

Poetry Series

**Tony B.B.**  
**- poems -**

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**Tony B.B.(July 23rd 1988)**

# Army Of Poets

I, among this Army of Poets!  
Millions. Fragile and exhausted.  
Armed only with wit and words.  
Bodies and Souls in these trenches  
Of Imagination.

Yet solace and strength reside  
In our hearts.  
I, Among these fearful faces  
Chisel'd from sights against our grain,  
I Know this War will last forever.

Tony B.B.

# Cento

I heard  
The dead  
When the wind  
Cut apart the heat  
Only an attitude remains  
Of the song, and timeless  
Wind in these ears

Your bones burning in the fire  
A white skull  
A good skeleton  
Skeleton  
You are dead now  
And perfectly divine  
In gentleman's attire

Friend, I want to die  
Locked and frozen in each eye  
I think I see you  
Sitting on the porch  
I'm stone, I'm flesh  
I am, a shadow  
Within a dream

Imagine!  
Tireless traveler  
Deserts of vast Eternity  
Of your dry silence  
Without the silence changing  
You may forever tarry  
It's a puzzle

Far off from me it is taken  
My heart  
But I am no more  
And now my heart is sore  
Like a chain on a bicycle  
Among the rain  
Hearts go bad

The riotous glass houses built on rock  
The houses are haunted  
Traced in the shadow  
They resemble nothing else  
Though I am old with wandering  
I stared and stared  
Dreaming in a softened brain

Karma demands  
Prepare for it  
When the full moon rises  
Under thick autumn stars  
The wind is watching over it  
The ship upon the sea  
Tosses me helplessly

Into the world we share  
A ghost's endeavor  
There is no other life  
The street is deserted  
And its full of sadness  
My words  
Quick little splinters of life

I love you still among these cold things  
The mood  
The wind The wind  
It is the hour of departure. Oh abandoned one!  
Six o'clock  
And daytime is dead  
And so the night became

And in parting from you now  
With the certainty of tides  
Stirring away from something hot  
I go from loving to not loving you

I say  
(I think I made you up inside my head)  
I thought that love would last forever; I was wrong  
The art of losing isn't hard to master

A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Life, believe, is not a dream  
I lift my lids and all is born again  
We share life's joys when sober

I shall go on living  
The heart has not stopped  
I must not allow myself to disappear  
In a wasteland of thorns  
Alone in your lonesome dynasty

I want to be looking at them when they come  
The doors of life  
Lights,  
Which will one day find  
Everything

Very quietly  
Give me truths,  
While I am I, and you are you,  
Because I love to live  
And sing and laugh, and deny nothing

So winter closed its fist  
To the waters. But I'm sure  
A cold glitter of souls  
Shinning like a wet stone in the rain  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

Into the future, let what will be, be.  
Till someone really finds us out.  
I smell the earth, I smell the bruised plant  
Thy leaves have ripened to the fall;  
And dead wings carried like a paper kite.

Tony B.B.

# Earth

Gaia, I apologize!

I cannot explain why little boys bully and burn ants with lenses,  
but are always perfect gentlemen to ladybugs.

I cannot explain why alcohol in a man is like wind in a tree.

And I cannot explain further why for some it is like the wind in their sails  
...and without it they are lost at sea.

In this world where regardless of our addictions and our brutality,  
it is universally difficult to succeed.

Have faith in the fact that the ideas and actions of all,  
executed or not, are as vast as the cosmos.

And without You, I would not be.

From being cradled in Pangaea long ago,  
until it split at the seams.

I notice this now as I interact less with people  
and more with machines.

Tony B.B.

# Estreita

Your lips are like knives against my neck  
And though hate seems like a suitable reciprocation  
I find it all impossible  
Instead I get lost in this jungle of thought  
Because I have left my life  
And my love in a package  
On your doorstep

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# Gills In My Mind

Words passing through the gills in my mind  
Like a sieve it selects some and leaves others  
Behind  
As I inhale the world I feel my heart rate climb  
Genuine astonishment established through pills and wine  
Yet within the salty brine and involuntary filtration  
Chains become linked birthing revelation  
Smelling as addicting as anything brand new.

Tony B.B.

# Marriage

Like vines, our gnarling wandering branches  
Will find one another and take hold  
For most, the sun seems so desirable  
But I would rather reach toward you  
Limbs or branches gently curling  
We can take it slow, starting with a simple  
tangle or snag  
Then, things will get complicated  
Becoming intertwined. Tentacles tightening.  
A knot here and there.  
Even our roots will grow together  
Like a deck of loosely-shuffled cards  
Over time, we will become one.

Tony B.B.

# Memoies

The rickety sound of a playing card  
King of Hearts  
Continuously flutters against the spokes of a wheel  
That isn't there  
This sound provides the rhythm  
Around which, this life carefully orchestrates  
After leaving it all on auto-pilot  
It is wise to return now and again  
To the film canisters labeled  
Memories  
Before they degrade beyond repair

The sound becomes a projector  
Pouring light through each frame  
Illuminating the shadows of forgetfulness

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# On The Edge

I'm on the edge of the world and I can see through the fog, with the same holy eyes as Jesus on the cross

I'm on the edge of my life as it gets harder to breathe, so I get jealous of wind blowing through the trees

I'm on the edge my mind but I am under control, that kind of insanity that comes with getting old

I'm on the edge of the ledge that looks over it all, I don't know if I should jump or if I'll just fall

Tony B.B.

# Riot

You will be trampled under black combat boots,  
Your face pinned up and bloodied against concrete walls  
As you leave your crimson mark on the world.  
You will be intimidated by guns, bats, shields and gasses.  
They with their many masked helmets.  
You with your bandanas.  
They are bulletproof  
And you are not.  
But both parties are equally as hesitant.  
So as you remove your cloths giving faces to this rebellion,  
Stuffing any flammable material into bottles of alcohol and petrol  
Ignition, the only ingredient left. The perfect garnish to this cocktail  
Remember that they are only men and women under uniforms  
Struggling to pay bills and feed mouths.  
You didn't save the world today.  
You came nowhere close.

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# Sailor

A sailor's wounds never heal.  
Bloody lacerations  
Become leathery scars  
As boy turns to man  
Flesh chapped by wind  
Burnt by sun  
Salted by him sweat  
And the spit of the sea.  
Stinging him skin  
Until something strong  
Whiskey, rum or gin  
Can fill him in again  
Scrape by scrape  
Trying to patch up  
That perpetual pain  
A horizon away from  
Everyone he ever  
Loved.

Tony B.B.

# The Clock

Indifferent to both urgency and idleness  
the clock counts on and on and on  
mocking my lack of productivity  
minute by minute, hour by hour  
as I sit and wonder  
what side of sleep  
I am on  
And what I will encounter  
In the many dreams to come.

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# Trees

Intricate arms  
With armored skin  
And delicate receptors  
At the ends  
Stretching toward the sun's  
Addictive light

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# Untitled

My skin is becoming cold and damp  
A painful pulse in my eyes is  
Bouncing off the inside of the back of my skull  
And all voices echo  
The blurriness of my peripheral sight  
Maelstroms towards the center of my vision  
Overwhelmed with anticipation  
My teeth clench as tight as a vice  
As humid sweat secretes from both  
My temples and brow.

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## Who Are You?

I don't even know who you are anymore  
In a strangely angled picture beneath a pseudonym  
You digitally enhance the vibrancy of the colors  
Compromising authenticity for "something more"  
Perhaps a potential lover. You create such vicious cycles.  
There is no consideration of real or fake.  
Passersby double take mistaking you for someone genuine  
For someone beautiful, for someone honest, for Someone...  
If identity retains any worth, keep this promise.  
That in one instance, it will occur to you.  
That name and that face are mere fabrications.

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