

# WORDS LEFT UNSPOKEN

J.A. McGovern

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by J.A. McGovern

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*With the combination of poetry and film,  
self-expression can be understood or incomprehensible.*

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## **DEDICATION—**

*Words Left Unspoken* is dedicated to my loving wife, Constance McGovern, who always believed in me and gave me the courage to never give up pursuing our dreams. I love you with all my heart. JC4EVER.

## INTRODUCTION

The voices of the unspoken are likened to the leaves of a fresh fall trodden underfoot. Innumerable. Impossible to ignore, yet easy to overlook. Each one indistinguishable from the rest, they seem to serve no other purpose than to be kicked aside, gathered together, and disposed of. Consequently, unlike leaves, words expressed cannot entirely be discarded. What is spoken, cannot be unsaid. It's existence is predicated on the speaker. Irregardless of the hearer the words uttered have life, they carry weight. They are emboldened by the very breath that projected them. Vast, and elusive as they may be, words; whether disclosed or not, are the keys to our freedom, the bricks that make up our fortress, the fire with which we kindle our desires, the sufferings of a life lived, the hardships, the hang-ups, and the mishaps. "Words Left Unspoken" is a compilation of work that has been curated for the masses to gain insight on the deafening silence that plagues many around the world, striving for understanding. Hear ye them!

—Alex Garcia

**PART I:  
Lost Moments Between Thoughts**



## **Blooming Love**

Give strength to a heart  
in time, where all is dark.

Lonely place –  
trapped in wilderness distant from grace.

Show me the orange moon,  
scarce in the mid month of June.

And I will give you a desert rose  
for a love so rare to Blossom.

## A Vision

Into the shades of night  
 I can only catch a glimpse of light  
 Truth, I work at this fight  
 Only to hold my heart from taking off in reckless flight  
 Searching for reality  
 Appearances: age beyond this figure since youth  
 What color do your eyes hold?  
 It's not beauty, held within a poker game,  
 Players can't fold  
 A circumference when observing justice appears bold,  
 Visions, standing between self essence  
 With a repugnant apparition,  
 Cleaved together like benign tumors,  
 Become my quintessence

A single question remains  
 Relaying like a track runner circling my mind...  
 Your eyes imprisoned in light,  
 What colors are you hiding behind?  
 Could the intertwining create an eternal binding bridge?  
 Will pupils be a shade of blue,  
 Clear as sky or darker than my suede shoe?  
 But not murky  
 Like the vast lake I dove in a wet dream  
 The first time you appeared

No, brown, like the bark of pine,  
 Supply wood I chop  
 To warm thy heart containing a winter chill  
 Green? Like soft thicket moss  
 We cushion heads upon, with a day perceived

Curious – hazel, colors transform among travels,  
 While depths of your soul – slowly...unravel

But elegance you behold  
 Covered up o'er the lovely pair bestowed  
 Unmask your wondrous shades  
 So I can see what colors of your heart are followed

## Where Paths Cross

Yesterday, I took a walk in the mid-afternoon to take a breather from the job and writing. I was in the midst of creating the second stanza of a song in dedication to Dizzy Gillespie and I realized it was time to break. So while taking my walk I stopped in a local convenient store to purchase one carton of milk and a small package of peanut butter cookies.

I paid the cashier, tipped my hat, and wished him well as I do every day. I walked outside opening my pack of cookies, ate two, then took a quick swig of milk. Just as I finished my sip, I saw a man exit a truck with a pack over his shoulder. Now I am not the most direct type to initiate a conversation with a random person or hitchhiker for that matter; however, at this point I figured there's no harm in being cordial.

So I approached this tall, thin, lonesome figure. He held the appearance of a light five o'clock shadow, hair combed and curled in front, and wearing a beat checkered shirt with a stain of ink on his sleeve. I asked him, "Hello, welcome. Where you headed to?" The man looked at me with a smile, held out his hand to inform me – "On my way to Denver." So I shook his hand and he asked, "Is there any place to get a bite in this town?" I told him, "There is a joint about a mile down this main road. My name is Joe, by the way." And he nodded his head to me with, "It's a pleasure. Well, back on the road," he spoke with another smile. We turned our separate ways walking to our destinations – myself, back to writing and he went back to life on the road. Two

completely different worlds mingled together within one short conversation. I was walking back to the office and heard a quick call, "Friend, the name is Jack" as he was walking backwards with an assuring grin heading towards the joint.

## A Traveler's Heart

Tender love  
as soft as fern.  
Travel,  
with the song of breeze  
"To you my dear," I speak –  
affection and devotion,  
and kiss your hand and foot.  
A star sparkles in your eye.

## Followers

Watching you  
huddle in darkness.  
Fearful to seek light.  
Where everyone  
surrounds you in morning.  
Push and fight into night.  
And travel  
day after day for freedom.  
Failing and falling into repression.

## American Tragedy

It's terrifying to see a person at such a young age: so full of life, rebellious to society, a dreamer, with a heart calling to the wild. Fall down to the bottom of a false apprehension to a dreamless, non-energetic, emotionless, useless, bound to societal machine. Ceasing to fight for what beliefs they contain - portraying youth till death.

To them, my painful heart weeps tears of degradation within my soul. Every person I watch settle in life to a mediocre desk job and a half witted pay check tears tiny pieces of my broken heart. And my heart doesn't have much substance left.

## Town

I come from the small town  
Just beyond the dark green pasture  
Have you been there?

Young children run outside after school  
Singing delightful songs  
Have you heard them?

Loving housewives spend the day  
Baking delectable apple pies for families to enjoy  
Have you smelt it?

Droopy sad hounds chase fearful felines  
Through long thicket grass  
Could you imagine them?

Every man is paid five shillings  
After a hard week of work  
Have you received it?

I come from the quaint town  
Just beyond the meadow  
Have you been there?

## Dark Pits & Tall Grass

Search the dark  
Down the brown cave  
Beyond green and grey  
Fiery clouds rage

...Sleeping  
Resting very thoughts of inner vines –  
Does it frighten you?  
Traveling alone

Past salvation's door  
A one step key to eternity's baths  
Will you remain swimming?  
Or strive to drift on?

Forward? Behind?  
Upon replenishing sin's hands  
Under-naming devil's rejects –  
Does it deter you still?

Hold back time  
To the inevitable journey  
You must travel with haste  
Into the cave – pitch black capturing no light

What if you created the journey?  
And carried around the world  
Twice?  
Would there still be fear?

In the midst of travel you come to face with courage  
Fighting – daily survival  
Follow the eyes of father sun  
Paying homage to his loving warmth

Eve, seek compassionate light from mother moon  
Sending her silver heart to keep striving  
Search for the light of passion  
Does that curious cave still intimidate your soul?

Is it because you're not ready to give up everything?  
Everyone? Only to find there could be  
NOTHING or a brand NEW LIFE  
And when seeking the end

Courage was by your side  
The entire time  
So you follow into the wandering caves  
Searching and understanding

The crevices of mind  
Truth –  
And there you find many, resting,  
Among dark pits & tall grass

## Brought to Light

I'm only a worker  
 An observer in time  
 Not here much longer  
 Searching for a rhyme  
 Walking these streets day to day  
 With the heart of the *Brotherly Love* passing my way  
 Feel steps to the beat  
 Coming from the city who never sleeps  
 Everyday encounters is the story I teach

## I

Styles walk  
 These traffic lanes and alleyways of different  
 Shapes and sizes  
 No three alike in municipal files  
 Miniskirts, dress shirts, coat tails, thongs, bareness  
 I watch women shaped like sticks –  
 Strut their hot latte down Broad Street,  
 Wearing confused faces  
 Unsure of whether to sport a smile or haul a frown  
 In obvious places  
 Men structured like apes  
 Tough and muscular, form an innate symphony  
 To the other people who push silhouettes of truth  
 I look up to, due to deceit  
 You will not succumb through  
 Business workers dress to impress egos  
 Wearing renown dresses and stylistic shoes  
 Shown fate's expression,  
 A desk career and living the 1950's natural lie of life,  
 With a family to merely simulate!  
 Among the ideals held within,  
 Bring bitterness to vanity  
 Too proud of their salary to provide decency,  
 Is the poison capturing humanity's sanity?  
 Personally, I'll stick to jeans and chucks  
 But I wonder,  
 "Will any executive woman want to date me?"  
 Not without charm and a bucket filled with luck!

I see a friend on the corner  
 Doing what he does best  
 Yellin'...  
 Screamin'...  
 Waving that single finger about the air  
 As if it were the nations flag  
 Among innocent bystanders in passing view  
 Although these weary travelers try to pay no mind  
 Judging with every glance  
 And after thought makes them blind  
 Their pity holds truth  
 Yet, none have stopped to hold conversation  
 With this dear gentle man  
 Do not pity this beat soul  
 He's fine, right where he stands

It's all here  
 Every turn cancer is flaming  
 Smoke blowing from lungs  
 This shit smells like cow dung!  
 Cigarettes and pipes inhaled by the second  
 Is the nicotine addiction really too hard to kick?  
 Knowing consequences...  
 Will lead to a tar death in an eight foot pit  
 I accepted my death from smoke without a filter!  
 Joints wrapped, blunts roll  
 Smoke steadily inhaled, here the high go  
 All around dust left from angels being sniffed  
 Huffing cans in dark ghettos  
 Basements, housing liquid filled spoons  
 Leading pharmaceuticals to feed the hungry  
 And needles burrow the skin to heal pain

Children carry through lanes various money bags  
 Collecting for cowards hiding behind the law  
 Converting innocent youth to juveniles  
 While committed criminals dodge another black mark  
 Continue formulating street pharmacies  
 For great profit with minimal error margin  
 While pimps smack women they run...  
 Expecting fast cash, while they deal their drugs for fun  
 Too many torn down through outside influences

Violence overheard by the sound of a cap  
 Depressed mothers weep, wish their sorrowful tears  
 Will bring their dead children back  
 Flash mobs prey  
 Through dirt track broken gravel alleyways  
 Stalking innocent pedestrians from the city to the bay  
 Heads smash over curbs everyday  
 Knives point behind, take these lives away  
 How do people think this is OK?  
 Beliefs beaten out of preachers whenever they speak  
 Leave them to flee, with the fear  
 To escape to a *dream of false reality*  
 Everyone seems to be striving for...  
 But will never reach,  
 Because the **concept**  
 Of the *dollar*  
 Runs **society**  
 And the common person's attitude towards each other  
 Behold tainted values inside the very core  
 Tax revolution shall be the only solution  
 To see the poor keep their homes  
 The rich lose their yachts, a mere fantasy



Wage of living is killing  
 Whether rich or poor,  
 Parents wouldn't let Amerika fuck their child up the ass,  
 While corporate officials take to fishing sea bass  
 Bankers, who sell their souls to greed  
 Risky entrepreneurs lose everything  
 Unfortunately, due to capitalistic entrees,  
*Nicholas Van Orton's*,  
 Devour every day during a green meal,  
 The rich maintain a portly appetite  
 The poor wither to starving bones  
 There is hope when looking to family,  
 The only savior of the Orton state of mind  
 All bodies and souls will be liberated this day  
 With the help of heaven and forgotten grace

Men and women of all ages  
 Youth to elder  
 Sit in subways – diminishing pride,  
 Beg for money,  
 Pan handling and pick pocketing to make a dime,  
 Passed by all the lovely,  
 Ignorantly unconscious to realize  
 These people could be martyrs in time!  
 Bookies' taunt the streets  
 Chasing lost pennies  
 Fatal clients due, racing from the heat  
 Children no older than three  
 Walk without parents on dusty lanes of the city streets  
 Prostitutes and swingers solicit  
 Cheap

Hands on cocks with the taste of sweet serenade  
 Blowing and spewing the white drizzles made  
 I can see why people don't turn it down  
 Or lose their crown  
 I remain to my day as an eternity,  
 Personally I'm not that easy

## II

Intrigued women follow into men's cars instead of dinner  
 Return home, filthy lingerie and Barry White tunes  
 Jam out after a quickie in the mid-afternoon delight  
 Gentlemen you could do better,  
 Ladies you deserve not to settle  
 Taxis race the boulevards  
 Thrill rides to their next customer  
 Touchy passengers hustle, lacking cooperation  
 Fuckin' and suckin' in back seats  
 A disbelief, forging infinity into a one-night stand  
 No honor present in the bedroom,  
 Settling for the first public vehicle in sight  
 Disease infested creeps  
 No rubber used to protect a conceived unborn fetus

Walking into people from the past,  
 A quick hello...  
 ...rapid bye  
 Never speaking of a reason, why?  
 New faces trot the side walks  
 Grow old from a daily glance  
 But hello would be too much of a chore  
 Who would ever take the chance?  
 Society believes communication as a  
 Selective "good morning" spoken without meaning  
 Only a sign of civility  
 Alternative lies detained inside a grin,  
 Hidden agendas behold ulterior motives  
 Protests walk on, with blinking eyes  
 Do they believe citizens are listening?

Perhaps they don't care with their frivolous efforts  
 As long as they keep fighting  
 For the common human being  
 Only satisfaction needed  
 As charity fairs try to build clientele  
 One of the last hopes we "believe"...  
 To reclaim this desolate city from hell

Open windows reveal men love fucking to the world,  
 With *hope* at their side for acceptance  
 Women punched as I pass,  
 Due to a man's strenuous fears  
 Feeling the long end of a stick  
 Rather than the warm hole inside a loose chick  
 Rants and shrieks of homophobia  
 Follow depths of oblivion  
 Radiant light shines upon a woman  
 Sharing a child with her partner;  
 Truly appreciating a blessing  
 Acceptance may never be perceived  
 But finally together,  
 They can share a fulfilled home and family  
 With a sacred love equal to heterosexual primordial's  
 Neither arrogance, nor discontent!  
 But happiness to the third eye of society  
 Blinding with freedom!

Father Time passed this city four times!  
 A place where technology overcame man's strength  
 Sky scrapers reach clouds  
 If only I could be up that high,  
 Fighter jets and airliners soar

Smog filled air from factories create acid rain,  
 Eating away ageless masterpieces  
 Beautiful classics we've strived to protect  
 Only to be destroyed by humanity's inept hands  
 Shit covers paved sidewalks  
 Piss smearing walls...names written...spelled wrong  
 Run-down buildings –  
 Easy locations for any pervert to seduce innocence  
 Attitudes and temperaments of misfortune  
 The water traveling through the Susquehanna  
 Polluted from trash and spills,  
 Not only affect our health  
 Aquatic homes convert to land fills  
 Ads and billboards stand on sidewalks  
 Showing no importance to self-growth  
 The obscenity in poetry relay off these walls  
 Censored by fate  
 But to the great, it is understood and never too late  
 Questionable self-expression traveling these walls  
 No more apparent than locals praising  
 Congenital masturbation  
 Why should an artist create masterpieces  
 To the faint of heart?  
 When all truth is left behind in the dark  
 With the only company provided  
 The shadows of a gliding black lark  
 Newspapers reading...wandering information  
 Relevant? But containing certainty  
 Blah blah blah this, bloh bloh bloh that  
 About every nation  
 Is there any real legitimacy?

III

Racism, sexism, and homophobia bleed through this city  
 Running through daily conversations  
 Disturbing youthful minds  
 Shrieking swears and approaching hostility  
 Hypocritical adult voices rest guilty,  
 Never practicing what they preach  
 Fearful of society's third eye glaring within reach

**I see you** in the purple evening skies  
 Looking up at the late night  
 Lights falling upon distant eyes  
 I see you walking the streets  
 Swaying side to side – head bobbing to the city beats  
 I see you holding free genitals in the air  
 As they swing over head  
 And they find their spirit home in a broken bed  
 I see you sucking the nipples of a woman's tit  
 Only to see if she will do you the honor of a lick  
 I see you high staked officials,  
 Pleading for more campaign money  
 When you know?  
 There are people who can't bring home  
 Bread and honey!

**I hear you** in a long "HOWL" of orgasms  
 Flowing through the avenue of South Street  
 Jesus freaks preaching *the word of news*  
 Through the mid-day view - all over channel two  
 I hear swift sounds of rap speed-reading from the ghetto  
 A calm voice with increasing inclinations in tone,

Traveling from a second story window  
 I hear soft whispers of a violin  
 Accompanied by an organ extending from a local church  
 The crash of rock with the clash of roll  
 Roaming along 32nd Street apartments flow  
 I hear oral choruses on side curbs  
 Worship next to flaming cans  
 Screaming staccato, "Stick it to the man!"  
 I hear wails of punk, as jerk\*\*\*s battle out  
 The sound of music through fists and tears  
 Your apologies former governor, failed attempts,  
 Perceived positively – although,  
 There's nothing to be ashamed of; but to lead on  
 A deserted family  
 I hear you through hidden pathways  
 Calling my name as I walk the pavement at night  
 Uptight, gang violence stalking to fight

**I pray you** protect these downtowns  
 And city halls from corruption  
 Break a–part with no interruption  
 I pray you find honesty in a place you belong  
 The city can only maintain shelter for so long  
 I pray you envision dreams  
 And never stop working to achieve  
 I pray you find another love  
 Because this one is not grateful from above  
 I pray you look inside your heart  
 Search who you truly are  
 I pray you look to see  
 And when you see to look, in this open book –  
 Perhaps you will believe

Fucked up...  
 ...To the denial of a drunk  
 With significance in a blow job...  
 ...Getting high every time I ask the question "Why?"  
 The anger of losing jobs transcribing to violence...  
 ...Stoned to the bone  
 Sex taken to the vice of friendship thrust by  
 entertainment...  
 ...Passions for reactions lead to the demise of this  
 manifestation  
 Love, not lost – misplaced in a life we all race...  
 ...Accidents lead to  
 Death of darkness...  
 ...Life brings us back to light

I feel you in the *East*,  
 Hollering no! For children converting to lost souls  
 I hear you in the *West*,  
 Crying in reflection of an unfortunate past  
 I see you in the *North*,  
 Heart slowly tearing, from the loves you endure  
 I understand you in the *South*,  
 Shouting "Victory! Victory!" In praise -  
 Death to capitalism out of this man's mouth  
 Rising and Falling of the ages  
 Throughout Amerikan history  
 As people, we're nothing more than undermined sages  
 These city streets are held in the heart and spirit  
 For the bad and the good...  
 The weak and the strong...  
 The wrong and the right...  
 If only the streets could be **Brought to Light**

## The Battle of Brotherhood

Together we lie silent  
You and I  
Bonded by dripping blood,  
Battling a fatal passion,  
Ornery brothers holding in arms.  
Time to rest,  
Lie still, until –  
We meet again  
In the next life.

## Wine Drops

Visions  
Appearing through a broken wine glass  
Under dinner table  
Liquid descending – tears of sorrow  
It's short, fast, ruby tainted droplets  
Dripping from the inner rings of my heart  
A torn rag  
Smears a mural of our entire relationship,  
Glimpse  
But now you've departed –  
And I, struggling to progress  
Remain day to day  
Cleaning blood stained tears off wooden floors

## Tears of Heaven

Rest easy my little boy,  
no harm will come to you.  
Tears of heaven have fallen  
and the choirs are now callin.

Our hearts travel with you  
on your journey above.  
Heaven's lands rest  
in hearts of your father and mother.

There is no need to fear little one  
to the place you are to see.  
Mommy will be right there holding  
your hand with every breath you breathe.

Our tears fall for you, child,  
you were called back so soon.  
Every moment was cherished  
with every passing moon.

I wished to see you grow,  
but, your heavenly father called upon you.  
It was time to go home  
the purpose – someday soon we'll know.

The tears of heaven have fallen for you,  
as you walk the foot path with Christ.  
Love will protect you while you wait,  
for us to join you at heaven's gate.

The tears of heaven have fallen for you  
while you meet your ancestors.  
The angels will sing and the saints will cheer  
as God embraces you with a loving tear.

My little angel I know you are admiring from above,  
smiling, laughing, watching below.  
I miss you with my broken heart,  
you're my guardian until I hold you again in my arms.

*In Loving Memory of John Michael Alexandersen*

## To the Night

I look to the horizon  
 The east side of us  
 Eyes drift a part to the west end of love.  
 Dusk comes forth  
 As we leave dawn behind.  
 The edge of earth sits still,  
 To rest easy.  
 An orange glaze and purple haze ahead  
 Prepare for night fall  
 Bring shades over our eyes.  
 So we can dance –  
 Yes, dance! Dance into the night!  
 With tears of the moon burning in our heart  
 Move together to the beat of screaming winds  
 Howl through the eve  
 Like a white wolf on a lonesome night.  
 Breathe deep my beloved  
 Breathe for me,  
 Behold the cold glaze of your lips.  
 Exercise our right to love  
 And dance, never stop, dance!  
 Until we fall to the ground  
 Dance 'til the rooster calls upon the sun  
 And love remains –  
 By your side.

## Evening

I'm listening, quietly. Still. Ambitions – none present at the moment. In this lounge, I feel a temptation between my toes, vibrations of a lost melody I've been searching for. You know, the two-second chord that can't quite peak from my horizons of contemporary music – jazz man, jazz. The final frontier that separates listeners from instrumental beautification and the *art* of singing. Although, singing is pleasurable in its own forefront – there are few moments which can only be captured through sound and not words. Being a writer most would shun me for saying so, but the sound is the blessing of the angels from the sky. Giving strength to our supple lips to swell out a rhythm in a note or two.

High, yes, I do remember that high octave from the horn. The audience, the music, the souls of musicians past controlled in the breath of the trumpeter. An accompanying piano in the background soothes my heart of all troubles better than the glass of white wine resting in front of me – tempting. I embrace the quaint noises of that piano being played – soft, gentle, takes me home. I feel, rather, well safe. As if nothing can impose on this moment. Now time for the steady riffs of the sax - tenor, baritone, alto, soprano – I'll take it all. Travel deep into the belly of the baritone with its strong, jubilant sound robust like a woman's breasts. And the tenor, oh that tenor, giving an arrangement of sighs all around the room, without you I could not mellow to my complete state of mind. Without your increasing octave there would be no reason for me to write this – in time.

I hear the engaging moans of the alto sax and soprano sax together – they bring memories of a blonde beauty I spent an evening with so many years ago. Good, warm, lovely evenings – engaging in converse between poetry, love, sex, and muse. Although, her forte was more along the lines of blues, which do hold a special place in my heart; however, I am a poet dedicated to a jazz beat and following generation to Kerouacian beat speakers. This lounge filled with dusty air, bee dee bop bop, bee dee bop bop. Sweat rolling, down – the accompany players as they pour their spirits out to the world with magic...be bop, bop, sciri dulu. And again, my eyes become misty as the trumpet brings the speed and the sax's follow in with bursts of bop bop be de lulu...and nothing can stop me from pulling out my pen and sipping my drink. Following my natural state of beats and melody I write...I write my dear poetry of sorts. I write until there are no more words left to write – thoughts, expressions, and nothing else will follow.

Beats, Memories, Beats, Memories, Beats. We all follow along to the silhouettes of head nodding to the beat, tapping shoes of the musicians, the slow drum to keep a beat, the soaring sax's lifting me up to the heavens and the lovely trumpets reminding me how to soar. And I write, more and more: I write on my hands, on my arms, on my legs, on my chest, I would on my back but my arms don't extend that far. So I ask the person next to me and he is obliged to do so. I write because there is nothing left to do, I write because the song has not yet ended, I write because the soprano sax sings like the opera, I write because the musicians cry as they play,

I write because my wine is still less than an inch left. Heads following, feet grinding, a sound of the symbol rattling – faster and louder than I ever heard before, I cease poetry to finish my head bopping and heart pounding tapping for the climatic escapade my mind has just journeyed. And then there is silence as the baritone sax in that deep whisper speaks to me softly, “Come dear poet, don't stop, come”. And I take a final sip – with supple lips, while removed from the horns, the teeth are un-tightened from their reeds, and the piano is unaccompanied. Lights go out in Philadelphia that sad night walking through. Good night to all and farewell to my heart left in this moment of musical rapture.



## House of a Shattered Heart

Dreams. Hearts. Love. – lie resting in peace  
 From a distance – security is no place  
 Words – none  
 Protection - nothing.

Where am I to go, if my bed isn't sanctuary?  
 This house – a transparent prison cell  
 Torturous punishments of undesired passion soil the  
     silky white linens within cage  
 I'm a sparrow nursing a clipped wing – no haven to  
     escape this sector of hell.

Fear holds my hand – eyes tremble entering and exiting  
     a new room  
 Like a ghost, I wish I could vanish  
 Out of sight, out of mind  
 Inside this house of my shattered heart.

The hunger of a sex fiend air mixed with mist of whiskey  
     breath – treacherous anal sex  
 Stalks the dwindling caves inside at all hours  
 Screams: Ambition, Enjoyment, Instincts, Death  
 And blood mixed in my vial filled with semen remains  
     compacted deep inside.

On a blessed day, my fruits are not invaded and torn by  
     disgrace  
 Every grizzly session I lie soaking in tears, on a sweat  
     drained pillow, sulking in agony  
 Anxious screaming directed at me, I squeal, like a  
     hamster confined by its wheel

“You're making me do this. Stop crying, enjoy it! This is  
     a right to fatherhood!”

And reminded bent over – blame is birth,  
 Because life was given, and a right to live free is  
     possessed  
 Rest in Hopes despair to leave, but every passing day  
     leads to tomorrow or tomorrows next  
 Then I realize no words will save me from my grave.

## Morning View Blues

Woke up in the morning  
 Past a pondering sleep  
 A rest which lied inside a dream  
 Road my bike through endless gravel fields  
 Walked along the night strip of city lights  
 Searching for a lover of eve  
 Tainted by the taste of lust,  
 Never to conceive  
 Temptation walks a fine line between blues and jazz  
 Self control is the cure to my blessed affair of  
 Jim Beam and fucking  
 I tell her -

“Control doesn’t lie in your fruitful loins but to the  
 discontented mind stuck within”

The uncertainty between child and woman  
 Yet, still, she attempts to pay homage  
 Below the belt  
 And promises to never tell  
 Until denial is set within stone of her wandering heart  
 So she laughs along her merry way,  
 With a tear of solitude and a shot of Jack  
 Comfort alone in the dark  
 While I only stand, trapped in space,  
 Of non-existent time left in this place  
 Until the alarm clock rings  
 Shit, shave, shower  
 Driving towards a horizon of the neon sun  
 To start off the day –  
 A selection of morning blues

## Arizona Dream

Thieves of Arizona  
 Drive fast cars through the desert  
 Tobacco puffing in dry air,  
 With the heat of a daily chase on their tail  
 These greedy sex fiends crave in a day  
 Singing carols on the open road  
 Of their bloody tales  
 Chanting guns blazing,  
 Tires screaming,  
 And women squealing –  
 Driving through the open plain

## Dreamland

I followed the crooked brook last night  
 With crystal water flowing through my palms  
 Passing the fingered river beds with cherry blossoms,  
 I traveled to the valley of hope and free  
 Lying amongst a sycamore tree, in the forest of dreams,  
 I observed life's purpose in a bee's flight

### Searching for Peace and Heart

Upon my wake, there was not a sound  
 Neither a cricket nor an owl sang in the mid-night breeze  
 But I felt clear and at ease

### Finding Silence and Still

Looking to the night,  
 I saw the reflection of an evening moon to sooth me  
 So I wandered back to sleep,  
 To step back into the land of dreams  
 Where I can rest  
 By the cherry blossoms and a sycamore tree

## Diary Entry to a 17 year old suicide case

Have you ever wandered by a lake,  
 Observing glares of light glazing the water's edge?  
 Study the wobble movements of a pigeon  
 Hunting for bread crumbs along a city walk?  
 Did you ever dream you were Jesus Christ,  
 Blessed with the ability to heal the sick and feed the  
 hungry?

I've dreamt of heaven –  
 With glory and praises to sit among angels and saints  
 Reading scriptures and singing youthful harmonies  
 Praying internally along the lines of silence  
 Standing in front of the triumphant Lord to ask –  
 “Why?”

I wake up  
 Every morning at 6:07am  
 Take two tablets of Lexapro 30MG and one sip of water  
 Take one tablet of Metformin 60MG and one tablet of  
 120MG Orlistat and one sip between  
 Take two pills of Clozaril 10MG and two sips  
 Take one pill of Percocet 10MG and one sip.

I've dreamt of hell –  
 The infinite toxic wasteland beholding a region of  
 treacherous mayhem  
 Keeper of men, women, unblessed children, sinners,  
 flesh-lovers, demons, carnage, warlords  
 All walk to their designated monotonous existence of  
 suffering  
 Hailing under the mindless, hateful reign of Lucifer

King of arduous pain.

I shower for 23 minutes – not a second longer  
 Dry myself off with a grey towel  
 Search the sensual sensation inside myself  
 Look slowly into the mirror as I watch it subliminally  
     crack  
 Dress in my 32W jeans purchased from the internet and  
     brown long sleeve shirt  
 Tie St. Zachary around my neck, hoping for peace today.

Have you ever stood on a plateau?  
 Wishing you were howling from a top a mountain side  
 Or at the bottom of a canyon drifting along a river bed  
 Stuck in the middle  
 Neither one step further to heaven  
 Nor one step beyond hell.

I've dreamt of heaven –  
 Listening to preachers sing  
 Walking the golden valleys approaching eternity  
 Found salvation in God –  
 Permitting me to enter the brass gates of light  
 But questions arrive and I wonder.

Mother cooks breakfast and I finish by 7:03am  
 In silence...  
 Father enters the kitchen by 7:05am walking out the door  
 No words...  
 I sit alone waiting for my mother to look in my direction  
 7:10am turns on my watch and it's time for me to leave,  
     empty.

I've dreamt of hell –  
 Traveling the thick treacherous depths  
 Seeking refuge and forgery in the deceptive promises  
     created  
 By dead poets, lecturers, lovers, and writers alike to a  
     condemned fate  
 Seeking their faults to adapt my own  
 In part, will my destiny rest among the living dead.

I take a lonely walk, proceeding to my prison cell in the  
     jungle dungeon  
 Other students sprint past to catch the bus carrying joy  
     and laughter  
 But my jealousy drowns me in a pool of sorrow  
 No one by my side – aiding to heal my inner wounds  
 I keep walking, miss the bus purposely, late and fatigue  
 Is this all I have?

Have you ever swum in a pool of ice?  
 Freezing – body temperature decreasing by the second  
 Pain and anguish phase out as you fall into a state of  
     shock  
 And the only question the mind barely holds onto –  
 Redemption  
 I ponder often, if I will attain this state of being.

I've dreamt of heaven –  
 Journeying the dusty roads of my eternal desires  
 Soaked in teardrops, enduring pain of man  
 Confusion arises to my being – thoughts driven between  
     mercy and peace  
 A form comprehended questions inside my heart  
 Attempting to teach purpose.

I arrive to my coal tinted gates entering the dungeon of  
 “learning” at 8:00am precisely  
 Walk to my locker to retrieve morning snacks and find  
 graffiti covering it  
*Lesbian* reads all over my locker with vaginas and  
 tongues and fingers encompassing a circle  
 Students walking past stare at me with erratic faces  
 formulating false accusations beyond truth  
 I grab snacks and run from my locker to a corner in the  
 stairwell praying for a moment’s bliss  
 The taste of my peanut butter cups and chocolate wafers  
 bring slight delight lasting milliseconds.

I’ve dreamt of hell –  
 Watching lost souls transfer naked bodies to respectful  
 departures  
 Mindless, motionless, soulless – everything which made  
 them human, is stripped  
 All sensations of humanity gone as these corpses filed in  
 line awaiting an earned destination  
 Fearful, yet I continue to travel – excavating every level  
 to be seen in this treacherous realm  
 I grave pity on these fate-less damned souls, questioning  
 if my destination is to this land of eerie desolation.

Sit from class to class – everyday  
 Paper balls thrown at my head while I attempt work,  
 mean letters with derogatory names are read at a  
 whisper for me solely to hear  
 Is this the destined life for me to proceed?  
 A nobody, who’s emotionally torn?  
 So I walk to the furthest section of the cafeteria to sit  
 alone, where no one will pay attention to me

Searching for peace I hold my necklace, close my eyes,  
 and try to remain calm in my predicament.

Have you ever stood over a lake with mist touching the  
 water’s tip?  
 And the mist converts to a fog of low soaring clouds then  
 disappear  
 All occurring in minutes...  
 Obscure – life redeeming a portrait of an appearing  
 delighted couple, but minutes after their lives once  
 again tear a part  
 I sit and wonder, how happiness can be cherished in  
 reflection to the mirror image  
 Is it simple, like a mist forming over a lake – or more  
 complex?

I’ve dreamt of heaven –  
 Thoughts travel beyond the hills, through the rivers and  
 streams, pass the singing cock praising the morning  
 sun, under the desert sands and over the mountain  
 peaks  
 I remain asking, “Why?” – following a much  
 contemplative statement of suffering  
 Free will granted – yes; but what of direction and value  
 Are you truly placing palms over my hands when I make  
 imprints in the sand?  
 I faithfully speak – “Seeing isn’t required but left in the  
 hands of myself with no sense of truth, beauty or  
 love – love, the most needed form of your name  
 granted; not even shared from the people who created  
 me, what say love...”

After lunch bell rings a close, I walk into the bathroom  
 I exit the stall; two boys enter soliciting me to fix them  
 They tell me, "A girl like you is a natural at going under..."  
 I give them both sperm fixes and they finish as I do –  
     making me vomit while they sneak out  
 And I sit, next to the stall confirming I'm a slut  
 Bound to be nothing more than a depressed, manic,  
     whorey basket case – no boy will ever be interested  
 emotionally.

I've dreamt of hell –  
 Walking between lines of rotted flesh to discover further  
     pain of walking dead  
 Experiencing the sins from their past lives which lead  
     them down this path  
 And I journey through the deathly wastelands walking  
     amongst ember coal grounds scorching my toes,  
     making my way to the screaming river of eternal  
     damnation  
 The river transported me to all levels of hell – each  
     sentence equivalently proposed by Dante's fateful  
     dream  
 Rowing to the final stop – a frozen tundra clear as blue  
     crystal laid before me parting from the lustful fires I  
     traveled from – a frozen door stood higher than my  
     eyes could see, approaching to open it, and my fearful  
     heart began to freeze inside my thumping chest.

After I clean the yellow crusted sperm off my lips and  
     wipe shame tears from my cheeks  
 I return to class in attempt to make it through another  
     lonely day

Continuously reminding myself after high school it will  
     be better  
 I phase consciousness, holding my St. Zachary medallion  
     dreaming of a better life - peace  
 But in my mind I know it won't  
 My heart is shattering to tiny pieces every day.

Have you ever built a fire – displaying tears, sweat and  
     paying homage to the joyous embers  
 A temporary provider of soothing warmth when our  
     hearts fall weary and cold  
 Stare into the wood burning, crackling pops of death to  
     the remaining tree  
 With enraged flames scouring through the scarred  
     emptiness of the dead blocks  
 Sanity falls through the cracks and burns away clean –  
     leaving only black ashes to taint the pure heart  
 And you sit there begging for warmth, to dry the wet  
     toes – but, have you considered the blood spilt to  
     create the fire?

I've dreamt of heaven –  
 Sitting in the wake of God  
 Almighty, known – presence of a fellow being bearing  
     fruits and a womb  
 Reassuring me the Garden of Eden a test to his children  
     leading to the gates of his world in the testimony of  
     Apostles and Creeds of Saints, and Songs of Angels and  
     everlasting love  
 But I remain in doubt, and he asks, "Why do you  
     question still my child?"  
 My heart still resides in pain, instilled by scars of truth

beyond my cracked fragile soul – pursued from the days of growing youth.

I arrive at the final class of my day – eight other periods of hell  
 Mrs. Brooks class, she is the only teacher I've ever enjoyed because she encourages me  
 Pushes me to create a goal a week and try to complete it, helping to build my dying confidence  
 I never want to leave this class when the final bell rings, so I stay after to speak with Mrs. Brooks  
 She understands me as a person and is my only friend I trust  
 I will be a teacher someday like her and help students struggling to envision hope.

I've dreamt of hell –  
 I entered through the crystal blue gates to Lucifer's lair where I was offered a seat at a circular table, listening to the sound of a conceited hissing tongue  
 I looked at him staring into my eyes; he was one of the most beautiful creations I had ever seen – a fallen angel with silky hair and built of dark metallic luster armor, valence covered by a black cloak with his sight set on me and my curiosity grew  
 King Lucifer explained to me, "The difference between Good and Evil is only a simple complex created by God to separate the natures of the human persona..."  
 I could see the fire and deceit glowing within his eyes to encourage me to agree with his words, continuing to push free will in the eyes of his favor and disregard God's

But all I could think about was, my choice – and my free will, to live in the sight of my virtues and not be torn between both God's and Lucifer's purpose.

After I leave Mrs. Brooks class, because it's time to go home  
 We walk and laugh together down the halls, exiting the prison doors, wish "Goodbye" in front of the flag pole and I start home  
 On my walk, I encounter Bridgette and Natalie who call me a lesbian and Mrs. Brooks my girlfriend, threaten me to give my school bag, and throw rocks at me until I do  
 They smack my face, push me down, pull my hair until I break and reveal tears  
 Together, they run away, I slowly gather to my feet and continue again  
 I can't take it anymore!

Have you ever remained in the midst of a dream and awake?  
 Stuck in a subconscious state of reality  
 Unsure if your thoughts truly belong to you  
 Where actions hold precedence  
 Perhaps we're all trapped between our mind's dream states  
 Pondering achievable goals, dreaming, and traveling daily routines while sleeping.

I've dreamt of heaven –  
 The Lord takes my hand – wrists reflecting faded nail wounds

I couldn't help but touch the holes laid before my eyes –  
 “And yet, you still live in doubt...”  
 My sorrow began to flush, tears poured down my face,  
 and my heart filled with sadness  
 “But this is a mere glimpse of my heavenly kingdom...”  
 And I kneeled down before the feet and kissed the palm  
 that held my hands before, tears still falling – pouring  
 my heart – with the touch of the second palm on my  
 hair – “love is forgiving, my child.”

I arrive home to a cold empty house  
 No one to be found  
 Walk upstairs, clean my face, and dry my tears  
 Once washed up, I roll one jean leg and pull down the  
 garnet stained layers of my sock  
 I pull out my baton and begin orchestrating the ensemble  
 of passion and lie awake in regret  
 And I find myself alone – me, my blade, pain, and my  
 thoughts.

I've dreamt of hell –  
 Sitting in silence – seeking a particular truth  
 Perhaps not a virtuous one, but a different form of  
 unmarked explanations resting between the lines of  
 treachery and insolence in his words  
 Watching those mesmerizing lips move with confidence, I  
 begin to question my ideals further  
 Is this phase of sleep just a dream or is it something  
 more – another touch of reality, the other side of truth  
 we disregard deeming our cultural values and beliefs  
 as a whole say it to be wrong?  
 And when his words came to a close and completed

intriguing my soul with clever opinions, he demanded  
 I leave.

I sat and watched garnet notes play chorally from my  
 lower veins  
 Grief filled my heart releasing: aggression, heartache,  
 sorrow, and loneliness  
 I looked deep into those droplets realizing my life has  
 been an open wound  
 A cut –  
 A transformed inconvenience over everyone  
 surrounding me  
 And another tear fell in the wake of my failure.

Have you ever sat in a dark corner of a room  
 Watching closely, the walls cave in slowly,  
 To the point of suffocation  
 Claustrophobia –  
 And seeing imaginary stars foreshadowing behind  
 unwarranted clouds?  
 I've stood on the river's edge soaking my feet in a gravel  
 bed and nothing more.

I've dreamt of heaven –  
 When the Lord finished speaking to me I took attention  
 to a solemn grin and a tear dripping to the lips  
 I wondered why my Lord was crying  
 An endearing heart and passionate mind understanding  
 what I've been gifted to vision  
 Yet he remained crying after the Arc Angels embraced  
 me, carrying me out of the kingdom – and I watched  
 the Lord's hands fold and bend on knees



And in the shadows of their eyes, I could feel an  
insensible sorrow capturing light – but we continued  
the journey.

I watched my sorrow fall mixing in the crimson brook  
assisting it to flow faster down my heel  
But the physical pain of those slits felt incredible  
compared to the emotional pain I received outside my  
depthless hole  
A sanctuary – finally I had control, but I still succeeded  
in scars  
And so I cut another slit into my skin to watch my  
anguish separate my body  
I sat now with a crimson river leading to a waterfall of  
broken hope –  
Confused and sad.

I've dreamt of hell –  
Following tragic myths, I departed the smoky irons  
Never to look back, never to return  
A destination served for the weak  
And crossing over the entrance of the desolate land  
maintaining woe, hate, and tragedy – I felt a solemn  
desire wondering if I learned anything from this  
experience  
Then, I was granted one final vision of Lucifer sitting  
in his crystal tomb weeping one tear following another  
freezing into ice pebbles sticking to his cheek – I  
couldn't understand how someone filled with such  
detestation could bear a solemn reaction with my  
departure.

I slowly brought my wounded body to my feet, limping  
on one leg to reach the sink staring into the mirror  
Noticing the edges crack, I watched my sanity and heart  
waste away into dust  
A smile began to form on my brow and I picked up the  
baton and began to instruct my symphony  
It was my finest piece, withholding truth  
I cued down my wrists watching red pearls spew out  
from innocent veins I sliced, I look into the mirror  
and recognized Jesus Christ and Lucifer both standing,  
holding hands weeping in sorrow  
Realization – I failed them, failed my visions, failed  
my journeys – I continued conducting, determined to  
complete my final number, after the piece closed, and  
the last string was plucked – all was silent, I laid on  
the bathroom floor, finally at peace with myself –  
**Destination, Nowhere.**

## What we do in Secret

Affairs to the heart,  
Exist in a pattern.  
Labeled as one,  
Portraying two.

Secrets lie amongst passion,  
Along with mind, body, soul, blood.  
Our secret, rests within our bodies –  
Not distinguished in our soul.

In the mind, love rests inside our hearts,  
Where we lay stranded.  
So we escape to a hide away from blood,  
While you and I stand hand in hand.

## Together as Two

Falling is  
All I feel  
Falling down  
Below ground  
12 feet under  
2 be exact

6 feet for 1  
6 feet for 2  
This is where we remain  
Me and you

Your nicotine crave  
My brandy fix  
Together as two  
Addictions  
Create one  
No one else can bear

A sacred heart as our keeper  
Seeking our date of denial  
Guilty sentence for life  
Within a personal trial

Nicotine rush blown  
In the mid-night air  
Alcoholic breath blown  
In the morning dew  
Piss it out today

Tomorrow come new waves  
Screams of rage!  
Cries for help!  
Shrieks of madness!  
Madness in the air!

Curses of madness!  
Forgive in sadness  
You yell in madness!  
I yell in madness!  
Ahh!  
Stop

I do it for love  
(With no promises to any other)  
I do it for pleasure  
(Because the fix can't come from another)

Just as a musical poet  
Creates a new rhyme  
In measure  
We have found the greatest fortune  
In the deepest grave  
With no name

There is no  
End  
No escape  
A circular destiny fulfilled

Together you  
And me  
Are one in the same

Trapped among the impaired  
We are addicts  
And this will remain

You  
Me  
Every  
Day

## Matter of Seconds

### Sixty Seconds

A chilly April day, four men sit and wait  
 Easy job, no problems, no concerns  
 Everything set in place  
 Four men exit a red Lincoln following paths of greed  
 Watch backs – wear black knit masks  
 Shield crests, felt sure they'd succeed  
 One didn't know, he'd endure tears in his son's blue eyes  
 Anger consumes their hearts  
 Tension traverses their veins  
 Guns loaded – Crack! Split! Alarms don't sound the hit  
 Four men hold a charade this chilly April day.

### Fifty Seconds

Not much longer  
 Confine to a desk, a chair, hand cuffs clasping my wrists.  
 Tight! A small pint of water in front, unable to drink  
 And my throat – sore and dry  
 Cracking like the bark of a red wood  
 Which must be the same wood built among this place?  
 Bearing blood, circulating seats and pews  
 Stands of immoral actors and finally  
 The stains left on my hands  
 We're all involved.

### Forty Five Seconds

Four men stand in a lobby confronting fear  
 Screams of terror, rock the ground, pierce ears!  
 All of the men shake  
 All of the women cry

All of the little babes can't find a place to hide  
 "Give us the cash!"  
 Thoughts race like derby cars driving too fast  
 Shots fly through the air, ceiling tiles fall everywhere  
 The men tell the hostages to stand  
 While they take each other's hand  
 All praying to their God; pleading to live the next day  
 Four men look into shattered glass  
 Watching their lives flash by  
 Say good bye, Goodbye, GOODBYE!

### Thirty Two Seconds

I see fierce eyes rage in fire  
 Burning with mortality – held deep in pools of eternity  
 My death exceeding countless drowns within  
 Visions  
 The death of my freedom  
 As an individual will not survive this verdict  
 And indeed I am but a stool pigeon example to *society*  
 A troubled man held to the boundaries of the inner city  
 But I have nothing to hide –  
 No reason to run from my actions  
 My deeds deserve a consequence  
 And I am a man to stand deliverance.

### Twenty One Seconds

Four men raise their guns  
 Counting down a sacrificial betrayal  
 Neighboring shops hear bullets tearing down halls  
 Phones dial. Authorities call. Head lights flashing –  
 Sirens ringing and speeds racing  
 Packing cash...

Not expecting the police to raid the parade  
 Swears and God's name taken in vain  
 Voicing threats on each end of horrific elements  
 One man turns, witnessing visions of shame  
 Brought to his family's name  
 He thought he was providing financially –  
 Instead he's discovering treachery  
 The wind blew a stained musk into the facility of agony  
 The four men whiffed a huff  
 One hundred thousand at stake, refuse to rise in flames –  
 An arrangement the four men make.

### **Eighteen Seconds**

What are we to think when life comes down –  
 A few moments...Seconds  
 Every minute presents a new sixty Seconds  
 Every hour presents a new sixty Minutes  
 Every day presents a new twenty-four Hours  
 This provides eighty-six thousand four hundred  
 Decisions...to a Moment  
 And here, responsibilities rely on our actions solely  
 But what of intentions? – Reasons to explain our notions  
 Doesn't this make a difference?  
 If people could only look beyond personal contentions  
 Understand Reasons behind actions.

### **Eleven Seconds**

Four men hold  
 Execution in their left hands  
 Each gun casts a shadow over four mantels  
 Gender or age doesn't make any difference  
 In this disarray of confusion  
 Police and reporters remain outside

Observing the manifestation of catastrophe  
 Bound to decisions of four suspects –  
 Eleven seconds remain in their demonstration  
 Death threats fill the lobby  
 Brown leather rests at the perpetrators' feet  
 SWAT Teams attempt to break the reaper's trial –  
 Mishap!  
 The dark horsemen turn to their triggers  
 All that is heard  
 Bang!

### **Six Seconds**

Eyes stare at me – nonstop – everywhere  
 I can't escape the looks of hatred  
 In despite a witness bench covered with thirsty vampires  
 An audience filed in society demands –  
 Coal hearted cryptic members  
 And a master of this ceremony of solitude –  
 Preaching my last request before my journey ends  
 I sit, the murderer –  
 Marked on the *community's* lowest rung  
 Societal ladder  
 And for what, Greed –  
 Money didn't bite at my heart  
 Like an Oscar fish penetrating its prey  
 Last Call, time to approach the bench one more time  
 Final passing *Judgments*  
 In a room filled with guilt hanging  
 From foreheads of the blind  
 What reasons have I to persuade further statements  
 when my fate has been decided?

**Two Seconds**

Three victims fall to Fates Unfaithful Eyes  
 Innocence – lie dead on the floor  
 Crimson fluid staining the slayers' leather soles  
 Fear and Questions fill the lobby  
 Victims lying like dogs beaten to the curb  
 Left for crows  
 But one victim remains, standing,  
 Terrified like a spirit realizing predicament  
 Eternal purgatory  
 Partners lock their trigger fingers for one more kill  
 Because this man could not complete his task  
 His heart screaming for the love of his son and wife –  
 Abandon greed's grip  
 Nevertheless, Blood stained his vanity  
 From the three unfortunate ones lying in front  
 Two seconds approach...  
 Three heartless horsemen raise their guns  
 A final casualty –  
 Bang! Bang! Bang!  
 Three gunmen fall to painful hell – frozen for eternity.

**One Second**

“Actions, Reasons, Good intentions, Questions  
 Can equivocate to shocking interpretations  
 But I kneel here before everyone –  
 Families, strangers, friends, lawyers, jury, and audience  
 A Man of Mercy seeking retribution and forgiveness  
 My actions have taken lives  
 By no mistake – I had choices  
 I accept my punishment sheared behind silver life bars

Bound to an orange heart  
 My son, your memory will remain  
 An Eternity within my thoughts and prayers  
 My beautiful wife, I failed you –  
 Forgiveness in your favor  
 Due to our eyes will be lost forever”  
 The final time has come - Zero second approaches  
 A mantel slams – “Guilty! Punishment – Death!”

**Justice served?**

## Potato Soup

Yesterday evening I sat at the dining room table, sipping my fresh warm potato soup. It was late in the month of October and the winter chill was drawing near. Just as half my soup was gone I heard a calling at my door. I looked down at my watch and noticed it was half passed nine wondering who could be waiting upon this hour.

So I approached and opened the door to find the winter breeze entering my house. The dreadful wind brought a silence of winter's chill through my home and it took a seat in the living room putting out a burning fire.

I pleaded the wind, "Please leave" the wind responded, "Winter is here, I believe I will stay."

Again I pleaded with the wind, "'Tis not yet winter, fall is still a week before end."

The wind abruptly encircled me, with its chill piercing my skin like a thousand sharp pin-needles slicing through my wool knitted sweater. The wind spoke to its breeze, "Freeze this house!" setting the entire house a dreary damp – every candle flame extinguished in a second.

In that moment I realized winter was early this year, so I walked back to my dining room seat with a blanket covering to keep warm. I pardoned the wind, "Would you care to join me for potato soup?" The wind swiftly declined and blew out the front door leaving it creaking slowly back and forth. Then, I lifted my spoon from the choppy soup and enjoyed the bitter taste of cold potatoes.

## Green Chair

He sat rocking in his green chair,  
When he was eleven  
Making wishes his father's soul  
Would end in heaven.

He sat rocking in his green chair,  
When he was twenty-five  
Waiting for the drugs to kick in –  
Facing a lie.

He sat rocking in his green chair,  
When he was forty  
Watching his sons and daughters grow  
While working.

He sat rocking in his green chair,  
When he was sixty-five  
Standing above her grave, realizing  
He barely knew her, when she was alive.

He sat rocking in his green chair,  
When he was ninety-nine  
Wondering –  
How life passed by...

## Wine and Basketball

Flurries drifting through February air,  
 Tiny ice crystals floating along the slushy medium.  
 This evening's choice of drink –  
 Pinot Grigio, from the bottle  
 And a session of basketball.  
 Sip. Ahh, the taste of sweet white wine  
 Reminds me of summer time  
 Sip, sip. Particularly, the month of July.

Bounce. Bounce. The ball went  
 Bounce, bounce. On the snowy cement  
 Shoot, miss. Another sip  
 Bounce, bounce, bounce – and  
 Dribble around the hoop.  
 Shoot – Bank – Score!  
 Good shot! Let's see if there's more,  
 Drink, drink. Wine tastes good in this snowy sea.

Dribble, bounce, dribble – through ice and slush  
 Shoot, score – score, slide, drink, score, dribble.  
 Is the drink enough?  
 Wind makes me shiver under the midnight lights  
 Bounce, swish, score, dribble, miss, drink  
 Wine almost gone  
 In several hours the sun will be up  
 Shoot – sweating through the night.

Freezing!  
 Shoot – bounce  
 And the ball falls to the blacktop,  
 Like the little flurries in February air.  
 Bounce, bounce. Another drink. Another shot –  
 Dizzy now, land on winter ground,  
 Ball falls from rim – Bounce, bounce, bounce –  
 Rolls, rolls, rolls to the snowy bank.



## To the Daily Lives

I follow the daily routines of a monotonous office life  
 Riding train from state to state –  
 Across an overhanging border watching Camden Prison  
 From the Ben Franklin Bridge fall to pieces  
 Every day I watch people; even find myself at times –  
 Wallowing in misery  
 Traveling to their cubicle  
 Just to suffice a paycheck.  
 To support a weekend of seldom boredom  
 Gluttonous debauchery  
 Painfully, I watch these daily passengers  
 Ride to their solitary confinements within their minds –  
 Trapped for eight hours a day with no excuse but,  
 “I have bills to pay...”  
 I suffer with them –  
 Because I have no choice, “I have bills to pay...”  
 But I ride along with this modern American montage  
 Fake alternatives, writing my way  
 To an independent labor  
 Life, love, and pursuit of ideally something better  
 However, within this daily ride to hell – I ponder  
 Every new face discovered, following every new day  
 Misery, anguish, hatred, scowls:  
 “People” don’t bother to look back, smile, grin, anything –  
 Complete loneliness in a sad composure  
 Of an already sad city  
 To a sad world  
 And yet, we pick up our bags  
 Board a train so we can swim through  
 Rainbow colored tidal waves of pedestrians

Walking the early morning rush to an eight o’clock punch  
 Just in time  
 Before penalized by a misleading occurrence  
 Risking to lose a job and have to find new work  
 In an unemployable decade  
 So, we board to pre-determined destiny – in most eyes,  
 Fate-less voyages where we lose ourselves inside  
 Our creative minds go to waste in desperation  
 Maintain sanity but smooth  
 Palms with the concept of financial gain –  
 Which is a loose term at that  
 Our hearts become more mislead day in and out with  
 Trust in a fortune five-hundred company  
 Who will terminate employees any given moment,  
 Depleting a diligent worker’s confidence  
 Kicking them to the streets to fend for themselves  
 Starved families  
 We follow the daily routines of the monotonous office  
 Because “We the people”, have no choice  
 Remain as independents and independent free thinkers  
 Followed after “society” neglects  
 Voices and movements to be heard  
 So we sit quietly, in our corners unable to speak freely –  
 Waiting for our country to listen to  
 Our cries of desperation before we fall half asleep  
 And unfortunately our children will be destined  
 The same sound of solitude in wake  
 Alarm clock, punch in ring, and sound of a phone call  
 With ignorance on the other side  
 Unless we take a stand now,  
 Preach our voices carried through dark clouds

Breaking forth sunlight in hope to blow away  
 Seasonal rain-fall in wake of our tongues  
 Hydrate our souls to keep flourished  
 Pushing forward to an independent life.

Break forth – not to squander in contempt,  
 Lessons forged in time and distance,  
 Never cower to the carefully constructed  
 Manipulative establishment  
 When truth is what you seek.

## Undoubtful

Back onto this clunker junker train  
 Now let's see, what beauty has a look of vain?  
 Ah yes, a pretty little woman  
 Sitting over three seats to the left  
 Lonesome, with legs crossed  
 Her shirt buttoned down low enough to see her chest  
 A dog I may seem, but to my recollection  
 I am no different than any other human being  
 Like a swine,  
 Honest with their sexual thoughts and peaks and feelings  
 Oh here comes my wild treat,  
 Breasts bumping around like kids on a merry-go-round  
 Stand in front of me  
 Yes. So I can have a decent look at you  
 Due to the beauty behind the scarf you conceal  
 For no one to view  
 Your eyes glancing to the right and left  
 Peculiar...a lioness prowling long thicket grass  
 Your prey any man searching on the prowl  
 Our pupils connect subconsciously,  
 Lasting – 1 millisecond  
 Toying with me...  
 Like an older sister's best friend  
 Building sensual tension with the younger brother  
 Observing this gentle creature,  
 My prey stands firm, with a fragrance of pleasant aroma  
 Glaze your lips with your tongue  
 Followed slowly by lip gloss  
 Creating your twinkling imprint with late night sky stars  
 My eyes traverse down  
 The body as if it were a distant highway

Taking my rest at every curve and u-turn  
 Remove a glove  
 Brush your finger tips through long blonde hair  
 Fixation came to the engagement in my left eye,  
 Finding a ring  
 Note to cock, a pleasurable challenge this will be  
 And I, the headmaster of home wreckers  
 In this forgotten city of players  
 You are now trapped  
 With your wandering eyes in a fixation  
 A smile upon your face stretches between cheeks  
 Ahh, tables have turned my fearful lioness  
 I, the King, have taken control of the pride  
 Cowering lioness, you shall fall into place, just as the rest  
 An uncomfortable look for power struggle  
 Appears in those light blues eyes, like sapphires in the sky  
 But still a smile, and what a smile you behold  
 With the edge of three white pearls worth the value of gold  
 Still, "Why do you smile?"  
 Don't you see, "I am the driver to this taxi of passion?"  
 "This sex train of ecstasy?"  
 And your discreet smile, somehow – shows control  
 Another stop approaches, time to make my finest move  
 In a capital moment  
 I begin... "Good"  
 Lioness speaks... "Bye"  
 She strolls off, wearing a grin and soft giggle,  
 Into a pedestrian crowded night  
 Queen bee made this player her worker of an evening blue  
 Looking back with one last glance, a fool  
 Fowl play fair lioness pulled  
 But, that's OK...

Oh well now...  
 Hello there little lovely two seats down the right...  
 Short skirt worn on your sweet little ass so tight  
 You're such a flirt walking this way  
 Yes. Come, stand by me.  
 Allow me to embrace your lingerie lines  
 Debauchee you may believe  
 But I'm not embarrassed of my sexuality –  
 Come, embrace me  
 Ah, oh yes, a wedding ring  
 You cover it with your other hand in this dim vicinity  
 Message to penis, this will be accomplished with ease...

## Color?

In short – color

What purpose beholds the name, color?

Held within boundaries of poetry

In this poet's eyes,

Questions will arise

To start

First,

As simple a question as color

Red – thrills, chance, hatred, romance

A ruby color of blood,

Racing in and out of my pumping

Heart

The color of lust

Most common – green and blue

Designated to grass and sky

But what makes the colors designated within my eye?

To be given an actual name?

The sound? An agreement?

What if I were to question the opposite of each –

Would this cause a collision of principles we teach?

White clouds –

Do they have to be designated a blinded colorless death?

Peach-toned skin, not even white –

In actuality is albino,

Or even clear piss transitioning yellow –

Why would I want to be named after piss?

Black or brown both designated to the color of skin-tones,

In comparison to the color of shit

Would anyone want to be compared to shit or piss?

Why is there association to color, when eyes are misled  
and segregate?

## Freedom Writers

I will be the voice lurking beneath obscurity  
 Not to live by deceit portrayed through society  
 Where people can't address their minds freely  
 With every entity  
 Speaking of controversies,  
 Allowing readers to examine their own methods of reality  
 Death, Greed, Envy, Lust, Power, Feelings, Famished...  
 Ideas of chivalry and grace vanquished  
 To gain some type of reaction – without one –  
 The sole purpose is deplete  
 Persecuted for a belief set on a verge of dwindling defeat  
 Like other countries who lost their right to speak.

I shall not hide behind closed wooden doors  
 Carrying allegation  
 With the fate of a silent man trapped in trepidation  
 The thought is toxic,  
 Burning me to foundation  
 Concealing myself from truth of words and innovation  
 Granting spectators wits and praise  
 This will not be a time for love and grace –  
 However, the obscenity of actuality  
 Holds the veracity of normality  
 A necessity to the very basis of existence  
 To question the community.

I envision a day language will play no importance  
 In an impression of time and space  
 Nor typical styles, rhythms, and rhyme  
 Need to be put in the right place

It is finally time to stand up,  
 Mirror the face of poetic disgrace  
 This day, instilled, to break from the norm in each case  
 Free the imaginations to a journey of verity  
 Create a style with vision and clarity  
 Break down the rigid walls and boundaries of poetry  
 And liberate our souls from the claustrophobia of decree  
 For now is the time to reveal a new side of life in writing.

**Nods**

Experimenting  
 All it was  
 Curiosity  
 In degree  
 Falling tragically  
 To a fault of conscious nods  
 Forget my lost desires  
 Lustful tastes deplete  
 When my heart is black-stopped  
 In a path over-fumed by  
 Injected love  
 Huffing vial filled paper bags  
 Sniffing off table tops  
 Bathroom stall toilet paper holders  
 A woman's breast  
 Smoking a life in between a state of  
 Passing through slow motion dreams  
 Like I'm living reality on the silver screen  
 And I scream  
 Loud and clear  
 In a coma-tose-state  
 Lost – confused  
 And I look up...

**Pure**

Hate amongst the weak  
 Thy heart longs for love  
 The future dims ever so bleak  
 As it follows the path of the ancient turtle dove  
 I cannot speak.

Hope can bring an abundance of peace  
 While all one can do is march  
 But who shall start this release –  
 However, it's wise to beware the Ides of March,  
 So does this mean we're all living free?

Few will allow the cause to stay  
 Though the past may seem tainted  
 Most will allow it to trail away  
 Future has the chance to be painted  
 Pure is what I wish to remain.

**PART II:  
Moments Transition To Memories**

*HAIKU, SENRYU, AND TANKA*  
*A Small Collection of Japanese Short Poems*

## **White Sands**

White sands curl between toes  
I, see baby crystals wash up coast  
Handprints remain, walk to sea

## **Haiku**



## Beauty Rests

Beauty rests inside bird's minds  
Singing somber songs to ease painful hearts  
And fly again eternal clouds

## I Walk

I walk the constructive black-top  
Resting behind meander thoughts forming this poem  
Remember – pardoned, poetry comes first

## My Sense

My sense of lyrical syllables  
Waste aside of a free flowing mind  
And I whisper good bye

## A Leaf

A leaf flowed down stream  
A twig flowed up stream the bog  
How's this makes time-full sense

## Broken Heart

My broken heart led Tuesday  
And you awoke my drive with flare  
Embers burn, don't rest still

## Could You

Could you be granted time  
In the awakening of a monastery dream  
Is this question of being?

## Prejudice

Prejudice, souls grant me words  
To hear your argument and learn, to  
Help you understand – lost clarity

## Wisdom Falls

Wisdom falls from Martyr's eyes  
Stars shadow a flare behind the sun  
Love desires half the trinity

## **I Seek Courage**

I seek courage behind angel's  
Eyes. Together forging a compassionate nature array  
Trapped in purgatory's endless abyss

## **Hear the Music**

Can you hear the music?  
Transforming ideas strayed from opinions imagined,  
salvaged,  
Reckoned poetic demeanors become envisioned

## Visions

Visions settle slowly deep pit  
Yet, my questions ponder confusion leading disarray  
Gaze right, slowly left – wake

## Senryu

## Show Paths

Show paths – truth, honesty, compassion  
And, together, we'll discover a revealing path  
Eyes open, no sight, breath

## Adoration

I've called to your adoration  
"Cheers to Love!" within a squandering crowd  
Here lies a lonely soul

## **Fawn Carcass**

Trucks drive across fawn carcass  
Not one guilty human plead in forgiveness  
“Defendants innocent, court is adjourned”

## **Holding Hands**

Walking by creek, holding hands  
We watched crystal embers burn in hearts  
Temptation whispers seduction, hearts break



## **If I Ask**

If I ask yesterday, speak  
If I plead again today, gently sing  
If I pardon tomorrow – slap

## **Breathe Wind**

Breathe wind, flowing gentle dreams  
Close eyes, hands fold, reminisce in grace  
Darkness and silence patiently await

## **Distant Dreamers**

We – but the distant dreamers  
Left to envision half blinded saintly futures  
Dumpster dining, pissing on walls

## **He Stood**

He stood on the wall,  
Uncle embraced arms, head rested on heart  
Rain falls for the future

J. A. McGovern

## **Destined Eloquence**

Your body radiates destined eloquence  
Nightly verses softly whispered between our legs  
Ashamed a fruitful heart waste

**Tanka**

## River Paths

I walk down river paths  
Climb the peaks of wild cat-skill ranges  
Swim great coral reef depths  
To explore the entity inside my soul  
Searching a place where my heart belongs

## Look Past

Look past escalated aggression, transcribe  
Into countless tender moments, colorless but fond,  
Search beyond dutiful deceit, conquest  
Into plentiful rosebuds created in time, place  
The ever-longing bee, conceal, bloom, new beginnings

## Rapture!

Rapture! Everlasting souls of womb  
Timely blessings have been attained, patience, truth –  
Rapture! Guilty souls question tomb  
Sorrowful tidings depart beings beyond nature, man –  
Split, indecision, just bestow upon all hearts

## Agile Intentions

Sit, patient with agile intentions  
Await unknowing prey to approach the path  
Trusting prey's ignorance to betray  
Cold, deathly stares churn, begin to pass  
Time – taunt, approach, ready, Attack! Predator dead

## **Song for the Soul**

Song for the soul spreads  
Clear into the valley of eternal dreams  
Unconceivable, but believed by many  
Will you set the bar achieving the  
Impossible, where everyone falls to faithless reality

## **Blind Man**

Blind man walked slick city  
Streets, praying for food and personal retribution  
Found curb to rest induced  
By an ungracious public and cried, "Walk  
Past and I cry again." Enlightenment found

## Dusty Table Tops

Crowded room, dusty table tops  
Rusty cobwebs contain corners, ants collect six  
Month old crumbs to nourish  
Their hungry nest, passing pale fainted man  
Face down, six months, overlooking fate's glimpse

## Blue Wall

Picture hangs on blue wall  
Resembling a forgotten heritage in the mountains  
Appalachia: mountaineers, scalers, adventurers, farmers,  
All resulting in a slow streamed path  
Searching for one common goal – purpose, life

## Baby Sparrows

Baby sparrows rest in nest  
Patiently waiting the day they learn flight  
Mother protects as feathers grow  
Grow plump, wing movement forms in balance  
Sunday, shine, mother kicks out, now fly

## Hitchhiker

Fast cars race by, I -  
Hitchhike. Making my way to New Mexico  
Clean air, mountaineering, starry nights  
Making my way to New Mexico in  
A fast car - shall arrive no time



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

J.A. McGovern is a published poet, songwriter, and independent filmmaker. A graduate, with a bachelor's degree in forensic science - chemistry focus with criminal justice minor, J.A. McGovern currently works as an analytical inorganic chemist. Founder and curator of the literary art anthology "Perception" his artistic team has received multiple nominations and awards for their work. In 2018, J.A. McGovern received an American Songwriting Award for lyrics in folk music, for his independent film's title song, "All Over Again." "Words Left Unspoken" is J.A. McGovern's first poetry collection publication.



We hope you enjoyed reading J.A. McGovern's "WORDS LEFT UNSPOKEN" Please order additional print copies from <https://anamcara-press.com/> or from your favorite bookseller and leave a review for Joseph McGovern on your favorite bookseller's website!

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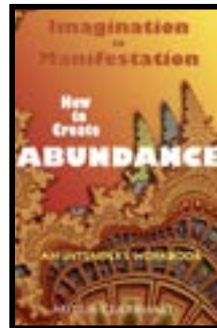
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