

Poetry Series

Tate Blackman
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Tate Blackman()

Another Ocean Metaphor

Sometimes at night I lie awake thinking how moons create stars
And in the deep dark night
I wish for you
I beg for you to shed your skin like insecurities onto the ground
So I can see you from every angle
Get to know you
See that raw red skin burn under my gaze
I dream of happy places
Laying in the clouds
Sun on my back
As you soar above me
Your heart beside me
But on the horizon a storm brews
I think of you
Something seems off when you see me
Like you aren't actually seeing me
But tilting the blinds to glance at me
You keep me shut like tight curtains
I just want to be seen
The storm is coming
I have always loved the trees
Spoken to them like cousins when we were kids
I thought I had climbed my mountains
Yet there is rain
You are my galaxy to keep the deep dark away in the rain
You bring me stars in your eyes to break through this sad
You say the dandiest things
When I degrade and degrade my own perfections
You see beautiful fields of tulips and tiger lilies
While all I see are valleys and folds
I stand in the ashes of burnt homes
While you fly free in golden wheat
We try to mix our elements
Over time I have become an entity
That thrives entirely on your skin
Made of tombs and broken ribs
I haunt frequent places
Hoping to see you before I decay
When my love left for different seas

I stood in valleys watching stars shot from the sky in a shower of moon dust
Hoping my fireworks would hit your sea
I broke my seams
My days bled together
Scotch tape holds my broken heart in a suspended frenzy
My ribs were a cage for your love
And when you broke free
I fell
With a scream of "Nevermore";
When you smile that broken smile at me
I know when "I'm tired";
Actually means "Please just hug me";
Yet we both continue to smile our faux smiles
Pleading silently in our heads
That our deception will be noticed yet not
I jump in your sea
Wanting to drown in your salt water
I steal your dreams so maybe I will begin to matter
Yet when I fall in I just float to the surface
Let's celebrate one last time
The way our artistic creations have made intimate lovers
Yearn again
My pillow case longs for the day of warm cuddles
Instead of countless oceans

Tate Blackman

Beauty

She forgot to breathe that day
When guns turned men into weapons
And instruments were played
She was the thunder pressing electricity to his lips
Causing storms to brew cyclones into planets
She was a bible in an offering plate
Turning bibles into cash to save her place in pews
He was her book mark to keep from bending pages
He kept her straight
When they kiss she thinks of rocket hips
And all those stereotypical things to think when people kiss
She rode bikes into moons to catch his light
He wanted cheese to prove her
So she brought back love poems to write
On days when her body was bent at right angles
And her mind cast shadows onto moving cars
He would hold her hand just to help her feel
That pulses still happen when the Earth stands still
When death knocks at her crystal door
She does back down from his steel
She welcomes death onto mats that say come in
While love tries to break through glass bubbles just so she can take a breath
Death will harvest her remains to soil of where it began
He was her one time only world record
He was her sip of tea on windy days
Chill in her bones down deep
Her tangled bed rest head
On his tangled heart chest
They didn't seem to understand just yet
How fights and arguments can ferment into personality's
Turn relationships into passion
Boom
Fires
Boom
Bad days but boy oh boy great nights
Boom
Real actual real love
Boom
They had collision in air

Bringing fall and flight into question
Twisting heads into questions
She was an empty case
Each thing she loved had taken a shadow box
Each day was her chosen
She lived with a fierce sense of longing
A longing to have him in her arms
A longing to bear witness
When she was stricken
Ill as bone deep drought
She let his hands peel ribcages like stickers
To lay in collection books
She took to his waters like grapes on vines
Always thirsty for his eyes
She saw beauty in the most peculiar of things
Leaves turning into snow patches on highways
Skies roaring with anger for rain
There is a beauty in death
One that simmers to boil
On the surface grotesque
Grime
Yet delve a little deeper and find roses with thorns
Patches of lilies blooming in the everglades
An eruption of nature to smell and feel
In death she was reborn into pollen
Repopulating the snap dragons
Into fire-less monsters
She swayed nature with her clandestine cheek bones
A puff of smoke in the distance rose

Tate Blackman

Brute Salvation

How grotesque
How unseemly
The cheval glass portrays a man
Whom misshapen look fixedly upon myself
Where sanctity draws away
Delirium breaks against my grimace
All hopes of better lives transposed into aversion
How appalling
How deformed
My sights laid in puddles of Adam's ale
Mind's eye shifts into castles in air
Born of eternal rest
Created of mortal flesh
My still small voice whispers of despondency
How repugnant
How harrowing
Uncanny to the core
In reflection, I witness my own bereavement
Staring beyond recall
My speculation veers to that of theory
In submission, I conform to consider
How foul
How hard-featured
My design to incline humanity
To grasp jargon
Speak in expression to gain appreciation
Become preferred in congregation
Despite my devil component befitting for kindred
How sanguine
How blithe
I can strive towards acceptance
Despite my loathsome complexion
Show sentiment for this man
Enchantment for intuition
Talent in wisdom to gain compatriot
How bartered
How transformed
Rose-colored to be man

Carry Me

When fire strikes deep to men's hearts
And burn loneliness in towers
Our bodies will connect in different ways
Over time we will carry small parts of each other
The beauty of it is that we will always hold each other
You used to tell me that I was the ocean
Full of everything yet empty in the most childish ways
All I wanted was a harmony with you
Water was my way of deception
And with water in your eyes
I died a little from your tears

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Crashing Men

She saw the waves crash a storm against cheeks
Cracking hurricanes into men's eyes
Droplets of rain trickled endlessly into puddles of veins
Creating a reserve of rainy day puddles to look back on.
It takes oceans of days to find someone you love
But it took her a splatter of a day to know she would
Love him more than any other sand soaked person.
He fell like hail onto her crisp paper
Drenching her words in ink.
Love hit her like snow melting against the warmth on his side of the bed
She knew she would always love the feeling of water trailing down her tears.
He kissed her flesh to burn a trail into underwater caverns
Leaving a page of lustful words on chilled skin
He would sip from her dreams each day
Just to taste a small drop of her insecurities
He taught her lessons of light that she had yet to understand
How her pain was key to feeling human
She would breathe a whisper of his name on lips
To drive monsters back to bays
As rivers and lakes swallowed planets and moons
Her sun would rise to greet that warmth of smiles stretched across his eyes
He would shiver at night, naked against inquisition
they would wrap arms into each other's blankets
Quietly whispering as the sun rose about nothing
No matter how close he stood to her brightness
He would still feel alone
Though only occasionally
She shook earthquakes into his memories
She was a passionate person who would burn fires into men's soul at a glance
She stole anger into love to turn pebbles into rocks
Turning soft spoken men into bright baubles of florescent pens
He turned from lesser ink into the glow in the dark stars on her bright night skies
They saw each other with bright blue souls instead of dark brown eyes
He wanted to marry her beauty
Not her smiles or sill eyes
But her deep dark inside that held a beauty she would never begin to understand
They would buy from Poseidon a bucket of waves to share
To keep the horizon hidden away
So maybe they could be the only special ones to see nature love each other

After all these years the sun still lights up the earth's eyes
The rivers became her home as she stood stark
Naked
Against the noise and broken worlds
Just so she could have another place to call home
With him.
People act as though existing means obligations
Obligations to be heard
When in reality to be heard is implied
She spoke of oceans often
Of walking with waves to crest over dolphins
Of standing bear in salt runs as wounds burned
He stood in her mind like a permanent fixture
Similar to lamp posts
And old houses
Always there
Reliable
Yet rusty
Her lips were fire that burned bright on his skin
She told honesty to men and burned love

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Earth

He was laid in the moment
Against her chest synchronizing lungs into songbirds
Beating drums into ribcages
Like birdcages
Holding those birds
Thinking sometimes silence is the world's unheard of music
He had a grip on her soul
Lightly caressing the edges
It was not to be taken lightly
Love bubbles further over their pots
"Calm down" the Earth said
"You will have your time"
Patience was a virtue for star-crossed lovers
A virtue best heard by normal men
When hearts long for arms to fall in
Her silver poured molds into his fractures
Filling his truth in clandestine flesh
She wrapped her body around
Twining into hands
She had laid against his chest so often that her body learned
The patterns in which his lungs set
She was his painting hung proudly on Tavern walls
Textured and aged under bright lights
She hoped that one day when He forgot her color
She wouldn't be hidden away in dark closets
She would stare at the moon wishing for his thoughts to carry
Across oceans to kiss her chilled cheek
When looking around at the world
There are many fears
Yet all they feared was each other
They had a life together of "Almost"
She was the ocean with waves beating down doors
The door to his heart was broken down by her water
Even though she was broken he held her
Like a mother's broken vase so absentmindedly dropped
The sky never lied to her
It stood there silent
Never questioning her thoughts or ideals
Yet over time silence becomes tiresome

She didn't realize that he was so special
He was to be treasured
Made from stardust
And broken arrow heads
A scientist amidst dreamers
Trying to make sense of the milky way
He would face her demons for her
Tell them to back down
Their liquor and flowers dazed the senses
Coldness lingered on frozen lips begging to be kissed
He kissed her ice
She fell in love with his warmth
Soon the Earth hit their love head on
"It's time"

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Heart Of Butterfly Wings

She covered each eye until all she could see was a sense of security.
She stopped looking in the mirrors.
They lie.
The image over time becomes distorted, grotesque,
Showing emotions instead of beauty.
She dresses quickly as though she could cover her thoughts as easily as the
clothing covers her body.
She died at the hands of wisdom.
She fell
Body crash like glass into the tumbler of bourbon
She drank the sorrow away
The days are falling apart.
Scotch tape holds my months together.
Church's become wallets.
Put a dollar in the offering plate so they might offer her mind a place to stay.
She had an oil well connected to her eyes, to pump the life away.
As the world becomes corrupted,
Her mind became constricted.
Her God died at the hands of curiosity,
Knowledge expanded into understanding
She knew that in the end her God was gone
She had a heart of butterfly wings
One touch and it would fly away.
Her depression was a blessing.
Her body told a story of ways she bent to the will of man.
Sometimes to live is to be courageous
She shouldn't have to beg her mind to live indifferent against the threats in her
heart.
She heard that love is blind
So she learned braille so maybe she could begin to decipher the meaning
of not being loved.
Politicians say they understand
They know how it feels to have body against will to twist and turn into a man's
hand
She understood that all too well
Every life is a story
Some people only contain a page but she held within
an encyclopedia of poems.
They told her that it was all her fault.

What were you wearing?
She had voice recognition in her belly button.
They voices spoke volumes
They dug into her soul with a spoon until
all that remained was an empty plate.
She would knit a cap each time her personality
would change.
They spoke with authority
Intelligence dripping off each vowel.
Yet all they knew was hypocrisy.
She put a picket fence around her body to shield her scars.
Her body was a memorial to each tear that cut her skin.
She was the house destroyed by a tsunami
Her silence was violence.
One more step and she would be airborne,
Released.
Her beauty was a window pane.
Clouded over.
Her breath stuck to it while she traced her name.
Scars gather like bangles around her wrist.
Listen to them ring.
Bruised knees heal faster than broken hearts.
They wait like piranhas,
Jaws snapping,
Closing shut over the intangible recess of her mind.
Somedays she felt like Jesus.
Holding tight to man when all man gives back is broken virginity.
Their cool breath lingers on her skin like ice crystals on door frames,
She shudders every time it begins.
Sometimes it takes a broken man to understand the pain,
People don't listen to the screaming woman.
The held her hand while she painted her mind in red.
Stare at the white walls so they might pretend
she is alive again.

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Inside The Box

How can man say they know me
When silently behind chipped waterfalls with cracked ribs I break boxes
I break through coloring book lines
But when man turns castle in the air smiles toward lenient young women
I break, like chipped stardust away from wishful thinking
Into fallen comets draped into frog lakes
Society changes, morphs towards upside down umbrellas
Even the most beautiful of creatures has a shadow
And when hope is given to man
When zig zags are drawn into broken hands
It is dropped
Harshly handed down to cold dirt ground

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It Began

It began when men turned into weapons
She was a bible in an offering
She had this strange fierce sense of proffering
The day it happened began in seconds
An eruption of nature brought heavens
A shower of dampened fall flowering
Men's eyes turned away from cruel fathering
she saw a beauty in its obsessions
Complimentary mats say come in death
When men stood still only she grew too tall
Men would never begin to understand
Winds that blow troubled are only a breath
Death held her hand as she stood on man's wall
Fathers left her to be lonely and damned

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Sunflower

She would pour her dreams into sunflowers
She would take glow in the dark stars and stick them in her sky
Maybe the sun will charge them enough to see them at night
She built the constellations out of imagination
Within dragon flies heart beats
She whispered melodies into broken hearts to carry them
She was a burning pyre that kept eyes ablaze
And in the storm she was our siren.

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Whimseys

He fell like hail onto her crisp paper
She chipped vases into his memories
Rubbing thoughts across those tall skyscrapers
She held sad thoughts of anniversaries
He would fill truths in washed up clandestine
She was the ocean with waves beating down
Stars would offer comets that were slept in
All he did in the waves was learn to drown
Their liquors and flowers dazed the senses
Coldness lingered on frozen lips to kiss
Together they brought down their pretenses
Pretending they would relish and resist
Both made of lose stardust and arrowheads
He left her cold body in piles of shreds

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