

# Poem Day

April is Poetry Month!

Mixed Up Youth

Today's youth goes from love to temptation  
Heavy hearts become blind from evil bliss.  
It spreads like a plague throughout the nation  
Fragile and flimsy; starts from just one kiss.  
It feels like a dream; a great deep passion  
One will never know when they'll feel like this,  
Confused; acting with no hesitation,  
Butterflies in the stomach; no hunger  
Daydreaming and feeling of sensation.  
Melancholy mixed with feeling aroused;  
One persuades, while the other is provoked.  
Some are totally blind and get espoused  
Many others don't commit and are stoked  
And just have erotic fun till they're soaked.

Jonathan Wallace



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End of forever

Forever's a season when the heart is still new,  
Naming it treason feigns rational view.  
But Time is a bastard when it comes to red blooms,  
Picking few winners, the others it dooms.  
They aren't sent a letter, informed of their fate,  
Instead they sit blinded in stupor and wait.  
The end of forever can sneak like a breeze,  
Blowing apart fragile bonds that it sees.

~~Johnathan Herold



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Upon stellar ocean  
Reaching the mind's horizon  
The questions will finally be answered  
And the answers will question  
But it will not be an end  
Simply another beginning.

~~Donald R. Anderson



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## **Liberating Me**

The wheels cross shallow ground  
the place you call home.  
Don't bother with redemption now,  
don't waste my time with ink of former days.

I think on this conundrum.  
Not!  
I toss the book at you.  
I leave knowing you to be a waste of air.  
And to all the people who fail to connect at the appropriate time,  
pouring rhyming reasons into the cup and hoping I will shut up and drink.  
Tell it to the sky! Let the heavy rain whisper its comfort.

I have to travel. I won't stay but I will go.  
There are other people on this staircase  
looking for a pair of shoes.  
I take back my slippers.  
I wear them now.

~~Stephen P. Inzunza



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Waiting today, for something to say  
All of these words spoken unheard  
Many will come and many will stay  
The garden is green but the flowers all grey.  
In a circle of friends or in a circle of guilt  
You tore down this temple the two of us built  
All this time the sunsets fading  
I don't know why but I am just tired of waiting.

Waiting alone....

Waiting unheard....

~~Bryan Uecker



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**Fog: Six Times**

Soft down quilt tucked over winter vineyards.

Tyranny of half-truths and flattery.

A color Lady Gaga invented: opaque and transparent at the same time.

What replaces your mind under anesthesia.

The precise location where one is required to fall over the edge.

All-purpose voice catcher for the lost.

~~Mary Blackford



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Slowly inking into madness, as my pen scratches the pale of my book, stains it, I smear it; its the sadness.  
Long lines bound together by dots, swoops, loops, short marks, scribbles, and bubbles, and my troubles, they are tied to them too.  
Sleep deprived eyes, liver spots, throw up, umbrellas, pencils and paints, toilet paper and him, all drawn from a limping hand, dragged across the paper with a dulled pencil or an about-to-be-out-ink pen.  
Vacant heads, blood, and boogery noses dominate the pages, brighted by lines and lines that make shadows, all carved by a head troublesome and tired, crushed while staring out the window, young and inspired, with everything to think, and do, and draw, with everything to say.  
Hurt, while lying on the bed with its own sleep deprived eyes, its own toilet paper, the real him, the real them, and its own throw up, the word throw up in it that continually conquers her day.

~~Saryna Collette



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## **Conclusion**

*Excerpted from "Swinging Like Thunder"*

I will line you up-my loves, my enemies  
my envious friends  
I will rub my scent on your cheeks  
for that is all that's left me  
the spirit smell of  
open cupboards and empty closets.  
I will strip off my clothes  
and set them aflame  
blackening my thumb with soot  
to mark your foreheads  
my last wish whispered in your collective ear  
and you will breathe  
me through the hole in the clouds

~~Paula Sheil



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## Twelve Free Peaches Or Eat This Poem

Each is potential pie. A wedge soft,  
Pliable. Like mind. Made from scratch.  
My hands harvest  
A tree, searching deep  
Within. Each stone fruit opens  
Wider expectations.  
Meal in a globe. The round  
Fullness of satiation. Almost.  
More. Peaches. Summer. Heat.  
Encased in fuzz and sticky -  
Neither obstacles to desire.

~~Paula Sheil



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## Canary Wolf

Sing to the beat of his teeth clamp  
trapping snow flurries--empty  
jaws, slack jaws reeling  
of no flesh.

Sharp are the tips against dry lips  
groaning mean in hunger--  
savage sounds to the few  
hares hiding.

Don't unfurl those ears, Rabbit-Jack,  
the Ripper pleads to eat.  
His song is starved to  
ecstasy.

Sinking his fantasy fangs in  
your blood swelled heat calls for  
haranguing the moon, a  
cappella.

~~Paula Sheil



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"untitled".

Bare bones,  
natural form is revealed.  
No hiding behind things so trivial as  
clothing or smiles.  
Sees me for what I truly am,  
Inside and out.  
Piercing eyes of glass and metal,  
never overlooking the slightest flaw.  
Radiation sweeps over me tenderly,  
light brushes against my skin.  
A penetrative glance into a human soul,  
essence, muscle, and fibre.  
Keeps me well,  
Makes me ill.  
\_\_\_ Make up your mind, You techie! \_\_\_  
And who are you to say,  
To tell me that it's wrong;  
That it's harmful,  
Even shameful.  
My x-ray does not feel lies,...  
It only sees truth



~~Katelyn Mehring

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Sorrowful one,  
a brand is placed upon thy breast  
whose resolve knows no value  
with but an all-seeing eye.  
Seething beneath thy skin  
trapped in thou ownst battlement  
scarred with an opponent's victory  
the search hath brought to no end.  
'Tis but a weary eye,  
cast upon an unending hatred  
of figured physicality:  
red slashes, shine thee the brightest.  
Good razour, scathe mine wrists...  
Pray thou strikest true.

~~Katelyn Mehring



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