

Poetry Series

Polby Saves
- poems -

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Polby Saves(4/6/75)

Polby Saves is an American contemporary versist, who feels more comfortable shielding him/herself behind a pseudonym.

Polby writes stream of consciousness, dearth of conscience, and confessional type o' verse and prose. Laments and Elegies. Like You, (s) he's probably a Liar.

Polby offers attrition of and by sin
Wants to help you
Because the end times, they are already HERE.

Contact: polbysaves@

Add New Task...

My To Do List

1. go to Hell

Complete

Color

Delete

UpDown

2. fight way back from Hell, yet again.

Complete

Color

Delete

UpDown

3. find some minor comfort in this new, minor Hell

Complete

Color

Delete

4. Add new task

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Anathema To Myself

. glum, morose, surly, sulky, crabbed, saturnine, gloomy mean showing a forbidding or disagreeable mood. sullen implies a silent ill humor and a refusal to be sociable

I'M BECOMING UNWOUND

. glum suggests a silent dispiritedness. morose adds to glum an element of bitterness or misanthropy

I NEED SOMETHING TO HAPPEN

. surly implies gruffness and sullenness of speech or manner

A VIOLENT THING, EVEN

. sulky suggests childish resentment expressed in peevish sullenness. crabbed applies to a forbidding morose harshness of manner

THE CRUSH OF A BREAKDOWN

. saturnine describes a heavy forbidding aspect or suggests a bitter disposition

A REASON TO WANT TO

. gloomy implies a depression in mood making for seeming sullenness or glumness.

GET UP AGAIN

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Angelou Aghast

Sometime, I'll sleep and have dreams
A dream in which I'll be engaging in sex
With the loose folds of skin and cellulite
around Maya Angelou's neck
I use the word engage b/c I don't think
It'll be my idea or if I would even want to be a completely willing
Participant
You know how dreams go: you're able to detach
So anyway, all the while she'll be reciting her verse
In that overly inflected, pretentious and annoying grandmotherly Huxtable
Tone she uses and
Right as the nauseousness becomes unbearable
And I fear I won't be able to keep the contents of my
Stomach from forcing itself out and onto her face
She starts to devour the entirety of my lower abdomen
The sickness I was feeling quickly dissipating and the
Realization that she's no longer speaking and merely
Gnashing, ripping and eating my viscera
I return to an almost homeostasis
A comfortableness

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Being Somewhat Honest

In that awful, awkward silence
I'll speak up, I like to break things
Down, even further
A quarter past any given half hour
Is when I attend and then
Only until 20 minutes into the new
Hour
And it is only w/ great effort on my part
That, Yeah... I'll say something
Being careful to cover my contempt, combativeness
Disguise my defiance, dissonance & disgust
Into a comment w/ the underlying tone of a question
When I'm done
Someone will inevitably offer the inevitably correct response
To a query that wasn't really asked at all
As I knew they would before I uttered anything at all
It's important to make people feel important - helpful - useful
It has little to nothing to do w/ me and I realize that
It's my attempt at a gift.

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Close To A Plea

It's not enough to merely speak w/ enthusiasm
Even most 'actions' go unnoticed, unheeded
Hate to say it, a succession of blunt force
Possibly perceived as violent
Is necessary
Repeatedly
Or you could stop trying to impress on me
What you wish others would see as your
Personality
If you could do that, just that
I might try and help you.

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Constant Weltschmerz (All The Live Long Day)

Exclamation points are little lies we tell each other
In this digital age it's easier to feign surprise or excitement
When in actuality, nothing surprises anyone anymore
Now - disgust, apathy and scarily even hate
These things you can't disguise electronically as easily
And sadly even less so face to face
The Eyes can tell no Lies

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Dead To Me

I had a dream and in it someone told me that you had died
In this dream I didn't ask why, figured i knew
Didn't want to press it
So having not heard from you for several months
You call me, really needing to talk, but you leave a message
Sorry, I was asleep, busy
Having this dream in which I'm told you're no longer alive
It didn't seem a wise thing to tell you next day
When I returned your call you said everything was fine
I knew you were lying and that to me, you were
Dead, at least unconsciously

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Depression Is Refractory

Depression is reading bad poetry
Written by merely dysthmic people
Depression is people which does result in
Hell (thanks Jean-Paul)
Depression is the pain caused by people
Trying, poorly I might add, to articulate what
'Depression means to me'
Depression is tantamount to hunger
Something we all must suffer
Some will starve to death
You, my poetaster chum
Are only late to dinner
The pang will pass

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Dt

The mind doesn't Reel
It Clacks
At or near the frontal lobe
A temple eroding, I suppose
Destroying by the speed of the whir
A millisecond vertigo
Terrorizes for seemingly endless minutes
Wrought iron right neck muscle
Climaxing in a hypnagogic spasm
That levitates the body for an instant

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Far Too Rested

I want to forget
Not have to worry about
What was just forgotten
From a mere 10 seconds ago

The time involved is an
Excruciatingly long prospect
Minutes being not finite
Measurements any longer

I'll refuse to leave this place
This room, much less
For at least two days
Nothing but hydration and cigarettes

Wonder aloud about anomie
If I'm afflicted
A ridiculous thought
Of course I am

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Harbinger

Mid- afternoon shadows, casting onto cheaply painted walls,
Have always given me the doldrums
A depression really, that doesn't lift
Till the sun finally sets
Then it's merely a despondency
that starts to slowly relent
Much after Mid- night
Then I can start to sleep until,
The next day when it starts all over again.
The reason nothing WORTHWHILE gets done
I like to think.

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Just Stop

Inasmuch as I would like to believe you
In the spirit of keeping things light
Cognitive dissonance is shaking me honest
Let's not continue this plight
Disingenuous w/ myself or you
I cannot be, Please stop saying
These things you know aren't true
Just to feel emboldened and free
Vacuous optimism only helps for
Not even a split second
And ultimately, in the end, hurts the
Feeble and dimwitted who believe
When the illusion is seen through

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Liar

For the sake of this 'conversation' (read: mild power struggle)
You're right. 'I don't really mean all that'
I'll agree, concede....Pretend I do not
If it puts color back in your cheeks
And awakens your dead eyes
Sure, I'll fight the screaming of every
Fiber and cell in my body and Lie and say,
'People are worth saving'

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My Life's Worth In Only So Many Words

Anathema To Myself

trying bad knew day think fight feeling know annoying lying time months
tell like sure observe afternoon participant folds pass iron ask realization
neck conversation pain poetaster tuesdays busy night lung sake sickness
movies gets body reason turns incessantly awakens doesnt ones lifes
gnashing try despondency
way pretentious idea cellulite strewn years fallen finally given stomach
qualify spectacle necessary watching christ harbinger unconsciously thing
girl loose walls unbearable start reach smile needing violent mean slowly
engage engaging cell face sung struggle tone shes song cheaply correct
contents normally quickly asleep close plea dark personality overly devour
actions viscera completely eating list attractive liar power does figured use
morning suffer

Too Tired To Stay Awake Any Longer

saving shadowscasting abdomen leave verse sun comfort screaming stay
lift forcing worthwhile sleep reciting sets written broken semismiled
dysthmically movingriding supp uses help pieces poorly lied reading blunt
fine returned groups refractory fiber eyes read word puts say absorb
force detach message unnoticed died block clock wish possibly late aghast
fear return chum caused daily involve thanks grandmotherly hope
unheeded twice starve maya enthusiasm heard hunger comfortableness
homeostasis

I'll Let My Dreams Have Their Way W/ Me....

Again

nauseousness huxtable inflected itll dissipating impress giving lower relent
articulate poetry doldrums wise left alot hate cheeks entirety perceived
result willing mild speaking concedepretend skin alive shell death
tantamount everytime ripping afloat worth adamisdronicus succession press
hang jeanpaul speak dysthmic means dinner dreams sobriety bones
repeatedly sex pang bc painted reallythat

I have been summed up by a jumbled cut and paste ala Bill Burroughs
Damn, This is all there is?

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Situational Neglect

I'm surrounded by the sounds of f**king idiocy
The television that never shuts off or up
The moronic laughter at the low brow sit-com
Do you realize the sound you emit
Your double digit I.Q. on display, gleaming
Made almost brighter in the technicolor
Not knowing, comprehending that it should clothe and hide
Itself
Mouth agape, eyes X-ed
Until the simp comments on the banal commentary
Start spilling out the neck
I can smell it and I want to wretch

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Song Sung In An Iron Lung

I have fallen
Strewn
The pieces that are left of me
Won't do what they're told
You I hope alone
Can't reach this viscera afloat
I'll stay and agonize &
Hope to gain understanding/nobility
You stay below
Talk incessantly
and as always, do what you're told.

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Read more:

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Supp

Moving, riding, dysthmically along
I semi-smiled at a girl on each block
Everytime we were made to stop
The attractive ones
The same broken clock
Giving the correct time twice
Once daily, again in the dark morning for twenty years
Christ
Sorry, no you don't qualify
I lied about the smile.

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