

2007

by retrodrag

preface

I've been writing poems for pretty much my entire life and sometimes I like to see just how far back I can go in my quest to see what I've done. There are many notebooks lost in shadows through the lands, many more in places I don't even know – so I decided that for this collection I will be reviewing some of the first work I ever made public in the year 2007. It is my intention to update and revise any poems that I feel need the passage of time to be finished, but otherwise I strive to breath new life into these digital ancients.

For me as I write this it has been 17 years since I've written a lot of these poems, nearly as old as I was when I actually wrote them! It has been quite an experience looking back at (what is very clearly) teenage angst and youthful emotion. I always think it is wise to remember who you were when you were young.

In any case, enjoy!

-retrodrag

Wait...the moment is...

November 12, 2007

There is a little quirk
something special which frightens me

an unfortunate imp perhaps
trapped from the journeys of mine

aneurysms delirium?
a moment too soon

perhaps no more than guts
idle dreams of mine

gathering wind inertia of strength
i can feel it

there is a fiery face in the corner, huddled, cold, lost and sad
pity the one who casts the passion to the floor
and spills all their blood
on the tiled
filter funnelled
existential floors

hark! a fallen one, a brotherly soul
awaits your hands
idle or haven hand?
to some the law allows a hand to fall
for simply wanting too much

and there is something special which frightens me
something trapped inside
the thought of hands
covered in the blood
extended
in mercy?

Day After Loving You

November 12, 2007

midweek morning
midweek rising
snooze buttons
cramped futons
thrashed rooms
broken brooms
friends snore
locked doors
smile
smile
hear your whispers
feel cat's whiskers
on my face
feel your lace
thick winter sheets
counting sheep
spooning, smiling
satin sheets
beauty bequeathed
silken lace
silken lace
rough hands
dare a trace
life escaped
soothing race
sleepless lust
love no rush
passion birthed
dreams heard
united souls
i'm whole

Rally

November 12, 2007

Brilliance is the suburban sun
the sum of human migration
endless result of diffuse nations
plummet us into dire situations!

As a people trying to take control
of the only war-fit vessel
wrestled forth from the hands of old
left for, the days, starving and cold
open doors, sunlight, and spiders
old ways and the old dead fighters
the time is ripe to step aground
and proclaim this nation found!

So gather your friends and your foes
and burn the flags and the flagpoles
from the heavens down to the earth
see rebel red and phoenix rebirth

As the final stand takes its place
among the good, evil, sinful and chaste
the opposition makes revolution a race
trying to secure in history, a mythic place

Everything we've placed as truth and creed
is falsified, pity-born - a phantasmic seed
grown to youthful illustrious hopes
of the past yielding its rights up in smoke
the obelisk truly is the final ghost
in the path of change from guest to host
but the feeling is real, the illusion a knife
chasing dreams with a key on a kite

Whatever it is that you think you may know
to fight with pampered hands and cross without toll
is to build a home on old rotting lumber
and watch it fall as you war and rumble

So take the torch into your hands
let your passion fuel your fury enhanced
step high, step mighty - look at the lands
from the Prairies to the Ocean sands

Rally (continued)

Why let preconceptions block the road
when beneath your feet you spin the globe?
Look at all the things that could be changed
all the pain, the sadness - my soul is enraged!

Help a neighbour, help a friend - change a life
help someone escape from seething black strife
to suffer is to watch existence turn to withered dead
and see the evil plod ahead.

Just remember that fifty years from now
you'll be an aging, dying, elderly fiasco
so hope that you make the world well
to carry you safely, soundly to the funeral bell

Living is a frightening thought
to live to be by death sought
the truth is we will be caught
in a deadly trap which cannot be fought

The changing of the guard is sacred
something peacefully white or blood red
history was never meant for the weak
to survive ascent high to mountain peaks
leaving scars and blessing and stories new
a flare shot for the future to wholly know true
the madness of possibility
to overthrow and heave reality

So strike down the doomed opposition
and with fury assume the position
that controls our mortal happiness dreams
and tell the world to finally scream!

Her feverish eyes

November 20, 2007

a dream came to me in angel guises
presented by my dark vices and failed advice
here i walked into the pattern worn
here i join the blood splatter warm
adorned upon my coffin walls
judgment was declared ceaselessly
wanton toxic hallucination sickness

before i last close my eyes
i see her eyes in the recess of my mind
her feverish eyes, hid
behind absinthe and actions lied
her photo is fading sight from the wall
as another eyelid droops and falls

they say its do-it-yourself
when its immoral and improper
doctor assisted health
it's just hell, this is just hell
to never forget her
when I watched her
convulsing upon the floor
is this what love is for, is this what love is for?

today i will join the wallpaper
adorned upon my coffin walls
they say it's artistic when your paint
splatters upon the wall.

I Like My Coffee Black

November 29, 2007

I like my coffee black
with hazelnut cream - no sugar, please
it's best to knock it back
and savour the sweet shot last
this could be the final cup
likely not, but who's to say what?
if everyone was so corrupt
there'd be no cream or sugar, please
the first time I said hello
my breath became butterfly whirls
as though we shared a shadow
it was sweetness, bitter leaves

today they told me you had left
just a part of my shadow now
it was nice to know you had laughed
and i too, had laughed, with you

I like my coffee black
with hazelnut cream and no sugar, please.

Deathly Dawn and the Highwayman

November 12, 2007

Deathly dawn and the highway man - skittering ghosts of
the meadows betray our path and purpose
and propose a way that is harmonizing still
among the people and their vagrant minds -

Be a still stiletto and still slay slow as we walk
in wonderment between the villages of our lives -
seeking that which we can not choose and yet
the days and Elder Brothers deliver our fate by
Podcast, by paper, by memo, by sin -

As though the sight of fate flutters by
as simulation dreams and games
slanted scripts for ages zero and up
cast to meanderment of illusion -
a dawn breaking over the roads.

Rotten are the ways we take as we step
bare among the sewage in favoured pilgrimage to
our gods shrink-wrapped and shoved into a discount bin
amassing mites in dark and dingy supermarket
hollows screaming to the dungeon-men turning
into moles - running and flailing and rotting away
upon the roads of deathly dawn - becoming men

A wave of stench is stagnant in the cracks, in the brick
and in the paste - seeping through - walls and pictures and wooden
stills - seeping through - the rooms and children and their memory still.

As children I remember the fresh clean spring and those immortal
Gaiacast waters, cleansing and calming - and then we died and lay
and rot and see and seep the sea and sludge simultaneously.

Murderous beings sit in the cupboard breaking the glasses and the
dishes and making them new - so new you'll never know!

Death by dawn and the highway men smoulder along a row of pikes
lit by day and licked by flame - the haunted gas settles
and a meagre handful is thrown into the drink.

To Erika

November 12, 2007

Construction cut black and the speckled stars
a midnight dream in meandering merriment
along the cobbled walk do I tread
to sort myself and myself from our self.

Gaudy paint dripped canvas clouds
silver lining of the rogue moon
and alone I find myself resting
upon the fields gazing upon my mind.

Times and moments frozen far away
inside the mazes of my guises
to be quite clear
as though they were ancient artifacts.

Memory holds dear the skylight dreams
and to that minute hold you dear
do my memories do you: the skylight dreams
and mind is awash in dreamy merriment.

To Katie

November 12, 2007

Sublime summer afternoons
sunsets and cheers until morning
pine soaked airs incense

Mother's hands, caring, tend the garden
and she sighs, smiling, digging tiny holes
dropping her seeds and given them homes
she smiles, mother smiles

Sublime summer afternoons

Sprouting, seedlings rejoice
reaching higher, as Icarus
though Mother smiles and shakes her head
'silly seedlings'

sunsets and cheers until morning

Those potted paintings, at their prime
Mother smiles, framing her children
as beauty on paint, their lives are
growing and smiling

pine soaked airs incense

Gently did we carry Mother's hands away
lifting Mother beyond our sun
darling time, in memories, of growth
of Mothers - of Fathers
of smiling and planting

Sublime summer afternoons
sunsets and cheers until morning
pine soaked airs incense

on love

December 2, 2007

cancer inside, an obsession
thoughts race in legions
it's a lesion upon the heart
take caution when tender?
it's a flawed and caustic
concept, copy and paste art
it must just be empathy
or simply, being lonely

the worst terror you'll ever have
over broiled hearts and mutton
is a beguiled sin set in motion
of getting it right
the first time
the arrow matched the sight

each and every one is beauty
another burst artery
another memory displaced
only adds to the clarity -
it takes a special heart
even tarred and torn
to empty my acid veins
it's everything you do
you might never be mine
but it's how you move
which scars my insides

ramblings 3

December 22, 2007

scribble scribble scribble
rhetoric incarnate
riddles

whatever it is
that bleeds out
in the end

the medium has no sense of space
time
function, no form, a sculpture
rife with corrosion
cut down for vision
dull knives
no supervision

look and gander
you businessmen
peasants and panhandlers
this is it, then
resentment and petition letters

it is set down with law
laid to rest at time's request
to fade protection away
'till scripture is encoded
wrought with fashion mindful
might with golden ghastly
illusion of taste