

Poetry Series

David DeSantis
- poems -

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David DeSantis(01/29/85)

My name is david, and I'm just trying to find my way...

**** Breakups**

We wake up slowly,
shaded by romance.
she looks like a film,
that I am lucky to attend.

I look at her softly,
My hands warmth as touch,
And like a masseuse without training
I trace her neck line crest.

Her eyes catch mine for a moment
And in them I hear acceptance,
Two of a kind
Or one and one
We make a pair together.

Nothing new or special,
Or out of the ordinary.
And I'm sure I forgot the moment
As quickly as it came.

To wake up slowly,
Next to beauty
Is now much harder
To forget.

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**** Stimuli And Army Ants**

Sitting here staring
At a downed power line
Computers shut down
without access

People in their cubes
Like little army ants
Lost without a meaning
Or a purpose

And I'm wondering about the words
That I would have said to you
If I had spoken of the notebook
I had written

Now your somewhere else
And I'm in a place
With a downed power line
And no access

And to me
it's a lost generation
A shell of a capsule
Which has broken

Where towers once fell
And debt mountains tall
Spinning on a spiral's
tilted axis.

I'm in a plot
That I never should have known
In a life of a movie
unpredicted

Where the heroes are the villains
And the villains are the banks
Paid for from the pockets
Of the people

They tell you to be smart
To get an education
To be like your parents
Or be better

But what they don't understand
Is that we never had a chance
When the moneys in the hands
Of the 'masters'

They sit by their desks
With empty role calls
Trying to fix the problems
Of consumption

And you can't watch the news
Without a congressional fool
Telling you to save
And be prudent.

But the budget overflows
And no one seems to know
Just what 800 billion
Means for china.

It's like a bottle filled with sand
Where free trade stands
an army of a shadow
of an empire.

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***** Re-Occurring Dreams

Red sky at dawn
blows wind against my back,
its cold icy fingers
summon wolves in a pack

she was in my thoughts
like a record i once knew

red sky,
blue clouds,
a mind lost

in its hues.

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*****permafrost

Permanent isolation,
a permafrost inside my soul.
Depths inside,
I cannot count on
to remind
Give to let go.

24 and ashtray windows,
surrounded by
mirrors of snow.

Lost in tracks,
ripples on pavement
weaving thoughts
the mind will not show.

Permanent isolation,
a permafrost inside my soul.
Depths inside I cannot count on
to remind,
give to let go.

Why do we
plan all our movements?
color schemes
and castles for show.

While sunken eyes
and sullen heart strings
are placed inside,
walls cannot grow

A permafrost,
she gives what I gave her
to remind,
give to let go.

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*****raleigh 4: 50 A.M.

Today I sat
by a pool.
A vacation from the stresses
of the reality I face.
And a face
it played
in my mind like a record,
skipping
distorted
but more than I wanted.

She is not mine
She will not be
she was mine
and I shall not have
everything
and anything
that I ever needed...

Facebook-
I'm
deleted
and
a boyfriend
shares her picture

I gaze like a voyeur
in a film
that I should not.

but peering
at this hour
for the first time
in months
are tears
and the picture
that i somehow witness.

this is reality:

a pun
of a play
of a game
that I lost.

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*****7: 43 A.M.**

Oh its uninspiring
these blues are like fire.

And I am uninspired
still falling further.

at 24 without passion
lost without a word
like a voice wrapped
in cellophane
muted at the chord.

Vocally forgotten
intangibly indirect
I'm shuffling without meaning
and falling deeper yet.

Still within the motions
still within my time
but unable to grasp
an inch
of a string on a tethered wire.

David DeSantis

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***an Island

On an island
i met you
in my dreams
one night

and the moonlight
before us
it danced through
your starlight

as the sun woke
around us
and palms swayed
through tree tops

A smile
i gave you
came crashing
with the waves

and im happy
for the first time
with the sunrise
before me

to see you
even a dream
the blue sky
she calls us

to have known you
one time
as we walk
a boardwalk

I hand you
bright beads
you wear them
your neckline

and we smile
together
drum beats
and congas

surrounded by
people
im lost in
your eyesight

and the beauty
of a face
i've seen like
no other

to see you
even a dream
the blue sky
before us

to have known you
one time
as we walk
this boardwalk

A fisher
finds his catch
children
feed seagulls

and you here
is all i need
on an island
in a dream

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***ex- Girlfriends

Uncertain drops
Of anguish
Filter through the night
While waste water
Droplets
Remove any light
As California raisins
Dance to the sight
Of mixed
imagination
Metamorphic kites.

Every little symptom
Begins with your bite
While every diagnosis
Is a problematic height
And every trapped memory
Is another kind of blight,
Alleviated neurons
And sycophantic rites.

I'm caught up in a struggle
Of allegoric might
Stuck between an angle
A catatonic plight
A half finished puzzle
To share for your delight
In certainty only
Can wrong
make it right.

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***roman Bath Day

In a roundabout fashion
propose if I may,
That today be a day
Of hedonistic conjecture.
For permit if you will
A digression of sorts
I will enlighten to the motives
Of my altruistic synopsis.

Humanity of late
Has been burdened by tales
Of Earth shaking fire
And fomenting regression.
Instability it seems,
And ranking world leaders
Have shaken the walls of
Political atrophy.
Decay at best
Is a western experience
While 3rd world militia's
Form nationalistic armies.
Indians rise
And China grows
For fierce competition
And Mid-East Castles.

A Euro dollar
And a power shift
New York to London
And Bear Stearns dropp outs.
Even the grandiosity
Of Hollywood magicians
have found a new audience
In the hallways of Dehli.

Diplomatic tensions
And a "wipe of the map"
Make inevitable destruction
A current reality.

As Israeli's talk
And Palestinians lob rockets
Iranian tenacity remains tightly guarded.

Putin type autocrats
And Bush like bureaucrats
Pave the way for empty "change" promises
While old man McCain
And naievite "Hussein"
Underscore the nature
Of democratic follies.

And so with illuminating love light
My proposal retains
That today be a day
Of hedonistic pleasure.
Give love to those whose
Shifting tendencies
Have brought rancor discord
To millennial fruition.
Every woman
Between 18 and 50
Find a leader
of insufficient
Will power.
In a Spitzer like fashion
Except without pay,
Perform your duty
As a sultry seductress.
Uniting with legs
And binding with
Joy,
Today is the day
To foment fruition.
Maybe just then
After brimming with pleasure
United in Eden
As tamed lions should be,
Leaders shall realize
In fault line fashion
In a women ruled world
No

Alpha competition.

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***the Beauty Queen

Vericose Veins
are eating her legs
like worms in the rain
climbing her neck.

She once was a woman
fair to be seen
now is a woman
in covered gangrene.

Her eyes are like a fire
which used to be a flame
until shorted by a wire
from a crashing aeroplane

Her neck is obtuse
like a cut jelly bean
and her toes are as curled
as a spun metal beam

Her pants are the hue
of the dirt found in dust
with a brown soiled view
of the backside of her bust

Often when I think,
of this once beauty queen
who now tends to stink
like an old salad green

I wonder to myself
how my end will be
And drink another beer
While smoking a tree.

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***the Real Me

I'm different,
I'm unusually not the same
something askew
my thought patterns
something I can not feign.

I'm weird
and won't play this underfoot
playing games in my
macho mind
her body as my book

I'm old
but really yet still young
24 years
of old man thoughts
a real life mr. button

I lie,
and pretend I tell the truth
I think I see
so wise and free
while I wait at the laid off both

I'm a joke,
a play of a clown of a prophet
a man whose blind
behind his eyes
a piece of wood in a grommet.

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***trampolines And Easter Eggs

I first saw your face
a beautiful photograph
the kind I would have
in a wallet worn well

I first kissed your lips
and put a hand in your hand
I said 'we'll be ok'
as I held you close

Your eyes
were so sad
but I knew love
could change that

I wanted to love you
remember your old house
trampolines and easter eggs
and movies of love would tell

Goldfish grocery stores
and kissing in the rain
a dark lit park
in your father's car

Your bronze tanned back
on the white of your shirt
towels on the beach
and waves in the water

Memories
they are in my mind
and how time
will always fade them

I want you back
to be here
I'm just a boy

who needs you here.

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****a Beach, Lake, And Owl**

Sun soaked revelations
on a patio deck.

I had long forgotten
the simple joys
Of returning to origin.

In its bosom,
the well worn comfort
Of familiarity,
combined with the
clear remembrance
Of lake breeze air.

Every milestone,
And accomplishment,
All seen by the unending tide
Of water in motion.

From the eyes of my window:

the first breath of my brother
and the last sight of my cousin.

The first taste of a woman
and my last meeting with her.

All trials,
Tribulations,
And friendships
Have come, gone
and began again
here.

Lonely winter nights,
The ferocity of the wind off the beach
almost too much to bear.
Nowhere to go,
Except the solace of a guitar,

You taught yourself well back then.

My first car,
Driving around in circles,
a "summer town" deserted in the winter,
And a father
Eager to pass this rite to his son.

Later,
Cracks in a marriage,
like holes in a wall,
and a lonely teenager hoping for the best.
Ultimately,
reconciliation.

My first taste of addiction.
Parents out of town,
I wanted to be the "cool kid".
A party remembered,
The stench of cigarettes,
Never
Again
Forgotten.

All within these walls.

Outside,
Clear hot air.
I lay back
And gaze deeply
Into the trunk,
of the tree,
I have seen all
My life.

My great aunt used to tell me
that on the branches,
Of this particular tree
Sits a wise old owl.
He will watch over you
During this life.

To a child
An owl shaped branch,
Can give breath quite easily.
Yet I never truly understood
Her message.

Now
That branch is long since gone,
As is she.
And at times when I need her wisdom
Most
I remember the owl.

Today it is clear to me.

Just as the roots
Of a tree anchor
mighty oak,
My home
Anchors me.

I lay back
In my chair.
Feet up,
exhalation.

I am home,

Rooted once again.

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****a Cartoonish Life**

Never really one
for popularity contests
Yet somehow
popularity found me.

Intangible leadership
skills perhaps,
overrated influence
more likely.

The first time I had sex
I was an amateur at best.
the first re-telling to my friends
I was Ron Jeremy in 1975.

Sometimes I wonder
if i build myself up
or myself builds me.

One thing is for certain:
talk,
talk,
talk,
useless
and boring.

Over inflated ego's tend to burst all at once,
and Snuffaluffagus was always cooler than
Big Bird.

As a child I related to him,
along with Daffey Duck,
and Gonzo,

Now you tell me who has an ego.

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****ghost Tracks**

I'm sliding off the rail
from which a mind
used to hang,
dripped in perspiration
lost in malaise.

She once believed in me
as they believe in you,
and I can't shake the strain
of a neck in a noose.

Swinging back and forth
its not a way to live,
cookie cutter dreams
and strainers that won't give.

While somewhere along the line
we all cross a bend,
leading off the tracks
to ghouls and ghost men.

But I can't seem to care
enough to stop the pain
forming friends over family
and fire over rain.

A levy in which i find
no good way to mend,
ties that are broken
while streams rise again

pain is as deep
as deep as is pain
round and round we go

auto-
matans
on a train.

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****hope**

Do you ever feel
That more is needed
To ease the grind
Of the axe today,
Which tends to halt
All intuition
And put in line
creative display

Do you ever dream
Of a world of passion
Where seamless seams
Find there way
To ocean currents
That defy rhythm
And destroy boundaries
That we have made.

Do you ever want
To shear the linens
that cover the mental
Corpse of decay
To defy gravity
And stand on airwaves
And think of things
That you should not say

Do you ever pursue
The dreams of your childhood
Lost in the garden
That you used to play
When hope was alive
In springs simple water
Cooling your senses
As a child in the rain.

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****my Birthday**

Another day
as any other.
Yet on this day
I was born.

The Sun shone in Aquarius,
as perhaps I should be happy.
But the moon
she was a Pisces.

And the two-
we never go together.

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****sunday Morning**

I sometimes wonder why we do what we do.

What makes me any better or worse than
the next one
or the one before.

Some love all of their lives
while others
reflect on what it means
to love,

still others never love at all.

I once knew
I now know,
I'll never know.

So move in and out
weekend
by weekend
staring at the lights
as they dance around me

calling to bartenders
smiles and more,
heathens for more,

Yet
I can never fully dance
too lost in my own thoughts.

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****the Club Beat**

I walk like I wake
and on any good day
I can make or break or neither at all.
I play with words
and talk a good game,
or dropping the ball
I'm nothing and more.
Like a player that moves
only for movement
my happiness is temporal
and judged by the score
So lets dance in your sheets
and spin a new round
with a lip bite move
as we play on the floor
Neon finds
your sweat bead whispers
to a spread leg movements
sapphire core
Because in every club
theirs always the girl
with green earth eyes
and a revolving door
she's my devil
or wing tipped angel
so talk a good game
for your new mi amore.

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****the Inverse Of Functionality**

Impatience.

it seems to seem
a change of scenery
may clear the vision.

Excess.

a symptom for some
of symptomatic
impatient leanings.

Spend thrift.

a week of weekly
paper green
medication.

Addict.

Sex-stained sex tips
jarred whiskey
alcohol cleanings.

Impatient.

Clearly
cleared
of any conscious
leanings.

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***2,1, None, Or More**

And I've been thinking
While I'm lusting
About a sun dream
And new play things
I've been moving
On a thin beam
It's a bright thing
I've been balancing
To be loving
With an old fling
As she texts me
Like a checked king
Has been making
Me think tempting
Things that could be
While one's sleeping.
There's this new game
And she's untamed
While the old game
Is perfecting
All the things that
I once wanted
But not wanting
Now to have them
And I'm a fool that
Cannot decide when
He should roll them
To find seven
Maybe someday
They will move me
Or when lonely
I will give in
But until then
I'll stay hitting
it's an old game
On which I'm betting.

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*a Life Cycle

The most painful dawn,
one can ever know,
is the painful death,
of love let go.

Gone with its passing,
Are more than just dreams,
A flower shall wilt,
As jealousy teems.

The most painful noon,
One can ever see,
Is the painful death,
Of your mothers dream.
Gone with her eyes,
Are the reflection of you,
As a mirror shall break,
So shall you too.

The most painful day,
One can ever feel,
Is the painful death,
Of the ideal.
The mirror once broke,
Shall repair a new,
But in its reflection,
A darker view.

The most painful dusk,
One can ever taste,
Is the painful death,
Of your lovers face.
Gone with her smile,
Are the remnants of wonder,
Impossible to hold,
When buried asunder.

The most painful eve,
One will ever fight,
Is the painful death,

Of dawn to night.
While life is a trial,
Filled with ladders and rope,
There is nothing more painful,
Than forgetting to
hope.

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*isolation At Sunrise

I awake,
Dreams burdened with your eyes.

A recollection of temperance
From a soul as empty
as the spirits in a glass.

My mind remains heavily weighted,
with unfair remnants
of celestial lies.

Cold,
Creeping,
Despair.

"He would have been a boy",
She said...

I sometimes wish
I was a glass.
It's easier to break without a soul.

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*the Fog

Nights mist
around my eyes

very similar to the fog
we walked through.

God
I miss her,

and walks
once had meaning.

similar,
to a ship in a bottle,

like lungs under pressure.

I used to breath
with her,

when walks
had meaning.

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*the Ten Commandments

Don't ever have
sex with strangers
is what
a bird
once told me.

Thirty strangers
later i find,
something that
works for me.

Don't ever kill,
the bird sang,
unless to live,
I suppose is alright.

In killing I
find no thrill.
Although,
I stepped
on a worm today.

Don't ever cheat,
on your spouse.
its not right
to play that game.

What if your spouse,
Is cheating on you?
I'd rather
screw
than play
that game.

Do not lie
it's not alright,
And is that
what Jesus would do?

If Jesus is
What your looking for,
To find him
I think,
you'd be lying too.

Don't fantasize,
About that girl
Her skirt is short
for comfort.

She's a dirty whore
This we can see,
But I can
give her
comfort.

Don't ever worship
another bird,
Or build a statue,
Of a Robin.

It's true that I,
find all birds,
Really quite
intrusive.

And if you should
find a lie.
Send it back
From where
it came,

Wouldn't it be,
nicer to lie?
We can't
all come from
where I came.

Do not drive
your neighbor's car
And his wife,

She shares his name

If a neighbor,
had something to take,
To share is very,
neighborly.

Just please
don't,
have sex with strangers,
It's quite easy
To catch a
disease.

On this
The bird
and I agreed.
Fire, works
Quite
forcefully.

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***video Game**

I sometimes feel as if all relationships
Are like a video game.

It's as if I'm constantly trying
To attain the next level
Yet every obstacle
Finds a way to knock me out.

Pause, re-start, level up and back down.
And your holding the control.

It's no surprise that I'm averse to playing games
Enough in life to keep me busy,
Yet the only joy stick you seem to find
Is of the plastic hardened sort.

If you were my mushroom princess
I would be your Super Mario,

If only it were that simple.

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.....Uninspired

Apathetic tendencies
fall upon the best of us,
Yet I'm not really sure
why they've fallen upon me.

I'm certainly not the best,
and far from the worst,
but instead find myself
stuck somewhere in between.

It's quite possible however,
that housed inside
this tired brain,
is the recollection
of a cut so deep
that apathy
was its only
relief.

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...Our First Gig

Groggily lurching
towards
a snail's pace
forray,

you've been a disaster
but never like this.

last nights debut
a triumph of sound,

You rocked
You rolled
and perhaps a bit much

Common Sense
and Sunday
the two should mix well

have a drink,
have another
ease the nerves
celebration
ease the nerves
drink it up
stop at 12
slip at 1
on at 2..
3 at
bed.

Now
I can't even focus
on writing this poem,

but its all i can do
from a head on a desk.

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..5: 03 Am

In this late hour,
I'm utterly alone.
no one,
else,
alone.

Your ego driven view
a cracked hour glass,

undeniable
to
alone.

why couldn't you have her,
too beautiful

alone.

only
a pillow can comfort

restless
and alone.

David DeSantis

..A Night Of Excess

In search of extra
energy for a trip
I made my way
To an unknown corridor.
Sun shine rays
And July 4th barbeques
I left behind
For a night of excess.

"120 for a ball",
and a good deal
the wealth of my cousin
to support our supplements.
Returning to a castle
With a beach before me
We rolled up a bill
And laid out our powder.

As soon as I did
Power fake feelings,
A b-12 high
And teeth chattering pronouncements.
It's funny how clear
The mind can seem
When diluted delusions
Hamper the brain.

She was there
beautiful as ever
and she partook
With beauties grace.

Caught in the rapture,
Of blood boiling movement
I failed to notice
The silk of her legs.

Gone from me,
Was the lusting desire

That usually remained
Our last connection.

It's strange how when
The body is stimulated
We soon forget
The murmurs of the heart.

Yet In this instance
It's all I remembered
And looked at her
Without sexes gaze.

"Take a walk with me"
I found myself asking,
And responding in kind,
She agreed the same.

Down to the beach
We strolled together
gripping her hand
As I hadn't in years.

With fear aside
I tried to remember
The many times
We had been to this place.

I was sick of trying
And trying to be sick
When the cure it seemed
Was here by my side.

"How are you really? "
I asked in kind
And mean it I did,
As the moment was hers.

Instead of talking,
I finally listened,
And freed from desire
I searched for her soul.

Touched and trusting,
She returned to me
Opening her mind
As she hadn't in years.

She talked of what hurt,
She talked of what bothered
And she gripped my hand
As a new lover would.

I didn't judge,
I didn't pass over
The ideas she had tried
To tell me before.

Triviality was gone
Replaced by understanding
And I finally realized
just how beautiful
She was.

I opened my eyes
And let in her heart
As the drug had somehow
allowed me to.

Gone was the guilt,
And infidelities committed
The binded dreams
And the love we had stolen.

Forgotten were the nights
My eyes had witnessed
And the disconnect
Of apathies grace.

She was there
And so was I,
Free of judgment
And cleared of pain.

And to be together
In such a moment
I can honestly say
I relished that night.

Because life is what matters
And moments do count
Excess baggage
Has no room in ones heart.

To carry pain
Deludes the person
That you once were
And I know she is.

Just two people
On a night of excess,
Who found that love
can be regained,

And It wasn't where
I had sought before
To be lost in the heart,
And found in the brain.

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..I Think I Need A Girlfriend

why,
can't I be happy?

I wasn't last night,

I wasn't a dream,

I wasn't random
or fearless

and I certainly wasn't
pride.

No I was me,

lost
in a crowded room.

So droll
so damp,
and faded.

He smiled,
and she hugged him

You smiled

and they all saw right through it.

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..Too Drunk

oh these dreams,

infantile infanticide
damned if i could
wash these stains
away from a pant leg
whose drip dropped dice
love to play
crash with stains
of elastic thigh masters.
wanton rage
i roll with destruction
and make no sense
in sunny pastures,
but therapeutic
word games
do what they should
while
bronzed weight beavers
are
spun from my head.

she used to read you
tales of the hobbit
he lived in your heater
furnace
and two
you smiled while
wanting
liver train
gender

simple child
do what you do...

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.4th Of July

A great man
was hurt today.

sadness.

I took a walk,
my grandfather.

awareness.

my heart beats,
darker shades.

a princess.

In the end
we're all the same

priceless.

David DeSantis

.a Sunny Poem About Daffodils, Unicorns, And Butterflies

You
lowly sack of
Bloated purple
fish guts,
Seething in
a
maggot onion
stew.
Like a horse drawn
Cart
of manure laden
dog food,
ground into tomato
rotten soup.
Your a manufactured piece of
Lava lipped excrement
Like the drippings
from a whore
After 20 sailor's through.
I wouldn't mind,
If before you died
Unmarked they
Buried you.

David DeSantis

.a Tornado In Central New York

"Look over there! Across the lake! "

White cap dust clouds
And bellowing wind
as bullets,
Graze skin and
sand castle lawns.

Out of the water
People are running,
Dripping wet suits
And hail stricken cars.

Me on the beach,
Her side by side
Distraught disbelief
At wind funnel formation.

A mile away
It's wave riding
movement
feverishly flying
As a chariot of Poseidon

All energy and air
water and wind
Sucked as a vacuum
in northward direction.

Loud bursts of lightning,
And deafening gusts,
sound as an air engine
Upon stall fire crashing.

I rub my eyes
Making sure that I'm here.
A tornado finds home
in Central New York.

'It's Global warm weather'
my hippie love's saying
Strange days and fiction
with
Nodding agreement.

Then

As soon as it came
Disapearing
as quickly
sun breaks through clouds
and relief laden breathing.

If Dorothy were here
the witch would be dead
followed by munchkins
and beautiful scenery.

One things for certain
it's never occurred,
that I've seen a tornado
in Central New York.

Strange days indeed
and wondering
bemusement
funnel wind cycles
are for Kansas
no more.

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.acquaintances

I don't really care who you are,
Or what you say
about who you know.
Your pleasing pleasantries
May be nice to you
To me they are unnerving.

I don't really want
to waste my time
About fairy tale stories
and polite conversation.
You took a Camel
On a desert ride
Yay for you and the Saudis.

Call me apathetic,
But don't call me rude
I'll sit here and feign interest
If it will make you smile.

Call me whatever
In your heart you will
My motives aren't for lack of boredom.

Stop "n" chat
Why do we do it
When neither of us has any obligation.
I saw you once ten years ago
And now your life's unfolding.

I'm glad your grandmother
Is not quite senile
Although her "depends" can be tiresome.
I'm happy that your mother
Is still a bitch
And that I'd no longer find her attractive.
It's good to know that your job's going great
Now that you got your Associates.
An your engaged

To Penny from high school
Who of course I dated.
Isn't it amazing that you smashed your car
One night 5 years ago.
And wouldn't it be great
If we never got in accidents
As you've pointed so.

Oh these tiresome chats,
And the way they flow
To muse
Apathetic and boring

and

Most of all
isn't it interesting,

No word of how
I'm doing.

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.boop

Shimmy shalana
sham shore shalome
shaded shibana
shinto shaboom..

these are the words
i know i would say
If i had a language
when drunken
pay day.

David DeSantis

.contradicting Contractions

Ex-love
congratulations,
Enumerate my core.
Colonial colonization's
Are a mixed bag and more
Sheep
Await their master
As the Governor awaits a whore
Ex-love congratulations
writing's such a chore.

Ethics
Insinuations
Are the product
Of folklore.
Marriage
Accommodations
Are as fake as before
Human
Consolation
Is often sold to store
While friendship
Ostentation
Is tagged for the poor.

I don't care for
Mechanizations
Where politics
Are a score
And I also
Dislike women
where pretension
is at core
It's easier to ramble
While sitting on the shore
Nothing breeds nothing
As life
I Adore.

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.insomnia

2: 13

and the clock ticks,

tick tock..

tick tock..

A.M. frustration

and sunken eyes,

tick tock..

tick tock..

My head in a pillow

brain on auto-pilot,

tick tock..

tick tock..

nothing works

nothing ever does,

tick tock..

tick tock..

small town doldrums

I'm only 23,

tick tock..

tick tock..

This isn't what I want

this isn't me..

tick tock..

tick tock..

tick..

tock..

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.rappers Delight

I'm a kama sutra swami
A hitter of the G
A megalomaniac
Shopper of the V.
I'd love to take you home
To play with my Wii
But if that doesn't work
I'll buy you some iced tea.
Not the cheap kind of drink
But instead 2 shots plus 3
And a fancy little dinner
With duck, crab or brie
Because women can be bought
This all men can see
Just name a price
and
play a game
called
Bring her back with me

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.sometimes It's Better To Stand

There he sits,
Listening and talking
About things I neither care for
Or make any attempt
to pay attention to.
Referencing his business methodology,
he congratulates himself at
the skills he has so cleverly defined.
I yawn
And attempt to stay awake.
8 months down I think,
4 to go.
Hang in there, David.

There they sit
Conference call
After conference call
Making plans about nothing
Ado
To do
To done
To did
To never did at all.
And I wag my finger
Because here I sit,
Attempting to stay awake
so to grasp
the chain
that I once called a dream.

Here we sit,
Revolving doors
And pushup chairs
Swiveling
Swilling
Swatting
Swearing
And missing out,
Oh how we miss out.

Because all we know
Is that while we sit,
And we talk,
Feigning importance
And shuffling ideas
Of roads
upon rows;
we find castles,
That lead to nowhere.

And
There I sit,
one kind,
of a kind,
of empty little road,
Driven by
headless horsemen carriages.
No dreams
Just a 401k,
a stall,
And detail men.

But still I sit
Somewhere,
Behind a gate,
Over a fence
to a chain,
which gracelessly
leads to
a cemetery.

Here I sit.

Oh,
how I sit.

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.the Source

What is it
that gives life

this eternal source

To make this mind,
make it think,

this eternal source

Who are we,
in these endeavors

this eternal source.

And why do i not
think when i should,

this eternal source.

What is love,
and what are attachments

this eternal source.

Who is beauty
and how do I fit,

this eternal source.

Is family all,
and where is my journey?

This eternal source.

All I know:

In all
there is love

in love there is health

in health there
is freedom

These are eternal sources.

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.wilted Petals

"Beautiful deceit",
It's what I like to call her
For deceit is what I've been given
And in her its manifestation.

Her beautiful deceit
When I lay down
And push
Knowing full well,
Beauty is fleeting
But for now
It's mine to enjoy.

All the time
Fraudulent eyes
And in me
A willing accomplice,
As if together
Two disconnected
Batteries
That once were fully charged.

And I feel
Perhaps rightfully so,
That it is not me
Who deserves her.
For only do I have her
Which as an instance
Is less than I'd like.

But at one time
She was full time
And also,
unappreciated.
A flower as such
may rise,
But will never bloom
in certain conditions.

I should've known
When the women I knew:
'she is beauty! ' and 'how lucky'
I've only heard women
talk the same
of movie stars and models.

Then winter came
And I lost my flower
Who grew busy blooming
On another tree.
Now the remnants of what was mine,
are finite and in partiality
often
fleeting.

Yet even partial
I will take her
until displays of passion are no more
Because when I'm in
it is certain

I have never seen such a
beautiful deceit.

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10 Am Philosophical Musings On Nothing Of Major Consequence

Discomfort

Is a unique measurement
Of self-esteem.

When discomforted,
one is bound to question
the reason for achieving
such an unhappy state.

By default,
discomfort
is likely to force positive,
or negative corrective actions.

If of the low-self
Mindset,
One's "Self" is ultimately assumed
To be of negative
Proportions
And thus unchangeable
in long term prospects.

Discomfort is seen as
a simple fact of existence,
and ones every day
activities,
are tailored to embrace
it.

However,

If of the high-self
Mindset,
"Self"
is unlikely to tolerate
a situation
in which discomfort

is prolonged.
Thus,
Forcing an acceptable
Outcome to a situation
Breeding discomfort.

Life
Is forged by actions
built from
differing
levels of self-esteem.

Just as
A dictator is often short,
A President is usually tall.

I'm quite sure
That all major negative
Military decisions,
Economic catastrophes,
Mass genocides,
And scurrilous inventions
(such as Rap and Teletubbies)

Could have been avoided
If
As a child
Ones parents
Encouraged,
High discomfort
And positive self-esteem.

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2012

A comet across the sky
or a war within my mind,
A bitter battle fought
or a love come to naught
A movie without an end
Or a sun made to bend
like a glass that refracts
until the pieces are put back.
A hole in the clouds
And an earth that is found
to move its polar pull
reversed 180 full.
Lights in the air
and machines that aren't there
As torrents cloud the sky
and Judgements pass on by
4th dimension space
an enlightened human race
day that is night
and cosmic solar lights
all of this and more
twenty-twelve is at the door.

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74 In A 55 For Passing A School Bus

You're a funny one aren't you.
A mustachioed cowboy,
And look, a badge too.

Finger tapping frustration here..

Late again,

And Don Jaun,
Pen
peddling
Super cop,

Napoleon
ic
Stockade
teeth,

Melancholy
Master Smith
Mega Tron,

Is having a field day.

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A Conference Room And Two Blondes.

Death to the tailor who made this suit.

I think to myself,
while nervously shuffling plain white index cards.

For me,
My first presentation
And I feel like a line backer in undersized tights.

Oh well, at least you got a discount.

Hands on the podium,
Back arched high
Drops of perspiration,

Will they notice?

“So two blondes walk into an office...”

Always start with a joke, they say.

Nervous shuffling,
Two blondes in the audience.

Damn it,
Wrong joke,
Politically incorrect to make fun of blondes.

The room,
filled with
polite laughter,
followed by
Tempered applause.

Two blondes smile.
I smile back,
and wonder what they are doing later.
I wink,
Women love a guy at a podium.

“OTD must improve so PD can be reduced”

Think, Think, Think:

Did you memorize
your useless acronyms?

Check, atleast two mentioned.

“That’s why, I believe that by measuring this indicator we can improve OTD...”

Next- charts.

Point, Click, Graph, Plot,
and a wave of the remote for emphasis.

They like it,

Now seal the deal.

Remember,
when in doubt
use big words.

“By eradicating erroneous data we can properly alleviate customer concerns and increase throughput all while improving our ability to interface”

Do you even know what your saying?

Who cares, they do.

Damn,

blonde is cute.

I wonder what she’s wearing under the skirt,
if anything at all.

“And that’s why, I believe that OTD reduction is the way to a more prosperous,
and efficient business cycle”.

Applause,

Better than polite,

and a

Smiling boss.

Home run buddy,

Congratulations:

You are now a corporate pig.

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A Cynical Nature

The sun smiles,
forcefully examining the bitterness of the leaves
that have become
crushed under the weight
of the eve's rainfall.

I look on,
curiously wondering
why the sun seems to give light,
to even the most shattering
displays of nature's fury.

I am broken, I think.
The sun has never fixed me.

Outside the drops of rain evaporate steadily.
Dew, which once subsided in even the most porous
of surfaces
has all but disappeared,
confronted instead
by a warmth as steady
as the sun is iridescent.

You are an observer, I say.
Callous, cold, and unfeeling.

On the ground two squirrels fight playfully.
An acorn has fallen between the two,
and with quizzical wonderment
I watch as a
stalled fury erupts
into a courtship like dance
of dominator
versus
domineered.

Atleast they have each other, I muse.
Who do you have?

The last remnants of darkness have lifted
and the birds respond with a steady hum.
In their song I hear them say,
serenity, serenity:
this is the world.

I turn my head,
And dropp my gaze
downward.

Serenity, serenity,
Is not the world's way.

The sun rises fully,

I sit on the ground.

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A Funeral

Destitute in my thoughts,
I found myself removed that day.

There he was,
lying cold
And just ten.

A bloody shame.

It's hard to quite grasp
the feeling first
encountered
upon the image of a corpse.
Shock, fear,
and a deep sadness:

the inevitable frailty of life.

A "corpse" I thought.
This little man
Once a name,
Now as ice and plastic,

what have you become?

I remember how he used to make me smile,
And the way he would tease his dog "Abby".
They say animals recognize the soul,
His was a gentle one...

Just a child,
unaware of the pain the world can bring.
He was too young to know fear,
And her touch had not yet corrupted him.

A bloody shame.

Amongst the crowd were mourners,

Little children and adults.
They had come to see their friend,
But children should never know this pain.

They brought toys, flowers
and the hope of the
lives they would lead.
Tiny hands, and tiny feet,
while
his remained cold.

In and out they paid their respects,
"oh it's a shame" and
"he was so young".
And then back to life.

My uncle stood alone.

Your pain will never be removed,
And for that I'm sorry,

A bloody shame.

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A New Date

Beautiful Blue Eyes,
And a well worn dress

I have not felt this feeling
In many years.

So many wasted nights,
chasing tails
And spinning quarters.
Emptying bottles,
And filling a gap.

A gap that she set high.

And now,
Beautiful Blue eyes
And a heart-sleeve smile.

I have not felt this feeling
In many years.

Just when the bottom
Had burst
And my feet
remained
trapped
by weights
too heavy to bear.
My imagination depressed
By devil worn concepts
and lingering tans,
make-up smiles,
and fake purse highs,

Beautiful blue eyes,
and a soul to match.
Guitar voice lips,
And piano hands.

I have not felt this feeling
In many years.

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A New Date # 3

Hot tubs have their benefits,
I think.

45 degrees out
but heating up in here,
I find bare skin
And pull her close,

A bare bodied embrace.

It amazes me how fragilely
defined a woman can be.
The strength I embody as a man,
Overpowering,
Protecting,
Yet somehow,
sometimes
Afraid to use it.

In her smile,
only a longing for strength.
A complete union of passion and protection.

What a mischievous smile.

Wrapped up in the heat
I watch as wrapped legs
Seem to somehow still surprise me.

The legs of a dancer.

Better to return the favor
With the grip of a wrestler.

Steamy, heated,
Bubbling embrace.
She bites down hard on my lip
While the rhythmic pounding of the water's
Course,

Seems to pursue the rhythm defined in
our own movements.

She must be creative,
This one loves to feel.

Top undone,
Bottom parted,
Legs wrapped,
Hot tub movements,

I'm suddenly happy
In my choice of restaurants.

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A Sick Day Is Always Fun

Why did I go out last night?

Maybe living alone,
and being at home
forced me to follow to you.

Or the excuse of a meal,
Every good deal,
Is better once
a beer or two

Why did they find me at the bar?

I was ready to leave,
And then a reprieve
"we've got plenty of beers up there"

Why can't I say,
to my dismay,
"work, and I must be aware"

Why did I shotgun that beer?

Wasn't it enough,
To drink and play rough
And why race to find some cheer

I'm not a quitter,
I'm always a winner,
And its easier to chug cold beer.

Why did I hit on that girl?

Couldn't you see
She was not free
Her boyfriend made sure you did.

Your too old to fight,
Yet it happened last night,

Thank God you cheap shot that kid.

Why did I dance on the bar?

Don't you think
That winning the pink
Is more difficult than being a fool?

I'm not quite sure
But after staying alert
A celebration was called for too.

Why did I kiss a townie?

You my young friend
Aren't as dumb as you pretend
She's twice your age atleast!

Oh well I think,
With each coming drink,
More like a model
less like a beast.

Why did I stay at her house?

And now you awake
Her kids are a play
One is already at school

Two are in college
Learning some knowledge
While mom sits on top of you

I've said this before
I'll say it some more
Don't ever go out of your way

To stay out at night,
And get into fights.

And work,
lets fake it today.

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A Stream

Today is the first day of many.
Renewed hope
and a sense of belonging,

Invigorated feel.

Often lost in
a stream of unconscious
thought fears,
my minds eye
views
a landscape of
isolation.

For reasons unknown,
A constant use of sight
as negative feedback.
Body running
As a robot of
Sensory misperception.

Perplexing
To know that as a race
We run on habitual
pessimism.

News anchors
And terror plots
Weather bombs
And communist rumblings,
Oil
Oil
And Chavez.

I'm throwing it away.
This stream
Is built on water
flowing.

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A Trip

My feet in the sand.

The shoreline
Of a beach,
Glass bottles,
And rock worn
Edges.

Contemptuous gaze
And an air ward sigh.
My thoughts consumed
by
weekend recitations.

Such high hopes
This time.
Years of trying
And finally a get away.

New York City
and love.

Yet
one is attained,
The other lost.

Coarse sand grain fists
Become open palms,
As a smooth sea shell
Drops from my hand.

Head shaking desperation.

How easily
It slips away.

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Acid

Angry Wood Dwarves
Are
Hanging from a nest
Of Crow's feet badgers,

while

Balancing on a steeple
Of broken winged Butterflies.

Crayon finger Pygmies
Are
coloring in a box
of alleyway Alligators,

while

biting on the bark of
candy cane tree stumps.

Lawn Ornament Pelicans
Are
Dancing on the shingles
Of gingerbread roof
Mansions,

While

imagining a play
of Swan themed swimmers

Bee hive librarians
Are
Filling a pit
Of earth zombie wood pyres,

While

Reading a book

On suicidal
Moviemakers.

I'm
sitting on a couch
Thinking of themes
And listening to Tchaikovsky,

While

Acid tripping,
Head banging.

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Addiction

Addiction is a curse.

Upon an afflicted soul
is a devil made deal,
Built by creative posturing.

In every worthless,
meandering idea,
I welcome
its gaze.

Lost in the torments of creative restlessness,
And the vagrancies of vanity,
Are the misgivings of addiction.

And I am trapped,
Left only with a bleeding mind,
Powered by over analyzed dreams
and a broken engine.

With each new drug consumed,
With each new fantasy explored,
I awake to find it again.

Addiction,
As it continues its course,
Is the near detachment of my soul.

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An Ode To My Window

Dearest window,
You hold a view
Of images to taunt me forever.
Annoyances too many to
enumerate,
I will just state a few.

A cessation it seems
of our hostilities,
Has been in order once
before,
Yet you fake access,
to something I want
And for that
you aren't forgiven.

You see,
I thought i would
by gaining this job,
land a security blanket of sorts.
A "window" they said,
You should be happy
Most do not get what you do.

Yet here I am,
A cubicle rat,
Albeit one with a window.
I find myself
like some minor new star,
you're a petulant photographer at that

Over and over in the same vein
It is in your face that I'm forced to stare,
Contemplating nothings
while wishing for something,
Your like "Megan" from high school.

And even in central New York,
where

It is sometimes possible for sunlight,
You love to tease,
'here, be hot',
I'd love to make a vase out of you.

Underlying pity
for those who live
by not to live or to do
but instead they watch the world go by,
as a window can sometimes cage you.

Damn you,
Damn you window,
these sensations are nothing if new.
A hammer I'll buy
and window,
please,

take care to invest in some glue.

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Anagrams

A

Don Quixote

Expose

Mirrored truths

All the way

Glory me

Open thighs

Glory her

Upon up high.

Exit wounds

Demarcate

In repair

Entry late.

Deviants

Tear away

Opera

Nymphs will play

Individual

Guessing games

Homerun hit

Torch a flame.

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April Is The Same As Any Other Month..

My love came over last night,
I took her to a driving range.
Neither of us are very good,
But I thought it might break the ice.

Up the hill,
we walk up the hill.

I look at the ground
The ball, my club,
and her.

A swing its short,
Dirt, and ouch.
The ball it goes less than ten.

My love its been forever,
forever its been to me....

She smiles at me,
Forced, so forced,
Yet this one is mine.
Impress her,
be the man she remembers.
She was yours,
once more she can be.

I feel contempt,
contempt is what I feel.

Maybe a sip of Heineken first,
You need to relieve the tension.
Six years off and on,
their remains
an unease in tension.

She swings and I wonder what she thinks,
Is she thinking at all?

I sip,
cold and refreshing.
There you go, drink it away.
Your always more confident
And your love,
She loves confidence.

Green bottle, green grass, sunlight, and her.
Things aren't so bad on this hill.

I step up,
Club gripped tight.
Swing,
No dirt: 100 yards.
Well it's an improvement, I say,
and my love, she must take notice.

I smile at her,
Disconnected, disconnected.

We leave the driving range,
And I suggest dinner.
I take my love
our hands together,
Yet a grip held loosely.

7 years ago,
she told you,
she loved to hold your hand.

At dinner, my love and I,
we talk of the who's and when's
And how's.
My chicken is undercooked,
Her stew a little cold,
I feel a heart the same.

Superficial, I think,
superficial.

My love comes to my apartment,
I cannot seem to

look her in the eye.
What's happened to you friend?
You've looked so many in the eye!

She doesn't look at you either,
maybe you've changed a bit.
I offer coffee,
While she suggests tea.
I decide to skip the them both,
And smoke a bowl instead.

Paranoia, I think,
Paranoia.

We lay on my bed
I hold her, she holds me.
Repetitive patterns
but it feels good to hold her.
I am tired,
she is already asleep.

Afraid to wake you my love,
Afraid to wake you.

I take the futon,
And she remains in bed.
Looking up at the ceiling,
I see no stars here.

I remember when I first saw her,
That girl she'll be the one.
I had stars on my ceiling then,
And we used to make love.

Sleep doesn't find me,
She snores on the bed.

Oh my love,
how I wish I could tell you
We've put up walls
Since then...

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Arrogance

In my mind,
I was a shark in the water,
Deep beneath the listless cold,
Testing vibrations
While waiting for prey.

In reality,
I was all too drunk,
Slurring speech, mind,
And thought patterns
With circuit broken movement.

A funny concept
To never quite grasp
how you are unintentionally
perceived:

The other night,
Drunk again:

“Your friends think you’re a piece of shit”

I always thought I had a way with words.

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Big Bang Theory

I'm a train track
With a knack
for coffee.

A one-way ocean liner
Powered by steam
And defiant of the currents
Around me...

I used to love the art scene
And often,
incongruent things:

like some sort of cataract,
ally-wack,
visine,
drip-drop,
eye clean
hobby.

I am a ying-yang
Thought stream
Powered by
feng shui
energy beams

A naturalized naturalist,
Pessimistic
Pacifist

It's safe to say
That I'm not very

Sunny.

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Board Room Politics

He speaks,
we listen.
I find this to be a totalitarian regime.

Thirty years behind him
and the confidence to back it,
we fear, while we worship,
and we turn to for guidance.

Loyal soldiers are we.

He leads through inspiration
and always starts with a joke.
He is
a good student of politics,
and all things that work.

Quietly I analyze, hoping to work.

Open palms outward,
his communication says acceptance.
And always he first asks
before issuing an edict

most deem fair.

I take mental note.
Gesture, tone, and command,
from him I can learn much,
his knowledge, innate.

Never does he lose temper
nor does he brag.
In humility there is command
like a just king
whose subjects are his family.

Number two is shorter,
a stocked bull of a man.

thirty years behind him,
i understand how
they came up together.

One in the factory and one a degree,
the bull has plodded
forcefully,
never relenting
or backing down from what he knows to be true

yet always just.

Just like one of the workers,
number two would never
demand anything
that he himself would
not find fair.
Yet i've seen his anger lit
and within it is a rage
that in clarity proclaims:
'I am not a worker, I lead, you follow'

He is always aware
of the bottom line,
and even as a titan of a man,
he too must defer
to the end of the table.

I often wonder in these meetings
what it is that makes
a leader lead.

favoritism and favorites
are not always to be.

In them are intangible qualities,
some would say
even from birth instilled.

Like carrots and sticks,
To lead through inspiration
you must be aware of your command.

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Buy An Xterra

Cars on a road.

Each of us
hugging the pavement
Afraid to let go.

Distracted
by ipods and coffee cups
lipstick, and razors.

like little bog flies,
moving one by one bye one bye one

Territorial routes
Speed up, speed down,
While
Ignoring the signs
Meant for direction.

Cars on a road.

Each hour
Rushing to some new destination.
Tailing each other
In army formations,

Faster, slower, break, and stop.

Like little tin soldiers
Serving a cause
While missing the purpose.

Cars on a road.
Day in day out.
Over and over
And over and over
And over and over..

Until its

over.

I prefer
To go off roading.

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Cats Are Lovable Little Creatures (This Poem Is A Joke! ! !)

A daft feral kitten,
Is sitting on my stoop
Every day
Another attempt
To welcome to my boot.

Daft feral kittens,
Always my drive way,
Charged acceleration
And a kitty cat filet.

Daft feral kittens
Heed do not seem to take,
They shit on my hood,
Pee under it they make.

Daft Feral kittens,
13 are in her house,
Steel teeth I've loaded
and baited with a mouse.

Now less feral kittens
Pestering my car
2 have met their maker
11 aren't far.

Daft feral kittens
I'm working on my game
A field goal is kicked
And a kitty rocket plane

A b.b. gun I've bought
And a sling shot in que
If that doesn't work
Drowning's an option too.

Daft Feral Kittens

Have tasted gasoline
The fourth is getting near
And fire works they've seen.

So Feral Kittens
Won't you join in the fun
A barbeque
some blackened fur,
And 13 now are none.

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Christmas

Christmas tree's and paper bags,
around lovers in the park.

Seated on a wooden bench
the little child that you are.

I'm ashamed of some things,
and the holiday's remind me
that when your alone-
there is always good reason.

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Corporate Eyes

Wake up,
To a morning jump,
You're a sunless pup,
Speed bump.

He's an earthquake,
Of a rattlesnake,
In a fish tank,
Point Break.

She's a paper trail,
Of a steal rail,
a work time pal,
my office nail.

I authorize,
You mesmerize,
Our devil pies,
Corporate Eyes.

It's her lace frill,
What a dirty thrill,
Made of double hills,
She's under billed.

For a reach around,
Or a wind-work sound,
To taste the ground,
I play for pounds.

Because she's a sunrise,
In disguise,
My devil pie,
Our corporate eyes.

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Eco-Friendly Beach Erotics

Little surfer chic
Cleaning out my clock.
Including a schematic,
Of your sensory socks.
Please care to move your foot
While
Rubbing round my leg,
Like a little surfer chic
Stroking it again.
Your sitting on a wave
Or riding my surf board
And I'm a shark in your ocean
While you swim from the shore.
Little hippy chic
I'll rest my jaws on you
A playful bite
Of a white
Whose ballast
Floats here too.
So little surfer girl
take a trip to your beach
And I'll dig your hole
With my shovel
Until the ocean I've reached.

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Ergonomic Split

She's like
An
elevating elevator,
While
I'm a
Finger licking
Fiddle player
Why don't
You blow
my whistle
be my savior,
I can burn
In your sauna later.
Baby,
I'm a
Fish diving
Terminator
And your
A
Pole stroke of
Misbehavior
If you play
With my
Alternator
I'll give you
Some
Off white
paper.

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Fall

Another year,
gone by like a moment
retracting.

A moment from which
you can always recall
the decisions that led
to this or that,
built on a series of moments.

A moment where a smile
meant all that it could mean
but through the lens of time
you would build on its significance.

A moment where you walked
as they aged
and all you've ever loved
is suddenly decrepit

A moment where time
can decide who will live
who will grow
and where time's cruelty
is fates indecision.

A moment where love
is abstract
yet plays softly in your mind
until faced with a love
who cannot love back.

A moment where in youth
I once doubted the cynicism
of humanity
and hoped for realities that could never conspire,

where a world could live
not inhumanely,

but instead embrace
the unity of biology.

A moment now
of cold war fears
and posturing leaders
financial melt-downs
and global recessions.
fault line borders,
Israeli air strikes
pollution coal yards
and energy dependency...

In a moment,
fall is here.

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Generation Me

By the corner window
he sat
eyes glazed over,
as a temple of fear,
which had often wondered
just who, when, and how,
he had finally gotten here.

Twice removed from anything resembling affection,
Three times the seasons had changed,
and his path,
as imperfect as implausible
had remained in the imagination of a stars reasonings.

For him
musings remain a daily observance,
a casualty of war and dismal outbursts.
He was four times removed from
love-lorned lessons
and a slow learner
he remained
at most.

Habitual drug user he'd heard it before,
friday, saturday, sunday,
his drugs are best.
Yet when served in mixed doses,
this corner window,
is the same
as a drug would do.

For life gives lessons
to those who will take it
and to take is to king
as king cannot be wrong.
Thought train starlight,
I know who I am
I'm the product of a generation,
taken from kings.

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Girls

It has suddenly become clear to me
That all women lack some honesty
In their glance
is a bigotry
Most superficial
by decree

You see:

A woman thinks with emotion
With the heart of an open ocean
Filled with warmth and some despair
Happiness and minor care
Where tides can change so quickly
Like a deep tsunami upon the sea
Swallowed whole if not with guide
A man must sometimes forget his pride
And remember most logically
That a woman lives on irregularity
Because if you should not take heed
Then I promise you alone shall be.
So when in pain you find this cancer,
then perhaps seek one more answer,
A tall, thin, dress less standard,
Forget the girlfriend
buy an exotic dancer.

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God

Never ending solace,
I need your stare.

Tap into your fortunes
And ease my discomfort.

Not quite sure
Who you are.
Not quite sure
Where you are.

But I know,
Deep within
You are there.

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Granularity

Granularity,
its my curse
im unaware
of the punishment it gives.
singularity
its my hope.
You know the way i wished
for that and those
and who is she.
Granularity
your my curse,
side-swiped thoughts
of your mischievous improvements.

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Gyms And Gin

The power of weight
crushing down on me.

An uphill struggle
of
mind and body,
in unison behavior.

Breathless endeavors
and a fire inside,
never quieted
yet disquieting.

Like a locomotive
on uphill auto pilot.
cannot rest,
cannot stop,
restless moments are these.

Here,
at home,
endorphins pumping
rage let,
anger driven,

a steady berating
of bereavement.

Wrenching pain
as body tears.

the pain
of desire,
regression,
and the toxins of nightly
excess.

Power punching,

moment grasping,
movement raging,

This,
the only outlet
for a caged soul.

Every Night
tortured body
lack of sleep
alcoholic boredom.

Every day
another fight,
A maze
round a row
and a row
in a maze.

A restless mind
and a broken gaze.
Elucidating an oxymoron
of a boy in a mans body.

Yet,
always,

again

A
Steady berating
of bereavement.

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Hola

you there
smiles in your eyes
from pages
I once knew

between us
stories in my mind
a song i should've sung

waiting
days upon the nights
where feelings
keep me home

and memories
gazing at the sun
reflections i must own

and im older now
grown some how

how i wish
i could've had that dance
a step in your direction
when i was young

had i thought
you were my romance
the feeling of you pressed
against my hold

there she was
only 23 years old
diamonds on her neck
and arms of gold

sunlight smile
love in your eyes
suited,

a queen i once held.

David DeSantis

Kaitlin

I saw you
I saw you in my eye
when we were just
children at the time
we were two
who hadn't had the mind
to one day know
the love that,
we could find

you walk in
and beauty is defined
in all your smiles
my life is refined
And I never knew
a heart could be so kind
but i'm tied to you
because you rebuilt mine

and i know
i'm not always perfect
and some times
i'm weak and im low
but with all the
beauty you've given
all i want is to return your hope.

you are
everything there is
when one man
knows you are all
an infinite
universe in your eyes
and all other women
are just stars at your ball.

how can a God
make so much beauty
and let one man

call it his own
a gift to my world
is the love that you give me
and i just want to let you know

that i know
i'm not always perfect
and some times
i'm weak and im low
but with all the
beauty you've given
all i want is to return your hope

David DeSantis

Logic Games (Repeating Words)

Sameness sets,
when unable to vocalize
the thoughts
that pursue it near.

pain gets,
when unable
to bridge a gap
that complacency
has sheared

complacency conquers
when pain has taken
the last ambition
to be found in fear

while love falters
when lovers
cease to communicate,
a constant
lack of tears

Lately,
no matter how many lovers i take,
i find neither
pain nor complacency,

and in that
is my
logical fear.

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Love Words

Love,
is a twisted game of words.
Defined by the actions we speak,
I know of no way to compromise
two competing concepts.
light, dark
we play in shadows
and dance ideas,
but do we really understand
this twisted game of words,
to decide the feelings,
of the actions
we speak.

Love,
is a thoughtless game of sound
around and behind
the walls we put up
to trace the concepts
of the sounds we hear
to think we understand
the movement of our souls.

Love,
is an enemy to those we don't
competing tirelessly
for an affection we can't
or don't,
understand how to give
due to the chains
that bind us selfishly
to the surroundings of the air,
and barriers we support
to build love in our dreams.

love,
is the one you left in the past
the thoughts surrounded
by beauty surreal

instigated in the hair
of the lover you know
who to say love
would be wrong by account.

love,
is the destruction within
it is the eyes of fire
motionlessly purveying
the dreams of a landscape
barren with fear
of the times you were,
and the times you knew,
to be whole in the concept of love.

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Mother

From the first breath
as a little child,
all i have ever known
has been you
mother.

From the first sound,
as a syllable,
all of it,
spoken
by you
mother.

Every movement,
thought,
and morality,
all lessons learned
from you
mother.

Who I am,
who I will be,
my tone,
control
and humility,

inherent traits
of you
mother.

Even as a teen,
rebellious
against the strength
of your guidance,

I still knew
no finer woman
than you
mother.

Forgiving by nature,
love
unconditional,

never for granted,
you as
my mother.

You are who i am,
as i am who you are,
as my children will be me,
and in them will be you.

You mother.

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Musings Of A New Alumni...

Any candidate will do,
I think.

Her.
Nice breasts, short skirt.

I'm in.

"Game of Beer Pong, beautiful? "

Sure.

"Funnel, Sexy? "

Definitely.

"Shot of Tequila, gorgeous? "

Of course.

Pleasure
Pleasure
Pleasure

Done.

When she was 12
I was in college.

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My Dream

Let go,
of the
thinly veiled demons,
Disguised as dreams.

Of the
Orchid topped leaves,
with roots made of poison.

Let go,
of the
corporate bank sleeves,
Stolen from laymen.

Or the
Blonde's short seams,
To find missing meaning.

Let go,
of the
Thoughts from the past
They will haunt your being

And the
Memories that last,
To keep is destruction.

To be free
Is peace
And in all there is seeing

Learn from the past
Let go of the dream.

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My Office

Here I sit
swiveling around
a gray seated throne
in office precision

Just look at this cube
sturdy like oak
dangerous to hit it
without a prescription

And oh this computer
a shining light screen
like the shining light screen
of a kings fire castle

With these mighty blue speakers
plastic and shorted
and a watt of sound
like a thunderous trumpet

These headphones nearby
to call all the women
and at 50+ years
their much more like wine

With thumbtacks and pencils
and erasures for erasing
I'm like a mighty warrior
fortified in arms

A phone for the dialing
and 3 digit extensions
I can call with the speed
of a steed at a track

With 3 mugs for coffee
one being for dunkin'
my selection is finer
than jewels on a crown

And my cube buddy 'Bob'
who dresses each day
with a tie from the finest
of Kauffman's new lore'

With all of these things
in this kingdom of mine
Is it a wonder that I
find swiveling contentment?

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My Personal Cocaine

I'd love to swim in a sea of you,
Or Better yet
Your private sea.
For it's quite amazing
how I feel nothing,
Unless of course it pertains to you.

You're like a stimulant without a pill,
A drug upon consumption
And its funny how when you leave
My nose bleeds a little.

David DeSantis

Norwich

The town in which I currently reside
is home to roughly 5,000 people.
Of these so called citizens,
roughly 30% make little or no attempt
to do much of anything at all.
Flailing happlessly between
a state of drug induced euphoria
and angst ridden welfare supplementals,
this lot is as pathetic as the genes that
brought about their rather innocuous situation.

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Office Work

Work, work, work..

sitting effort,
on a chair
empty screen,
emotive stare

Work, work, work...

slunched shoulders,
side by side
warming ocean,
stolen pride,

Work, work, work...

hey man,
you man,
ant-field flys
pergatory,
promotion,
pitch-fork eyes.

Work, work, work...

college loving,
take me back,
drunk lace orgy,
primrose sack

Work, work, work...

day dream,
day stare,
simple soul.
Drop your complexity
and know,
your,
role.

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Posterity

In midnight there is posterity.

After the sun sets,
crowning color to dark,
hope is renewed
and morning begins.

As morning will come
so will posterity.

In life there is posterity.

collections of dust
combining to smile while
contemplating to wish,

Surrounded by genomes,
arithmetic,
and posterity.

In your eye there is posterity.

crushed by the weight of my words,
i once knew true beauty,
who fell so quickly,

She left
for posterity.

In nature there is posterity.

circular bark
wrapped around a canvas
of blue green persuasion,
driven by a maker
of one part oxygen
and two parts breath,

breathing posterity.

In woman,
there is posterity

to cradle
and hold
and know something so intimately
as I was after my first flower,

birth is posterity.

Over and over
and over again

is posterity.

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Self-Esteem

Delirium,
Misfiring bearings.
Opiate,
She power's my train.
Sanctity,
I have no boundaries.
Like a moon,
I was meant to wane.

Consulate,
I am my own Caesar.
Disparate,
And nearly as vain.
Delirium,
These misfiring bearings,

As a nerve,
You lie to the brain.

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Socrates Blues

I'm here...

thinking
of all the reasons,

that on a daily basis I find reason
to make an excuse.

And I wonder why
at 23
I can't do instead of think.

Today on the news-
Palin and Pigs
Georgia and War
Fuel and Fire,

All distractions
from where you are-
lost in the passion that you could have
but do not know,
because what you do know
is to think
while others act.

What
an absurd,
thought driven,
ego maniacal,
a.d.d.
laden cowboy you are.

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Surprise

This pain,
so acute in its objection
that I should ever try to gain relief.

Yesterday,
dragged by my family
to a place I used to frequent.
a restaraunt,
where I met her
7 years ago.

On and off,
a struggle of love,
many years and much confusion.

Divided by college,
united by longing,
destroyed and re-cut
mended
and torn again.

Yesterday,
they dragged me there.

I had been hurting all day,
as if some days are meant for that.
Saddened by a weird feeling
that only sunday can give.

They dragged me,
against my objections,
objections that the senses
will bring.

I walked in,
what were the chances?
corner booth,
blonde hair...

Her,
and another man.

Oh pain,
you are so acute in your objections.

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Years Gone Bye

Walking down the street
On a busy college path,
I received a text today
From a long time friend.
'Have you written poetry lately? '
A surprised statement said
And I glanced at my phone
Quick to dispel a trend
'No, John
for years I haven't spoke
Of any consequence,
Lost in my thoughts
Where nothing passionate
Has found my hearts gaze'
While maybe I didn't speak
So eloquent in text
The thought conveyed
Was understood
A stilted heart
I had at best.
But in my mind,
I spoke these words,
That I now
To you convey:

'Four years
From boy to man,
Dispelled belief
In a master scheme,
a melancholy heart
With optimism
Over reality.
I lost my job,
I lost my hope,
I knew women
Abundant enough
To claim a soul
over and over again
I retried careers

And moved my plan
I shifted time and
Found new goals
Still restless,
Like knot to a rope.
I lost my grandfather
And I wrote him praise
While staring at tears
Ever so strained
And I claimed to find
A path in the law
While playing time
And a spirits taste
But again
And again
As apathy drained
My bitter heart lost away
Confidence
Replaced by fear,
low esteem
Recaptured my soul
And I strummed a guitar
To find my place
But at 28, my passion gone
Oh these thoughts
Nested in their place.
I slept with women
Too young to know
Of the dark recesses
That my soul had sown
And now as I
welcome back
A tear on my cheek
I'm a digital hack
Typing away on this
Broken machine
It feels good again
To know a dream.

David DeSantis

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