

Poetry Series

Pedro Tejada
- poems -

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Pedro Tejada(April 22,1990)

I'm pretty much a misanthropic person, and the people I do like/love are called 'exceptions'. So to be able to step into a world where all the humans are replaced by metaphor, words, expression, catharsis, and imagery is quite possibly the greatest discovery I've ever made. In a nutshell, I adore poetry.

All Remains Illuminated

Life is a French movie scene
With characters skipping down the street
Passing pastry shop after pastry shop
And whistling to their own beat

There are no caricatures
There are no addictions to artifice
There are no hypocrites lying on the street
Yelling all our sins into the concrete

Even with an explosion on the set nearby
And as the ending credits descend from the sky
As the undertones of horror make all of us cry
All remains illuminated

Life is a vintage record store
That stretches past the horizon
Curious minds introduced to rapture
As the first notes begin rising

Although the wearing of the discs may show
A scratch in each song's strand
The music still plays as clearly
As diamond dust on dry land

Even with the CD skipping now
And you wanna be a star, but you don't know how
Even as Rolling Stone destroys your sound
All remains illuminated

Even with America straddling on all fours
Even as fire ants invade your shoes' holes
Even as life takes a toll on your lightweight soul
All remains illuminated
All remains illuminated
All remains illuminated NOW.

Pedro Tejada

Chocolate Porcelain Caramel Skin

Please pull your pants towards the floor, my dear.
Let me handle that meat lying on the full-size bed.
Don't be timid-we're all premature adulteresses in this room.
Johnny, come quickly towards my sighing need.
Making me want to scream your entire name by these seas of flame,
especially when your sweat seeps through the ridges of my bliss!

Your lips make my throat two walls of dried sin.
I live to take hold of your
Chocolate
Porcelain
Caramel skin.

I can spend hours looking at your full lips.
It's the feature that separates boys from men.
Force me down, prove me wrong with those promising threats.
Hold onto that climax until it borders on violation.

While I could maintain an appalled expression at my reflection,
you prevent this with your numbing erection.
Wading in a murky puddle of lust is fresh air moving with you
and the tongues slithering all the way up to my shivering legs!
Keep on whispering while you make me speechless!
Keep on getting stronger while you make me melt!

You strip me of my innocence with a devilish grin.
That must be why I love your
Chocolate Porcelain Caramel skin...

Pedro Tejada

Everything That's Meant To Happen Does

Again and again and again and again,
yet another 'etc.' sealed onto the end
of a line I was sure would cut off continuation
someday.

The walls are much more pale these days,
letting out yawns of feigned animosity
with a knowledge that they need not close in
to provoke exasperation-
a slight and aging slant provides sufficient
spiraling.

Outside, baking in the sun, the unfinished sentences
drag their soles along the pebble-ridden concrete,
stomachs slouching over their pants so far
as if to cascade all the way down to the sidewalk.
They can only toss parades for handfuls of newborns
that seem to multiply in handfuls of
seconds.

It's been a glaring shade of winter.
Standard procedure,
with the exception of eyes drooping,
and the desire to escape from oneself
seething.

Pedro Tejada

Excitement Of Secrecy

Dotted lines prance in the middle of their beds at home.
They always seem to say the same things
while conversing on the corner of Easy Street.
'Nothing is satisfying.
Especially at home! '
Their wives don't know how to please a man.
They still remember the first day
when both came out running
and each made their first move.
The excitement of secrecy.

They position themselves inside a box-sized cubicle
and get ready to purify themselves from the chains of shame.
Morals make no barriers within the marrow of their bones;
they just flow like the core of a stumbling landslide.

And when one stands up,
perfectly pressed shirts crumbled on the floor,
burning through cigarettes like Margo Channing,
He feels fulfilled.
He's had his fix.
At least another person knows

the excitement that lies in secrecy.

Pedro Tejada

Fly In My Drink

There

Is

A

Fly in my drink

And I'm starting to think

That my luck's on the brink

Ever since you told me

That one half of the bed

Seemed a bit more cozy

I soon realize

That I'm not drinking anything

And the poor old fly

Is drowning

In my

Pity party

My gloom made it nauseous

I've become so obnoxious

Since you sucked the life right out of me

I

Hope

You

Choke on the words you said

And the shallow waters that you tread

Are infested with piranhas

That's how it goes if you're not gonna

Live in the presence

Of someone

As holy as me...

I sucked your toes

I folded your clothes

I made you stand on top of the world with the utmost grace

I told myself 'Problems jump the ledge just by looking at his face'

I

Tell

The
Leeches hovering around me
That I badmouth you
Just to give Revenge a smile on her face
But here's the simple fact:
Your departure wasn't that bad

It's just that you hurt me
For Christ's sake, you hurt me
I can't believe you hurt me
Can someone stop this hurting?

There
Was
A
Fly in my drink
When I started to wonder
If this entire thing was starting to go under...

Pedro Tejada

Ma I'M Gay

I can't stand the restlessness any longer!
If I were wearing a 19th century hairdo,
it would look like a haystack by now!

It sickens me, how they avoid me.
It's because I'm not fabulous enough, girrrl.
I don't don't emanate ferocity like those glowing sequins...
I mean, seriously, if you're gonna
rob this country of its morals,
you must do it like a diva all the way through-

So you're not a flighty Nancy Boy.
A maricon.
That's not how your Dominican father raised you!

You were expected to ripen and rot as quickly
as the ideals we so cautiously laid upon you,
and you look like you've basically entered adulthood,
that nice stage where you're your own mortified audience.
'He's a filthy motherfucker'
turns to
'I would make a horrid boyfriend, '
'I'm unique' becomes 'I'm hideous, '
and your cuts for pain release
are now for your hatred at the flesh gawking lazily below you.

This, my child, is opening the doors to your heart.
Never thought it'd be such a pigsty, that's for sure.
When it reaches years of pretending not to have one,
it's bound to happen.

Done with freshman year at college,
and you've finally reached puberty!

Pedro Tejada

Nothing Is Nothing

Without the love of poetry,
were it not for the words ricocheting
from the nests in my soul
to the white paper sky,
nothing happens.

Absolutely nothing.

No planets will crash in the middle of space.
No ocean will swallow a village of saints.
Children will not start falling like dominoes
in a center for terminal illness.

Nothing will happen.
Absolutely nothing.

Earth that once flourished would now turn to stone.
Dust would be born from the stars that once shone.
All homes would be painted the same drab gray,
reeking worthlessly of tension and words unsaid.

All because of nothing.
Absolutely nothing,
which is not death itself,
but might as well be the nickname,
as he who does nothing is nothing,
and I might as well fill the air
I so constantly breathe.

Pedro Tejada

Obvious Differences

I am one of the modest folk mote,
walking lethargically in curvy circles,
shuffling my feet in a small English town,
pulling the charcoal wool over my bloodshot eyes.

And the difference between us is
I'd much rather keep it that way.
There's no point in fighting today.

I am a fashionable mannequin
with a limp wrist and a lazy hip,
lithping all my thtereotypth
for the unisex scientists to hear.

And the difference between us is
I'm high on life and sleeping pills.
My stability is Fed-Ex'd and I'm sitting still.

I am a starving artist.
My white knuckles show just how strongly these knockdowns can pull.
Even rolling thunder cannot knock down the establishment
of transparency and an elephant's memory.

The difference between us is:
you see the point in the stiff upper lip.
It's hard enough for me to maintain this grip.

And I'd much rather keep it that way.
There's no point in fighting today.

Pedro Tejada

On Turning Nineteen

I can't wait to be 19,
the age where hipsters become hipsters
and your cosmopolitan side begins to
radiate from your body.

You begin saying things like 'I've been there, man, '
and flaunting your newfound cynic realism
as if it were an accessory from the Velvet Underground's tour bus,
because anything is better than 18.

Anything towers over that collection of 365 salt grains
that consists of taking a dive in the real world,
with your feet meeting the piranhas.

19. Alas, the beginning of repression,
where it's no longer chic to tremble with honesty,
so you begin storing it and saving it
for the hibernation of your Alvy Singer neurosis.
Goodness gracious, that's in fashion.

It's not you in the mirror.
It's you that's become deformed
by the mask that was pushed onto your face,
or maybe it was you flew into it,
I can't remember at the moment.

Anyway...your blood has had its last curdle,
and the car crash could be so obvious-
the engine would zoom past all their noses-
without the lack of humanity for medication.
You don't know what exists, and you're cold fucking sober.

But damn, it makes a great poem.

Pedro Tejada

Organ Music

As the exhaust spewed its mourning glum
onto the whimpering porcelain snow,
the chauffeur looked up and desperately prayed
for an Academy Award winner.

'Novelty tears shall spout at all times! '
And the thespian will charge through those double doors,
beginning his craft from the moment he hears the bawdy organ
singing the deceased's pleas towards the golden gate of Heaven
and crunching through an audience of bawling admirers
of a man he barely knew.

He was chosen to give the eulogy.
Designated to speak on the behalf
of man he never thought to glance at twice,
besides the intervals of days spent
despising the realization of his existence,
resenting the scars created in surplus quantities,
stomping down the darkest layers still oozing from the coffin.

For a handful of hours, it must all become a waning spark for the
method actor giving the most crowd-pleasing breakdown of his life,
delivering a perfectly tailored recital
cloaked to all the front-pew viewers
as a heartfelt elegy.

'Just a few hours, ' he thought as the double doors creaked,
and the scene will end with him sliding into his car,
a dead weight off his shoulders,
driving victoriously into the sunset.

A new set of tears rolled with the end credits,
along the face of the son,
liquidating the thespian with their bleak sincerity.
They were drops of remorse
for a bond that was never born,
with an abortion in a wood encasing
for all those people out there in the dark.

Our Hearts Shift With The Seasons

First days of autumn
Cascading tranquility
Love stands at its peak

You're the whistling wind
My heart flies along smoothly
Like a chipped red leaf

Winter approaches
Daggers in its icy hand
To stint our love's growth

Thankfully, for us
We see no signs of frost bite
Ignorance is bliss.

Pedro Tejada

Perks Of Desolation

I wish I could drive a fossilized Cadillac
right through an arid desert
in the middle of Arizona
so my desolation can have its own landscape.

I'll ask the grains of sand
rocketing in swirls around the wind
if it's seen my talent running by;
I've been calling it for months now.

The citizens of Earth are not cold.
It was just my eyes that gave them frostbite,
my mind that morphed their faces
to resemble the hideous change within.

I'm not sure if that's a truth
that fate has put on layaway since birth,
or perhaps a rumor that's been force fed
like wart-ridden frogs to the purest of tongues.

All I want at this point
is to be a center of a desert's mushroom cloud,
leaving with a new look at the sky
and a bit of dry skin.

Pedro Tejada

Psychosomatic Slavery

I stood there like a dropp of water
as you savagely tore my very last shred
of ill-fated dignity,
as you so cunningly blared through
my symphony of thoughts
with your out of tune foghorn.

There's not a thing left to say.

I've already let every scathing insult,
every hideously imaged simile
escape from my yellow-tinted lips
just when I could find your eyes and ears
turn their attention towards another victim.

It makes my stomach turn and flare
to even try to find a reason
for the way you so menacingly throw
my existence through the gutter of your misery.

It seems like I was meant to live
for just a moment, in a follicle of time
before I signed my soul away
to the dictators, vermin, and snakes of today.

Pedro Tejada

Riot Call

It's such a tragic statistic
when the last thing on earth
that approaches your face
is a patch of brown grass,
pale and dry from age,
dead from poor nourishment,
just like your need for acceptance.

And it's even more destructive
when the scarlet blood
hanging onto the tip
was pulled from your bone marrow,
all the way through your thick, coarse skin,
by the dense and moldy wooden plank,
swung in the hands of the town's valiant savior.

Yes, there are rapists and fascists
living in each corner of the street,
pillaging their families of their dignity,
ejaculating on the very words they glorify,
but the filthy way in which you live
might as well be a bull's eye on your forehead.

The tides of holy water did not burn an inch,
did not smother your facet of human nature,
did not blindly agree with our fright-ridden hatred,
so the only and easy way out
is to induct you into our slaughterhouse,
all because you loved.

Can love be executed so poorly
that it awaits a death penalty?
In a Utopian ideal, anything can die.

And they wonder,
with our dying breath,
and the dirt being shoved
against our battered faces,
why we declare a riot call.

Pedro Tejada

Riot Call II

I have sent a request
to all the white cone clad
twiddling their thumbs with menace
and hunting for their latest scapegoat
to mask their feelings of inadequacy...

As the smut on my garage door
slithers your hatred along
in the form of the word 'FAGGOT'
and the last three men who shook me to the core
have been reduced to front page casualties,
I beg to finally join this league of humankind.

Please, ladies and cavemen, do as I ask
or I might just lead myself to
break
your double standard neck into thousands
of desperate times that surpass desperate measures.

You see, you've eliminated all the other options,
as I will no longer be reduced
to another strange fruit hanging
on the swastika tree, for I've seen
the cracks from the stones
colliding into your precious glass houses.

Preaching your 'manhood' and your 'sanctity'
on your altars as the color of your
wife's eyes seem to slip your busy mind,
giving us yet another juxtaposition
to lock with these once worn chains
onto your Stone Age door.

It must stop.
Those sounds of you slinging
your fists and your speech
towards all, including your own flesh and blood.

Our palms can't stay nailed to the wooden floor,

our lips can't stay sewn shut anymore,
angels writhing in their graves,
your time has run out!
Here my friend...is your riot call.

Pedro Tejada

Roar

Roses ride
'round the running romance
of resonance and rhythm,
reducing rulers
to a ripened rage.

Pedro Tejada

Royal Blue Abrasions

The elegant madwoman with a golden valor.
Louder than the falling trees
stumbling everywhere around her feet!
The spiritual mother, everyone's empress,
a concrete rose blooming over every obstacle
as if she were a one-woman, 21st century dynasty
with no malfunctions in its empire.

But, there's something writhing its way out
from the cellar reserved for her scathing history.
Past the cobwebs and futile pretensions of valiance
lies this warrior queen's greatest desire:
shrouded in shame, the need for love still haunts.
But it won't come as an accessory amid the ninth cloud!

Hard work and minimum wage flow much more smoothly.
She's known this since she discovered the world,
since she entered a home full of broken furniture
and reeking of alcoholic breath and stagnant, bitter tensions
that were released when father's fist met daughter's face,
and her bruise-soaked body became the symbol of her innocence.

That must be why she spends so much time
in the darkest Brooklyn alleys, selling her self-respect
to any man feeling particularly kind that night,
and letting any detrimental cycle resurface
for just one rush of vulnerability.

This contemporary queen dons a crown bejeweled with more grit
than the streets of three New York boroughs,
yet all she requires of the world that she holds in her hand
like a ruler deciding the fate of her people
is someone to transform adoration from myth to reality.
Will she ever find light from the alley?

Pedro Tejada

Saturation Of Contrast

I hear the thunder meddling
its way among the raindrops
that permeate through sunlight
and realize
that the weather is a motif
for God's emotional standpoint.

God is but a seaman;
he and I stammer on the same boat.

Our existence makes a pair
of helplessly hanging doppelgangers,
orbs of confusion that contract
whiplash with every turn they make.

Two repressed housewives
that put all their hopes and dreams
in a shit-stained smile.

This collision of light and malevolence
is but His way of symbolizing
my shame-patronized indecision
in a way that makes people tear up
at the joy of beauty.

Pedro Tejada

Still

Are you listening, God? !

Are you ready for the satisfaction of this moment?

Well, get ready for me to say this...I'm done fighting

I'm more scathed than the chip on an extremist's shoulder

I blame everyone else yet my reflection is made of crystal

I'm not of legal age and I've already lost my youthful spark

I shift with public opinion, even if they advocate murder

My hatred controls me all the way to my fingertips

While my adoration stays locked inside my ribs

I reserve gifts for those who taint me the deepest

I am an exact replica of the dots in my radar

Every kindred spirit has turned to the opposite side once they were informed of me

I still plot the downfall of the girl who pointed at me over two years ago

I feel the need to purge pitch black during times of carefree happiness

The sun must rise right in front of my face for me to feel the power of beauty

It takes one thousand tears each day to sail my dreams

Last night, along with the tears

I found myself with two capsules too many.

But hey...I'm still here.

Can someone make my stomach still again?

Pedro Tejada

Strands In Space

It was that wide screen sort of moment,
where the night sky stretched like navy blue silk
and the stars bedazzled through the atmosphere,
the perfect scene to begin the end.

With leather hands upon wooden handles,
the tense preparation rocked to and fro,
and each sibling knew they needed to state their vows
before there were no hands, big or small, to follow.

Like she had all the decades of her life,
the sister sprinted head-first through the pack
and began the ceremonial encounter,
tears already rimming the outlines the eyes.

'My warrior growl would have simply dwindled,
my loving strength would have never surfaced,
were it not for the development
of my watchful eye towards you.

I give you a thanks that spans across galaxies
for making me realize that the woman running in this heart
could delve much deeper than her surroundings,
and form a bond that gives much too pride for one lifetime.'

With a breathless exhale tinged in red excitement,
the brother nearly jumped from his rocker,
more than ready to begin his greatest wordplay
and make them both depart with a bang.

'I don't know how my life span would have thrived
if you had not looked me straight in the eyes
and made me realize that layers are nothing
but barriers for the tangled lands of your cock-eyed innocence.

You were not just a pillar of strength;
you were a carrier who made the human spirit contagious.
If they could not quiet you as a mortal,
Lord knows how they'll try in Heaven.'

So each said their piece,
and with the peaceful fog
clouding both of their minds,
they realized it was time.

It was a quiet disintegration,
with each participant smiling, eyes slowly closing,
freeing themselves from their bodies like stardust
towards their own constellation in the sky.

Pedro Tejada

The Day After Tomorrow

In desolate lands,
the jagged nails of branches
scathe the earth's ego.

Pedro Tejada

The Happy Train Caboose...Or Writer's Block

The last dropp of fuel
has vanquished within the fog
of vacuous steam,
and the words are asphyxiated
by the author's incompetence
before his toes even tap
upon the starting line.

It's even a hassle
scribing these simple words
without grinding my teeth,
headbutting defeat,
and fixing the channel
with which I once could
transform the bulging of veins
into the unraveling of stanzas.

With a pitter-patter here
and a tick and tock there,
the hourglass spins itself towards nausea
and still no denouement
from a muse that replaced burning passion
with a scalding charcoal mind.

How could I let them get to me?
How could I let them make mockery
and triviality of the art
held with the greatest sincerity,
leaving me a pigpen
of unanswered questions
tinged with urgent frustration?

Did I really just end this with a question?

Pedro Tejada

Timeline

I don't know when I became a one man island,
isolated even from the best of me.

All I remember is a need to touch society.

I yearn to hear a voice soothe my mind.

I don't remember when nostalgia charged through the door.

The only reminders are the gray follicles on the floor.

They were never recreation, but now they latch on with a vengeance.

I'm under siege to the dictator of the past.

The future never had the face of a hungry rapist.

Tomorrow's hands never moved at maniacal speeds.

The light at the end of the tunnel is glaring into my eyes.

I start to even pray this isn't my designated freight train.

I keep trying to make a calendar of sedatives.

I keep trying to take it one day at a time.

But with my sparks running for another place to glow,

and a time line of grudges preventing my blood from even tiptoeing,
this mess I must clean up

can no longer fit in a wave past its crashing time.

Pedro Tejada

Two Weeks Notice From A Hispanic Rebel

What is the versatile autobiography
of this bountiful of rice
boiling in my American kitchen?

This crop of microscopic slabs of grain
that was the one edible source
of preventing my ancestors' emaciation

One of such few things
connecting me
to my roots,
those things I can't help but bleach
in whitewashed and rebellious peroxide.

I will valiantly hang my head down low in shame
at the examples of my flesh and earth,
'those National Geographic cavemen, '
all the time being the zoo animal,
being blindfolded and caged by
these secular, American liberals.

I love this food
that I consume like a vacuum,
this merengue and bachata
that I so happily shake my ass to;
but nowhere did I sign up
for these commandments
that I was appointed
based on the location
that I popped out onto.

Pedro Tejada

Untitled.

I am the greatest anomaly of my generation,
nimble rummaging through the annals of my wit
with a current of charm running through my teeth,
inspiring all to transcend their surroundings
with the utmost sophistication and pathos.

Three seconds pass, and this identity scurries
quicker than a cheating lover in a Bessie Smith tune,
and I am once again just another
sheet within the reams of paper thin souls,
giving any prick the role of impaler.

They shall write this on my tombstone.
Magic market epitaph sliding down damp cardboard
as the rain makes wooden chips from my bones,
the last time I lie here
with eyelids unlocked.

Pedro Tejada

Way To State The Obvious

I am such
a fucking
faggot.

Been fanning the flames
since I strutted
out of my mother's....
I'm never touching one of those.

Spent my childhood
sneaking moments
with my sister's
Barbies
in the middle of the night.

Drew my very own versions
of those gorgeous,
diamond-covered
drag queens
that I saw on TV,
showing everyone my
4th grade creations,
completely unaware
that the adults knew
what I was condoning
was a perverse accident
brought on by decay
of morals.

Nope, I just adored the
feathers and sparkles
they added to drab, drab life.
No cum included.

Now people wonder
why I'm so overt
in my gaydom.

Why argue with mother

over the significance
of The Barbra Streisand Album,
or sit through marathons
of 1930s Joan Crawford melodramas?

It's the kid in me.
Something lost for an era
in a washing tub
of middle school torture tactics,
heavy breathing
over hiding something
so natural.

And a few years of that
are damn stifling enough
for this gigantic faggot.

Pedro Tejada