

Poetry Series

Kyle Harbinger
- poems -

Publication Date:

2007

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Kyle Harbinger(10/14/1986)

I'm pretty boring, but lovin' every minute of it.

Apocalypse

"BACK OFF! " I said gasping,
And spat mucous at the world,
Which was spinning fast.
Now tucked under a tree-
I whispered things to myself
And reached for my last Marlboro.

I heard the trees sluggishly begging for rain
As undiscovered acidic colors began
Falling in pales from the blackening sky.
The giant pendulum swung
Fast
And I began to cackle.
Something isn't right.

The universe blinked
And the sky was dead.
"This" I said in one language or another,
"This is what I wanted all along."
And fell asleep.

Kyle Harbinger

Asthmatic

An epiphany in the deepest dream-
And I wake up blind
Gasping
Wheezing
Feeling through the dark-
Crawling
Scratching
Breathing ever so hard
I'm innately searching for my lifeline
As I start to panic-
Different tones of voices circle around me-
Laughing, as I faintly hear them telling me
That I am an old man.
My bedroom slowly melts into a pool beneath me
And I am fooled by the devil.
Like always
Im left alone
Surrounded by darkness
Only to feel my ugly
And that I have aged.

Sick to my core
Nauseous and gasping,
I cry as I laugh at myself
And the pain I sense dripping through my fingers.
I stand still but the energy doesn't stop.
I feel the liquid in my hands
Turn to dirt
As my tears create life-
In the rose that quickly grows
In my strong left hand.

I realize I am an old man
And I wake up wheezing, looking for my inhaler,
And I wake up wishing
That it's not there.

Kyle Harbinger

Brother

that morning when it all made sense
you talked jibber jabber.

the sparrows hung themselves
one
by

one.

we looked out the window

you with the eye of magic,
me going blind.

every night, you knelt beside your bed
and lied,
and the sparrows kept dying.

trees shot pool in the smoky billiards
of my mind;

in yours, I'm not so sure;
but when you knelt down
all the world made sense
and collapsed.

in mine,
8ball
corner pocket.

in yours,
the sparrows were singing like angels.
when really
they were already dead.

Kyle Harbinger

Cranium

I hear the cries at night,
They keep me awake like a rabid monkey.
I hear the cries at night,
Coming from every direction and being.
I hear them whisper the most horrid lies
But they swear that it's the truth-
It makes me explode inside
Like the center of the sun.

I hear the cries at night,
And the crickets beg for more,
But I pray they'll stop
God, why won't they stop?
They make me itch from the inside out
Like a circle of crows

Prepared for the end.
I hear you calling,
Only on the inside.

Kyle Harbinger

December Night

Each snowflake a memory
Once lost.
Seven candles so dimly
Light the room
And the window is wide
Open
The gateway to space.
We slowly talk with our breath
And kiss words like ' the battery stopper '
And 'JUGGERNAUT'
Time continues to pour and combines
With our dripping imaginations-
We are knee deep in undiscovered colors
And giant fish.
We do not dare speak of the sunrise- for
We enjoy lying to ourselves.
The wind, a force of truth
Gives the flames a quick lick
And we're finally where we should be.
Darkness.

Kyle Harbinger

Just Let Me Quench Your Thirst, My Darling

but i'll starve you in the process.

the oranges are mine.

~~y~~ou can pee on that globe over there

BUT THE ORANGES ARE MINE

are you dying?

so am i.

would you like a glass of water?

Kyle Harbinger

Lost

I have seen the sun
and lived.
Fished in the river
of colossal
purple mountains

Catching in abundance.
Like you
I spend half my life
In the dark world.
To be shown the answers
and not feel them-

Only to be thrown back
Into
The light-
the soft rain cloud
forgives.
someday
its always raining.
as the moon looks on and laughs
it is high.

I completely forget
we are alone.
I am lost.
The dark world always forgives.

I am no longer.
If only the light
was made out of dark
the world would not exist

Kyle Harbinger

My Hammock

In the realm of my hammock

-swinging

-silenced

the summer's night sky swallows all life

that exists no further than me

As cricket gossip is suddenly understood

And fireflies grow in size

And dance in sync

To the rhythmic baseline of the full moon

□

As I finally pause to question the situation

And suave paintings become images

And the moon just wont stop laughing

The gentle wind is ridiculous

In its manner submissive to the sky

In the realm of my hammock I open my eyes

POP! POP!

Green-blue cracks split my vision

And percussion of the stars

deafens

I'm lost in space but reassured in time

Those paintings

Those true paintings

Must be drawn in my notebook.

Kyle Harbinger

Night Cycle

The window was wide open.
The gateway to space,
I think
you called it.
The candles told us lies
as they suffocated the black.

Time liquefied,
surged out of rainbow sand buckets
and gushed itself upon the floor;
stirring the imagination that was dripping out our noses,

wet

drip
 light
 drip
 dark
 drip
 kiss
drip.

We were knee deep in undiscovered colors
and giant cat fish.
We did not dare speak of the sunrise- for
we spoke lies, fluently.
The wind, a force of truth,
I think
you called it-
or as the candles said,
"un fuerza de la verdad"
gave the flames a quick lick,

and we were left only with our thoughts;
or as I called it,

Darkness

Kyle Harbinger

Ode To The Greats

Yellow apple,
we met for supper in your
flat bottomed boat.
we are not here; you are beginning
my hand is sticky with sugar
a breathy click- low volumed
height of trees
willows are not real trees
the natural world spins us in green
the look of stewed water
glaring in convex contemplation
plums hit the ground
the brain behind
smiles, smiles, - similes
of oxygenation
he will never reach her
to ash,
to mount smoke of a soul
it is two
in the morning
It cannot come to any such end
the buses moving along
to the end of the line
time past.
rushing into fill the
unthinkable well
when the moon rises above the hill
baskets, birds, beetles, spools
a million boats
the sprinkling can
on the dank wet streets
that they once were
where logic can carry you to hell
out of many colors
increases with winter weight
the dissolving string
through needles:
permanently
un deterred by erroneous

dew
big mountain thunder
fall on shy trees
blue trees vanish
with neglecting to
tell us
no remorse
the moon is an alien rock
among purples
fog grays the skyline
one dreams of a law and vines
I go without a clock
the shift
the well I threw sand into
a rejected man is walking
and near white trees
and we blew the joint
night and day
her son destroyed her paintings
like a needle to a magnet
do not fear your death
I followed the string in the dark
alone
a black pool full of black water
sweet inside world
gravestones
river stones
stars you are mine
burned at the touch of the earth
I've never felt.

Kyle Harbinger

Polyester Tribulations

Sometimes
We dont know the difference between
What is real?
Nothing seperates the
Something
Is striking like
Fireflied lightning
Dancing
And
Dying.
The razor edge of the lake's horizon
Cuts the sky and
The sun.
We remember the nights
Of sobriety
And how we felt.
Maybe like the moon
Because it knows
Everything
We dont.
Or maybe like the line
Seperating
Thought-and-non-existence.
Or maybe we felt like
It's going to be ok,
Because lying to ourselves
Is such a force of habit.
Or maybe we just cant
Wait to get this all over with.

Kyle Harbinger

Reality

reality creeps in like death.
gaps of truth are found constantly,
like sun rays blasting through windows
in the early morning, waking humans
as the earth has been awake for years.
the sun's responsibility
is endless.

what are we?

I know somewhere
what someone is thinking
reading this
well, I know my friend
oh
I know.
behind it all

in front of it all

I talk to myself.

Kyle Harbinger

Suggestions For A Title Anyone?

their names were pasted on musical notes
as we took the journey through the cackling forest,
the plants sprouting
and chinging change
and slinging rain;
we walked.

the giant crows sparked campfires
and conversed about what they'll do
when the sun shatters.
your bones were broke
and your muscles tore
but still
we walked.

serpents and swans
made love before our eyes
and I remember
so clearly
how you cried;
yet still
we walked.

the marks on the trees
the fears on your face
the locks on the cage
the monkey's enrage
and yet still

We walked.

the wall
the touch
the dusk
the chaos.

We ran.

The Cotton Balls

i see glorious mountains,
something like heaven
with the clouds like
cotton balls
soaked with rainbow juice
some of them reveal the open sky
some of them sing and some of them die.
some show my dreams in moving color
as the wind gently brushes the memories away
and out to the deepest of sea.
its there, where the wind meets the shore
and nature is an atom
among It all

im left alone in open space
a lifetime away from the eternal plane-
a lifetime away from talking to mountains
a lifetime away from streams in my veins.
until I drift out of time and away
from the earth
from perception and mind
from the actual, gazes at the sky
It is not until im looked in the eye

do you see those crows?
(they want to cry)
do you see me?
(I'm ready to die.)

Kyle Harbinger

The Customer

A customer just told me that sunshine
Was falling off of her roof.
I looked at the old lady and smiled.
I was confused yet in awe of her power.
It was then when I realized
We were meant to relax and talk about death
And life.

She would ask me something like
My perception of heaven
I would say something about pastures
She would nod and say,
"If we smell like the day we were born
And there are tall trees to climb,
I will have forgotten I was once mortal."

She took her cigarettes
And left me a smile
To remember her by
I forgot
To ask her if she wanted to die.

Kyle Harbinger

The Melting Sun

Days go by

God's huge tears forming morning meadow mist
Over vast, landscape flesh.
Miles and miles of dew
Nesting on the sharp blades of green grass-
Forever awaiting the day-
The day the sunrise melts the sky over
Dripping
Large pools of hot redemption everywhere
As everything finally collapses
For miles and miles,
And darkness suddenly overwhelms.

Kyle Harbinger

The Process

Conflicts burden

My path and I am-

Alone.

I make decisions that

Get me chewed up and swallowed whole by my burned out demons

Penetrating my regret

They're on rotation, - that's the way it goes, man.

So get used to it-

It burns inside, doesn't it?

But it we can have a thought together

Just this one time

We can soar with the birds

And see the world through a completely

Different perspective.

It's what we need.

But-

I tend to forget and regret

Decisions that get me swallowed whole.

Kyle Harbinger

The World

For me, closure can be found
in empty bottles and a glass piece
for me, I don't believe,
that what is real is what I perceive.
I'm pissed, in fact- at the constant frustration
so I spit at the world and the whole population

Things dissolve
into an empty bowl
held by a starving child.
□
with hope of hot food
rising from his skin
like a skunk that cant escape
for a tree begging to die.

I forget who I am, and find it in a tune
dwell with a smoke and be depressed
like the moon
but more like a geezer
awaiting his death
or the underlying pain in the deepest breath.

Kyle Harbinger