay warm  
and though I'm not them  
but a girl, changed 100 times  
I must swim or drown alone

Wonder upon waking why I was so scared  
in such a beautiful dream when  
Your name is written on my heart  
Then images come fluttering back to me  
of your forcefulness  
stuffing the dormouse back into his pot  
the Duchesses' big head  
the Queen and fat cat playing croquet

When you spit in my face, pulled my hair  
threw the table cloth along with all the china,  
nearly missing the March Hare  
and jealously accused me of wanting  
the White Rabbit hundreds of times

There are no rules in Wonderland  
and this is not where I'm from  
Driving me away with maniacal laughter  
I ran home as fast as I could find it  
Statements like 'I don't fight women anymore'  
and 'Kill the whore'  
were strewn in between  
dreams that could never be  
amidst all the madness  
Wonderland was a horror then to me  
Or maybe it was the Court and King  
ruling 'Off with her head'  
Guards seizing  
and Knaves stealing tarts

My Mad Hatter  
How can I ask you to be sane?  
Stark raven mad  
at your writing desk  
penning your folly and drunk on your tea  
I sipped your tea and smiled,  
knowing but for a short while  
dreamed your dreams  
lost in your imagination  
and sometimes adored your guile  
but you are intoxicated on violence

These were my frights  
that made for nights without sleep  
These tears to my knees now,  
through all this impoverished sadness  
and so indignant with bitter candy turned sour  
Next time when I sleep and see you again  
I will slay the Jabberwock  
in front of all the King's Men

and Humpty Dumpty will be put back together again  
but you my dear, will always be mad

Mary Schiotis

# I Was Wrong

I stabbed the last piece of trust over and over again  
and it weakly died in front of me  
poor and small on the floor  
like a bit of opaque pillow  
it gasped and it wrenched

The tears poured down  
they could fill the empty bottle and the void  
there were so many of them  
I hoped you could see how I felt for you, but the anger  
had calloused us both

Thick as thieves, annoyingly persistent  
The nail wedging in the wood  
I forgot your humanity, I forgot your dignity, I forgot your spirit  
Can you ever forgive me?  
I was wrong to you, bitter as my name  
and ugly as a breakout  
hardhearted and cold as the snow in Iowa  
but I had this dream that it fell all over us  
like our sins washed in the blood  
and you still came to tell me that you love me

Mary Schiotis

# Inclement

The dead will be  
Tossed into the fire  
Like grass clippings  
Into a pile on a  
Suburban home's lawn  
In early fall  
Kids jump in  
Their peers fighting  
Stay home

Mary Schiotis

# Institution

Reality is given  
Not giving  
Taking  
Doing time in sentences  
No erasing  
Facing life  
Just as it is  
Horrible, with every  
Cell next to you  
In a petri dish  
You can't control  
Anything  
Immoral is not an answer  
To all the questions you'll deny

Mary Schiotis

## Institution 2

So disciplined and orderly  
I've lost my mind  
and words to speak  
An explanation to you  
how it is each week

No individuality  
or clothes to marry my  
personality  
No broad expressions to shout out  
and words to laugh  
trivial matters to care about

Not even a smile or a real  
feeling in my soul  
Not sadness to bunch  
tears to pool and fall  
into a wet place to swim

No water but a shower each night  
lukewarm to cool  
What I refresh in  
No feelings of joy  
I remember as bubbles  
in champagne  
No, this feeler's been sober  
body and brain  
made lame

Minutes drag on like hours  
hours like days  
Time stays put  
Never changes  
Pause, play and stop are all the same

Mary Schiotis

# Interrupted

Her eardrums erupted  
popped blood and sputum  
when she heard the news  
that her life had been interrupted again  
Each piece in conjunction  
on a railroad of life  
holding it's coal black load  
sending smoke to the sky  
Conductor detached emotionally  
drives on through the night  
She screamed,  
though no one heard except her  
in the silence of that car  
though her drums had been burst  
She was hoping some display of emotion  
Might work to kill the engine  
Kill the night and everything in it  
Alone she would travel  
through thickets and bushels of weeds  
Sagebrush and deserts  
held nothing in them  
but darkness, the moon and speed  
"I wish in a day, I wish in a week"  
you could hear her say  
in a whisper to speak  
"That my life will be taken away."

Mary Schiotis

# Iowa City Glory

Poets roam country streets  
and doze in hobbit holes  
Pull raw squid from dumpsters  
try to get sober  
when they aren't dying drunk  
Trash only covers sidewalks everywhere  
and by dumpsters  
Almost everyone thinks they know  
better ways of making money  
I wait with the taser  
and look back into the eyes  
of horrified professionals  
bumpkin yuppies  
Poets roam country streets  
homeless are not hopeless  
with near and dear revolutionaries,  
dreamers and lovers of  
all kinds

Mary Schiotis

# Leaving Reno For The Country

The sky is brighter here  
It's nearer to my dreams  
than chain-linked fences, litter on highways  
and military barbed-wire  
Perimeters of prisons  
it's closer to a warm-bodied man  
with a torso full of hair  
I've travelled a long way  
from neon signs replacing stars  
hookers and motel-living junkies  
dive bars

So what if stupid drunk "future"  
fill the streets on weekends?  
The trees are dense here  
like healthy flora  
on the genitals of good decision makers  
perhaps a couple married a long time  
with no adultery  
I travel, a fast microbe  
down cracks of skin we call roads  
and prey on your fungal infections  
or expired food populations

The snow piles heavily here  
and green covers the ground in early summer  
Can't throw a pebble to hit a tattoo shop  
Psychic, brothel or gang shooting  
you might find churches though  
schools  
and homeless with big hearts  
and an unabashed scavenger's ethic  
shops close, people go home and spend time with their loved ones

Mary Schiotis

# Like Reading By Candlelight

You are my love  
judgments can't erase it  
no logic can untangle it  
try to wrap yourself around it  
and be repelled  
by a magnetic force-field  
My companion on the road  
where I go, you go  
I never knew it was possible to  
feel through fate as we do,

You reach deep into my body  
a light in my heart  
hope in the dark  
our two bodies can't be pulled apart  
intertwined and inseparable as art  
How could we have known  
we'd be sewn together like this?

Paired as gloves  
souls set on each other  
in the bottom of God's drawer  
When you are pulled away from me  
torn from my side-we moan  
surprised at the pain-  
being taken from home  
Yarn dripping, losing life  
shadow on shadow  
soul on soul

Cut my strings!  
They hurt  
holes in me, part of his work  
could his hands fill us  
Let us touch each other more somehow

I feel your soft warmth  
like the fires of my youth in winter  
like protection from this

cold, whitewashed world  
and I know where I belong  
My life's history will always hold you  
Consoling you polished me as stone  
as washing the other hand

The first smiles you put on my face  
couldn't have prepared me  
for what was in store  
Reading each successive chapter of you,  
a book I couldn't put down  
Our never-ending story  
Unbreakable  
Our love is reading by candlelight

Mary Schiotis

## Love Too Frail

His love was a weak light, peaking through  
a window covering-pink veils  
it was meager and yellow  
Stained, a fragrance of flowers gone wrong  
that for whatever reason can't cover the piss  
His love was wrong, images of a broken mirror  
never fixed or thrown away  
He gives how he takes  
And the soap scum doesn't fade  
His love was a cold shade of beige  
bordering on institutional  
indefensible, a case thrown away  
Like stale bread and mottled days that don't warm  
A torn dress  
or a cold clay pot of oatmeal

Mary Schiotis

# Mama Resting (Shutter Eyes)

Wake up, see the lens  
flicker open, microscope  
Look at the outline

Vessels in your eye  
An old movie projector  
Showing black and tan

Image of one wall,  
one window surrounded by  
Cloudy borders shining

Light through a smudged and  
distorted set of blinds that  
Expand and contract then

Lens close, you're alive  
Hear water and the washing  
Baby beside you asleep

And fall out of bed  
trying not to wake her up  
Quietly, I'm up

Mary Schiotis

# Missouri

Paper to pen  
Waiting again  
in places I never  
Knew I'd be  
Wishing for someone  
to share this happiness with  
before or after misery

Mary Schiotis

## Mr. Case-Poet

Your eyes  
are coffee-colored addiction  
They warm and open my heart  
to the rougher side  
of your red and blonde beard  
speckled gray and smattered white  
Your smile  
puppeteer  
The corners of your cheer  
are wild abandon  
Shameless  
Tall like an uprooted redwood  
Intelligent aroma  
Likable, lovable  
Conversations tide at fir trees  
Sand on toes  
Stories and warm drinks  
Protector, menial provider  
Belonging to a more chivalrous era  
Eyes that stare eons away  
Travel back faster than blinks  
Nicotine puffs and cooling coffee steam  
Reveal drawing him naked, drawing me

Mary Schiotis

# Neon Globbs

Carved out of your gut  
Corpse  
Give me lovely bloody guts  
Give up the treasure  
You hold in your chest  
This is love spilling out  
Making messes  
Like children do  
I am laughing while you shout  
Just like children do  
Love is a wonderful thing  
but terribly unclean

Mary Schiotis

# Nuts

A statue full of rot  
Stands iron still  
on the hill  
Guidestones to kill  
agendas to fill  
Assassination pays the bills  
Lies spill into history books  
Classes make the cut  
Science drawn from smut  
Competition up the butt  
and it is worth what?

Mary Schiotis

# Our Love

Love can't be stolen  
it can't be faked,  
time doesn't control it  
It lets the savior save  
it gives the martyr his grave  
it brings the saint to his knees  
the sinner to pray

Love can bring all your memories back to me  
a blanket while sleeping soundly  
on sidewalks  
love is your watchful friend  
it doesn't play pretend  
it's the hard truth  
when you need to hear it  
it's the spirit that believes  
you will do the impossible  
and succeed

Love orchestrates  
all the complicated days we had  
it makes sense of all the good and the bad  
love is sacrifice  
a creator killed for his creation  
it's turmoil stilled  
by a great peace and safety  
love is stored away in my heart for you  
a book on the shelf  
I can take down and  
re-read as many times as I want

Mary Schiotis

## Over The Olives

The olive skin is oily and a dull green  
like the old peaceful times I still dream of.  
The mild avocados grow and the bunnies  
run wild. It's sunny and warm,  
safe and secluded. Untouched, but by a breeze  
periodically. The smell could clear your heart.  
The fruit in the grove sways and stay as black  
silhouettes against the setting sun.  
The smell's a deep rich earth and the walk  
through the olives is long and dark. But the coolness  
that guides you will take your hand,  
as you look below at the olives  
a gentle soul finds you. One  
long drawn out dawn later, all golden and wet with dew  
the leaves rustle and talk as the rain drops.

Mary Schiotis

# Powerless

That's the real chaos creating  
confusing, nonsensical crap  
going on here

That's the real "person";  
I'm talking to inside him  
that doesn't give a shit

It just wants loose  
on the streets and will do  
whatever it can to achieve that

He's already on board  
He hands his brain over  
to his addiction without resistance

He believes it's empty promises  
and lies, he longs for it's  
pleasure and disbelieves it's intent to kill him

Mary Schiotis

# Salty Junk Diggin'

The city's our oyster  
but I'm abstaining from seafood  
Still I'm content  
Watching you pick over  
a can or shell  
like a face or a back  
Our brains reward us both  
for excursions into society's junk  
addiction or OCD's obsession placated  
it's better than picking off people  
as a loved one's death  
or their buried sins  
or their irreplaceable laugh  
Reminds me we make our beds and lie in them  
Innocent, tucked into the tide pools  
The waves lap warm  
community blankets, lover's tongue  
God's grace  
A man puts his life down for his friend's

In the morning's late hour  
We go out to can  
Maybe to keep you in cigarettes and snuff  
so you can resemble Thompson  
Maybe because enough is enough  
Or maybe just because we can

Mary Schiotis

# Scummy Earth

What crust and nasty muck collected  
Dreams floated on hazy eyes  
I saw the future, of death pregnant  
Beaming brown  
Round and wide  
Planning baby's slow demise

What crust and nasty muck collected  
the doorman looms to be a husband  
Gripping to the padded thighs  
I saw the future, of death pregnant  
in tattered blouse and lazy bun  
Don't let the image fool the wise

What crust and nasty muck collected  
to gripping still the small heart beating  
and scratching at round black lies  
I saw the future, of death pregnant  
like a child on a roundabout  
I see myself, what growth was stagnant?

I saw the future, of death pregnant

Mary Schiotis

# Severed Extremity

I treasured you  
a piece of trash  
a plastic bottle I picked up  
to prevent you from floating  
into the vast  
hole in the sea, full of plastic  
I did not make you  
and will have you recycled  
so you will hopefully become  
something better  
but your chemical makeup  
will never allow you  
to be biodegradable

Mary Schiotis

# Silver Slime

I express but no one hears  
an open vessel trying to close  
drawing in disturbing sights  
without a choice  
an object owned  
for pleasure unattained without it's discomfort

An open vessel trying to close  
like a snail at the opening of it's shell  
overturned, inspected  
the unimpressed inspector  
a violated specimen

Like a snail at the opening of it's shell  
a silver circle of solid slime  
the unimpressed inspector  
a violated specimen  
conclusions come to a waste of time

A silver circle of solid slime  
A glimmer of hope on a brown background  
Conclusions come to a waste of time  
Set it down and move on

A glimmer of hope on a brown background  
Like the day turning into evening  
Set it down and move on  
I can't let go, it's too serene

I express but no one hears  
like the day turning into evening  
So quietly soothing the soul  
I can't let go, it's too serene

Mary Schiotis

# Some Call It Home

When the doctors are done  
examining you,  
leave the room  
you step into your clothes  
The loneliness felt  
when demons can't be diagnosed  
life's little hopes  
have hid away  
beneath the cold snow

No one knows  
the time put in  
emotions are ropes  
Winter's a joke  
living under a bridge  
a home full of dead folk  
the news won't pause  
or dig  
Will you make it alone?  
Life unfolds  
to a dead audience  
seeking shock treatment  
the screen shows  
a motionless reality series  
called Wishes for Home  
Life's desecrated pieces drift  
on the surface, tension

Of a little pond called wrong  
and dolls lie one on the next  
in a box, broken  
Memories of some family  
that may have been  
so long ago  
Some friends and playgrounds  
A brain fresh, not fried  
full, not spent  
connections cracked across  
creation and lit

life was love still  
dreams came true  
built as quickly as blueprints were drawn  
now wishes are wants

Mary Schiotis

# Stealing Wishes From Heaven

Meandering through snowy blue  
I glanced down at the sparkle  
of powdered snow beneath my feet  
pink

As sun glowed down  
in bright shine  
Kicking light piles  
of nature's heaven  
cold elevating me  
to walk-float

Inches above  
pine branches  
exposing my throat  
to look at bluer hues  
Above my head  
heavenly wishes are sparkling  
making love to hot star-shines

Mary Schiotis

# Streets

Crawling from bloody, crumbling rock  
As a whole, disintegration from the community  
Ready to be deteriorated  
Flossed and mouth-washed away  
from this grit and grime  
Crusty, slimy and spewed  
Did you adjust me? Did I do nerve damage  
when I passed through?  
Walk completely vulnerable to the other side of your mind  
Look how terrified they are  
and hide, not coming to eat people, whole or alive

Mary Schiotis

# Sweet Agony

Your memory is lost in my mind  
Roaming my motivation  
climbing my spine  
Rapidity  
Your forceful takeover  
from behind  
Pulsing, breathing, needing  
Steaming, sweating  
Proceeding, giving and living  
Engaged with me  
Sweet agony,  
My tender remembrances  
Your gentle kisses  
our telepathic surrender  
In moments of coexistence  
Sweet agony,  
You're the man for me  
So take what's yours  
and give me what's mine

Mary Schiotis

# The Fish Of The Polluted Sea

You always go back to whoredom  
The boredom took over our relationship  
So you threw it back  
into the sea of ships  
that eat emotion like gasoline  
Days of seasickness  
from deep nastiness  
where pollution gathers  
and the vast water rocks

Where the men come to mock  
and fight cocks  
and the women have fun  
it was all overdone and it lasted too long  
Who has to know the people you've knocked?  
Considered so horrible  
compared to the people you've lost  
all thrown overboard, all duds  
screwed in the head and tossed like fish  
compared to the people I've washed  
the only emotional beauty  
we ever had  
and it's all muddied up

The sailors are men, tattoos and hair on their chest  
but there's no other ocean left to drown in

Mary Schiotis

# The Safe Place

The lens is cloudy  
the peephole of the door blind  
blurred and disturbed figures  
may be thugs or green walls outside  
when empty space surrounds you  
what hides inside?  
The echoes of my footsteps stride  
but who's outside at night  
with me can't be seen  
Servants of Satan  
wait to obey the command  
to break in  
wherever one resides  
the mind  
is a horrible place to live  
killed the bastard  
killed the kids  
and the lids of my eyes  
might give  
if I slip into sleep  
it could be the end.  
Deep empty  
streets  
walls reflect voices  
like distorted mirrors  
people play dead  
play pretend  
play friend  
There's a riddle to solve-  
when will love give up  
and go home?  
The children don't want to be alone  
but too often they are  
If I tried to escape  
could I get very far?  
Or would it dead-end?  
To those cement walls cornered  
there're angles and lies  
and gimmicks

and they use  
they turn tricks  
They laugh maniacally like they invented it  
and you just know  
they die young and don't try  
and you know  
you called this home once  
You know  
the hierarchy of lies  
believed  
tears in eyelashes may stream  
hands hold but they fall  
mouths smile in grimace  
and the voices never come out  
The culture is Canaan  
the smoke from the street  
your companion and  
when you look for a friend  
there are none  
just patches and fashion and black guns  
They sway to the dull grinding growl  
from a killer's mouth  
and call it fun

Where did you come from?  
Why do you run?

Mary Schiotis

# The Sociopath

The sunny side of danger  
The bright side of the field  
Behind her house  
That welcomes strangers like friends  
The path he travels never ends  
Viewed from tall eyes  
Set up wide in a big head  
The steady pace he travels  
Swift, plotted and mapped on ground  
The sneering small smile  
He'll get exactly what he wants  
and a hand placed lightly  
in his pocket  
The other holds a cigarette  
Light enough to drop it  
Firm enough to teeter it  
With each step, as he smiles wider  
Colorless eyes shift to the sides of his head

Mary Schiotis

# Turquoise Breeze

The salt and the sea  
churn together  
plunge deep into the body of water  
Digging into the soul of the ocean  
making love to itself  
It foams  
the air is a steady moan  
Green and blue mix  
like teal renaissance  
rolling, smooth, even at jaunts  
Look at the tide  
see how it flaunts  
it wants someone to come in

Mary Schiotis

# Until I'm Gone

I woo'ed you  
but you're listless  
I'm crazily wanting  
like an OCD speed freak  
coveting  
isn't love riveting?  
Composure for your benefit  
your comfort, don't fear me  
shut off this tip-toe  
and smash across  
the ice  
to show it's indivisible  
only He has the rights  
and if you want me,  
come and hunt me down  
take me and own me because  
I won't come in and get you  
once I'm taken  
Until that day comes  
I will tell you  
A hundred times and ways  
I love you  
and you can play dead  
but when I'm gone and  
you realize you're alive  
always have been  
and want your nerves shaken  
want your skin  
touched and rubbed  
and excited  
want company throughout your days  
well, I hope you aren't forsaken

Mary Schiotis

# Us

On the empty black streets  
you used to be my coat  
I'd crawl inside and doze  
as though the world didn't exist  
Bang on the hard doors of your heart  
and wait  
A deep roll would respond  
A booming voice  
Behind those hot doors  
seemed a furnace fussing  
The rhythmic pound lulled me  
The thick strength of fingers that knew me  
Embraced and warmed  
the chill of nights without a home  
I found a scruff to nuzzle  
warm arms to cuddle  
I'd come knocking at your soul  
Marching on your pride  
and lie in imagination's  
orange streams of dreams  
Awake in the dark  
with you there at midnight  
take your sharp arrow  
through my heart  
to give you a sign  
that my love is real  
Climbed you as a mountain-and sighed

Mary Schiotis

# Who Likes To Kill A Heart?

I've seen mothers abuse their children,  
I've been on the ugly side of a mirror  
I've pissed away year after year  
Didn't succeed and nothing was clear  
But who likes to kill a heart?

What kind of animal will watch it beat  
as he rips it out  
wicked, sharp teeth, a never-ending jeer  
and anything you speak will be met with a leer  
But who likes to kill a heart?

He doesn't throttle at the neck,  
and he doesn't yell and cuss  
but the silence and disappearing  
lies as gray as smut  
the sneaking off to drink and drug  
the lies of love and empty hug  
fillet the heart like the sushi he rode in on

If he could get his hands on it  
he'd pull my heart muscle-by-muscle  
and strip it like string cheese  
while it beats,  
eat it in front of me  
and laugh while he cheats, so I plan and  
I want to throw him away,  
instead I muster the courage to say  
with hopes to ward off the thoroughly deranged  
&quot;Who likes to kill a heart? &quot;

Mary Schiotis

# You Don't Care

The wolves move in packs,  
they glare with yellow eyes  
lips raised and saliva dripping  
They howl all night  
they laze and prey  
They think they're smarter, slicker  
A wolf may chomp a rabbit clean in half  
and call it a snack  
what does it care?  
In love, you're a predator  
A revolving door  
A woman gives all to you,  
and you call her a whore  
You're the green mold on the drinking fountain  
that holds the red, a dirty pore  
and the zits head  
And when she says she loves you, you play dead  
Heart and head may as well be crushed  
by cement blocks, poured by little men  
that mock and laugh  
at what the heart does possess  
You couldn't even guess  
You're an animal with a flock of ducks, a schmuck  
that doesn't know what he's lost

Mary Schiotis

# You Got Me-I'm Dead

You got me to like you, to want and touch you  
You got me to let you and even to love you  
You got me to do for you, to wonder and wonder  
But you don't have my soul now,  
even whilst I am under

You got me to lie down and relax my boundaries  
To tell you my whole life and about all my family  
You know that you finally found out everything  
But what does it matter now,  
to talk about me?

You got me, you did  
Now the jokes finally over  
I'm in a grave with the flower and clover  
The decay and the waste to cradle and hold her

You got me to believe for a second you cared  
And I came to believe you'd even be there  
But what does it matter when I am here?  
Did you know I'd be dead now with leaves in my hair?  
with new life from the mulch, waiting to spring forth  
and tear? How long will your sick joke go on or last for?  
When I am out in the pasture and blessed by the pastor?  
Will it finally be buried and done?  
You can put down your guns-  
for this twisted day, you have won.

Mary Schiotis