

Poetry Series

**Paul Perkins**  
**- poems -**

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# Paul Perkins()

# A Safe Shade Of Darkness

A Safe Shade of Darkness - 2005

The soul and body feel disdain  
of darkness and of life.  
both soul and flesh  
fear facing death...  
bereft of friend,  
deprived of breath;

Both know the victor's final fate...  
both fear the darkest night awaits...  
the body calls for comfort still  
in welcome of the cold night's chill;

Shifting on sunsets  
of calm solitude,  
soldiering homeward  
through dirges and fugues;

We traverse a walkway,  
a byway's morass,  
we open slowly  
a door of our past;

We reach to the source  
from whence we all came,  
a place in our twilight  
cloaked of the same;

Finished with fighting,  
the spirit now seeks  
a safe shade of darkness  
in which we can sleep.

Paul Perkins

# After All I Did Not Say

After All I Did Not Say - 2005

Open and wide is the world tonight  
for all to see  
It opened for me  
invitingly  
he came to me  
offered up himself to me  
direct and firm  
he looked into me  
in a moment  
after all I did not say  
I wanted him  
but refused him  
I wish I had taken him  
stepping into his world  
to have known  
that which now,  
I will never know.

Paul Perkins

# Almless

Almless - 1995

Writhing in rows  
of worm wood pews,  
almless arms lift high  
in skyward hallelujahs  
as Brother Angelico  
turns to me wild  
with encroaching madness;

His charismatic motion  
wrestling my conscience  
nearer to submission,  
while I dare not taste  
the bitter sweetness of  
redemption.

Paul Perkins

# Chris Crossing

Chris crossing - 1996

I dreamed of  
the great liberation  
from a distant heavenly shore  
saint Christopher rode  
to the edges of  
earth in a shining  
new u.f.o.

Well, there he was  
shooting every light beam  
of the spectrum  
all over humanity;  
melting crosses and  
christopher medals  
and statues of jesus and jude;

He warped over all of the churches,  
all of the sinnergogues,  
and with one flap  
of his feathery arm  
recycled them into  
museums of art and  
no-income housing for all;

The ozone closed it's hole  
then with a holy squall  
passed it's ungodly gas  
to every city and farm  
the folks were alarmed;

Folks fled from their buildings  
of steel and glass  
their condos  
their club house  
and all;

For miles they ran

to the shelter  
of hills,  
the wetlands,  
woods,  
and wilds;

Deep in the  
heartland flowered  
freedom within;  
rebirth which left others  
unbound.

Paul Perkins

# City In Survival

City in survival

Revolving as whirlwind,  
stern force flies in  
the face of insurrection,  
untouched from a world  
with nothing to hold;

Everything is up in the air...  
before, most things were clear...  
now, all is a maze,  
a flurry of uncertainty  
in these despairing times;

These are days we face eviction, illness,  
disease and bigotry in our fair city.  
the streets grow progressively squalid-  
it's denizens waning thin...  
desperate in survival.

I, like my friends.... we all hang on,  
hanging on the edge of hope,  
held within each other's arms  
till the dawns early light.

Paul Perkins

# Dark Enchantment

Dark Enchantment - 2018

In a red New Mexico moon lit sky,  
long night's capering shadows  
cast dancing ghosts  
redesigning dusk desert paths;

so quite,  
so alive,  
looming loma rojo  
reflective life forms

shared now by the  
first time jailed  
runaway child  
a thousand miles from home;

only solitude speaks  
in still long echos  
of dark enchantment.

Paul Perkins

# Face To Face

Face to Face - 1997

I do not know  
how to do less or more  
when we meet.  
I do not know  
how to be larger than I am  
more of one thing  
or another;

I do not know  
how to touch you  
without feeling  
how I deeply I miss you;  
I don't know how  
to be strong,  
not let you see I care,  
not hold on too long;

Like icicles  
on frozen birches  
I dare not move...  
so afraid I'll snap and  
break into pieces before you;

I do not know  
one thing to do  
to feel once more  
golden soft rays  
of your smile  
lost in memories of  
time past;

I cannot set my mind right,  
stop hoping,  
stop looking  
in familiar crowded streets  
that feel so empty;  
while I spy your image

only in my mind's eye,  
through the confines of  
walls without windows,  
of days too many to number  
till you stand before me;

While I, transparent, naked,  
struggle to cover  
each emotion...  
in the face of all I love.

Paul Perkins

# For My Own Reasons

For My Own Reasons - 2006

I wrote,  
for a long time,  
short  
inadequate words  
that may be poetry -  
some may even like it;

but more importantly -  
I write for my own reasons.

Paul Perkins

# Grey

Grey - 1968

I once knew a guy named Grey.  
He lived from day to day.  
He was carefree and gay  
in his own kind of way;

With feathers and flowers,  
beads and bells,  
existing alone  
in childhood hell;

But he lived for love,  
he lived for the day  
with a song in his heart  
and the hep hep parade;

with beads and flowers,  
his feathers and beaus,  
his travels took flight,  
where nobody knows;

Lonesome again  
in the cold,  
wind, and snow.

Paul Perkins

# Half Of Me

Half of me - 1999

Half of me left me-  
in his heart,  
with considerable thought,  
he did what he felt  
he must do;

Though I see it,  
I do not want to believe it;

It feels that life itself  
is torn out of me;  
yet, I have joy for him.

I asked myself  
how much I loved him;  
my silence  
was my reply.

Paul Perkins

# He Will Do

He will do - 1989

Not the one,  
but he will do  
if he is angry for good reason,  
lazy only for a season;

He will do if  
he can laugh,  
can cry,  
can kiss,  
can be alone  
and me, he'll miss;

He will do  
if he can see  
beyond the fear  
inside of me;

he'll do fine  
if he can feel  
the love in me  
i do not feel-  
if his gaze  
of wild delight  
lures this lonely child to life.

Paul Perkins

# His Wish

His Wish -1995

He wished at his death-  
his blood to be shed  
upon his mother's bones  
in her grave,  
to enter into her again;

to behold and be held  
in the womb of immortal safety  
where even God could  
bring no harm,  
nor devil,  
nor dark angle,  
dare rob the treasured gift  
from his mother's loving arms.

Paul Perkins

# Hunger

Hunger - 1988

Into the night  
each enters empty;  
fingers, bare hands,  
closed upon a lifeline of liquid solace;  
bent out into sub-human form  
in the flow  
of the club beat pounding  
chemically hardened souls with poisoned bodies....  
Sweet flesh in the eyes of the starving.

Paul Perkins

# I Need Someone

I NEED SOMEONE - 1990

I need someone  
to help me hold bits of paper together;  
addresses, notes,  
fragments of my life,  
empty boxes from the last move,  
bits of our lives;

I need someone  
to help me put it all together,  
to sit me down,  
to hold me still,  
to join severed arms and legs  
into the man I never was;

I need a tranquil  
destiny;  
a dream  
of no awakening.

Paul Perkins

# Just Say No To Prostitution

Just say no to prostitution - 1995

Cover warm your tired bones  
worn from years of working long  
hours doubled over time  
in a grind of workers crime;  
crawl back into your bed this time,  
quit your job and you'll feel fine.  
let this be your resolution,  
just say no to prostitution;

Forget the bills which never end  
they'll remind you once again,  
do not let them hem you in;  
tell the boss what you think of him.  
don't let them plan your execution,  
just say no to prostitution;

Many suffer in the fire  
burnt out from the greed of liars  
clawing higher toward desires  
locked up in the corporate mire;  
there really is just one solution,  
just say no to prostitution.

Paul Perkins

# Not Your Day Bed

Not your day bed - 1998

I said to religion  
stay out of my head  
my mind is not your day bed.  
I said to the dead  
you'll die in your ties  
you'll be strip searched  
in search of your soul.

I woke up this morning  
wrapped in heaven  
and held in the arms  
of a strapping unshaven Latino  
just down the street from the  
last leverage holding company  
of greater, greater, & greater.

Paul Perkins

# Nothing

NOTHING - 1995

I work for a fool.

He pays me to

sit and do nothing;

But I am the fool-

I have not learned

how to do nothing.

Paul Perkins

# Osprey

Osprey - 2000

Lone voyager lightly sailing  
ancient sky ways  
prevailing currents  
list thee awry;

While long summer shadows  
span wind barren crests;  
your last island refuge  
denied;

Hear in the distance  
soft cries of the infants  
dance upon  
warm upward flows;

Wings hurry homeward  
a fresh ocean bounty,  
to a last bastion  
untouched and unknown.

Paul Perkins

# Plan 8

Plan 8 - 1989

Lay low,  
save money,  
go home to mother-  
she still loves me;  
throw myself on the mercy of god and family,  
do better,  
do more;

sing for dinner,  
beg for help,  
eat crow,  
eat what ever i can-  
start over,  
start living,  
breath easier,  
stop dreaming,  
start dreaming,  
give myself a rest,  
give myself a break,  
a taco,  
an ice cream-  
after all,  
life may love me this time.

Paul Perkins

# Recollections Of My Closet

Recollections of my Closet - 1980 (dedicated to family and Brain H.)

I recall the time I  
gave up my wife who  
almost gave up the ghost,  
who salvaged her sanity  
via Ativan  
in St. Mary's where  
all the relatives died;

I recall sacred vow guilt,  
giving up the home,  
giving up the dreams  
which gave no rest;

I recall giving up all women  
only to fear they may be right  
when they said  
men were all the same;

I recall the visits  
to my family  
with fear they could not see  
me;

Gave up drinking,  
only to cry over a drunk lover;  
Gave up the drunk lover  
to help a run away teen queen  
who lost his mind in a world  
of cruel hatred  
and doctors with more drugs  
than oath;

I recall giving  
up all I thought I wanted,  
to find what is was  
I needed;

I recall the day  
I gave up explaining who I am,  
why I am not what you thought  
I would always be;

I recall clearly  
the loneliness,  
the futility,  
of living another's hope,  
another's implacable ideal;

I recall the child who  
saw God and freedom  
in a handful of moss in a woods.

Paul Perkins

# Secret Places

Secret Places - by Quester 2005 (copywrite 2006)

Why must I feel life  
here - again?  
When torrents of tears  
prevail almost over;

So close to truth,  
yet, we did not dare look,  
We did not dare see  
how little time was left,  
how ill we came to be;  
our love, our only best medicine -  
can our love now set us free?

Tears do not heal, just are -  
Eyes - misty,  
steps - slower,  
now uncertain;

words form to speak in a voice  
never again to be sounded;

choking words so hard to say  
now slip into hushed echo  
near spaces we once filled;

Shadows loom in our night love  
of warm summer lit memories we  
barely recall  
as foggy visions fail -

watching from this passing train,  
the eyes of you - so familiar;  
eyes glowing into blossom  
of the very heart of you;

Your warmth freshly flowing,  
touching secret places

only we could find;

the love I knew,  
the love we knew,  
held close - enigmatic,  
yet so real;

In my dreams, you arrive  
once more, vibrant and renewed;  
in my parting, I will come  
once more.... for you.

Paul Perkins

# Shoes

Shoes - 1968

When days are long and skies are blue,  
i wonder who is what and what is who;  
sitting alone in a cool breeze,  
i wonder... why shoes are whose  
and whose are these?

The day is longer,  
not so blue,  
still i sit in hope of you;  
alone i stand without a clue  
of where is lost the love we knew.

While watching fall, the fading leaves,  
along this hillside in a cool breeze,  
my question with no answer pleads.  
"why are shoes whose?  
and whose are these? "

Paul Perkins

# Something That Means Something

Something That Means Something - 2005

Nothing, what are you doing?  
I'm just waiting.  
There is really nothing  
important to do;

My glass of soda is getting empty.  
I guess I'll refill it.  
You know, some of us can't  
stand empty glasses;

Oh, you too? Yeah.  
No, not much...  
just sitting here  
wondering what will  
make me get up and  
face the day;

It's raining out today;  
I remember a time  
I walked and cried  
in the rain and not  
one person could see;

I liked the rain then,  
don't need the rain now;  
all I need today is to  
remember to smile;

To remember that there  
is life to live and  
people to love...  
life and wonders to see...

A doggie laughing  
with his tongue dripping,  
and scratching funny  
with his back paw;

A little child grinning  
from ear to ear over  
something silly  
adults fail to see;

I am wondering if  
something small,  
kind, or funny,  
with be the thing today;

The one thing to  
help me arose from sleep,  
to walk, shower,  
shave, eat;

Or will it be a fear,  
or a hope, or even  
a phone call from a friend  
to bring a better mood;

Clothes are on the floor,  
not mine, but the guy  
sleeping in my bed  
so far away next to me;

He said he has plans for tomorrow  
of something that means something;

I wish to watch  
the soda  
in the crystal glass  
decline -

like an hour glass marking  
only sand,  
or a time piece that's  
lost it's little hand;

The rain is clearing up  
the fogginess;  
something is appearing;

a reason -

No, not doing,  
just being...  
quietly comforted  
with soulful eyes on Shy

while we lie  
close by,  
enraptured in dreams  
of something that means something.

Paul Perkins

# The Late Bird

The late bird - 2018

Every night is afternoon when 3pm. is morning.  
The late bird catches the looked over produce  
and the dry cold croissant before the bakery closes.  
Why is it so quiet this 3pm. morning? I suppose  
because most of the neighbors have left for work.  
3pm. morning brings 7pm. afternoon and 1am. evening,  
a good time to is it so quite this  
evening? Oh yes, the neighbors are all asleep.

Paul Perkins

# Things That Mark Time

Things that mark time

I was counting days, counting events, I counted people, and all the things...  
the things that must be so important!

I saw it all a meaningless searching of something...

Something that means nothing... Nothing of importance... Just so many things.  
Things that mark time.

It was a joy having things to do, things Great, things Powerful!  
After all effort, all thought, they were merely a busy work,  
days lost in passing time.

I rest now in the knowledge that little will matter.  
No hurt will always last, nor do pleasures last.  
The sands marking time will cover all efforts.  
Harms will be covered, losses forgotten,  
only shifting uncertainties continue.

Years of counting, planning, hoping... and now,  
the luxury of peace with less to do.  
I now prefer the uncertainty of unknown insecurity  
than the security of known certainty.

The leaf in the stream, a picture on the shelf, just are;  
are all parts of things that mark life - mark time,  
No matter what we do.

Paul Perkins

# Time

Although for me there's seldom haste,  
I could not, if I wanted, stop.  
The elders, I leave in a chase,  
and children let me go to waste;

Invisible! That's what I am,  
and yet, I'm seen on things of old.  
I kill, I heal, I fly, I creep...  
I'm even moving while you sleep;

Polite take me to say, &quot;Yes Maam&quot;;  
I'm even used to smoke a ham.  
My mark is etched within in a tree;  
Now try to guess what I may be.

Paul Perkins

# Within Lines

Within Lines - 1997

People shake our hands  
not knowing  
where they have been;

Merchants take our cash  
not caring  
how it was obtained;

Multitudes  
within ear shot  
selectively hear  
but a few;

Reading words  
of kindred minds,  
we see the life  
within the lines.

Paul Perkins