

Poetry Series

Shane Clawson
- poems -

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Shane Clawson()

Hello,

I'm a college student and pursuing a major in Journalism and a minor in Communication studies. I have been writing since the young age of eight years old. I aspire to pursue a side career in poetry, having read works by Pablo Neruda and Sylvia Plath. My other work has been published in NextDoor Magazine and most recently in my college's academic journal The Chaffey Review Volume 11. Please comment.

Thanks

{last Night}

The night is young
A place like this
So easy to get lost in
Cover my fist in kisses
After striking many faces
The alcohol took over
Avoidable to attack those around
Just to purify my sins onto them
Your face puts me to a halt
Even when my rage reaches a blow
And the fever maximizes
I still get an outburst
Which is why there's you
To keep the noise
I cause to stay down
So the night is young

Shane Clawson

2 Souls And A Screamer

Two souls are only here
Explaining the hell we all must face
Seeking the residents of Murlsberry
A daily routine they must live with
Solid hearts were beating
No more emotion to be expressed
Devils or saints of God
But they are still hated

My bloodstream is racing to a climax
Can't breath, can't think to relax
No way of controlling myself
Oh how the news has got me
Lost and tempted to end my days
Their words, shrewed and emotionless
And skillfully done in such a manner
A world with cold hearted people
Is not a fairytale, I am dying
My ears are not fooled
But words were said; hurtfull they were

' A day of this, Life is now dying, Souls are lost
Pried within our hearts is the painfull truth
For which we are forced to hear
Foul love you endure was ended as the sinner took flight
From the ledge he onced prayed upon'

Shane Clawson

A Friend

For as long as I've known him
We got along
Through the good and bad times
He was there
Holding me close safe and sound
He was mine to keep
Abandoning me in a storm
Im not complete anymore

Shane Clawson

Attachments

I settle into bed

Although its 3 in the morning,

My determination to fall asleep

Is in full force

But I'm failing.

Boxes: packaged books I couldn't put down

Boxes: folded shirts I bought on clearance

Boxes: dated, over priced year books

My history: sealed and prepared to load up when I step on to new ground.

Boxed in space

A new beginning awaits

Will the morning after I surrender

And leave my key at the door,

That the change of scenery affect me

Any part of me contain

Any attachments to the nails, the ply wood or plaster making up the house

Contained my youth and maturation.

Shane Clawson

Beautiful Scenery

Think I will clear my head

On the wooden path down to the shore,

Smell of salt and tourism

I feel the sand in between my toes

Sun is shining, I have to squint

but I don't mind the eye work

Because it's a glorious morning

Escaping from that city life

I planned on starting my summer readings

Mix of Austen and Tolstoy

To refresh my intellectual muscles

Got the page bent at the corner

Scattered around me are beach shells

If you look hard, there is plenty of oysters

Distributed along the coast

Deep fried, a tourist's delicacy.

The water is frigid

Not the time for swimming

Clean air with my SPF 100

This bookworm and his umbrella.

Shane Clawson

Carried Away

I'll kiss him
Until we both get light headed
Isn't that enough to validate
I really, really want this

Hold him until I brush him off
Like a bad punch line
We can venture to Paris
Drink wine and make love under city lights
Like we only got limited time

Running his hands through my hair
My skin crawls like a bad dream
But I love the rush anyway

He sees right inside me
Maybe I'm too easy to read
Sun shine, sheer curtains
I rise but he is still asleep
Slipping out to the patio
My cigarette brunch

I walk down to the creek
not far from our motel
Catching sight of mothers
Pushing their strollers
Glorious day, nobody knows us

Shane Clawson

D Is 4 Depression(Not A Poem)

D EATH
E MPTINESS
P AIN
R EMORSE
E RROR
S ORROW
S EVERE
I NSANITY
O RDEAL
N EGLECT

Shane Clawson

Darkness

I cast you off
To an isolated cell block
A tropical crisscross of barbed wire
The world is through with you
Your chants, your mischief, your Jewry
I cannot stand anymore
I broke my mother's china
Because your name slipped into my mouth
Slithering on my tongue
Burning, burning like napalm
You serpent

I cast you off
And still my locks are picked
Newscasters warn danger lurks
In the basement, under the rug
In my soup
What shall I do?
I fried all memory of you
Unconscious photographs I bleached with serotonin infested capsules
Spent my recovery reading novels in the garden
Only to come back to you to you

Shane Clawson

Darling

Darling darling this world is mess

A mixture of wealthy corporations

Selfish bureaucracies slithering for our money

That melts away like cheap wax

every time we see commercials ads.

Darling darling

I want to cuddle you

like my new born

Before you rot in a ditch,

floating away down the river.

Bullets that have hatched into bodies

My body, a plastic bag

With fingers, lips and eyes.

Darling darling

bangs at the door

black boots standing at the exit

I shall weep under my bed

leaving my cereal and orange juice untouched.

Perhaps I am a tyrannical criminal,

boot impressions littered around the bodies in the road

Never the less, I cannot pray for a higher power anymore

Janjaweed Janjaweed.

Shane Clawson

Day Dreaming

Stuck in the middle of traffic,
Behind the wheel, I'm day dreaming.

I set out to get my hands dirty,
Interviewing, getting the story,
I got little hands but bigger plans,
But first I must pay my dues,
Then later get myself a man.

I got all these big dreams,
Sun is rising, I'm ready to take on the world
Because I got aspirations,
That no one can fold,
No one can scrap,
I got pride and my lucky bag.

Today I was in my car,
Stuck in traffic,
Day dreaming.

Shane Clawson

Depends On You

My eyes are heavy, the porosity is too high,

my tears pour right through, the simplicity

Broke me down because fighting on my own

In retrospect, she has burning power

Over you that I could never cut through.

I must surrender, waving my flag

Wounds are severe even in my sleep

I relive the pain, could never trust again

Wake me from this bad dream.

Transparency in her eyes hides her vindictive ways

Soulless black pool in her cornea, she is running free.

I have the choice to persuade this creature

Collect her belongings and never come back

Though I'm haunted by him giving in

I'm a house wife, minuscule & pure

She, the vixen, cold-blooded whore,

Does she win?

Marlboro fog enters my lungs,

I need to conceptualize my next move.

Sweep this away or banish him forever

Shane Clawson

Draft

I stepped outside our tent this morning
Watching birds fill the bright sky
Sipped my coffee
Have such high gratitude for life
Dandelions under foot,
I felt the moisture on my skin.

My worries can be postponed for another day
Busy schedules and final exams
Thought any moment I tear my hair out
Each strand until I soar to graduation
Report cards and presentations
Was excruciating but I'm still breathing.

I will never forget the friends
Inside jokes & vulgar comments
Fueled those memories
I miss every soul and their ambitions.

Shane Clawson

Elixir 12/28/13

Holding your hand
as the ship docked
In Southampton
Rush of butterflies
Overjoyed manners came over me
I wanted to breathe in the new town

New girl
Abroad the ship
Dancing to Gershwin
Until my feet dropped
Clench his shoulders tightly

Attended plays and college lectures
Picnics in Hyde Park
I felt life
A new pastry
Wanted another serving
Bite into richness
I wanted to breath in the new town

Departed from your company
I grew lonesome
Filling my schedule
Luncheons and dinner dates
Singing on my fire scape
Last night's hors d'oeuvres
Scraping up any memories
Numb the broken ties
Sleeping in until 3

Growing restless
Darling, I cannot be whole
Without the scents
Your embrace
Famine to a third world country
Together one or more of us
Is contaminated by deprivation
I've become dependent on you

Rising up light bright
and love sick
Cardio and breeze hits my face
Cerebral sack
Mooning over our existence
Pawns set up for a game
We both are inexperienced
Dripping with naiveté

Shane Clawson

Greatest Ideas

He wraps his arm around my chest

While we sleep

I refuse to catch my zzz's

Only in late late hours

I get all my great ideas

Never want to retire

I'll brainstorm

til I deny I'm tired

Covers shield me

Only keeping me warm

When I dream

With a pen in hand,

I'll build on every symbol

Making sure each piece

Fits just right, no creases

Sculpt my dreams

like all Salvador Dali paintings

Never want to retire

I'll brainstorm

Til I deny I'm tired

Verses shoot our of me

Breeze flows in our room

But his body heat

Like a furnace

Keeps me toasty

Shane Clawson

Hopeless Romantic

I'll undergo my worst allergy symptoms

It's hell and overwhelming

Runny nose and piled tissues on the floor

For you

In the climax of the storm,

I had risked my life on flooded streets

It's dark, the neighborhood sleeps

For you

I couldn't see through my wind shield

But at the moment I had only one mission

On command, I don't need permission

Hydroplaning, fear in the pit of my stomach

For you

Hopeless romantic, maybe that describes me

I never liked labels defining my desires

Off on a whim, out in the cold

For you

Stubborn and arrogant sometimes

But I see his pros when it appears impossible

Making up & forgiving, moving forward now

For you

Reward is the pay off

Spooning you until we're both snoring

Warmth, dreaming in the clouds 'til morning

Don't wake me up this is only the best part

Shane Clawson

I Am... Depression

I AM the sorrow deep inside
I AM where there is no pride
I AM the thing you despise
I AM the reason for your unexplainable fatigue
I AM the one that makes you cry
I AM the fear you have when expressing cheerfulness
I AM your disease
I AM the pain you want to destroy
I AM your tears flowing down your cold face
I AM the reason you want to die
I AM the grief that makes you ask why
I AM your confusion
I AM your dillusion of entanglement
I AM your distress
I AM the douht that you will be cared
I AM the sorrow deep inside

P.S. THis was an english school assignment

Shane Clawson

Mr. Air Port

Air port road baby
You are like a secret love
Can do no wrong
He's always good to me
I'm racing against the clock
Fretting and cursing
But he puts over drifters on lock
Go hard baby
No other lover
Ever made me feel this way
I could behave
Like a naïve, needy college girl
He puts me in my place
Never want to push him away
Do not tell me it's the end
Until this road is really over
I read a bumper sticker
'Help America pray the rosary'
Why should I bother
He is holding me
My air port road baby

Shane Clawson

New Kind Of Love

Dreaming on clouds
Lost in my hidden desires
Then I'm woken by scratching at my door
I know it's you
Wanting to break those boundaries
Holding my face,
Feels like hours kissing me
No shame when the attraction
Is like a magnetic force.

Pretending would be a mistake
I can't lie when he looks into my eyes
He always catches me when I fall
because my head is spinning around
He loves me but I still never
Heard the words roll off his tongue
I don't care anymore
He does something to keep me enticed
Like when he rushes into my room
Ready to erase all my stresses
He's got the power.

Shane Clawson

Restless

I lay my head on the floral pillow case

And pretend I'm asleep

So the boyfriend won't bother me

We fought before work and we quarreled before I said my prayers

I don't think we're a team anymore

He controls the tele

He says all I do is complain

If you had no choices on the TV box,

Wouldn't you do the same?

Miss him being on my side

when did we start hating each other

I manage to swallow my pride

Why do I even bother

A picture frame of us

Stands on the dresser of beautiful time

Who are those people

I don't think we're a team anymore.

Shane Clawson

Solitude

I dozed off

My eyes got heavy

I passed out

In my john Lennon t shirt

Awoke a hour later

I had no interest in going down stairs

His mother was convinced

I was hibernating for the winter

Its the beginning of Fall

Really I cherished the alone time

The room, the TV

All at my disposal

Leave my nest?

No way

I can't afford the luxury of a private suite

But our (room measurement) box

Is close enough.

His mother probably calls me a wacko

When I'm not present

So what

I adore solitude

its rarely given

Reminds me of my old house.

Cul-due-sac, palm trees, broken toilet

My old room

Ceiling fan plus high powered AC

My room so chilly

Made me want to nap every day

During those humid summer afternoons.

I ruffle my wavy hair

Got a few hours to spare

Before I clock in

Alone time feels like old times

My cul-de-sac, chilly room

My strole down memory lane.

Shane Clawson

Some Change

Settled into the big city

Burned a whole in my pocket

Next I'm scraping my sofa

For some lunch money

I can't help I got expensive taste

Lavish lifestyle has only been my focus

Point is, I need a change.

Walking into Bloomingdales,

Beauty creams and trending fashions

I'm going to take it all

Want a piece from every department

Forgot I got to save to pay my rent

Sign me up for a credit card

I can't help it

Point is, I need a change

After work, I saw a flyer

For a modeling gig, I should apply

Be a mannequin like the professionals

In the magazines looking fly

Versace, Harper's Bazarre, Vogue

Done with hammy downs, need expensive clothes

Got to toss my rags from my dorm days

Break into designer pieces

Until I break my wallet

Problem is I'm a dreamer

Wonderland can't solve my financial disasters

Flat line in my bank account

Point is I need a change

Can you help me out?

Shane Clawson

Tainted Love

He left me among the saints
I tried to hide the sorrow
As the heart of mine was rotting away
I knew our love was astray
Complication ties in between
Im am losing my ground
What exactly went wrong
Who was at fault

I need to know
Was it something I did
Can we both escape this mess
Washing our hands out of this
Still I take your hand
Proving there's still a chance
Im here for you but do you feel the same

Shane Clawson

The Sea

I'm drifting, out, out further
In a realm
I abandoned my life
Grown sick of
I envisioned things turned out better
Guess that's how life is
Expected twist and turns

I'm here to apologize
For calling it quits
Look at me
And understand it was my time
You were always good to me
But you're happiness isn't
strong enough to save me

The world is different
Under the water
Peace has finally found me
Below I sink, sink, sink
Becoming the darkness
Away from light my dear
Here I descend

Shane Clawson

Word 4 Word

I tagged along with the group
the beer was payed for, they insisted I gulp it down
I had no choice but to sip it, down, down it went
the bitter taste stuck with me
it tastes like gasoline, oh why did i listen?
I should have went home when I had the chance
I give anything to be on my door step
the smell of drunkies and pizza fills my lungs, where ever I go
the taste of gasoline stays with me
mother I wish you were here but unfortunately you're not
You're on a trip
oh brother, I wish I could tell you I want to go home
but you are not sober
oh man, the outcome is unpredictable, im very, very scared
oh dear cousin, Im texting you
hear me out and be pacient
what's going on and how I feel and what's inside
will take awhile to type, word for word, I make it clear
I feel weak amongst these people, I wish they would disapear
this is what I get for tagging along with the group
a warm shower sounds so good, maybe then I will be clean
I want to rest my head on my pillow
forgeting this had ever happend

Shane Clawson