

Poetry Series

**Benjamin Feliciano**  
**- poems -**

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## Benjamin Feliciano(January 2,1991)

Benjamin is currently 19 years of age. He enjoys photography, reading, writing, graphic design, running, orange juice, music of all genres other than country, foreign films, zombie movies of any quality, and trying to figure out who he is.

With poetry inspired by a slew of the usual outlets (girls, spirituality, and failure) Benjamin claims that his goal in writing poetry is 'to say the things that have already been said in ways they haven't been said'.

Benjamin's greatest desire is that he would be noticed and admired for his poetry one day.

## [ng In Love] Her Thoughts Among The Fields

I love the way she looks when her eyes are distant,  
Her thoughts escaping through the window,  
Scattered across the field, blossoming with depth.  
Worth more than beauty (although she has both)  
Is the wisdom that drips from her lips.  
She's running this race beside me, our pace, with haste,  
Leads us closer to God.  
She is unreal, an abstract painting, this moment surreal.  
It awes me that she reciprocates the feelings I have for her.  
I'm starting to expect the unexpected,  
For who would have thought that she could see something in me?  
So flawed, I'm like a mirror shattered by fault.  
Her's and the hands of God aptly replacing my puzzled persona.  
I'm grateful to have met her, as much as I am for breath.  
Between life without or demise to be with,  
I'd unhesitatingly choose death.  
For better than where we are is where we'll both be,  
After earthly life's end.  
I'm blessed to call, both her and God, a friend.

Benjamin Feliciano

## [ In Love] Forgot To Say

Her eyes pierce me like a sword to the chest,  
Infecting my heart with ache.  
Subtle, sweet, and sublime I'm hooked by one look,  
Because that's all that it takes.  
A wavy smile rolls across her lips,  
And the motion pulls me under.  
The rolling ocean of her face,  
Cannot be shaken by thunder.  
For she is more than decibels,  
No sound could quite compare.  
That mortal being is allowed to view her,  
Doesn't quite seem fair.  
Her silky silver hair,  
Is the lining of which is spoken.  
Nature itself would suffer,  
Should her heart ever be broken.  
The clouds would weep and earth would tremble,  
Should she feel an ounce of pain.  
This is no ordinary girl,  
This is no common dame.  
So high above my worth,  
I'm astonished to be seen at all.  
Yet somehow I find favor in those eyes,  
The ones that beckon and call.  
That any adoration of mine would be returned,  
Confound this foolish boy.  
So when I learned it was reciprocated,  
My heart erupted with joy.  
My only hope now is that this will not fade,  
For that would tear me in two.  
There's one more thing I forgot to mention,  
This beautiful girl is you.

Benjamin Feliciano

## [ng Apart] Constellations

The music stops and I'm left alone in this silence.  
No words left to pronounce my demise.  
You always say the sweetest things when its too late.  
I'm screaming so quiet, no one hears this now.  
I grit and clench and pull, running so hard,  
My cardiac detonation suspends my escape.  
Constellations of you and I quickly falling from the sky.  
'He's lost his joy' she says, as she draws life from the world.  
'Liken here to my lost illumination' says he as his dreams take phoenix form.

Benjamin Feliciano

# [ng Me, Forgetting You] I'M Alright

And I thought you were perfect,  
I finally felt worth it.  
And then you let me down just like the rest.  
I thought that it could work,  
But then you went with that jerk;  
And now I'm here again, writing love songs that you'll never hear me sing.

: Chorus:

When did it all come down,  
Around your pretty head?  
These days I groan aloud,  
But no longer wish I'm dead.  
You don't have that power,  
To cut me quite as deep;  
As you used to when my heart was yours,  
Before you met that creep.  
And I sing 'do you? '  
Do you, remember, remember me the way I remember?  
I remember you.

Can you recall, how I offered you my all?  
Will I, will I ever learn from this?  
Seems like no matter how I'm hurt,  
The lesson never sticks.  
Some say, some say,  
That they understand this pain.  
No way, No way,  
Will I ever be the same.  
Betrayed, betrayed.  
Our hearts are walls.  
Inflamed, inflamed.  
Still you act as though you have no flaws.  
(When did it hit you?)

: Chorus:

Benjamin Feliciano

## 6th Floor Girl

It has been said that honesty  
Is more important than originality;  
That being honest will honestly  
Show to be more original than farce.  
So will speak with brevity and no metaphor,  
When I say I am endangering my heart.  
There is a girl a year my junior,  
Who I've been told is nothing of good news.  
Yet, a chemistry I detect (though, is suspect)  
Moves my forlorn soul to want  
That which is said to be only love's coy taunt.  
Confounding the most benign of intentions,  
Damn these hypocritical conventions!  
I lay in self-denial of desire,  
But my chest is burning with a consistent fire.  
Alas I will, perhaps for once, take advice,  
Rather than commit myself (again) so readily to vice.  
To the beauty I will never know,  
Read these words in metered show.  
See that I would weigh cost versus crush,  
And likely continue questioning the probability of loss.  
I enter my mind to seek restoration of balance,  
I just ask that you recall our one dance.

Benjamin Feliciano

## 794

I cannot fall in love again,  
I do not think I'm able.  
For I gave what was myself to her,  
And now I am unstable.  
I am to blame for what's become,  
None but myself at fault.  
I've fled 794 miles from my guilt,  
But it only took three weeks to get caught.  
I miss our constant bickering,  
I miss our making plans.  
I miss discussing literature,  
I miss her saying I liked stupid bands.  
Looking around at status quo,  
I wish I could go back.  
But because I cannot fix the past,  
Any hope for a future I lack.

Benjamin Feliciano



# A Clever Play On Words

This bizarre monotony of attempted success,  
Becomes the desideration of all forays.  
Night after night I scribble madness,  
Etched into my brain, but always gone before day.  
Deny any faith in intellectual riposte,  
For no barriers separate the friend from the faux.  
My thoughts: waves forever crashing against the worldly coast,  
My resolve: a hut against which the hurricane winds blow.  
This rhythmic mental race implodes time in upon its self,  
The seconds ticking faster than they should.  
An unsteady adrenaline rush and a fault line creases my head, I need help!  
Too busy fixing others, doubt if I asked they would.  
I knew I never should have tried to start,  
This panicked, written charade.  
Attempting to expose what ails my heart,  
When despite what I do the hope fades.  
What's stained should be clean, and what's clean is not me.

Benjamin Feliciano

# A Poetry Self History

Poetry was vague and beautiful when I was young.  
I would write fanciful rhyming stanzas about trees and germs  
To show proudly to engineer dad and artist mum.  
I felt unique to be in 3rd grade walking around  
With a composition notebook and a pen,  
Journaling my dreams and scribbling poetry.  
A few years thereafter my nuclear family had a meltdown,  
And I learned a bit about life.  
My writing reflected this in anger and confusion.  
I possess little if anything I wrote during this time,  
For I often tore these pages from my journals in frustration.  
High school came around, and life had settled down.  
My writing then drew inspiration from whatever girl  
Controlled my world, and whatever faith I once had.  
College life turned into real life,  
When I got a job and dropped out.  
Poetry was written while high or drunk,  
Either going up or coming down.  
Girls and life and sanity became my topics of choice.  
Now I paste this book together, it is time to give my life it's voice.  
It has just begun I know, and I am but 19 years old,  
But in this my final year of teen life,  
It finally feels right.

Benjamin Feliciano

# A Wallet With Memories, Not Money

Is it better to never have made any lasting memories,  
And be completely detached from life and lovers and friends?  
Or to fabricate circumstance and chance in an effort to romance  
The mind into believing there can be any hope to recover days or make amends?

To this I have no answer, because I am slave to both ideals,  
Both benign and malignant in result and consequence;  
Neither heart nor brain attend to the other's appeals.  
For logic says to remain stoic and distant and alone and... safe;  
While love says to embrace things as they are and to live for today.  
Born a natural cynic with a penchant for soft lyric and fine company,  
A man of moral dilemma am I, underestimating the sway that she  
Had on the every opinion and thought and emotion that made me.  
Yet indeed at this point I am somewhat reassured, with fair opportunity  
For new lives and new lovers and new friends and new, me.

Benjamin Feliciano

# All The Way To Denver

Wherein does the point lay in continuing to express my love to her?  
An evening spent in a driveway led her to confess she was no longer sure  
Of whether or not her feelings were romantic.  
Though outside calm, inside I became frantic.  
How long had I spent by her side?  
Through my girls and her guys,  
Through our mistakes and my lies.  
True, I was to blame for the dysfunction of our relationship,  
But a boy she knew 8 months or less can replace all it?  
Who am I apart from her, and where then shall I stand?  
In spite of living two states away, I still feel my heart beat in her hand.  
I hear she fell in love anew,  
If I could live as the reader not the writer I would live vicariously through  
you.  
For that way this would bear no semblance to my own existence,  
And I could leave these words behind as soon as I backspaced this.  
Instead I'm left convincing myself I'm fine,  
While where she is now seems another place, another time.  
My dearest Marie, I know not what to ask.  
So instead I present this poem, quite possible my last  
Addressed to you, although many more may come.  
Because no matter how far from me you are, the labor of my heart is not yet  
done.  
One day, perhaps in resignation I'll lapse.  
And with infinite contrition collapse.  
As I realize I've finally given up on you,  
And recognize my fantasies were never true.  
The blame I take upon myself,  
Is that of my actions and my wealth  
Of inefficiencies in the field of lover.  
For twas I who doomed us apart from one other.  
With love I take my leave again:  
Your greatest adversary, your greatest friend.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Alliteration Experimentation

Lying here utterly longing not to lose what has already been lost.  
Ample ambiance to illuminate my awestruck artificial art.  
Fighting false freedom to fend off folding faith.  
Endless endorphins setting everyone up to fail inevitably.  
Weary winged waste, waiting to flee this world.  
No dirt of dirty dazed dupes 'dealing' with the world by shutting it out.  
Ah, am I all alone in my aimless alliteration to achieve the written form of my aches?  
Yes, but I yearn to yield to you all I write of.  
Barely beat but broken by bestial behavior.  
Now nearing what never should have been.  
Unoriginal undertone usurping long upheld laws.  
Can't cry, its a man's creed.  
Pride is more powerfully important in this situation....  
Right?  
How then should I react when hatred is happily heaped on my head?

Benjamin Feliciano

# An Idyllic Idiosyncrasy

With a finger to her lips she signaled to be silent.  
A tacit statement synonymous to a secret love.  
Only with eyes she spoke to abate my concerns.  
Virtuous fidelity to be lauded and admired.  
A commitment to solidarity in a fashionable form.  
Therein a desired fabric ne'er to be torn.  
A hand to support her cheek as she leans into me.  
Ambiance fades to null and stretches to infinity.  
The universe disappears, I focus on singularity.  
Cartographers cannot aspire to chart such affinity.  
An untitled symphony, residing in infamy,  
Wrapped in epiphany, and divulged through hinting.  
An ample amiable argot heard only by those who hear,  
Seen only by those who see.  
All that which is or can be,  
Contained and compressed furtively.  
Implicit in nature and understood by only her,  
And only me.

Benjamin Feliciano

# An Irregular Evening

Oh my careless indecency,  
You've cost me more than planned.  
Forsaken are the methods I once employed,  
In order to appease the legitimacy of structure.  
Perhaps, if arranged as an epitaph

I've clicked my heels,  
But I'm still not home yet.  
In fact, I'm everything but.

No that surely won't do,  
The effeminate allusion to dear old D,  
Only manages to further obfuscate the point.  
I've got a contortionist for a heart,  
And a ceaseless grinding in my head.  
Another pointless move brings me closer to forfeit,  
And these gasping wounds spew life like geysers.  
Faithfully departing from average delineation,  
And left to limn my most favorite lies a fortiori.

Benjamin Feliciano

# An Ugly Place

There are times when I go somewhere in my mind.  
Outside, things move slowly and I watch.  
My eyes ache from leering at the clock.  
Thoughts echo.

Benjamin Feliciano



## And A Dog

I feel an aching want for a green yard and white picket fence.  
That right there is bliss.  
A minivan and 2.5 kids?  
Oh yea...  
But a a step-ford wife?  
Not a chance.  
I want a girl with brains, who would rather read tennyson than meyers.  
I want a girl who couldn't cook an egg.  
I want a girl who laughs and makes me laugh.  
I want a girl as flawed and broken as I am,  
With our cracks that can only be filled with one another.

Benjamin Feliciano

# And At The Close Of The Day, No One Cared

I've too much to say and no way to say it.  
I refuse to spit my story with the same venom as I used to.  
I'm a ruined man, but its not a financial matter.  
I rip the flesh of my throat from the inside.  
Failing still to explain the horror.  
The gears inside are grinding, no longer well oiled, but still just a machine.  
The meter is filling, the steam it rises.  
I slam my fist down on the floor, to resonate with my plight.  
The inverse of all my hopes squared is greater than or equal to a reason to off myself.  
Am I at least mentioned in this book?  
An asterisk in fine print?  
I've forgotten why I'm fighting,  
And examine my bleeding fists amused.  
We the great, we the fallen, rise unconventionally.  
Glistening with remorse, the echo is too much to bear.  
Scratching and clawing at great,  
Tripping upon our own confronted lies.  
Ripping expectations from procedures,  
And throwing the book away.  
Backing away from the stage and all that's been arranged.  
Retching up sanity into an abysmal pile.  
Tears flay the face but still I finish my task.  
This must be accomplished, by my hands or another.  
Cowardice corrupts the plans and the belt is loosened from my neck.  
Tonight won't be the hour I rush toward my death.  
Sooner would be better but some things cannot be rearranged.  
I couldn't even kiss her, I'd have lingered too long.  
So winds the path I'm on, chilling air, setting sun, screaming skin, burning tongue.  
Two hundred and twenty three is a long journey,  
Two hundred and four from me.  
Too scared to draw my straw, I've come up short before,  
And memories make me loathsome all the more.  
I'd forgotten whats important, when whats important became you.  
Failed beyond redemption, although many would claim otherwise.  
I know too well that time has put me here.  
Rotten words whose pungent smell corrupt pulchritudinous recollections are all that can float from my fingertips these days.

Forgetting the former joys and forsaking the possibility of aid.

By this inescapable reasoning, I'm ruefully scathed.

Stop the breathing. Stop the breathing. Stop the breathing stop the breathing  
stop the breathing stop the breathing stop the breathing stop the...

Just stop.

Please, just stop.

Benjamin Feliciano

## Appreciation, Yours Or Mine?

'Ben, check out the sky, it's this really weird blue.'  
I turn away from the article I'm writing to look,  
But all I see is a familiar face:  
It is Evening and I know his soft colors.  
Every work day I see them on the other side of the horizon.  
Some times I am too tired to lift my eyes,  
But others we share a silent reverie  
As I acknowledge Mornings' subtle gradation  
And the mercy of warmth that slowly rises.  
'Cool, ' I say, 'looks nice.'  
'Whatever, you can't appreciate it.'  
I let out a little laugh and smile,  
Thinking of the sky.

Benjamin Feliciano

## At A Show

You sing loudly along with the crowd and with the band.  
You lose track of your voice and forget what you sound like.  
You leave a little bit of who you are behind,  
Mingled in the sweat and scent of beer.  
Sometimes it just feels so damn good to be no one.  
And everyone you hated and judged from afar becomes you,  
And you them.  
And you're no one, but you're everyone.  
And the pushing and churning in the center of the floor is you.  
It's your thoughts, your anger, your desire to belong.  
You are the centrifuge that separates fate and free will.  
You are an ill-fated, free-thinking, all-encompassing truth;  
And you are fiction.  
You are the obnoxious pre-teen, the jaded hipster,  
The hot tween that doesn't actually know the band but makes good eye candy,  
You are the side pit-er who maintains a safe perimeter,  
You are the one who falls,  
And you are the one who helps the fallen;  
You are everything, and you are nothing.  
At the end of the night you are wind that turns sweat  
Into an icy coolant that sends chills down spines  
But feels like a sacred blessing known only by you.  
You are nothing but yourself,  
And everyone else.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Awaiting Execution

Scorned. That ought to be my name.  
Constantly and consistently confused,  
By the fact that she reels and rejects,  
All within the same day.  
My eyes burn like the first time I died,  
And my hands shake like the second.  
I've resisted as long my heart will allow,  
But the days of that are fading fast.  
The light in your eyes grows dim.  
I feel harvested, you took a sickle to my soul,  
Then left me bound alone in the empty plains of remorse.  
Its like autumn in this love,  
And we're losing color and falling.  
Divided like a fraction,  
Most days we don't even talk.  
I haven't felt you close in weeks,  
Even though I've kissed your lips.  
I only see my love for you,  
You're seeing other guys.  
There is no time to dance even though the band is playing.  
I'm barred by the screams of a past not forgotten,  
And the dour days ahead only complicate  
The way I feel in the here and now.  
I know what I wanted and what I want,  
But you're losing sight of what I hoped was important.  
So I'm losing sight of you.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Between Welton And California

Sitting in ink and waiting for her call.  
Wondering if she plans to show at all.  
Mind focused on the things presently at hand.  
I think thirty minutes is all I can stand.  
Seven minutes later she showed, covered in tats.  
We sat at talked and time moved fast.  
When I walked her to her car we shared stories and smoked.  
This blind date turned out better than I had hoped...

Benjamin Feliciano

# Birds And Sycamore Trees

I send her the same text message  
Every night before I go to sleep.  
It is a line from an Armstrong song  
Called 'Dream A Little Dream Of Me.'  
This morning she said she did.  
She sat sketching on the hill where we went,  
That sunny day in the park.  
I was at first just a shadow standing above her,  
Until I offered my hand.  
She stood and spoke,  
In the language of dreams.  
Then we danced on the hill,  
'Til she woke from sunbeams.

Benjamin Feliciano



# Brave Adonis

Gallant young man barbed with life,  
You have taken something of mine.  
Swept it away on your trusty steed,  
And rode off upon a high horse indeed.  
Brave young man blessed with handsome beauty,  
You are marked with committing this atrocity.  
A theft so bold in it's undertaking,  
You pilfered it away without the owner waking.  
Beware young man so cunning in his eyes,  
This one is not foolish enough to be bought by lies.  
She is well aware of the surroundings,  
Twas twice her idea than you are thinking.  
Heed young man blessed with arrogance,  
Her forked tongue speaks with eloquence.  
One who spurns love for the pursuit of lust,  
Hath no inhibitions, and toys with your trust.  
Boorish young man proud of your endeavor,  
May she who left me for you, devour you forever.  
For though now you are as Adonis,  
You are destined for Prometheus.

Benjamin Feliciano

## Brevity And Gravity

Sometimes I look at people and wonder,  
Not what they are thinking, but if they are thinking.  
Woman on the train, are you remembering?  
Man on the street, do you reminisce?  
Child on the bus, are you imagining?  
Or do your eyes rest placidly,  
And you look to space for only a vacuum?  
Do you look at nothing to see only nothing?

Benjamin Feliciano

# Brick Wall

Diet Pepsi and a cigarette.  
A turkey and pastrami sandwich  
Digesting in my stomach.  
Thirty minutes still to kill  
With Rivers Cuomo pining in my headphones.  
It is warm and sunny for December  
And the red black and blue flannel I am wearing is slowly overheating.  
I can close my eyes in rest or write,  
It always comes down to this.  
I think about how the holidays used to mean something to me,  
Now they are just a day off of work.  
This week will pass and I'll have survived  
Another busy but pointless and fleeting year.  
I am not devastated by seasonal depression or anything,  
I am simply bored.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Bullets

Have we fired all the bullets?  
Has every shell clattered down?  
Tell me what remnant is in the calm  
Where heavy breathing resounds.  
Hammers click echoes  
Through emptied smokey chambers.  
While gripping souls let go,  
Of the bodies they endangered.  
Wrecked piles of writhing mass,  
With a human form no more.  
Pop to see who stands last,  
Until the casings hit the floor.

Hit the basics in the basest of forms  
While the bass hits in showers and storms.  
Fear facing the casings still warm  
Mind racing to times I was warned.

Nude perversion in words and on page,  
Taste aversion diverting perceptions unstaged.  
Contract and redact didactic memory haze.  
Step to the street and disappear for days.  
Lost.  
But the memories blaze.  
Run.  
A poluted people maze.

Hit the basics in the basest of forms  
While the bass hits in showers and storms.  
Fear facing the casings still warm  
Mind racing to times I was warned.

Warned not to partake of these fruits,  
False promises posing as truths.  
Boys acting like militant troops,  
But all of this time they've been duped.

Benjamin Feliciano

# But It Is The First

I'll maybe miss the fireworks,  
But I'm surely missing you.  
Temperature too cool out  
And there are sirens in the background.  
I know you're busy  
Hosting parties of three and five,  
But I wish you here before the storm breaks,  
And sends raindrops like shivers  
Down ours spines.  
I do hope you call soon.

Benjamin Feliciano

## Butter And Salt, For The Record

Rice takes far too long to cook.  
Here I sit fabricating thoughts  
To try to put down cohesively.  
Awaiting the pleasant abdominal warmth.  
Milk, butter, and sugar?  
Butter and salt?  
Soy sauce?  
I sip my pineapple Jarritos  
And think of the combinations.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Characters Are Chemicals

People are predictable,  
If you know what to look for.  
Love is just dopamine, serotonin, and adrenaline.  
All desires are your sense of entitlement,  
Telling you to want more.  
When you understand something you kill it,  
Stealing its' magic  
Robbing its' mystery.  
Do you understand me?

Benjamin Feliciano

# Cigarette Break, Sans Newports

This weather is perfect.

I could lay bare on the grass and in the sun

To delight in the breeze flying in from the mountains.

My mind is void of music which would hope to bounce around my head,

Obstructing clarity and thought.

I have but fifteen minutes on my break.

I find myself tucking in my shirt and straightening my sleeves

As I re-enter the building and return to my desk.

I wish I was playing soccer.

Benjamin Feliciano



## Classic Rabbit Mob

Don't don't fall for her,  
That's what I keep hearing.  
Her reputation precedes her,  
'A girl not gentle with hearts.'  
But two dates in,  
Are two already racing.  
She likes me.  
And for now,  
That is enough.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Clumsy Little Raindrops

There is rain falling.

I am one of them:

One of the many drops leaving imprints on the floor,  
Slowly swallowed up... muddled and covered by a thousand more.

What is the point of my story?

Between two trees is a blank and dry spot,  
As though inviting me to join it, and I do.

That is where I sit now as I write this,  
Hoping to leave an imprint of my own.

Benjamin Feliciano

## Codename: Suzy Q

I woke up saturday morning, she had spent the night.  
I was content with a lazy day of movie watching and cuddling.  
Codename: Suzy Q was feeling adventurous and hungry.  
So we ate Grand Slams at a Denny's and drove out to Boulder.  
She showed me her favorite book store and bought a book that I suggested.  
We walked close together along the Pearl Street Mall,  
Stopping to watch the street performers.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Cough Drops And Condoms

Do you remember the first conversation we had?  
I came into the store to buy a purple Mountain Dew.  
We joked about the array of condoms beside the register.  
How could one think to purchase one nonchalantly  
In the convenience store in the lobby of their own apartment?  
Would they try to toss it in between their snacks and cough drops?  
Slide it in amongst their many purchases?  
I remained there talking to you  
As long as the patience of the group I was with lasted,  
Paid for my drink,  
Then left.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Curtain Call

No words to portray the absence of an audible audience of condemnation,  
The theater is silent.

No stones are cast today, they have become indifferent.

They have seen me perform before, this is nothing new.

'What? ' I gasp, 'where have my fans gone?

This was once the highlight of the night,

When I collapse to confession, belaboring myself in contrition and seeking  
recompense for my abundance of stigmatic short-comings.'

My chant echoes again and again, reverberating off their silent mouths and  
empty eyes.

'Cheer for me! I've taken my bow, (to my knees of course) the show is  
complete! '

Breathless from the act, I look up, expecting applause.

There came no reply.

'I demand that I be heard! '

My exaction garnered only silence.

'Will no one revere me? '

Hush.

'Damn you! Damn you to hell! '

Stillness.

I weep.

'I need this, I need you! Need me! Need me! Need me!

Quiet, oh the aching quiet.

'Please? Please need me, want me, love me.'

Naught but ringing.

A return to my knees.

'Please...? '

A weak mumble is all that escapes.

I attempt to recover.

'Dance! That is what you want no? I will dance, I will dance again! Come, see me  
dance! '

The crowd is as unmoving as stone, giving me no quarter.

'I will dance, you will see, you will love me again.'

'Here here, what now? A rabbit from my hat? Madness you say? Impossible? Not  
for me! Impressive no? '

The desperation is evidence that I have become no more than a shell.

Begging.

Groveling.

Pleading.

Dying.

Withering without approval like a zinnia without sun.

I.

Have finally.

Gone mad.

The curtain closes as I prepare to dive from from a chair, restrained by a rope.

The scene has ended, and all that is heard is the sound of twine growing taught.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Daddy Issues

I found a book on the bus.  
It was a thin 'Wild West' themed novel written in Spanish.  
It smelled like the cologne my father wore  
When I was young.  
Funny I should feel inclined to note that,  
And strange to have thought to say  
'Mi padre' instead.  
I can't say I'm in touch with my roots,  
When I can scarcely stumble through the language.  
I wish I did, I can say that much,  
But I've never made much effort.  
It's hard to show an interest in the land of your father,  
When your father never showed interest in you.  
I long to proudly say 'soy boricua'  
And recite ethnic traditions, but I have none;  
Save for the food my mother learned to cook  
While she lived on the island.  
I see my father everywhere,  
In the faces of strangers  
And in their salt and pepper hair.  
But despite my thoughts of boy scouts  
And father/sun outings,  
I'm now a young man and on my own at 19.  
It's never too late to get back in touch,  
But after years of hatred,  
I've just given up.  
I stopped hating him,  
If only to save the effort.  
I can't remember why I started...  
And only aching is the remnant.  
I know there were arguments  
And that sometimes I was wrong,  
My irrational mistreatment of him  
Mostly stemmed from angry music.  
Something about the glorification of 'daddy issues'  
Got me caught up in the fuss,  
And things were made worse by my actions  
And lack of trust.  
I missed our nuclear family,

I missed my sense of security.  
And when everything went to court  
Things got dirty.  
'Choose a parent', 'choose a side'.  
Everyone was caught up in their own sense of pride.  
Money is no object,  
When you objectify your kids.  
Constantly slandering each other,  
That's not how I wanted to live!  
I love my mom and knew I'd choose her from the start,  
But when I told my dad I hated him,  
I saw it break his heart.  
Why am I so distraught  
Over some old western novel?  
I guess it has to do with me being another boring writer,  
Who's upset about his relationship with his father.

Benjamin Feliciano



# Danger, My First Song

I think every child  
Starts with the belief  
That they can do anything.  
They keep this idea wrapped inside themselves,  
Deciding what it is that they want to be.  
For years they secretly entertain fantasies  
Of living out this dream.  
They save this hope and it builds and builds  
Until at last they are ready to chase it;  
Thus they produce something.  
This first attempt is less to test their ability  
And more to test the response they get.  
'Since when have you wanted to be X? '  
Is not the one they're looking for and yet,  
It is usually the first they receive.  
The response is what they are interested in  
And will determine if they keep trying or not.  
Be very careful with your child's dreams,  
For many can remember when one of theirs was squelched.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Dark Dawn On The Bus

Today I saw the bright moon  
And was reminded of you.  
She was resting softly on clouds  
And pulled the horizon up to her chin.  
To my right the sun was just awakening,  
Pushing back his covers.  
Trees grew black and their features were lost in the dim light  
While headlights, white and red  
Chased up and down the freeway.  
As nocturnal thoughts dissolved,  
By bitter cold I was stung.  
I found myself sitting half asleep,  
Between the moon; between the sun.

Benjamin Feliciano

## Dear Casie: A Letter From Erato

Life is a play, and not just on words.  
Do your best, tell fate 'do your worst! '  
Take the stage, and do something unscripted.  
Love isn't just one chance, you haven't missed it.  
Dive into a new intellect and rush headlong  
Like a fountain of youth.  
Protect yourself, help others, and seek truth.  
Reorganize your thoughts, and compile your theories.  
Figure out your goals, and start thinking clearly.  
Prepare a case to present to yourself,  
You needn't convince me of your sanity.  
Find something that fills you life long, find no joy in brevity.  
Chase me down the corridors and canals of your mind.  
Seek me out!  
I am waiting to be romanced and long to remove your blind.  
You will not search in vain, please rest assured.  
Greatness awaits you, I give you my word.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Dissatisfied

A song is stuck in my head.  
I'm not even sure it exists.  
I try to think of anything else,  
But still this tune persists.  
Heavy snow falls from the sky,  
It is the first of winter.  
I did not bring a warm jacket,  
For I did not believe the forecast.  
Now I breathe steam,  
And wonder how long this storm will last.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Don'T Ask, Don'T Tell

'Just stop asking why', silence fills the room

I try so hard, to write out memories that become

The deficit of the endless deceit on either side.

We squeeze the juicy details on an apparent canvas of 'raw' emotions.

I'm a fool, penning away these hellish heart breaks.

Wasted, wanton, and weary I come, expecting help.

Instead I'm handed a mask and asked to join.

Incapable of seeing through this vindictive veil,

But forced again like cattle to lift hands and bow heads.

A manufactured worship, with prayers that hit the ceiling

And return as empty echos.

What and where is true restoration?

The only gods here I see here are the ones they exalt,

The music, the eloquence, and themselves.

Yet my own chant of 'hypocrites' hits a mirror somewhere,

And I see I am the same.

A porcelain smile and a few tears for penance.

Here I stand, as sick of myself as I am of you.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Duely Noted

I need this like a blank slate.  
A wide and aching space with softly lit streets.  
Here there are traces of your pleasant presence.  
Straining to catch a whisper of regret as you replace me.  
Did I mistake forever, or just neglect it?  
You desire from me what I am loathe to give,  
A life apart is difficult to live.  
The only option you allow.  
You want me to move on, but how?  
When all I've pursued for nigh upon four years,  
Is suggesting that I sever all bonds but one.  
Rather than rejoice that not all is lost,  
I am tormented by what my foolishness has cost.  
An inexorable fact compresses all emotion to one.  
What you've left behind runs through my veins,  
And I cannot dismiss the thoughts of you as though it is done.  
There exist a billion questions with no answer,  
With you in mind, a trillion more.  
Oh! How you dispel my advances yet remain,  
A coquette with a scholar's brain.  
For endless nights after I'll writhe with discontent,  
At the cause of mistakes, and life, and fate which prevent.  
How inglorious and unjust, to deny what we know ought to be.  
There is no doubt of my love for you, nor your love for me.  
I beg at last a final plea,  
To never cease your love.  
For I'd rather be shackled to loss,  
Than gain isolation with the 'gift' of being freed.

Benjamin Feliciano

## Eighty-Nine Cent Cashews

As my verbal incoherence might suggest,  
You make me rather nervous.  
I turn slightly, to be in your line of sight,  
Trying not to seem like I'm doing it on purpose.  
Standing in line to buy my cashews,  
I shuffle self-consciously.  
Rustling my dollar bill to catch your eye,  
Happens almost involuntarily.  
I stumble to get out a 'hello',  
But nothing escapes my lips.  
There you stood, glancing casually at a jar labeled 'tips'.  
As passe as it sounds:  
I think I've died and gone to heaven...  
Because no where else on earth,  
Do girls this good-looking work at 711.

Benjamin Feliciano

## Eleven To Five

Sure, I remember the feel of her lips  
And the weight of her body upon me.  
I couldn't forget the twist of her hips,  
Or above all how she would sing.  
She would pause mid kiss to croon along  
With whatever iTunes had played on shuffle.  
Her voice shot shivers as sure as ice  
Cascading down my spine.  
She eyed me in the dark  
And I melted to her humming Arcade Fire.

Benjamin Feliciano



# Erratum

Not to state the obvious so soon,  
But my problem is me.  
I am my own ailment,  
And I am the reason I vomit every morning.  
Only yesterday I stood upon the precipice,  
Awaiting right or wrong.  
All was tranquil turmoil,  
As my mistakes began their song.  
They whispered their names,  
And glorified their vanities.  
'Again! ' They chanted with poise.  
The new misogynist hates not for inequality,  
But for cause of justified distaste of a deceitful gender.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Every Yearbook Burns

I'm young enough to believe in immortality,  
I hear I'm not the only one.  
To hope that I will live to see change,  
Is to keep faith it can be done.  
Memories are left behind  
As I realize we can't rewind.  
For what will 'most likely to...' get you  
When you cannot change their minds?  
Time will march and clocks will tick,  
It is pointless to try to fight it.  
For this tale I hope to tell,  
I need but time to write it.

Benjamin Feliciano

## Express Stop

Breath is something you rarely dwell on needing,  
Until someone takes it away.  
She is as real as you want her to be,  
Until that memory fades.  
Sky is a color like shipwrecks in winter,  
In wisps white and freckles bright in hue.  
Awake from persian green lucid dreams  
Of me alone with you.  
Inhale smoke that tastes like summer,  
While missing friends and good times from fall.  
Think.  
And make sense of it all.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Finding Her

Her scent hit me like an ache,  
And I was sore again.  
I feel the influx of bile rise,  
At my inability to restrain.  
I only want to drink from this.  
I want her to be happy,  
But I don't want to watch it.  
She's no longer mine,  
She's his, and I can't stop it.  
She'll move on and be ok,  
Of that I'm assured.  
I know it was mutual,  
But I can't help feeling lured  
Into a trap that wasn't made of net.  
No lenitive words will heal,  
Or begin to help me forget.  
Picking out her things from mine,  
Trying to leave the past behind.  
I took a breath and I was home,  
Embracing once again.  
Finding pieces of her,  
Scattered among pieces of me.  
Once solid, now many.  
My heart still peaks at every word,  
Hoping its for me.  
Conflicted within,  
Convicted again.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Finding Life In Death

I spend so much time doting on earth and what it has,  
Enjoying what's mine to use, to take, to squander.  
I keep modeling myself to what I think will work,  
But for my mistakes there is no remedy.  
All my light, no matter how hard I shine,  
Cannot overcome these stains of dark, of perversion, of guilt.  
I look around and am without excuse, there is success, there is right,  
But where does this over powering light, that is not subdued by death come  
from?  
Nothing I have within me can overcome me,  
Who is this intercessor that magnetically pulls me towards him?  
This light, somehow familiar with death, a death, many deaths,  
my death.  
How is his death on my hands because of my death?  
My death, my dying, my deeds deserving death...  
For my death he died?  
How redemption suddenly eclipses all other pursuits,  
I switch from seeking sin to seeking salvation.  
And it is found.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Futons And Colored Tacks

I don't remember being so small,  
I remember a world too big.  
Why did no one tell me  
That you never become someone else?  
All this time I was expecting change  
In some strange psychological passing of the torch,  
But really I'm still me...  
Just in a larger body.  
I must cease thinking of life as stages and ages  
To find a streamlined consciousness between the pages  
Of tattered old journals files on my desktop.  
Only then can I recollect  
The memories I've tried to forget.  
For only once I've gotten to know who I was in the past,  
Can I know who I am today.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Good Morning, It Is Spring

It's brisk enough to make me glad I brought a jacket,  
But warmer than it has been.  
A piece of my head I lost  
Found it's way back home again.  
Breathing in slowly is a pleasant feeling,  
As my chest rises and falls.  
I no longer wonder whether the past influences the future,  
Or the future influences the past.  
Time bends itself to do all.  
And while this lofty concept distresses me to think upon it,  
I am at peace not understanding this greater truth.  
I feel somewhat more grounded,  
My thoughts are less aloof.  
No more am I dependent on conventional thought,  
And while it used to conceive an inner duplicity  
(That with itself once fought) ,  
No more do I writhe with cold sweat or twitch with nerves.  
I've found that self-realization precedes self-actualization,  
And is the essence of what I've learned.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Green Sun, Black Water [a Nightmare]

Possessed am I by thoughts of you,  
Haunted by 'what if'?  
I feel you laying on my bed,  
Leaving your imprint.  
I've said these words before,  
Wrote these lines already.  
Somewhere beyond a dreamt emerald dawn,  
I sit with waves upon a jetty.  
There I am within my mind,  
Spying sinking ships of sanity in the distance,  
Pondering my place in life,  
Questioning existence.  
To my right, a cliffside manor  
Predisposed to crooked incline.  
Inhabited by surreptitious haunts  
Of recollections left behind.  
To my left, as I said, an ocean  
Of Stygian waves I wish to swim.  
Diving head-first into wet abyss,  
I am wrapt in aqueous obsidian.  
Swimming down with no regard for air,  
I see a distant luminescence.  
It is beauty so familiar,  
That I recognize your presence.  
I reach out, so close!  
As water fills my lungs.  
But your skin was blue in pallor,  
And from a rope your body hung.  
With a cough and start I awoke,  
Suffocating on my pillow.  
I turned and felt about for you,  
But in fact, I was alone.  
No letter left no message sent,  
You left mystery in your absence.  
So instead I fly with Fairy Green,  
Puffing pipe and drinking absinthe.  
One night I know we'll meet again,  
Marietta my dear muse.  
In the landscape of illusions,



Where there is little value in truth.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Guilty As Charged

Never before has man been so corrupted by something so benign.  
An all consuming love that eclipses all endeavors to seek a holy heart.  
Not for the sake of lust, but for the entirety of commitment to.  
No heart left to give to God, she holds all in her hands.  
When asked for it back, she chose still to keep.  
Oh well, this girl will be the damn of me.  
The only alternative isn't much of one, my heart from hers to be severed from.  
For only in breaking my heart, will she ever relinquish control of it.  
Perhaps at my demise I shall have it returned to me, at which point I will give  
God back the rein.  
My heart and body are captivated, my mind stimulated, my tongue blasphemes  
with every act of worship I give to her rather than God.  
I am tortured.  
As it has been said, let no man envy me for this love, for it shall be cause for my  
burning.  
I cannot see beyond her, she is the moon, that despite having only glow from the  
sun, steals my attention, for her pleasant luminescence which only welcomes and  
never burns with guilt.  
I no longer can see the sun, for the night of this love is an endless ocean of no  
recompense or remorse.  
My path once was straight, no distractions hindered.  
'Til one day she caught my eye, with it my heart in a cage.  
There can be no health in this obsession, if it deserves a title that weak in apt  
portrayal.  
For no word of audible dialogue will depict the pained groans of my soul.  
I shall die and burn in hellfire for my flagrant display of idolatry.  
And yet here I am, handing the match to hell, and dousing myself with fuel.  
Ne'er truer words than 'she will be the death of me'.  
If love is a crime, I am a criminal.  
If death be the punishment, I'm guilty as Judas.  
Guilty as charged.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Happy Birthday To Me

It is interesting;  
Today I turned twenty  
And yet I feel that inside  
I am still a child who understands little.  
Why does so and so get to stay up late?  
Why does she or he get a larger portion?  
As a child and to this day  
I have felt alienated.  
I thought I'd grow out of this  
But I still hear a scared voice  
Wondering why I have to go on.  
I feel like I'm being watched.  
I wave at my own reflection,  
And sometimes it's hesitant to respond.  
What is going on with my head?  
It is this indecision and increasing anxiety,  
My breakdowns and broken psyche,  
My addictions and aimless pursuits;  
My wanting.  
What'll I do this year?

Benjamin Feliciano

# Her Beautiful Nonchalance

Some summer sun ignites and illuminates as it sets,  
The most graceful face it has ever blessed.  
Through softly windblown tufts of hair, her eyes show shy,  
And out of soft lips speak 'I love you', one can only wonder why.  
Remnant of a decisive choice to be only each others,  
No thought of regret enters the minds of these two lovers.  
Smoothed lines caress her silhouette,  
Truly no finer day experienced yet,  
As intertwined as life permits,  
Despite what some call it's 'wobbly bits'.  
Instilling a teetering conception of reality,  
Resistance is a perception of futility.  
An absence of remorse permeates this embrace,  
And two hearts pound against as if a race.  
This is what is and what is is the present,  
To experience in sync is to ignore the hesitant.  
A statement is made with due finality,  
'I only want to love you Lailamarie.'

Benjamin Feliciano

# High-Over Paranoia

I feel the foot of an impatient fellow passenger tapping.  
We are stuck behind a train on the bus.  
The air grows tense with mutual frustration.  
Expletives are muttered, almost in unison  
And half-sighed words about 'how late I'm going to be'  
Fall muffled against the ugly chairs,  
And echo across the large window panes.  
Seconds stretch to minutes  
And my foot can still feel someone tapping  
Like the tick of a time bomb.  
Finally, as the caboose slips past,  
The striped bars rise ever so slowly,  
And our journey continues.  
The foot several seats back ceases,  
And all is well.

Benjamin Feliciano

# How Long Until I'M Gone?

Sure enough I am crushed.  
I have nothing clever to say  
That hasn't already been said by Michael Cera or Brand New.  
What does the world want with another unmotivated writer?  
Nothing.  
My dreams of success melt under the gaze of reality.  
I am the ineloquent excesses  
Of run-on sentences  
Surrounded and circled by red ink.  
If I'm gone long enough from their sight,  
I can only hope I'll be gone from their memory.  
That perhaps I might return as a stranger,  
Who they may learn to love.

Benjamin Feliciano

# I Am Chased

I sure hope you don't keep all secrets  
The way you keep your own.  
Because your eyes just told me  
Every thing I need to know.  
If this bed were a clock,  
Then your hands say it's time to go.  
I should get up and get out,  
It's just a game to you.  
But your smile and your smell,  
Seek to drag me to hell.  
Lie to me in angels' voices,  
Coax me with pride.  
Either way I leave here tonight alone,  
Dead or alive.

Benjamin Feliciano

# I Am Colored Peacock

I always second guess myself.  
Like salt and pepper in the same shaker  
Am I too duplicitous in nature?  
How much of myself is me?  
I look back at that reflection  
And don't see a thing.  
What trance is this that I am consumed by?  
Falling into unjustified repetition  
Of of the same mistakes I've been warned against.  
I mean wow, I am really sad;  
Fantasizing about romancing  
A girl I could never have.  
It happens more and more  
And I keep hoping to learn something.  
But lessons just bring questions  
And I'm fed up with guessing.

Benjamin Feliciano



# I Am King, You Are Regicide

Up, oh up, luxurious ascent to the extent of emotions.  
Transcending pleasure, pain, and death to another tier.  
Onward to the sublime, the fullest rapture of experience.  
Intermingled with the dark, the uncertain, the troubled, the chaotic, the  
destructive, the infinite, the difficult, and the apprehensive.  
Find, in the triste duress renewed inertia.  
Surpassing the languor of the absolutes which throttle the ambitions of an  
exaggeration of human err.  
Escaping the vacuous ambiguity of another day wasted with dwelling and mulling  
upon that which has been deeply regarded as stone.  
No transitional alchemy could redeem the former falsehood to worthwhile golden  
achievements of amatory pride often found in the inclination of eyes  
gently toward the coquettish in nature.  
The former and frequent signs of the enamored, filled with the annexations of the  
body, relaxing all to the sedentary and uselessness of infatuation; however  
furtive in fulfillment.  
With the rose veil of passion long since removed, all that is to be said is to be  
spoken in a cipher of winks and nods to what is deemed misfortune.  
Here comes the fight, here comes the recompense for all that has been done and  
all that will be tried.  
I am tried, I have been tried and found guilty of all accused.  
So I spew, I spew what remains in a final endeavor to redeem what was  
mentioned in encoded attempts at satisfying the ache to scream the answers to a  
million unasked questions.  
With the final breath I have become the pavement as it is met with my flesh!  
I spew a dissonant and caustic edification that challenges misconceptions of right  
and wrong, of just and inequitable.  
I spew dishonest thrusts at the undeserving.  
So onward rides the empty horse with no rider and no guide to a new precipice  
of old solutions gone awry in the effort to prove something is worth  
attaining in the aimless and dying pursuit of the great and final accolade of  
existence.  
A return to the sublime and perhaps former beauty of what childhood once  
offered and gave in surplus with the wonder of the world and the unknown of the  
universe.  
When all is known, there is no cause to exist.  
Still, this is pursued with such fervor that all that is null can no longer be  
presented as an accurate solution.  
Welcome the elaborate emergence of a new day while grasping the hand of the

one before and burning in the daylight of today.

Benjamin Feliciano

# I Am Not A Vampire

It just so happens that my only nice dress pants are black,  
And today I wore a black turtle-neck.  
I sit here because the most comfortable seats of the bus are in the back,  
If you don't believe me, you can check.  
Not that it's your business, but yes I enjoy a good steak;  
Medium rare with A1, why do you ask?  
Edward who? Aren't you familiar with the term 'if it glitters it's fake'?  
(Or something close to that) .  
My photosensitivity is due to my prolonged days in an office,  
As I work during most sunlight hours.  
I promise despite my serious demeanor, that I'm rather nice,  
And would only slightly abuse vampiric super powers.  
Such as correcting a bit of my self-esteem,  
Because who wants to look in mirrors anyway?

Benjamin Feliciano

# I Am Not An Exit

I know at last what I need to do.  
I need to go save my girl.  
She is too far from me,  
And the claws of sick charlatans are far too close.  
I should spend it all and go to her,  
Steal her from his arms and spit on their lies.  
She needs a hero...  
But all I am is a cheesy spineless writer,  
And I am still in love.

Benjamin Feliciano

# I Am Opaque

I am opaque  
Barely visible to even those who seek,  
Not redeemable by convention.  
Nor am I recognized.  
Less than invisible, but more than dead,  
Where I once saw hope, all that remains is clarity  
In the face of recalling misfortune.  
Sideways glances are collected like shells,  
And I've an ocean full.  
None left in sedentary transit through life.  
They've returned to their failures,  
Just like the ones I've never left.

Benjamin Feliciano

# I Don'T Know

I sit on a pile of thrown stones.  
In the distance sirens moan.  
For the most part, the skies are clouded.  
A train that I am tempted to hop, cries close by.  
Can one distinguish between those burning  
And those extinguished?  
Sun falls down my back and grips my shoulders.  
Wind blows cold, getting colder.  
My face is unshaven, my hair is unkempt.  
Why do some succeed and others fail in the attempt?  
What arrogance has merit?  
Why do the lucky not share it?  
Rhetorically questioning only myself,  
Selfishly worried for only my health.  
Hypocrite.  
Confused.  
Crazed.  
I get high time traveling,  
While others get blazed.  
A leap forward and a misstep.  
That is my walk in life:  
Sometimes the worst,  
Rarely the best.

Benjamin Feliciano

# I Know, I Saw

It's over, you win, I'll probably never smile again.  
It's freezing here where it was once hot,  
I'm speeding from class to class, hoping I don't get caught.  
I know who's at fault and need not be reminded.  
But the scent of failure makes me long to rewind it.  
An uncommon sensation, this 'being replaced';  
Its as though I've set myself up to be disgraced.  
I'm aware it was I, who made said vacancy,  
But right in front of me? As though I can not see?  
A former love that once merited a symphony,  
The only recourse now a discordant cacophony.  
Left again to unrequited devices,  
I'm filling buckets with sand, filled already with holes of my vices.  
The warmth returns, but only from covetous envy,  
So quickly I've gone from the lover to the enemy.  
Familiar quirks, now impressed upon him.  
The message after the credits, tells me this is,  
FIN.

Benjamin Feliciano

## If Morning Is Day Break...

Looking out the window, down familiar streets,  
I see the sky-breath shaking the limbs of quiet trees.  
A silent day today, when the roads are still,  
My thoughts are blank like these pages I fill.  
In this moment I lengthen my stride to the door.  
Echoes parade the hallways as my feet kiss the floor.  
In the healing day light, I let the sky breath shake me too.  
A single water wink caresses me, I've lost what I had with you.  
I recall when you were my only real friend,  
But if morning is day break, then evening should be day mend.

Benjamin Feliciano



# If Tomorrow We All Died

Wake up beautiful, we've only so long to stay.  
The sky could fall at any minute.  
Let us live these dying moments and not worry what to say.  
When the end comes, some will take photographs,  
Or hide in buildings with no windows.  
While their cameras melt, we'll know, that futility still makes us laugh.  
Find all our old toys, and give them away  
To children who can use a smile.  
We'll make eleventh hour crank dials, and rack up phone bills we'll never pay.  
We can die with the sun on our faces,  
We can let go of all what-ifs.  
And like the kite a tail chases,  
We'll pursue the final kiss.  
At last to watch the finale so grand,  
People will leave their homes.  
I'll bask in jealous glares from those alone, while I hold tighter to your hand.  
Should it be that they were wrong,  
It was worth what we have tasted;  
A liberated consciousness, of all the time that we have wasted.

Benjamin Feliciano

# If You Were A Facebook Status I'D Like You

I am wasting my life on lust, electronics, and cigarettes.  
Seven seconds per smoke,  
Two and a half minutes per pack.  
When generations after us search through our ruins,  
What will they find?  
Everything is digital so not even the porn will be left behind.  
Where is our print?  
Our castings and carvings?  
They will find single bodies in lonely homes,  
Washed out and irradiated.  
We think we are connected.  
When did you last sit with someone  
Rather than send a text?

Benjamin Feliciano

## I'M Finished Now, Next?

I'm feeling more and more like less and less to you in this web I've weaved of improbable romance.

A stalemate of sorts as this dance draws to it's close:

I could never tell you, so you could never react.

Do I damn what is for the unlikelihood of what could be?

This is fact colliding with inevitability.

Corroding the plans one constructs in the perfect world of their mind.

Flee the former phantasm of forcefully forged attraction.

And escape to the endless ebb of the tides of thought and philosophy.

I seek to sojourn upon a simple day of rest from all that ails.

Covered with carks so cantankerous, my callow cries echo back alone.

I am alone.

Benjamin Feliciano

## I'M Finished, Never Call Again

How dare you imply that I need you,  
You're like a virus waiting to contaminate.  
I couldn't be more elated that we're through.  
And all along it was I suspected of infidelity.  
Somewhere inside you faced your guilt,  
And he rammed a knife through your chest.  
The blade pierced your heart all the way to the hilt,  
And you recognized your adulterous sin.  
I'm impressed you kept up your act so long,  
I almost thought I loved you.  
And then I woke up and realized it was wrong,  
You didn't betray me, you betrayed your closest friend.  
For what it's worth, I betrayed her too,  
I was led into calm waters with the allure of flesh.  
And I destroyed what could have been genuine and true.  
Once in the placid lake of lust,  
I discovered too late your plan.  
You compromised what I once called trust,  
And drowned me in the carnal waters of regret.  
Oh bestial temptress, your foul deception  
Brands you Queen of Misconception.  
These phrases I spin, are the last of their kind.  
Don't expect further commune.  
By your allure I'm no longer blind.  
Consider this, with finality, goodbye.

Benjamin Feliciano

# I'M Pretending I Exist

I am gray...

Everything I do is muted and less interesting than him.

The things I say seem guided by what he wants to hear.

My eyes are thickly glazed with evidence that I'd rather be sleeping

Than making small talk with my ex's new/old boyfriend at a gay club downtown.

I tell myself I'm here for my best friend Andrea,

But I am not here at all.

I am in my head beside my ex, holding her.

In my mind I have no tact.

No restraint of societal mores.

But in reality I am having a one-sided conversation about comics

With someone who clearly doesn't read them.

I just am.

Benjamin Feliciano

## In A Fishbowl

She turns her head away when I look towards,  
I do the same to her.  
I try to catch her reflection in the window  
But the lights are dim  
And she is translucent.  
Her beauty is furtive, as are my affections.  
We play a silent game:  
Who can steal a glance  
Without the other seeing.  
Her skirt is pale,  
As is her olive skin.  
So lovely on the outside,  
Too bad I'll never know her quiet love again.  
We part at Tyrone Street,  
Which is where her journey ends.  
Too few people understand the joy,  
Of single-serving friends.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Incomplete

She's almost transparent.  
But always on my mind.  
I see her in my thoughts,  
Shes only one of a kind.  
Loving exposes vulnerability,  
And my shield has been lowered.  
I fear she'll one day leave me,  
And by this blade I'll be skewered.  
Recollections of her and I,  
Flash like photo booths.  
Though many others offer,  
I pray I'm the one she'll choose.  
Again, a love of circumstance,  
Somehow I've seen this before.  
My trepidation builds,  
Every time I ask if she's sure.  
Am I merely incapable,  
Of holding onto love?  
Or have I simply been drained,  
To be cast aside with a shove?

Benjamin Feliciano

# Ink In The Shade

I close my eyes and am in a labyrinth at once.  
High hedges, winding paths, and distant voices.  
The junction I stand at offers many choices.  
Sharp corners convince me that no decision  
Intersects with its' opposite  
Until much later,  
If at all.  
I will never escape if I never move,  
But any turn could be the wrong one.  
For fear of failure I take no steps at all,  
And wake alone.

Benjamin Feliciano



# It Began With A Leak

She really had me going, until she wrote about her rug burns  
And talked about the guy she's seeing now.  
I nearly had some hope, until I saw her for the harlot  
That I never really noticed she was, somehow.  
Once again I am solo, feeling soulless.  
I am so low.  
I am filled with second guesses, starting on my third.  
Now attempting to repress this, and forget the lascivious flirt.  
She's so God damn intrusive, she is rain on sunny days.  
She is out with the filth of the night, getting drunk and getting blazed.  
I am, if you will, equal parts misogynist and misanthrope.  
Even myself I include, I am just as spiritually broke.  
In short I see I am alone, hating both company and surrounding.  
Where once I sailed above my dreams, now in them I am drowning.

Benjamin Feliciano

# It's A Sure Thing

View my fascination,  
Looking at things too closely.  
Curiosity.  
Follow me.  
Clarity.  
Eyes too heavy now,  
Back to back dreams of you.  
You were lifted up and drug away flailing;  
Constellations melted as you dissipated.  
I held on until joints dislocated.  
Then we were hiding in shadows from those who sought to steal,  
We held hands and dove from a dock;  
Away went the fear.  
Swimming in cerulean waters of blue  
We held on tight,  
You to me,  
And me to you.

Benjamin Feliciano

## It's Colder Here

I miss waking to alarms many times snoozed,  
To give us a few more minutes to share.  
You'd pull me from bed, kiss my lips, and murmur:  
'The day awaits.'  
It has been two years and the days wait no longer.  
I left.

Benjamin Feliciano

# July

Clear your head  
Swat a spider web  
Finish the thought  
And start again  
Compose yourself and twit a tweet,  
Feel the ground beneath your feet  
Stabilize your brain with sleep,  
Fight a chill as their lips meet  
Recollect a long lost love,  
And curse the sky above

Benjamin Feliciano

# Kill The Sun And Moon

Climb to the roof  
For I am here.  
Flooding you like waves,  
Cling to the mast  
No use to steer.  
I navigate your soul like a maze  
And render nightmares  
That manifest all fear.  
I am fire that devours,  
Do not attempt to extinguish.  
I am crawling up your limbs.  
Stammer your way through the flames  
As you try quick to confess your sins.  
Too late, for I am the wind  
That takes no praise!  
Pressing you to the walls  
Of frozen blank towers predisposed and enraged.  
'Til I am unpacked dirt and earth,  
The only significance of your unmarked grave.  
Unaware you swell and bloat  
As you wash onto the shore  
Wrapped in the wreckage of your unsinkable boat.  
Roast and burn,  
Boast you bastard  
And see that you have earned my contempt.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Law Of Conservation Of Self

Jobs that allow you to make an obscene amount of money  
Are the ones where you are doing nothing.  
Does being a star prove you are more than a pawn,  
Being guided in the process of sedating the masses with entertainment?  
Big businesses pay in arms and legs for the secrets you keep,  
All you need to do is nothing.  
Say nothing, tell no one, be 'someone'.  
No more!  
Say something, tell everyone, be 'nothing'.  
Make just enough money to survive  
In a job where you feel alive.  
Help someone, create something.  
By all means work, modern survival is not hunting and gathering;  
But live below your means and find joy in it.  
You have your job and your art,  
When your art is your job, there is no want.  
Listen to no cries of 'sell out',  
For it is better to be paid to create  
Than to destroy.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Life Is Beautiful

I walk along quiet roads,  
Seeking questions to my answers.  
My feet find train tracks leading away from an old train yard,  
Walking between them I find infinity.  
Beyond the broken boards and rusted nails,  
I find infinity.  
I snap a few pictures,  
Never stopping because time never does.  
Beyond the trash can I pass I find hope in an empty parking lot.  
I photograph them together,  
But not to say humanity is trash.  
Life is beautiful.  
I reach beyond the bars above the bridge I walk.  
This street is lonesome.  
This street is happy.  
A chilled breeze and icy drizzle press into me and I see no one.  
The sky, I take note, is white and gray and is haunted with the echoes of the  
train yard and the rattling of the light post,  
But untainted by mechanical endeavors.  
For in that sky I find a monstrosity that mocks the disenchantment of man's  
search for more.  
But, it is beautiful.  
I drop the journal and let the pen fall,  
Snap a picture of the sky and soak in it all.  
Life is beautiful.

Benjamin Feliciano

## Like The Rest

This maddening insane jealousy increases like infinity,  
With every moment I spend in the presence of their love.  
I find I now understand the meaning of banality,  
Foolhardy in my pursuit of whats lost to the waves.  
Lacrimonous leakings burn as they flood my face,  
Just the envious ex.

Benjamin Feliciano



## Marie: No Longer Mine

I guess it's time for some reevaluation.  
I've tried since last night to feign that I'm complacent,  
But I've found that I'm jealous, and I hate it.  
I cannot allow myself to ruin her chance,  
Though I once held her 'close in endless dance'.  
We were alone in love, a love so fine.  
But she is Marie, and Marie is no longer mine.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Marietta My Muse

Through the cloud of scented leaves,  
Burnt and breathed and beautiful,  
I see a flame.  
Stark red hair, an apparition of Shallot.  
We are divided by a pastel piano  
Colored yellow, pink, and green.  
Just beyond the trees of the piazza,  
Marietta plays gently a somber song.  
She is naught but a vision  
And I see no gaze emanating from her eyes.  
Who is she, this Marietta I know so well?  
Who I know so little?

Benjamin Feliciano

# Mass Transitory

The ground this morning was coated with snow.  
No footprints or tire treads  
Save for my own.  
Twas only last eve  
I walked home the same path.  
Many crossing steps of both paws and shoes  
Careened and journeyed.  
I found a pair I liked,  
Christened with a thin fresh blanket.  
In these I stepped  
Beside several more.  
Along the sidewalk dimly lit,  
I followed.  
But today bore new innocence,  
A virgin landscape untouched.  
With no footprints or tire treads,  
Save for my own.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Missing

I stare into space too much I think,  
I find a neutral spot through a window and beyond eyes  
And there I gaze, seeing everything.  
Seeing nothing.  
I do this so often it hurts my head to focus on any one thing.  
Might be because I have nothing to focus on.  
Blinded by experience and ignorant to reasons of hope.  
I fear only one chance for love is ever given,  
And I've squandered mine.  
In retrospect the only thing that ended it,  
Was my inability to commit.  
Plain and simple.  
No other damnable factors are at fault.  
For fear of losing it if I held it,  
I never reached at all.  
Surely I could have tried,  
My heart is pained to know I didn't.  
So here I am, unsatisfied and miles away... but,  
Something is missing from me,  
And I know not what.

Benjamin Feliciano

# My Guilt Coeternal

Oh, my vanity has drawn me a new noose.  
A fitting reward for the ego driven failure.  
Advice drowned out by the disease of self.  
Static recollections written in a trance,  
Never cease to intertwine with retrospective bouts of self-loathing.  
Detesting the past and the paths chosen,  
It rings louder each hour and this is my time, my chime.  
Worn hands like yellowed newspaper clippings,  
Both clench the past as though it could be changed.  
Don't expect an explication of my entropy,  
If you say one word, my reply will be abrupt.  
Don't dare think you come with the right to judge.  
Imagine if all things spoken were true, would I be me?  
Would you be you?  
Memory erodes like a river, slowly tearing streams through conduits of action.  
But it all still flows to death.  
One deep gasp of awe in lieu of compunction,  
And everything left is nothing desired.

Benjamin Feliciano

# My Mephitic Screech

Here we go,  
Force the screaming out of the lungs withering under the hidden taboos of what  
I'd never tell you.  
Finally face my ghastly hauntings of him and you in my head,  
Which only serves the majestic depiction of you happy without me.  
Cannot be protected by the dragging of chains across my neck in place of the  
ever breaking and undependable rope of trance.  
Forsake the aid of sight and release into the hypnosis of lyric and purging.  
Comforting voices tell me it's all alright,  
I ignore them yet again to selfishly tend to my own wounds.  
Running from problems like a coward to the hills.  
Abandon scabbard and shield.  
Silence of the interlude as time slows and stills.  
Meet me in the field where law is null and fights end with the way it would best  
seem fit to improve the selfish and arrogant who dare have the pretense to  
assume their invincibility to the laws of man and nature.  
Omit the thoughts of her and I.  
Refuse to promote my own foolhardy campaign of selfish bartering of hearts any  
further.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Myself Included

I am tired of dull poetry;  
Of reading and writing it.  
The words I choose to rhyme with never fit,  
And the subjects never change.  
This morning smelled strongly of rain  
And I immediately thought  
To romanticize the scent  
And laud the sunrise.  
However, restraint and a gag reflex  
Stopped my pen before it rose.  
As I paid my fare and found my seat on the bus,  
The desire for realism and truth struck me:  
Enough bullshit.  
With that I came to the conclusion  
That only terrible writers ever think they're any good.  
So wipe the grin from your face  
If you believe that excludes you.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Non-Stop

We enter thick clouds,  
And in an instant,  
Are lost.  
Surrounded by white and gray  
I feel intangible and vacuous.  
Rising slightly, the plane skims  
Above the darkening absence of existence.  
The world is blue again.

Benjamin Feliciano



## Oh, And Me Too

Well now you're moved out,  
Although you only half moved in.  
But you left your scent on my shirts  
And the pillow that you used.  
I've been losing friends lately  
For reasons beyond my control.  
So while I have more time to write,  
What I'm producing is droll.  
Even now I feel that this poem  
Is little more than bollocks.  
Because all I can think about,  
Is how you left your neon socks.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Oh, Can'T You Hear Me?

Two women are talking behind me.  
I've turned my headphones up high enough  
To block out their voices,  
But I can still feel them talking.  
The vibrations of their voices hit the back of my head,  
Sliding down my neck.  
I just want a nap,  
But I'm getting assaulted with slices of whose nephew went to prison  
And who's marrying who in between the quieter parts of this song.  
So instead of playing host to brief slumber,  
And a pleasant blur of thoughts,  
My mind creates riddles about whether there is more benefit  
In unrestrained love for others, or guarding my heart to protect from risk.  
I am trying to grow up a little,  
And dropp some of this angst off at the Salvation Army,  
Let someone else have it for a change.  
Hating everything takes too much damn effort,  
And I already wake up early for work;  
I need the energy to make it through the day.  
Plus, I slouch so much from this weight on my shoulders  
That my posture is suffering and my back is starting to hurt.  
I think I'm going to stand upright today.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Oh, That Time

Today I breathed in fresh air.  
Not tobacco smoke or pungent marijuana,  
But fresh air.  
And as I sat and thought to myself  
About time and how I pass it,  
Wasting away on video games and Youtube  
And work...  
I stopped to inhale that sweet Colorado taste.  
How do I find time to write  
When I hardly find time to think?  
Should I write without thought  
Or think with no ink?  
So many thoughts lost to alarm clocks  
And music that does naught but block  
My mind from ideas gone at last  
From inception to confession.  
If I want to be my best in  
This life, this one shot  
I have got to create something  
I can think up without the aid of pot.  
But my mind is interrupted,  
My rhythm is corrupted  
And the minutiae of frustrations  
Dare an eruption.  
Now I sit awake in front of white paper,  
4: 30 A.M. and not near nodding off;  
Trying not to wake her  
With my hacking smoker's cough.  
Light up and reread.  
I know not what I want  
And only what I think I need.  
Time to recede.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Oksana's Question

We are desperate for attention in a world that doesn't give us nearly enough.  
We are creating and writing and growing,  
And seeking and wanting and finding.  
They say a time for everything exists,  
But where is there time to stop?

Benjamin Feliciano

# Old Yet Unforgotten Dream

I dreamt about you last night,  
We were laying down talking by a fire.  
You told me you were cold,  
You said you were getting tired.  
I picked you up in my arms,  
And I got up off my knees.  
I carried you to the fire,  
I wouldn't want my love to freeze.  
As I held you in my arms,  
(This memory I'll forever stash) .  
I felt your hair against me,  
As your body turned to ash.  
You blew away forever,  
And I lost even a chance,  
To achieve my soul endeavor,  
To hold you close in endless dance.

Benjamin Feliciano

## One O Four

My thoughts pop and crack like joints frustrated by the bereavement of their former fluidity.

I am but a slave to my untimely inspirations.

Emancipated to sleep only after jotting down whatever drips from my fingers to the keyboard.

Drenching the circuitous roads of electrical impulses with reiteration after reiteration of the utter unimportance of existence.

Rather than study the former great,

I selfishly choose to create.

Challenge the concept that I can be nothing more than mediocrity permits.

Question the essentials as determined by the proud,

Attempt to be heard through ways besides being loud.

Swallow fire to burn me awake.

Revel in the idiosyncrasies that turn me into what I hate.

With each lub-dup, lub dup, I am pushing toward the horizontal eight.

And contradicting myself to the point of a questionable mental state.

Too late.

Chill invades.

Sleep decapitates thought.

And a sleepwalker I am not.

Benjamin Feliciano

# One Year Ago Today

This is nothing new,  
But it was nearly forgotten.  
This longing is welling up inside of me.  
As though every organ is swelling and filling with... something.  
A want like fire,  
A passionate desire.  
Burning me and spurning me like an old X-mas tree.  
When I think of my ache like flesh stretched abroad the mast of a ship,  
I feel as though I'm sinking into a dull existence.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Paint Splatters

Say anything, I want you to say anything..

I need to hear a word, from you.

I need to believe there is a reason that my heart is about to leave my chest.

I need to know why my words are all a mess.

I need to feel like.....

(And so she speaks.)

Must I really hesitate to breath, to stop and realize?

My mouth cannot form words... and my mind does not work.

My body has become rubber, and my hands tremor.

I am simply over come.. I have not felt like this, ever.

A chill chases my spine, waxing and waning vertically.

Every hair stands on end and my breath is no longer involuntary.

I need to remind myself to keep pumping my lungs, for all my focus is on bliss.

My eyes are flickering to and fro; who knew love would feel like this?

I'm no longer falling, for I have already fell.

I wouldn't believe it, if I wasn't seeing it for myself.

My body is melting to liquid, yet I cannot fight this freeze.

Its as if I gave my limbs permission to do whatever they please.

For I cannot stop this shaking quaking, of my hands and of my knees.

I do not know if this heart of mine will ever be at ease.

For no longer do I control this sporadic shaking.

Let's proceed with this future we're painting.

Benjamin Feliciano



# Perhaps They Aren'T Listening At All

Do birds hear our laughter?  
Do they wonder what the joke was?  
Could they tell how cheesy it was  
By our sideways smiles and broken chuckles?  
Could the birds see me seeing me in her eyes,  
And hoping it could be more than just a reflection?  
Do they wish their talons were soft  
So that they might toy with her hand;  
Fingers chasing and overlapping as mine did?  
Did birds hear her giggle softly  
When I was too afraid to kiss her without asking?  
Can the birds upon the wire that hangs above the intersection  
Hear me laughing and smiling to myself,  
Remembering when she was briefly mine?

Benjamin Feliciano

## Photography Exhibit, \$20

I hate the way we glamorize war.

The ashes are still burning from a thousand fires

Yet all we do is take pictures, write poems, and donate to tax-deductible charities.

Where are your sons and daughters?

Spending money they don't have on higher education

(Expensive mental masturbation) ?

Enlisting in our oil feuds from a sense of duty

(Or lack of meaning) ?

I don't know what I'm trying to suggest,

Because what have I done to fix it?

I keep reliving the conversation I had with Austin before he went to basic;

Why was he going?

He said he had nothing else in his life,

And that scared me more than anything.

People once believed in causes here,

But why are we still fighting if it is only because 9-5 and television isn't enough to satiate our wandering?

I'm afraid of what that means,

If all our leaders need to find toys for their game is to give us a reason for being,

Then why don't we look for meaning somewhere else?

I just cannot understand.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Pips

The last time I dreamt about you, your body was decaying.  
Your hair fell in handfuls from your head,  
And I couldn't tell what you were saying.  
It scared me so bad I woke and cried,  
Because I hadn't heard from you in months  
And for all I knew you had died  
While on that mission trip in Mexico.  
Remember?  
I gave you my yellow v-neck to remember me by.  
Just a week ago you sent me a text.  
A year and a half of concern with only scattered updates  
From the few friends you still spoke to.  
I was furious at first, and demanded an explanation,  
Comparing your contrite return with your disappearing act.  
But last night I dreamt of you again, and my heart ached with remembrance  
Of how much I truly missed you.  
You rushed into my arms and asked me not to let go.  
So I didn't.

Benjamin Feliciano

## Progressively Worse

I've been thinking that it's hard to define progress.  
I've moved out, grown up, and moved on.  
I'm working, buying, and producing  
At a rate faster than ever before;  
And yet I'm still shivering.  
What holds more promise, comfort or creativity?  
I recall the days I had time to waste,  
Now all I keep wanting is more.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Purple Headphones, Plastic Mustache

I am pretentious and I am not exempt,  
From time spent, without relent  
Thinking of my betterment.  
Casie says that speculating  
On which social injustices are the worst,  
Is a blatant waste of time.  
She says that at the end we are still here,  
Speculating.  
Adapting.  
And doing nothing to make our inflated sense of social responsibility  
Any less selfish.  
Casie is the logic to my loftiness.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Rendering An Ending World

The world was ending last night  
And I was championed as hero.  
Instead I chose to go to you.  
I saw your shadow below Escher stairs  
And jumped banisters to cheat depth perception.  
We hid behind locked doors from those who would pursue,  
As your lips pressed to my head.  
We held hands like Marla and the jack with no name,  
And sang like Nero played.  
When the scent of burning steel  
And rain of glass  
Reach where we once stood,  
It will be too late.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Robbed Of Sleep

I don't know what inspired this writ of remorse,  
All I know is the picture on my heart is fading.  
A remnant of my 'esteemed colleagues',  
Of whose goals I have no concern.  
This is my own, my right to demean myself,  
My cause to sacrifice for.  
This is my failure.  
My mess.  
No music annuls what has become so familiar.  
Sixty four more days until I'm lost,  
No anodyne.  
My heart ticks with turmoil and a sense of being useless settles in.  
I've lost my only love,  
Failed my only friend,  
And ruined my only youth.  
I feel I need to lustrate what little soul I have left,  
To see if enough shine remains to illuminate my path.  
Nothing makes sense like it used to,  
To be honest.  
New emotions of rage and envy emerge like seed from dirt,  
While hope and joy atrophy like these limbs which grow limp.  
It's disconcerting how disconnected I am from the diatribe of my own logic.  
Every decision is flawed, every choice is vain.  
Every thought is clogged, every breath is pain.  
Ulcerate organs live long enough to gorge upon the memories of what once was  
when she was close.  
The noise returns and I sleep on static,  
With screams to blanket my night,  
And mockery to cushion my head.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Rotten Eggs

Like eggs at Denny's, she scrambles my head.  
Her bangs slowly fall to hide her face.  
My hand into hers, by electricity led,  
And my heart beats at an abnormal pace.  
Like silence, this moment is easily broken.  
If caution is taken, it lasts a while.  
Again I'm trapped in eyes of deep oaken,  
To wipe my mind her way, takes style.  
Others claim they see it when she sees me,  
A quiet secret that screams at the world.  
If self-imposed restrictions would be freed,  
I would be her boy, and she would be sure.  
False hope I have to one day become fact,  
Until that day, we must continue this act.

Benjamin Feliciano



# Running From High School

What reeks far worse than dew-soiled shoes,  
Is the arrogant air of runners 'so great'.  
Despite any training, I usually lose,  
But hearing people brag is something I hate.  
No matter the course or even the weather,  
My finishing time is ne're under eighteen.  
You'd think that a 'team' would try working together,  
But their lack of unity makes it desirous to scream.  
For one final week, I'll run with the fools,  
Until at last our district meet.  
I'm sure I'll do pretty well facing other schools,  
But my teammates aren't nearly as neat.  
All hope for regionals my senior year,  
Are as gone as the respect I once had for my peers.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Shadow On The Bus

I sat beside Death on the bus today.  
He seemed friendly enough, for a stranger,  
But appeared rather busy.  
On his lap, a New York Times  
And in his ear, a blue tooth.  
He wore a yellow scarf,  
Knitted for him by a friend.  
And lackadaisically sipped coffee,  
From a cup that had no end.  
He appeared not quite impatient,  
But hurried nonetheless.  
For as sure as life keeps going,  
So continues death.

Benjamin Feliciano

## She Won'T Notice

I had another dream of you and I,  
But you were with me this time.  
You were leaning on me on a chair,  
She was with us, but for once you didn't care.  
You started off joking, as you normally do,  
At first I tried to stop it, but then I hoped these things were true.  
You announced to the world that you belong to me, and I belong to you.  
At first a loss for words, snared by astonishment and delight,  
I knew then the only way I could respond to this right.  
I simply stated 'no words could compare to my love for you'.  
But instead of laughing off my quips as I'm accustomed to,  
You smiled and kissed me, and your lips were sweet.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Smitten

This cold is hard to shake.  
It follows,  
And I am rapt with its embrace.  
It clings,  
And I feel it grimace.  
I wish her comfort close,  
To bless me with her grace.  
I long for that hand in mine,  
That arm around my waist.  
Disoriented and without comfort,  
My pulse slows like sludge.  
Though once I felt it race,  
My heart does not budge.

Benjamin Feliciano

## Snooze Button Morning

My suspicions are confirmed,  
As I peek beyond the curtain:  
The sun is as cold as I,  
Pulling clouds, like blankets, up to it's chin.  
The disappointments of the day,  
Have yet to make us hide our faces.  
So each of us stretch our tendrils upward,  
Awakening at equally slow paces.  
I shake hairs gone awry,  
His dissolve with a sigh.  
He clothes himself in blue,  
A jacket, shirt, and jeans, for me, will do.  
I take stock of the clock.  
The bus, I trust, will be here any minute.  
I hope, to cope, with the inability to finish.

Benjamin Feliciano

# So Close

What is behind those eyes now so close to mine?

A thousand volt tension between you and I.

So close now.

A wisp of your breath crosses my face.

So close to you.

A spark flickers across your lips that are just so close.

Two magnets drawn slowly together.

And we kiss.

The stop is not abrupt, but leaves us both still hungry.

A soft kiss on the cheek ends our rendezvous and I leave you at the door.

A first kiss on a porch like any other.

Benjamin Feliciano

## Some Days...

Some days I really like people.  
Today, for example, I stepped beyond my bias  
And befriended some co workers.  
Their personalities were far more varied  
And intricate than I had supposed.  
We a let our guard down some,  
And found that our the other was more similar  
And more different than anticipated.  
I heard across the way, a man, a black veteran  
And a woman, an old white English teacher  
Discussing Jazz and food.  
I spoke about my weakness with cold  
With a man, Nigerian born  
Who assured me that despite my origins in sunny Texas  
That he fared worse with cold.  
We laughed at that as we stood  
Waiting for the bus, in the snow,  
Shivering.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Sting Of Inability, Rush Of Tranquility

I want to speak with eloquence,  
And say truth that is relevant;  
I seek to admonish my lady  
In all of her elegance.  
A height so grand  
I am whole if just to touch it.  
We walk on notes of one another's song;  
Her's: vibrant and effervescent,  
Mine: slightly rustic.  
I know not what to say,  
But her wealth of worth still merits attempt.  
So I reflect her smile and am glad not to be exempt  
From the grace that she delivers.  
But she is-....  
And that is enough.  
I can elaborate no more,  
For words are not just.

Benjamin Feliciano



# The Artist's Dilemma

I'd like to paint you a picture,  
But there isn't enough canvas,  
To portray the way I feel.  
And no colors could ever express,  
How much I like you best,  
Because unlike other solutions, you're real.  
I long to sculpt a figure,  
To aptly display your worth.  
But how can hands create,  
Much less describe a second birth.  
Because that, indeed that,  
Is what you've given to me.  
You've deliquesced my chains,  
Truly setting me free:  
Finally an authentic release.

Benjamin Feliciano

# The Birth And Death Of An Explosion

Let the roof collapse.  
Melt day to glittering night.  
Receive the brunt of my skepticism.  
Renew my retrospection.  
Change perception,  
From waste to lesson.  
Intrigue my heart again,  
Invoke curiosity.  
Oil the cogs and wheels.  
Spark interest.  
Burn shame.  
Torch regret.  
Inject euphoria,  
With intravenous honesty,  
Overflowing through an open heart.  
Present anew.  
Raise dignity,  
Raze pride.  
Sew patches with a delicate hand,  
And soft needle.  
Gently restore warmth.  
Heal memories.  
Replace guilt.  
Embrace accusations,  
Channel progression away from recession.  
Delight in improvement.  
Receive exultation.  
Cultivate as a seed.  
Verify that I'm freed.  
Provoke consistency.  
Surprise those who know and knew.  
Excite the child inside like a new prize.  
Romance the soul.  
Enhance the life.  
Entrance the mind.  
Captivate the heart.  
Encapsulate the hope.



# The Current Events

The angel of the house has it's way again as I desist in my attempts to scribe something coherent.

Familiar messages following rhythmic patterns of self-destructive climactic waste. Oh she's so close but impossible to attain.

This is what reminds me that I am unavailable for comment when the reporters show up to question my motives and ruin my ideas of perfection. Surrounding people wrapped in their own frustrations.

It's now unnecessary to provide them with any ample evidence to evince the shadows of self-glorification.

Please oh please I plead that I can maintain control long enough to achieve something worth mentioning.

Or perhaps my lips are too chapped to speak another word without splitting. So instead I live vicariously through the youth who admire who they think I am.

Hahahorrible hypocrites encircle me as I join their ranks.

Unsure of the motive from the ethical remnant of society.

'Who is here to save the commonplace fool? '

This is what I repeat as resolve depletes.

For now the adrenaline is enough to suffice the journey minus the subsistence of food.

What could fill this more than the one I long for?

At least I know that she'll be happy without me.

I'm the one who's making a grand ordeal of this escapade.

Too many mistakes on too many lines finally silence the beating of my heart. Oh too long and too well known among the falling heroes of this era. Speaking whispers of desperate attempts to ignite what once burned like a blow torch.

Empty threats composed in my head of what I'd do to seek vengeance, but I know as well as all that I am incapable of honesty in the endeavors of wrath. Tap your feet and clap your hands because that's the only comfort left to validate our void promises and inconsistent literary and verbal trash.

I cannot cease this constant flow of emotion long enough to compose clarity.

Clarity, and now it's very clear what is to be done.

I am done.

Benjamin Feliciano

# The Feral Emotive

Blonde and beautiful,  
I want to tear this doe to shreds.  
She says I am a good person,  
And only distance prevents our love.  
She says I am a good person...  
If only she knew the things I'd do;  
The hearts I'd break if they were mine.  
I fear there is a Hyde inside,  
And Jekyll has died.  
Leaving a blackened remnant behind.  
I want to fu-... say words that poemhunter will edit,  
And dig my nails into her love so fierce she'd regret it.  
So I push her away,  
To keep her safe and alive.  
Alone and fearful of myself I'm left to writhe.

Benjamin Feliciano

# The Fiction Of Funerals

In all this world there are no traces of them.  
No smiles, no laughter, no remnant of personality.  
The dead have left us and can comfort no longer.  
Their passions and pressures,  
Their loving and loathing,  
Their true friends and their faux:  
All wither and disappear.  
There is but one candle in Marietta's drawing room,  
And it burns for one who can find no warmth from it,  
Emanating but a small hazy orb.

Benjamin Feliciano

# The Final Chapter Of An Eposodic Demise

My heart starts breaking when she walks in the room.  
It's broken by the time she's gone.  
I've tried to do everything she wanted to do,  
Even though I thought it to be wrong.  
I'll never be the guy that she would want,  
And its high time she realized that.  
I should have listened to Brand New.  
Perhaps that would have saved me from me,  
God surely didn't.  
Come conclusion I know the blame still falls on me.  
No claims of seduction will suffice for pardon in hell.  
I've snapped off and distanced myself for the one moment I thought I knew  
myself too well.  
So here stands regret holding hands with remorse leaping from the high summit  
of faith to the depth of failure, washing up on the shores of dysphoria.  
Marred like an unfinished painting to stand among immense standards.  
Eclectic memories of former brilliance lost to the sounds of dissonant and present  
reality.  
In accordance with the ideals of the common fool,  
I've nothing left to distance me from man.  
Less of a misanthrope than a failed successor,  
I've scorned my inheritance for the pleasures of vanity and the immediate.  
Similar patterns revolve in transitory paths leading too quickly to the termination  
of inspiration;  
And all I've left is time to contemplate my fate through grand discourse leaving  
me sightless. With one final snap of a lens which envelopes the remnant of my  
soul,  
I smile like the shamed shell of a stain that I've become at my final valediction.

Benjamin Feliciano

# The First For Real

She walked beside me, as though she was mine,  
For the first time in what seemed like years.  
She sat beside me and shared chili cheese fries,  
As we were bombarded by jealous leers.  
They wished they had young love again,  
Unlike lust long faded.  
For a moment we were the perfect couple, that,  
For envy, all hated.  
She traced my arm with her fingers,  
As she leaned upon my chest.  
Of all my memories this year,  
That one strikes me as best.  
We talked for time lost to conversation.  
Of love and life and gas price inflation.  
My heart was glad, my mind in bliss,  
The perfect punctuation to our talk,  
Was a perfect kiss.  
The AC was off, as not to waste fuel,  
We left the doors ajar, to keep somewhat cool.  
True love a rare thing,  
As uncommon as a foot of snow,  
At the close of spring.  
Others offer flirting, or month long relationships,  
But she is in love with me,  
I've read it on her lips.  
This cannot be bought, in a truer form.  
No purer shower, from no purer storm.  
Of few things in this life am I sure,  
One such thing, is that I will love her, evermore.

Benjamin Feliciano



# The Joy Of Failure

Sometimes I can't tell if I'm smiling or not.  
I think its the way I set my jaw.  
I try seeming friendly and outgoing  
And for the most part i think perceived that way,  
Maybe I am.  
I feel like a new me,  
Like not getting that promotion  
Made me rethink my life  
And I'm happier now.  
I've got dreams,  
And with youth on my side,  
Anything is possible.

Benjamin Feliciano

# The Latest Issue

I am one part inability and two parts instability.  
At the midpoint between my persona's  
I feel pulled in either direction.  
Just a moment to reflect would be nice,  
Before I'm carted off and carved up.  
I'm certain I'm a head case that they'd love to dissect.  
I only wish I could know what is causing my twitch,  
And my bouts of anxiety.  
I can say I'd prefer depression to these nerves.  
It's an easier emotion to manage.  
I have brought shame on myself  
And spilled it onto my family.  
Why is this place I come to write so dark?  
It feels damp and inescapable  
And it makes my pulse rise.  
For a single moment I found myself divided in thirds,  
Each presenting an argument  
And each attacking the other.  
It was like I watched a hidden caucus,  
Through the spider-like branches of trees.

Benjamin Feliciano

# The Mind: Imploding

Creating the perfect setting to synthesize another beaming moment of pride.  
Contrasting the deeds of former affairs to those of the beastly present.  
Fire from my fingertips and scum from my tongue are all I am presenting to be  
judged in an apocalypticism of post-modern, all-the-rage (but not new-age)  
theology.

Through with rating systems and those who determine what is acceptable by way  
of systematic removal of the muse's breath, I'm finished producing last-ditch  
attempts at reviving interest in the endless struggle not to cause my own death.

Inhabiting a world so obsessed with expeditious endeavors to eliminate all events  
not contrived of avarice.

And aimlessly acting the amiable fool as not to endanger the expectations which  
I've so gracelessly bought into as necessary.

Purging my head like a loaded gun onto paper but I'm only firing blanks at a  
moving target. It is toweringly impossible to expose imperfection without  
condemnation, more often than not choking me through the mirror.

Chronicles of narcotic allusions to the grander scheme of things. NO this isn't  
Narnia, and I mean allusion with an 'a'.

I rive and writhe with embers that ignite my heart and yet I'm colder than rain in  
December and I'm losing sight of the goals that once seemed so close,  
unfortunately I've known I was going to fail right from the start.

It is obscene, the myriad of sightless criminals groping for another high and a  
new cacophony, stench-ridden anomaly that will briefly illuminate their lives of  
tedium.

Who on earth is feeding them the idea that there is a remote chance that they  
can all be just as fan-fricking-tastic as every Joe and Joane they see on their  
T.V.?

Televisions, by the way, are called tube's because they suck what little  
individual-thinking mind that has not already been sacrificed to the crowd that  
says it's uncool out through the eyes.

Stop allowing yourselves to be forced into the square-unit of bland, take a stand,  
even if I disagree, I will see, that there is some inkling of remaining intellect  
behind your sightless glares.

Benjamin Feliciano

# The Missing Piece

She cannot know, I musn't tell her.  
She'll soon find out, of that I'm sure.  
This girl I'm fond of, with a heart that holds captive,  
She can never know, never know that the fact is...  
The fact is I love her without cease, the thought of her heats my chest.  
There is no contest among women, alone she triumphs as best.  
She sings her love with music of the soul.  
Entranced by it, I lose all control.  
Unable to focus on things of gravity,  
My attention span has come to be defined in brevity.  
Unaware of the way she moves me inside,  
I'd stop the turning of the world, to have her in my life.  
Endless recollections of the times I'd tripped,  
I'd stumbled, bumbled, then finally fell.  
My heels flew above my head the first time we kissed,  
And what remained of my knees was little more than gel.  
This muse beckons me to love her without fail,  
My heart longs for this, an affection never stale.  
I inhale this like a vapor, saddened when its gone.  
When my heart is ignited, a smile is always donned.  
Never the mask of charades played in a day to day haze,  
She's the conclusion to my jigsaw, much more than a phase.  
She fills in the picture, making life worth rejoice.  
Even if I can't reach her, her answering machine brings the subtle pleasure of her voice.  
A loss for words is where I stand,  
I would walk for endless miles, to be this woman's man.

Benjamin Feliciano

## The New Girl In The Office (Has Short Pink Hair)

I feel as though if I write a poem about her  
It will rectify my shameful inability to speak to girls as pretty as she is.  
I can rationalize never having enough courage  
By immortalizing her in written form.  
And forever re-read my words  
To relive the immolation of my heart whenever she smiles.  
I wonder if we even have anything in common,  
But I suppose our interests do not matter  
When I don't even know her name.  
I find that my risk-taking is rather limited,  
When it comes to endangerment of the heart.  
(Unlike my attempts at humor.)  
I think to try a joke, but when your best one-liners  
Come from taffy wrappers,  
It's best just to stay silent and think 'what if? '.  
People talk around me,  
But I hear nothing, and think of only her.  
I pop my head over my cubicle wall  
Like a suited prairie dog  
And sigh to myself,  
Sliding back into my chair as I get a call.  
'Hi this is Ben calling on behalf of-'  
CLICK!  
'Nevermind...'  
I sigh again and return to counting ceiling tiles.

Benjamin Feliciano

## The Park On 16th

I want something to scream aloud,  
And I want there to be someone who'll listen.  
On the edge of a great compass I sit,  
Waiting to be pointed onward.  
Confronted with a maddening stillness,  
I only hear movement from afar.  
The clouds have turned an unearthly orange,  
And a glow of forgotten metaphors warms  
My spine as I write in fading light.  
An echoing train hisses in the distance,  
And I continue my journey home.

Benjamin Feliciano

# The Purpose Of Piety

Ha ha ha, the anger over boils again.  
I've done nothing to save myself,  
Admiring the mess as the flies take reign.  
Fine, upstanding individuals line the stadium.  
All rising to bear witness to the spectacle of faults.  
We now return to your regular public blame-casting!  
Seconds behind the victor but miles from victory,  
The same colors cross my face in a spectrum of pity.  
A familiar web of deceit ensnares the naive, me.  
The tinted panes of 'ok' are melting to no surprise.  
I climb their blank stairs to the peak of depravity,  
And enter the cathedral of my own sins.  
Kneeling again at the alter of faults.  
Joy exchanged for the summits and valleys of the immediate.  
Vexatious truths verify the presuppositions,  
I am worth little more than the dust on my shoes.

Benjamin Feliciano

## This Seems Like A Re-Run...

Remember who you said you loved at 1 A.M. when you called for a favor.  
Recall the one who refused to abandon you.  
Recollect our promises.  
Reminisce about sublime moments.  
Revive the idea that you're killing me like only a best friend could.  
Receive only the best wishes wherever you decide to  
Redeem your life of squandered potential.  
Retain some sense of hope, whenever you decide to  
Reconcile with those who care most for you.  
Resolve to perhaps begin anew one day without me to  
Rectify all the perceptions that I endlessly  
Refused to believe in spite of all the evidence.  
React to some outside stimulus in the form of advice.  
Reactivate your motivation to change before you  
Realize that in time we have drifted far in brotherhood.  
Recant the things you said in frustration and we can  
Recapture the beauty of youth before it folds like the  
Resurgence of a wilting red rose in a final  
Reverie of the path that once seemed so imminent.  
Refocus as I recapitulate the point,  
Return to me and I'll return to you.

Benjamin Feliciano



# Time Flies... And Then You'Re Done

Taste the coffee, taste the smoke.  
Stir the tea, try not to choke.  
The days are longer, like summer came too soon.  
I miss the cold days in fall that seemed like seconds with you.  
You and I and a red framed bed.  
Pressing my lips gently on your head.  
I was in love, what was I to you?  
Something less notable, something less true?  
Just a best friendship with a wrong turn?  
I try to move forward and try to learn.  
800 miles and almost a year ago,  
I held you one last time, and then you let go.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Toilet Seat Covers

How about that illusion of security huh?  
Padded corners, hand sanitizers...  
We die anyway.  
This isn't a woeful poem about meaningless existence,  
I just think it's funny how reluctant we are to try change.  
If the things we do daily can kill us as quickly as taking risks, why not?  
'Man struck by car while waiting for bus.'  
'Woman crushed by own refrigerator.'  
Silly headlines preface the headstones we were born to lay below,  
But I want mine to say something exciting.  
Front page, single spaced, centerfold-included article  
About how I went down in flames.  
Remember me.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Transfer Stubs And Humanity

People are flawed,  
A far-cry from perfect.  
But simple acts dropp jaws,  
When done for the undeserving.  
Strangers helping the estranged,  
Or coworkers who help cope with pain;  
Human nature is nigh impossible to explain.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Uhm... I Forgot My Keycard Again

Why am I so mean spirited sometimes?

I mean, it's all internalized so it's only hurting me,  
But I have all of this anger inside.

Where is peace?

Is it in nature where trees grow,

Free from potted planters that line shopping centers and office buildings?

Is it the solace from God above?

Do all people spend their lives looking for it,

And is it ever found?

What causes contentment?

Who can give this to me?

Can we only image it exists, like a John Lennon song?

I need answers, but all I have are these questions.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Ultra Violet Diet

I never had an addiction to Mountain Dew,  
I had an addiction to you.  
Polite conversations, go by so fast.  
My only goal: to make you laugh.  
The first, perhaps of many  
Written with you in mind.  
Interesting, smart, and pretty;  
There are too few of your kind.  
It is unlikely that you will ever read this,  
Because it's unlikely that I'll ever show.  
But even if you never do,  
At least I know I'll know.

Benjamin Feliciano

## Under My Eyelids

Ah to ponder what could have been,  
Sulking at the close of each day.  
Wishing I could only have found the nerve,  
To say what I'm longing to say.  
The shadow my pen casts on the page,  
Is all I'm likely to leave behind.  
The imprint you leave on my heart,  
Proves that you're truly one of a kind.  
An orange, yellow, blue, sky;  
Is all that accompanies me.  
Because at the end of each day,  
Your endless eyes are all I see.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Vampire Tweets

Some people are afraid of death,  
Others fear living.  
I want to exist as though neither matter.  
I was not made for anything  
But deconstructing the environment.  
I am the everyman that wants to be everyone else;  
More than waste, but offering no creation.  
What am I helping with my words?  
Who is feeling my heart beat  
When I am far?  
Every musician encouraging me  
To quit my day job and follow my dreams,  
Has made more money than I'll ever see.  
It's not realistic to want to write for a living  
In a world where Twilight is literature,  
And Twitter is news.  
Simplicity and brevity chain and drown my muse.  
All I'm left to do is work and write and die.

Benjamin Feliciano

## Wake: Remember.

I woke in the golden hour  
To visions of you, back-lit.  
From dreams I arose, so strange and confusing  
That I owe credit to my subconscious mind,  
For being more creative than I.  
Chords of music stream in through the window blinds,  
And I am warmed by the sunbeams they ride.  
I am touched by reason and beauty finds meaning again  
As life sweetly soaks my lungs.  
I am feeling close to you today,  
Am I on your mind?

Benjamin Feliciano



# What About The Polar Bears?

Life is so linear, why?

Train tracks and phone lines; all vectors of forever.

While in the near surroundings, small leaves make great noises,  
And grass blades cover cities of minutiae.

Life is too rounded, too squared, too sharp, and too smooth.

Life is buildings, traffic, aluminum, and smog.

Out here I see trees and hills and dirt and fog.

Life is thermostats, fridges, and stoves.

Out here I feel sun and taste wind and breathe cold.

I think life would be this beautiful always,

If there were less of us living it.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Whatever We Are

This thing we've got,  
Ties my stomach in a knot.  
It's like a caterpillar entering the warm womb of a cocoon ready to bloom.  
I've got room in my heart,  
Can you see the space in my eyes  
Where your butterfly can float with  
No lies to scorch your wings?  
I could sing, you make me smile so wide  
I'm baptized with new lines  
To drop to paper from mind.  
And alive!  
How alive am I, that the bellowing sigh  
Of breezes lift below the arms  
And I fly!

Benjamin Feliciano

## Where Could I Have Wandered Off To?

I am sitting alone.

Looking across the way I see a reflection.

It is my own.

I wave.

My mirrored self responds in time.

Crows speak with geese in the distance,

Competing with passing cars.

I hear a sound not unlike a sigh

And glance back at the window where I saw myself,

And nothing is there.

Benjamin Feliciano

## Where's The Gray?

There were two rabbits:  
One white, one black.  
They gamboled slightly ahead,  
Weaving between trees.  
However, when I turned the corner,  
I saw and heard nothing.  
Upon arriving at work  
I poured at hot cup of coffee,  
And stirred in sugar  
With a thin white straw.  
When I arrived at my desk  
I saw the mug I had forgotten to put in the sink.  
It had a black straw in it.  
Is my life some story of duality,  
Run by some strange reoccurring motif?  
Or have I lost my mind  
To a bizarre sense of paranoia?  
Perhaps that I recognize this at all  
Means I am somewhat sane.  
I hope so.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Who Are You?

I once loved a girl of similar beauty,  
Her features flowed with a simple gradation of still and passive simplicity.  
There, in the multitude of memories, she dies.  
Her former harmonies now silent enough to draw a sigh.  
She is no more.  
And she is not you.  
In fact, to love you as though I was continuing to love her would be treason;  
For it would dishonor her memory and put you to shame.  
I once loved a girl of similar beauty,  
With a radiance from within.  
But you have no glow,  
You shine like iron pyrite,  
And are worthless as sin.

Benjamin Feliciano

# Why Do I Feel Dumb?

I know heartache comes from failed relationships and unrequited love,  
But I don't have anyone to be the object of my pining.

I want to be in love so bad it hurts.

I want there to be someone to want.

I miss having someone to entangle my thoughts late at night,  
Trying to figure out what I should wear to impress them;  
What jokes I should tell.

I could make someone smile and blush at my cheesy compliments.

I could be a hero.

I want a girl I can sweep off her feet

And name constellations with as we lay on our backs in dewy grass.

I want a girl who will make me hum Beatles songs to myself,

Smiling at the thought of her.

I'm ready for great things.

Benjamin Feliciano

## Will She Wed Him Or Merely Bed Him?

It should suffice to say I was thoroughly unprepared for this,  
But I don't know that it can really explicate the train wreck I'm in.  
The dupe went from rebound trash to a groom?  
I remember when I asked her the same question;  
She and I were alone in my room.  
Her response was no.  
What really transpired in such short a time,  
That he claimed so quickly what for four years, was mine?  
Her heart came first, now he has her hand?  
She asked me for advice, what am I to demand?  
That she leave him for me, who hurt her already?  
No, I won't try to regain her by use of pity.  
I won't try to regain her at all.  
I promised that if this was what she really wanted,  
That I wouldn't miss the wedding for the end of the world.  
But before she decided to have him, to make damn sure  
That she loved him and he treated her right.  
(Will I one day regret that I let her go without a fight?)  
Irrelevant I suppose, what will happen to me.  
I honestly only want for her to be happy.

Benjamin Feliciano

# 'Yes Yes' Said The Pessimist

Not both, not I.  
Not now, not here.  
Pretty soon, I don't know what.  
I can't be either but I can't be none.  
Not without her, but I'm sure as hell not with her.  
A slight rumble on red knuckles as the lights dim.  
Not what I'd hoped for and not what I expected.  
Please choose me, or anyone, anyone but him.  
It's likely I'll force my way through life without  
you until I can no longer withstand the distance.  
Shakes and sleep overcome my displaced thoughts.  
I feast to appease the concerned,  
To pass their glances aside.  
I take oxygen in strides.  
Lowered expectation,  
Shortened breath.  
Getting closer,  
To my own,  
Death.

Benjamin Feliciano



# You Drift About My Thoughts

Come and fly closer,  
I do not wish to clip your wings.  
Give me but an hour,  
I will be gone as the bell tower rings.  
I seek that I might extend my hand,  
To offer a moments rest,  
Before those murderous crows  
Pick apart your homely nest.  
Fly down to where I sit,  
While no one else is near.  
Perch gently upon my finger  
I promise you needn't fear.  
I have no bread to bait you,  
For I have no furtive trap.  
Listening close I hear you draw near  
As your subtle wings flap.  
There now, settle your ruffled thoughts and feathers,  
I will not make you sing, lest your heart wake with vocal pleasure.  
Whistle into my ear your quiet soul,  
And if any should ask how I know  
Of where elusive freedom flies  
I will respond 'wherever she is near by'.  
And how do I know, they will ask, you see;  
I will warmly respond 'a little bird told me.'

Benjamin Feliciano