

Poetry Series

**Ismael Rodriguez**  
**- poems -**

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## Ismael Rodriguez(Jan 22 1969)

Well I've Been Moving around quite a bit in the past few years. I'm from Philadelphia PA. But I'm in Oakland Park Florida now. I haven't wrote much lately, but plan to get started up again.

# 1.0

violent pacifists  
the wild hunt begins  
peacefully killing

sanctify hate  
vilification of true love  
painful release

eternity damnation  
floating corpses bleed  
forlorn life

blade cuts  
blood starts to flow  
salvation

Putrid flesh  
The smell of sex  
No more dreams

Thanatos take  
Soul from my flesh  
Deliver me

Self-mutilation  
Blood flows freely  
Numbness ends

Lost dreams  
Flowers in bloom  
Nightshade

Ticklish prostitutes  
Condoms in trashcans  
lost lives

Ismael Rodriguez

# Alone

Hello...

Hello...

Is anybody out their

Anybody...

Please...

Someone...

Anyone...

I don't want to be alone

Not anymore

Ismael Rodriguez

# Cerebellum

Fearlessly ripping through  
My own cerebellum  
Grasping at the last remnants  
Of my sanity

Diving head first  
Into a sea of unreality  
Fragmented voices  
Still rage in my head

Like venomous serpents  
Injecting their poison into my brain  
I'm trapped in my thoughts  
With no way out

Destinies remorse  
She cries for me  
But the only one who can free me  
Looks back at me through the looking glass

Ismael Rodriguez

# City Magick

Why does the driver stop?  
All Horned Gods grab noisy, big sidewalks.  
Never shove a skyscraper.  
The dead girl quickly shoves the light.

Where is the dusty girl?  
The Pagan dancing's like a dark worker.  
Why does the truck grow?  
Magick is a rainy woman.

Doors run!  
All Wiccans desire fast, dark windows.  
The rainy woman quickly buys the slum.  
Why does the truck run?

Doors shout!  
Drivers work like dry goddess's.  
Why does the worker eat?  
Art, art, and art.  
Where is the misty light?

Shout calmly like a big driver.  
The Horned God dances like a dry truck.  
Lord, magick!  
Never fight a hood.

Mans shout!  
The Pagan walks like a dark driver.

Stop quickly like a small light.  
Cars stop!  
Never shove a car.

Desolation is a cold skyscraper.  
Shop calmly like a fast Wiccan.  
Run calmly like an old Goddess.

Create, anger, and create.  
Why does the truck talk?

Work quickly like a small truck.  
Old, unknown guys roughly grab a dry, big girl.

Where is the dusty skyscraper?  
Lord, magick!

Ismael Rodriguez

# Columns

I open my mouth,  
and words come out.  
Where...  
do they come from?  
Where...  
do they go?  
I don't know what,  
they mean.  
So I write them,  
in columns.  
To keep track,  
of them.

Ismael Rodriguez



# Conected

I'm connected to something  
Don't know what the hell it is  
But I'm connected to it my friend  
It tells me secrets  
No one else knows  
It's a voice I can hear  
That no one else does  
Whispering secrets in my ear

Ismael Rodriguez

# Craving Love

Craving love  
Flesh on flesh  
Bodies entwined  
Slippery with sweat  
Moaning...  
Moaning...  
Penetration  
Consuming fire

Ismael Rodriguez

# Crystal Wishes

Multicolored wishes dancing in Kafkaesque landscapes.  
A whole other universe trapped inside a small crystal box.  
A box that she keeps inside another box.  
That one made of jade.  
She keeps them both buried beneath a willow tree.  
One day to see if wishes do come true.  
She dug up hers box within another.  
She took out the crystal one.  
Then walked to the lake.  
Where they say wishes are born.  
Holding her box up to the sky.  
She watches the Sun filter through.  
The sunlight comes out in little rainbows.  
Each one more than the one before.  
Reflecting the universe trapped inside.  
Wondering how so much could be in a box so small.  
Then she puts her box of crystal in her pocket.  
And dreams of her wishes to send them to the moon.  
As she touched the little box in her, pocket and smiled to herself.

Ismael Rodriguez

# Dance Of Slithering

Spiraling in then spiraling out  
The dance of the serpents  
A miniature cosmos  
That caresses my soul

Grandiose gestures  
In the writhing of snakes  
Forked tongues flicker around  
Tasting the air and each other

A musky scent drifts up to me  
Then the rasping music  
Of scales rubbing scales  
Plays with my ears

Ismael Rodriguez

# Dancing To The Beat

Dancing to the beat of other worldly drums  
Forgetting dreams of tomorrows past  
And foregoing the present for now

Dusty winds blow through my mind  
Inventorying my memories  
Of you and me

Ismael Rodriguez

# Denied

I'm staring at this screen  
And, I don't know what to write  
The muses have died in my heart  
Ink flows in my veins  
But won't come out  
Abandoned by inspiration  
No more words dance on my tongue  
The only thing I have  
Is an emptiness of soul?

Ismael Rodriguez

# Dreaming Dreams

My dreams of dreams  
They bring me to you  
Your beauty...  
It encapsulates my soul  
While our passion  
It is encompassing all  
I fall into you  
Then become whole  
The hole in my heart  
Only you can fill  
But all of this  
It is nothing but illusion  
Just a dream of a dream  
And sooner or latter  
I must wake...  
And then you are gone  
Your soft skin  
I cannot touch  
The scent of your hair  
I can no longer smell  
Your sweet lips  
Aren't mine to taste  
Life it plays...  
This little game with me  
Breaking my heart  
When I realize  
You will never be mine  
I cry when I wake  
For your love I will never know  
But sleep it brings  
A sweet release  
I will dream my dreams of you  
And in my dreams  
I am forever yours  
And as I hold you close  
Your soft skin  
I can touch  
The scent of your hair  
I breathe it in

Your sweet lips  
Are mine to taste  
My desire for you  
Causes unknown pain  
And joy beyond belief  
Though I may never hold you  
In my dreams...  
My dreams of you  
The light of our souls combine

Ismael Rodriguez



# Dreams Of Our Hearts

Flowing words

The poem is

BORN

The pain of the labor

Outweighed by the joy

Carousels in the rain

O dragon back I ride

Floating

Remembering

The dreams

Of our hearts

Restore

The power

To words

Don't

Dilute

Heal yourself

And

Heal

The

MOTHER

Ismael Rodriguez

# Dysfunctionally Literate

Have you ever known what,  
you wanted to say?  
But didn't know  
how to say it.

Did you ever think,  
that your vocabulary was large?  
Only to discover,  
that you can't spell vocabulary.

Does 'there, their, and they're'  
give you a headache?  
You're not alone my friend I feel the same way too  
or is that 'to' it can't be 'two'

Have you ever wondered  
why 'I' is capitalized?  
But 'a' is not  
and why is 'be/bee' not 'B'.

I know you may be thinking  
is this writer  
literate or illiterate?  
What is this poem all about?

Let me say, if I can.  
First, I believe  
I'm dysfunctional literate  
but I don't know what this is about.

Ismael Rodriguez

# Epigram

Doors into nowhere  
Open in my mind  
Showing glimpses  
Of yesterdays tomorrow

CHANGELESS

UNREACHABLE

Formless shapes in a mist  
Sanctify my love  
The words that I spoke  
Have lost all meaning

LIVE  
LOVE  
LEARN

Drowning in hope  
Breathing in lust  
Passion is a typewriter  
without any keys

Ismael Rodriguez

# Expounding The Mysteries Of Hypocrisy

Nothing is self evident  
In a world of lies  
The greatest tradition  
Of the worlds great religions  
Is to love one another  
And to do no harm  
Nothing is self evident  
In a world of lies  
Brother against brother  
In an ocean of hate  
The poor and helpless become  
The worlds kicking dog  
Nothing is self evident  
In a world of lies  
Individuality forsaken  
For a plastic mold  
Freedoms diminished  
In the land of the free

Ismael Rodriguez

# Fates Little Joke

I've become my enemy  
In my mind, I want to die  
It's the only way to escape from me  
And the wasteland of my life

Becoming what I hate  
Nothing but a creature of apathy  
What is this cruel fate  
To bring to such a life

No longer can I fight  
I now lack the strength  
To crawl back into the light  
No, will to continue in this life

Rotting from the inside  
The pain is too much to bear  
From myself I want to hide  
And walk away from this life

Ismael Rodriguez

# Filth Of Flesh

Puss is draining from my rancid soul.  
Hating all, but myself most of all.  
Slicing my flesh releases me  
Drowning in piss  
Cleansing the filth  
Masturbating in a morgue  
Nocturnal emissions tell me the truth  
I was born to be nothing  
And I can't live up to that  
Dieing inside  
The facade finally falls  
I can no longer be something I'm not  
I wish I could love  
But I can't even feel  
The emotions I lack  
They taunt me  
The pain in my flesh keeps me alive  
Forsaken and alone

Ismael Rodriguez

# Floating Dreams Of Yesterday

Floating dreams of yesterday  
Mix with the reality of tomorrow  
Euphoria climbs  
To unexpected heights  
Partaking of the folly  
Then breathing in the soul of Geb  
Drinking the juice of forbidden melancholy

Ismael Rodriguez

# Floating In A Sea

Floating in a sea  
Of yellow colored dreams  
Memories capture illusions  
Of forgotten pasts  
Forsaken and alone  
Yearning to be touched  
But nobody can  
Even see me  
Love has abandoned me  
In purgatory  
I must dwell alone

Ismael Rodriguez



# Flow

Ripples below  
the surface  
of my mind  
are carried away  
by eddies of thought  
through the past  
and into the present  
then dreams  
of futures  
yet to come  
distract me  
before another  
whirlpool of emotions  
pulls me under

Ismael Rodriguez

# Fonetikly Speled Poim

i du not hav anething  
to sa, and i don't no how  
to sa it.  
so insted of saing anething  
i wil just spel it fonetikly.  
the huk from hoked on foniks  
is stuk in mi bals.  
i think mi punkuashun  
mit b rong.  
i hop it dus not  
confus u to much.  
but i was told to  
spel thing fonetikly,  
so i shud hav speled  
this rit.

Ismael Rodriguez

# Forgotten

forgot myself  
In my dreams of tomorrow  
How can I find me  
In this ocean of pain

I don't even know  
Where I am  
I can't move forward  
With all these walls  
I've built

What I thought  
Was protection  
It's now crushing me  
So BRICK by BRICK  
These walls  
must come down

Please forgive me  
for all I've done  
how can I love you  
When I don't love myself

I know this cycle  
Of self loathing  
Must end now

I've forgotten  
Who I am

Ismael Rodriguez

# Freedom

Freedom clings  
to the soul of man.  
Reaching deep  
to touch the core.

It's buried within  
the heart of love.  
And strives to grow  
beyond all dreams.

When guided by  
the sacred and divine.  
Freedom grows  
to touch us all.

Ismael Rodriguez

# Freedom Of Muse

Draining from my head

A constant flow

Of words

And images

Freedom fly

The muse

In me

Be a light unto

YOURSELF

Must write

The paper

Calls

How do I

Get it all out

It just keeps

f

l

o

w

i

n

g

Colors dance

In my heart

Forms and

Shapes sing

So me

Floating

On a natural

High

Of

Emotion

Surges of

The things to come

B

A

N

G

I explode

In joy again

Ismael Rodriguez

# Fruit Of The Gods

Grasping at straws,

to taste the forbidden fruit.

It's sweet as sin,

but the after taste is bitter.

Reminiscent of ambrosia,

the flavors dance on the tongue.

Flawed in it's perfection.

The fruit of the Gods,

consumes the consumer.

Ismael Rodriguez

# In My Dreams

FALLING  
DOWN...

Pit of despair  
my new happy place  
grovel in shit  
dance to the funeral march

Blade in my flesh  
cleanses me  
blood flows out  
taking my sins

the pain of my body  
lets me feel  
hurt and sorrow  
deep within me

Tattooed flesh  
suffer and bleed  
self-mutilation  
salvation for me

Ismael Rodriguez



# Just A Little Fun

Right from the start I've got to say  
this is nothing serious  
I'm just having a little fun  
I've danced with a squirrel  
sang forgotten tunes  
this may seem a bit frivolous to some  
but as I've said it's just a little fun  
I've been kissed by the moon  
then drank the morning dew  
I don't know if I'm making any sense  
all I know is this  
I'm having a lot of fun

Ismael Rodriguez

# Karmic Retribution

I'm spending my birthday  
Locked up in the bug house  
Why do they persist?  
In trying to fix me

Don't they know that?  
There is nothing wrong  
With my mind

Just put a stop  
To all this therapy  
I do not need anymore ECT

However, it's not really  
All that bad being  
Kept here

They give lots of  
Colorful pills to numb  
My brain and keep me sane

PROZAC  
KLONOPIN  
LITHIUM  
RISPERDAL  
THORAZINE  
SEROQUEL

It makes me content  
To take these pills  
That kill my head

But what makes me most happy  
I know that one day  
That they will have to take  
Me of the suicide watch

Ismael Rodriguez

# Little Timmy's Happy Place

In little Timmy's happy place,  
he's making his plans,  
to kill all of us.  
He wants to be the last man alive.

He has lots of guns,  
to make holes in your head,  
and laughs when your brain leaks out.  
Making us dead is his desire.

Carnage gives him a boner.  
He baths in blood.  
He likes to eat the flesh of man.  
The women he loves they are all dead.

He wants to bring HELL on earth,  
death is his master.  
He follows his calling,  
to bring misery.

Visions of massacre dance in his dreams,  
machete hacking into flesh,  
hammers bashing skulls,  
are visions of joy for little Timmy.

Ismael Rodriguez

# Little Timmy's Summer Vacation

Little Timmy's off work  
This week  
It's summer time  
Let the vacation fun begin  
Little Timmy  
He likes to go  
To the New Jersey shore  
And when he arrives  
He gets fuckin wasted  
He goes on vacation  
In his personalized van  
The one he likes to call  
His DEATH MACHINE  
He fills it with his favorite toys  
A BAR, AK47, Uzi  
He also takes some  
Real sharp knives, hatchets  
And machetes  
He cuts people up  
Good with these  
Plus a few blunt objects  
To bash in skulls  
As he drives around  
He picks up hitchhikers  
And that's when  
The real fun begins

Ismael Rodriguez

# Lunar Queen

Moon light shines down on my path  
Will it show the way?  
Please my lunar queen  
Show me the way  
To honor you  
Maiden your gentle touch  
Stirs my passion  
Mother of all  
Provider and nurturer  
In you bosom I weep  
Crone you complete the cycle  
Wise one dark one  
In the end I come to you  
Hear me Goddess  
As I cry for your help  
Show me the way  
The way to the truth  
The way to be at one with all  
To see the wisdom  
In every rain drop

Ismael Rodriguez

# Mass Illusion

Pacified drones  
Eating the  
Hell of the  
American dream  
Mass illusion  
The zombies tremble  
Drowning in a sea  
Conformity  
Self-deceit  
Joy the drug  
Keep them happy  
The new fall  
Schedule  
How many served now  
Biotechnology  
The new breadbasket  
Headless chickens  
Legless cows  
Nothing can be  
Different  
We must  
All  
BLEND  
Gnostic words  
Pagan hopes  
Atheist faith  
Sacred and  
Divine  
In all  
Diversity

Ismael Rodriguez

# Mom

Mom...mom...  
How can I tell you  
How sorry I am  
I stole from you  
That weighs so heavy  
On my heart  
I tried to do my best  
With this monkey  
On my back  
But the truth mom  
I rarely told  
You took care of me  
In my times of need  
Did I look like a good son  
When I took care of you  
Mom...mom...  
I can't even imagine  
How you felt  
What you went through  
When the biopsy said cancer  
But you showed a strength  
Beyond anything I knew

Ismael Rodriguez

# Mystery Sleeps

Doors shrink like cold streets.  
Where is the big flower?  
Life, death, and noise.  
Faceless, rainy corners loudly get an old, cold flower.  
All jobs get hot, dark rains.

All sidewalks desire fast, cold skyscrapers.  
All jackhammers buy big, dry jobs.  
Skyscrapers stop!  
The sidewalk gabs like a small driver.  
Streets eat!

Work, faith, and desolation.  
Where is the small street?  
Why does the sidewalk talk?  
Where is the big light?

Cigarettes stop!  
The misty slum calmly loves the jackhammer.

The cigarette stops like a big slum.  
Cigarettes run like fast sidewalks.  
Lord, action!

Shop calmly like a small girl.  
Lord, noise!  
Where is the faceless street?  
Where is the rainy guy?

The dark worker loudly drives the window.  
Ooh, action!  
The guy gabs like a dark sidewalk.

Stop quietly like a misty girl.  
All guys get rainy, faceless guys.  
Desolation is a misty slum.

Corners run like cold workers.  
Lights shop like dead jobs.



The flower talks like a dead truck.  
Shrink quickly like a rainy car.

Where is the noisy girl?  
The jackhammer shrinks like a faceless sidewalk.  
Love, exhaustion, and exhaustion.

Ismael Rodriguez

# Night Sweats

woke up  
in a cold sweat again  
these nightmares  
are killing me  
I grab for her hand  
but her fingers  
slip from my grasp  
then flames rise  
and consume her  
no wait  
I'm thirteen again  
tying a rope  
around my neck  
then I see him  
gun at his head  
I scream NO! !  
Don't do it  
but he pulls the trigger  
that's when I wake up  
SCREAMING

Ismael Rodriguez

# No More

How many times  
Do I have to say it  
You're not supposed to love me  
Why don't you hate me  
Everyone else does  
Why not you  
I've hurt you  
And lied  
Then turned my back  
On you again  
But still you insist  
That it's me you love  
A love that I don't know  
If I return it  
How can I love you  
With a heart that  
Has died

Ismael Rodriguez

# Ode To A Soup Kitchen

Most days... the food...  
I eat...  
comes from...people who...  
don't know me...  
without their generosity...  
how would I eat...  
or would... I just starve...  
if not for the...  
line to...  
the soup kitchen...  
door...  
what hope I...  
have...  
may soon...  
be...  
no more...

Ismael Rodriguez

# One

Extraterrestrial astral-projection  
Alien Buddhists caring  
For the universal enlightenment  
Pieces of reality melt  
Filling empty spaces  
With nothing  
Phased out of focus  
Exist for dreams  
The only thing  
Worth living for  
Disconnected thought  
Blend with illusion  
Creating the  
New form  
Patterns sparkle  
Mandating the urge  
Developing into  
The  
OnE

Ismael Rodriguez

# One More Time

Another morning waking up in a shelter  
How did I get HERE once again  
Does it really matter how  
Do I need to find out why  
Or should I try one more time  
To make what's left  
Of my life  
Into a life  
I did it before  
Lets see if I can do  
It better  
This time

Ismael Rodriguez

# Origami Boxes

With paper in different  
Sizes  
Colors  
Patterns  
A couple foil ones too

I make origami boxes  
All different kinds  
The shapes that I make  
They are  
Squares  
triangles  
Hexagons  
Octagons  
And some kind of look like  
Japanese lamps

Some of the paper boxes  
I make they have other  
Things placed on top  
Flowers  
Hearts  
Birds  
And butterflies too

Into these boxes I make  
I place within them  
All my  
Love  
Joy  
And hope

It's like I made me  
A new heart out of paper

Ismael Rodriguez

# Pacified Order

Welcome to the new world  
The world of verbal regurgitation  
Where every one is bored  
In this dying wordless nation

The dream has died  
For us pathetic little fools  
To us hope has lied  
Nothing is left we are tools

The new world order  
Of violent pacification  
Trapped on the wrong side of the border  
In a morbid confrontation

The tears that I have cried  
For the hope we have lost  
Now that my tears have dried  
I wonder, was it worth the cost

Ismael Rodriguez



# Paper Cranes

paper cranes  
they make  
me dream of how  
things could have  
been  
fluttering around  
in the wind  
a multicolored  
dance  
of paper  
one  
thousand  
little dreams  
lifting me up  
making  
me cry

Ismael Rodriguez

# Particle Dreams

Particle dreams  
Flow through my mind  
Both here and there  
And then beyond

Voices they whisper  
The secrets of ages  
And tell me lies

But particle dreams  
They keep me sane  
Showing past and present  
And glimpses of tomorrow

Ismael Rodriguez

# Peanut Poem

Peanuts: stanza I

Peanuts  
peanuts  
almost a pea  
not quite a nut

peanuts: stanza II

Peanuts  
peanuts  
goobers peas  
I like how you taste  
and your good for me

peanuts: stanza III

this one ends as the first two start  
I like to eat them all kind of ways  
in truth I think they are a great little snack  
and now comes the time for  
the last stanza to end  
peanuts  
peanuts

Ismael Rodriguez

# Poppy Tea

Skin crawls  
While the nausea builds  
Just a sip...a little sip

To satisfy my soul  
And make me complete  
One little sip  
Is all it'll take

Ismael Rodriguez

# Rain

Drip

Drip

Drip

Water drips from my hat

I'm cold and wet

Still I stand

In the rain

Shivering

So cold

So cold

The rain pours down

And I stand in it

Ismael Rodriguez

# Reflection

I stand upon the last abyss  
There's a mirror in my soul  
It's reflecting the abyss  
That lives inside of me  
Change the angle  
We're permeating realities  
But the reflections still the same

Ismael Rodriguez

# Slatrey Eyeball

my left eyeball  
was watering today  
it's because I'm easy

you better believe  
I rode a dog  
till the cats came home

Then a sign  
of the lime  
that showed my crime  
was used To spank time

uber giants came to me  
stole my lime sign  
so I put ferrets  
in my pants

Ismael Rodriguez

# Starlight Magick

Dancing in starlight  
And drinking in the moon  
Fauns and nymphs  
The precious ones  
They're celebrating joy

Frolicking and playing games  
Of a forgotten time  
The mead it flows  
In abundant streams  
From fairy mound to fairy mound

The grandest ball you ever did see  
Trapped inside the fairy circle  
The magick starts to grow  
Call upon the power of the Goddess  
In perfect love of course

Ismael Rodriguez



# Techno Love

Joy and passion  
The beginning of all  
Text my heart to  
My latest blog  
Warmth form my soul  
I send to you  
Passion and joy  
The end doesn't come  
Reach out and touch another  
Email and instant message  
Send out my digital love  
Taste my technological lust  
Freedom is the key  
But its action that  
Opens the door

I cry for the loves that I lost  
And for the love I will never know

Ismael Rodriguez

# The Awakening

Awaking a new beginning  
The emotional overload  
Has finally ended  
Buried beneath what wasn't  
I come face to face with me

Ismael Rodriguez

# The Pasion Of Love

Freedoms release,  
Is trapped in the past.  
Pandora is truly,  
The gift of all.

A box of ills,  
Curiosity opened.  
Hope is all that's left inside.

The Olympians rejoice,  
The courage of love.  
It took so many incarnations,  
But did I finally get it right.

So many loves that I have lost.  
I'm no longer sure,  
If my heart will ever heal again.

Aphrodite whispers in my ear.  
Love is the start,  
That goes to the end.  
Passion and lust a gift to all.

The feeling the Goddess gave to me.  
They feel trapped inside,  
Like fossils in amber until, time stands still.

The Graces and Muses,  
They sing to me.  
Queens of Song, the joy inside.  
Takes me up into the sky.

I am the cloud and the cloud is I.  
The love that I feel,  
Awakens my heart.

My life sweet love,  
From birth to death.  
And all between.

Look  
At  
The  
Box  
With hope inside.

Ismael Rodriguez

# The Trouble With Self

Who am I?  
And who are you?  
There is a problem with self.  
It's in everything we are.

The problem of the self.  
What makes me me,  
And makes you you.  
Why must I know?

This problem you see,  
Has puzzled greater minds than mine.  
Philosopher and theologians,  
Have been searching for millennia.

Inward I seek for the answer.  
Outward I fly to the truth.  
Endlessly seeking,  
To find who I am.

Ismael Rodriguez

# The Truth About Bad Dreams

The moon is my  
Guide  
On this dark  
And dismal night

Around every  
Bend in  
The road is  
A new fright

But if I persevere  
One day my  
Mind may  
Clear

Then I'll know  
The things  
That  
Made me scream

Are nothing more  
Than childish fears  
That only look real  
In bad dreams

Ismael Rodriguez

# These Words I Bleed For You

Pieces of my soul  
Pour onto a page  
For everyone to dissect  
And analyze

Some people I know  
Wear their hearts  
On their sleeve  
My heart I keep in a pen

When I open my notebook  
My heart bleeds  
Words for you  
A gentle whisper on your lips

Snapshots of my mind  
So you can know  
The meaning of life  
That I see

Ismael Rodriguez

# Triumphing Truth

Black mambas  
Dancing at my feet  
Faster and faster  
The dust spirals spin  
Converging on truth  
The emptiness lies  
Angels on a pins head  
And camels in the needles eye  
Flesh resists  
But nature wins

Ismael Rodriguez



# Typewriter Monkeys

There's an infinite number  
Of monkeys in my head  
Sitting in front of typewriters  
An infinite number of those too  
The monkeys they type  
And they type some more  
Trying to write the next great novel  
No not that  
They're not interested in literature  
Just the bananas  
They get  
At the end of the day

Ismael Rodriguez

# Unconscious Process Or Thought

Regurgitated love  
Symbioses has ended  
Fidelity  
Never was

Chakras clogged  
From misuse  
To much heat  
Has burned my soul

The facade finally  
Crumbles  
The truth is  
Now exposed

Energy conflicts  
Heart never touched  
Lust for passion  
Appearance deceived

Preconditioned  
Cultural beliefs  
How can I trust?  
Love has lied to me

Ismael Rodriguez

# Unfolds

Hands gliding...over...  
the keyboard...typing...  
words...  
making sentences...  
then...paragraphs...  
a story...  
unfolds...  
on a...glowing...  
screen...

Ismael Rodriguez

# Utopia

Walk a maze,  
to find the truth.  
Where do I hide?  
When the light shines,  
too bright in my eyes.

Smell the scent,  
of the coming day.  
Trapped in my mind.  
With no way out,  
but to DIE!

Help me as I scream,  
silently  
to be six feet below.  
A headstone for comfort and rest,  
will greet me there.

Suppressing self-hate.  
It becomes too hard.  
I pray for the end.  
As I put the barrel in my mouth.

Ismael Rodriguez

# Utopia 2.0

The scene must be set  
for maximum impact

The chair is placed  
so the next to come in

Will open the door  
my corpse in plain view

On my CD player  
is my favorite song

How can I laugh tomorrow  
when I can't even smile today

Pictures of family  
I cut off all their faces

Then place them around me  
a shrine to the life that I hate

The shotgun  
I place that under my chin

One last step,  
an end to the pain

Ismael Rodriguez

# Wait

Wait...

Wait...

Wait...

Just a little longer

Before something happens

Something's got to happen right

When I don't know

Do you think it'll be soon

No I think I'm going to

Have to wait just a little longer

Maybe

No not now

Stop thinking about it

A watched something

Never....

I forgot,

Oh well, I might remember latter.

When something happens.

Will I still be here?

I hope so.

Boils never boils

And it's a pot

Ismael Rodriguez

# Waiting For Dawn

night  
cold dark  
rainy wet  
sitting in doorway  
hope wait for dawn  
not too long  
cardboard dry  
a little comfort  
plastic trash bags  
wrapped about  
wear to keep dry  
a blade in  
my pocket  
sleep eludes  
can not rest  
must stay  
awake  
keep my  
guard  
to see  
another  
sunrise

Ismael Rodriguez

# Words End

With pen in hand  
I can conquer anything  
But why do I want  
To write without words  
Words they seem  
To limit what I say  
They pigeonhole ideals  
And trap ideals

Ismael Rodriguez