

Poetry Series

Micheal Valencia
- poems -

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Micheal Valencia(The Twentieth of June, Nineteen Hundred and Eighty Nine)

young

naive

pretentious

vacillating: god flesh

happy so very very happy

saints

beauties

dreams

fluctuating: love and hate

spiteful so very very spiteful

pricks

insolent wretches

vain boors

loving expression

hating poetry

putting words together

pedestrian prose

simple syntax

common composition

superciliousness

ostentation

“how T.S. Eliot Would Bleed”

I saw my blood the other day:
The wound was inflicted by a
Sharp object to the upper part of my arm,
The lower part of my shoulder;
The blood commenced to run down my lower arm,
Traveling over the tricep,
And settled indecisively at the edge of my elbow;
After tentative trickles,
The blood flowed over the tip
In rapid profusions at random intervals;
Intermittent fluidity gave way to
A continuous stream;
First the blood speckled itself upon the ground
In indiscriminate spots;
Soon the bloody dots found themselves coalescing into
A single crimson pool;
The exsanguination of my upper arm stopped in due time;
I stood in place;
I gauged the pool's progress—
It lied briefly in stagnation,
It resumed a dynamic character as it coagulated,
And then it sat,
Hard,
A turgid form upon the stiff ground:
And I smiled as I conceived some metaphysical
Views concerning the passage of time,
Which that injurious occurrence enabled me to
Engender.
(I still have the scar.)

Micheal Valencia

'no Problem In Knowing My Roots Lie In A Turgid Cock For 150 Odd Years Of Poerty'

Walt Whitman has allowed my mind
To dissolve into his verse: And soon I

Discovered that he rendered me incapable
Of keeping my own poetic independence;

Me with the ignorant, sickly John Keats
In his created world of aptly descriptive

And fervently dark Beauty—relying so
Heavily on the Masters of his own youth—

Invokes far planes of naïve, symbiotic inspiration,
Where I journey whenever the Muses grant wings;

I can truly read Ezra Pound's poetry,
Having traveled through the arcane

Lands of Greek and Latin pedantry,
And I am sure he could read mine;

American Literature, my lovely Beatrice, has
Conjured up T.S. Eliot as my personal Virgil,

And I, my own Dante, have been led upon my
Own pilgrimage of wondrous European decay;

But never has my tongue's reliance upon the
Great Ones' nectar ever perturbed my Writer's
arrogance—nor has it destroyed my resolve.

Micheal Valencia

"reflection Of Love In Timelessness"

Feeling isn't the inside of the hand
but the outer skin
the flesh bone friction
Everything external

Hearing is not the speaker but
The drum,
Echo,
Everything designed evolved

Me loving isn't self but
Eternity immortalizing
Feeling
My feeling
Transfixed now forever

You receiving isn't
You receiving but the perpetuation
Of a higher and ageless ideal action

I sit hear in my den in the early morning
The indigo
air
permeating through window

but this isn't me

this is the ancient position of the
grafter of desires and feelings
through the contemporary vernacular
of some current moment

and as all isn't and is
so my love forever will be
but never

for you
the everything of a moment

but

for love

the ever lasting ritual of time eternal

Micheal Valencia

"the Writing Of A Hear Lost For Verse"

I

To write this: To be writing absolutely nothing but to feel so much.

II

(If poetry's great power lies in its important position as the ultimate language of expression-if poetry's greatness comes from the great essences within the great verse-then what magnificence does this meaningless, parenthesized non-verse possess?)

III

If what fills me could be shown better than with quick glimpses of hazy forms.

IV

Filling into and seeping out from every one of my pours, cascading on top of and pounding within my head, floating throughout the center and balancing on the edges of my consciousness-all of these beauteous images of my anonymous friends, constricting my breath with twelve-billion phantom hands' pressure.

V

To be so shamefully incapable of poetic articulation; to be writing this nothingness to capture the everything of my current Muse-less state.

Micheal Valencia

'A Poem In Prose About Barbarism Unreconciled With Thought'

A great hog, stout and powerful in build, a body with impressively defined muscles, sharp and piercing through the skin—I hold in my left hand its marvelous head, purple with a lack of life and trimmed at the ragged, stone-cut edges with moist gore, dripping, newly gouged crimson falling mildly atop a mound of the humid forest's dried foliage in eerie soundlessness; raised upward, the head extended an arm's length without, a lusterless eye blankly stares, its opaque gaze compelling me to understand something beyond the instinctual impulses which drive my unevolved existence: I don't question myself, I don't look upon my bleeding spear or its hilt remorsefully—I am a savage; this is what I do: but what was this beast—so strong, fighting so courageously in such a state of incomprehensible fear—that I pursued? What did it really know, day in and day out acting and communicating with a cacophony of guttural grunts and snorts? Who am I to feel such a greater being? We have better developed faculties, our forms aren't vile and grotesque in shape and contour, we are swift and make deft movements on only two legs, our people can make fire and hide-coverings; but how is it to live needless but for sustenance to keep our bodies and friction to keep our species? to be headless of the call to raise this head as my slaughter's trophy? ...But I am a savage; this is what I do: and now, supporting the kill upon my shoulder, I run back to the dwelling where, under the shadowy, cool protection of our den's overhang, I'll find the fire flickering and my own kind hungry.

Micheal Valencia

'A Reflection Of Jay The Great'

Jay holds the future close with hands
that have known known wonders;
the orgiastic feast that is indulged in,
leaving satiated with sensations of the past;
the intensity to burn within a fecund breast,
capable of desires without measure—
a frenzied glow radiating from the spirit
and rendering the flesh translucent,
as clear as freshwater:
suffusing all surroundings with a luminous light,
dispelling darkness and renting the veil which saves
the passionate soul from its own passion.

To have walked with Jay in those 8 chapters,
to have loved Daisy alike, to have trusted Nick alike-
to have so believed the sieve to hold our grains of affection,
to have assumed the void would relinquish itself,
to have stood in the Egg and felt we would be filled.

Micheal Valencia

'A Simple Poem About Caring'

Just in case

The night were
to fall

I will bring you
a light

So you can see
in the darkness.

Just in case

The sun were
to rise

I will bring you
an umbrella

So the rays wont
burn your face.

Just in case

The rain were
to come

I will bring you
a coat

So you wont catch
a cold.

Just in case

The world,
in its normal,
unpredictable way,
were to go on

I will bring myself
to you

So you are always
safe.

Micheal Valencia

'An Actual Heart To Make Me Come With Excitement'

If I could touch a heart,
I would feel a literal heart;
I would never live within the bounds of figurative affection,
I would bring true Desire and give it palpable form:
A hand to a living, beating heart;
I would get hard as its palpitations shook me;
I would get wet to see its crimson glistening before me.

Micheal Valencia

'An Address To The Various Eras Of Human History'

Do you remember such bored and angry
denizens to occupy Earth's spacious body?

Were the citizens of the middle, bronze or
golden age so discontented?

Is it since Genesis we've possessed our bitter
turpitudes?

It's stark and grim and my disillusionment
brings me closer to all the thumping breasts;

Hearts pine for some comfort, for some
solace:

In our journey to be closer, we drift farther
apart, Partisan Institutions:

My hostility and malice illustrates my longing
for closeness, World:

We drive us farther apart, Fellowkind.

There's a city of blaring sounds and blinding lights outside our door, there're
constructions which defy the sky's voluminous breadth, and I pace the empty
streets;

I see a figure approach, huddled from the biting cold, and as our distance
recedes he raises his head only to calculate how to most efficiently avoid contact
with my person;

As I see his furtive glance, I design and execute the most effective plan in which
I may divert my eyes, pretending we don't share this small strip of land we're
traversing and that this is a moment below human consequence, leaving each
other unmolested by the others presence...

I'm old and my views are bleak and my hands are clenched and my feelings are
cold and my heart is closed and eyes are glazed and mind is numb and my verse
is trite and my pain is trite and pain is trite and emotions are reduced to

analytical categories and making categories is a sport

And it all wasn't the way it is but it is the way it is because we're tired and weary
and sick of change and have settled down into horrible complacency

Micheal Valencia

Contemporary Music

Splendid cases of unknown, uncompromising talent-

How you sought for so long to exist... But,

Alas!

Maybe a vapor,

A solitary remnant,

A renaissance?

Something bright, glimmering

In the murk and muck

Which covers the phonographs of the misled masses.

Something.

Micheal Valencia

How T.S. Eliot Would Bleed

I saw my blood the other day:
The wound was inflicted by a
Sharp object to the upper part of my arm,
The lower part of my shoulder;
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Traveling over the tricep,
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(I still have the scar.)

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'I Sin The Sin Of Divine Love'

To bring myself closer to universal friendship I
am a participant in this Sin, Reader;
I sin for the Heavens and for Love Divine.

As we are one,
As I strive to solidify the oneness that we inherently
thrive as a part of,
As His Majesty's creations are to be benighted of
vice,
As I seek the unification of earthly body and
celestial spirit,
As it is mandated to aspire to Love transcendent—
Above conception, perception, regulation,
institution, desire, motive,
Above Love his very self—
I wish to see ourselves in an imbibing embrace.

Wedding?

Marriage?

What more can there be to move bodies to
consummate a mutual connection than the
power of Human Existence?

Lovemaking to love the Love that our Father has
enabled His children to be capable of,

Caressing to instill the selfless euphoria of human
contact—

To touch would cause surge the exhilaration not just
of momentary desires fulfilled,

We would be shaken by the very palpitations of the
very Charity which is of Heavenly edicts.

Blasphemy?

To what blasphemous depths has my quill led me in
my enthusiasm for the unbridled love our Father
wills of us?

Heresy?

What doctrines has this absconding verse
transgressed on its journey to break from earthly
bondage,

To enter the freedom of an ultimate, loving,
inclusive Kingdom?

Sin?

Do my Muses—

Does the Father's inspiration itself bind me into
infernal shackles?

How speaks thee of mine poem's blasphemous,
heretic and sinner?

Tenets established have been desecrated by the
image of our Father's upon such
counter-Leviticus conception:

Indoctrinate be my verse, maybe—

Apocryphal are its origin, possibly—

Not in conjunction with the Cannons, surely—

But how much more lies outside what is known?

I ask you, Reader, in how many wondrous ways can
the love of Heaven evince its majestic form?

To be commanded of by Omnipotence to breathe
the words of, to conceive the thoughts of, to
perform the actions of, Love—

For his face to be crafted so beautiful and fulfilling,
To allow so many paths to lead to his indescribable
splendor—

How could we ever deconstruct this transcendence?

Daughters of Eve, Sons of Adam:

The loveliness of Genesis speaks to me from your
flesh.

Micheal Valencia

'It's Inspiration (The Muses Have Been Calling All Day)

They're clicking beneath my fingers; I've waited all day for this moment—and now it's here.

I'm uniting all of the abstract thoughts of my day and assessing the power of tonight's Muses: I'm in the process of reclaiming every stray philosophy that I found hiding in between my study pages; the little Platos, feeling mischievous, I suppose, that attempted to provoke me from beneath Milton's meter; that, foot by foot, florid description by florid description, early American poem by early American poem, kept protruding their anxious heads—daring me to juxtapose them with the beloved poet and compare syntax...and they're still clicking away!

I am currently casting antecedent glances; recalling every loose concept that tried to escape under the graphite of my daily erudition; bits and pieces I fancied would be quite appropriate, if tweaked slightly, with the theme of early colonial history; or was quite confident would, if made slightly more impersonal and maybe a bit more objective, eloquently accentuate Tom and Huck's relationship.

But I've tempered all scholastic creativity—just for this moment...and they're still clicking away!

Minute after minute, hour after hour, the ideas kept evincing their grandiose forms of introspection—and I kept reserving them for later, tucking them away in the most inviolable sectors of my brain; they incessantly asked for the permission to allow their insightful commentary to knock the instructors prostrate with profundity, to grant them clemency if they opened an abyss and swallowed a hapless educational administrator in its philosophical depth, losing him forever from all except that which was conceived by my faculties—but I told them, it's not about recognition...and they're still typing away!

So, just as when I began evaluating tonight's procession of Muses, gauging who can facilitate my intellectual creation most well—my cognitive muscles are straining themselves in accordance with the degree that one might surmise with the construction of brilliance—my remembrances are acting as my fountain of creative elixir—my apparent placidity (back and bottom in chair, feet reclined, eyes on screen, fingers on keys) is really a stupor of almost divine excogitation—my mind, no longer a mass of biological matter, composed of cerebellums and cerebrums, etc., is adopting the capabilities of our greatest

water-filtering systems; instead of germs and bacteria, however, it is filtering all extraneous conceptions, and sustaining the world of intelligentsia with the Waters of Wisdom-my fingers, extensions of this miniature Isaiah in my head, are serving for the tools that will sculpt Lord knows what monument...and, lo and behold, they're still typing away!

Micheal Valencia

'Just The Lark On The Lake, Speaks The Obtuse Poet Of What Is'

"It's undefined and grateful to be so;
It makes itself not try harder,
It makes itself unknown and unconcerned with work—
It's okay to be plain,
To be ordinary;
One may find it mundane,
But that gives it power."

- The Poet of 'What Is.'

The morning by the lakeside,
Air sweetly soft—
Perfect, delicate in touch.

The morning finds the larks about practicing
their art of countless generations' age:
Melodious song—shrill ostensibly,
But containing a depth of such unbeknownst
sincerity.

To recite in such undifferentiating uniformity—
It's almost mesmerizing enough to jolt descriptive
verse from the deeps of an abstract poet's mind:
To contain no expression needing to escape
the confined, inhibiting coverings of existence;

To be illustrated with such substantive beauty—
To not be the indigent abstraction of life's mystery or
of a day's routine, powerfully hungering for obscure,
dreamlike verse to give metaphysical meaning to
obtuse meaninglessness;
To not be desirous of poetic stability for life's cold,
realist sympathies:

Lord God,
To just be the wonderful larks' on a lake I've
visited for the weekend!

'My Honeysuckle Baby'

My honeysuckle, baby.
Baby, you're my honeysuckle.
You're my Honeysuckle Baby.
My Honeysuckle Baby, baby.
From the bush I pluck you,
Put your tart body to my lips,
And draw your sweetness in with my mouth.
My Honeysuckle Baby—that's what you are.
The baby from whom I get delectable honey.
What fine sweetness through that nice honey.
Fine, fine sweetness, my Honeysuckle Baby.
The honey is you, baby.
The sweetness is yours, honey.
You're my honey, but you share your sweetness.
And that's why I keep going to the bush.
And sucking it in: your great sweetness...

Micheal Valencia

'Petrolous The Ghost'

"This is your erudition? "

Life,

with the utmost asperity,

inquires of Petrolous the Ghost...

Life subjects this innocent apparition,

with its intellectual virulence-

the origins of this malicious weapon:

the ever present,

ever eternal,

Self-Aggrandizing Stimuli-

to the overt hindrance of a continuously improving education,

to the subtle adulteration of a strong, unpolluted spirit

(which also doubles as his earthly form) ,

and to the incessant longing for that timeless solace,

Conformity...'

Now there is a message of some philosophical nature in all of this;

there is that feeling of despair

(or maybe triumph?)

in this passage:

Written by the inspired hand of some writer seeking to grasp

those metaphysical vapors, restlessly floating through their

cognition, and render them into the concrete ideals that only

the intricate prose of an author of fiction can create...

I'm not that author and my prose is not that intricate,

so you'll have to deal with these Vapors.

Micheal Valencia

'Resigning Wanderingly'

Forever in the present,
Held vicariously in centrifugality
Between the future and the past,
Between established philosophy
And innovative conception,
Between subversive idealism
And realistic revolution,
You bide your time.
Pertinaciously grasping
Romantic perceptions
Regarding ephemeral resignation,
You tepidly brood,
Confidently and prophetically.
Resignation enables
One the duality of Tyrant
And Liberator-
You only stay a submissive myrmidon
Until errors are ameliorated
With ideas conceived
While in transitory states
Of idleness:
Residing to no particular abode
Until the location of a place for repose,
You wander from Christ to Marx;
Yet, never idle and never following-
Always powerful and forever a leader,
Your destination has not been foretold
By a myopic prophet:
Once foresight marries insight
It imbues the repressed
With elements of the repression-
Instantly acceptable and conducive,
It is always and forever
Nothing that it once was.

Micheal Valencia

'So Cassias Spoke Unto Brutus: The Fault'

'The fault, my dear Brutus,
lies not in our stars but in ourselves...'

- From 'Julius Caesar'

Cassias to Brutus—
One thing: and it is true in this!
But, alas,
My dear Cass,
What now is a man ever to do,
When he knows that no Fault's cohesion will ever hold true?
What, conspirator, what I ask,
Is he to put up to his Err's task?
Sins, ye say, are found not in the World...
But what we need do is look at our soul's unfurled?

Micheal Valencia

'Stroke My Cock While I Speak Of The Intellectual Masturbation That Is Philosophy'

I

What is philosophy?
Who are the men that are of it?
Truth?
Goodness?
We'll apprehend them.

II

A calypso singer in murky waters will
smudge our intellects with their filthy
hands, but they'll serenade our ears
with the euphonies they breath—
Breath composed of melodious cadences
(Dropping down...Rising up...Turning
unexpectedly...Turning so
eloquently...So beautifully arranged)
for frivolous diversion, or for
sinister dominion?

III

Fighters of one—the same—sport, destine
to slay one another—
Fighters for change, or privilege?

IV

What will we do, our Cleanser?
We come to you as sinners,
Can you save us from our transgressions?
For our sins our against the Mind:
The unforgivable sin of cognitive
blasphemy.

V

Our faith in Truth amounts to a mustered
seed,
Can't we cast our mountainous
individualism into the sea?

Can't we trust in the direction you guide
us, O fantastic Saint of Intellect?
Your Words are tantamount to Life:
How many ways can we display our
devotion with chauvinism?

VI

Houses, abodes, shelters, safety from
nature's inclemencies,
Let us enter your doors and fall into your
constructed oblivion!

VII

Us mermaids who swim through this
oceanic density,
How far will we carry ourselves for you,
our Fisher of Minds?

VIII

Wise Sphinx,
Consummate our relationship with your
consummate Egyptian bondage!
Pharaoh,
Fetter flailing hands, bind kicking feet,
confined restless movements!
King,
Build us up to affect some notice of
destruction!
O Monarch of Delusion,
Give us earldom, make us barons, we long
to ascend society as dukes—give
us the power to feel loss!

IX

Thorn Bush,
We'll embrace your barbwire body with a
sanguine out-look!
Pine Tree,
We'll grant you our cheek, for your
cactus-kisses, readily!
Hemlock,
We'll love you long after you

Poison us!

X

Such are you, Philosophy:
Wormwood to the
Waters of Wisdom!

Such are you, Philosopher:
Beast of established
Truth, leading astray the
True of intention!

Such are you, Followers:
Beguilers of yourselves!

Micheal Valencia

'The Big City Reflected Upon By A Rural Boy'

See them all rush from the doors of the train,
They push in half-aggression trying to get where
they need to go, but no ill-will:
Some plod up the stairs, some move truckingly
into the street,
Some men move awkwardly, their heavy clumsy
strides make me laugh,
Some proceed in a lumbering mess:
Some women move gracefully, beautifully, their
litheness moves my insides bouncefully,
Some commence in vigilant self-consciousness.

The little girls hold their mommy's hands, they
look confused:
They look like helpless casualties to the metro-
politan whirl.
They're all caught up together so unavoidably,
but they're all caught up in their own singular-
ity so automatically;
It's funny how everybody has to fight for space
out here: Like you'll lose room to move.
It's new and it's different, but I don't hate it;
I think I can get used to this:
I'll plod in my own trucking awkwardness soon.

Micheal Valencia

'The Hands Of Children All Over My Motherly Body'

Grasping just to hold,
naive hands renouncing the recondite
equation which forms a material existence—
embracing simply the form which confronts its attention.
Expectant of grand things in triviality,
“Promotion” speaking as loudly as the mouse to the Titan;
fatuous minds performing herculean exertion
to create mass from the vapors and filamentary
images which pass through a nonsensical cognition;
glories and wonders assumed in the personage of the dustmite,
absconding from an unexpected breeze,
scrutinized by the young, brilliant spheres—
sagely in intensity. (Innocence Power
and Youth Gravity
held centrifugal, the physical self, maturing,
opposite emotional progress,
learning to be restless.)
Living the life which thrives just to be,
needless of the Feast,
expecting no more prodigious repast
than that
the swollen bosom of its Giver;
nestled upon the fleshy
erection of its nectarous subsistence,
brazenly domineering the turgid source which rushes euphoric
warmth throughout its tremulous figure,
hungry for consolation:
lackadaisically forgetting to plunder the world’s vaults of its
pleasurable excitements
(emphatic “no’s” to Desire’s sway and the elicited mitigation
resulting from impropriety) —
“Darling, ” “sweetheart, ” and the Pap’s Ambrosia
its only indulgences.

Micheal Valencia

'The Memory Train (Train, Train, Mammery-Memory)

Memory train,
Stopping at all of the stations throughout the continental
United States,
Dropping off the current vestiges of emotion to pickup
the full-length experience of Back When,
Boarding the lingering tastes, remaining touches, the
salvaged of the broken, the recalled of the forgotten,
Loaded and situated,
Primed and ready for departure,
Bringing together and forming previous grandeur—
Undisturbed, as if nothing broke the contented idleness,
New, just as once was,
Resilient with untested courage,
Happy in thoughtless myopia:
It's gaining speed, this memory train,
It's gathering the momentum which will bring us all the
way here to the past.

The memory train,
An itinerary conveying the scheduled stops of fleeting
reminiscence,
But one must be prepared for the unexpected remorse
and self-contempt and jubilee and doubt and
questions of the Once Been—
It's the price you pay for a very inexpensive and
comfortably restless journey upon the inevitable
memory train.

Micheal Valencia

'W(On) T You Co(Me) '

wont you come dance
with me to this music
[resonating from our
warmly devoted hearts]
for the romantic sympathizers
to gloat over

(if courtship goes well)

...cant you and i be
together [moving to
the united soundings
of our spontaneous
mirth] always for that
interpersonal envy?

wont you come and
glide into here [so as
to hide with me from
that coldness which
threatens our health]
after you are situated
in this place of my
coming triumph

(if affection proves successful)

...cant the
knowledge of impeding
ailments inspire you to
come upon this sheet
and place [that body
which belongs to you
but is m]y plaything
under these covers
for this world to
construe as the setting
of two developing
creatures in swollen

desire?

wont you come to that
window and let me in
[after many a nighttime
journey to a final pilgrim
rest] so i can assert
myself over those
chaste-lookers with
the horrible force of
an indiscriminate
come[r]

(if we think it be time)

...cant i make my
awkward way through
that open pane and trod
over your floors to that
slumber-box [where i
might let you tenderly
slide over that part of
my form which lovingly
goes into you] and
give release to seeds
that may join your skin
in cohesion?

wont we be one [flesh]
sticky

(if soap and washcloth get it good)

...cant we be one [flesh]
un-sticky?

Micheal Valencia