

Poetry Series

Charles Monroe
- poems -

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Charles Monroe()

Mr. or Mrs. Charles Monroe II is one of the alleged 'Four Horsemen', whom are rumored members of the international Underground Academia known as the 'Ghosts Of DaVinci'(G.O.D.) , a 'mythical' fictitious society said to be a modern urban legend about a group of Poets, Artists, Musicians, Farmers, Playwrites and College Students from every continent. While the rumors of the group's existence have never been confirmed nor documented, the Pseudonym Charles Monroe II is an actual client of an independent Los Angeles based writing agency/workshop through which the works are published anonymously by the agency's classified staff members. The true identity of Charles Monroe II or his or her affiliations remain unknown. All that is known of Monroe, besides a name and works, is a letterhead from his correspondence which reads 'Knights of Montezuma', which is believed to be a Los Angeles based writing society. Other rumored 'Horsemen' include Spanish Poet/Philosopher Paz de la Guerra, Poet/Composer Sabado Domingo, and a fourth unknown member who is rumored to be an A-list Hollywood Actor and financier for the groups projects. While all these allegations are considered rumors, Charles Monroe II is in fact very real and always pays in cash. Written by Steve Stephalonovich 2013 *The views and works of Charles Monroe do not reflect in any way the views of the author of this biography or his affiliates and was written as requested with the consent of Charles Monroe. All Rights Reserved 2013.

"medi-Cal Babes"

Jars remind the kind that smoke
Greenish clouds of skunk-ish hope
Lemon colored ribbon cutter
Imagine as if Lennon uttered.
The porcupine Doctor with minimal vision
Certified Encyclopedia-Triton
The post-malnutrition-ed
We now have mustered effort
For the forming of our
Beloved vagabond Peasant Club
A pleasant hub with beach regalia
Where records play on Sandy Players
We play 'Moon Dog' and then 'Mahalia'
In amber gangster paraphernalia
Those we've dumped in love endeavors
Claiming to be ours forever...
Tat for tit thou calm inventions
Marketed for common vengeance
Mta bus Compton Benches
Or beneath the London Bridges
Must we all dissolve in difference?
As Excedrin's in Merlot
Infrared the canon's fragrance
Or the Doc with jarred prescriptions
It's so clear to see no difference
When we've had the Doctor's smoke.

P.X

Charles Monroe

“plug Me In, And Turn Me Up”

In inner city schools I've sat
And wondered-off through senseless chat
The music class I could not join
For reasons I will not discuss
Just one instrument at home
Learned to play the Microphone.

Though it is strenuous to play
She came so natural to me
Some, they call her
“Em eye see”
But the Mic
Was meant for me.

Couldn't tell you how it sounds
You must feel it for your selves
Accompanied by Bass and Kick Drum
Rim-shot with a quiet-snare,
A simple, Light-Cymbal, bell-air
And There I go-

-And then the keys,
The tempo slowed
Like 83's,
Kind of hip-hop, kind of blues
The revolutions are at ease
Then guitars and mpc's.

“Check-One-Two,
-Check-One-Two, Check! ”
Violin strings that
Sweetly wept
And resonated retrospect
To memories forgotten.

A background sound of
Music tears,
A cry of Music
To my ears.

While I slept and
Dreamt-up fears-

For years,
A product-
Of my peers.
But now,
I can produce
For years.

An instrument of wind or brass
Was quite unlikely for my... class
But once the Mic was in my grasp
Music in my very gasp
How must we conduct the Mass?
Are the questions that we ask now

Or acquire me a wire
One note flyer than the choir
We require to inspire
Plug me in on any channel
See me lighting-up the panel
Vocals over grand piano

Broken tones
Chords diminished
Poured all over broken spirits
Broken glass and broken English
Broken promise,
Broken bones.

Broken bottles of Merlot
Broken heart or broken soul
Product from a Broken home
But right now I'm in the zone
Plug me in, and turn me up-
Hook me up an average cup-

Broke it down; made it known
I can play the Microphone.
P.X
11-18-13

Charles Monroe

A Light's Origin

Darkness holds us all
For falls are undesired
Children of the darkest light
Bright nocturnal
God's inferno
All these thoughts die in my journal.
Darkness is the Mother stray
While the children are at play;
Every time we reach for Whisky
Everything seems not as risky.
What of they?
Staring deaths;
Have we not
denied our bests
Leave us as a thriving carcass
We, the Light, become
from darkness.
P.X

Charles Monroe

A Neon Pion

I found myself among the lost
Pentagrams inside a cross
Where the pion is the boss
And the neon has no gloss

Music notes falling in the rain
Uncontrolled substance is contained
The art of mastering our inner slave
Whipping self with platinum chains

Poverty taught me gold
The alchemy of words and poems
Wooden liquid drops on windshields
Every corner has graffiti

Wars are validated by death
Life, is valued by few
Souls are amputated by breath
Words authenticated my view

In cool days we wish for sunshine
In the sun we ask for clouds
On foot, we crave a bus ride
In sky, we pray for grounds

In love we fiend for lust
In lust, we search for love
With foes we find companions
In enemies we trust

What is really wrong with us?
Why do we accept the wrong?
Cause it makes for good material
In a poem or a song.

I once searched for truth
But now I expose it,
I use to make Love
And now I compose it.

Gathering roses for touch of the petals
Parts of my songs are imparted to ghettos
Pardon my query and obvious guilt
digitized letters are born from ink spilled

The glaciers that melt in ships made of glass
Releasing the smoke, inhaling the past
My music is Jazz, its Blues, and its Rock,
Country, classical, Spanish, and Pop

Underground Hip-Hop
America's word
redemption costs;
I found myself among the Lost.
P.X
3.21.14

Charles Monroe

A.M. Mayhem

A.M. Mayhem
Divine right of Kings
Passtime: Regicide
To make Widdows of their Queens
For all they can Treasure
Dissolves in the wind
For Critics I've punctured
Have ruptured within
And since become wholly
Holy with holes
And ooze guacamole
In contests of whores
Doors being kicked in
Of forums and pigpens
For swallowing feces
The same as their English
I've yet to distinguish
Those worthy of Pens
For writer's dimensions
Are measured in Gems
Not enthused intentions
Oh critical me
Critical condition
To criticize me.
The Queen of the Dickheads
And harlets galore
Will gag on the children
Of Sha-Sha Gabore
Enough of the Riff-Raff
Tell Hamlet to sing
My dope Euthanasia
Hath murdered the King.
Like John Milton said,
'The King's got to go'
For even the blind see
Its the A.M. Mayhem Show.
P.X
8.9.13
3: 37AM

Charles Monroe

Adorando Maya Angelou

Ella predicaba el genocida negro. Ella promovio infanticidia y la secta comunista asesina de sud Africa. Ella estuvo al lado de los asesinos.

Ella presto sus manos carnosas al servicio de Nelson Mandela el cual escribio:

'Que viva la revolucion Cubana. que viva el camarada Fidel Castro...

Los Internasionalistas Cubanos an echo tanto por la independendencia Africana, su Libertad, y Justisia. Admiramos los sacrificios de le gente Cubana, cual mantiene su independensia y soveranidad en cara de la campana imperialista maligna desda para destruir los avances de la revolucion Cubana. Nosotros tambien queremos controlar nuestro propio destino.

No podemos rendirnos. Es un caso de Libertad o muerte. La revolucion Cubana a sido una via de inspirasion para toda gente que ame ser libre. Nelson Mandela

Charles Monroe

An Introduction Poem

I am. That is all.
I enter this realm
In Peace and Humility
With Wars under me.
With Quills or with Pens
Or Keystrokes the same
Evoking the Spirits
Who wilt me by name.
Solute and Respect
Permission to Board
And give it all back
Which I couldn't afford,
The Words from my Sword
The Point of my Pen,
For Words, that is all
The all that I am.

(P.X)

(5.25.13)

Charles Monroe

'Animal Planet'

Of rats and cats and mice and men
I've had my fill of lots of them.
And now I blow away the roof
Of pigs, they call me Big Bad Wolf.

But I am neither wolf nor man
I am what none could understand
The tall and handsome held for ransom
If life's a bitch then I'm the Grandson.

They call me daddy, call me babe
Buying time to misbehave
Current ones become the ex
Infidelity through text.

Thought the sex could keep me mild
But I've mastered doggy style
Then it made me quite the beast
All the rest became my feast.

She's just glad to be alive
Being eaten and survived
Granted every ninfo wish
Must admit was quite a dish.

Now a days, I sit alone
Burying my platinum bone
While their greed was of a hog
They've the nerve to call me dog.

But I'm neither dog nor man
I'm what they don't understand
I'm the predator of victim
In this cruel animal kingdom.

P.X

Charles Monroe

Art For Artee

My Repentance to the friendless,
There is blood in all our hands.
For each time we've penned a sentence
And have bended in our stance.
No one knows of birds in cages
or the melodies they chant
until selves have sang in cages
Risen through the stillest ages.
No such worship, mind thou word-ship
with the elegance of birdshi7.
Too a fellow poet, Maya,
Poet Credit is indebted;
To her politics and so forth,
I've my own to keep me threaded.
Got my own evil regime
defecating on mine dream;
stuff that makes me loose the theme
Of an idle worshipping.
Let us not dwell hard on problems
When we're lagging on solution;
but instead let's find solutions
by not dwelling hard on problems.
For all people own statistics
And own backgrounds full of misprints
Let them know us by our fist-prints
Not our prince-ships nor our pinched lips
Nor our districted infringements.
Let us walk, instead of typing
And reflect it off the writing
For not many do the right thing
But they will stone you to death.
Human kind is sad at times
And sadly disappoints;
But hope shall not go underwritten
For it will win us, even smitten.
Why would not thy want to be
Control ling thine destiny...
These are self-interrogations
Conduct self-investigations.

Idle idol adorations;
Gain our patience
Lose frustrations
and remind the grand occasions
Among the living,
When I am dead.
P.X

Charles Monroe

At Least

Barbaric Beautiful Orchid Queen
Who fell asleep before the clock struck three
Hip-hop serenades on Compton Nights
Are your dreams reaching prime? At least there's still Wine.
The cheap Kind; Two Ninety-Nine and a Dime type
I'm in Love with the way you don't love me so much
Girl of my dreams; pearl on thy streams
I'm a Vulture, Holster is empty as Ghandi's
Lust got you walkin' as steamy as zombies
Swear that you want me, becoming a bore
Ran out of Wine, let me write as you snore
Shoplifting trips to the store, but what for?
Just for more? My soul's what you choose to ignore
And I've just about lost the will to implore
So instead of massages that boil your fluids
I sit among rubble and Loves left in ruins
So sleep in the backseat half-naked, its fine
I may not have you but at least I have Wine
The Ghetto is mellow, two minutes til' five
I may not have you; At least I got Wine...
The cheapkind.
P.X
.2013

Charles Monroe

Beautifully

What is missing from my night
Something Beautiful to write
What is missing from my day
Something Beautiful to say
Beauty seems so far and distant
Almost seeming non-existent
Dressed in silk
Black as guilt
Or colored milk
She is beautiful regardless
And her room adorned of starlets
The desire of all artists
Patron Saint of timid harlots is she.
The Mother Goddess of all talents
The remainder of all balance
She is beauty,
She is Beautiful,
She is fire; only colder
In the heart of her beholder,
She is passion's rightful owner,
Beauty.
Unexcited, yet delighted
Arrives late and uninvited
Her regalia ultraviolet
Baby blue and infrared
She is ice, but only hotter
Just above the boil of water
She is everything and nothing
She is kindness in a war.
In the nuclear debris
Of some certain war to be,
When all trees and flowers fall
She's the white rose rising tall
Through the fiery sting of snow
Where there's nothing she is all;
She is beautiful to see
Beauty she will always be
Celebrated,
Beautifully.

P.X
8/11/13

Charles Monroe

Birdus Blancus

White Birds and Vipers
Investing in Diapers
She crawls towards the light
And cries out the night
Impolite.
'I'm not that much into Right'
So you write, right?
'No I... Right Write-
But do not know if I Write Right,
Only when I ... Write-Write'
'Right? , Right? '
These damn birds in the twilight
Had to be white-white
I'm losing your eyesight
In the Tokugawa Era:

-In the Ancient Pond
The Frogs Jump and they Enter
The Sound of Water.-

- - Matsuo Basho (translation by Charles Monroe)

Though blurred in the vision
Return in position
'Them White Birds Fur Dinna'
'They burn in the kitchen-
Now quitin' yal bitchin! '
I Rummage with ramesh
And rubbish the language
Wordsmiths with Wordsworth
The Woodworks of Wordsworks
We heard how the word works
The Ink-smiths with pink slips
The finest of bean dips
With chips from long trips
Of lands from afar.
I am boulevard night decor
Graffiti on Anti-Graffiti
I am but imagined words;

I am the White night-bird.

P.X

3.4.14 2: 57am

Los Angeles, California

Charles Monroe

'Carry On'

There are still good people on this earth
Far from the depths I heard their word
And such delight to me it rung
To know that heroes aren't unsung.
For words we seek are words we find
For what a word is worth define
And all the rubbish soon be gone
For only truth will carry on.
P.X

Charles Monroe

Color

Blue is a good color to wear some times
And then to leave it behind these lines
They will help us to recall
Some do not have phones at all
For 'rude messages' to store;
while some need some, some want more.
After tears and things depressing,
Lets give thanks for every blessing.
P.X

Charles Monroe

Curandero

Best wishes for your health regained.
It seems that we are all in pain;
Each in our own special way
Some tomorrow, some today.
I am wounded from the heart
And my hospital is Art.
Medicine pollutes my air
And a nurse who does not care
All in all, I'm grateful still;
For the love I'm blessed to spill
Or the love I've witnessed go
Left me Gently as a doe,
Now, reclined in mild merlot
Dressed in garments of defeat
In some holocaust pajamas
Just the smoke, the night, and me.
Everyone is ill some how
As a moth inside a mouth
Heed the words; a velvet pure,
Poems is the only cure.
P.X

Charles Monroe

December Kids

December children in inner city days;
sun rays refuse me over silver aviators
police are bees and we the pollen
menthol minted breath conversations are held
like infants. in metro stations and we laugh infamously
for infinite instants of misfits and bitch-fits
i traveled a distance. p.d.'s on cb's
requesting assistance.
we, December children,
filled with indifference
we've nearly accomplished the complex of Gryphons
word wheeling wizards with warm whiskey whispers
busy men take the ugliest pictures
while finding themselves in the loveliest mixtures
preaching to teachers and teaching the preachers
breaching the leaches and reaching the bleachers
pledging allegiance to speechless procedures
half of the features are having some seizures
all i remember; of children in December
P.X

Charles Monroe

Dreams Of Kings

When the hills and the mountains someday are made low
And rough places made plain, and untended seeds grow
When the peacocks take flight and the crooked made straight
Until Justice rolls down like an avalanche quake
When the Great become evident, the mute become relevant
The New become citizens, the few become regiment
When proof becomes eminent, and all the Gold's bright-
Consumed by the bloom and hues of true light,
Devalued and weightless reveals its true worth
And Nature, refreshed conceives its New birth
When the kids on my street can have a true choice
And the armed and afraid stop shooting school boys
When the People stand up and refuse to stand down
When the greedy and proud repent with head down
Til the day every poison and venom tastes sweet
We can claim our restraints no more and break free
When the Dream of one King becomes true as plain sight
That's the day when the poets will no longer write.

Charles Monroe

Expensive

My Freeform is expensive
It's lengthy and extensive
It is a formless matter
A manner that's offensive.

Of drug paraphernalia
Or Hamlet and Ophelia
Or Michael or Mahalia
L.A. or Transylvania.

My freeform is quite pricy
It's heated or it's Icy
It comes in mild or spicy
It mixes well with Hi-C.

It's ironic as can be
But my freeform ain't for free.

P.X

8.9.13

Charles Monroe

Expensive Still

So, so true
When value is hidden
God: the poet
Soul: is written.
So expensive are the prices
That my freeform became Priceless.
The economy is Rubbish
While my freeform is unpublished.
As the children's minds go hungry
Fat Vampires eat my Country
From Malaysia to Croatia
Lets enjoy the Euthanasia
While the struggle is extensive
Still my Freeform is expensive.
P.X
8.13.13

Charles Monroe

Face Cards

Across the table from the joker
In a friendly game of poker
Hearts and spades and diamonds, clubs
Calling all these jokers' bluffs.
Seems we all have things in mind
Keep three Queens and toss the nine
Kept the Jack; now hit me once
Takes me back a couple months
When they hit me with the news
Of the Kingdom I could lose
As I barely raise the card
Saw a Q and then a heart
After all the losing streaks
Turning minutes into weeks
Finally justify the means
Preordained Quadruple Queens
All these jokers with a grin
And here I am... about to win
Fan the cards across the smile
Push my chips into the pile
Raise you everything I got
Risk it all by twelve o'clock
Now who'd like to call it bluff?
You can call it what you want
Turn the cards; reveal thy faces
Murdering your Kings and Aces
You came close but failed to touch
Whirl-pooled by a Royal Flush
Toss my hand upon the pile
Sorry jokers, Jacks are Wild.
P.X

Charles Monroe

Fancy Flavio

Fancy Flavio from the hills
never heard of paying bills
Though he never had an ailment
He's, regardless, taking pills.

Flavio's daddy and his mommy
Taught him Gucci and Armani
Never had to face defeat
When the world is at his feet.

Fancy Flavio has his way
With the women everyday
Always carries good excuses
For the Women he abuses

Flavio pays a pretty dime
So he'll never do no time
Rapes, assaults, and broken ribs
All the cases get dismissed.

Flavio loves the types of ladies
That adore his new mercedes
From the mountains to the valley
Even dated Sexy Sally

Fancy Flavio never learns
Too caught up in women's curves
But one day he will collect
The bad karma he deserves

Fancy Flavio finally fell
Up in L.A. County Jail
For abusive misbehavior
With the daughter of his neighbor

But what Flavio never knew
Finally got him in the end
For his neighbor was a man
Far more powerful than him

And he offered twenty thousand
Which is such a good amount
To the first man on the cell block
To knock Fancy Flavio out.

And the thing about the offer
and what really, really sucks
When the beating was all over
He was down a million bucks.

So dont be a Fancy Flavio
Treat the women very kind
Or else L.A. County inmates
Just might help you change your mind.
P.X

Charles Monroe

For The Birds

Birds with amputated wings still sing
Though the sky is far from reach
And they dwell amongst the grass
Doesn't mean they cannot breach
through the ceilings made of Glass
This, My Sister, too shall pass.

I'll tell you why the amputated bird still chirps and still sings
Because he learned the ability to fly without wings.

Even Kings are imprisoned and the Birds Don't visit.

Not for the Birds Only

For even Kings get Lonely.

P.X

11-10-13

4: 23

Charles Monroe

Free Birds

We the Knights, We roam alone
And prefer to be unknown
Yea the fame is for the birds
And the cages for the herds
Incognito Buddha's ghost
Shish-cob-bobbin Judas goats
Dear stigmata iluminada
Kama sutra Juice and vodka
Supernova cosa nostra
Frank Sinatra sing for me
"That's Life"
In a large pretty cage
Makes me forget I'm not free
I wonder what the world of free birds
Thinks of me.
P.X

Charles Monroe

Freedumb

Freedom costs a thousand diamonds
I have stolen it from silence.
Yes, I have and here it is
Proof to those I won't convince
The tatted Prince
With sleeves of Ink
Vodka Vomit in the sink
Red rum Pink Apostles' drink
Who failed to think
The missing link
Skin is bronze
Yet Tone is Gold
Villain of your stories told
Land of the Tequila field
Which your forefathers would steal
then prohibit me the entrance
Laughing at those false commitments
For I've ruled thousands of years
Way before your pioneers
Finders Keepers? That's okay
You can have the U.S.A.
You can even have Hawaii
Puerto Rico or Dubai
You can throw me with the poor
With the gangs and street decor
You can put me in the fields
Washing cars and cooking meals
You can lock me in the cells
Even throw away the key
Sit me in electric chairs
Just remember... that I'm
Free.

P.X

Charles Monroe

Gangster

Mother Earth and Father Time
Listen to your Children's rhyme
Hoping prayer can get me through
All the Gangster sh_t I do.

Word to Wordsworth, word to Keats
Hieroglyphs within my sheets
Word to Gorky, Word to Pablo
Word to Diego, and Leonardo
I am the result of those
Of whom Time and Nature chose.

Word to Juana word to Sylvia
Word to Sandra and Virginia
Word to Maya Angelou
My graffiti Popol Vuh,
Hope the Universe forgive me
For the Gangster sh_t I do.
P.X

Charles Monroe

-glue Me-

Inspired by other peoples' gloom
Faded flame of Orange-Blue,
The last candle in the room
I bloom
Like Sunflowers in the Moon
When the Dead refuse the tomb
Le Plume consume my every move
Needles on my every groove
When there's nothing left to prove
Gloom is nothing but a Mood.
I am the creator of it,
I'm the Gloom that Angels covet
Agony inside the stomach
May they hate the way I love it
Understand thy way Above it
Like the Hand that rocks the puppet
Even Gloom can be Inspiring.
P.X
11-10-13
3: 57

Charles Monroe

God's Grafitti

I learned my history from Murals
These walls of hardened mud taught me more
Than the biased archives put together by the invaders.
There is a formula for Colonization-
Step 1 Establish a good first impression,
Enamor the indigenous with gifts of precious extravagant foolery,
Introduce a new technology that will gain you acceptance
among the soon to be colonized.
Step 2 slowly, gently, then, violently Erase religion, tradition, and language.
Substitute the native tongue for foreign dialect. Destroy and make examples of
the strong, rebellious patriots who may valiantly defend their Mother land.
Step 3 Plant your flag a top their temples. Establish foreign societal culture and
class. Divide the population into various segregated groups. Create a pyramid in
which you and your kind are on the top peak. The rest are ugly and unworthy of
your equality.
This should lead to self hate from loss of identity and a new
Identity of inferiority should begin to spread among the indigenous natives. After
this, Colonization is complete.
The inner city public school system never taught me that.
I learned it from the Public murals
that Rivera and Siqueiros painted.
And so I ignored the invaders' trickery of self-hatred
Instead of seeing my own skin as sin I embraced it.
So please let the invaders know that although their methods
Have been successful, there are flaws in their formula.
I learned my History from murals.

P.X

Charles Monroe

Haiku: Mega Millions

They say one dollar
Can become a great fortune
For them, not for me.
P.X

Charles Monroe

Heroic Villains

We are the
Villains because we speak truths
While heroes are silent
Divided in groups.
Villains are lonely and solely inspired
By God and Universe
By Nature and machine.
No secret identity
Here is my face
Now hate it secretly
And smile when you see it.
Villain because I oppose in the open
While heroes repose in the comfort of masks.
I am the hated timely belated distant related
Vocally illustrated, ghetto Affiliated
Despot, negatively painted.
The villain whose smile is remembered by children
An outlaw of men; a villain civilian
Illegal alien chained in captivity
Along Lady Liberty
A heroic villain; look at me!
Communal slave in the land of free
Enterprise and capital gain
Born terrified in the home of the brave.
The True Patriot of a land taken
Of a land that was and remains non vacant.
A Villain Heroic among us is obvious
Beyond communist disdained by populous
Daunted taunted haunted unwanted
Because we speak truths
We are heroic villains.
P.X

Charles Monroe

I Found Your Smile

There is a smile from heaven
well high above your head;
if you'd only compromise your self
To looking up instead.
Like that sign in bright red
telling me the poems I've read.
Only one.
That's all I need.
To successfully
Proceed.
It's okay to cry a while;
One should never force a smile.
Weep as willows weep with child;
Weep as Amazons and Niles.
Like my pen, it weeps with styles,
Under smoggy Land of Angels;
And, for me, my City weeps.
Her tear-duct aqueduct
Now dry for miles,
For all the pretty girls
Need smiles.

P.X

Charles Monroe

Imitation Froot Loops

Praise the Lord and curse the Devils
For the toys in Frooty pebbles
Apple Jacks, Scooby snacks
Living room got booby traps
I've just experienced another one of my
fast forward flashbacks ...
Me sitting in breakfast banquets
two and a half decades younger
Sitting on orange fur
facing TV and its contents
BUGS BUNNY taught me English,
TOM taught me that with JERRY
its best to remain friends.
JERRY taught me that its best to remain friends
with Bulldogs and their pups.
Scooby taught me crime pays
for its crimes.
And sometimes, you may make it all the way to one p.m.
And still watch cartoons before the 'cop show' reruns begin.
'After these messages... we'll be right back'
Used to be my favorite song, til commercials ended
And cartoon shows must go on.
TV played a repeated service;
With Lawrence Fishburn
As 'Cowboy Curtis'.
Beakman taught science on Saturday noons
Ice cream so cold that it bended the spoons
boxes of juicy
All imitation
Shredder and splinter in
Confrontation.
A kid's day
is Saturday
Loveliest day
Smiles towards those days of youth
Where luncheons came with RITZ and fruit
and Shasta sharing, no one staring
Walk-mans, tapes, and double daring.
Leaving my flashback from back in the day...

Back to the Present,
No more 'Two-Scoops' or
Imitation Froot Loops, for me;
I've... become... a parent
Dooooooh!
I return learned and asking:
What ever happened to Saturday morning cartoons?
P.X

Charles Monroe

In-Spiration

Above Guilty Ground
Inspired by words
When words chop the workshop
We woodshop the hurse
The woodchuck would up-chuck
Tattooed on the Nun-chuck
Are Dragons and Dungeons
Rhythm Rhyme Rum Reds
A virgen so grounded
In a world of flying phux
Angels fathom at thy Soul
Split the Atom in the Snow.
When Innosence Inspires Guilt
Above Guilty Grounds of Silk
Killed the Guild and Filled the Milf
Chocolate Milk on Towers built.
One Man's Treasure's others' Filth
Freestyle never pays the Bills
We prefer the Urban Hoods
Than the ghettos on the hills
Just a product of thy Nation
Yet we call it Inspiration.

P.X

8.9.13 4: 09AM

Charles Monroe

Jack Of Clubs

King of Aces and the Joker
Faceless card thats made of poker.
I put down my cards
To face up
Piss on hydrogens
And blaze up.
With a couple
Up the sleeve
Maroon Summers
And
Gray Springs
Jack of Clubs
With Heart of Kings
Green chips Fall
In Autumn Arts;
Losing all my
Queens of Hearts.
Players and
No games to carry;
Quite contrary,
Solitary.
P.X

Charles Monroe

Just A Minute

Mother Nature, Father Time
Listen to your Children's rhyme.
May we all some day retire
And become what we aspire
To become, as Earth and Sun
On an orbit always spun
Like the web that widows built
Now the flies are dressed in silk.
Mother give us from thy Milk,
And forgive our Brother's guilt.
Just one minute of your time,
Listen to your Children's rhyme.
P.X

Charles Monroe

Lollypop Princess

Candy Queen's Daughter
Flower that grows
Down by the water.

Next to Queen Mary
I carry the chocolate
Watch as it melts
Inside the Gauntlet.

Lollipop Princess
Kisses with tongues
English or Spanish
Splashes in mugs.

Sweet to the teeth
Eclipse at the lips
Wet to the tongue
Love on the licks.

Fire and water
Lick of the index
Brought you a flower
Lollipop Princess.

P.X

Charles Monroe

Maya's Haiku

I am proud to know,
Poetry's first and last name,
Maya Angelou.

P.X

Charles Monroe

Memorial Night

Remember me not,
For the battles I have fought,
But rather at peace.

Charles Monroe

Middleman

Those who have oppressed, we've felt it
Now their reign, we've ended splendid.
Petunias and revolvers have a tendency to blend
Flowers over-last; rusted metals meet their end.
I've wondered into wolf packs and left with plenty pets
And treat them like I do not need them going to the vets
They speak to me as if I have never seen their weapons
I chuckle like a geisha revolutionized per seconds
I've drank the reddest rum with both saints and ugly devils
respectfully I've left them without bowing to their levels
They hate me and they fear me for the thoughts I have related
For they can never fathom such a force that GOD created.
P.X

Charles Monroe

Monster's Ink

If I could write words that would make you feel less
Novocain couplets alas would have merit
All that in vain had been writ incoherent
No longer meaningless swallows of vinegar.

Teaspoons of morphine warm penicillin
Mandarin, mango, papaya and lemon
Cure you of ills with papered mate quills
Wiping our asses with hospital bills
If words I've concocted could lessen the aches
Finally I'd rid of the paragraph breaks
I would choose wisely when to commit
Separate words from venom and spit.

If words would suffice to lessen the malady
Requiems never had bidden your family
Rusty Gillette's of Orange fermented
Angora blankets, hours of velvet.

Terminal Illness painfully pure
Something you'd never had to endure
If only my words could provide you the cure;
But since they are reach-less,
Tonight I am speechless.

Charles Monroe

Nameless

Lovely.
Finally something somewhat relative
To my competitive arrogant narrative.
Of Judges and Nurses
We've grudged Universes
In uniform basis,
Were filling the spaces.
Of Jokers and Aces
Remember the faces
For faceless creations are
Agents in Matrix'-
Remind, we, the basics
To live without bracelets
But only amazements
We've found in the basements
Of mongoose and Dayton's
We've traveled the pavements.
And to remain gracious,
In midst of New Havens,
And Grudges and Nathans,
We've titled us,
Nameless.
P.X

Charles Monroe

Nameless Poets

No definition
at least with precision
Of us Wizards of the Word-Whirlwind
At Wood-Chuck's Word-Shop
Where we're All Word-Work
& No Word-Play.
Strange as reality are We,
Whom attempt to reflect the Universe
To Thee...
Undefined and Indefinitely Intuitive
In-Depth and in debt
Of the gifts we've been lent.
Sarcastic kisses in public are we;
Humiliating brilliantly.
Giving Love hatefully
Or honoring Painfully
We the seedling of the Maple Tree
The Free poetry Contest Fee
The Key so Chapo Guzman gets free
The Horrible loss or Beauteous Victory.
The Inch, The Centimeter and the Century
There is no definition,
Except Poetry.
P.X

Charles Monroe

Pair-A-Docs

'Why dont you tell me What Really Happened! '

For the last time

Listen please I will say what I know,

i walked out of the liquor store

with a bag of fritos and a red stripe

i held the door open for this white lady

then proceeded to the car

before i get to the driver side door

Boom Boom Boom

Fire Muzzle Powder

Shatter Windshield

Yelling Screaming

Screeching Fleeing

Sirens Cops and Paramedics

Back of Cop Car

To the Station

And here I am

Answering Stupid Questions

'Because your story sounds like bullshit! Every time you tell it, it sounds like a completely different story. Wont you tell me What Really Happened! '

For the last time

Listen please I will say what I know,

i walked out of the convenient store

with a bag of doritos and a blue moon

P.X

Charles Monroe

-petunia's Plantation-

There are chains that yet remain
In these American land fields of mine.
While being Uncle Sam's love-
-child has its perks,
Today I stumbled into the wording
Of The Thirteenth Amendment.
It assured me, sure as hell
Slavery's alive and well.
Only, now it's under contract
By a different clientele.
Hate to call it what it isn't
Slavery is live and present
Its sins: ugly as a prison
Behold!
'The Slave of Modern Day'
Hecho En Estados Unidos
Son los pajaros sin nidos
Los estados invadidos
Con escuincles Desnutridos
Made in the USA.
The World's Best
Dressed Penitentiary
Since Auschwitz
Styled-up a century
Let us not get the twist as if history is mystery
I will spick-it like this:
Slavery Still Exists.
P.X
2.14.14

Charles Monroe

Puss So Peace Is

puzzled skid row kids in blankets
play with string-less tennis racquets
Alleys seem comical; buildings phenomenal
empty abdominal tables with dominoes
sitting on street curbs; sunny and sweet herbs
everyone's feet hurts; kids writing free-verse
one, two, and three verse drunkies and dreamers
graffiti of mind readers the future in nine meters
ripped jeans and clipped wings bare feet and dope dealers
urine on wife beaters; why doesn't God need us?
puzzled in my Adidas; inspired by Nika
im in downtown with divas preparing my 'rimas'
while im about to read words on a microphone
theres kids out the window staring from skid row
i dedicate this to those skid row kids
with a puzzled look on their sun-burnt lips
God exists on moms and sis
we all hussle in the puzzle.
P.X

Charles Monroe

'Reign Bow'

In a world that's flavored acidly
Wish they all would think like Cassidy
But unfortunately for us
All the world is colored puss.

Keep your vision multicolored
Not what dragon wizards uttered
While they black and white their vision
We've the highest definition.

Keep on seeing through the veil
While they still wait to inhale
We who speak shall lead the silent
Who still see us ultraviolet.

Some things missing in their head
All our love is infrared
Let them stay maroon and blue
While your colors shine on through.

In a world that's flavored acidly
Wish they all would think like Cassidy.

P.X

Charles Monroe

Room 104

tasteless nights
Feeding Monstrous appetites
Sweaty foreheads joined careless
In the dark of mo-mo AC
The scent of Cigarette and intercourse
Never quite leave any room once they've been in it.
Bible in counter seems uncalled for
And color t.v. and HBO with international breakfast
is for tourists; not us.
We've been here many times before
Same perfume different room
Same mood, hot maroon
light food and mixed drinks
bag of ice in sink
like you and I.
It seems we've made it,
mated, to checkout time;
and still indisposed.
No coffee maker if its
Fifty bucks a night
But there is no price
When You and I can
afford to spend time
Behind the closed door
of room 104.
P.X

Charles Monroe

Sad Winner

Sad Beginnings

Lost my winnings

Food stamps provided

By the U.S. Government.

They've made me a gangster

And humanitarian

They handed me Rifles

And jugs full of liquor

And said, 'only the dark ones! '

I shot my employer

And hired a lawyer

Made me a warrior

No longer a voyeur

For Tom and his Sawyer

The Mark of the Twain

The Huckle and Berry

The saw and the chain.

Informal insignia

I'm dreaming of India

Here in Los Angeles

With sirens and cigarette butts

My cross-bred dogs howl

Like true sopranos

And I enjoy the truths

That we willingly share.

For God is abundant

Of every republic

And multi complected

Our Gods are but One.

They all are the Higher

That humans inspire

The one we shall be like

The day we retire.

It hurts from the grinning

I'm tired of winning.

The made me the poor

I come out with more

They make me a slave

I mastered the trade

They made me the prey
I hunted the game
They made me minority
I rose to authority
They made me a resident
I chose the next president
They made me a Victim
i fathered their children
They made me a martyr
I mated their daughter
They made me a pion
I lated their eon
They made me a sinner
I made ME a winner.

P.X

3.21.14

Charles Monroe

Seven Syllable Sonnet

Greetings from across the seas
Readings from the loss of peace
City full of Boston teas
Pity-fool-less Constantine(s) .

Beautiful as Constant Dreams
Uniform is tossed in streams
Funerals as dark as beams
Universal law's extremes.

Poems, of a nonsense, scream
Poets that are on this screen
No this ain't a thoughtless stream,
Love is in a box this eve.

(P.X)

(12: 01 a.m. L.A. Time 5.26.13)

Charles Monroe

Smoking In Los Angeles

No smoking signs are everywhere I look
Except in the Kitchen; I smoke while I cook
A hot-dog/ quesadilla with the white cheese
That melts away all while I smoke as I please.
Cigarette in ear, near frozen beer
Rolled mango wraps drop greens on the gear
It aint that severe; its all relativity
A madgenius' own curricular activity
Too much negativity, traverse with the broke
I got this sign telling me that I can't smoke.
A joke it must be, Graffiti on its surface
A way to tell the city: I disapprove your service.
I'm smoking in Los Angeles Arco Gas stations
Right next to the pump filling up my frustrations
No one seems to notice the ash on the tip
Flick it away while gripped by the lip
A cognac sip and a hit where I may
Smoking near No Smoking signs in L.A.
Doing that upscale stale imitation
Smoking and providing my intoxication
Second hand smoke is a smoke that's been lit
Then passed on for the next man to hit.
Second hand man whistlin' Ave Maria
standing outside of the cervezeria
'Excuse me my friend, can't you read the sign? '
I said, 'no Sir, forgive me. I'm smoking. You mind! ? '
They print about two hundred signs each day
While poor children starve, and I smoke, in L.A.

P.X
7/30/13
227am

Charles Monroe

Something Great

It is quite difficult to create something great;
But sometimes great things happen by mistake.

-P.X

Charles Monroe

Terapia

Poetics are therapeutics for us headache bearing students
Poetry is therapy, tranquility, serenity,
Divinity, passivity, proximity, infinity.
It is all that is good to take
And is always good to make
My all beautiful mistake
Maybe one day name me great
But I am simple; great is poetry.
Who else knows me such as thee?
Or the I I came to be?
There was you and there was me
And there we were,
In-therapy.

P.X

Charles Monroe

The Dreams Of Kings

When the hills and the mountains someday are made low
And rough places made plain, and untended seeds grow
When the peacocks take flight and the crooked made straight
Until Justice rolls down like an avalanche quake
When the Great become evident and mute become relevant
The New become citizens the few become regiment
When proof becomes eminent, and all the Gold's bright-
Consumed by the bloom and hues of true light
Devalued and weightless reveals its true worth
And Nature, refreshed, conceives its New birth
When the kids on my block can have a true choice
And the armed and afraid stop shooting school boys
When the leaders stand up and refuse to stand down
When the children man-up and my Sisters man-down
When the Sunsets are East instead of West-bound
When the greedy and proud repent with head down
Til the day every poison and venom tastes sweet
We can claim our restraints no more and break free
When the Dream of one King becomes true as plain sight
That's the day when the poets will no longer write.

P.X

8.8.13

11pm

Charles Monroe

The Practice

The figure hollows the aura
The Smaller follow the bigger
The fearful follow the righteous
the righteous follow the sinners.

It seems we've wondered in circles
Like snakes that eat at their tail
Its good to touch with the inner
But not to swallow oneself

Beyond the laws of attraction
or of Judicial accords
There lies the cause of distraction
with the initial reports

Freedom rings and departs
Justice flees and reports
So whos' the stenographer
Who sees and records

Life is a court room
and we the defendants
Hoping the Judge will not
Shorten my sentence.

P.X

8.9.13

8: 44pm

Pacific Standard

Charles Monroe

The Way And Weight Of When We Wait

I'll tell you why I'm up this evening late
With Words we wait with will while Woman's out
Perfumed and groomed and waiting for a date
That kept me watching every digit's count.

Waiting writing words and feeling lousy
The webs we've woven wicked we'll unwind
Eyes are dimly, gently seeming drowsy
While wondering will waiting waste my time'

Wait, I think the wait is finally ending
Oh yes, she tells me, she is on her way
Guess I'm going back to feeling sexy
So this concludes my entry for today.

So if one day your date is running late,
For your own sake I hope she's worth the wait.

Charles Monroe

'Thee-Arch Con-Test'

Oh how ludicrous the fee,
Guessing contests aren't for free.
Dare I invite every one
But my contest is for fun.
Put first prize to this effect:
You shall win your self respect
Second Prize: What you have won...
To beat all; except for One.
Last, but definitely not First
Third Price means you weren't the worst.
Everyone's a winner here
The best contest of the year.
With thee lowest, lowest fee
Oh, you thought it was for free? !
I was joking, free it is...
Contests are for CON-TEST-TENTS!
Especially if its a fee.
Poets from the land of FREE.
P.X

Charles Monroe

To Hold The Heat

A responsibility I've been cursed to keep
Since all my big homeys are parolees
On probation or known felons
And I have no police record yet
And am only thirteen
I am expected by my fellow gang members
To forever hold the heat.
And I hold it like its golden
Like our lives depended on it.
And I hold it like it's stolen
Like there's countless murders on it.
And I hold it locked and loaded
Cocked and potent and concealed.
Even though it's very presence
Will add decades to my sentence
I must carry heat and hold it
From the buckle to the scrotum
Hoping none of us will lose it
And I won't be forced to use it
Banging louder than the music
Like a drum-roll off the snare
Either wired or acoustic;
Hope nobody likes to stare.
Hope our enemies don't show,
I pretend to play the part
Of a fool who doesn't mind
Putting led through someone's heart.
And I smile amongst the gangsters
In my dark blue baggy jeans
I'm the designated shooter
And I barely turned thirteen;
I been cursed to hold the heat.
P.X

Charles Monroe

To Think With Invisible Ink

These words, to you, may sound absurd
I Haven't wrote a single word
Since like September 23rd
Oh how I miss to twist and shape
And let the words from me escape
I am divinity's mistake.
I am Perfection of the damned
A bastard child of Uncle Sam
My card is green as eggs and ham
Down Mango Street with Pen in hand
They call me Caramelo-Man
Sister Sandy's bag of Candy
Give me something that can last me
I can't write a single word
Maybe this was not my turn
But a lesson meant to burn
Like my kind will never learn
Momma pray for my return
May I write a single word.
Poverty, she's always near
Almost like a puppeteer
All the things I tried to do
Failed to get away from you
Maybe fortune wasn't meant
Think of times I badly spent
Searching for that perfect scent
To deter me from lament
Quickly as she came she went
Like a sin that won't repent
This, to you, may sound absurd
I haven't wrote a single word.

P.X

10.7.13

Charles Monroe

Ugly Nights

Why do I write on the ugliest nights of them all?
And on happy days I write none at all?
To enjoy the happiness I seldom do encounter
On occasions, I do on occasions
But on ugly nights I just can't avoid the sensations
Imagination's infatuation with the dictation of devastation
I am happy if only for fractions of a second, yet, infinitely
Indefinitely.
I am lost and dumbfound
Down in uptown
Getting-off coming-on the highest comedown.
Temptress' may Tetris their way to our headrests
In where they fit in; egos are trip-pin'
Evils are with-in'; sequels are written
Of ugly nights bidden
Forbade us our swords
In the house of the wicked politic' of course
Too much pretty china and crystal to risk
Nature forbid we may tosseth a disk
Over bridges, bitches, digits and engines
All of the bliss that consists of these instants
Cause us to puzzle our ghetto existence
Of misfits and misprints with costly commitments
Coherent inherit this ugly Consistence.
Muggy lights on ugly nights
Bless our bloody appetites
Let us hunger not with spite
Let us bite and eat alike;
Tell them ugly things we write
That beauty is within-
Tonight.

Charles Monroe

'Villain'

Though I try to be as honest as I can
They'll call me Villain.

For I can see the truth about the lies
That they conceal.

The non-hero zero to the hearts
Of Men and Women,
The Champion of the Children
With the empty guts to fill.

Though villainous by name I'm a
Sponsor for the righteous

Though evil seeks my people
Like a virus, like a plague,
And poverty beneath me

Here to greet me as I write this,
For even with the brightest
Darkness enters window panes.

A villain of religion and of Country
And of Goodness

They blame it on my 'hoodness'

And they blame it on my kind,

For time and time again they

Will label us as hoodlums,

Though guilty, fraud and filthy

They will not admit their crime.

While the Children, keep on crying

Without food or penicillin

Making millions off the dying,

And they say that I'm-

The Villain.

P.X ☐

11-26-13 2: 00 a.m.

Charles Monroe

We Are The World

European Union, Republic of Korea
Russian Federation, Zambia, Tanzania
China to Nigeria, Hungary, Australia
Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, and Saudi Arabia
Cuba, Argentina, Pakistan, Japan
Into the Islamic Republic of Iran
Deep within the cavernous confines of the hood
When Pens travel light years beyond what we could.
Mexico and India Germany and France
Italy and Scotland, Turkey, Netherlands
Vietnam and Thailand, Canada, Brazil
Ports being flooded with the ink that we spill
Poland, Indonesia, Qatar, Philippines
Finland, Egypt, Ireland, Gabon, Mozambique
Portugal to Hong Kong even Undefined
Albania, Malaysia, Namibia, Dubái
Kiribati, Canadá, the United States
Singapore, New Guinea; as the silence brakes
Back to South Africa; rising like the day
From beneath a Carbon Dioxide' L.A.
Children of the corn-man swimming the Atlantic
Stagnant men with Pens that reach across the Planet.
We, the Poets.

Charles Monroe

'Writing In The Rain Again'

Writing in the rain again
Dark nights seem to never end
Electronically repent
With a world wide web event
Where we went off things we've dreamt
When we wept-off tears we've kept
For these dreams I haven't slept
Not too many reach this depth
When the Good become upset
And the tape become cassette
Everybody wants to shout it
We just want to... write about it.
P.X

Charles Monroe

'Yoga-Fire, Yoga-Flame! '

My fire is thermal
And spreading in turbo
Orange nocturnal
Dark purple Inferno
Set flames to my Journal
Like Moms is eternal
And priceless
Life-changing devices
The ices of icepicks
Eyelids with vice-grips

Get silenced or get licensed
I rather get violets
But they prefer violence;
I'd rather have violins, but,
Get your gunslingers
with dumb stingers
I'm throwing up peace signs
And gang signs with God's Fingers.
They talk about humdingers
I'm chatting with bud slingers
And underground R&B singers
You either Get with it, get loud,
Or get silencers from islanders
I'm re-baptizing my Sisters
Martina, Penelope, Beverly, Bellamy
Miss-demeanor and Felony
Baptizing Serena with the middle name
'Will Never Be'.
My middle name: Entropy
I'm working for charity
My pen is on fire
Like Cherry on Ecstasy
My fingers got third degree burns
From typed words that ignite perms
My personal Saviour got eight arms
And Napalms and eats homemade salsa
And handmade steakhouse.
But then man made A-bombs and H-bombs

And Avon and Sav-on's
And then changed the name on...
The sign with their name on.
I'm quitting my day job
And leaving my page off
Does crime really pay off?
"It must be my day off".

P.X

3.4.14

1: 52am

2 my Sister from another mister
Serena 'WillNeverBe' Silenced

Charles Monroe