

Poetry Series

seth kennedy
- poems -

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seth kennedy(Nov 27th 1984)

i am a creation from a concotion of burnt angle wings morphine vodka and some love but im wanderin around wondering if exiast.....

(((Dead Is Tha Word))) !!

Constellations of thoughts, ,
(Crowd) this mind with shards of (Murdered) , ,
Words from tha masterbation of mystic poets, ,
Unveiling thier (Toxic) lyrics, Completely intended to, ,
Comsume and (corrupt) tha masses in, , ,
Exhausted BullShit! ! , ,
Hippies.
Mind tricks.
Fiction upon Fiction. I
only can read,
Then weep in laughter as these arrogant: ! , ,
(Mystical) frouds flourish in tha desicration....
(JEK) aka cuffy (quote) Chaotic in its demise are fales thoughts! ! ! ! ! !
! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

seth kennedy

((Do Words Need Titled))

Our misery grows deep,
How can this be?
There is nothing greater than hated of,
own soul is wider than you believe,
coming out just closed pain...
SelfDestruction is bliss.....

Your
No

seth kennedy

((Reminded Who I Am))

In vaine I creep down memorys lane.

Memory of vengeful hate.

Eternal peace is just a pornographic dream that plays, while I
endure delay of execution: ; These invading dream dressed in Blackness too
cloak their words of daggers while standing steady with impatient readiness too
seize our frosty thoughts.... ..

Dietys have disowned me: Once tha devils advocate! Now hells
rejected. Demons cant deal with these sheltered myseries We've kept built up in
these intvated thoughts more horrified than tha devil himself can containe...

toy maker.. Damned like a judas
chemical tomb, , Left sucluded inside this
sent in quick anger, Howling headlong into, Your minds straight from our Pen.....
((JEK))

seth kennedy

(absolute)

once i parted,
Tha clouded stars shrug a false fairwell jesture.
Thunder storms dressed as thought,
pound this mind and my palms left cailed, scared,
crazed days fixation mounts from behind,
shaded glass masks of words reused in whispers..
saints linger in my perversion of words,

A
These
Shattered
Elusive Truth..
Eroded

Inspirations...
Exhausted Intetion....
Bull shit flos from tha corrupt masses in this tryant mind, ,
sleep is seldomly welcomed..
murder in tha womb made my birth nothing less than a, ,
BURDEN..... (J.K)

And
A

seth kennedy

? Im Lost?

The sun goes down
and here I am
living the same old life
that I've lived - thousands of times again.

Sitting alone, in a small wooden box
playing a half strung guitar
for my dearest friend... the ceiling.

With a poem, I am.... in love, with communication
essentially, as always,
I write for no one, because initially - I am... no one
... yet, I continue to search,
for the connections, between something, or someone,
for some reason.....
this story, is already boring.

I feel like sitting in the middle of the street tonight,
while holding a light to my face,
.... so everyone can see who I am,
as the cars fly by,
turning the inside of my head, completely white,
walk with me.... with black sounds,
touch my insides, touch the ground, become cold
fold into me.... like a staple
entering flesh... I'm completely naked..
(NEW POEM BELOW) >>>>>

.dead.
i found a hole in the air
so i put it into a cup
and filled it with shapes
like a sheep, i drank it
and wore it in my body, like my very own stare.

a single drop.. hung
from the tip of my accessory
as i gazed upon it
not quite remembering, where it came from

but i could have sworn
it was almost right there

4 legs wrapped in intimacy
absent of all fences
surrounded only in body.
my head - removed
as the apogee of collapsing weight
came.. crashing
sucking me through a hole
as raw as it is burning
as naked skin, is skinning,
and being touched, by jagged rust,
against the nerves
breaking
all sensitivity

i took my eyes... and watched
as a 6 sided box
spread open, and unfolded
into many
consuming
pieces
of space
that vacuumed, all of what
was once empty
Now answer me this!
What makes us human? JEK

seth kennedy

A Poets Poem....

APOETS POEM))) CURSE in verse, , RYTHIM ryming in A Scheme, , A poets life
nothing more than written down dreams, , Time spent seekin, , Hidein, , drinking
slowly dieing, , Personality divided by three... A soul concealed, , A heart turn to
steel, , Emotions never shownnor revealed, , , A voice never heard nor
A word never spoken from this mind born healthy has grown Incomplete..
Memories mentaly ill... by jayson kennedy

seth kennedy

Beliefs Hopless

Where was God in our hopeless night..
painted tha world with,
Literature and,
Profiacy,
Our social penitence
Voiced by
Vindictive jesters
Ritgious profainty and tha
Epileptic orphans who prostiute from tha
White House lawn...

>

Hypnosis.
Broken Time.
A child masqurading hopeful beliefs in a
of Suicide..... By jayson K

seth kennedy

Weve
Obese
Grisly
..

Box

Blank

Gothic churches.

Weathered graveyards..

Apocliptic forecasts are plastered on tha face of the media... ..

Lost disciples proudly wear robes
staind with revenge like A montage of cantagious crusaders satnd alone..

The dead lay flacid without thought.....

With tha immaculte conception of addiction comes a divine
fury cold and sudden.... Our

unborn children scream! out from their tombs..

take up arms an unify under tha wings of the rightious! , , We must sacrifice
these rechied and purify our land with their blood..... (by) JEK

seth kennedy

Born Rightious

The universal arrangement contains.

Cannibalisim,

Wealthy Poverty, ,

Cynical Molestation, ,

These holy solemn obstacles compel our road too perfection.

A

frustration of thives,

Tha verynature of aspiration

Is

our very creation to A show of politcal mimes.... (JEK))

seth kennedy

Calculated Torment

constellations of thought croud my mind,
with shards of murdered words spoken by tha, , Ink
of mystic poets from a libarie of, ,
Brilliant chemical experiences...
Wheres death betral? in some welcomed dimension of, , love.
Loss.
Hatered an heartache echo in my soul through a monsteress melody as demonic
mothers rockin their Angelic children to a, , pale lullabys in this
hallway of lunacy by jek

seth kennedy

Chaos Whispered

I lay in this wooly bed of divine spectrum, , Waiting for Dispels to spread tha
dust of discord within.. These confused whispers Illuminate Pathways through
my brain.. I can now see celestial, , Magical chaos showing me A linig of stiling
darness in my minds horizon Inundated with images, , Flashing, , floating..
Dancing, , Crashing to tha floor of Inconistent, Completely relevant an perfect..
Its her hard stern Whispers come ever so pure lleaving me Incoherent, , Lost, ,
confused, , Misplaced Reaviling A soul born to late into this Beautiful, , ,
Treachurous decade of radical art wich whispers these Chaotic thoughts....JAY K

seth kennedy

Critical

Adrenalin explodes!
Fuelin this cold dilated rage of,
Brilliant agresion.
Frusration.
Suspicion.
morality nothing more than pale notorious,
Theories based on silent socially radical behavior.
I'm left standing alone in this,
Horriifyin existence mentaly critical...
Uncontrolable agresion..
Deep confussion.
Psychotic premonitions of chaotic delusions,
Silience tha pulsean color this flesh,
Such a lovely shade of gray.... Jayson Kennedy

seth kennedy

Dyer Dawn

Beat filled mountains enchanted with, ,
Lustful freckled fairies with white breasts outlined by;
Leather wings whistle in golden sex songs..
Ruptured by the never ending promised lie that comes with the, ,
tiresome broken Sun-Rise brings shaky blood itching pain... I await
insomniac horizons vibrant crushed liquid colors: ; (Purple) , ,
(White) , ,
Gray and
clear cocktail too clear hazed eyes and a glazed mind if, If only for a hour of
magical moments..... (JEK)

seth kennedy

Escape With Me

Come watch,
We shall loose (sight) with tha sun..
Hear listen close and hard, ,
we go deaf in a library of (Doors) ...
tha sacrifice of my elixer untill we, ,
Completely (Ignore) all feeling.....
My Princess!
Come inbrace true sanity as we choke on natures, ,
green mist, , ,
hr of tha new moon has rang for us to, ,
tha minds cord to (reality)) (jek)

seth kennedy

As
Share

Pale
The
Sever

Evermore

I hear your ghostly voice passing in tha',
Thunderest sea of thought: ;
Day and night I knell before your tomb too pay,
Tha tolls of all that was and is to be..
No bodys have sat down at your plac
e,
Nor have words been said in such sweet bars as your voice;
My love
hangs beneath tha dome of space and,
Swings alone an confussed among
tha stars...
Silent ages have came to collect times toll,
Guess we all perish in tha
gloom and tha,
Bell swings to and fro as it sounds A note of doom,
For all who sacarfice mind for soul....
Deep....
Far.....
Sea of time to shore of death.....
My
secret soul is kept stoedaway out of sight,
From all to see yours
EverMore..... by JEK
seth kennedy

No Remorise

Tha dawn annouces it's paile'thoughtful plan,
With A silent roar of clouded sun-light.
Let me tell ya tha cruelty that binds these,
Simply complex conflicts of rage inside A
shared mind..
Stress confussed? With tha loss of god...
,
Betrayed by A country of
mudd mutaints!
,
Tha rank comfort of A morphine/Vodka cocktail,
Druken plane tripps to
witness the sacrafice of Rock-n-Roll,
Tha tathered leather dressed (God of Thunder)
Strum, s his ancient,
Cords calling forth A crowd of minuins to fill tha colicuime
with,
Chants of A generation dead! , , , .
,
It's rather funny lookin back trying too
remember A,
Time before' My pen draws blank Ink..
No remorise...
Nor recialection....
,
I have b
ecome her crowned creation spawned by A,
Royal tounge of sabotaged words
tha arrogant asain,
Created to serve the princess of evil secure in her madd,
Insight of
sanity.....
,

By J.E.K

seth kennedy

Purification By Deth

Upper class suburban yuppies simultaneously congregate,
At local
coffee houses to communicate their white collar hippster poerty..
loss of Virginty.
Childhood sotimy.
Tha young blonde speaks of
teenage rape behind wooden bleachers after A ballgame..
, Anxious and annoyed my created
friends show me drawn out intetions of mass murder,
Suicide by arson.
Tha purfication of this society of rank
coeds.....JEK

seth kennedy

Religion Failed

Taste tha metallic hell, ,
A opera of mental torment formed by tha, ,
Forbid wings of hearts winter storm which has, ,
Ravaged all dawn..
Ice burnt memories..
Frozen emotions...
Tears severed...
My mind has become A spoiled pawn in, , ,
Beautys poisonous sea..
soul felled like tha infamous moon & sunken sun-rise, ,
ancient rites carry us to A place where, ,
bleed carved echoes of broken reflections in tha, ,
savluation....
cancerious visions of stillborn prophecy, , ,
frightened GODS, , , ,
stone stained in tha dearms of babolyn..... By (JEK))

A
These
Our eyes
Mirrors of soft
The childs
Gardens of
Polished

seth kennedy

She Made Me Her Frankenstien

Tommorrow is a fairytale: ;

Based once upon a time where Fiction murders nonfiction.... A word
of faded religion this place is a place where the holy ghost cowers in sloppy
fonted scripture Creating malice, , Misery.. A painted cross across Deaths
reluctant Faith.. A world filled with cloaks and daggers.... This place fulfills my
romantic chemical lover to, Satisfy my mentally, Physically, Spirit..So now I've
GROWN into Her sacred creation of Characters... JK

seth kennedy

Sry Just Off Tha Top My Head((Tha Sorrow Tale))

From her room of thrones,
Come furious lustfilled howls as tha, ,
Devilish contents (she) gathered are assembled into A, ,
Chaotic concotion of disareyed delquinets, , Thi
honey gold liquid she injectecs with hypodermics of jestures.. Tha sudden
efect (seperation) of thought an mind prejected, , Out from (his)
babbling words and their poetic prophainty... JEK

seth kennedy

Tha Genuise Of Insanity

This vage pyscosis consumes ingenuity,
 knowlege..
 we lye anxiously isolated in the secrecy of these, ,
 Induced Hallucinations and unify sudden, ,
 inside this universal theater of my searing brain, ,
 enticing mediphorical messages....
 Chronicles of sinful truthes that have harden this heart of mine, ,
 satisfaction, , , ,
 Blessed are tha suffering in unique torture they cant feel.....!
 resurfaced faces of my shady sins as they erupt from encounters by some kinda,
 League of obese Clairvoyant Cannibals united in their Arena of extincted Titans..
 ... By (Jayson kennedy)

seth kennedy

What Happened

When the candles flutter and the bed sheets entangle me in terror of, , Indistinctly
menacing emptiness I wonder like a lost child through the, Gaping chasms of
familiar terrain of loneliness.... Alive she Cried! The town clock has stopped and
screaming echos follow me through the Doorway of insecurity... these times of
horror I wish you were there for me in to Disspell these nightmares you alone
created for me, , , I've failed in the silent face of love... So I'm crucified love's
spikes I feel driving through my wrist my penance shall never be fulfilled in a
flicker light..... by jek

seth kennedy

What Is Poetry? Who Cares?

this pen.
is my rusty nail.
leaving scars in my palm
in the wake of this
fixion.

and I'd like to state- that I am nothing original
wisping overused words that mean little.
when I'm counting star-drops
and playing connect-the-dots with
my fa(u) ltered breathing. existing.
is all one can do- when...

and I'm no- broken record.
that's so retro. it just seems as if
my finger is lingering. on the n
maybe this time.
I can mean what I bleed.

bleeding. is as overrated as breathing.
and I like to scream at the moments
I'll never forget- as if time cares.
because it's the only father figure. I have.

and so. I'm speaking/ in broken fragments.
because anything more fractured than me
-obviously. makes me look better in comparison.
and who wouldn't want to look
into a shattered mirror. and see a saint.
cracked facial features. and a lopsided smile.
picasso would be proud.

so this burnt heart
is the only reminder now.
of this fix(a) tion. bury me.
because being born was a big enough burden.
the first time.

and they tell me- this is art.

I say this is perversion of perception. (BY) J.E.K

seth kennedy

Words To A Brother))

A cheap eulogy give by some strange, ,
Sentimental Priest.

Tha room shudders at tha mention of such a young death, , ,
body lies white, , ,
a chemical dust and, ,
Outside summer mocks deaths party..
They've dressed you in your favorite,
Atire, , ,

Faded baggy jeans
ragged DC's
Over sized plain white Tshirt.....

You lay arms crossed in a,
Disant cold way never to unfold again
Possed forever with this sour shrug.....
organ grinder hushed as tha Violins string a old painful

lobby serves the first shot with the first toast
fairwell as you wished! !
CHANCE FOR SLEEP.....

seth kennedy

Your
With

The
Irish tune,
In tha
A loud
NO