

Poetry Series

Bryan Alexander
- poems -

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Bryan Alexander(1987-)

In a couple days I am scrapping all these shitty Emo poems and starting over.

'A great poet, a really great poet, is the most unpoetical of all creatures. But inferior poets are absolutely fascinating. The worse there rhymes are, the more picturesque they look. The mere fact of having published a book of second rate sonnets makes a man quite irresistible. HE LIVES THE POETRY HE CANNOT WRITE. The others write poetry they dare not realize.'

-Lord Henry from the picture of Dorian Grey by Oscar Wilde

You could always turn the page....

R.I.P Logan Alexander 1/21/09-5/16/09 You are Loved....

1,000 (My Second Attempt At A Love Poem)

A thousand times I wished for you
always at 11: 11
always on a star
To come to me from where you ran to
love can only stretch so far

A thousand dreams I dreamed of you
most I don't understand
dearest love I'll tell you this
in them we were hand in hand

A thousand words I've written for you
and not one of them will do
a thousand tears I've cried inside
each one searching for you

A thousand years I've waited for you
All alone and in the sand
alone on an island
starving without your hands

A thousand deaths I would have died
to keep you in my arms
I would have loved you always
through thick and thin
and kept you safe from harm

goodnight a thousand times
one for every dream, line, or wish
these are the last words
the very last time
Ill ever tell you this:

I love you

Bryan Alexander

A Few Lines For The Phillistines

Who is to define
what is poetry
and what is not

would a poet
dare to
tell a soldier
how to fire his gun

or to show an architect
how to design
his castle

or to tell
a king how to rule
his kingdom

I think not

Here in these lines
my pen is my gun
and I am the soldier

these pages
are the the castle
I built
stone for stone
where nothing once stood

In these poems
I am the king that
rules
commanding battalions
of metaphor
and lording over
my wordy subjects

Let the poet decide
what is poetic

and let him
transcribe and relate it
as he sees fit
What is meaningless to one
may be musical to another

we are all poets
some just listen
a little better
to the voice
that shouts
these lines
from inside

Bryan Alexander

A Million Lines While You Were Sleeping.....

I cant free you from my mind
I cant let go of the noose
you tied so carefully around my neck
seeing you in my mind
over and over
is the nightmare
that haunts my waking dreams
and sleepless nights
I cant tell if I'm too scared to be alone
or if you truly are the counter part of my soul
the completion of ourselves
I found myself draped in you
covered by a solemn slumber
that wont let me wake up
why is it so
in letting me go
did you lose yourself?
do the miles and mountains
that separate us
save us from further damnation
or do they test our resolve
and ability to love
through war
famine
and a sun that chokes
the very life from me
when I cant see you behind it
I count the stars
to find the perfect one;
the perfect wish to bring you back to me
in your arms I have felt my greatest joy
and by your hand
I wear my deepest scars
when will I have paid enough
when will my sacrifice be complete
days without you
are days that i cant breathe
I suffocate in my love
i drown nightly

in the cold amber of your absence
god has made you for me
and i for you
but weather it was to torment me
for past deeds in lives
I don't remember living
or to make me earn
the loving hand that dug these scars into me
I don't know
I fear I never will
i wait for you
I always wait for you
to come back from the place
star crossed lovers go
I am useless to anyone but you
I am damaged and fractured
and the my heart burns red
with impatience
I have nothing more to give you;
though I would give you the world
I have one last breathe
that I hold for you
I am dizzy and weak
I am pathetic and twisted
in your arms I could lead a nation
without you
I struggle to put shoes on the right feet
If letting you go means happiness
then for the rest of my life
I will suffer
alone
so alone
trapped in a world that has taken you from me
I offer you these lines
I offer you this life
I am not wise
I do not know many things
I have done nothing
created nothing
but every night
in this prison of my mind
I paint for you

the life we should have shared
I write the tragedy
that I wouldn't trade for
perfection from another
If love is pain
then I love as only
those that have lost love can
If holding you was a dream
then go back
and never wake me up
as your hair fades to grey
I will love you
as the sun departs
dejected from our last night together
let me hold you
If you are my poisoned apple
I will eat freely
if you are my greatest torture
then beat me more
not because I love pain
but because I love you
every scar I wear
ties me to you
as everything else does
nothing could stop my love for you
not
the sun
the ocean
God or the devil in disguise
only you can put out the flame of my love
only you can burn my soul
my everything
I am without you

But
I am
Still
Here

Bryan Alexander

Angel Of Mourning

I see her face
in the shattered mirror
of my world
and in this moment
there is no pain or regret
there is no anger or blood
there is only the purity of youth
and perfect lines that trace
the piece of heaven
disguised
as her body
this is chaos perfected
the completion of what the gods
promised
golden and loving
like the rays of a tired sun
Angel of Mourning
you wash away my sins
and give new life
to the one
Ive wasted

Bryan Alexander

Bad Things Happen To Good People

Bad things
happen to good people
is it a sign
(a tumor, malignant
or benign)
to pull a knife
and cut your life strings
short of time

whose fault?
Mine?

I pay taxes I go to church
I'm pretty F***** decent
for what its worth
yet I'm cosmically and constantly
tread on
thrown away
like an unwanted still-birth

gift and a curse
to walk this thin line
through space and time
where god has a magnifying glass
and were all just ants
marching in line

Bryan Alexander

Beats Me

fighting this burning
my fingers are yearning
to twist this blade
inside your heart
or what it used to be
used to beat for me
now it just beats me
there was no sin unforgivable
I picture a strangers lips
pressing against yours
lips that were once home to me
you're a thief
a stranger a lover
a lie

Bryan Alexander

Beloved (3rd Attempt At A Love Poem)

you shake your hair
and my dreams fall
like arrows shot
from Cupid's bow
each one piercing
deeper and deeper
into my soul

I love you beloved

you are the water
that drowns
the vast desert
of my life
when we are apart

you are the fire
that burns
all of my regret
and indecision to ash
so that I may be born again

you are the air
that breathed life
into the piece of clay
that I once was

you are the soft
nurturing earth
that holds the roots
of the tree of our love
that we planted
from a seed
so many lives before

without you:

there are no dreams
there is no water

to satisfy the never ending
thirst of my love

there is no fire
to keep me from freezing
in my solitude

there is no air to breathe
the sweet breath of your love
into me and I am clay

without you beloved
the Earth is barren
and our tree slowly
rots and falls
from its stately heights
to the ground where mortals
march like ants

Together we were Gods
apart we are the forgotten dream
a condemned man
rubs carelessly
from his eyes
on the morning of his death

Bryan Alexander

Cast Away

a cast away
thrown from the ship of sorrow
swam out into the black sea
searching and yearning for land
a place to rest
a place to call home
inside his head was best
the king of a forgotten throne
he swam until fire seared his lungs
and the bed of the sea looked so inviting
he let the waves tuck him in
there is no sense in fighting

Bryan Alexander

Counterfeit Smile

I saw a counterfeit smile
stretched for miles
sent through satellites
or telephone wire
making my desire
to burn you with fire
erase your name
or call you a liar
anxiety gets higher
I hear the angels choir

sounding my defeat
my teeth left broken
bleeding on the street
they were once pretty
so I made a necklace of them

Youve got no heart to mend
Light will bend
the earth will shake
from your mountains of lies
and smiles you faked

Bryan Alexander

Dont Leave

Dont leave
Im not ready
to watch you go
to that far off place
of hurricanes and gypsies
wont you miss me?
and my hands
framing your face
like a painting
beautiful and enigmatic
at the same time
stay and be mine
or the sea
of salty tears
that will cascade from
my scarred chin
may drown us all

Bryan Alexander

Dont Tell Me You Love Me When 2,000 Miles Say You Dont

I can write for you:

melting words
for a frozen heart

How I would have loved you
until the end of days
watching and sailing
our paper boats
float along the way
we weren't as clay
I see us love as a candle
(burning burning burning so bright)
there wasn't enough wick to handle
The fire the flame I held for you
(in my hands always in my hands)
you left me not as the moon leaves
the sky to return
but like a victim with remorseless
ashes gently laughing as I burn
ever the critic a non believer
in me, in us, in destiny
I am not and will NEVER be perfect
(I could have loved you perfectly)
though I never claimed to be
the difference is
you were enough for me
And I was something to be used
so now I sit half a man
A poet with no muse
I was right a lot of the time
about so many things
about life and love
the stillness in your eyes
and how you would leave me in the spring

so as the cold winter fills my vacant heart

when you left you paid no rent
these are the last words the last lines
that I will ever lament
I cant love you
I wont love you
it was like swimming in cement

Bryan Alexander

Drowning

trapped beneath the surface
the icy cold fills my lungs
I watch the sun's rays
bounce off the waves surface
reflecting on the seconds left
I have to live
water in my lungs grows heavy
and I am weak
pull me toward the sea's floor
to the treasures that you keep
the tiny bubbles that dance around my head
are a million galaxies

Bryan Alexander

Failure (There Is No Positive Here)

I exist
on xanax and beer
poorly written verse
and a little bit of fear
of the greatness
that once lived inside
of me dying
but Im too scared or stupid
to stop trying
the lies i told myself
could fill a small library
consult your dictionary
for a definition of failure
open the book look it up
and you will find my face there

Bryan Alexander

Failure Pt.2 (There Is Some Good Here)

when you think it long enough
and hard enough
when it rolls over and over in your mind
like some forgotten load
of laundry
spinning in the dryer
while no one is watching
it starts to become true
not because it should be
but because you let it sit
like milk on the counter
for weeks
for years and now the flies are
buzzing angry circles
around your thoughts of failure
and you continue to think them
they manifest themselves in your life
I'm sure at some point Edison
felt it when he couldn't make his light bulb glow
and maybe Bethoven felt it
when the vibrations in his ear weren't quite right
and I know Ive felt it when I couldn't keep him in my arms
or her by my side
but the more I think about it
maybe I'm not the failure
maybe it's time I get those clothes
out of the dryer, that have been dry for weeks
and throw away that spoiled milk
start living my dreams
and forget about that miserable girl
that lost ME
so the flies of failure and regret
can turn circles
around HER head
where they belong

Bryan Alexander

Fall

the summer is ending
I feel Septembers
Cold fingers
reaching around the
fragile neck
of my beloved season
as the summer dies
and fires on the beach
cease
we will sit back
and catch the leaves
as they fly from the trees
that once bound them to earth
they pile in thousands
some meek and some tall
I feel my back against the wall
summer has died
and now its
f
a
 |
 |

Bryan Alexander

Fireworks

Like a rocket
shot from my head
to the pages I scribble on
from here in my bed

the sparks they shine
yellow orange blue and red

bright flashes of nothing
an illusion, a lie
chemicals and ether
thrown up by a magician
in the night sky

Bryan Alexander

First Attempt At A Love Poem...

be careful
with my love
not because I am fragile
as in the sense of a roses stem
or stained pieces of glass
but my love is

don't
take my love for granted
like so many do the sun
not appreciating and
almost expecting
its daily offering
of light and warmth

take care of my love
as you would
a child
because my love is young
and must be guided
and nurtured to grow

If you don't break
or forsake my love
if you can be kind
and patient enough to
watch it grow

then my love
as innocent as a child's
as consistent as the sun
as soft silken and strong
as a spiders web
will always be yours

Bryan Alexander

For Logan

How could I ever capture
you
in words
How do I describe the feeling
of your little heart beating
keeping perfect rythm
with mine
how could I ever
make someone understand
what I saw in the brilliant blue
of your infant eyes
or what I felt as I held your
mothers hand as you
my angel
flew from your mothers womb

I cant

Because some things
like losing you
werent meant to happen
and the words to explain them
dont
exist

Bryan Alexander

For Logan (The Boy That Was Brighter Than The Sun)

I miss you
little warrior
my brave boy

eyes of my eyes
vessel of my joy

take the ocean
the trees, the moon
my life, my soul

but not my son
who, like the sun
gave warmth and light
to all

I am all alone
my brave, strong, sweet
little one
and it is so dark
without you

Bryan Alexander

For Logan And All The Poems You Never Got To Write

You have never
Loved
until you hold your child
brand new and innocent
and welcome them
into this world

you have never given
until you breathe life
nurturing and unselfish
patient and kind
to your new soul

and you have never lost
until they are
stripped and taken from you
selfishly and deliberately
in the middle of the night
by the shadow we fear
is death
from your Loving arms

Bryan Alexander

For Logan Pt.3 (Lift This Off My Shoulders)

I write these lines
of regret tragedy and lies
to free the burden
and their weight off
my soul
if not I'd lose control
become vengeful and wasted

I saw the perfection
God has created
in my little boy
I saw infinite possibility
in his pale blue eyes
and felt the strength
of an army
when his hand held mine
Im looking for a sign
a message from the divine
that he didn't die in vein
and I will see him again
where fate meets time

Bryan Alexander

For Logan Pt.4 (It Rained All Summer)

It rained all summer
and it was fitting
because the world
mourned the loss of
my little boy

the sky was scarred and deaf
with lightning and thunder crashing
immense winds
that howled in pain
or rage
I'm not asking

there is the man behind
the curtain
pulling on all of our strings
its misery he brings
along with
stormy weather
covering the deep blue sky
that once held
a promise of life and love
spinning it into a lie

angels tears
fall from the sky as rain
they rejoice
for my child
who no longer
suffers any pain

this is my only respite
from melancholy or disdain
my shield and protector
from going insane
I miss you so bad
my sweet boy
especially when it rains

For Ma At 2: 18 Am Las Vegas Time

how did you know
I'd still be up around 2
not doing much not dreaming yet
but I'm always thinking of you

It's a miracle how you love me
without you I wouldn't survive
when I'm down and insecurity plagues me
you keep my dreams alive

you are so strong and persistent
sweet mother of mine
time and miles separate us
but your heart is always
close to mine

I don't know how you do it
but you keep my life together
strong as steel, an angel's wing
I will love you the most forever

How can I say it best?
Ma, I love you and this last part may not rhyme
I'm sorry for every time I hurt you
and making my pain yours
but, I thank you a thousand times
you kept me from Hell's doors

and when I'm selfish you remind me how to believe
that God is good
for he gave an angel to me
my mother, my savior

Nweni flower from Heaven
you are the rock that I build my dreams on
The anchor that binds me to Earth
and for everything God has taken from me
I'm blessed to have your heart and hearth

You embody everything that is good
In life, I know you understand
it may take time ma
but I promise you this
I'll make you proud
I'll do better than try, for you
I know I can
I'll always be your baby boy
Even when I figure this out
and your son becomes a man

Bryan Alexander

Freeeee Write

rage was taken
stolen in the dead of night
to scared to fight
or put to flame
what was left of my dreams
torn from the seems
pages cut
giving the words
time to bleed
what do I need
an island, a home
where Im always alone
but surrounded by
a crowd
dressed in my burial shroud
I head for the street
my place to meet
those willing to sell
pieces of soul
for my vice
smoking away life
in the chamber of gas
that was once my heart
star crossed
doomed from the start
I forgot to depart
my lack of wisdom on you
broken muse
and Im too drunk to write
the day has drowned
and now its night
give me the bic
so I can ignite
these words that weren't right
if we cant have poetry
at least we've got some kindling
for a fire tonight

Freeeee Write Part 3

let me cut deep
to empty secrets you keep
cut broken bone
and find fragile eyes weep
take the leap and move
to somewhere forgotten by time
cut corners to find words to rhyme
stay and be mine
or don't
let me love and caress
where you wont

far from home
soaking in anger
that wont leave me alone
the past has shown
that I've over come adversity
and turned hardship to stone
by myself
no love no angel
to call my own

Bryan Alexander

Gasoline

go ahead
I want you to
add fuel to the fire
douse me in gasoline
I want to burn
I want to breathe smoke
I want to ignite a passion in others
that will create a revolution

the hounds of hell
wait for me
and howl for my return
my body is charred
and covered in scars
from lessons I couldnt learn

But I know

behind these smoked out skies
the sun still shines
so that we may find our way

Bryan Alexander

Going Away To College

Another sleepless night
I count numbers and sheep in my head
but everything brings me back to you
and the smell of your perfume
you hang like a shadow
the star of every picture
in the projector of my
broken mind
everything is fine
and the world rests its weary eyes
while I pray
that you are alone tonight

Bryan Alexander

Hearts For The Heartless

do not call
do not write
You who would play my heart
like a broken violin
you who built me up to tare me down
you are my greatest sin

do not call
do not write
I wont give you the pleasure
of another sleepless night
tossing and turning
feeling like burning
I mistook your soul for treasure

(are those matches behind your back?)

do not call
do not write
you left me empty handed
though I submitted to your every whim
every wish your
childish heart commanded

do not call
do not write
you took my love for granted
stole my heart my soul my eyes
and left me in darkness stranded

(pull the knife from my back
give me back my dreams
the black diamonds around your eyes
pale and mischievous they gleam
Give back my love
heart still dripping

wet crimson tears
cut from the seams)

Bryan Alexander

Hearts Of Stone And Broken Bones

How do you love a stone
how do you know
when to leave her alone
Broken Bone
my head and hands are mangled
from walls and rock
I race the clock
to try and make you love me before
the hourglass is empty
how could you forget me
and the way I held you close
under the stars
as the sky fell down
every shooting star reminds me of you
something too beautiful to last
a streak across the night sky
that I made my wish on

Bryan Alexander

Her Little Pink Bikini

I picture a beach
beautiful and pristine
but unremarkable
except she is there
letting the sun
rain warmth all
around her
the waves break
harder and higher
and its almost like
they are trying to touch
her to hold her
if only for a second
I grow jealous
as the suns rays
caresses
her tight soft body
trying to learn its secrets
her movement is like a dance
a ballet of
suntan lotion and lemonade
and shes gone
I wish she had stayed
but it would be selfish of me
to try to keep something so
perfect
as my own

Bryan Alexander

Hungover And Blinded

Light snuck in
through the small crack of
my makeshift blinds
and stole the innocence from
my eyes
I realized I was still drunk
from the night before
battling demons and bad dreams
with a pen as my sword
I swung it back and forth
on unsure drunken legs
and was almost
consumed by one
of the larger ones that
had eightballs where its
eyes should be
anyway
the words are smashed together
in my head
like too ripe mellons
I smell like an ashtray
and taste like a left over gin and tonic
witch is exactly as appealing as it sounds
I opened my red sore veiny eyes
and realized I was drunk
and couldnt find my bike keys

Bryan Alexander

I Am Without You

If you mean
what you said to me
and you dont feel like dying
you never loved me
paint pictures of fake happiness
with golden sunsets
bloodless bouquets
line streets of a world
that keeps you from me
or was it just you
either way I feel used
cheap and thrown away
an unwanted gift
a collection of sad mistakes
the crown prince of nothing
I am without you

Bryan Alexander

It's 4: 59 Pm

It's 4: 59
and I don't drink
fine wine but whiskey
writing poetry
for a girl that never
missed me
never saw what I could become
now I'm sharing the spotlight
with a loaded gun
will you remember
January 21st
I watched my love
give birth
to my angel
with no wings

I loved you
loveless
and the insanity
it brings

Ive searched for love
with whores and saints
battled depression
with poetry and oil paints
that document
the tragedy of our love
our star watches from above

the lines Ive written
are my face you spit in
I pray to be forgiven
to crush the world you
live in
of fantasy and fairy tales
I wonder who will catch
your tears
when you realize
I'm not there

Bryan Alexander

Just Another Beautiful Day In Cleveland, Ohio

Today is cold and grey
falling from a full calender
of similar days
what does it matter
life drifting away
the sun has no color
and I no heart
nor reason to stay
alone I pray
to find a way
to navigate this maze
of endless grey days

Bryan Alexander

Life Is Chess Not Checkers

I have not lived
but for 22 years
I wondered with eyes half open
and ears half closed
through this game of life

I had checker pieces
when life was chess
I found that searching for life's meaning
was often meaningless

I have endured
and I will still learn
I am all ashes
embers that burn

I always procrastinate
I was trying to be crowned
while life found checkmate
and threw my checkers
red pieces
all over the ground

Bryan Alexander

Lines For A Girl Ive Never Met

Ive been looking
but cannot find
a soul so incomplete
it could be completed with mine

what is distance
but a variation of time
in my hand yours fits
and in your hand fits mine

If I walk will you meet me
the path strewn with old lovers
and failed mistakes
I would walk miles
on broken glass
to see, to find
the beautiful mind
that penned your every line
love lost and broken prose
can bind your heart to mine

still thinking of you
I come unglued
no way to mend me
but the smell of your perfume

Love lost behind a blank computer screen
I wonder if your an angel
or something spun from my darkest dream

Bryan Alexander

Little Red Mustang

She walked back to her
little red mustang
and gave me a look over her shoulder
that could have created a universe
her eyes brighter than all the galaxies
a smile more celestial than any star
my heart fell for miles
as she started her car
if memory is fleeting
and nothing gold can stay
it makes sense like nonsense
that she had to drive away

Bryan Alexander

Logan's Blanket

I pick up the blanket
that kept you warm and close to me
now its folded
not forgotten
just hidden away for now
I know
the smell of you has faded from it
but my mind wont admit it
in my head and heart you stay
forever breathing
a heart the size of a hummingbirds
Roared like that of a Lions
I feel like a failure
I couldnt stop you from dying
I fold the blanket up
that once held my whole world in
my arms
its tiny blue fibers cling to me
I kept you safe from harm
I feel you watch over me
and scare away death
when I try to make him come for me
I hear your voice
in every sparrows song
its almost unbearable
I wonder where you have
gone?

Bryan Alexander

Mi Amore

One day
you will wake up
from sleeps nightly embrace
and find yourself wrapped in me;
wrapped in the morning
and in that instant
it will be as if you had never left
but had left with me
to count fireflies
in the perpetual summer
of our love

Bryan Alexander

Moonlight Delilah...

you left suddenly
Like candlelight from a room
when the wick is spent
and can give light no more

you left with honesty
painted by forked tongues
as quiet as an earthquake
as gently as the fingers of the wind
clawing out the eye
of this hurricane

the thin veil I saw you through
is gone, and so are you
but your echo still surrounds me

my love will leave you
drip by drip
dropp by drop
as glaciers submit
to an angry Sun

It will perish slowly
as the moss grows over
each second
and becomes a century

One day
you will reach for my love
and only find
the salt of forgotten glaciers

You will look for me love
and see only moss
green towering monuments
to the minutes I lost
being lost in you

you will seek me

and yourself in me
and find only a bad dream

And your cold soft lips
will be sick
with the taste of regret

Bryan Alexander

More Rope

Ive lost you
the place where I could
hang my head
now Im looking for a rope
and a new place to hang my head

Bryan Alexander

My Dog (Killian)

today I watched my dog (Killian)
jump over a five ft. fence
3 times trying to get to the neighbors tree
and bite this squirrel
that was hurling acorns and insults
at her
she climbed as high as she could
up this tall tree
but the squirrel would climb
just a little higher than she could reach
this vulgar little squirrel
shouted obscenities
in the nutty squirrel tongue
at her
making her want it more
I wish I wanted ANYTHING
as much as she wanted
that squirrel

Bryan Alexander

One Crazy Summer Day At Ceder Point

Its almost like
Im stretching time
trying to make this time elaaaaaaaaaaaaaastic
Last
Longer
but what is time
but a record
of our triumphs
& mistakes
expieriences of love
and loss
a paper trail
of our willingness to
forgive
or be forgiven
to forget
or be forgotten

Bryan Alexander

One Winged Butterfly

Like a one winged
butterfly
I turn circles in the sky
Lost and spiraling down
Almost unable to fly

I want to find a place
where I can lie peacefully
where your lack of
regrets don't
taunt me
or bring out the
beast in me

Couldn't you take me
out peacefully
instead of piece by piece
in by inch of me

I know you hurt
I hurt too
you ran to a place
where I can't protect you

So confused
So instead of dying
I'll cut off my other
wing
I Have no angel
thus no use for flying

once a butterfly
now a caterpillar again
When I had you I could fly
now I'm ordinary again

Bryan Alexander

Our Meteor Shower

we watched the stars fall down
together just you and I
we hid deep in the woods
and found an opening in the
night sky
the moon shone for a second
and illuminated your face
words or illusions could never
explain
what beauty I beheld
it was as if a star had fallen
and laid her arms around me
it was seeing for the first time
it was like hearing in color
it was divine
just like a shooting star
you showed me how real beauty
still exist
the fact that your leaving
reminds me how perfection
is something I can reach for
But
I always
miss

Bryan Alexander

Pacific Ocean Love Pt.1

I went to the ocean
Parted the seas
and she was
kind enough to reveal
her secrets to me

I lived a thousand years
In her riptides and curls
Got lost in my head
didn't even think of that girl

The waves shook like
palm trees
that danced tranquilly
The pacific, my mother
gave new life to me

abalone shells
and I'm not alone
Finally found a place
to welcome me home

I'll work
I'll Bleed
die if I must
to get back
To the ocean
the lover I trust

King of the waves
Mans own Poseidon
I swam out forever
And found myself
wrapped warmly
Safe inside them

Bryan Alexander

Pacific Ocean Love Pt.2

I went to the ocean
for a day
the waves and the sand
kept melancholy at bay

soaking and burning
in this salt
water pot
cleansing my soul
when God would not

my life
in pieces
scattered across
a barren land

I was baptized
in the Ocean
where the heavens
meet the sand

Bryan Alexander

Pieces Of Moon

Sometimes we love
always we fight
as long as your with me
death would be alright

your skin glows
like alabaster pieces
of moon
if my soul sings
its always your tune

you melt into me
like springtime
your face is
flowers in bloom

HELL is not fire or ash
but the absence of your warmth
it is the cave
you dig inside me
everytime you walk away

Bryan Alexander

Poorly Versed Musings At 4 Am

The lines fall out of
my head onto these
pages where nothing once was
I bend them and make them
my own
but they trap me
beneath these pages
and the lines become bars
to my prison cell
Bukowski (great man that he was)
says if you have to show someone
your work you aren't ready
maybe he was right
or maybe he was
just an
a** hole
Ill shout my feeble words
until my voice is hoarse
and the nonsense in my
head
makes sense

Bryan Alexander

Prayer Of The Phoenix

may you find passion
in the fire that burns
through the valley of your life

may you find wisdom
in the charcoal embers
of your burnt mistakes

and may you find strength
in the smoldering ashes
that cleansed your soul
so that you might live again

Bryan Alexander

Regret

Regret haunts me
follows me around like
a lost dog
a lost love
digging into me
as only she can
I still taste the rain
for what its worth
and scribble
meaningless lines
onto this paper of mine
in time everything
falls to pieces
even kings turn to ash
mountains are swallowed by
oceans
and everything ends
as it began

Bryan Alexander

Russian Roulette For My Sweet Juliette

I am fractured without her
a small crack
parts the seems of
my heart
each beat and mile
that separates us
threatens to pull me apart
doomed from the start
as star crossed as lovers come
as melancholy
as the last sip
in this bottle of rum
as unforgettable
as the last time a dying man
will see the sun
this game is dangerous
like Russian roulette
with an automatic
gun

Bryan Alexander

Sad But True

the cities are filled
and sleeping
in the cement sealed
burning coffin
of another night of mediocrity

Bryan Alexander

Scared Boy

My book and life are falling apart
the glue that binds each
slowly fades with time
I have learned nothing
from my mistakes
And created nothing
from the pain
nothing worth reading or writing about
a sad collection of poorly
versed expression
whinings and mutterings
from a boy too stupid or scared
too lazy and tired to do anything
about it
hang in my closet
next to the suit I wore
at your funeral
and the box of memories
your mother gave me
before she ran away

Bryan Alexander

Shattered In Shame

Sweet dancer
on the desert winds
like falls leaves
or a drunkard on gin
shall we begin?

I beg the vast night
to let me in
drown for my sins
compassion and lack of foresight
too determined to do what is right
conquering the light

with mirrors I shattered in shame
And echos from your photograph
calling out my name

Bryan Alexander

Side By Side

sleep together
side by side
one my son
the other my bride

sleep a dream of love tonight
of fires warm and everything right
bring her peace in dreams tonight
push pain away without a fight

give him the gift of sight tonight
of oceans vast and stars so bright
build him a castle of light tonight
where my prince may rest safe and tight

so much love I hold inside
for one my son
the other my bride

Bryan Alexander

Silence

snow white visions of violence
slowly take over
the sounds of your silence

Bryan Alexander

Stars Pt.2

the light is just right
and the silver spun shadow
of the moon chases its tail
around a night that
stole memories of me
from the half filled
chalice of your heart

and through the fog
your lighthouse eyes
find mine
and discontinue the search
for others lost in the
flood of your beauty

we touch
and a universe is created

we part and stars fall
like fiery tears
rather than witness
this tragedy

Bryan Alexander

Stars...

They watch over you, when I can not
they shower you with the silver blue gleam
of precious stones and fine things
I can not give to you
they hang in the same coal black
vast sea of midnight
that in waves, surrounds us all
on them I wish for you
on them I pray for you
to bring you peace in dreams
to wipe tears from your eyes
when you are not close enough
for me to catch them
the stars beloved
are tiny embers
pieces chipped away
from gods own light
The same light
that used to stare
at me, so peacefully
and lovingly, from the
heavenly blue infinite of your eyes

Bryan Alexander

Sympathy From A Demon

I am almost asleep
and I hear them
before I see them
the demons
rumbling and crunching
brittle bones
they step out
into the blue black
inky darkness of my room
They wait patiently
for slumber to fill
my cold slanted eyes
and when it does
when I am still
and weak enough
they will grip me
ripping into my
soft flesh
looking for the
tender heart you stole from me
they wont find it there
because you carry it with you
they will feel cheated
tricked out of a meal
they shave my skin
from my bones
reminding me
how to feel
will I scream in agony?
I dont think Ill give them
the pleasure
the hang mans noose
around my neck
leashing me like a falcons tether
to the bed rails so I cant fly
scream or breathe
Its a story no one
will believe
how they cut me open

found no heart
left my chambers
closed the door
to give me time to grieve

Bryan Alexander

The Water The Sand And Your Lips

we walked
hand in hand
in the sand
to the edge
of the beach

Diamonds shining
off the top of the blue green water
You beside me
Poseidon's daughter

we continued on
to the sand bar
the water gently lapping
on your thighs

I looked in your eyes
and was lost
No matter what the cost
I must kiss you
so I did
and you kissed back
your soul
poured into mine
reminding me what I lacked

And it seems like twenty seconds
in a dream
indescribable incalculable
just the water
you and me

so simple
at the time
nothing existed
but your lips on mine
so soft with that gentle pout
I wondered how long
I'd been without

I've kissed so many lips before

none like yours
that took me away
from that sandy shore
to the golden locked
gates of heaven
it was like sneaking in the back door
with your lips against mine
I'd never need
anything more

Bryan Alexander

The Way I Sea It....

The sun bleeds
dripping its violet, crimson, pink
blood
cut from another
thankless day in the sky

he grows weak
and finally bleeds out
as he slips to the kingdom
of forgotten gods
surrendering to the vast ocean of
darkness and it is night

falls leaves
scream in a brilliant
orange coppery agony
swaying in the breeze
a death dance,
before they fall to the ground
where the rest of us live

thousands of fish
turn tortured circles
in their salt water tank prisons
dreaming of the ocean
or praying for death

and

so

do

I

Bryan Alexander

The Way You Left Me

every cell in my body that has longed
for you
the lungs that breathed you in
your heart that pumped my blood has died
in your cold absence
from the distance you put between us

Our one soul that was fading away
has been sucked dry
a vampire, a hole in the sea
I can find no solace
and now I'm soulless
This is twice the way you have left me

Bryan Alexander

There Is A Boy In Ohio

Just so you know.....

There is a boy in Ohio
that got lost in your eyes
like a lit candle at noontime
a bat hidden in the midnight skies

there is a boy in Ohio
that wont sleep tonight
who does not fear
sweet dreams of you
but of being alone
with mornings light

there is a boy in Ohio
that would have traded his eyes
not for mountains of diamonds
or barrels of wine
but to go back
to where your lips met
and freeze time

there is a boy in Ohio
missing his muse
his words are short tragedy
he only thinks of you
he is tired and weak
broken and confused

there is a boy in Ohio
that waits for you
to him you are light on water
distilled from angels tears
dreamer of my dreams
conquer of my fears

the boy in Ohio is me
and sweet girl I miss you
come fill my empty heart
and I will write
all my lines for you

Bryan Alexander

To My Dearest Friend Jack

I drained my last
sip of Jack
my trusted friend
and gave up on humanity
finding strength
in the desert
writing lines
left handed
I broke the right
on hopes face

the streets
and casinos
are filled
with ordinary
and broken men
that have never
read Bukowski
or have even
heard of him

red streams of
disgust
poured from
lovers lips
unclever lines
for unclever minds
I'll remind them
of what they missed
in a desert sunrise
land scared and
bleeding
blue blood through
vacant hearts
our memories misleading

don't forget
your mother's hands
that dried your tears

lovingly, with no regret
the best lines are
haunted
I just haven't found
them yet

Bryan Alexander

Trees

Tree
hide me away
lend me your
roots
give me knowledge
teach me the truth
patience is a virtue
that I have never learned
I still play with matches
despite being burned
oh great tree
strong and wise
for 100 years
thank you for listening
and giving me paper
to dry my tears

Bryan Alexander

Two Beautiful Paintings

Two beautiful paintings
are leaned against my stereo
on the floor
one depicting a goddess
among the tigers
a dragonfly in the air
a rose in her hand
the other
dressing her up
like the goddess of war
spear in hand
ready to fight
an unseen enemy
there are holes in all the walls
around me
put there by the
adolescent fist of my
anger
making all the times I
lost control
painfully obvious
I pick the paintings up
one by one
and begin to cover the holes
with the paintings
disguising my mistakes
with the beauty another
has created
the paintings begin
to hide my rage
Mona Lisa
atop a sewer tunnel

Bryan Alexander

Weather Man

My head is cloudy
just like the weatherman
said it would be
partially depressed
with a good chance of insanity
so
I put on my straight-jacket
grabbed my umbrella
and headed out the door
to my surprise the weathermans lies
became evident to me
I searched high up in the sky
not one depressed cloud to be found
no hint of insanity in sight
I turned my umbrella upside down
and caught
the golden happiness
that was shining
and falling like snow flakes
all around me

(I never watch the weather)

Bryan Alexander

What Might Have Been

here I sit alone
lost in the jungles of my mind
the birds hunt in circles
and their feathers fall like rain
to the left there is a lake
that drowns the sorrows of
shattered men
haunted by dreams of
what might have been
its near this lake
Ive made my hole
drowning freely every night
in the tears of forgotten souls
lost angels
here I am
with truth tattood on my chest
and regret carved into my arms
where have all the angels gone
where is the dawn
we have been decieved
by Jobs comforters
and all other that falsely wish
us well
the rest of the world dances
while I search for my soul
burried beneath the sands
of 1,000 mistakes

Bryan Alexander

Worthless

I often find myself saying

You've got to stop

screaming

fighting shadows

lying

crying

feeling sorry for yourself

accusing

being accused

closing your eyes while driving

hating yourself

and everybody else

the pursuit of wealth

denying truth

drinking alone

breaking your phone

punching holes in walls

procrastinating

doing nothing at all

reading but not learning

hiding in plain view

confiding

drunken motorcycle riding

making excuses

pretending to be useless

mixing juice with gin

committing every possible sin

or you will waste all you're potential

and will never amount to shit

and all those sheep

that doubted you will

get the last laugh

Bryan Alexander

Writers Block

A blank page
stared at me
taunting me
almost daring me to try
and write some
clever lines
or at least something
simple and cliché
I said F*** it
sat down
and drank a
beer

Bryan Alexander

You Call Me

and your voice
is bounced off a satellite
in outer space
and beamed to my phone

when it rings
& comes alive
its a mystical thing

that in this space age time
I can still commit the crime

hanging myself
over telephone lines
every time you call
and my cellphone chimes

Bryan Alexander

You Cant Spell Garbage Without The 'G'(Notes To Myself)

nobody wants to read
your sorry ass whiny words
that you proclaim poetic
if you want to die so bad
pull the trigger
and spare me lines that are pathetic

your empty love poems
are so fake and sickly sweet
reading one makes one almost
diabetic
regurgitated bullshit cliché
lacking all aesthetic

blood and sugar on these pages
someone call a medic
there is cyanide in the kool-aid
drink it
or
forget it

Bryan Alexander

You Loved Me Less

these words are simple:

I sail alone
against the icy shore
you loved me less
I loved you more

when your life was filled
with turbulent waters
riptides of stress
up past your neck
I gave you my vest
Now on the bottom of
this ocean of regret I rest
I loved you more
and you loved me less

I was there when you
needed me
for an ice coffee
or the heart from my
chest
I loved you more
you loved me less

in your eyes
Im second best
a half hearted poet
who failed the test
you took half my soul
I drank the rest
How could someone so soul full
be soulless
but I digress
I couldnt have loved
you more
and you couldnt have given
a F*** less

