

Poetry Series

C.R. Blazo
- poems -

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C.R. Blazo(11`21`79 - Present)

I came here to enjoy poetry.

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Wonderful advance
With smile and dance
Collapse your body on me
Bronze fawn skin
With a cute round chin
And eyes so bright to see
I smell your hair
In auburn fare
While fingertips touch in view
Our legs are exed
Our bodies compressed
I'm so in love with you
Can we stay
Like this today
And never let this fade
For I am lucky
To be with you
And have this love be made.

C.R. Blazo

A Frost Descends

A frost descends
Encasing me
A cocoon in kelvin
Wow this hurts
A tear sheds
To freeze on contact
My world slows
The lights are dimming
Through my back I escape
And find myself
Wet and warm to the touch!

C.R. Blazo

A Post

Among agricultural spaces
Through cool hollows
By a sycamore-lined glen
Sits a post
A post wrapped in decaying roots
Roots that once strangled the centurion
Behind the post
Tangles of Multiflora Rose and Honeysuckle
The top of the post is disintergrating
With crevices and fissures
That collapse when the harrier alights
Driven into the ground 120 years ago
To mark a plot's corner
With Granite and Feldspar outcrops dotting the hills
This old post has been buried in snow
This old post has been drowned in downpours
This old post has been sun scorched
This old post had been a backbone in unity
Biodegrading back into it's formation.

C.R. Blazo

Alone

The lights have turned off
The sound of the switch echoes
Like a web. Darkness envelopes.
Feeling suspended and weightless
I know I'm here
I know that I am alone
I put out my arms
Hoping to feel something
Something familiar
Something concrete
But I don't
For there is nothing
As I walk through this enclosing box
With no walls
I am alone
Nor a spark of light
Nor a gentle breeze
Nor a minute chance of an encounter
I am alone
And to be this way forever
Trapped in this life's darkness
It is deafening.

C.R. Blazo

Among Summits

Winding path among ancient giants
Ancient Redwoods tower over her and I
We have our packs on
And boots tied tight
On our way up to the cabin
It sits high among rounded domes
From rustic mortar and logs
To its hand cut shake shingles
We can't wait to get there
A sacred place to us
We became one there
What a perfect place
To be above all
Our memories of
Cool mornings and coffee on the porch
And an August snowfall
A crackling fire in the fire place
With many a nights
Involving wine drinking and eye gazing
This is where we need to be
Back where we became one
Among summits.

C.R. Blazo

And She Is

I know a beauty
Even though we never met
She has my thoughts
She has my dreams
Where is she?
How can we be?
I feel like I miss her every day
I imagine soft spoken, sweet sounding
And a personality smelling of brown sugar and vanilla
I hope one day we can meet
And walk through a blooming orchard in spring
I could carry you high above my head
While we fall to the ground
Eyes locked and lips connecting.

C.R. Blazo

Balsam

Old and worn is our plumage
None too bright and none too fresh
We have traveled great distances
Standing like snakes in a daze
Our inner light is dimming
Held up only by will
We could collapse anytime
Summer turns to fall
And day to night
The witch's moon hangs low
A distant smell
Of burning wood and dying leaves
Creates a tear
An opening
Where fingers protrude
Gripping and ripping to get out
We are born
Fresh plumage
A light in our eyes
And the sun in the sky
As we sit under the hues of fall
Turning thoughts into colors.

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Calico

Calico fur
Grandmother's quilt
Insanity creepeth

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Devil's Walking Stick

Lean on me with putrid weight
As you've done so much
Crooked and forlorn
Brittle but strong
While thorny to the touch
Impaling, leaving divots
Shifting side to side
Billowing claims are seething
Fathers and patricide
Wrinkled, cankerous, gangley arms
To sight like pelican's pouches
Swoop down from overhead
Picking up the one who slouches
Dangling bells on Jester's hats
Reflect the eye of the Jester
The art of man is disassembled
Their ruptured thoughts will fester
Through the sharp, broken teeth
All of us shall pass
Everybody has drank the hemlock
Find us under the grass.

C.R. Blazo

Feathers Like Chad

We had some real great years
We laughed and joked
Drank and smoked
Passed the nights away
The girls we chased
The stories we laced
On graduation day
Those years the best
Our youth did crest
We moved towards seperate ways
The days would pass
The years did mass
All the sudden the skies turned gray
To hear that my freind had died
To know that his newborn cried
His fiancee falling to her knees
She raises her arms and shakes her fist
Screaming 'Bring him back to me! '
In the night two cars met
Drunken kid at play
Not one but two lives lost
Not to see the light of day
He is someone I will always miss
And this is deffinatly true
Knowing that he smiles above me
Among the white and blue.

C.R. Blazo

Flycatchers

They met just a short time ago
They went through the motions
They formed a romantic bond
Time sure was nice to them
And they played on...
Walking through meadows
Wildflower for her ear
Splashing in a pond
A tightly held kiss in the rushes
Fall changed colors
Winter fell snow
Spring brought the caterpillars
Summer released it's butterflies
The rock had split...
Time pressed on
Other halves met and youth reborn
Houses built and promotions given
Old father with beard of length and white
Laid his hands to encircle forgotten loves
Walking down the dusty road
The eyes of the forgotten meet
Emotions plucked from the air
Like flies to a beak
Same air breathed
Wrinkled hands caress
Two forgotten loves
Meet once again.

C.R. Blazo

Glass Girl

Elevated above touch
To descend on pillows
Wrapped and caudled
Bare no marks
Emotions break like glass
When memories rush back
Further the brilliance
By polishing pain
Take by two's
And flaunt your kinetics
You're the glass girl
And I am the hammer.

C.R. Blazo

Harpies Can'T Take Heart

In the morning
A wind blows into our backs
Being pushed by the hands of them
It stripped us of everything
Down to the minimum
We continued down the trail
By midday
With busted feet and deadened minds
Our parched lips could say not
Our blank stares could see not
Sun baked and sand raked
Our skin was tough
We continued down the trail
By nightfall
Our knees were gashed
Bleeding at will
Hands torn to shreds
Crawling with no thought
Like minions to subliminal messages
Why must we push forward?
Why must we torture?
For until the heart dies
We will continue down the trail.

C.R. Blazo

Hello Father

The year is 1979.
Hello father
I am your son
You and mom have a wonderful chance
I am here for you
To mold. To refine.
To make better than you
A beautiful gift you are part of
Where have you gone?
Hello father
I am older now
I am growing like you
I am doing what you do
I am emulating you
But you don't see me
You don't pat me
Your back is what I see
Where have you gone?
Hello father
I am now turning teen
Changes in my life so complex
I have my own thoughts
I have my own beliefs
But I'm not sure if they are correct
Moms can only do so much
But a father to a son
Is mighty. Indestructible. Heroic.
Where have you gone?
Hello father
I am now a man
I know all about you
I know your type
I was too young to see
That you were not a father
Just a person playing one to me.

C.R. Blazo

Hoary

You know...

I sure was sad to flip through the pages

And watch my life unfold

I saw my life in the precious years

And now I'm turning old

Nostalgic lanes with rickety fences

And cherry trees so high

Remnants of children's laughter

And sullen memories

Cry

The mountains of central Maryland

Are where my green years lie

With valleys studded in maple and oak

Easy time passes by

A garden with sunflowers

An old farmhouse row

Bare feet running through the grass

To follow a firefly's show

Mother's hugs and Father's shrugs

Grow the kid to be

He takes nature in his heart

And expresses it with glee

To kiss her first under the moon

While watching eyes await

To carry her hand through the years

They truly did conflate

Pacing through the working years

A working man turns gray

Fellow friends of long years lived

Don't make another day

This tends to make me sad

So this is what I say...

I'm turning old

I'm turning gray

I wish it wasn't true

I have not a single regret

Of being the boy I knew

For when I'm gone and not around

I wish that someone could see

That the mountains of central Maryland
Are my legacy.

C.R. Blazo

House Of Imbeciles

Olden days crept from stench
The stench of blank eyes and empty skulls
Gasp
They hear it moving
Chained to the dock
Of submerged harbors
Deep inside the mind
It was removed
Placed on blueprints
To be found through ledgers
Scan the lines
The past explodes forth
How can it be ignored
Why is it unexplored
Unchosen faults
Lain debacles on birth
Cancelled out
Nixed passed control
Flick the switch
To start new ambitions
The truth buried and old
Forgotten faces mar the past
Our teachings sure do sell
Keep the lies near to us
In the house of imbeciles

C.R. Blazo

I Speak Of Michelle

Drive takes us forward
With no rewards
As the hills climb
They split us further
As the distance grows
Fingers once locked slip out of reach
You left me above the clouds
Looking down to see everything overcome by shadows
Shadows of the phases I was in
I am blanketed in snow and ice
Only to be melted by what I need
I think....
Perfect is only perfect if it lasts
I was smashed apart
Colorful as it once was
The colors bled off the page
I am now cracked open
Spilling myself through the cracks
I find myself tumbling
Tumbling to the end
Where I finally meet your smile

C.R. Blazo

Imaginary Imagination

Spires rise above
The brow of the amazed ascends
In awe of a woodlands cohesion
Limestone boulders protrude, not elude
And the feathered alight
The opening of an abyss
Through the limber arms of dying guardians
Awards us with the view of temporary death
Most don't appreciate, most depreciate
The eye's wonderful visions years in the making
From the faint hues of frosted foliage
And the grandure of glass lakes
We are fastened to inanimate movables
Which score the bodies of our composure
Let's thank the things we see
For without them
We are just imagination.

C.R. Blazo

Jack-O-Lantern

Crack your smile
I breathe crisp air
While your soul is in your mouth

C.R. Blazo

Just A Sliver

To feel her breath
To hear her tongue
My heart beats faster

C.R. Blazo

Kellen

I call him Kellen
Brick-red color
Black frosted ears
Tail puffed soft
He dances and prances
He yips and he yaps
Chasing, playing, rolling
The farmer's chickens disappearing
His home underground
Where his kits await.

C.R. Blazo

Lakeshore Footprints

Light raps upon white sands
Blown like baby's breath
Soft impressions left behind
Fading away with every wash

C.R. Blazo

October

Come take me away
October
Carry me
In your cool breeze
I will smile
Smile knowing I am out of here
Spin me out of control
Like a leaf
I am suspended and twirling
Until I fold
And fall back to Earth

C.R. Blazo

Penn's Woods

A great war faught
Across my mouth and cheek
Lost hands changed my composition
And slaughtered my dear friends
They never came back
My scars and blemishes
Carry the songs of men
My wilds subverted
My originals.. seconds
To whom are they billed
To whom should carry my hundreds of pains
In scarlet skies revenge shall come
For I will open up to swallow
While the rest will be shaken off like fleas.

C.R. Blazo

Ribbon Wrapped Hatchet

Soft are you to lay upon
With opened firey gaze
Glints dancing like down in winds
Sold am I for days
Play your tune of buttered rhymes
And will your edge towards me
Flatten yourself to undermin
While versing crime on thee
Climbing, climbing tall atop
Blank, white face to freeze
An arrow shot from the waves
To fall on grieving thieves
Cloaked to head
And falling short
Broken at the core
Pass through me one time
And harden never more.

C.R. Blazo

Sea Salt Oracles

The drooping faces
Holding suprised expressions
Are under spires of gold
Flakey skin falling like ash
And a tattered robe worn frayed
Hovering over watching eyes
The beings slumped
Looking like marionettes
Bending under pressure
The golden spires fall
And the watching eyes liven
Cheers of simple song and bliss
Rise above all
Walls crumble and shackles snap
The gray bodies disappear
New dawns equal dead eras.

C.R. Blazo

Southbound

Wire framed glasses
Dripping with sweat
Green Bottle flies
Buzzing in his ears
The humid, sagging air
Weighs on him
South Arkansas summers
Black Gum swamps
And cotton fields abound
He closes the trunk
A '71 Olds 442
As red as the clay it sits on
Blonde hair hanging from the trunk
The dual exhaust sounds
And the American muscle
Fizzles into the dust
He taps the steering wheel
His mind drowned in relentless thoughts
Talking aloud to himself
Rationalizing
The sun is setting
The trees of the forest
Growing taller
He pulls onto a dirt road
Questioning his motives
For the death of love
He looks out into the darkening forest
Emerald turning black
And with the raucous call of a Barred Owl
A gun shot ends the day.

C.R. Blazo

Sunken Eyes On Satin Sheets

Emaciated
Sending out roots
Connecting to the trembling
Of young hands
The hands that tilled the land
To the horizon and back
Midwest nights
Fall on east coast days
And stone chisled beasts
Split hairs to decay
Why grow up
To be so young
With arched backs
And suprised faces
Dragging knuckles
To leave boundries felt on upper floors
Midnight falls
When energy flees out windows
While the lonely one awakes
She follows up on boarded fleets
To find
Sunken eyes on satin sheets.

C.R. Blazo

The Lighthouse

The lighthouse flashed periodically
As I stood and watched the ocean's arms
Slap into the precipice of rocks
Rocks that sit there and get beat
By monster waves and scorched by sea foam
The smell of the marine world was stimulating
And when the waves crashed
The salt stung my eyes,
Closing my pores,
And let me imagine a different world
A world for me
The sun dawned a pink hue on the horizon
And the water gleamed shades of yellow and red
One last wave to crash,
And one last flash from the lighthouse
And the world once lived
Left behind.

C.R. Blazo

The Prairie Warbler

He has a beautiful song
An ascending measure with a buzzy quality
He sits on low branches
Among semi-open areas
With many a sapling
His lemon yellow face
Blending into his breast
Flanked by thick, black streaks
What a beautiful sight he is
A blaze of gold among earthen green and brown
He knows not his name a misnomer
For he can't be found amidst prairie
A jewel so obvious
He knows not his beauty.

C.R. Blazo

Together We Fly

My hand glides across your stomach
Feeling your skin tremble
With the velvet feel of a peach
And the taste of a peach you have
Your eyes are focused and filled with trust
Your hair beautifully laid out
Like wings across the pillow
While your cheeks start to blush
I lean down and kiss your lips
Soft and supple with a moist glow
I smell your toxic release
I am in trouble
My heart flutters
And my muscles tense
I wish to feel this way every second
I wish to feel your warmth against mine
Breath for breath we trade
Our minds connect
And we travel to another world.

C.R. Blazo

Uncle Jim

A creaky screen door
On an Allegheny porch
Rolling rockers
On paint chipped planks
Uncle Jim
Grab your guitar
Custard teeth are gates of sound
A map of life upon a wrinkled face
The breeze carries song to the firs
And Uncle Jim plays on
With hair of sand
And earning hands
He plays to dusk while stopping time
And the Bluebird's song blends with the old
To hide in a song as a child
Is to hide in death as a man
When land seems to crumble
And youth tends to fade
I could always find a Bluebird
Knowing Uncle Jim never strayed.

C.R. Blazo

Under The Same Sky

After the last
I saw the sun break the morning clouds
Flat as a sheet of ice
The hues of blue and orange
Clouds are hanging
My mind unbalanced but becoming clearer
I think I know her
I think I know where it's at
The heart, the love
Under the same sky
But not with me

C.R. Blazo

Virgin Aneurysm

It only takes one
So I will make this quick
Touch nevermore
A click will do the trick
Camel humps and broken bumps
Slaughtered the ways in sevens
Are you sure you'll arise
And make it towards your heavens
Cordial times and blood soaked spines
Stymied mental awareness
Sugar coating breathless words
'Pop'

C.R. Blazo

Warm Waters

A blue-green birthing of me
Frothy sloshing with salted smell
I glide in the current
And I bobble in the swell
Below are my dangling feet
To root into the sand
The matriarchal torrent spins me
With a soft caress of her hand
Bleeding out with love so new
Dialates my world to me
Normality has fell askew
To creatures with diplomacy
I'd clasp the hand of nothing stale
While casting shadows on the deep
Nary a soul will mortify
While death still tends to creep.

C.R. Blazo

We Knelt In The Taiga

Shockingly crisp, clean air
Waking us from slumber
Cotton candy sunrise
Blaze a frozen desert
Bundled from cranium to metatarsal
We set out across the white
Crunching under our feet
Spooking the Redpolls
Blustering winds graze our face
Peach fuzz to frost
Pliable to rigid
She took my hand
We knelt
While the world spun
We knelt
As we turned to smoke

C.R. Blazo

Zebra

No shame or hate
And no misunderstanding
Because he runs with both colors.

C.R. Blazo