

Poetry Series

James Jarrett
- poems -

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James Jarrett(1963)

Currently an artist living in California. Poetry is my sideline. I like to write about anything that comes to mind.

10 Seconds

My body has become purpose

My mind numbed

Waiting is now a memory

Fear has forgotten to land on me

And grasp my flesh with it's piercing talons

I move through liquid

Everything slowed but my body

In one moment I will go through that door

10 seconds from death

I feel a sense of exhilaration

James Jarrett

A Field Of Ash In The Dark

She comes to me in my dreams

A lace wrapped wraith with golden hair

She runs carelessly

Through the mist shrouded forest

of my dark unsettled sleep

A dream, a dream

And lost

I awake

And am left with the moist air

upon my bed

Damp and chilled I rise to my day

And all that is left

Is the memory of a dream

James Jarrett

A Life Of Few Regrets

My only regret will be
If I have to leave her behind
That love
That I love more than myself
Leave her in the cold
Surrounded by the wolves
Who will have consumed me
While she cries over
My cold body
Gone hard to the touch
My love faded
With the last beating
Of my heart
Alone in this world
But I can't stop
I speak the truth
Because freedom
Burns in my veins
My heart pumps warrior blood
And I don't know
How
To not fight

James Jarrett

A Mother's Love

There is nothing sadder in this world
Than to see a mother sobbing into a baby blanket
It doesn't matter how old he was
Or what he had become
It can never change a mother's love
She breaks my heart
Watching her cry
Sobbing, knowing that he is cold

James Jarrett

A Poem For Carol

Sometimes I wonder in the dark still of night
About you laying cold and white

In sleeps repose, gowned yet dead
A shroud of pills about your head

Your debt to asclepius surely paid
Upon that bed so neatly made

You asked of me a simple task
Not much at all to really ask

Not money nor power, not even wine
Just a moment of my time

To read you a poem

I wonder sometimes in dark the still of night

If I had read you the poem

would it have mattered

Dedicated to Carol who kept shop at the withlapoka community store

James Jarrett

A Prayer For The Dying

When the wind sighs
and fills your sail
and pulls your restless
soul afloat

To journey `cross

The sea of night

In dwindling life

And muttered hope

One final prayer

Slips your mouth

Unknown, unsaid

You breathe it out

One prayer for your journey

The prayer for the dead

Your final breath

And all is said

James Jarrett

A Room With A View

Hope has withered

And faded

Like cut flowers

No root

No branch

Life still held

But fleeting

Slowly fading

Nourished in vain

To try and keep

going

For a few more days

Out side the room

The sun shines brightly

The waves wash ashore

The beach below

Teems with life

On that beach

Walk the memories

Of a lifetime

She looks out the window

With no hope left

But the view

Is still somehow

Comforting

The bright sunlight

Enters the cold room

And imparts

A little warmth

She lays in her bed

Bathed in the glow

And slowly fades

James Jarrett

A Trip To See My Father

I look at him
Illuminated by the dim yellow glow
of warm lamplight

He smiles
reclined and comfortable
in the chair of my youth

His rough unshaven face
carries the lines
of a million good times

His warmth makes
the slightly tattered furniture
look better, more comfortable

He stays up late into the night
telling worn old jokes
still funny

He basks in the love of his family
come to see him
and is warmed

I am carried back
carried to my place
in that chair

Loved and protected
rough whiskers on my skin
always safe with him

Sitting in that chair
always with a laugh
always with a smile

Now the oxygen tube snakes
'round his neck
while he tells stories

But his laugh
is still deep
and loud

The hour is late
and I drink his fine whiskey
that he no longer can

I look deeply
into his sparkling eyes
and know that he will die

But not when he can laugh
and still feel
like a child

James Jarrett

Absence Of The Sun

In the absence of the sun
I can see the darkness in the human heart,
the silouhettted evil that lies within the soul

Within the confines of the misty gloom,
roam the fettered wraiths
of secret passion

Lustful, wanton desire, the id essential,
haunts the ethereal domain,
cloaked in shimmering gossamer veils

Half realized creatures of the dark
stalk with soundless echoes
the dim corridors of the soul

Unbound, unchained,
the foul, corrupt spirits of dark secret thoughts
wander freely

In the absence of the sun
I am afraid to close my eyes

James Jarrett

Addiction

She is my drug,
My addiction
She courses through my veins
I consume her
All night long
And forget all around me
I awake
And all I can think of,
Is her
I partake of her love,
I am a slave to it
Her passion,
Her scent
Consumes my thoughts
My passion drives her needle deeper
She punctures my vein
I am flooded with pleasure
She is my drug
She courses through my blood
All I want is her
She is my love
And my addiction
I cannot stop
I will imbibe
Until I die

James Jarrett

Agnes

Friend of my youth with many glories shared

Confidant of my soul and comfort in my arms

My ear hears the saddest thing of all

Where once beat that true heart

Where my head lay to sleep and peace

I hear hollow, thundering silence

James Jarrett

Ain'T No One Ever Done Nothin' For Chad Taylor

So you say
While my sweat and blood
Feed the hungry ground
My broken bones
Toil behind the plow
So you say
While you lay
And feed your hunger
And cry about
Your pain
So you say
While I feed you
Yet another day
And watch you drive away
In the car
That I own

James Jarrett

Alright Boy

You entertain me

with your smile

and your words

And I know in my soul

that you are alright.

Your music plays

late in the night

and I smile.

I know

that time

has done you well.

Now

I wait for you

to come again

and entertain me.

James Jarrett

American Horizon

The warmth of the sun
has faded
A memory
Stripped
by the cold
and callous wind
Grey and darkened skies
Bring ominous portent
Clouds gather
on high winds
With dark
and obvious intent
Black and malevolent
Seething,
roiling,
in the sky
We await it's fury
Waiting
Waiting
Waiting
For the storm to break
Steeling
for it's torrent

James Jarrett

An Accident At The Gun Range

Did he know
For one moment
At all
Among flash and bang
And flaring flame
That his soul
Had lost its tenuous
Hold that gripped
Upon the cliffs of life
Or did he just slide
As body falls
Into dark of night?

James Jarrett

An Ode To Miss Jenny

I oft wondered
on dark lonely night
Where arose those words
and prose
That troubled
my thinking brain
Those things that
must be said
Those things
that cannot be contained
Within my my mind,
That I must write
Words and thought
are everywhere
That most will never consider
Then I met
the most gentle soul
Who could recite
verse at will
I saw her soul
and all within and
and saw nothing
but beauty
and knew
the root
of my poems

James Jarrett

Anxiety

It clamps my heart hard in it's hand
Trying to stifle
The pulsing beat
Stop my breath
My words
My truth
But I can't
I have to speak
I can't stop the river
That flows
It is truth
And truth be told
No matter what the cost

James Jarrett

As Love Gives

I once cared for you

And loved

And gave

As love gives

All that I had

And you gave in return

Your cold smile

And empty words

That promised nothing

But love

And now you have become

Nothing

But a bitter memory

James Jarrett

B

The scent of the pollen allured her, hanging in the still air of the morning. She would stop in her travel and visit each flower that she found. The precious nectar oozed from deep within the petals and she would thirstily drink at each one. She would gently land in the scented shade of each blossom and coax the precious nourishment from it. She never gorged, but rather drank from each flower what it was willing to give. Some were full and over ripe and bursting with the honeyed juice. Others had a smaller treasure, but she would drink lovingly of their gift leaving them an offering of pollen as a thanks. Her small, delicate tongue would gently lick and probe the recesses of the flower hunting the sweetness inside. The pollen on her coat would touch with the very deepest innards of the bloom and enter its very core. Her gift, as she suckled each part, was imparted into the scented womb of the softly petaled blossom. Each flower awaited her coming and spread wide its scented opening for her to enter. Their swollen pistils would be gorged with the potential for life and their gently glistening stamens would tempt her to feed on their sticky juices. The soft buzzing of her wings caressed the delicate parts of the fragrant blooms with a gentle breeze as she drank her sustenance. She sheltered in the colored shade of petals, hung round her like colored sheets, as she took what each one had to offer. When she was done she would move on to the next, slowly and deliberately milking the juice of life from each one. Every flower needed her and each one did what it could to tempt her in. Some threw heavy fragrance into the air so she could catch their scent while others bared their large and swollen glands so she could see their abundance. She traveled from bloom to bloom, sometimes enticed by the shaded shelter, and other times the sight of glistening pollen. But she fed on each one, large and small, and in each one she left her gift. The pollen that she carried would be imparted on each erect stamen as she fed. The glistening end of the shaft was soft and sticky and waiting for the pollen that would carry on its life. While she fed each day, there was a gardener who tended to her plants. He took gentle care of them, weeding and pruning and tending to their needs. The flowers that she fed on were his future sustenance and he tended her as well. He would follow her sometimes through his garden and watch as she gently buzzed from plant to plant. She was used to his watchful eyes as he watched her drink from each bloom. He knew that his crop depended on her and he would peer into the bedding of petals as she caressed the sweetness from each one with her tongue. Her long tongue would probe deep into the recesses of the fragrant flower and find every drop of nectar. The gardener watched as she carried on the cycle of life for him and would wait for days to see the swollen fruits of her labor burgeoning from his plants. When she left each flower satisfied with their delicious treat, she would fly off to the

next, not knowing that a seed would be swelling in the gorged pistil that she just left. And so it went as the bee buzzed her life away every day. The gardener would be there among his carefully tended crops, watching and waiting as she moved among the flowers. His gaze would follow her as she traveled through the foliage and landed amongst the blooms. Every day he would watch as she coaxed the sweet nectar from each one and left her gift in return.

James Jarrett

Batshit Crazy

I am bleeding words onto the floor
Spattered puddles
And random pools
In patterns that make no sense
None
At all
Because I have no cuts
No wounds that issue forth
It is simply nonsense
And nothing more
Because I have gone.....
Well, you know.

James Jarrett

Beachside

Waves of sadness wash gently upon the sandy
beaches of my soul
Their foaming caress my constant companion,
churning, ever churning, remorseless, relentless
unstoppable.

The expanse stands bleak and desolate,
littered with the debris of time, scarred by
the harsh changing seasons.

The wind blows cold and hard beneath the
forbidding steel sky, weaving it's way
between and around the immobile faces of
the time worn stones, occasionally stirring
the rippling sand; but always, always,
imparting it's bitter chill

James Jarrett

Betrayal

Her whispered words
fall silently to the floor
like autumn leaves.

The night breeze blows
and gently rustles
her empty lies.

James Jarrett

Bird On The Wing

I stand 'neath wintered sky

And mock by my life

Winged Goddesses.

Bolts from on high,

Blue crackling death,

Thrown with careless hand

Have not felled me.

Surrounded by their circling fury

I smile

My body is battered

But my arrow is true.

Black and fleet

Their wings churn the sky.

They point now to one of their own

I have winged a Valkyrie

James Jarrett

Broken Heart

She melts into the the soft sheets
Her milky white skin
Hot and smooth
Beneath my rough palm
A touch goodbye
That lingers like a kiss
Her words come back to me
As my caress glides over her
I taste her lips
And hot salty tears
And feel her fall into me
As she tells me the news
She is still so young and beautiful
And vibrant
That I almost can't believe it
But I have to
I can see it in her eyes
Her beautiful brown eyes
Say it all
And I just wish it was a lie
A filthy lie
Told only to hurt me
To tear the world out
from beneath my feet
To stab my heart
Until it bleeds
And cut me open
Like a knife
But it's not
For all my wishing
It's true
And now I touch her
On my way out the door
As she sleeps in soft comfort
So warm and peaceful and beautiful
And I don't want to leave

James Jarrett

Chez

Loneliness and bitterness
fill her empty shell

Her lying words of love
slowly craft her hell

Trapped within the cell
of dark and twisted brain

All that she can ever give
is cold uncaring pain

Not a tendril of tender emotion
can reach into that soul

Except her own self pity
Poured endlessly down that hole

James Jarrett

Childhoods End

Hollow, haunted, hurting eyes staring at
the ceiling.
Cold, hard, white tile floor a pillow
for my head.
Last gasping, grasping tendrils of reason
slipping from my brain.
Oh the bite of bitter steel; sweet and
welcome pain.
An outstretched palm, ungrasping fingers,
nerve and tendon showing.
A smile of peace, a sob of despair;
blood is thickly flowing.
I close my eyes and now I see that this
is childhoods end; Wasted lives, broken
people and shattered dreams that never mend.

James Jarrett

Clothing Is Optional

I wear sorrow as a shroud

A grey and tattered garment

Worn thin by time

Stained by pain of the past

A tattered cloak that covers me

Dragging on the ground

Pulling small trails

In the dust of time

Soon I will throw it off

For it weighs me down

And I will let the sun

Fall on me again

James Jarrett

Coffee Stains

Some people wear their hearts on their shirt sleeve
I wear coffee on mine
Fallen from un-cautious lips
Like careless words
Hot and steaming
Spilled down the front of my chest
But the same
A temporary stain
That proper washing will remove

James Jarrett

Cold River

She wraps me in her icy flow

and chills me 'til I'm warm

Soothes away the open space

With sand and pebbled shores

She tries to lull me downriver

Gently pulling, drowsing

Massaging the miles off me

Relaxing

I know she lies

I know she'd take me to the big river

Carrying me like an eddying breeze

But I want to lay back and dream

And slowly drift away

James Jarrett

Comitmmment

I live my day

every day

as a dead man

I suppose should stop

But I can't

So I live and die

Every day

James Jarrett

Cousins

It's a picture from better times
Long gone by
Cousins sitting in the doorway
Full of smiles
Still too young to dream
Just happy to be alive
But there is hope and happiness in all of their eyes
And enough life
To last forever
Enough dreams vested in them to fill the world
And I look at that picture
From so long ago
And I notice that the paint
Is scarred and worn
That dirt mars the door frame
But you know
Their smiles are so bright
That it doesn't really matter

James Jarrett

Days Gone By

Days gone bye
That I can never
Exchange
Still haunt me
Stalk me
In the still
Dark forest
Of my sleep
Weaving 'Tween
The trees of memory
Like late
Morn' fog
Leaving
Trails in the darkness
Of my long
Forgotten pain
I stay lost
Blissfully
In the dark
Damp of night

James Jarrett

Deborah

Do you know who you are?
You are my heart and my soul
My light and my laughter
The warmth that sparks the consuming flames of my passion
You are the sweet taste of love left moist upon my desirous lips
The fire that burns within my soul that wants to grasp and conquer
You are the want
The need to have all things
You are my reason
My being
My dream and hope
The obsession that gropes from the depths of my soul
But most of all
You are the gentle smile on my lips
That gives me peace and hope and rest

James Jarrett

Descent

Descent

We slide slowly
into war

We travel down the slope
Pulled by gravity

The friction lubricated
by intolerable acts

We are polarized, separated
no longer one people

It is now us against them
they against us

No longer brothers
No longer kindred
No longer fellow citizens

We call for blood
They call for blood

We arm for war
We join militias and train

We prepare to leave
All we love behind

We march towards what
We really don't want

Towards death and destruction

We are bound, us and them though,
By fate, to destroy what we love

For belief

I don't believe that it can
Stop now

It is started

It's momentum is gathering
and soon it will be a Juggernaut

We have resolve both us and them
And we cannot stop now

Slowly we descend

James Jarrett

Dig A Hole

Just dig a hole
Make it big enough to hold us all
Just dig a hole
And roll us all in
Let's just be done
No more crying
And no more pain
Just dig a hole
And fill it in

James Jarrett

Dinner For Two

Her scent and taste

Arouse primal passion

A Hunger in the depths of the soul

I need to feed

I am famished

And she

Is a delectable treat,

A taste

To be savored slowly

Her skin on my lips

Is delicious

It becomes

Honey and salt

My tongue

is titillated

I eat slowly

Like a man who is starved

I will devour her

Completely

Savoring

Every mouthful

James Jarrett

Dragon

It comes within the dark of moon, black wind
whispering 'neath leather wings. Seeking,
searching the scent of life, with eyes that
pierce the deepest gloom, the fog of clouds
with clearest sight. A scream that shatters,
rents and wrenches, ripping gashes in the
cold clear night. Nostrils flaring, lips a'
curling, eyes that glare with hungers fire.
Teeth of ivory, polished, ground; on the bones
of men, finely honed. I lay upon the cold
hard earth, my body white against the dark.
So frail and soft with warm blood churning,
deaths desire, stomachs beast it
swirled about my head, circled, swooped,
certain death, talons reaching, grasping, ripping.
I screamed in terror as my world went red.

James Jarrett

Dreamed And Lost

A cry floats on the gentle breeze.

A sound of laughter, A sound of joy.

A child running carelessly through a
flower strewn meadow, petals in her hand,
light in her eyes and a smile on her
sweet lips...

The cool wind dies.

Silence reigns again.

Nothing stirs the air.

Stillness settles in.

My old friend despair returns.

James Jarrett

Dreaming

She is beautiful when she dreams
Dreams of yesterday, dreams of tomorrow
Soft smoky dreams of places far, times long past
Hard, wanton dreams of blood and steel
And dreams of misted green fields
wrapped in the scent of a spring morning
Cloud shrouded dreams of mountaintops
Caressed by gentle sunny breezes
Dreams of the milky moonlight
Wrapped about the night like stark lace
Passionate dreams of love and laughter
The taste of hot skin and warm tears
Desirous dreams
Of life, of meaning, of fulfillment
Dreams of romance that make her eyes shine
Dreams of lust and adventure that make her glow
I see her reposed, dreaming her dreams
White as ivory, fine and chiseled
Eyes closed, lips full, peaceful and content
She is beautiful when she dreams.

James Jarrett

Drunken Muse

I try to write
But my words
Stumble and trip
Drunk within my brain
The stairway to my pen
So steep and treacherous
That they dare not tumble down them
Lest they be broken and ruined by the fall
So they stay deep within the den of my brain
In inebriated silence
While my muse
Drinks a bottle of wine

James Jarrett

End Game

I wander through
the days now
waiting
I am becoming
purpose
All of the other things
are slowly
dropping away
Surreal machinations
move things closer
Inching day by day
In the meantime
Life speeds by
without me
Blinding lights
speeding traffic
and all I can do
is wait
wait
Until I can wait no more

James Jarrett

Evelyn/Evil

Eyes emerald green and turquoise blue

Cotton soft, snowy hue

Velvet, velvet, cotton clouds

Steel and razors, shredded shrouds

Warm and gentle, purring, soft

Running, bolting, taking off

Hiss and scream, grow with fright

Teeth of ivory, day is night

Hunt and blood, running in willows

Sleep and purr in blankets and pillows

Whirling, twirling, spitting, springing

Evelyn / Evil always being

The good /bad cat that you are

James Jarrett

Evelynn

My love is not lost on her
in twilight's fading light
As darkness slowly blankets
her softly ebbing life
She cries to me quietly
lying in my bed
My body is her pillow
for one final night
I cradle her as a child
and gently call her name
As dawn comes
and darkness
fades to light
night slowly falls...
upon my friend

Goodnight my friend

James Jarrett

Execution

Her hair has been shorn
Her face cut and bruised
Her flowing gown torn
The beauty once in her eyes
Faded
Drone strikes
Warrant less searches
Roadblocks and pat downs
Eaves dropping
Secret eyes and ears
Always listening
Always watching
Be careful what you do
Or they may come after you
Swat teams and armored cars
Men clad in black
Weapons at the ready
Waiting to attack
They have her now
Imprisoned
Cold shackles hold her hands
Her breath is low and shallow
Seems that death
Is now at hand

James Jarrett

Fallen

The blows of time

Fall

savage

upon

my soul

I bleed

sorrow

like falling rain

James Jarrett

Fighting Age

I have no wars

Left in me.

I am broken

Except in will.

My strength left

Is but for a few battles.

My sword

Has grown heavy,

My hand weak.

The only strength left

Is in my heart.

Let my will then

Carry the fight for me.

Let my will

Bring me honor

Let my will

Swing the sword

For freedom

Let my will

Carry me to

My last battle

'Live free or die'

James Jarrett

Forest Statue Of Love

I see dimly through the clouded mist

a grey and wooden, statued monolith.

Standing proudly, shading in forested

coolness any who would care to come beneath

it's outstretched arms.

James Jarrett

Free Range Chickens

I often thought about you
And your free range chickens
Being happy on the land
Living life free
Both pecking and scraping
Getting life from the dust
But I didn't know
That it could never be enough
Tho' scratch might make some happy
I found out too late
That it wouldn't do for you

But if I could
Believe me true
I'd bring you chickens
Instead of flowers
To brighten up your room

James Jarrett

Freedom

As freedom fades
to twilight dim
and darkness filters in
Hopes fall
Like withered leaves
On droughted lands
Of deep despair
But we ourselves
Are here
Brought
Not blown
By fate and resolve
To stand before the storm
uncolored by fear
unshaken by threat
We Stand
For freedom

Freedom is taken
Not given
Cry freedom!

James Jarrett

Freedom In The World

It is in man to hope
and aspire in life

But what is hope without freedom?
How to reach and dream
When ones hopes and very destiny are
controlled by tyrants?

That breath of freedom
breathed into us at birth
and pressed from our chest
at death abides in us all.

There are those among us
who will let that gift
be suppressed and quelled,
fearful and timid; Life being
more precious than all.

Then there are those who
will say no at all cost;
Freedom at any cost!

They will cast off the shackles
that were slowly forged on them

Leave behind, the grey, secure,
concrete walls of peace

and march towards the green
meadows of freedom

James Jarrett

Giraffes Are Good Kissers

She swept down from the heavens

To find me

Then eyed me

Lashes long and eyes longing

She kissed like a Goddess

If Goddesses have

Long purple tongues

And swept me off of my feet

I almost fell for her then

But I could tell

It wasn't her

First time

.

James Jarrett

Glow In The Dark Stars

You should see my empty room with the stars
Made with more love than I could bear
Starry night in the corner of gypsum and gesso
Looking over Van Gogh's countryside
Stars crawling across the ceiling
A universe of sleep
In glowing repose
But the room is empty
Filled only now with sadness
The bed cold and alone
There are no eyes to see the beautiful things
That dance in circles
Across the ceiling sky
There are no dreams to be had here any more
They have all faded
Their glow in the dark gone
I think someday
That it will be time
To re-paint
Someday

James Jarrett

Golden Child

My golden child
in the sun

My child of my
heart and dreams

From faraway fields
of time gone by

I see you
in misted
moments of memory

stepping over stones
in the warm meadow

Then running to me
with open arms

James Jarrett

Got My Gun Back

She said I missed you

And I did

She saw the way I touched you

You felt so good in my hands

That I couldn't hide it

Like part of me

You and I

Lightning, clouds and thunder

Raining brass from the sky

Death no longer silent

But screaming in joy

Barking it out

Loudly to the world

Stirring dust devils

In the distance

As we dance

.

James Jarrett

Heaven

I stood upon a mountain top and breathed the
ethereal air and watched the lofty dreams of
men, a shimmering misty veil. And upon the
the cold uncaring winds I heard their rising
prayers. Cries of mourning, admonishment, , joy
and fear, sailing upwards into the heavens
to be swallowed up by the billowing clouds.
Again I listened and 'lo came the voices of
insanity, a multitude of babble, swirling and
flickering like a grey pallor of smoke on
fire driven here in this place
gathered all the hopes and dreams and
despairs of and bitter but with the
radiant sun shining brightly on I
knew surely that upon these immortal granite
peaks, that men struggled upwards, gasping,
grasping for handholds, sweating, swearing,
falling, groping, rising, packed with all their
livelihood upon their backs, reaching ever
for the snow covered summit.

James Jarrett

Her Kiss

Our moment of love
Transcends all
That I want in life
Her kiss
is
All that I need in life
Her kiss,
Without that
I am nothing
She makes me who I am
And a better man for that
She takes my desire for war
And tempers it with reason
Takes my desire to kill
And tempers it
with
A kiss
She makes me
A man who cares
By her love
She becomes
All that I want
And
In the end
All that I need

James Jarrett

Holding Out For St. Paddy's Day

I drive by to see if he is out on the patio

or by the bench in the sun

Taking in some rays

If he is, I stop in to have a smoke

Time is short so I don't stay long

Just a short stay

Long enough to have been there

There isn't much left to him these days

The pain meds have him in a fog most of the time

Fading in and out

But he still has spirit

He's holding out now for St. Paddy's day

He heard that there's a party at a nearby club

And he plans on being there

I hope he makes it

One last day of being Irish

James Jarrett

Hope

I hope someday

That you will know

The love that was born with you

And will die with me

I hope someday

That something

Will take

Your pain from you

I hope you know

That I wanted the pain

To end with me

I hoped

That I could make it better for you

I couldn't

I am sorry

My love

Has never dulled

And only will

When I cease to be

I love you

And will never know

If you care

I can never change that

But I will replace you

I swear

With something

That will make me forget

Although

All of the things

I've tried in the past

Have not worked

Someday

I hope

James Jarrett

I Didn'T Know That I Was Dead

I didn't even know that I was dead
That my empty veins held no life
And my heart
That engine of my life
Had sputtered to a stop
And become cold
That my bloodied hands
Somewhere in the climb
Had faltered
Lost their grip
And let the rough stone
Slip
My hand suddenly clenching
Nothing
Just an empty fist
I didn't even feel the fall
The rushing wind
Nor even the impact
I didn't even know
Until I looked up at the sky
And it's pearly blue
With quickly fading sight
That I was dead

James Jarrett

I Won't Hold Her

I won't hold her

I won't bind her to this earth

Not after losing the second one

Not after losing her baby

I won't force her to stay

Not by promise or time

Or love or sacred vow

There is only so much

A human heart can take

Before it bleeds and breaks

When this one goes

I think that I I will have say goodbye

To all that I love

I won't hold her

Anymore

James Jarrett

If I Fall

If I shall be
The first to fall
In this fight for freedom
Then let it be known
When my name is said
That I was the first to fall
Live free or die
Fall as a man
Or live as a slave

James Jarrett

Iii Percent

As freedom fades
to twilight dim
and darkness filters in
Hopes fall
Like withered leaves
On droughted lands
Of deep despair
But we ourselves
Are here
Brought,
Not blown
By fate and resolve
To stand before the storm
uncolored by fear
unshaken by threat
We Stand

For freedom

James Jarrett

Incrementum Of Dominatus

It was relegated to the old root cellar
Dropped in haste in forgotten storage
Where dimmest beam of shafted light
Kept it 'live in yellowed life, weak and twisted
Root and vine, seeking sickly, striving life
But now it's out in planted field
Furrowed in and giving yield
Vine and bud quickly growing
Spreading out and surely choking
All the other crops of life
Air and water, precious light
Strangled, starved, beneath the blight
It feeds upon all below
In rapid spreading nourished growth
Soon to cover, spread to all
Like a weed, all fields will fall
So grows the tyranny imposed on men
Carefully planted and watered in

James Jarrett

Inside Your Head

Some days it sucks

To be a poet

To have words

Softly banging

In your head

Clouding your sight

With visions

Of things pictured

Or perceived deep

Within your brain

Incomprehensible

And duplicitous

Swirling and straining

To chain

Into verse or prose

The Goddesses of words

Unmasked and uninvited

Laboring in your mind

Squatted down and

Birthing broken strings

Of words

That linked correctly can

Make them demi- gods

Half God

And

Half lyric

Spelling out the Iliad

Perhaps...

But you are left

Walking through the day

In a daze

Quietly tasting words

As they flood

Into your mouth

And onto your lips

From the jumbled maze

Inside your brain

James Jarrett

It Sucks To Be A Poet

Some days it sucks

To be a poet

To have words

Softly banging

In your head

Clouding your sight

With visions

Of things pictured

Or perceived deep

Within your brain

Incomprehensible

And duplicitous

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Inside your brain

James Jarrett

Judith

I always wondered where her love went
It was like it was bled from her
A slit vein that ran dry
I was the only one that she gave it to
And I was young and greedy
And I think that I took it all
Used it up
A hungry pup nursing at the teat
And there was none left over for anyone else
She became withered and dry
And by the time her own children came
That love had been replaced by hate
Maybe it had just been killed
And that hate was like the darkness
That is already in a room
Just waiting for the light to be turned off
And then it takes over everything
It didn't help
That it had been infused with heroin along the way
Shot sweating late at night in a seedy room
Or in the parking lot behind the strip club
But something had turned that love to hate
Solidified it in her veins
Until she was nothing
No voice
No heartbeat
Nothing
She became a statue
Just hard stone
And the sad part is that she had four babies
Who tried to nurse from her cold stone tit
And tried to get some of the love that I had
But it was long used up and gone
And they had to try and survive and live
With nothing to feed on but that cold hate
And they all survived for the most part
Except for Amber
Poor Amber
In the end, I think the hate finally got her

.

James Jarrett

Kinetic

Grind, grind, click

Deep and metallic

Positive

The sear engages the hammer.

An authoritative click that that lets you know

The hammer is locked in place.

Energy

Kinetic

Potential

Stored

Resting

Waiting

An awesome amount of potential held firmly against my head

An arm jerking explosion

A fireball

Smoke

Burned powder, blood and brain

A big chunk of dented lead.

Kinetic.

I wonder if I would hear the hammer hit
the primer?

James Jarrett

Kiss

If fate should deal that blow that severs
and I should fall 'neath death's dark sword

I want from you my wife and lover
a promise vowed with your word

That 'fore you choose to seek or follow
to set sail from life's green shore

You must go to my ivory body
and climb the bier on which I'm borne

Take my head in your arms
and hold me to your breast

Then gently lay sweet kisses
upon my pale and lifeless lips

Hold me to your bosom
long into the night

Hold me with sweet love
not sorrow nor with fright

For if there were anything
that could break death's cold bond

To bring a soul searching back
for mortal form from beyond

It is your sweet kiss and loving embrace

James Jarrett

Kiss Me Now

Kiss me now like it is the last time
For tomorrow only brings sorrow
Kiss me now
And hold me
While warm love is still on my lips
Warm breath still in my body
Kiss me now
While I still have life
For some time tomorrow
I will be cold

James Jarrett

Kiss Of Passion

Her juices drip

From my lips

Her wetness

My only desire

I have forgotten

Who I am

I am lost

In the scent

And taste

Of her passion

Her passion

Becomes

All that I am

For the moment

I drink her love

I drink her

Her lips

Kiss mine

passionately

Back

James Jarrett

Larissa

I thought of her one day

Walking in the woods

Between the sun and shade.

My wild child,

My Celtic beauty,

Beautiful and strong,

Her blonde hair

Flying in the wind.

With a smile on her

Face and mine,

We raced through

The small streets

On roaring steel,

Daredevils,

Without care.

I smiled as the wind

Ruffled through my hair

And wondered

Where

My wild child

Had gone.

James Jarrett

Last Night Meant Nothing

I reached out to touch her
And nothing was there
Her soft warmth
Was missing
Even the ghost
That she left in the bed
When she slipped away
Late in the night
Was gone
That wraith of heat
And scent that lingered
On in the sheets
Was missing
That spot that I could feel
And know
That she had just been there
There was nothing now
But the cold
My hand touched
Nothing
Someday I realized
That this would be forever
That there would be more
Cold
Than I could bear
Last night meant
Nothing
It was only
Anger blowing like the wind
Disturbing the night
Throwing leaves and debris
In the darkness
I rushed home to find her
Soft and warm
Nestled in our bed
And put her skin
Beneath my kiss
And held her warmth
And softness

In my arms
My hands feeling her
Caressing her
Beneath the sheets
Last night meant
Nothing
Nothing at all

James Jarrett

Layla M. Conley

Let your children grow cold
Cold and hard as stone
Let your hot tears never fall on their skin
Let them go to the ground
Alone and without you
May your sorrow and grief
Never see them again
Never give the last goodbyes
May you be given as you have given
Not a measure more
Nor a measure less
May grief and misfortune
Follow you for what you have done
For you have forsaken a mothers love
And denied her
Her dead son

James Jarrett

Leaving Her

I can't bear the thought of leaving her
My heart that races when I see her
Stopped and still inside my chest
My life's blood
That I would so gladly bleed for her
Dead within my veins
Casting off that cold corpse like a blanket
And flying into the darkness
Leaving her so alone
A broken widow in this world
Her soul mate flown
Gone away without her
I can't bear the thought of leaving her
Just going away
Leaving her nothing
But my cold flesh to cry on

James Jarrett

Let It Come To War

Outrage turned to anger
Overflowed and out the door
Let it start here
Let it start now
Let it come to war
Lay down their bodies
And burn fires in the night
Fan the flames of fury
With smoke and wind and might
Savage thirst in righteous quest
Will not rest until it's quenched
Let it start here
Let it start now
Let it come to war

James Jarrett

Let My Blood Bleed

Slowly circling chains

forged with deceit,

hammered out with contempt

are fitted for us.

Freedom bleeds upon

the ground of history

The lifeblood of our nation

darkly pools

As we lay dying

Our choice will be

the chain or the sword

Let my blood bleed

As I will die free

James Jarrett

Lies In The Hospital Room

My words became
Roses
And made bouquets
To brighten her room
Beautiful red roses
Without any wilted petals
Of sorrow or fear
I left them laying
Strewn carelessly
About her bed
And left the crying
For the cold hallways

James Jarrett

1

James Jarrett

Life Going By

My life has gone

and I say

Goodbye

One drip at a time

I give my things away

I pay my debts

Make amends

Then

and now.

Things are mixing.

I may pass

from one new life

to another

Either way

I pass through

whether it be

to a new life

or a new death

Only time

will tell

James Jarrett

Little Pink Lunch Box

That little pink lunch box

Looks empty

Sitting on the shelf

But it's not

It hurts me to look into it

Because it is still packed full

With my love

My heart

Dreams and aspirations

That were gently laid

Into it everyday

Packaged in neatly

So they would all fit

I think of those little hands

That carried it everyday

That carried everything

Packed into it

And it melts my heart

It makes me wonder

Why I even opened it

God, I miss her in the mornings

.

James Jarrett

Losing Lyric

I think it was losing Lyric that did it
After everything else that I had lost
It was the final straw
My gardens once bright and heavy laden with fruit
Became dry and fallow
The soil hard and unworked
Uncared for
The bright blue sky became pale
The sun harsh and hot
My hands so full of carving and craft
Gripped nothing
No longer was beauty
Birthed by them
They were as empty as my heart
In the end

James Jarrett

Loss Of Reason

In cold and bitter dark

Madness falls like rain

The muddied slopes of reason

Slowly slip away

Gentle momentum

In falling

Gains

And brings the mountain

Tumbling down

James Jarrett

Lost Irish Soul

He has gone past
being a man
He has transcended life
and crossed over
though he is still
here
His works and dreams
are
gone
Though he doesn't know
He has become
a fragile shell
Holding the vestiges
of life
of family
to the end
He has faded
in the pain
Consumed
by the unfightable enemy
within
I stopped in to see him
on St. Paddy's day
I hoped that he could make that party
that he wanted to attend
But it was not to be
If I could turn back time
by a week, I would
Just a week
All the man wanted
was a damn St. Paddy's day party
He has become
one of the lost Irish souls
for on St. Paddy's day
we are all Irish
At least
that is what he told me
I lift one for you tonight
Happy St. Paddy's day

and goodbye to one damn good Irishman

James Jarrett

Lost To Me

One day I stopped believing In you

No longer did your smile

Or your lies of love matter

Your bittersweet words

Lost their sweetness

Your smile mocked

Your lies

Became lies

James Jarrett

Love Does Not Speak Tonight

Love does not speak tonight

It pants

In warm whispers in your ear

With fingers trailing silken skin

Tracing soft and subtle curves

It pants

In hot and hurried breath

It licks

It bites

Salt and wet

'Til torrid passion

Is finally met

Love does not speak tonight

But sighs gently in your ear

James Jarrett

Love Gone

I wish for you

All that you gave to me,

As I gave to you

All that I had.

You thought that

I would love forever;

Until I couldn't.

Care for you;

Until I wouldn't.

Give to you

As long you could take.

Until you took

My love

And made it hate

I hope someday

That someone

will give

To you

What you gave

To me

My love

James Jarrett

Love In The Fading Night

I await the awakening of my love

She slumbers in undreamed sleep

Held between dark and morn

The last bonds of night still hold her

Slowly slipping fetters

Fading with the dawn

In the shadowed twilight

I wait to see her stir

James Jarrett

Love Poem To My Wife

1992

If I could drink the pale silvered milk of the harvest moon
and taste it sweet and gleaming, dripping on my lips
I could truly be sated

If I could ride upon the feathered wings of the nighttime wind
enveloping the billowing clouds, whispering through the trees
I could truly be free

If I could be the warm sunlight gowning the green earth
in life giving glow, letting all things drink of my sustenance
I could truly give

If I could be the soft fragrance of frail petals blown gently
on the warm spring breeze, bringing essence
to any for their pleasure
I could truly have peace

If I could have your love forever and could drink always
from the beauty of your soul
I could have all of these things. I love you

James Jarrett

Lunch Poem #1

Shades of black and dusky grey
Like wind whipped, whispering leaves
Cloud my memory dull and dim
chasing all but fleeting ghosts away

I know that somewhere deep within
The twisted labyrinth of my brain
There lies a place of green and light
Of peace behind the pain

Memories of a different life
Lived by a different man

James Jarrett

Lunch Poem #11

Sunset softly fading in bloody hues of red

Soul slipping silently, body falling dead

To fly again, free again

Borne on wings of oblivion

Rushing ever outward

To become one with God again

A windblown soul

Quickly waning weaker

For just one moment

It sees and wants

What it has just forsaken

James Jarrett

Lunch Poem #17

Every day I slumber and as I do the life of
light and love and laughter passes silently
world of eternal sleep and shadowed
night is frequented by the wraiths of the
living, come to mock, pity or invite me to
their world of sunshine. But that is for
land of eternal dusk is inhabited
only by souls such as myself, cut off for
eternity from the rays of the sun and the
gentle are creatures of the dark,
born to our destiny, blind and cold and this
is all we of us care, some not, but
all one and the same we shoulder our burden
and trudge incessantly and wearily down the
path to h***.

James Jarrett

Lunch Poem #20

Oblivion, oblivion, hope of the damned.

Your dark waters lap incessantly at the
shores of life.

Washing, ever eroding, until that day when
the body as stark and white and naked as
it was when it left the depths of your abyss
plunges headlong into your black waves

James Jarrett

Lunch Poem #27

My disease is free.

Stained upon this carpet of green.

Slipping away, bound no more by pain,

by loss,

by destruction,

by hatred,

My disease, my life, runs slowly from my veins

James Jarrett

Man

In my heart is war,

My hands, craft

My lips, love

My mind, chaos

My soul is empty.

I am man.

James Jarrett

Melancholy In My Coffee

Melancholy in my coffee

Subdues my day

Dresses me in drab

Lifeless clothing

The smile I wore yesterday

Left hanging in the closet

Slightly wrinkled

Sends me out the door

Under the grey sky

My vision clouded

My mind numbed

Even your warm skin

I kiss goodbye

Can't make the sun shine today

Tomorrow, I think, I'll take

My coffee black

James Jarrett

Merry Christmas Child

That child of my youth
Lies now in her bed
As she always did
Covers pulled up to keep her warm
But she is thin and frail
As she was as a young girl
The safety of the bed though
Evades her
As it always did
The things underneath
Still haunt her
And have become real
Those shadowed horrors from below
Have come to claim her
Tubes are snaked like vines
Around her
Invading her
Covering her like an ancient ruin
Finding every crevice to crawl into
A young woman

Now old

The road maps on her skin

Traced not by time and experience

But by tragedy and chance,

Cruel blows that glanced

From her guarding arms

She will never know laugh lines

Burned into her skin by a million smiles

Those smiles will never come

They will only be bitter sweet ones

smiled by us

As we talk about old times

Laughing into the night

With worn grins

And Tired eyes

And the lines will be etched

Into our faces instead

What we measure in decades

She measures out in minutes

Hours are years

And days stretch into decades

Every moment is now measured into a cup

Metered and parceled

On a glowing monitor

The poor girl who never had a chance

Still doesn't

And never will

It is such a shame

She is such as a sweet girl

And she has such soft hands

James Jarrett

Moonrise

Glowing waves
of grey and white
iridescent clouds
wash softly
against the pale shores
of the night sky
They lap against
the shining moon
But it is a beauty
I can't enjoy
My love, my love
is not at my side
The beauty is lost on me alone
I am lost as me alone.
She sleeps
As the night does beautiful things
She sleeps
While I wonder
What would I ever do
without her?
All the beautiful things of the world
are lost
on me alone
Tomorrow I think
We will watch the sunset
and the moon rise
Tomorrow, tomorrow

James Jarrett

Mother's Tears

He is gone now
Returned to dust
All that is left of him
Are his mother's tears
Tears that she cries in torrents of pain
Late at night when all others sleep and dream
She rocks in the old rocking chair
Weeping and sobbing
There is no comfort for her
Knowing that he is gone
His place on this earth vanished
The life that she gave no longer existing
All that is left of him now
Are his mothers tears

James Jarrett

Mountaintop

Do I dare to dream; To aspire to those lofty
heights from which I could fatally plummet?

Ah, but the air is crisp and the sky is
blue upon that misty summit

And it calls to my desire to have the world
beneath my feet

But if I am again to dream I first must rest and sleep

James Jarrett

My Sweet Child

Oh, my baby

I will never forget you

Your smell and skin upon my lips

My child

My sweet child

You will never know

How much I love you

James Jarrett

Night Dreams

I dreamed a dream of dreaming

Laying softly in my bed

Sugar plums and torment

Dancing in my head

I dreamed a dream of life and death

Of hope and blood and glory

Of dancing through a sunlit field

With daisies, grass and bodies

I was but a child

Loving, small and free

As I glided silently

My life ran out of me

I laughed and giggled in happiness

As a child is apt to do

As I stepped around lifeless forms

Battered black and blue

Not a care had I

Not one in the world

As I pranced beneath the sky

'Til lightning struck with crackling fury

And I lay down to die

I dreamed a dream of dreaming

Of happiness and and strife

I dreamed a dream of dreaming

I dreamed a dream of life

James Jarrett

Nightshade

Softly, ever softly, whisper thou my name

o' thy sweet caress, a potent to my pain

The velvet scent of nightshade full upon thy breath

Kiss me now with longing, o' sweet mistress death

Hold me close unto thee, upon thy loving breast

And let me sleep that sleep eternal

Forever peace and rest

James Jarrett

Not A-Mused

Maybe I have nothing to say today

But you won't accept that

You secretly slip words into my brain

Like a tongue sliding between closed lips

Suddenly and unexpected

A moment of shock and surprise

Yes, I went to peck you on the cheek

And you slipped me the tongue

Maybe I don't want your words kissing me

Your passion pouring in my mouth

Hot and torrid

Sliding soft and wet on my lips

Maybe today I want to be left alone

But you won't accept that

You are always nagging me

.

James Jarrett

On The Eve Of Revolution; A Letter From My Wife

My beloved I shall be with you, for I am the daughter of many who came here for this sweet privilege known as freedom. I love you. I feel safe with you as my husband. If need be my blood will mingle with yours in protecting the future of this nation. Never kneel nor bend for one extra second of my life; For if that day comes I am complicit in all that you I say I was proud to have loved a man who loved his nation as much as he loved his wife. Your beloved wife

James Jarrett

One

Falling, Falling, Falling; Free.

blue skied ceiling above, mother earth below.

I see.

I touch, I feel, one moment, one sight,

one, one, one.

One moment of freedom, air rushing,

caressing my skin, filling my soul.

I can fly.

Her sweet embrace, in one moment,

one fleeting instant, one red flash of

sight, envelopes me.

I am one.

James Jarrett

One Word

Far from my mind

You came to visit me.

One word.

One moment.

Turned a thousand deeds

Whether real

Or imagined

Into nothing.

In one moment of missing you

I found that

I still cared.

One word

Was all that I heard.

James Jarrett

Open Letter

Shall we all stand idly by as our country erodes
watching day to day as our freedom wanes
and our precious republic fades to nothing?
Have none the courage or foresight to care or fight?
Shall we sit back in idle content
as shackles are slowly forged around our ankles?

I say not! I say that this thing that we have,
this unique experiment called freedom,
is too great a thing to perish.

We are a nation of kings;

Every man born to rule what he can.

We, America, took the sovereignty of the monarchs
and then set their crowns upon the head of every citizen.

Shall we now give that crown back?

Shall we cede the freedom paid for in the blood of our ancestors?

I say not!

I say let the battle be enjoined!

Let the forces that work against us,
against freedom and liberty,
meet us on those bloodstained fields of freedom;
For we will fight and in this fight prevail.

Let us march towards those fields now,
with honor

for the many who have fallen there before us.

Let us take this sacred duty,
the protection of the freedom of all men,
and march toward our destiny.

We are all the new sons of liberty.

James Jarrett

Philosophising

I sit in evenings dim glow
and contemplate the mysteries of life
with my cat

As our minds begin to grapple
the subtle complexities of infinity
We realize that pencils on paper
sound like mice

James Jarrett

Picking Wild Berries

I hope that wild berries
Will bring some joy to her
I wander the spring woods
In search of sweet treasure
My footsteps are all that break
The mornings bleak silence
I slowly fill my basket with Blueberries
I pick our life with each sweet fruit
Our ripe destinies gripped in my fingers
My eyes fall upon dark Raspberries
They hang in the sun in juicy prime
Suspended like treasures, Plump sweet jewels
Dangling from thorny crowns
Greedily they are plucked from their vine
For a moment I am happy with my bounty
My basket is full of ripe and plentiful fruit
Then her pain comes to my mind
My happiness is clouded over by worry
Cast into the shade by the dark shadows
I wonder if my basket of wild berries
Will be enough
I hope it will

James Jarrett

Poems Of Love

Her kiss

Spoken softly

Onto my lips

Recites me poems of love

Wild with passion

Told to my tongue

And I listen

And listen

James Jarrett

Prophet

A lone voice rises in the wilderness crying
out in forsaken anguish without an ear to
hear.

A twisted soul is he, adrift in anger
languishing in a listless stream.

He holds aloft proudly a sign for all to see
and the masses gather at the river
Their lifeless eyes stare outward, the
wormeaten sockets glare.

They raise their arms, lips moving in
synchronicity, responding as if they were
one.

The soundless chant is taken up all along
the shore, a chorus of silence in perfect
harmony attuned with their deaf ears.

The man responds in exhilarated fervor
holding his banner lifts his hands
skyward, captivated in this moment of glory,
shaking his fist in victory, staring blindly
at the heavens

James Jarrett

Rain

She sits in the cold rain
And lets the dark night weep onto her skin
She does the only thing that he can't
Which is to feel
She is as cold as him now
But she breathes
Weeping into the night
But breathing nonetheless
Still having life
Even as the cold sting
Robs her of her warmth

James Jarrett

Rape

I wield my words viciously

Like a knife

I slash at her

As I rape her

Hold her down and penetrate her

Blood showers from my blade

As I overwhelm her

But slowly my ravishes

Thrust after thrust

Turn into love

And I wonder

What have I done?

James Jarrett

Requiem For The Internet

My internet is gone
my modem
lays on the lawn
like the colored
leaves of fall
It is haunted
by the signals it once received
mocked by the cables
so close
Their information left
like water
leaking on the floor
I wonder now
in the dark still of night
Why, why?
Did she ever
decide on DSL

James Jarrett

Retroactive Abortion

It's hard to believe
in fate
Until it happens
Blood on blood
Running on your skin
Dark tattoos of pain
On your soul
On your floor
You bleed
until you can bleed
no more
You bleed until
You are empty

James Jarrett

Revolution

I thought once that
I had the life

of a normal man

But events moved past me
Like freeway traffic

Fast and roaring
Massive in scale

Rush and noise
Night or day

Constant moving
Constant noise

But unnoticed

It became

the salve

to my sleep

Til' one day

I noticed

And heard the sound

And awoke to what was around me

And could no longer listen

James Jarrett

Rip Little Brer

I have courted
her for years
showing her
kindness
and love
She in turn
has evaded me
like a ghost
gone
just out of grasp
never there
when I reached
I have longed to
touch her
feel her warmth
her softness
comfort her
in my arms
But she was
never there
until today.
I reach for her
and my hand
finally finds her

James Jarrett

Sailing Into Darkness

I was but a child

When she faded

First grey

Then gone

Into nothingness

And slowly slipped away

To the other side of the mind

Razor blades and bibles

Children cut from books

Kept her smiling

Kept her sailing

Trailing cut mooring lines

Into the dark night

On the other side of the mind.

James Jarrett

Saving The Doves

Spiraling down

With broken wings

Shot sure to it's mark

The hard ground beneath

Comes fast to meet you

We followed you

To find

A fragile bird

With broken wing

Dragged in the dirt

Limping, unable to fly

We tried to save you

From hard, capable hands

That quickly snuffed your life

James Jarrett

Seasons

I've drunk of the wine of spring

and been intoxicated by the lush sweetness of it's life

I've basked in the sky of the cool summer night

and felt the myriad stars beckoning to my soul

I've felt autumns bitter chill settling into my bones

as the leaves turned scarlet red and knew that winter was near

I've felt the frozen bite of Decembers icy winds wrap me

in their lifeless embrace and steal the warmth from my heart

James Jarrett

Shaylyn Roberts

Your sweet
Lies of love
Softly Whispered
In my ear
That told me
It would be alright
That made me believe
That brought me joy
That gave me hope
That made me think
That you were capable

Of love
Have
Become
Nothing
But lies
As cold as
your heart
And now
My heart has
Become
As cold
As yours
And I give to you
From my cold heart
What you gave to me
Which is nothing but ill
May the cold rain fall upon you
May you cry as the Jackal
Despised and scorned
and be cursed in your misery
By all
May life bring you
Nothing
But what you
Have brought others

Sic Semper Tyrannis

I hate tyranny more than I fear death
more than I fear imprisonment
I hate tyrants more than I love life
For life without freedom
is not worth living
I revel in the end of tyrants
The more gruesome the better
The Ceau?escu's,
the Hussein's,
the Gaddafi's
The mask of death
on their twisted face
brings me joy
For they have committed
the worst
of crimes
They have made war
upon the souls of men

James Jarrett

Simple Pleasures

She had become a pale wraith
Just a ghost of the girl gone
Blondness and whiteness faded into one
Dead already
But not yet really
Still breathing
But with no heart beating
Nothing warm or filled with love
Just the pinch of the needle
Stinging in her arm
Her only smile
For that pleasure
But that too would soon be gone
And she would be cold and still
And she would wait in her bed
Frozen like a statue
Waiting for someone to find her
And consign her to the ground

James Jarrett

Snake- Bite

The serpent has mingled with my blood

As she devours me, I become her lover

Half lidded eyes closed with numbness

My body tingles from her touch

She has me paralyzed

She has left me speechless

Her poison runs through my veins

I can feel her all over my body

She has become I

And I she

I can feel myself becoming dead yet alive

Becoming, Soil, water and sky

All things and none

My soon to be widow lays across my bed

And Weeping Mary, weeps

As I leave her for another lover

I am afraid to close my eyes

James Jarrett

Some Would Say I'M Odd

I am odd
Some would say
But not to me
Living here in my own skin
My castle of bones
Listening to words
Beating like my heart
Some would say
That I am odd
But not to me

James Jarrett

Squab For Mom

They flew higher
and higher
Their
Wings
to no avail
They Led them
to flight
Then
That which made them mighty
Fell Quickly
to the many
Blows
That fell upon them
Raining
Raining
raining

James Jarrett

Stalker

I can't tell you why it is
Anymore than I can tell you
Why the warm spring sun feels so good
Or that a tumbling waterfall is something to see
Or a blue sky is something to be lost in
Or how gently crashing waves can soothe a soul
But all I know
Is what it is
Somethings are just meant to be
And I think that I was meant to love her
I knew it the first time that I ever saw her
That we were like nature
The sun, the sky, the waterfall and the ocean
Everyone needs someone to love them
She has me.

James Jarrett

Still Trying

My hand still reaches
with loves intent

To be greeted only
with fleeting warmth

How you elude me
and my love

Like a doe in the woods

Always there, but never close

James Jarrett

Such A Girl

She tried to be a daughter
But never had a chance
She would have
been
Could
have
Been.
But no one was there
so she went
her way
And made her way
She became
who she is
Today
Day by day
And
For all her beauty
she still hides
Though
she shouldn't,
Behind forgotten pain

James Jarrett

Such Is The Day

I arm myself and gird for war
I gather my weapons and prepare
My beloved stands beside me
Ready to fight at my side
I am ready
Prepared
to give my life
But not hers
I can leave her
But never see harm to her
I will die if I see her shot and bleeding
lost to this damned conflict
God help you when my revenge falls on you

James Jarrett

Suicide Hotline

Electronic tears and pain
Via the telephone line
Depression and open wounds
Bleeding into a strangers listening ear
Pooling as it gathers
And drains into his brain
Telephonic transmission
Of a soul
That flies by wire
Just looking for another soul
To touch with

James Jarrett

Texas Girl

She doesn't care

If I think about her

But I do

As the sky runs from

Blue to red

And the sunset bleeds out its final hues

Power lines and traffic

Distracting with electric hum

The bustle and blur of modern life

That interjects and controls

But I do

And will

In between the weaving lines of traffic

Crossing dotted lines

That mar my sunset

And sometimes dull my mind

I always will

I can't help it

She's my Texas girl

.

James Jarrett

The Ballad Of Jayne, A Poem To My Wife

My love, my faire, I dream of thee
Thine softest smile, golden haire

All things mine would I forsake
Of thy love might I partake

Faire Gwendolyn, easily, would I spurn
This broken kingdom sure return

My king, betrayal, I would not have shown
Had thy beauty then been known

And now with greate sorrow do I behold
Thy sweet love and fairness untold

Your servant in all things, Lancelot

James Jarrett

The Blue Shed

She caught him out in the shed
Like a thief
Stealing a moment of pain
Wracked by sobs and pouring out tears
Over small and faded pink canvas shoes
The shoes had supplanted his purpose
Sapped his intent
They made his tools indifferent
And uncaring
Turned them into nothing more
Than rusting steel and hanging shapes
Outlined on musty pegboard
That meant nothing
Nothing at all
Until her small and gentle hands touched him
And in shame
He dried his eyes
And put the shoes away
Back in their box on the shelf
And became a man again
Lived again
And worked again
In his shed full of tools

James Jarrett

The Deep End

I should have stayed in the shallow end of the pool
Getting nothing wet but my feet and legs
Risking nothing more than a chill
But I'm drowning
Choking on all of the right choices I've made
I'm drowning on all my loyalty and love
My lungs are filling and I die
I die
The air that I try to breathe
It's not air
And my lungs fill while I panic
Clamping, biting and heaving
And I'm in the deep end of the pool
Drowning
Feet trying to find the bottom
Drowning on people dying and hurting
Drowning in all the pain that they are not willing to face
And I'm under the water with no way out
And I don't know what's worse
To die and stifle and suffocate
Or to wade in the shallow end of the pool
And not care and just watch
While everyone else
Slowly goes under

James Jarrett

The Dogs

The dogs have all had a piece

They lay and eat their bloody feast

Yet still he does, still he stands

That tattered remnant of a man

With just enough flesh to go around

To sate the slavering red eyed hounds

But they're almost done

They crave for more

Not this sorry m*****

He's out the door

They stop and howl

'What have we done'

They've put their food upon the run

They snap and snarl

All in vain

Aught to stop their hunger and pain

They cry with sorrow

To the empty wind

'Please come back we're famished again'

The Drought

It was like waiting for the rain to come

Waiting for the drops to strike the parched dust and feed the earth

Hoping into blue skies and cotton clouds

That something would form

Would come

Given by grace or God

And it was that God awful wait

Not knowing from day to day

If she would live or die

It was as bad as the wait at a death bed

Waiting into the dawn for the dying gasps

And then one day it came

The skies opened

She told him that she wanted to decorate for Christmas

No tree or gifts and not even the inside of the house

But he knew

As soon as she said it

The wait was over

The rain had come

The water would run in the fields

She would live

James Jarrett

The Festive Table

The festive table
Stands alone
Robed in it's finest
Holiday garments
But there is no warm glow
Of flickering light
And laughter
No spiced scents
Drifting through
Like candied wraiths
It stands alone and empty
The cold harsh light of day
Casting it's shadow on the floor

James Jarrett

The Hearth

I require no company
save those that gather
'round the warmth
of my fire.

Late at night
hushed talk floats
in the chill
like wisping tendrils
of smoke.

Faint firelight gropes
into surrounding darkness
after imparting
it's warmth.

Hours burn as embers
and laughter flickers
like flames.

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James Jarrett

The Little People

There is treachery afoot
On the highest levels
Treason
Sedition
Malevolent power
From those that rule us
In their Ivory towers
Handing out laws
Made for men
That apply for all
Except to them
Greed and corruption
As they stuff their pockets
Help their buddies
All the while
Mock us
They think that we
Are just the little people
Dim and stupid
So far beneath them
But they have forgotten
That we are the sons of legends
Born of the Gods of the past
As surely as Hercules himself
But we are born of the Gods of freedom
Of Washington and Jefferson and Madison
Davey Crockett and Daniel Boone
The sons born of America
Birthed out in bravery and blood
And we see your treachery
And your blatant disregard
For freedom and law
And soon
The sons and daughters of America
Will be coming for you

James Jarrett

The Lost Tango

I remember

When we still danced like we were young

Under the silvered moon 'round the crackling fire

Spilling wine and laughter

Late into the night

Our own private party

Until the dawn of the day

When we still danced

Like we were young

James Jarrett

The Plowshare

Pound the drum

Of war to come

The Rhythm on steel

Red from the forge

Forms the sword

To carry to war

The sledge makes beat

On thinning edge

As it pounds

pounds

pounds

pounds

It sounds the drum

Of war to come

Soon it will be echoed

By marching men

Sounds of war

In the street

The sword will lead

Before the beat

Followed by the sound

Of drums

Pounding

Pounding

To war

Today, I beat my plowshare

And I listen to the drum

James Jarrett

The Pomagranite Tree

It was a small bit of freedom
Stolen under the dark desert sky
It was counted out
Not by minutes or hours
But kernel by kernel
Of delicious forbidden fruit
Eaten slowly
Like a lover
Savoring every sweet drop
Nothing else existed
For the moment
But the wide open night
And sweet rough skinned fruit
Torn open bit by bit
Slowly anticipating every ruby orb
That would burst it's sweet juice
In wet pleasure
The nights were hot and dry
The smell of dust
Still hanging like a veil
And it was it all was about the dust
That freedom giving dust
Not from the dry desert
But the dust left on the window sill
Tended in soft careful piles
Next to the bars
To be carefully packed back into place
So they could lie
Lie about the night
Lie about the fruit
And the forbidden trysts
Under the outstretched arms
Of the small twisted tree
But the rough red peels
Left carelessly strewn about
By small unwitting fingers
Eventually told the truth
That the bars wouldn't
And they started counting the fruits

Every day and every morning
The bounty now left untouched
But the night was still there
With stars close enough to hold in your hand
The hot desert breeze gently breathing
And every moment
Free

James Jarrett

The Song Of Emmanuel Tsongranis

He pounded coffin nails
With a hammer forged of fear
Every word of spite nailing in and holding
Badged and vested
Death and bullets resting in his gun
But still frightened by this woman
Standing proud
Whom he could not bully
Nor subdue
Hammer, hammer, hammer
Testimony to the judge
That in all his years
He had never met a woman like her
Who acted like her
No respect
No fear
Of course not you fool
You charged into the camp
Of Boudicea
Come to rape and pillage
And fell beneath her sword
Hammer, hammer, hammer
You can lock her up
But you can never bury fear

James Jarrett

The Sorrowful Pen

My words bleed onto paper
In spreading pools of sorrow
They gush darkly
Onto the page
Pumping out until
Their life is drained
Then fall in pallor
To the floor
The stain they leave behind
Is there for all to read
A record written out
With a sorrowful pen

James Jarrett

The Tomb

The smell of mildew hangs in the air, thick
and pervasive, pungent and strong, permeated
with the feeling of damp stone, of chambers
long sealed. Places long starved of the
life giving sun. Darkness hangs like a
silken veil softly entangling the room in
blackness, leaving aught but the faintest
memory of seen, black against
black swirl in liquid al
beings born of the torment of men, creatures
of anguish eddying silently about.

James Jarrett

The Tree

The tree of liberty
Thirsts again
She stands
In parched soil
Drought has fallen
Upon her
Dust gathers
On her limbs
Free men gather
To water
Her roots
And bring her
Life giving sustenance

' The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. ' Thomas Jefferson

James Jarrett

The Wait Has Been Killing Me

This game
has drained
the life
from me
slow suicide
knowing
what comes next
I wait to feel
the razor
the pain
and welcome
it's sting
I have been
waiting
now for years
and the time
finally draws nigh
the wait
has been
killing me

James Jarrett

The Waiting Room

She moves through the darkness

Alive yet dead

In sheeted glory she breathes without life

Bleeding without battle, she fights

I wait and wait

I hope

It is a battle I cannot fight

My skills cannot persevere

Though sword and knife

Are easy to my hand

I wait

I trust the skill of another

Who's knife gives life

I hope that she can fight

She is all that I have

I wait

James Jarrett

There's Nothing Wrong With The Neighbors

There's nothing wrong with the neighbors

That a few rounds

Won't settle down

They are Mexicans after all

And understand the brutal language

Of the gun

They only laugh and get louder

Whenever the cops

Come around

But they know that the mix

Of gunsmoke and anger

Means

Turn the damn music down

Enough Fiesta

Night after night

Enough Tequila

Day after day

Don't piss your neighbor off

Or the next one

Might come your way... Ole'!

James Jarrett

Thinking About The Cemetery

I still can't go there.
To that little swatch of grass
bathed in sunlight
without even a dappling of shade
It seems like a green field of memories
with almost no one left to remember
Even the words subscribed on the tiny brass plaques
seem somehow belittling
With them set into the ground
for the convenience of mowers
to pass over
It makes her seem
so inconsequential
that she shouldn't trouble the groundskeeper
with her monument
It makes me think of the mundane consequences of death
that overshadow the greatness of life
Like the simple economics
of maintenance
I can't look at the life of such a beautiful woman
summed up in such a small way
it seems so common
so trite
I know that she would have told you
that she was common
but she wasn't
She had a greatness in her soul and being
that transcended the normal
that transcends death
I am overwhelmed by that little plaque
and its insignificance
Enough to paralyze me from going there
I know that if I see it it will push
the other memories from my mind
and supplant her
She will become a place in a cemetery
with a little map on the grounds keeping her
gridded and numbered
number 6 in row B

a little part of the order in a small field
and I can't have that

James Jarrett

This Dying

I saw her again, there at the hospital
Her hair had begun to silver in early autumn
She was no longer the child
That I had tried to protect, but a grown woman
She was now a matriarch
And she had developed steel in her soul
The years of neglect had been a fire
That forged her an inner strength
Burned the Iron until it became hardened
Even better than it would have been
We talked in the hushed waiting room
All echoes of happiness muffled by the sadness
That clung to the walls like padding
We walked the sterile halls
Scrubbed clean of tears and smiled sad smiles at each other
It was her first death as the matriarch
And she was in charge of this thing, this dying
She was the one who had the strength
To keep everyone else together
Keep them functioning, even if robotic
They did whatever task she gave them
Feeling as if they had accomplished something
And forgetting for a moment
I was proud when I saw her, even through the sadness
Although it was no work of mine
I felt that I had let her down
As I couldn't protect her from the unspeakable things
That visited her daily and worse, nightly
She had been so young and vulnerable, but no more
She was strong and stable,
The rock that the rest of the family could anchor to
As they were buffeted in a hopeless ocean
Yes, she was now the matriarch and she was in charge of this thing,
This dying

James Jarrett

To My Love On Our 23 Anniversary

There is a place within your heart

that is reserved

for the one you love the most

The one you must have

That special soul

that interlaces

with yours

becomes part of you

part of your very being

Without whom

life is empty and longing

I knew the moment I saw you

That it was you

That you were the one

The warm sunlight

shining in my darkness

I knew I had to have you

That you would be in that place in my heart

Although, I had only just met you

One glimpse was enough

I am so glad my love

That after all these years

You still shine

your warm sunshine

on me

James Jarrett

Transformation

Her tears flowed like blood
As she cried her life out
And her blood flowed like ice
Frozen in her veins
And her heart became cold
As cold as winter wind
And her hot breath stopped
Just stopped and was no more
And who she was
Was gone
Gone
Like a bird flown
Carried on the wind
Never to land again

James Jarrett

Two Track

It was a gash in the forest green
A two track
Run red with clay
Smelling of grass
And laid down below
The ocean of humid air
And it carried off miles into the swamp
Riding on the back
Of the long, long Island
And my feet followed it
Like a river of earth
'Til its end
At the old Indian mounds
Mountains of men
And the ghosts of long ago
Just sitting there in the lonely forest
Reaching up to the sky
And every time I arrived
I always thought the same
Such a lonely place to die

James Jarrett

Under The Cold Moonlight

Under the cold moonlight
I lost the love of God
'Though I prayed
I lost more than faith
While she cried
Looking through a telescope
Into that black sky
Hoping that the moon
So magnified
Would bring her
Closer to God
But her small prayers
Went unanswered
And her telescope
Lies in my closet
No closer to God
Than she ever was
And I can never look upon it
Open those doors
Without wanting to cry

James Jarrett

Valhalla

I will disappear in fog and night
Subdued in sleep and surprise
Blinding lights
Overwhelming might
They will spirit me away
And charge me with my crimes
They will call me many names
All but my own
I will be a traitor or subversive
Or worse
Because I refuse to swear allegiance
To the police state
And fealty to the men
Clad in black
I will not submit
But they don't know
That I stole into the great hall of Valhalla
And took with me
One of their mighty spears
Usurped their valor
And took it back with me
Now they will carry me on my shield
Though my burning bier
Be but a lonely cell
And tonight I will dine
In the great hall of Valhalla
That place that still lives on
In the mind of men

James Jarrett

Wake Of The Valkyrie

The wind gently blows
cooling ivory skin

In it's breeze
eddyng souls stir

Many eyes stare coldly
at the starred sky above

Footsteps echo silently
moving among the fallen

Cries of grief
call between the hills

James Jarrett

Wanton Lust

The taste of her skin
will not leave my mouth
Her musky scent
will not
let me rest
I cannot function
without
having her
Her nipples
become
wet Goddesses
between my lips
I pray to her
sucking softly
and give myself
to her
I sacrifice
at her altar
Asking for
her pleasure

James Jarrett

Wardrums

Hearken to the sound that rides upon the bitter wind

Deep within the gathering gloom

comes the sound of war and doom

Hearken and woe, grieve and despair

for the dogs of war are loosed again

The long forgotten pounding drum

bellows out in deafening din

Men of glory, men of honor, rush forthwith to your arms

Siren screaming, beguiling, calling sounding out all alarms

Man has set aside his mercy, cast off all his books of learning

Now shows through his thin veneer all his deepest, darkest yearnings

Rising now from in the ground, red eyes glowing, shrieking, howling

a scream that rents the tortured night

teeth a gnashing, spitting, growling,

Comes that man thought so long dead

haired and furred from foot to head

With a growl, uncaring shrug, nary a thought or realization

he casts off that cloak of civilization.

Man has risen to conquer again.

Warrior Child

Love of my soul

I see you now only in my dreams

Yet my heart holds you dear

My love for you whispers upon the midnight wind

My tears are moonbeams raining on you

Soft starlight in the night sky is my gaze

Wherever you tread upon this earth

I am with you

Papa

James Jarrett

Wild Rabbit

The little wild rabbit

Lives in my shop.

Every day I feed her

And care for her

With tender touch

Like a father.

Every day.

She stands on delicate legs

High and stretched

At my feet

And takes special treats

From my fingers.

Every day I try to touch her

And she evades my hand.

I wonder

Every day

What it would feel like

To pet that rabbit.

James Jarrett

Windows To The Soul

I realized one day
That my eyes had become hard
My gaze, frosted granite
Hard, like the look of men
Who have seen too much
Killed too much
Been through too much
Just a stare
That says it all
Ice behind the eyes
Purposeful and intent
I see the surprise in peoples eyes
When they meet mine
And look hurriedly away
Or ask if everything is alright
They know the look
And now it even shows in the mirror
And my war
Hasn't even started yet

James Jarrett

Wordsmith

He crafts the finest ever made
soft speakings of verse and prose
delicately hammered like finest gold
each fragile link formed and forged
by mind and heart with love and and woe
Words together joined in finest beauty
birth shimmering chains of golden thought
with pauses hung 'tween glimmering links
like iridescent shimmering pearls
Deep hued gems dripped from tongue
dance in jeweled and sparkling splendor
to decorate this work of art
hammered from the wordsmith's heart

James Jarrett

Wounded Dove

Her soul bleeds love darkly
Red pools on the floor
She has been stabbed
Her soft heart pierced
By cruel knives
Sharpened with words of love
And water colors of rainy days
And small gentle hands
That won't go away
Sharpened to cut deep
And she bleeds
And bleeds
As she is gashed
Over and over again
By the cold uncaring souls
That she once loved

James Jarrett