

Poetry Series

Kyle Schlicher
- poems -

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Kyle Schlicher()

(3-5-3 The Light On)

the light on
so why the darkness
all around

(6-06-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

(a Flower Alone)

a flower alone
brightens the stormiest day
wet yellow petals

(6-13-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

(a Silence)

a silence
unlike others

pulse beating to the tune of nature

(6-03-1978)

Kyle Schlicher

(beer Bottle Caps)

beer bottle caps
testimony to good times-
the dream sleeps tonight

(9-11-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(born On A Table)

born on a table
to poor working class parents
the luck of the draw

(4-21-1973)

Kyle Schlicher

(crows In Trees)

crows in trees cawing
each in tune with the other
flowing harmony

(11-27-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(darkness Knows No Light)

darkness knows no light
cannot see
past the morning

(12-22-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

(dead Is Dead)

the dead do not rise
nor shine in glory-
only the sun

(9-22-1977)

Kyle Schlicher

(drawing Bathwater)

drawing bathwater
filling the galvanized tub

we were poor but clean

(3-13-1974)

Kyle Schlicher

(empty Heart)

empty heart
sky of darkness
road without direction

life without you

(9-17-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

(follow The Day)

follow the day
see how it flees
into the distant setting sun

(11-01-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(haiku 4: 57 No Matter)

four fifty seven
and the cracks in morning are
beginning to show

(8-29-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(haiku After The Storm)

see! the sun
does not wander far-
welcome home old friend

(8-30-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(haiku Darkness And Morning)

darkness holding on
morning light squeezing thru cracks
winner taking all

(8-24-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(haiku Dove Coos A Love Song)

dove coos a love song
in the distance an answer
drifting on the wind

(8-24-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(haiku Early Contemplation)

my world is complete
no wants or needs existing
to burden my soul

(8-29-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(haiku Fragile Red Rose)

fragile red rose
where thorns also grow
rain nourishes both

(8-30-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(haiku It Is So Easy)

It is so easy-
morning darkness covers me
with a gentle blanket

(8-24-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(haiku Kerplunk)

tranquil pond
kerplunk a raindrop
splashes ripples

(9-13-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(haiku Lost In Paradise)

headlights passing
neon city limits sign-
deep into nowhere

(9-11-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(haiku Thirsty Cricket)

dew clinging to grass
thirsty cricket stops singing
lingering silence

(8-29-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(haiku What Sound Of Lonely)

what sound of lonely
echoes against the backdrop-
empty souls dance

(8-29-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(in Moonlight)

in moonlight
raindrops on mangrove leaves
thirsty mantis

(8-03-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(it Is So Easy)

It is so easy
morning darkness covers me
with a gentle blanket

(8-24-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(life Is A Petal)

life is a petal
upon the dogwood blossom
borne again each spring

(4-22-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

(listening To Summer)

tomorrow's song plays
cloudless blue sky surrenders
empty promises

(11-08-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(lost In Paradise)

headlights passing
neon city limits sign-
deep into nowhere

9-11-2015

Kyle Schlicher

(morning Thanks)

my eyes
old and tired
glimpse
the
most beautiful morning
of all

(11-03-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(peace)

the greatest victory
is
won
without
firing
a
single
shot

(11-03-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(poem For The Season)

garden turning brown
broken cornstalks withering
harvest moon fading

(9-25-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(sitting In The Rain)

sitting in the rain
cool refreshing sensation

the smell of wet grass

(6-08-2008)

Kyle Schlicher

(summer's End)

sunshine crawling
fields of cut hay waiting
clouds gathering

(11-08-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(that Night)

memory refreshed
face shines in recognition
piano playing

room begins to shrink
world moving in slow motion
hearts beat keeping time

shadows together
embrace in moonlight madness
one night without end

(11-24-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

(the Dandelion)

the dandelion
against the breeze
waving goodbye

(5-14-2004)

Kyle Schlicher

(the Sun Is Shining)

the sun is shining
all is right within my world

sitting contently

(6-17-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

(this Morning I Cry)

1: 43 in the morning
the night is still

echoes of hatred

come tumbling

across

the sky

distant thunder grows close

(5-14-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

(wind Lanturne)

winds

swirling
climb blue skies
autumn leaves fly
free

(10-10-1984)

Kyle Schlicher

(winter Looking On)

leaves falling
wispy cold breath of morning
winter looking on

(1-12-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

1: 02 In The Morning

saying hello
to
yet
another day.

who sleeps
while
i am awake?

the moon,

catching
sunlight
not
here
yet,

slowly
changes
its face
as
superstition
sends
shivers
up
and
down
my
spine

(4-01-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

3 Petal Flowers

i search
the
day long
for just
the
right
flowers.

she loves me,
she
loves
me
not,
she loves me.

8-22-1981

Kyle Schlicher

386 Days And Nights

three hundred
eighty six

days
and
nights

living

fearing

every single day
death
was
somewhere
close by

waiting
for
me

(3-22-1970)

Kyle Schlicher

5150

silent
depletion
secretive
motus operandi

juice
container
current
haphazard

function
necessary
seduction
sweetener

dimmer
switch
faltering

bold
disarmament
of
decorations
decried

brown out
happening
bewilderment
complete

fadeout
finalized
contract
fulfilled

(12-28-2015)

A Bottle Of Wine Your Honor

what is the excuse?

'no excuse, your honor.'

then, the reason?

'again, your honor, no reason.'

surely, there exists an explanation?

'your honor, an explanation
would only tend to cloud the controversy

swirling around inside this situation.'

then, your plea?

'innocent by virtue of not knowing
better than to uncork

a bottle of wine your honor.'

(6-30-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

A Broken Heart

a fragile thing,
a heart,
so easily shattered
(torn)
as love twists
its poisoned dagger,
deep,
deeper
until emotion
runs red
redder.

9-20-1986

Kyle Schlicher

A Butterfly Now

It flitters
fluttering about
as
I watch.
zig
 zagging
slowly
 haphazardly
dancing
upon
the
spring breeze
to music
I
cannot hear.

(4-27-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

A Captive Poem

at last.

i have you in my grasp.
no escape
from my dracula cape.

i'll suck the blood
so valiantly denied.

thirst satisfied,
with
a mournful sound
i cast you down
to the frozen ground
ripe with slaves
sleeping in their
bloodless graves.

(4-11-1978)

Kyle Schlicher

A Clown Speaks The Truth

your hatred
is
disgusting
replied
the red nosed clown
to
the
audience
waiting to be thrilled
by
the
execution

(9-02-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

A Contradiction

there's a smoothness
to my world.

a softness in my touch.

anger
in the words
i've hurled

has become too much.

i need to stop.

i need to rest.

ease this pressure
 ing inside my chestt.
ris

(5-12-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

A Crime Of Passion

i walked along
the sidewalk
where the yards
ran green.
i saw the old woman
kneeling before
the flower bed.

scissors in hand
she snipped
the flower stems
and gathered
the corpses
close to her breasts.

then she stood up,
held them close
to her face,
as she smelled
the lovely scent
of their death.

and then
once again
she held them
against her breasts
as a tear rolled
from her eyes.

(6-13-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

A Day Without Sunset

they report
that
the sun
rose
once again
this
morning.

what occurred
later
in
the day?

strange
phenomenon.

astral projections
in
play.

misplaced
wishes
coming
true.

revolutions
ceasing.

bright
blinding
light
of day
lingering.

goodbye
endless streams
of
nightmares.

goodbye darkness.

(12-26-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

A Dream Came Drifting

A dream came drifting
last night,
turned past midnight,
embraced the stars, and
listening to the tune
of Venus was caught
for a minute
in the branches
of a tree outside my window
and then,
surrounding the moon
gently
whispered
good bye.....

(10-02-1977)

Kyle Schlicher

A Dream Sleeps

a dream sleeps soundly
deep into the mid of night
i wait patiently

(2-21-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

A Few Pieces Of Paper

walking through the village
is like walking
back in time.

people living close
to the earth
surviving
only because
it is their heritage.

smells I can't identify
hang upon the air
as the fires burn
and
the meals are prepared
for the hungry.

they watch us closely
without appearing
to be concerned
or even interested.

we in turn
eye them closely
and
they know
we are tense, alert
and ready.

a villager walks over to us
and
smiles a smile
blackened by years
of chewing betel nuts.

he is friendly
and
his hatred of us
is overcome

by his need to provide
for his family.

like machine gun fire
the questions come
from his mouth:

do we want girl?
do we want drugs?
do we want soda?
do we want cold beer?

now he has started an avalanche.

they descend upon us.
young kids swarming
around us like bees.

we grow more tense,
alert and ready
but the situation is
out of control.

anything we want
is at our fingertips.

ho chi minh slippers,
haircuts,
boots shined,
watches,
necklaces made with
grenade rings,
knives made from shrapnel.

all for a few
pieces of paper.

i hear the fiberglass stocks
of our m-16's
banging against the heads
of the smaller kids
as they squeeze us

closer and closer.

finally someone gets irritated
begins cursing
and
swatting
at their heads.

and this reaction spreads
quickly amongst us

until

someone finally
throws some mpc
to the side
and
quickly
the kids leave us
pushing and shoving
each other
in a desperate attempt
to gather

a few pieces of paper.

(7-23-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

A Flower

this morning:

a

flower.

(4-28-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

A Good Thing

it would be
a good thing
if we
were all alike
because
then some of us
wouldn't have
a reason to hate.

(12-02-2012)

Kyle Schlicher

A Life Without Numbers?

walking in the shadows
moving
quietly
though the memory. sadness.

crawling along the edge
afraid
of heights
a fear of reasoning. sharpness.

birthday? time. day. month.
the
year.

fingers on a hand. toes
on a foot.
mathamatics made easy.

counting the stars. my
imagination
has
no limits to hinder
my longing
to
know.

2 EYES.
are
enough.
for some. never
enough
for me.

where is the light switch?
fingers numbed,
walls
breathing. no one answers
the phone.

the calendar has stopped.
time
is nowhere. night time
has
descended
upon
the landscape.

reason
has been
subtracted
from the equation.
multiplied
by the mere
addition
of i
solated boredom.

somehow
it does not factor out.

conclusion:

what is a life without numbers?

12-13-1979

Kyle Schlicher

A Loss Of Memory

dying last gasp of breath.
strange
sounds coming.

a wind blows
across
a desert plain in the midwest.
tumbleweeds
rolling
beyond
the clusters of rock outcroppings
and
scrawny trees.

lonely highway
disappears
into the mysterious night hours.

rusting road signs.
empty motels-

VAC_AN_Y! !

FIAshINg deep-
deeper
into
the
photographs stored inside the brain.

sad song playing in the distance.

without you-
your heartbeat- by my side
it is a long walk
to
the
next
rest stop.

5-10-2020

Kyle Schlicher

A Memory On A Frozen Day

I touched
a snowflake
and it disappeared.

A memory
on a frozen day.

(2-11-1978)

Kyle Schlicher

A Moment Of Silence

we will miss them.

all

the

brave

young men.

(5-08-1971)

Kyle Schlicher

A Naked Beginning

i was born naked
without
prejudice,
hatred
or
remorse.

then,
they clothed me
in knowledge
of religious fervor
and
race superiority.

i became
a pawn
in their
one act play
that
never ended
for
a curtain call.

policemen
with crew cut hair
did the bidding
of old fattened
politicians
who
saw society
more
as a movie
in black and white
than a movie
in
color.

i became disenchanted
as i grew older

and
having witnessed
man's
inhumanity
onto
each other
i realized
a human being
is
a
human
being
regardless
how different
i am from them.

thus,
i was born naked
and
now
shall
die
naked,
unencumbered
and
free.

(9-15-1973)

Kyle Schlicher

A Necessary Task

the brittle bridge
struggling
in the gentle breeze,
needing footsteps to calm it.

(10-21-1978)

Kyle Schlicher

A Poem While Listening To Music

why comes the day?

stumbling in on tender appendages,

tippy toeing into an explosion
of awareness,

easing over the edge

pulling itself up by fingertips

until

until

gasping for breath
it gathers momentum

coloring the sky in my eyes

then quietly
it sneaks out the back door

tippy toeing into the closing darkness.

(9-01-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

A Ponzi Poem

Invest the time to read these lines
And the interest you show will grow
Will be rewarded so many, many times.
Just a few minutes and a little trust
Is nothing compared to the end result
Of having enlightened your day
And knowing you are richer
In so many other ways
For having invested only a few minutes
And gaining many hours of pleasure
For having read this little piece of treasure.

10-31-2013

Kyle Schlicher

A Promise Made

i spoke
loudly
into the cold.

my breath freezing,
the words unheard.

i made a promise
to wait
until the spring
to hear the echo.

(12-21-1997)

Kyle Schlicher

A Question Asked

If there exists
no hope
then
what
becomes
of
the
need?

(9-02-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

A Revealing

i am a rose bush.

not just any
rose
bush;
but, rather,
a very special one.

i feel
the ocean's mist
as it blows
against
my leaves and petals.

i smell
the freshness
only the ocean's breeze
brings.

i am constant.

no minutes
or hours to crease
my memories.

i am a rose bush.

nothing more.

nothing less.

(2-10-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

A Shortage Of White Bread

There is a shortage of white bread in America.
Too many other choices have led to this shortage.
We have wheat,
Wholewheat,
Multigrain,
Pumpernickel,
Rye,
Potato,
Organic
And other specialty breads.
Granted, we know white bread
Is not very good
For the well balanced
Healthy everyday diet.
However, America loves its white bread!
Many Americans want their white bread!
This country was founded
On the limited nutritional values
White bread afforded us.
America does not want to change.
We don't want bologna on multigrain.
If you don't like white bread
Then leave America!
And take all the other breads,
Wheat,
Wholewheat,
Multigrain,
Pumpernickel,
Rye,
Potato,
Organic
And other specialty breads,
With you as you depart
The land of the free! !
This is America
And we want our white bread!

(1-29-2013)

A Simple Task

in a world of torment
look outside for peace,
gentle rain.

7-16-2015

Kyle Schlicher

A Sip Of Your Love

my cup is emptied
save
for a sip of your love.

my tongue awaits
the taste of your longing.

come my jgirl, i grow weary
without your company.

3-02-2020

Kyle Schlicher

A Small World Indeed

They climbed out
of the truck.

We lined them up
checking each id.

I came to a thin girl.
She handed me her id.
I looked at her birthdate,
it was 7-09-1947.
This is my birthdate
I told her.

She smiled at me
and lowered her head.

They climbed back in the truck
and the driver drove off.

I'm thinking,
It is a small world.

That girl and I
were born on the same day
and years later
we meet in Vietnam,
where she needs
my permission
to move about
in her own country.

It is a small world.

A small world, indeed.

(8-17-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

A Smidgen Of Absolutism

two gum wrappers
and
a few balls of lint
remain
as purses are emptied,
hearts are filled,
and once hungry children are smiling

Kyle Schlicher

A Task T Consider

it has been raining,
the water is rising.
old man refuses to swim.

(1-09-1978)

Kyle Schlicher

A Task To Endure

homeless stranger
beside the road
weakened from hunger.
you have one biscuit.

(3-28-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

A Thought While Watching The Birds

the flowers
pretty
in their color
are alive
with dragonflies,
bees
and lady bugs.

watching
as the birds
search
the ground
and bushes
my
only
wish
is
that
death
does not visit
my
backyard
this
spring day.

(5-06-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

A Toast

to you.

to me.

to us.

to friends.

to those we love,

to those we trust.

to those we need.

to those no longer here with us.

(3-08-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

A Truth

While hatred is sour upon the lips
love tingles
the
tongue

5-31-2016

Kyle Schlicher

A Weed

in a garden of flowers
i
am
a
weed.

nothing more.

nothing
less.

a weed
in
a garden of flowers
taking
up
space
and
sucking up
needed
nutrients.

a weed.

nothing less.

nothing
more.

(From The Series Of Poems Written At The Chemo Center)
(6-27-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

About Birthday Parties

i've been to
three
birthday parties
in
my
lifetime

i've helped a friend or two
celebrate
their birthday
at a local bar.

but,
i, myself
have
never
had
a
birthday party.

i consider
my
birthday
to be a day
of
private contemplation
not
to be shared
with
anyone
other than
myself

i don't decry
the
birthday party.

it's just that
i prefer

to
be
mostly alone
on that
one
particular day.

so,
go ahead
celebrate
your
birthday
in grand fashion!

hell,
i'll
even
wish you
a
happy birthday.

(4-12-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

About Contagious Diffusion

suspicion
and
hatred
spread
throughout
the
world
with ease.

they eat up time
so
much
faster
than
love
ever
considered
doing.

(4-12-2004)

Kyle Schlicher

According To Hoyle

politics,
religion
and
rules

strange bedfellows

at
best.

whose deal is it?

(3-25-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Acupuncture

pin pricking extreme
deep tissue
insertion
sterile
shining needful cleanliness
love
is in want
of
a
pain free existence

(9-19-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

After She Died

after she died
a loneliness
fell
upon me
covering my grief
like an early spring morning dew.

8-28-2019

Kyle Schlicher

After The Rain

dark clouds
give
way
to sunshine,
tears
streaking
sad eyes
never
to
stop
falling,
never to stop falling,
never
to
stop
falling.

never,

never,

never to stop.

(8-02-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

Again Tonight

echoes
of
lost
forgotten
words

hammering the past home

visions
of
fading
distorted
faces

breaking mirrors one at a time

trust
in
nothing
in
no one

maintaining control is vital

truth
lies
false truth
baby words
spoken
first

no doubt reality sucks

the
chest
cavity
exploding
upon
contact

the heart seeks an escape route

from
alternative
out
of
focus
perception

the lay of the land is unforgiving

the
night
comes
on gingerbread toes

(12-08-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

All About The Sun And The Rain

about the sun,
it shines
and
the rain
well,
it is wet

questions
answers
cannot say enough
about
the unknown

it is getting late
look outside at the sun
setting
before
the
darkness comes
without
question
without
answers

we
cannot remember
the
beginning
but
we have seen the end coming

fading memories
growing
dim

the sun is setting

and

the
rain
is
falling

let's
all
wait here together
in
the
rain

2-18-1980

Kyle Schlicher

All Curled Up

many times
i
have
been
afraid,
not
wanting
to
die.

tried
to no avail
to
crawl away
from
the
threatening
danger.

just wanting
to pull
my
legs
up
around
my chest

to lie there,

safe

and

all
curled
up.

12-23-1968

America Died In Vietnam

It was a slow
agonizing
death.

I know.

I was there.

I witnessed
the
endless
bleeding.

(4-22-1971)

Kyle Schlicher

An Ordinary Light?

an ordinary
light
in the darkness?

i think not.

look at all the moths gathered.

it must be a special light.

a
most special light.

indeed.

5-28-2005

Kyle Schlicher

An Unwelcome Task

the sparrow
on the branch,
one wing
broken,
begging you.

(7-28-1978)

Kyle Schlicher

And If I Say Goodbye

Turn around
the sun is shining
down
upon
the world.
Feel
the warmth
of salty tears
rolling
over
lost words
hanging
in
the
distance.

(5-13-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

And The Mosquitoes

night on the beach. nothing
quite like it.

walking. holding hands.
alone.
the only witnesses,
the moon, stars
and
the sea oats.

oh yes,
and the mosquitoes.

7-16-1981

Kyle Schlicher

And Then The Rain Came

and then the rain came down,
sideways,
slantways, upside down,
perpendicular, in sheets,
spiraling
in a steady rhythm
with
a most completely
miserable
soaking
beat.

(10-27-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

Artistic Need For Suffering

i have suffered
for my vanity.
i have
cried
tried
died
punched myself
into unconsciousness.
i have
bled
for my stupidity.
my utter disregard
for
my
well being.

(11-13-1980)

Kyle Schlicher

As Fine A Vintage

in the attic
collecting
dust
an old
battered
photograph album
memories
once so celebrated
now
fading
with the passage of time

(2-08-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Asking

Do you hear
that which cannot be seen?

A heart beats
in rhythm.

Do you see
that which cannot be heard?

Lost echoes
of forgotten words.

Do you feel
the day in your hands?

It is yours
to forever set free.

(7-01-1989)

Kyle Schlicher

Asking A Simple Question

everybody's dying
and
leaving
me
here
all alone

what am i going to do?

(2-13-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Asking Nicely

my head throbs
with
evidence
of
your
insidious intrusion!

mayhem becomes
an
overwhelming
obsession
i must consider
if you
will not
vacate
my thought waves
on
your own accord!

my insanity
overrules
your
lackluster
intellect.

your
parasitical presence
triggers
my self defense
mechanism.

so please,

GO AWAY! ! !

(1-17-2016)

Asking Spring Haiku

gentle warming breeze
wrapping its arms around me-
how long has it been?

4-26-1999

Kyle Schlicher

Asking Why

death,
sudden
violence laced
death
comes
as quite a shock,

at first.

soon,
you acquire
a knack
for
absorbing
this
blunt
force
trauma
like
experience,

at first.

then,
one day
you
wake up
and
discover
that
you
feel
nothing,

nothing
at
all.

12-24-1968

Kyle Schlicher

At Midnight

at midnight
comes
the sound
of
water
dripping
time slipping down the drain
one
drop
after
the
other
again
and
again

(7-28-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

At My Desk

here i am again
sitting
at my desk

waiting
with
eyes
closed

headphones on

listening
to
mad season's
november hotel

waiting
for the words

waiting
to begin

to begin writing
something
meaningful

waiting
here

at my desk

waiting

(4-16-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

At The Bus Station In Charleston, South Carolina

The bus station is crowded.
People with places to go I suppose.
Cigarette butts litter the floor
And the smoke hangs
Upon the foul air.

The sunlight streaming in through
The
Windows
Catches
The smoke
And the haze is like a man made fog.

I buy a cup of coffee for a quarter.
I try to find a seat without anyone close.
Good luck with that!
I settle for an empty spot on the end.

Smells from the grill
Fill the building,
mingling with the smoke and
Certain human body odors.
It is not a pleasant place.
My coffee is hot
But that's ok.
I like it that way.

I relax a little but not much.
Too many humans
Put me on guard.
I keep my wallet in the front pocket
Of my dress greens trousers.
No way a pick pocket will steal it from there.
I look down at my dress shoes
And rub each one on the back of my trouser legs.

No one is paying attention to me.
I like it that way.
To them

I'm just another idiot dumb enough
To join the Marine Corps during a war.

I take a sip of coffee
My eyes scanning the building.
I do this without moving my head
And drawing attention to myself.
They've taught me well.

15: 35 already.
I only have an hour to kill.
Now, I have the urge to relieve my bladder.
Coffee does that to me!
I will wait for a while
Because I don't want to go
While I'm riding the bus.

I am young and I can hold it.
In boot camp
We could only go when the Drill Instructors
Gave us permission to go.
If you knew what was good for you
You learned real quick to hold it.

Almost 16: 15.
Time to make a head call
And deal with some of the weirdos
That hang out in there.

Just another thing to do
At the bus station in Charleston, South Carolina.

3-22-1967

Kyle Schlicher

At Walmart

shopping
for
salvation
and
redemption
just
got
a little easier
and
cheaper
in
the
two items
or less
express
lane

(3-23-2013)

Kyle Schlicher

Atrophy

is a sad process.

the brain
withered,

shrinking in size,

gnawing at
fleeing thoughts,

not grasping new concepts,

ideals vanishing in a twinkling
of the heartbeat

fading
in
the
echoes
of
ignorance.

5-17-1977

Kyle Schlicher

Background Music Needed

listless lifeless beginning to the day.
unrelenting silence
stones
the senses!

PLEASE! ! ! ! ! !

9-24-2019

Kyle Schlicher

Basking In The Spotlight Of Obscurity

This is where I belong.

I function
much better
in the darkness,
the background.

To be an unknown entity
seeking only the silence
of the empty stage.
This is my destiny.

My hunger
has been sated
by years of failure,
rejection.

To constantly blend into
the background
takes undeniable
levels of skill.

I am the invisible man
without
a formula to return myself
to the material state
of being.

My ego has been stripped
of impurity.
I am
where I belong
basking in the spotlight of obscurity.

(1-24-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Beaufort Docks

a few hours of liberty to kill
spent walking on the docks
watching shrimp boats resting,
tied in place.

what a way to make a living
was my thought
as i stared at the boats
which seemed to be covered
with ropes and netting.

i knew nothing
of the hard labor involved,
the storms braved
by salty fisherman,
the return trips with holds
not filled with shrimp.

no, in my youth and ignorance
all i could see was a boat
and the blue water
on which it sailed.

(3-29-1974)

Kyle Schlicher

Being Like Dad

at times
i get the feeling that

maybe

i should apologize
to my daughter,
ex wife,
present wife
and step daughter

for being
even somewhat
like
my father
was
once
upon
a
time

i knew what his excuse was

i don't know what mine is.

(3-02-2013)

Kyle Schlicher

Better Than I Know You

my shoulder aches
every time i move my arm.
the pain never quite goes away.

my neck
is getting worse every year.
some days the pain is almost unbearable.

my thumb
hasn't any cartilage
and is almost useless.

i don't even want to talk
about my back
because i know you
get tired of hearing me
complain about the pain.

sometimes i think
i know my pain
better than i know you.

(5-11-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

Beware Of Doctors And Lawyers In Cheap Ill Fitting Suits

i look at a man's shoes first.

they can say a lot about the man,
scuffed up, dirty, out of style.

is his shirt from k mart or bond street?

are the cuffs on his suit jacket frayed?

the way a man's trousers are cut
is another damning tell all.

do they have that nice angle cut
and break in front at the precise spot,
do they reach the top of the heel?

all this doesn't matter if the shyster can get me off the hook.

if the meat cutter can save my life in the emergency room.

but alas, it would cause me some concern beforehand.

2-07-1985

Kyle Schlicher

Birds Fly South For The Winter

you cause
pain and hurt,
there are times
i know this to be true
as true as
birds fly south for the winter.

(6-11-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Blame Me If You Want

today i am irresponsible

tomorrow
i will be responsible

yesterday i slept in
without
any
consequences

(7-19-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Bleed

watching each day

slowly,

methodically

spinning

haphazardly

thru space

until

it is time at last

to be unceremoniously

dumped

upon the landfill of the universe

reuniting yesterday with past years

and future dreams

never reaching fruition

while you slowly

bleed

existence,

drop

by

drop,

into the trash can

without

protest.

(10-15-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Bleeding

we all bleed.

bleeding
is
what
we
do.

everyone,

including
me
and
you,

bleeds.

we all bleed.

the
color
of
blood
is
the
same
the world over.

(4-09-1969)

Kyle Schlicher

Blonde Hair And A Blue Ribbon

she had soft blonde hair,
a ponytail tied with a blue ribbon.

oh, how it caught the sunlight
and my undivided attention.

6-18-1979

Kyle Schlicher

Blue Dress Overcast Day

walking boldly
into
the
day
wearing
my favorite color
you
are
the
sunshine

11-13-1979

Kyle Schlicher

Blue Music

blue music drifting
lost in this lonesome deep night
no one listening

(10-05-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Bobwhite Calling

the plea comes again
across a falling darkness
empty loneliness

(8-23-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Bombs And Rain

we used to sit
and listen
to the faraway
concussions
rolling across the expanse
of land in front of us.

d
e
e
p
rumb-ling
sounds
growing
in intensity
and
ferocity
as each second passed.

we couldn't see
the b-52's
and neither
could we hear them.

but
they were there.

doing what they did best,

silently
dropping their
loads of

bombs bombs bombs
bombs bombs bombs
bombs bombs bombs
bombs bombs bombs
bombs bombs bombs
bombs bombs bombs
bombs bombs bombs
bombs bombs bombs

down
upon
an unsuspecting
human species
we called the enemy.

yes,
we knew the jets
were high up
tucked away inside
the blanket of clouds
from which the

rain rain rain
rain rain rain
rain rain rain
rain rain rain
rain rain rain
rain rain rain
rain rain rain
rain rain rain

drops
once fell
down
to earth
upon
these same
unfortunate
human beings.

(1-02-1978)

Kyle Schlicher

Born Poor

born
into
poverty

walking barefoot
through
childhood

going hungry
without
complaining

taking
baths
on the
back porch
in a tub
filled
with
well water

sleeping
on pallets
laid
out
on the floor

walls
covered
with
old newspapers
giving
the
children
something to read
at
bedtime

(11-05-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Bottom Feeders

slick queasy smiles

smart
expensive
attire

hand pumping experts

natural born
opportunity optimists

eyes
nervously twinkling
looking
always
to make a connection

always
roaming about the room
posing
for the camera

so goes life
at the bottom of the pond

(12-04-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Breakfast

well, let's see now,

i'll have my morning

sunny side up

with

a side of white puffy clouds

and

toasty warm temperatures,

thank you.

(3-21-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Breathing Long

looking back
running

the distance
fades

into nothing
fast

running back
looking

there i stop
to
catch
my breath
coming
in
harsh
ragged
gasps

(5-23-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

Broken

a broken wing
and a bird
cannot fly.

the same as with me
and
my
broken heart.

8-06-2019

Image Credit: "JoYcelyn" - - kYle schlicher

Kyle Schlicher

Burying The Dead

if i had
a
shovel
i'd dig a hole,
a
deep,
deep
hole
and there
i would
throw
yesterday,
tomorrow
and
today
into it
and
then
i would fill
that hole
with
every
single
morsel of dirt
i removed
from it.

(6-03-2000)

Kyle Schlicher

Bus Ride To Nowhere

2: 17 am,
raindrops
streaking
the window of the bus.

passing headlights
reflecting
each
tiny story
rolling
backward.

awake,
my eyes
watching them
as
the landscape flies by.

i am listening.

(10-09-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

But If My Love Takes All

but if my love takes all
until
nothing
is left,
then,
i shall leave
and not
love
at all.

(5-25-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Calculating The Odds

while cowering
inside a sandbagged bunker
i was thinking about the odds
of taking a direct hit during
the attack.
i roughly figured
the base is approximately
one square mile large
divided by oh, let's say
20 rockets and or mortars
every minute for the duration
of the attack.
i figured the odds
to be 100% that we were going
to take a direct hit.

i was wrong.
we didn't take a direct hit.

I had forgotten to factor in
an important equation
that affected my calculations.

stress.

oh well,
i was never good at math anyway.

3-23-1968

Kyle Schlicher

Can You Make It Rain?

You tell me about your hard earned success,
the perks that go along with it.

The new convertible
with the fantastic sound system.

You show me the expensive wrist watch
complete with quite a few diamonds.

I bet, now you are never late
for a midnight clandestine meeting,
are you?

Oh, yes, I did notice
the 400 dollar pair of shoes
you wear on the same ordinary feet
that once wore cheap earth shoes
like the rest of your once
used to be friends.

You've changed and I suppose
money is the main reason.

You seem to think material success
makes you a better person than
you were a year or so ago.

You tell me that there is nothing,
absolutely nothing,
that you cannot do
if you set your mind to it.

I have no doubt this is true.

I have always known you to be a doer,
a risk taker of the first degree,
a pusher of the finest mood enhancers
available to the general public.

This is why I am telling you
that this period of dry, arid weather
is reeking havoc on my yard and plants.

You know,
I have never asked you for much,
but, please,
just this one time,
this one time just for me,

can you make it rain?

(8-03-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

Canceling Today

crossing out
today
with
a felt pen marker
was
a
stroke of genius
on
my
part.

(From The Series Of Poems Written At The Chemo Center)
(7-15-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Carrying Water From The Spring

carrying water
from the spring, buckets in hand,
mom calling for me.

(6-25-1971)

Kyle Schlicher

Cashed Out

unresponsive
resume
credit
standing
shocked
electrical impulses
triggering
an identity redo
credit cards scanned
feeble felons
scratching
out a meager living
my nigerian account
has been closed
due
to
a total lack of funds.

I'll gladly pay you back Tuesday.

(2-02-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Catalyst

together, churning
through
the rapids,

swollen waters
of dangerous
memories,

determination
could not
be denied.

remember
the beach boys
singing
steamboat?

(7-06-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Catch Me

out there
on
the passive perimeter

standing guard
eyes
half lidded

children napping

explosions exciting
teenage hormones
creating
this
buzzing effect

egocentric estimate
of
one's
immortality

no more no more

i am too far gone

(4-15-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

Caterpillar

caterpillar is
no more, saying hello to
yellow butterfly.

(4-16-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

Cats And Dogs In Cuba

our country
placed an embargo
on the island
of cuba
many years ago.

no medicine,
food,
gasoline
or other supplies
comes from
the good ole usa.

it's bad enough
we punish
all the poor innocent
people in cuba
but
what
about
all the poor innocent

cats and dogs in cuba.

12-24-1987

Kyle Schlicher

Celebrating Distance

Celebrating distance.

Lamenting time
passed over.

Velvet cushions
save the day.

Situations change.

Reconciliation is
a remote possibility.

Fingernails
are cracked,
chipped
and bloody,

yet,
i am hanging on.

What wonder
awaits?

(9-26-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Change Coming

summer fades slowly
autumn creeps one day closer
the sky tells the truth

(9-17-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Changing

girl,
don't look now

the world is spinning
fast.

hold on
tight,

baby

don't let go,
talk to me.

the night's not gonna last
but, we have forever,

forever to say

the little things
that once
meant so damn much
before
the eloquence
of

us

began

to
wear
thin.

(9-30-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Chaos Existing

i need
me
some
chaotic consequences

wet my finger
stick
it in the socket

lights flickering

hair
standing
up

∅∅∅∅∅

how does that feel?

darling sweetheart,
take it
to the limit
drive
that
last nail in

dripping
drops
patterned
suffering

feeling good
is
an emotional
unresponse
to an
unemotional response

eroding fingerprints

stolen identity
don't ask
any
questions

pain comes first,
always
shattering THE EGO

no matter how fast
i flap my arms
i
cannot fly
away
from
here

wetting my finger again

don't ask me why.

reasoning
stands still in the shadows
peeking
around the corner

is it safe,
can kyle come out & play?

(5-22-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Chaos On 11-12-2007

my words
are out of control
out
of
focus.
i can't put them
in any kind of
order.

i am twisting-spinning
in this time warp
this
vacuum
where my thoughts
are
invisible.

where
words are running
and
bumping
grinding
into each other.

i can't quite
grasp
the elusive idea.
lately it
has always
been
just
beyond
my
reach.

isolation
is a choice
i made.

it hasn't a voice.

i have a perpetual calendar.

this morning

i turned the blocks on it.

it

read

november 12 2004.

i

became

depressed.

damn!

november

is

only

12 days

old.

11-12-2007

Kyle Schlicher

Cheap Haiku

nothing invested
except for a memory
that will not let go

(11-22-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

Cheating On Daylight

i give

myself,

take my darkness

before

the

dawn comes

(10-21-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Child Of Mine

i watch you laughing
playing with the toy you love
laughing and breathing

(3-08-1973)

Kyle Schlicher

Chocolate And Vanilla Milkshakes

racial harmony
should be
as easy as
choosing one of these
or even possibly
taking a strawberry
milkshake
if you are so prejudiced
to decline
the above mentioned flavors

(3-01-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Cicadas

witness empty corpse
as the timeless song echoes
in fading darkness

(6-21-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Clemency

watching the rat
walk along
the 2 by 4
so gracefully carefree
and unafraid of us,
then stopping
as it hears a rifle bolt
being pulled back
and then lifting its head
searching for the origin
of the clicking sound,
as a couple of us
restrain the almost murderer
and the rat proceeds
going on about its business.

(9-16-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

Clinging

A glance backward.

Nothing to see.

The path ahead
winds
onward
nevertheless.

Attention demands
accumulate.

Thinking
becomes a process
that consumes
the past
and
foregoes
the
future.

Still,
the self
clings
to the vision
of the memory.

(4-23-1991)

Kyle Schlicher

Clockwork

hibernation
reverberation
echoes
sound waves
sonic
sleeping pills

celebration
coinciding
merging even
with
inhibiting
qualities
of
inebriating
fantasies

dreamland
entrance
definition
lacking
distinguishing
remarks

nasal
tonal
features
speech
impediment
dying
gasps
of
unevenness
presiding

listening
mesmerized
rain
falling

pain free

(11-23-2001)

Kyle Schlicher

Cloned At Birth

you and I are truly one.

don't doubt the reason,
the purpose.

we exist in the same breath,

the same whisper.

(8-05-2004)

Kyle Schlicher

Coexisting

time
is running;

a heartbeat away
lies eternity.

time
is one footstep
slower
than
death.

death
is neatly
dressed
in
appropriate color.

a splendid sight
this
fitting of the night
on for size.

time sulks
as
death
laughs
at the
ineptitude
of time.

bound
together
by
the order of
universal
physics,

hand in hand

they
coexist.

(5-23-1974)

Kyle Schlicher

Coffee And Moonshine

i once watched dad
go from one to the another
without missing a beat

(3-23-1969)

Kyle Schlicher

Coffee Or Tea?

the frog said,
 i had too much coffee.
 i am really wired,
 all hopped up.
the toad replied,
 i told you so.
 you need to drink tea.
the frog answered,
 don't be so jumpy.
the toad said,
 tea is better for you.
the frog thought about it
and said,
 you may be right.
 come over to my pad
 and we'll have a cup of tea.
the toad laughed saying,
 tomorrow maybe.
 it's hoppy hour now.

(4-11-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Cold Here

chill in the air
cuts
me
until
my insides
cry out
for your warmth

(1-08-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Cold Wind

Without a sound she turned to face the window.

'Who do I call, the funeral home? ', she asked.
'The family or the church? ', she almost begged,
and outside a cold wind was blowing hard.

Then, barely loud enough to even hear,
she whispered, 'Nothing's here to stay forever.'

Her eyes remained as dry as the gray sky;
I felt as if she wanted and needed to cry.

'It's almost time to go to work, ' she said
as she began to dress for the cold weather.

'Don't want to catch a chill, a cold wind's blowing, '
she said, tying her scarf around her head.

Her scarf was black. Appropriate for mourning.

(9-12-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

Color Me Whatever

i am white.

i don't apologize for that fact.

caucasian
is the term
used
by the census taker.

no matter.

i am white,
poor,
disabled
old,
and
quite
possibly
i am
dying of cancer
or heart disease
at
this
very moment.

so, for demographic reasons
go ahead and
color me
whatever
color you wish.

but,
please
color us
all
the same color
because
we're all the same
after

the blame is spread around.

and today
for me
the blame stops here.

(9-22-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Come Join The Fun

Alone?

I think not.

Throw the covers back,
have
a look for yourself.

SURPRISE!

We've been waiting for you.

The party's
just
beginning.

The elements are all coming together.

GET WITH IT!

Roll out of bed,

climb
the walls.

SCREAM yourself silly,

WE AIN'T GOING AWAY!

(11-13-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Complete

this morning
i awakened
to
nothing
more
than usual,
yet,
i feel as tho'
it
is
all i need.

(7-19-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Conceived

born
of the wind
riding
the
sky

hello
goodbye
all
in
one sentence

3-29-2016

Kyle Schlicher

Concertina Wire

it looks
so innocent
in the daytime
as
the razor edges
catch
and
reflect
the sunlight.

and
during
the
night
it sparkles
like
christmas lights
when a flare
goes off
overhead.

(3-13-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

Convergence-A Painting By Jackson Pollock

i see the intent.
the disaster
avoided.

is it anger?
confusion?

allusion
becoming
disillusion?

commonplace mistakes
becoming
uncommon?

a puzzle for sure.

wait,
now
it moves,
comes together.

a subliminal
concept
hypnotizing
the subconscious.

now,
it has oozed,
dripping onto
this
page
and
painted
these
words.

(11-13-1979)

Country Road

hot sticky day, me
barefoot, kicking dust storms up
on the country road.

(7-03-1971

Kyle Schlicher

Cremation Vs Graveyard

it is no contest.

a hole in the
ground

vs

freedom for all
eternity.

no shopping center
will ever
be built over me.

(8-26-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Cry

and I will be
the
first
tear
to roll
down
your
cheek

(10-29-2003)

Kyle Schlicher

Cut Myself While Shaving

the mirror
is
cracked.
the morning
bleeds
through
seeping,
dripping
drops
of yesterday
falling
rolling
down
the sink drain
into
tomorrow.

(7-09-1999)

Kyle Schlicher

Dad

he was there
and
then
he wasn't,

sometimes disappearing
for
months
at
a
time.

in and out
of
va hospitals.

bar hopping.

missing in action
for
sure.

we never really
knew
him,

we could never
see
into
him,
he would not allow this.

he withheld his feelings.

he never uttered the word

' LOVE '

that we know of.

we never saw him cry
except
for the times
he
revisited the island of iwo.

this was our father.

he was there
and
yet
he wasn't.

(5-02-1972)

Kyle Schlicher

Dancer

the dancer
fell
from the skies
and
the sun
laughed,
the clouds
cried
and the dancer
died
a thousand times.

(5-21-1974)

Kyle Schlicher

Dandelions In The Spring

each time
i see the
white phosphorus
exploding
and
showering down
to earth
i am
reminded
of springtime
in the states
and
dandelions
bursting forth
and
floating
down to earth
upon
a gentle breeze.

(4-13-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

Dark Poem

dark sky
bleeding
sympathy
from
my dreams
of
dying
this
a
slow
death
how many times
i
do not know

(12-21-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

Darkness Needs A Light

darkness needs a light.

shadows do not exist,
cannot find a home.

where the sun does not shine
hope cannot grow.

memories are buried
deep, deeper

into the thick unseeing darkness.

take a number and have a seat.

4-22-2015

Kyle Schlicher

De Stijl Like

the city from above
squares,
straight lines,
horizontal and vertical,
grids
and
circles.

a study in art form:

AN ABSTRACT LACKING

PERSONALITY.

5-23-1975

Kyle Schlicher

Dear Diary

dear diary,
i have one again
awakened this morning.
it should be cause for great joy.
however,
deep inside the darkness
growing inside of me,
i know i am actually
one day closer
to not awakening
never, ever again;
therefore,
i have decided
i shall enjoy this morning
as i have never enjoyed
a morning in my life.

stay tuned for further developments.

8-17-2014

Kyle Schlicher

Dear Mom

i write this letter
hating it over here
almost
as
much
as
i love you

(3-04-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

Dear National Enquirer

I was abducted by aliens.
They took one look
and tossed me back.

(5-23-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Death Speaking

eyes fluttering close
breathing slows a ragged sound
death speaking again

(12-25-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

Decorating The Interior Of Nothing

writing with invisible ink
the poet's
nightmare
comes
true.

placing flowers
in space
unoccupied
by thought.

breathing
in an empty
room
while
no one listens
to your heart
beating
against
the silence.

moving furniture around
until
the mood
fits
the emptiness
as if
it belongs.

painting
the walls until
no one
sees
the
windows.

writing
with invisible ink
the poet's

nightmare
come
true.

(3-06-2013)

Kyle Schlicher

Deep Water Haiku Trilogy

glassy reflection
cooling pool without a bottom
deep water so deep

water bug skipping
across water without fear
deep water so deep

in dark deep secret
the beginning of all life
deep water so deep

(3-14-1974)

Kyle Schlicher

Dejection Rejection Subjection

leave me alone,
my mood
changes with the ring
lost
in the sand.

love me like your dog.

treat me like your lover.

give to me
answers
to the questions
on
the final exam.

cheating is one option.

failure is the other.

left hand rule
is ok
for notebook paper
but
petty dictators
spoil
the party.

one floor up
and
counting
minus
thirteen
the elevator
goes
in reverse.

she muff opens her door.

mechanize
the
movement,
streamline the operation,
the seams
show
wear and tear,
sell equity
in
the endeavor.

the special effects
glamorize
the situational
deadlock.
let out the line,
flexibility
rotates
around
the soft bounce.

i listened to their complaints.

the sign blinks:
bouffant hair done here
please
apply
in person
at
the receptionists desk.

the broom is in the corner.

don't let it confuse you.

play
to
give to take
and
return
on monday
when

the
game is played out.

overhead
the jets fly in formation
and
no one is asking why.
stand
at
attention
because it is the law.

hate the poor.
worship
the
rich
drag out the future
tape the outline
of
yesterday's corpse
to
the window.

why this catastrophe?

(9-03-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Delicate Balance

life exists because

we take, we give.

we hate, we love.

we laugh, we cry.

we win, we lose.

it all evens out.
it has to in order
for the equation
to work itself out.

here, there.
yes, no.
you, me.
us, them.
dollars, cents.
war, peace.

life is nothing
more
than
a delicate balance.

3-17-1984

Kyle Schlicher

Depression In D Minor

desolation
behind
sunglasses

city sidewalk
alive
and
singing
in blinking
neon
madness

outside
small conversation
is the topic
among
strangers

taxi's to nowhere
gaining speed

on the pavement
timid truth
gives way
to
the
darkness

no one looks up
the danger
is
below
down
inside

loneliness
smelling
like
stinking sewers

hangs
upon
the night
and
colors
the mood.

one day
is
like
any other to some
to
others
the end
can't
come
soon enough

(8-26-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Dirt Roads In My Memory

I have walked dirt roads
many times
as a poor kid
living in the south,
sometimes just
to carry
buckets of water
home
for mom.

(3-22-1971)

Kyle Schlicher

Dirty Night

walking around
inside
the bar

searching
for answers

finding
only
a guitar pick
and
a dime

empty
sings the sad stars

crying
like
a dwight yoakam
or
a tom waits

lonely
night
out
on the town

(8-15-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Dissecting The Path To Happiness

short
journey
to a dream

long
road
to
a
nightmare

visions validated

potholes knee deep
in
philosophy

loose
thoughts
dangling
in
well
traveled
airtight
spaces

life ruttled
with
decisions
neglected
misplaced
somewhere
in
the past.....

at last

at frigging last....

.....i give up.....

(12-16-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Do This

kiss each morning sunrise
and
listen to the music

hug each lonely night
and
sleep in peace
listening
to your heart beat

(6-01-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Dogwood Trees

early spring blossoms
catching the warming breeze
i sit here watching

(4-09-2004)

Kyle Schlicher

Doing Inventory

6 hours
and
23 minutes
wasted.
2 pills taken.
1 glass
of wine
slowly sipped.
14 ideas
thrown away.
31 subjects
rejected.
36 sheets
of paper
crumpled up
and
violently tossed
away.
8 possible
future poems
saved for later.
326 words
57 lines
the accumulated
net worth
for today's work.

(2-17-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

Doing My Best

if i think
about
you
enough,
then
you are not dead.
you
did not
die.

sometimes,
it is all i can do
to hold onto
your
memory
that hurts
more
with
each
passing
day.

11-08-1976

Kyle Schlicher

Don'T Be Mad At Them

Don't be mad
at them.
They are caught
in the
middle.

They know
nothing
of the modern
world.

They exist for today.

The three
water buffalo,
a few rice patties,
a thatch hut,
this is their concern.

They know nothing
of
politics.

They ask
only
to be
left
alone.

This will not happen.

The column
of
American soldiers
walk
the dusty road
through
the village
during

the
daylight hours.

Nighttime comes
and the
Charlie soldiers
come out
and
tell them
what to do.

(3-23-1971)

Kyle Schlicher

Don'T Cry

Don't cry.

I can't bear to see
another
tear
running
in
jagged lines
down
such
a
tender face.

Please

don't
cry.

(4-11-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Don'T We?

The truth can hide.

It can take a vacation
or simply try to disappear.

But, it has a habit
it cannot break.

Sooner or later
it has to show its ugly face.

It cannot fool us
because
we know.

Don't we?

(5-22-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Doomed

the discussion went as thus:

doc,
i don't worry about dying.

no heart attacks,
cancer,
tumors,
or stokes for me.

i am doomed.

doomed to die of old age.

(4-22-2008)

Kyle Schlicher

Dr. A

dr. a is her oncologist.

everyone
calls
him
dr. a.

no one,
including
us,
can pronounce
his
last name
which
begins with an a.

so,
dr. a

it
is.

(From The Series Of Poems Written At The Chemo Center)
(6-29-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Drawing A Blank

nothing
to
write.

the creek bed is dry.

the
sky
is
empty.

no thunder
and
lightning
to
announce
the
gathering
storm.

nothing.

nothing at all.

zilch.

zero.

i
feel
as
if
i
have
been
neutered.

(12-22-1979)

Dream #1

Into the Sea of Sludge we fall
Swimming in Circles paddling away
Fighting the urge to breathe underwater
Seeing the aquamarine creatures turning blue green
Lounging about the coral abyss
Seeking refuge in subterranean nooks
As the cold currents of guilt
Wash over the sea bottom
Where ancient bones lay in silent repose
Evidence of a higher state of existence
Knowing absolute authority forbids
The seeking of knowledge and the desire and yearning
To walk from the darkened depths
And leave the first footprints in the sand.

(8-05-1971)

Kyle Schlicher

Dream #10

Step outside your consciousness
And let your alter being slip away
until you are exposed to all
Who would dare to intrude
Upon your naked and open honesty
Standing vulnerable before those with unbelieving eyes
Never once blinking
In the slanted sharpness of perpetrated purpose
Shining forth as simmering images
Of another time and place
Reflect off the supposed truths
Hanging upon the rusty resisting wind
Fleeing from here
Long into the deep depressed recesses
Of inconsequential inconsistencies of existence
As we have come to know it.

(8-12-1973)

Kyle Schlicher

Dream #11

Ascend the empty shaky staircase
Abandoned in the falling rain of midnight
Until you can go no further
And then the curtain will fall behind you
Hiding your weakness from the audience
While the sounds of laughter
Drift
Up
And
Away
From your existence
Leaving you
Alone
Tortured
Without
A sense of remorse to ease the pain
And
Quench
Your
Depression.

(9-13-1073)

Kyle Schlicher

Dream #12

Into this world we are born
Old
Tired
And
Worn
Pulled out and torn no music no horn
On that momentous morn
However forlorn
In the shadows of unrelenting porn
Glistening nudeness in a field
Of unripened corn
Where
The
Insects
Are soaring
And the dirt
Is analyzed for maximum yearly output and yield.

(1-10-2013)

Kyle Schlicher

Dream #13

Dream of the blue ugly
And you will never see the smooth whispers
Of the moon behind shadows of misty gardens.
Ask who is there but do not have a need to know.
Stop to think and they will scream at you.
Lie to them and then watch
As their weakness turns to love.
A petal of beauty falls into the storm and is lost forever
As a sweet repulsive wind swims above
This symphony of bloodless rain.
Cool chanting moment is but a knife
Driven deep, deeper into those still pictures
Sleeping in bitter recall.
Trip in the rusty light & shine true & delirious
Like a diamond lusting in those visions
Of a winter sky in your head.
I AM YOUR SAD DELICATE DEATH
AND
YOU ARE MY MAD MUSIC.

(3-12-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Dream #14

the spawn of evil
is the sum of the greater two parts.
one taken before the other
& the imbalance will show.
together they unite
- until- -
- - rise - -
- - rising - -
- - - rising - -
- - - - then - -
fog drifts slow, dancing
arm in arm with the wind
rise
rising up and over
tepid thoughts frozen
in the winter air
naked for all to see
the insides exposed
until
rise
 rising
they meander off
drifting up into the atmosphere
collected by the soft voice
singing
a mesmerising
whisper of forgiveness.

(4-13-1974)

Kyle Schlicher

Dream #15

cloak yourself
if it so helps
in a skinless existence
relishing
in the glory of feeling
FREE
for the very first time
in your life
lose the lie
beneath the green fern
the worm will turn
restless
in a deathless
existence
end
of
sentence
beginning of question
lost lesson
wandering
wondering
where distant thunder
echoes
and
goes
will you hear it
or choose
to fear it
mask it in a religious robe
placing it under a microscope
to observe as it grows
from a microbe
into a conglomerate
to incorporate
larger
than
life
to become the light
and so

it
must
go

(3-07-1992)

Kyle Schlicher

Dream #16

we must wear the glove
we have chosen to fit us
as we stand naked
in a halo of dust
and will it be enough
will it satisfy
or merely gratify
the unquenchable thirst
always appearing first
moments before the hearse

a

r

r

i

v

e

s

in our lives
to take us away
far

away
from yesterday
watch tomorrow rise
surrendering skies
close your eyes
say your good byes

if you desire

if you must

silence then

HUSH

turn to rust

turn to rust

in something we must

TRUST

then turn

burn

slowly

learn

never

secrets few ever earn
it does not concern
those who never blush
there is no rush
unspoken silence
will
s
h
a
t
t
e
r
never to matter
egg shell ego to crush
turn
to
rust
turn to rust

(5-10-1990)

Kyle Schlicher

Dream #17

too.
time is irrelevant
oriented
to the faceless clock
hanging limp
in some obscure
mad artist's mind.
we exist for no apparent reason.
no valid purpose.
ergo, sum
i am.
no one
can
take
this away.
i am.
i will be.
no one is more;
no one is less.
unseen
superior being
infinite eternal
unchangeable?
i am therefore
this is.
by nature's higher order
i exist.

(11-05-1973)

Kyle Schlicher

Dream #2

Into the vision I stare
Never looking away
I feel myself closing down on the dream
I've been living in colors of a sadistic nature
Thinking that it will go away
Is what gets me in trouble
Every time I try to break away from
The pretending thunderstorms
Gathering on the horizon of dreaded tomorrows
Which are growing darker
With each beat of the decaying heart.

(6-18-1972)

Kyle Schlicher

Dream #23

i attached myself
to the priest rising from the water
while sea gulls flew overhead,
all without caring or so they said.
and the red night closed
in on the silhouette standing against
the
deserted
shoreline
as it did not get its feet wet
and
never touching the sand, yet
hello,
i answered in return,
there's someone here
and
no one answered.

unbending silence tightened around the night
like the noose
around the neck of a common non believer.

i found it difficult to breathe,
i needed to leave.
felt a compulsion to grieve
to try and retrieve
this loss of innocence.
i was disconnected
totally misdirected
and alas,
the one selected
to stand alone against the images
forming in the minds of the unsuspecting
looking for the disconnecting stone
leading to another dream.

ok.

ok.

i am now in total control.

this is not real,
i cannot feel
the needles
they're pushing into my skin
as i begin
to bleed from the tiny pin pricks,
tiny bubbles of blood
i no longer need.

this is nothing new.
i have suffered before
and
i shall suffer again.
it is only justice
so the shadow on the shoreline
shouts in tempered protest
demanding i look back
deep into the past.

turning around,
i saw only a darkened voided room
and
i am so lonely
and
my feet are so cold.
i have nothing to hold
my burden of guilt in,
nothing to load upon the fleeing
stainless steel hearse
carrying my dead dreams
to bury them once and for all.

and no one goes into one two times
so i'm all right tonight,
i can read the signs:
no one admitted gets out
so no trespassing on sight
for now the water is rising
and i can't let go.

and then i watched the priest rising
from the water to drown

while the temperature was rising,
getting hotter
as i floated upside down.

it was just another bad dream.

12-24-1971

Kyle Schlicher

Dream #3

Morning creeps along
Moving through the invisible darkness.
Like a driven mist of memories
Hanging upon the air
it has survived to exist once again
As the journey from midnight
Fades with sunlight crawling up and over
The sharpened edge of reality
As the demons of dreams gasp a final breath
Before disappearing back into the darkened depths of despair
Where they sleep....Waiting...
Waiting....
Waiting....
Waiting....

(12-11-1972)

Kyle Schlicher

Dream #4

Dreams melting
Leave no shadows
Upon the conscious mind
Reflecting in remorse of wasted years gone by
As the blueness fades into grayness
Then into a blackless existence
Spreading throughout the Suprasternal Notch
Where the thyroid lies to itself and mankind
In make believe distress
As hollowed sunken eyes squint
Into the murky confusion and see nothing.

(2-23-1973)

Kyle Schlicher

Dream #6

I drink from the same dream
each
night
listening
to my pulse
beating wildly
against
reality
that does not exist
inside this vacuum
I have been swimming
around in circles
all the while
trying to stay afloat
as the descent of illusions
slowly turn into allusions
reacting to the cause and effect
of my subconscious
surrendering of everything
I hold to be
three dimensional
in a one dimensional world
inhabited
by superstitious beings
unwilling
to take a walk out of the darkness
and
into the sunlight.

(5-11-1972)

Kyle Schlicher

Dream #7

Do not drink from the poisoned fountain of knowledge
Existing in the decaying mind of humanity
And onto thy self bear false witness
To satisfy the controlling factions of our society
As they build the walls high, high and higher
Preventing our escaping these circumstances
We have placed ourselves within
As we surrender our dignity to those
Who pull the strings
And speak for us
In the greatest show on the planet.

(6-12-1973)

Kyle Schlicher

Dream #8

Swim in the ocean of uncertainty
And breathe in deep the paranoia
Existing in the waves of lunacy washing
Ashore
As you struggle to stand upright
And walk on the sandy beach
Without knowing
Why you have chosen
To leave the safety of the wondrous water
Only to risk everything
Only for the sake of seeking knowledge
That surely must exist
Where the tide never reaches
And where the world is slowly evolving.

(7-19-1973)

Kyle Schlicher

Dream #9

Take my hand
Close your eyes and breathe easy
As we walk through the minefields
Rising all around us
Where the fragile flowers are wilting
And the green grass refuses to grow.
So walk slow and breathe easy
For we are in a no man's land
Where the sun bleached bones
Are scattered about and the buzzards are full,
Contented and waiting on us to slip up
As we try to traverse the footprints forced deep down
Into the dust of yesterday
And the promise of tomorrow.

(7-29-73)

Kyle Schlicher

Dream With Me

Dream with me.
Hold steady the vision
passing before our eyes.

Let the parade begin.

Dream with me.
Separate the truth
from the darkened lies.

Sleep only then.

(5-01-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Dream#29

i know the rain falls somewhere
so slowly and softly
upon the awakening ground
where flower petals
a rosy velvet tenderly reach out to feel
the coolness
of the spring shower
bursting forth from darkened skies
where the sun
has run and hidden
behind the mountains
boldly rising from valleys below
from hence
the waters flow endlessly
giving new life
to a once barren countryside
now singing songs of joy
as it endures the burden
of being in a time of unforgiving harshness
for the cruel cold northern winds
whisper, clinging
to the mountain edges
as icy fingers grasp holding on
to the numbing reality of feeling
so unfeeling without knowing
what it is to be loved in the sense
of receiving care and warmth
while never having to give
the same in return

and
yes

time in essence grows older
and the hands
on the ancient time piece
have grown old and bent
and no longer hold
onto the truth

as it has so tirelessly
time after time
devoting its very purpose
to telling without revealing
then revolving into a reverse
systematically suspicious
way of doing what appears
to be normal
although somewhat
unorthodox pragmatic play
upon which the religions of a few
feed in a frenzy
devouring not only flesh
but the very souls wandering
lustfully and aimlessly
across the time traps and fires
burning a freezing thinly veiled open field
where dorothy once ran amongst the poppies
on her way to oz,
sadly, the clouds cried
blue silvered tears streaking down
window panes in the houses
deep inside the mushroom forest
where it is safe
to dream any desired dream
to awaken to total and complete darkness
no eyes will never see
but ears will pick up the sound as
the rain falls somewhere
so slowly and softly
upon the awakening ground
where flower petals
a rosy velvet tenderly reach out to feel

(9-21-1974)

Kyle Schlicher

Dreams

They come in the night
As I sleep unsuspectingly.
They come in different colors
Many shades of fear.
I am vulnerable
My defenses at rest
My guard lowered.
The past digs
Claws at me
With bleeding fingers.
I twist and turn
Feverishly writhing
In somnolent discomfort.
I am trapped
Naked and unarmed
As I turn to face my demons
Shouting damning accusations.
Their teeth numerous and shining
Tiny and sharpened
Poised to begin
The feeding frenzy
On yet, another night.

(7-03-1977)

Kyle Schlicher

Drive

signs
are planted
along the roadside.
directions
to follow
for those lost,
not knowing
the destiny
of the pavement
leading them on.

drive
long
deep
into the night
sleep
will not come.
it does not matter
for the highway
never ends,
it keeps
on stretching out
in front of the curious.

drive
with eyes
looking straight ahead.
never looking back.
in the rear view mirror
the past
holds
no future
only a memory
of the adventure.
the highway is empty
of regret
it holds no secrets.

drive

through the winding
curves
complete with
untruths,
ceremonial
circumstances
lost in superstition
draped
in motives
only
the chosen few
shall remember.

feel
the unevenness
of
this existence.
it
is our
chosen path.

white lines
painted
by wizards,
magical beings,
they have decided
our direction.

night
darkness
shining
in a moment
of indecision.
to burn
or
to freeze
alone
or in the company
of insignificant
debris.

drive

the revolution
has begun.
it needs
to gather
momentum
to break free
of the orbit
it has
been circling in
around
the discontented
masses.

drive
until
you can see
the end.
only then
will
you know
where
the road leads
and
life
begins.

(4-03-1974)

Kyle Schlicher

Driving In Traffic

driving in traffic
today
is
more
dangerous
than
driving
race cars.

this
is
because
race car drivers
are alert,
focused
and
sober.

they are too busy
paying
attention
and
trying
to
stay
alive
rather
than
worrying about replying
to
a
stupid
text message.

(12-30-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Drowning In Peace

relaxing
body
hanging
listlessly
then
sinking
plummeting
struggling
for
the bottom
until
then rising
toward
the surface
following
the
bubbles
escaping
reaching
for
the blue
sky.

(10-15-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Dying Flowers

there beside the headstone
in the bright sunshine,

dying flowers.

(8-17-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

Each Hour

each hour has sixty
minutes, sixty seconds in each
to think about you

7-16-1977

Kyle Schlicher

Each Year Around This Time

the season
decorated
with
memories,
thoughts.

each year
a few
more
tears are held back,

not crying
somehow
becomes
just a little easier with time.

the season
brings
red,
blue and green lights
flashing

OFF AND ON
ON
AND
OFF

keeping steady time

an imaginary heartbeat

i pretend
is
his

each year
around
this
time.

(11-26-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Eavesdropping At The Chemo Center

today i overheard
a patient
at
the chemo center
while
she was talking
to
a relative.

she was saying
how
she is used
to
the pain.

this woman is tall
and
very thin.

her arm shakes uncontrollably.

her voice is strained, an octave
too high.

it sounds as if
it is a great effort
for her
just
to speak.

she is used to the pain
and
the discomfort.

this is one tough, courageous woman.

(From The Series Of Poems Written At The Chemo Center)
(6-27-2016)

'
Kyle Schlicher

Edgard Varese

i hear
strange,
these strange
sounds.
i want
to turn,
turn
them
off
but i am,
i am
enchanted
by the
freedom,
free-
dom
i experience
as the sounds,
the
sounds
bombard
my
senses.

(5-17-1977)

Kyle Schlicher

Emphasis

hard core
unrestrained
reserve
serves no one
lavishing
high praise

UPON

those in need
of this attention
getting
device
spitting

OUT

misinformation
on a most usual
daily basis
shifting
into
high
gear

ONCE

the machine
is well oiled
and
running
smoothly.

2-15-2000

Kyle Schlicher

Empty Roll

so. life has evolved
to
this.

toilet paper.

the haves
and
the
have nots.

4-05-2020

Kyle Schlicher

Etheree In D Minor

to
mostly
untrained ears
the sound coming
forth often transcends
the timeless melodies
coming in audible waves
splashing down upon the senses
of the fortunate few listening
to the cascading music in wonder.

6-26-2015

Kyle Schlicher

Evidence

the sea
the beach running alongside it.

the sun
rising like a hot stone from the water.

the sea oats
persistence personified
as they struggle
to maintain their grip in the sand.

i see
all i need to know
and understand.

(7-17-1981)

Kyle Schlicher

Execution Is Everything

love,
blindfolded,
there
in
front
of the wall,

was
offered
a last cigarette
before

we
killed
it off
once
and
for
all.

(6-22-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Experience This Time

Experience this time.
This place.
This moment.

Friends come and go.

Enemies remain the same.

The night screams
in mutli-color dreams.

LISTEN

This
is the nightmare.
If it fits
wear it the night long.

KNOW THIS

Nothing comes of nothing.

Useless attempt
becomes labored.
Life
becomes redundant
in the scheme of things.

Look both ways
before crossing the street.

THE MANIAC IS LOOSE.

He can't see life
existing
without exposing himself.

DANGER.

There is danger
riding high in the night.

Touch the thrill.

Taste the razor
sharp with sensation.

KNOW THIS.

Time
trickles timidly
away,
away.

THE TRUTH IS:

The executioner

Stands silent
ready
for only he is alert
willing
to
experience this time.

THE BLADE FALLS SWIFTLY.

The heads roll
rolling
one after the other
down
the
aisle
with eyes alive
wide open
screaming
in
silence
at the horror
of things to be.

(9-28-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Eye Of The Needle

trying
to
get up
and
out of bed

struggling
through
each morning
to
get
to
each
afternoon
to
to
get
to
each
nighttime

only
to go to sleep
once
again
and
then
wake up
and
then
do it all over
again
is
somewhat
about
the
equivalent
of
a

blind man
trying
to
thread
a #7 needle

(5-11-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Facial Character

each day
my face sags
a little more
with
new wrinkles,
creases
adding to its
already charming
character.

(9-08-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Fade Into Tomorrow

snapshot of the solution
fading
into
black and white.

edges frayed
as one end
leads
into
another
and
the process
A+B = connection
complete.

circuit terminated.

systems

up and running.

effort = end result.

gentlemen,
morning is a go.

(9-05-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Falling

falling hard

your arms

eni

p n

o g

my

parachute

(4-19-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

February, 1968

Today I asked 4 Marines what day of the week it is.
No one knew.
No one has a real calendar.
The only calendars hanging up
Are what we call Short Timers Calendars.
It is a calendar in the shape of the female body
Divided into parts numbered 1 through 100.
Once a Marine hits 100 days to go
He gets of these calendars
And begins coloring in the appropriate day
Beginning with the number 100.
Numbers 3,2 and 1 are the favorite parts
On the calendar for a Marine or any man for that matter.
When a Marine colors in number 1 he kisses it
Because his tour is over and he is leaving Vietnam.
Finally, someone said Armed Forces Radio said it was Thursday.
Thursday, February 29,1968.
Just my luck to arrive over here in a leap year.
I'm so lucky it just might get me killed.

(2-29-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

Feeling Sorry For Ourselves

this is one thing
i
will not tolerate.

in my way of thinking
this
would
be
giving in
to the illness.

thus,
you will never see or hear us
feeling
sorry
for ourselves.

i
will
not
allow
this to happen.

(From The Series Of Poems Written At The Chemo Center)
6-29-2016

Kyle Schlicher

Final Thoughts (For Joycelyn)

our
love
transcends this life.

your eyes may close.
the light
may
leave
your soul.

your hand
may
grow cold
as
i hold it
for the last time.

your lips
may
not respond
to our final kiss.

my heart
may
beat
alone
once you have departed.

all this is acceptable
for
we are forever
and
our
love
transcends this life.

10-18-2018

Fine Dining

i love the m-1 units.

hoping to get beefsteak,
anything will be ok,
except for ham and lima beans,
they suck.

fruit cocktail, d-1, is a plus!

Hey, who wants my cigarettes?

(3-08-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

Finger Painting

finger painting in
dark
red
blood
the artists step away
as
the corpsman grabs the brush
and
tries to save the painting.

(12-25-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

First Day Of Chemo At North Park

the sun was shining
as i stepped
away
from
the
hospital entrance.

heat was rising
higher
against
the day.

i walked thru the parking lot,

turned the corner
where
the
blue dumpster
sat in silence.

then,
i crossed
over
the bridge
between
the
fence posts
and
walked onto
the heat absorbing asphalt.

the bookstore
waited
patiently
as i walked
thru
the
rising heat,

i needed some relief.

(7-22-2007)

Kyle Schlicher

Fixing To Leave

the door

is

open

the walkway

is

clear.

the sun

is

shining.

time

to say

goodbye.

(8-05-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

Flowers Go Unpicked

i don't see her
in the mornings anymore.
her garden untended.

she died last week.
time and old age finally
caught up with her.

weeds begin to sprout
where she would toil everyday,
flowers go unpicked.

(4-22-1978)

Kyle Schlicher

Flowers Growing

in
my
mind
the
flowers grow
/
purple
blue
rusty red
yellow
all
with
green stems
/
each
day
i
watch
in
wonder
as
the color
breaks
open
like
an
egg
spilling
across
my
mind

///

10-10-2016

Flying Lesson

once upon a dream

i thought i could fly

soaring high

higher

before falling

awakening

upon impact

(7-27-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Foot Fetish

the freak was alienated
by society,

flagged
for being truthful.

respect coming
in sudden bursts
of
admiration.

the question was posed,

such
beautiful feet
was
the
reply.

such
beautiful feet
deserve
an adoring audience.

such
beautiful feet
deserve
to be
wrapped
in
old glory.

her legs,

her hair,

her face,

but, ohhhh

her feet.

.....yes.....

such beautiful feet.

to celebrate his liberation

he drinks the champagne

from her slipper,

bubbles

tickling his fantasy.

(10-11-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Footprints

images of ghosts
left behind in sandy bottom
leading the way

(8-13-1971)

Kyle Schlicher

Footprints On The Ceiling

do not get there easily.

it is a skill obtained,
only,
by much practice.

drugs and alcohol
greatly
enhance
the
effort.

(6-29-1978)

Kyle Schlicher

For Whatever Reason

A need exists
to not be alone

To have
someone
listen
as I speak

To see past today

To touch
someone
who
understands

Reasons
are there
and
time
will
coexist
with them

For whatever reason.

(1-18-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Forever

gentle pool of water

tiny waves

rippling

through my thoughts

i have come to rest here

(11-01-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Forgotten Moon

The darkness
of
night
disappeared
leaving
the moon
shining
in the sky
outside
my window.

(3-03-1982)

Kyle Schlicher

Fortune Cookie

in the mirror
the truth
is
visible
but
one has to
look first

(3-03-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Freak And Fracking

fracking
pastime

worries
collecting
due futures

water
water everywhere

madness
pillaging
the
landscape

(12-10-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Frog (Challenge Word From Shelly)

morning arrived at last

.....

and

then

.....

it croaked

(5-11-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Garbage Poems

Seems
I spend all day
writing
and
then
digging
out from underneath
all the words
piling up
like
so much garbage
at the landfill.

(2-23-1972)

Kyle Schlicher

Gathering Mushrooms

it is a damp,
dark
depressing place.

the sun
has no need to shine there.

it requires
no
visitors.

peat moss
and
compost
adorn
the
landscape.

row
after
row

gleaming white

miniature
tombstones

growing in concerned captivity.

old caretaker,
frayed sack in hand
moves
carefully,
joints
creaking
in the dank air.

one
by

one
with
fingers
nimble

he selects

only
those
predestined

to vacant

this
graveyard
growing
in the
putrid pool
of
cimmerian isolation.

(9-21-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Gentle Rain Falling

makes not a sound upon
leaves of the trees

touching the softness
of a moment standing still
feel a need swelling

sleepy rhythm beats
eyes close, dreams dancing under
gentle rain falling

(5-17-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Getting By

morning 2: 30AM

i am up with my cup of coffee

before the town is waking and moving about.

I open the front door

and step outside,

a breeze is blowing,

I smell the water upon the wind.

I take a deep breath to relax

as I stare across the bay

at light reflections shimmering,

dancing on the water's surface.

I turn, walking back inside.

I sit down in the florida room,

pick up the remote,

turn on the television

and then i punch in

the 3 numbers for the new age music channel.

this is what i do before 3AM

most

every

morning.

(10-24-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Glitches In The Countdown

control room gloom
no launch date
countdown
interrupted
PINK SLIPS
duplication in triplicate
happy hour
begins 3PM
locally
engineers reading
help wanted classifieds
need not apply
toilets flushing
backed up
nowhere to flow
heat shields
activated:

houston
we have a problem

10-09-1999

Kyle Schlicher

Gloomy Day

wind swirling gray clouds
depression accompanying
change in the weather

(11-17-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Going Home

32,000 feet
high

above

the earth's surface,

i am safe
inside
a metal cocoon,

flying
home.

wondering,

if
i
still
belong.

2-04-1969

Kyle Schlicher

Good Night Miss Kitty

Good night
Miss Kitty.

Curl up
and
sleep
in
peace.

I
miss
you.

(12-22-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Goodnight

it is dark.

very little starlight.

just a sliver of moon.

i smell the sandbags,
rifle oil
and
bug juice.

my watch is over.

i very gently awaken
the other marine
in the bunker.

he jumps wide awake
then quickly remembers
where he is.

0200, you're up
i tell him.

thanks,
he says
as he assumes his position
to peer out
into the same darkness
i had been looking into for 2 hours.

I curl up against the sandbags.

goodnight.

(11-04-1968)

Goose Stepping In Rhythm With The Cause

none of us get along with each other.

this is why we have both
smooth and crunchy peanut butter.

one will suffice should you not be allergic
to the taste of peanuts.

do not watch the news.

it has been proven
to be bad for your health.

people who watch the news
die sooner or later.

the bureau of statistics made that one up.

don't listen to them.

they lie 81.425875 per cent of the time.

measles are on the way back.

the common cold is becoming more common.

pharmaceutical firms blink in innocence.

merely a coincidence,
wouldn't you suppose?

hatred and intolerance are increasing.

muslims and christians can't agree on god
even though they worship the same one.

sibling rivalry taken to the extreme.

texas has decided to annex czechoslovakia,

more breathing room is necessary
if austria is join the lone czar state.

indiana hates us too.
they refuse to send flowers
to our funerals.

children are wearing uniforms to school.

cute little swastikas on arm bands
adorning tiny arms:

mein Enkel hat sie gebacken, im kindergarten.

heil to the chief.

the republic lingers on.

governor scott has decreed
salvation exists in the almighty dollar

if you have one left over.

du schuldest mir etwas herr scott.

brace yourself,
the best is about to hit the fan.

go out and buy a raincoat.

you're going to need it.

4-12-2015

Kyle Schlicher

Grounded

aerodynamics
working
in reverse

mechanical failure
explained
satisfactorily

airborn streaming
terminal
illness

radar screen
bliplless
buzzing

aluminum alloyed
fears

frequent flyer
miles
in question

baggage
goes
unclaimed

deserted tarmac
filled
with
tumbleweeds

3 point landings
over
and
out

(1-04-2016)

Growing Older

reflexes slowing.

eyes yellowing
squinting
in bright sunlight
struggling
with
the written word.

muscles
aching
sagging
in love with gravity.

unintended
silence
surrounding
occupied
space.

memory fading
into
the
distant
river
swiftly
running
away
from
me.

each day
is
further
poisoned
by
the
passage
of

time.

(4-05-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Haiku And Fruit

sweet color brightens
citrus in dancing sunlight
life in balance

(6-15-1981)

Kyle Schlicher

Hanging In There

Looking behind myself
I see nothing.

Nothing chasing me.

Looking side to side.

Nothing.

Looking straight ahead
I see nothing.

Nothing.

Nothing at all.

(1-23-1999)

Kyle Schlicher

Hanging On

another day
to
be
followed
by
another night
to
be
filled
with
another nightmare
of
another
time
another
place
where
innocence was lost
in
another
life
so
long
ago.

(8-13-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

Happy Summer Rain

nesting birds cooling
under raindrops falling soft
happy summer rain

(7-25-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

Harmony In Marriage

he said,
'it feels good
here in the water.'

she said,
'it does? '

'yes, it does, '
he said.

'that's good.'
she said.

'yes, it is.'
he said.

i love you.'
he said.

'yes, i know.'
she said.

(8-26-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Have You Ever Walked Alone In The Woods?

have you ever walked
alone
in the woods
keeping
a watchful eye out
for snakes
of the poisonous variety?

have you ever walked
alone
in the woods
not knowing
when you
were going to turn back?

have you ever walked
alone
in the woods
reveling in that
powerfully strong,
fragrant
woody smell?

everyone should do this
at least
one time
before they die.

please hurry.

The woods
will not be there
forever
at the rate
mankind
is cutting them down.

(5-29-2005)

Hear The Rain Typing

hear the rain typing
words on the roof of the porch
a poem in the storm

(7-02-1973)

Kyle Schlicher

Helen Keller

i complain about simple things,
people,
waiting in line,
the heat,
nothing on tv.
then,

i remember about her,

reading her life story,
watching the movie
wondering
about
what
she went through
in real life

and

never giving up.

she was a much stronger
human being
than
i
ever
will be.

(6-01-2004)

Kyle Schlicher

Her

she spans each morning
just
to hear it cry

the clouds flee from her
seeking
somewhere safe to hide

she closes the windows
fearing
the song of birds singing

she looks at the old pictures
living
the past over and over

she lives alone now

but

I will never forget her

(2-17-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Here I Am

here i am,
sitting on the deck
my feet up
on
the
rail,
a cold beer
in
my hand.

a pink floyd cd
playing.

i just don't see how
it can get
any better than this,

at least
for me, that is.

6-08-2006

Kyle Schlicher

Here I Am Today

here i am

just
as
advertised

free

thinking

today
tomorrow
yesterday

wanting more

(4-14-1981)

Kyle Schlicher

Hey Mom!

hey mom!
can you hear me?

just want you to know
i've missed you
and
dad
over the years.

i never knew what a relief
it was just to visit,
to sit and talk with you.

when i'm down
i sometimes worry
that i disappointed you
beginning
with the time
i joined the marine corps
instead of going to college
like you wanted me to.

sorry about that mom.

and i know
we both suffered
with the deaths
of all the loved ones
we knew;
but,
hey mom,
your strength
always shone through
the knifelike
pain and hurting.

i took great solace
in that strength
and i believe

it made me
a stronger person.

now,
the years
have slowly passed by
until i am older
than you and dad
were when you died.

i just want you
to know
i don't fear death,
no, not in the least,
and i believe
that is a trait
i inherited from you.

i truly believe
you were the strongest person
i've ever known
in my entire life.

but,
hey mom,
i was just thinking
about you
and
dad
hoping
you were happy
with the way
i turned out!

hey mom!
can you hear me?

you know
i love you!

(3-30-2015)

Hoarder

a long time ago
in a lifetime
in
another part
of
this universe
i learned
how
to
hoard
emotion;
how to push it down
deep,
keeping it
where i store
everything
else.

pushing on it
harder
as
it
tries to rise
to see the light of day.

just pushing on it,
pushing
on
it
pushing
ti
down
deep,
deep,
deeper
and then
pushing on it
some
more.

(From The Series Of Poems Written At The Chemo Center)
(7-01-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Holding Dew Drops

HOLDING DEW DROPS

the evening
turning
over
relaxes
and
lets fall
the tiniest
of
tears.

(9-13-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

Hope

hope
is
a
fleeting
butterfly of euphoria
always
floating
just
beyond
our
reach

From The Series Of Poems Written At The Chemo Center
(7-20-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

How Cancer Works

cancer
affects the patient,

the spouse,

the
parents,
friends
and
family.

cancer is an equal opportunist.

(From The Series Of Poems Written At The Chemo Center)
(6-27-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

How I Love You

how i love you
past the point of breaking my arm
which i would gladly do

(11-07-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

How Left Handed People Think

left handed people think
just like right handed people do
only
with
a
little
more
PiZZ^azZ.

6-10-1975

Kyle Schlicher

How Many Mornings?

How many mornings?

A question,
as of yet unanswered.

How many sunrises,
rainy dawns?

How many times
waking to the birds
singing
as darkness
becomes
the light?

How many more?

How many more?

I really do not want to know.

(8-17-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

How My Heart Beats

watching the birds
at the feeder,

chickadees,
red winged blackbirds,
finches,
cowbirds,
tufted titmice,

all of them
existing
in
splendid harmony,

how my heart beats.

(6-02-2007)

Kyle Schlicher

How To Bury Grief

i was in country
about four months before
the war got too close.

as we stood there
looking down
at what was once
our
friends
i learned
how to bury grief.

how to bury it deep,
deeper
and
deeper.

it worked every single time.

every
single
time.

(Chu Lai RVN 8-29-68)

Kyle Schlicher

Hummingbird

hearing before seeing
wings beating the air senseless
oh, there you are

(5-04-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Hunger

watching you moving
so gracefully, a feeling
stirs deep inside me

(6-02-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Hungry

eyes saying nothing
growing emptiness inside
churns beneath the need

(9-17-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

Hurry Along

Hurry along,
come running with me,
the sunset
is
fading
fast.

(1-31-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

I Am Bleeding

I am bleeding
And it does not feel.

(5-11-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

I Am Ready

death would
not
surprise me.

I know
all
about
it.

It will
not
sneak up
on
me.

i know death
for
what
it
is:

inevitable.

(7-09-2007)

Kyle Schlicher

I Am Sinking

i am
sink
ing.

sink
ing
into
this
bottomless
pit
of
uncertainty.

something
is
not
right.

something
is
wrong.

it hurts
to
think
so
no thinking
allowed.

i
just
want
to be
happy.

(4-12-2000)

Kyle Schlicher

I Am Tired Before My Time

I am tired
before
my time.
I have
memories
I cannot leave behind.

Can't you see
I am
unable
to grasp
the fundamental things
they so easily
stripped
from
my being.

My mind
has
a clasp
that keeps the secrets in
and
the
strangers
out.

(1-23-1970)

Kyle Schlicher

I Am Waiting In The Garden

I am waiting
in the garden
which does not grow.

Thirst
overcomes my need.

Time stretches tight
against the sky.

As the day closes
enter thru the gate.

The path runs
before you.

The course
is
predetermined.

I am here
alone.

It is time.

And

I am waiting on you.

(9-26-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

I Am Writing These Words

i am writing these words
in a darkened
windowless room

outside
a cotton candy sunrise
is surely
existing in real time

no witness
am
i
to supposed glory

the earth spins
regardless

some of us
must
bow down
worshipping
something
invisible to the mind

my only thought
too bad this room has a doorway

(1-09-2000)

Kyle Schlicher

I Can See The End

i can see the end
off in the distance.

I haven't far to go
or long to get there.

i can feel it
getting
closer.

my heart races
in expectation.

it is almost time
to
say
goodbye.

(11-30-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

I Can See You

Time
cannot
ease
my pain.

The rain
will
always
fall.

Sometimes I want.

Other times I need.

My heart
cries
memories
in desperation.

I look back.

I stare into the past.

My eyes are tired.

They strain
with
the effort

until

I
can
see
you.

(10-28-1976)

I Can Smell You

hatred
has its own

distinctive

odor hanging about.

it lingers

a long time,

a long,

l o n g

time

after
you
have
walked away.

(3-16-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

I Can Still Smell The Village

after swimming,
lying by the pool
i close my eyes,
relaxing in the sun.

i can see the palm trees,
the blue sky
and white clouds.

i smell the air,
heavy with diesel fuel,
other odors mingling
with it.

some kind of meat cooking,
scented smoke gently rising
from the fire,

fish and rice
simmering in sauce
of an unknown variety.

outdoor bathrooms,
water buffalos and dogs,

a hint of napalm
hanging on the wind
blowing in from the southwest
where echoes of explosions
are never mistaken
for the sound of thunder.

8-23-2014

Kyle Schlicher

I Can Tell

we are all made
of atoms,
molecules,
cells
and so forth
so i've been told.

now,
i'm not a scientist,
however,
i can tell when someone
needs to have
it all
rearranged.

(4-30-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

I Can't Say Enough

people
want to talk to me.

i don't have much to say.

i've always been like this,
quiet,
into myself;

however,
i do think a lot.

too much, so i've been told.

people say,
slick,
you think too much.
quit thinking
so much.

ok, i'll say to them,
i'm not thinking for a while.

they'll say, good,
now let's talk.

ok, i'll say.

so then,
we'll sit there for a while.

and then,
i'll begin thinking again.

they'll say,
you don't have much to say,
do you?

i'm sorry,

what did you say?

i was busy thinking.

(5-11-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

I Can'T Wait Until June Cleaver

the perfect woman
tv guide
once stated.

'she is a pearl
and
she wears a string of them.'

she was mother
to a normal family
living
in mayfield usa.

she kept the house clean,
made breakfast, packed lunches,
and wore very little make up
on her perfect pretty face.

her days were boring
as she had nothing
to do while sitting backstage
waiting on the kids
to come home from school.

she began drinking
the second season.

this boozing affected
her relationship
with the rest of the cast:

'I can't work like this'
she protested when having
to drink milk
during the dinner scenes.

her pearls began to lose their sheen
in the glare of the spotlight.

'ward, ' she demanded
in episode 127 scene 13,
'wash the f***ing dishes yourself.'

she had an affair with fred.

ward was devastated.

ratings dropped.

throughout it all
she maintained that angelic look.

sputnik plummeted to earth
in a fiery demise.

the rest is television history.

don't touch that dial.

4-11-2015

Kyle Schlicher

I Cut Out The Words For This Poem

i cut out
the words for this poem
from various magazines
and pasted them
together
on a blank sheet of paper.

it says the same thing
as if i'd written it out
in
long
hand.

a wasted effort
in
more
than
one
way.

(8-17-1980)

Kyle Schlicher

I Do Don't You?

he sat there
staring off
into the distance
seeing
nothing.

she walked in the room,
saw him,
and
asked

what are you doing?

thinking.

thinking?

yeah, thinking.

'bout what?

about dying.

dying?

yeah, dying.

what about dying?

i was just thinking
that
now would be a good time for dying,
don't you?

she didn't answer.

she didn't need to.

(5-13-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

I Don't Do Sonnets

modern movement

lackadaisical
intellect

incandescent innocence

neglected need

focus
feinting
farewells

rebellious rascal
squinting
sideways
relentless
in
reticence

envelope pusher

paper cuts
bleeding
across
the
empty
page

red tears
resisting
taciturn
traditionalist
twisting
in
the
wind

(11-07-1974)

Kyle Schlicher

I Don'T Have To Tell You That

Lonely feeling
comes
deep
with each day.

The struggle
to maintain
worsens
with
each night,
Christmas,
birthdays
and
while watching
the other
children
laughing
and playing.

Somehow,
we try to get through
the
eternal sadness
by trying
not
to think
about it.

However,
the water flows
over
the
dam
regardless.

But, then
again,
I
don't

have
to tell you that.

(1-12-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

I Don't Know Anymore

the blue sky
moon hanging useless
needless suffering
the darkness of pain
a country quietness
useless city noise

grief
love
hate
joy
happiness

trees blooming in april
bees buzzing flowers
crows squawking
the serenity of october
silence of midnight
loss of a loved one?

compassion
anger
tears
laughter
denial

what is it
all
about?

i need to know.

(8-15-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

I Don't Wanna Hear Blue Sky

i don't wanna hear
the long version of blue sky.

for some reason,

some far off the wall

really

weird reason,

it makes me sad,

just
makes
me
want to cry.

(8-05-2003)

Kyle Schlicher

I Don'T Want To Go

setting sun
takes me
away
blue sky
turning
dark
cries out in loneliness

(4-22-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

I Envy The Rats

We have some big,
mean looking rats
over here.
They are not afraid of us
that's for sure.

They act like
they own the place.
Like we are
in the way
and owe them a meal.

They are everywhere
including the bunkers.

I guess
they don't like being shelled either.

I try not to leave
anything edible
out where they can find it.

I always shake my boots out
just in case
one is sleeping in them.

Also,
I never stick my hand
inside an opening
I can't see in.

They will bite.

They have tiny,
razor like teeth
that I swear
shine in the dark.

As disgusting

as they are,
how I envy them.

They are home
where they belong
and
I am
over
here
where
they tolerate
my presence
for yet another night.

(8-17-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

I Feel The Flowers Growing

The pain is slow
as they grow.
It hurts so much
As I touch
Their
tender
softness.

(3-17-1977)

Kyle Schlicher

I Forget

Every once in a while
I forget.

I forget the pain.

Hurt.

Despair.

Loneliness.

I forget the emptiness.

Guilt.

Every once in a while
I forget.

Until
the
moment
I remember.

2-27-1977

Kyle Schlicher

I Found Time

the day was tired
and
slow.

clouds hung lazily
against
a background of blue.

the wind
tried gathering
its breath
but, to no avail.

the heat
grew steamy
as the sun
climbed overhead.

a shade tree
offered relief
where
the grass was cool.

i walked over to it
and
sat down.

i had nothing to do
and
i found time
to do it.

(7-22-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

I Give To You This Task

breathe,
become your breath,
eternal peace.

breathe,
hold time close
to your heart.

look,
the bird flies away.

(5-19-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

I Grow Tomatoes

i grow tomatoes
while living
in peace
within my own
private space.
no one intrudes-
points a weapon
at me -
crosses
my
property line
in single file
with
radio antennas
dancing
in the air.

i
grow
tomatoes
while dreaming
in the after-
noon sunshine
as
i sleep/
growing older/
along
with
the
tomatoes.

(7-12-2004)

Kyle Schlicher

I Have A Problem With Picasso

i have a problem with picasso.

my mind can't bend
contort
along with his images
dancing
upon the canvas
escaping from
the concept of what
is allowed
and
what is freedom
to think
outside
the norm.

to stand wondering
gazing into the storm.

(2-17-1974)

Kyle Schlicher

I Have Left Myself

The unknown
fascinates
teases
the known.

Look, here it calls.

Here!

Here lies the answer
to old
forgotten questions
dying
in the dust
beneath the bed.

The unknown
glowers
in semi reprehension
at the vileness
with which
the truth has spoken.

Look, here it shouts!

Here.
Herein is the simple
spoken truth
dying a diseased death.

The unknown
is leaving.

I must leave with it.

(3-06-1999)

I Have Lived

i have lived
and
i shall die,

so much in between.

7-08-2007

Kyle Schlicher

I Have My Dreams

i have my dreams
they never leave me for very long.

i am young again
standing tall against the dangerous night.

my dreams hold me here in this time.

i am young again
struggling to stay alive just more more day.

my dreams tease and torment me.

i am young again
wanting only to grow old like everyone else.

my dreams
my dreams

my dreams know my deepest darkest secrets.

i am young again
tired, dirty and bleeding into the darkness.

my dreams
my dreams

some would call them their nightmares

my dreams
my dreams

(5-13-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

I Held You In My Arms

i held you in my arms
felt the life
leaving you
and
i was never so helpless
in
my
life.

(9-13-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

I Hurt Now

the numbness
months ago
subsided.

fleeting time. a memory
becoming
frozen in isolation.

what's it all about?

the pain. this
loneliness.
this
lack of concentration.

i was supposed to be

stronger!

than this.

5-10-2020

Kyle Schlicher

I Knock On The Garden Door

I knock on the garden door.

I wait

as no one answers.

I knock again,

no answer.

I push the door open

and walk inside.

Sunlight streams

off the rose bushes,

shadows on the grass.

Ivy climbs clinging

to the tree bark.

Wild flowers

lean toward the warming light.

A hummingbird rides

upon invisible wings.

Water trickles over

rocks in place.

Listen closely,

the heart of the garden beats.

Strange.

My knock went unanswered.

(5-13-1973)

Kyle Schlicher

I Know A Secret Place

i know a place
where the wind gently blows
where the grass is green
serene.

i know a place
where i can sit in peace
at total ease.

i know a place
where water runs
blue
and
calm.

i know a place
where i can hide
deep
deep in thought.

i know a secret place.

(5-12-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

I Know Where Today Runs

when i was
a child
living in
posey hollow
i saw today's
shadow
running
underneath
the front porch.

(4-11-1972)

Kyle Schlicher

I Like Broccoli

i don't give a damn

what you think

or

say

about it.

i like broccoli.

so there.

(3-08-2000)

Kyle Schlicher

I Like Old Fashioned Clocks Better

this morning i was watching
the digital clock
on
my computer.

it read 4: 42
and
so
i typed in 4: 44! ! !
on
facebook
and
waited
and
waited
and
waited
for the digital clock
to
move to 4: 44.

then, i waited some more.

i waited
and
i waited
and
i waited.

finally
4: 44
came into view
and i
posted 4: 44! ! !

it seemed to be an eternity
for
less
than

two minutes to pass.

right then and there
i decided
i like
the
old fashioned clocks
with
a sweeping second hand.

the anticipation factor
is much less
as it is possible
to view
the
oh so precious seconds
passing
away
into the past.

then, i thought about you
and
how
i wish
i had those last 2 minutes
i spent with you
to
live
all over again.

i'd do it. i really would.

the pain & hurt
would
be
worth
each sweet second that passed
there
between us
on that afternoon
of
November 2,2018.

i'd give anything
to watch
those
precious seconds
ticking
away
on
the face
of an old fashioned clock.

anything.....

1-15-2019

Kyle Schlicher

I Looked Up At The Sky And Didn'T See You

i looked up
at the sky and didn't see you.

it was then
that i knew
i
was
all
alone
in
this world.

(1-24-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

I Must Make Preparations

i need to get it going.

a list of chosen friends
and relatives to attend
my farewell party.

a list of music
to be played is of utmost
importance,
i cannot trust anyone else
to choose the right songs.
it will be a short list
of the music that made me
look deep inside myself
for a reason to be.

a short good bye letter
to be read is also in order.
short and sweet
and to the point.

the beach in new smyrna
will be my chosen place
to toss my ashes to the wind.

time is running out.
i must make preparations.

(3-05-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

I Owe Her

before
i could breathe i was
underwater
safe
and
being
watched
over
by my mother. she who
gave
me
life.

7-09-1972

Kyle Schlicher

I Saw Her Hitchhiking

I saw her on the crowded freeway
trying to catch a ride.

She stood there facing traffic
unafraid of the metal monsters
flying by and at her.

Her head dress was crooked,
her arms were full
as she tried thumbing a ride
from one of the drivers
who couldn't see her.

She was invisible to them
one and all.

I watched as she lit the torch
she had been carrying,
then she held it high.

Surely,

this would attract attention.

Surely,

someone now
would give her a ride.

I saw her standing there
with her torch blazing
enduring this tragic injustice.

She was alone.

No one cared about her,
no one knew who she was.

i thought to myself,

can this be happening?

I just stood there bewildered
dumbfounded, watching

as Miss Liberty

tried to catch a ride.

(4-23-2002)

Kyle Schlicher

I See In The Dark

it is a skill
i can't
explain.

i see
the hurt.

i see
the pain.

10-14-1976

Kyle Schlicher

I See My Clouds

no sunshine?

so what?

i do not really care.

look there
in the gray sky,

i see my clouds.

(5-17-2007)

Kyle Schlicher

I Sit Here

my chair is occupied.

i will attempt to mend
this broken mood.

my hands
are busy with
the ongoing task.

my mind is over
whelmed
with the situation.

the images are
blurred.
words
lying
about
in the sun
covered

with freezer burn.

my discomfort
swells
like a giant wave
heading
for the
unsuspecting shore
until
i can no longer
distinguish
the right word
from
the wrong word.

and so
i sit here.

alone
with
nothing to do.

3-30-1977

Kyle Schlicher

I Thought I Could Fly

i climbed out on the
tree limb,
looked down,
changing
my
mind.

i thought i could fly.

(8-17-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

I Tried Like Hell

sunrise came
that morning
we
lost 8 guys.

and so
we were
sorta sitting around
saying
and
doing
nothing
when i noticed
i had blood
on my boots.

and so
i tried
rubbing
it off
but
it wouldn't
come off that easy.

my boots
were
almost a year old
and
worn
to the point
of being
almost
white
instead of black & green.

still
i tried
rubbing them
to remove the blood.

and
the blood
still
wouldn't come off.

and so
i tried
and
i tried
and again
i tried.

but,
still the blood
would not come off.

and so
i tried
and
i tried
and
i kept on
trying.

(3-17-1970)

Kyle Schlicher

I Wait For You

tell me the answer
and i shall not need to ask
the question waiting

(10-02-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

I Was Born In July

i was born
in
a house
in
graysville, tennessee
on an
ordinary
kitchen table
on the 9th morning
in the month of july

delivered
onto my mother
by
none other
than
the genteel
doctor ann hallett

and
as they say

the rest is history.

6-05-2016

Kyle Schlicher

I Was Thirteen

That summer
came swiftly upon me.
School was out for three
glorious
months.
Nothing to do except
play ball,
go swimming in the creek
and do nothing.
We were new in town.
I had already
made some new friends.
Back then all I had to do
Was grab my baseball glove
and find the local playground.
I would always
find
new friends by doing that
one little thing.
One particular
morning
I was up early
and outside
enjoying
the early sunshine.
I climbed the old tree
in the backyard
that grew beside
the Vocational Agriculture building
that was next to our house.
I climbed high enough
to drop down upon
the building.
I walked to the roof peak
and looked around at everything
below.
I was alone.
I could hide there forever!
I lay down on my back

and watched the clouds
race white against
a sky of blue.
No one could touch me there.
I was safe.
I watched the birds
as they flew about the tree.
This was my world
I was happy I was young
and not older.
I had a long time to go.
I was thirteen.

(10-07-1973)

Kyle Schlicher

I Watch The Ants

i watch the ants move
in single disciplined file
each with a reason

(7-11-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

I Watched In Wonder

gray clouds overhead
moody thoughts hanging over
my depression

raindrops falling
splashing into a puddle
ripples reflecting light

leaves dripping tiny beads
falling in unending song
hear nature singing

(5-03-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

I Will Bathe My Dreams

I will bathe my dreams
in warm tears.?
Brush their hair
dress them in dark despair?
and
only then?
will I lay them down to sleep.

5-09-2005

Kyle Schlicher

I Will Think Of You

Whenever
I see the moon
shining
lonely
in
the sky
I will think of you.

(6-16-2003)

Kyle Schlicher

I Wish I Could Remember

The day I was born.
I know for a fact
it was in July
and early
in the morning.
Was it bright and sunny?
Was it raining?

Did I make my
grand
entrance
and bow to the audience?
Say thanks to my mother
who
put in a lot of
time
and
effort
to ensure my safe arrival.

Or
did
I
come in screaming
complaining
about the entire
experience?
Demanding
milk
because I was hungry
and thirsty?

I wish I could remember
the day
my mother never forgot.

7-09-1983

I Wish I Could Say It

I wish
I could utter
the most simple of words.

To speak
what needs to be spoken
at precisely
the right moment.

I stare into your eyes.

Silence.

Only the sound
of two hearts beating.

Still the words elude me.

(5-12-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Icarus Denied

daedalus warned of complacency
advice never heeded.

a greek tragedy avoided

by a mere clipping of wings

was never to be.

death was to be born of a legend.

wings of despair
melting in the wind of failure.

(6-25-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Identity Crisis

who me?

me?

why me?

what have i ever done

to

deserve

such

undeserving

scrutiny?

last name first

first name last

now,

the questionnaire is complete.

signature

on

the

bottom line

is

required

to make it official.

i am me.

i have arrived.

(1-24-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Identity Theft

I don't know me anymore.

My virginity
has been
plucked
from
my resume.

I find myself lacking.

My credit rating
has
reached
an
all time
low.

Cosigners
avoid me
like
a
Democrat
at
the
Republican convention.

Identity theft
has rendered me
incognito.

My mirror doesn't even recognize me.

(2-02-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

If I Had My Way

stuck here in time
spinning my wheels

i am
standing
still
lost forever
in a memory
without
a chance
to move forward
on past
this hiccup in life

a weakness
has hold of me

holding on
is not an option
it is
merely
a life
or
death
decision
i must make
each
and
every
single day
for
the
rest
of
my life.

(8-15-1977)

If I Were To Write A Poem About You

if i were to write
a poem
about you
it would not be clothed.
it would lie naked
on the paper
legs spread
open
anticipating
my
next word,
the
next
line.

8-05-2007

Kyle Schlicher

Images In The Rear View Mirror

driving thru
the white lined night,

stars shining overhead.

an entire universe
existing
and
me
with nowhere to go.

wheels turning,
cd playing
our favorite song.

over
and
over

it plays from one town
to
the
next.

headlights reflecting off
highway signs,

food, gas and lodging next exit

where

countless souls

have
ventured
looking
for
something

that was not there.

eight more miles
until
the next exit

where
the
same old story

plays out

in a dingy
rundown
motel
room

complete
with cable tv.

(9-15-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

In Harmony

me in this morning
my coffee and pen in hand
the morning awaits

(9-29-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

In Limbo

betrayed by
the
passage of time
she
sits,
waiting
patiently
for
her
turn.

3-30-2016

Kyle Schlicher

In My Dream You

in my dream
you
are
dressed
in flowing white
standing
against
the wind,
one hand
held
out
in front of you
the
other hand
clutching
at your
heart
while
chopin's
nocturno opus #2
plays
in the background

8-05-2005

Kyle Schlicher

In My Dreams

in my dreams
each
night
i
see
you
patiently
waiting
there
for
me.

(12-22-1978)

Kyle Schlicher

In My Time

the past

tentacles tightening

squeezing
hard
on
my
insides

youth
left behind
years
ago

time warp
surrounding senses

nightmares holding
firmly
in
place

20 years young
dying
of
old age
already

never to understand
the
consequences

until

it was too late to move on

(12-26-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

In Recoil

Feel it.

It shutters
suddenly.

Reaction
is
swift, yet
a split second late.

Results
are nullified.

Feel it.

It comes again, again
and again.

Now,
the mind relaxes,
takes time
to examine
the complete pattern.

Now, you are
getting
there.

9-26-2014

Kyle Schlicher

In Springtime Under The Trees

in
springtime
under
the
trees
squirrels,
birds
gather
as
we put peanuts
on
the deck railing.

(5-15-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

In That Other Place

i manage to pull myself
together.
my heart is beating wildly
ginger baker like.

my head hurts, ears ringing
like church bells
on a sunday morning.

another explosion, the ground shakes
i am trying to hold it
together.

another explosion close by,
i can hear hot pieces of metal
buzzing through the air.

i bury my face, my hands
holding my helmet in place.

I think of home, many thousands of miles
away,
how i wish i was there now,

safe and faraway

in that other place.

(12-22-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

In The Early Morning

In the morning morning
I sit
alone
watching
darkness
dying.

(7-29-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

In The Garden

in the garden
the flowers grow

tears
moisten the soil

sunlight
warms
the soft petals

moonlight
sleeps
alone

8-29-1977

Kyle Schlicher

In Winter's Cry

in winter's cry
death's tears falling snowflakes
upon the graveyard

(12-16-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

Indictment Overturned

the possessed mind
is forever innocent
of not knowing
right
from
wrong.

(3-11-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

Infant Morning

i watch in wonder
infant morning crying out
another day born

(6-14-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Inner Peace Tanka

breathing slow, easy
i let go today's bad vibes
as i sit alone
raindrops falling upon me
closing my eyes i now see

(5-17-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Insignificant

a feeling
at midnight, standing
by the ocean's edge, looking
up at the big dipper.

(10-27-1983)

Kyle Schlicher

Invisible Sounds

cat in my lap,
ears
suddenly
perking up.

quickly,

turning
his head,

no longer purring,

he stares off
into
the distance
looking
for
something
i
can't
hear.

(11-17-2007)

Kyle Schlicher

It Hurts

the reason
we
cry

(5-01-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

It Is Death

early this sad morning
death came knocking
on the door.

hello, who goes there?

it is i.

death come knocking
not on the door
but rather
banging
hard
so very hard
atop the bunker.

hello, who goes there?

no answer back.

the blackened sky
burns
an eternity
bleeding
white hot
pieces of metal
flying around
looking
for the answer.

hello, who goes there?

no answer back.

(12-23-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

It Is So

the water
reflects
the
shoreline.

to
what
purpose?

why
the smile?

(From The Series Of Poems Written At The Chemo Center)
(7-13-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

It Is What It Will Be

and nothing less. or more.
in a magical garden
growing in the moonlight on the water.
a gentle splashing, spinning, ripples
in the unseen air
as she's dancing lightly
mere inches off the ground
in a peaceful place of pure spring water
hidden somewhere beyond
the sunset in the high desert.

yellow flowers, she wears them in her hair
as she waits at the spanish plaza at sunset.

moving with grace. a fawn like gentleness.
you will, first pay heed to her eyes.
they captivate. she gestures. welcomes.
her heart opened. tempting both
love. heartbreak.

like the eternal gypsy clad in flowing
colorful garments,
she follows the ruby throated hummingbirds
to the canyon where
the scent of loneliness
echoes off
the inner light and then,
yes, then, it is a feeling,
a pre-drawn destiny
sketching out
on the canvas before you.

there is something there.....if you are aware....

5-18-2020

It Is What You Do

It is unbearably hot.

You and the others
are walking
single file
down the road
approaching the village.

Getting ready,
you take a few seconds
to adjust
your equipment
one last time.

The dust
just kinda
hangs
in the air
making the heat
more visible,
more stifling.

It sticks to your
sweat covered
arms and face
much like
a piece of metal
does to a magnet.

The sweat
trickles
down
your backside
feeling like ants
crawling
over your body.

You breathe in
the heat,

it fills your lungs
with 100 degree air
contaminated
with the orange,
reddish dust.

Somehow,
you manage to keep walking.

Great effort is required
to just keep on
putting
one foot
in front of the other.

Time
after
time.

Time
and
time
again.

All the while
the heat
rises
in shimmering,
dangerous
dancing waves.

Still you keep on walking.

No one is asking why.

Because,
they all know the answer.

It is what you do.

(9-22-1972)

Kyle Schlicher

It Lives Forever

hot coffee on the go.

steaming,
rich, full bodied.

served
in
a
styrofoam cup.

carefully sipping
until
the
coffee
is
gone.

the styrofoam cup
however,
is
another
matter.

in a landfill
near
the
poor
side
of
town,

it lives forever.

(5-07-1983)

Kyle Schlicher

It Must Be The Smell

here,
above the chaos,
i sit alone.

a loneliness junkie.

i require
only
a daily
24 hour shot of solitude.

(5-13-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

It Must Have Been Terrible

my birth.

i can't remember
the most important day of my life.

i have forever
repressed the memory.

all the therapy in the world
has not,
and
can't
trigger
the release of this crucial
moment
in
my
life.

if only my final dying breath
is
just as easily
forgotten.

(4-17-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

It Was A Miracle

this morning i awoke
to darkness

then
i opened my eyes
and

LIGHT!

seeing purely
by
coincidence
i fashioned
a
reason
for my existence

no bells
no
whistles
or
eurekas
were forthcoming

somber indolence ruled

i sighed, rolled
over
and
decided
to
gave up

From The Series Of Poems Written At The Chemo Center
(7-19-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

It's A Beautiful Day In Zamunda

the sun is shining
in bright blue skies

a light breeze is blowing

spring is here
in gulfport, florida

and i feel as good
as i possibly can
under
the circumstances

(4-29-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

It's Not Dark Yet

shadows
stretching long
into the sunset

daylight
hanging on by fingertips
dim light fading

it's not dark yet

but, it's coming soon

(11-23-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

I've Seen Death

not just any ordinary
bound to happen
sooner or later
type of death
but death
in all its terrifying
horrific
obscene
ugliness
come to visit
but can't hang around
too long
type of death.

(9-09-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

Jerry

on the
darkest,
saddest day
of
my
life
you came by
the
house
to
offer
condolences
in
my
time
of
grieving.

we talked
and
walked
outside
around
the side
of the house

it was there
you cried
and
wiped
away
your
tears.

i promise you,

i'll never
forget
that

moment
in
time.

so help me,

i
never
will.

promise.

(10-27-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

John Cage Died

John Cage
died
yesterday.

Please let us observe
4'33'
of
silence
in his memory.

(8-13-1992)

Kyle Schlicher

Jonsi Singing

jonsi
singing
grow till tall
as a silence
in
my universe

takes hold of my senses

leaving
only
the

echoes

of
his
voice

(10-14-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Journey

long road

i traveled,

rutted,

potholes.

(11-23-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Junkyard

rusting relics
sleeping peacefully
amongst
the weeds and wildflowers.

(5-23-1972)

Kyle Schlicher

Just A Mangy Old Dog

it was a cur,
homeless
walking
out on the country road.

its eyes
were
not wild or cunning
but
they were defeated.

ribs showed thru
the thinning
patches of fur
as it
walked
with its tail down.

we set out
some
food and water.

it slowly approached
and
smelling
the food
overcame
its fear and caution
and
wolfed down the food.

we gave it some more.

it ate it too.

it wouldn't leave
and
we knew
we couldn't keep it.

so
for a
couple of days
we fed
and
watered it
and
treated it
with a kindness
it hadn't seen in a while.

but,
we
had
to call the humane society.

the day
they came
to pick it up
it looked at us
and
i knew
then
that it liked us.

for days
afterward
i felt so guilty
for
probably
sentencing it
to death.

(5-03-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Just Say Goodbye

put down the bag of cookies.

you never did know any better.

but, then again
that's what i always liked about you.

you have that same look in your eyes.

yes, the same look
i remember so well back when we first met.

please don't do anything differently now,
no, don't go changing on me now.

i'd rather remember you as you are.

stay real for goodness sakes,

now, go ahead,

pick up the bag of cookies and

just say goodbye.

(8-12-2003)

Kyle Schlicher

Just Wasn'T Deep Enough

Some time long ago
I put it away
without
realizing it.

For years I thought
it was over.
Thought I had won,
conquered
this feeling
of despair
and
depression.

I thought
it didn't matter
because
I didn't think about it.

I had buried it deep
underneath
layers of sleep
thinking
it would keep.

Yet, it crawls,
claws
inching
toward me!

Keeps coming
night
after
night.

I buried it,

just wasn't deep enough.

(5-15-2004)

Kyle Schlicher

Last One Off

i did not do it
on purpose.
I truly
was afraid
to get up
and
out of my seat.

i was a
stranger
in the world
i had
left behind.

15 months away
had
changed me.
only
i didn't know it yet.

the stewardess
came back
to get me.

'you ready to leave? '
she asked me
in a nice tone of voice.

'i think so'
i replied.
'i was just
waiting
for everybody
to get
out of the way.'

she smiled at me
and said
'how long

have you been gone? '

'fifteen months'
i said.

'you have a nice tan
and
it is february'
she said,
'so i guess
you were in vietnam. '

'yes, vietnam.'

she smiled
and
nodded her head.

I stood up
and
moved to the aisle
and
grabbed my
ditty bag
i had
stored overhead.

i turned
toward
the front
and the stewardess
put her arm
around me
and
we began walking
as she
escorted me
to the front
of the airliner.

i stopped
at the door

and
looked outside.
it looked cold, dreary
and
depressing.
it was,
after all,
february 4,1969.

i stepped out
onto
the portable stairs
and
a loud noise
suddenly
sounded
out of nowhere.

instinctively,
i ducked.

after all,
it was
february 4,1969
and
i had
just
returned
from vietnam.

(2-04-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

Leaving For Okinawa In The Morning

The transit hooch is busy with noise.
We have our orders
and will be leaving tomorrow.
Everyone is happy and talking.
Some are saying
let's go get drunk!
Others are saying
no way! I want to be sober in case we get hit.

Soon, the hooch is deserted except for a few of us.
Conversations revolve around home,
how much has it changed
and what we will be doing
this time next week.
In the background we can hear
rockets, mortars and gunfire.
But, we know it is a safe distance away.

Four of us decide to walk around
and look for the nearest bunker
just in case we'll need it.
We find it and try to will ourselves
to remember where it is
because we know in that split second
of an attack
we will probably revert to old habits
and be exposed for too long a time
because we are confused
about where we are.

Back at the hooch I make a decision.
I am sleeping with my jungle utilities and boots on.
I don't trust this place where I am sleeping tonight.
I lie down on my rack
and stare at the top of the hooch
as I try to relax.
My mind wanders
and as much as I hate this place
I feel like I am leaving home.

Twelve months and twenty days
I have been in country.
Fifteen months ago I said good bye
to loved ones.
I know I am one of the lucky ones.
Others never made it
and others will bear the scars
of their wounds for the rest of their lives.

Somehow, I doze off into that light sleeping mode
all of us have grown accustomed to.
Faraway firefights and explosions are of no concern.
Later, a few drunks stagger in here and there.
Some of them singing and cheering.
Soon they collapse in sleep and begin snoring.
Sometime after midnight
the first rockets scream overhead
and I am up in a flash
before the first explosion.
A few others and myself start steaming 'Incoming! '
And then we are out the door.
The drunks are slower and the last ones out.
This is one time they are on their own.
No one wants to die their last morning in Vietnam.

Overhead the flares explode
and light up the night.
Rockets and mortars are impacting in the area.
Our bunker line and the machine gunners
are busy returning the fire
and we can hear Claymores going off.
We don't have any weapons.
We are totally dependent on the bunker line defense
to keep them off of us.

We can hear the gunships up
and taking the battle to the enemy.
The arty guys are also doing that thing
they do so well.
This is all good and soon it is all over.
It didn't last long

and was never intended to do so.
The enemy loves to do this
no matter where you are in country.
It is an effective tactic
and they do it all the time.

We crawl out of the bunkers.
We are lucky.
The closest rounds missed us by 25-50 meters.
We walk back to the hooch
as if nothing has happened.
Not far away
the casualties and maybe even the dead
are being tended to
as medical personnel go rushing by.
We are unconcerned as we have a saying,
just another night in the Nam.

Morning finally breaks
and some of us walk to the mess.
It will be our final meal in country.
A few of us are acting strange and out of it.
We are definitely quieter
and keeping to ourselves.
No conversations or spoken thoughts about home.
But, I know what's on their minds
because it is on my mind.
It is the unknown.
The unknown is out there waiting on us.

The unknown.

It is the final ambush we will face.

(2-02-1969)

Kyle Schlicher

Lee Harvey Oswald

your innocence
is
suspect.
your place
in
history
secure.

the expression
of pain
on your face
will
forever
endure.

11-21-1974

Kyle Schlicher

Let It Go

sometimes

a memory can be just too strong,

clinging

to the inside of your soul,

digging

in

its heels

to protest the passage of time.

sometimes

it is best

to

just

let

go,

turn your back on it

and

just

let

it

go.

(12-23-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

Life In A Beer Commercial

beer commercials
have
all the main ingredients
for good
living.

pretty
and
well built
females.
guys
laughing
and having
plenty
of fun
while
boating
or
watching football
in the living room
or
at some nice
sports bar
or
barbecuing
in the back
yard
and
pretty
well built females
laughing
at all
the funny things
the
guys are doing.

no one
ever
gets

a hangover.

gets stopped by the police
for driving
under
the
influence.

no one
misses work
the next day
or
says something
starting
a fight
over
one
of the
pretty
and
well built girls.

no one
blows the rent money
or
car payment
in a night
of
intoxicating
stupidity.

just think
how
great
it would be
living
life
in a
beer
commercial.

(2-19-2014

Kyle Schlicher

Life In The Land Of Oz

Rainbow skies
filled
with
flying houses:

Beware,
the falling truth
soon
comes
crashing
to earth.

(2-24-1991)

Kyle Schlicher

Light Shining Through The Water

Light shining through the water
life being born.

Again

here we go

again.

Reflections shining in the mirror
the past coming alive.

Again

looking back

again.

Shadows moving in the dream
sleep will come.

Relax

the end nears

relax.

Light shining through the water
I can see you

again

and

again.

9-12-1976

Lights On The Dashboard

midnight's on the rise
moon
shining
down
hands gripping
the steering wheel
memories
riding
a lonely road
as my
sleepy
eyes
grow tired
staring straight ahead
no turning around
running
away
lights on the dashboard
leading
into
tomorrow

(2-23-1981)

Kyle Schlicher

Like All The Great Ones

to do it and do it to the max.

to breathe the air of a supreme quality,

to burn white hot across the sky.

a human comet
lighting up the darkness.

to soar high, higher and higher
to reach heights few dare to chance.

to flame out,
come crashing down to earth
with a resounding thud.

to have an epitaph that says

WHAT SPLENDID GLORY!

(6-24-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Like Pavlov's Dog

your memory ringing a bell
makes
me salivate

hungry for more

8-05-2005

Kyle Schlicher

Like Running With Scissors

One cannot fake hurt and pain.
Early on,
it is given onto some of us
in a gesture of honest
and
true faithfulness
to cherish
and
carry
with oneself
throughout
this ordeal called life.

(8-02-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

Listen

hear
the
flowers?

they cry out
in
early morning
loneliness.

listen.

(5-05-1977)

Kyle Schlicher

Listen To It

piano
crying
in the background,
sad song
penetrating
the
very
exposed
and
susceptible
membrane
of
my
soul.

memories
digging
in
for the fight tonight,
bruising
and
battering
my
tortured
existence
beyond
any
and
all concepts
of
healing.

(12-24-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

Listen To The Echoes

poets write against the war.

safe inside their rooms
they toil at the typewriter
hammering out metaphors
readers will relate to.

they don't hear the thunder,
don't gasp at the suddenness
of the human body
torn apart in its death throes.

they don't have to listen
to the rattle of a last breath.
they just sit and write
trying to imagine the agony.

they protest the brutality
of man vs man in warfare.
the utter stupidity of violent death
does not escape their attention.

poets write against the war.

but the thing is,
they do not
have to
listen to the echoes.

(4-29-1974)

Kyle Schlicher

Listen To The Worms

it is so quiet
sitting here as the sun sets,
listen to the worms.

(8-30-2008)

Kyle Schlicher

Little Girl

the mirror
is important now.
make up
and
clothes
will soon
occupy
her time.
pretty
yellow hair
brushed
is testimony
to the years.
and
in the closet
a raggedy ann doll
cries
silent tears.

(4-07-1980)

Kyle Schlicher

Lonely Is

a moment lost
as thoughts drift to the past
remembering

(2-23-1977)

Kyle Schlicher

Lonely Moon

The night
cries
soft warm tears
deep
into the morning.

Come
with
me
and
let's run off
into
the fading darkness
where
there is no pain
to talk to us.

Come
with
me
I will lead the way
and
you can hold
my hand
as we run
headlong
toward
the light
in the distance
shining
only
for
you and me.

(8-22-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

Looking Kyle In The Eyes

i hate the mirror.
it refuses
to lie to me.

is this me?

it answers,
yes, it is.

it can't be,
i argue.
this
is
not
me.

i look myself
in the eyes,
eyes
still blue
but now
tired looking.

see,
the mirror says,
i told you
it was you.

you know
i would never lie
to you.

(6-12-2013)

Kyle Schlicher

Loose Ends

daybreak

light
creeping
into the sky

birds awake singing

crows being crows

breeze blowing lightly through the trees

reason born once again

(5-04-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Losing My Edge

eyes squinting to focus
on the out of focused past

slower comes the reaction

messages from the brain
relay danger signs crawling

inching closer

caution blends in the crowded cavity
until it becomes entangled

reflexes refuse warning signals

take the lower road to safety
trespassing into known situations

the need to touch the sharpness is dying

(7-04-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Lost Ways

Lost ways,
forgotten paths to memory.

Go.

Leave this time.

Direction beckons,
follow the darkness,

it grows still
against the calmness.

It is the way.

Choose your ending
carefully.

It flows,
thru the silence.

Lament
lost time
gathering,
restless
in the corner.

9-26-2014

Kyle Schlicher

Love Is A Season

love is a season

all

onto

itself

year 'round

never

ending

2-23-2016

Kyle Schlicher

Love Must Have

love
must
have some sort
of
dignity
to
survive
the
ups
and
downs
throughout
the
years

(3-12-2003)

Kyle Schlicher

Maintaining Order In The Universe

to adhere to
a
semblance
of
a degree of organization
within
the
known
properties of time
cosmic
rejection
merely
requires
a button to push....

occasionally.....

(12-07-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Making Wine Out Of Words

words ripened,

noble rot infested,

are soon
ready to pick.

the poet
gathers the harvest
off
the vine,

word
by
word,

until the vat is full.

then,
the process unfolds,

stomping,
squishing each word

until

the juice
bubbles in turmoil

running

slowly

at first blood red
then a bright foaming pink,

as the poet
in a drunken ecstasy
laps self serving

platitudes

from the holy grail.

(9-12-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Maple Tree

maple tree, leafless
in winter's coldness, shivers
against the north wind.

(1-14-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Meant To Be

all of our memories
are tied together
with a bluegreen ribbon.

kept safe inside my head.

it
was
meant to be.

4-05-2020

Kyle Schlicher

Melody In Red

i bled for you,

because of you.

i touched your heart

watched it beating in my hands

life pulsing so warm

each beat a melody of love

touching the blue sky

under which we lay down together

to rest our souls for all eternity.

(10-15-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Memories

the last tear
you
cannot wipe away
eventually
kisses
your lips.

do you ever
think of me
in these moments lost?

was my touch
so
easy
to forget?

or does it
linger
long
after
the lights are out?

raw
is
the
flesh wound
we
call
rejection.

we have our memories
to snuggle up
against
as
sleep eases
the mind
deep
into
the night.

the red rose
in the vase
on
the
nightstand
is
wilting.

(11-13-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Memory Deceives

memory deceives
making believers of those
desiring the past

(7-22-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

Memory Without Remorse

memory
without remorse
is a past lived
as all wish
to have lived
on the same street
as beaver cleaver

(3-29-1983)

Kyle Schlicher

Mercy

is there any left
in
this
world?
just
a single drop,
a smidgeon
would
be
better
than
none at
all.

(8-07-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Midnight Yellow Moon

midnight yellow moon
stars twinkling in the background
the artist awaits

(4-17-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Mirrors Don'T Lie

I once broke
a hundred
mirrors
just to get closer
to
the
truth.

(11-13-1981)

Kyle Schlicher

Mishmash Of A Fantasy Jackpot

disco ball
light
spinning
the mind
loose
unlubricated
fractured
senses
titillation
jamboree
hot spot tonight
juicing
the
jackpot
until
the 7's
horizontally
spinning
align
vertically
in
the
ultimate
sputtering
climax.

10-08-1999

Kyle Schlicher

Missing Miss Kitty

meows in the night;
her cries when she was hungry
silent echoes

(2-22-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Mo Dying

watching mo dying,

remembering
my friend
tall
and'
strong

now weak
and
bedridden

truth
holding hands
with
regret.

i wonder,

is he capable of thinking,
was
it worth
the
price of admission?

(1-03-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Mom And Dad

Both gone too early.
they were lights in the distance
we could always see.

4-07-1993

Kyle Schlicher

Mood Swing

darkness
of
night
captured on a whim.

brush strokes
layer
upon
layer,
gathering.

now i can see.

the damage
is limited
to this visual thing.

the mind
determines
good
from
evil.

it is a necessary precaution.

i need this outlet.

breathe in the changes.

(1-17-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Moon Whispers Tune

Dream sweet
Moon whisper is low.
Time approaches
Midnight is ever slow.
Waiting patiently for the moon
Stars gazed upon, blink
As if they know
Moon whispers tune.

(5-11-1974)

Kyle Schlicher

Moonlight In Water

moonlight
falling
in the water
slithering
wiggling
like
a snake
as the gentle
night
breeze
teases.

(3-14-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Morning Fantasy

colors
of
the
morning
merging together
swirling
in
swift
fleeting
brush strokes
painting
the
sky
in
a vibrant mood
setting
the
tone
for
the coming day.

Painting used by permission from Michael Eismont.

(10-20-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Morning Once Again

another night
sleeping
on
the
edge
of the odd dream

eyes
never
achieving
the
REM
sleep mode

luminous dial:
12: 17

it is morning once again

(3-18-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Morning Surprise

a vision comes crawling
across the path of morning
much like marilyn
standing
over
the subway grating.

ohhhh, my travilla,
you mad genius,

you mad conspiring genius

(8-29-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Mosquito

Thirsty
annoying
little pest
relentless
in its unending quest
its lifelong pursuit
for the truth
it believes exists
somewhere in my blood.
I watch,
as it,
at great bodily risk,
does what is necessary
for it
to stay alive
to survive
to expose the lie
that we cannot coexist.

(3-11-2013)

Kyle Schlicher

Moth

moth drawn to the lamp
does not waver in its purpose,
to worship the light.

(4-03-1973)

Kyle Schlicher

Music Played At Night

the universe
opening up each night.

a free concert

for those
who would
take the time

to sit
and listen

to the music
being played
overhead.

(10-25-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Mustang Sally

CHROME

equipped

RIDE

flat out.

SPEED

machine

spinning

tires

GRIPPING

like

two

ruby red lips

SUCKING

the pavement

CLEAN.

vicious

lady

damsel

in

violent

disarray

ARROGANCE

UNDENIED

SHINY

paint job

catches

the

EYE

of

the

most holiest

WORSHIPPER.

(4-21-2000)

Kyle Schlicher

My Camera Doesn'T Work

It only takes pictures of yesterday
Today.

My camera sees only black and white.
Does not know the difference
Between night
And day.

My camera has no focus
To blur the present time
With the memories left
Behind.

My camera doesn't work.
It only takes pictures of yesterday
Today.

(5-02-2013)

Kyle Schlicher

My Confusion

my
thinking process
is off
it does
not
make
sense to me
my
thoughts
are alive
snakes
writhing
upon
the
head
of
medusa

(2-15-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

My Eyes

MY EYES

my eyes
grown weary
bleary
squinting to read
can
still
guide me
through
a
day
booby trapped
with
the shortcomings
of
mankind.

6-15-2009

Kyle Schlicher

My Eyes Blue And Clear

MY EYES BLUE AND CLEAR

my eyes blue and clear
can never cry all the tears
needed to ease the pain.

(7-08-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

My Flower

my flower
died
today.

the rain can stop. the sun
has disappeared
forever.

i haven't any need for them now.

11-02-2018

Kyle Schlicher

My Garden

i water
the seconds,
give them
plenty of nourishment.
watch over them
as they grow
slow
into minutes.

then i weed them,
keeping
the parasites
and insects
away
as the sun shines
upon them
and they grow
slow
into hours.

then, i do it all again
watering,
feeding,
weeding
all the while
watching over them
as they grow
slow
into days
soon into weeks,
months
and finally years.

year after year
they grow
slow
as the garden
flourishes in the sun
until at last

the wind blows
cold
and the garden
begins
slowly dying
in the ground
needing more
water
and nourishment
then i am able
to give.

(10-21-1978)

Kyle Schlicher

My Heart Is Heavy

watching the wild cats
as they roam about the street
hungry and unloved

(5-14-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

My Left Hand

My left hand
is
my
heart.
It steers
me
blindly
across
the page.

(6-04-2004)

Kyle Schlicher

My Life Will Go On

my life will go on
for the time being.

two friends
will not see the sunset
tonight.

the clean up has begun
but the vision
will remain.

two friends,
only hours ago,
laughing,
reading letters from home.

the sun still shines
hot
upon the sandbags
where the blood has dried.

i will let the memory
crawl across
this hopelessness
i am burdened with.

for the time being
my life will go on.

(5-14-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

My Mind Paints

My mind paints a picture
adding color wherever needed.

Water is blue-clouds are white.

Grass is green-the sun is yellow.

Turmoil is gray.

Pain is red:
A dangerous red!

Yes,
I paint these colors
into words leaving behind
my torment.

A painting Van Gogh
would have been proud of.

(5-21-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

My Reason

i like to feel
the
hurt
on my body
bruises
deep
unseen

today
i will touch no one
sterile
is
my isolation

i push myself
to
the extreme
and
then
beyond

peel back the layers
of
contentment
and
witness the raw
bleeding

you have nothing on me

i am no longer
with you

you have grown old and stale

i breathe the air
of
the
oppressed

and
have lived their ordeal

i get up early
to
wait
for the pain
i know
is
coming my way

i cannot take it easy
and
grow old
safely
in place
with
the others
i must push
against
the
resisting wall

i need the hurt

i want the pain

with them
i walk straighter
faster
toward
that
light
at the end of the day

(8-28-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

My Shoes Are Untied

Tripping through memories
I go back
to the little boy
climbing trees
to escape
imaginary
pursuers.

Running
in the summer sun
following
the dirt road
back
when
a mile
seemed
to be forever.

Each day
would
lead
to
another
until
innocence
gave way
to
decaying
knowledge.

The darkness
of
night
would come
all
too soon.

(9-17-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

My Sorrow Knows But One Ending

in the malignant neoplasm of my sorrow
i will languish belly up
like a fish in the red tide
until the only cure for my disease
is forced heavily upon me.

12-15-2018

Kyle Schlicher

My Time

my time is running
the days passing ever swift
look there! the tunnel.

(11-22-2010)

Kyle Schlicher

My Tourniquet

You

Are

My

Tourniquet.

You cease the endless bleeding,

The flow.

You

Are

Wrapped tight

Inside my mind.

5-07-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Mystery

as does the sea wave
rush in to die suddenly
i need to ask why?

(8-23-1988)

Kyle Schlicher

Needful

hunger calls the heart
trees stretch needing the sky
love can be this way

(3-04-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Needs Of The Executioner

silent
depletion
secretive
motus operandi

juice
container
current
haphazard

function
necessary
seduction
sweetener

dimmer
switch
faltering

bold
disarmament
of
decorations
decried

brown out
happening
bewilderment
complete

fadeout
finalized
contract
fulfilled

(12-28-2015)

Negative Energy

thinking
about the past,

doubting yourself,

afraid
to risk today
for tomorrow,

looking
back behind yourself,

it is all of a dubious nature

and
has a strange aura
circling about it,

shocking,

electrical,

negative energy.

8-02-2001

Kyle Schlicher

New

unseen before.
never
touched.

a thought.
reflection.
a flower petal
in the flowing water.

winter grayness
swirling
into
the beginning of spring.

blue eyes. seeing.

fingers
needing
to
touch.

the light switch on the wall.

easy now. with the power
comes
the
pain.

5-29-1977

Kyle Schlicher

Niemi

Niemi,
or what was
left of him
just
lay there.

The corpsman
had tried
his
best
but,
it was of no avail.

The chopper
arrived,
Mimi
was
bagged,
tagged
and
lifted
from the ground.

the sand was rusty red,
his shadow
imprinted
in the sand
and
somewhere deep,
deep
in
my
mind.

(5-14-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

Night In The Nude

the night

is

a creature

sleeping

in the nude

no covers

to

conceal

the starkness

of

unblemished

beauty

(10-21-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Night's End

NIGHT'S END

i cried

my

tears

r

o

l

l

e

d

o

w

n

my

cheek.

7-23-1976

Kyle Schlicher

No Answer To It Is Death

as the birds made off in flight
we picked up the pieces.

nothing was to remain there on the ground.

we silently screamed
the mood away into the dawn's early light.

nothing can touch us.

we are of this situation.

talk to me,

i will listen for i have the time.

i need to hear my heart beating

above this roaring in my ears.

it is too late,

i feel the numbness setting in.

i no longer am capable of feeling.

my time here is almost over.

(12-23-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

No Going Back

it is the winter,

the ground
is cold
and
hard

no flowers upon the grave,
only
dead
grass

wind blowing,
cuts
through
my
soul

no tears left to cry,

eyes dry
stinging
with
the
truth

(1-10-1978)

Kyle Schlicher

No More Dreams

No more dreams
my nights are
filled
with
sleep.
Were I to chance
a peek
as
I lie asleep
would
I find
in my mind
the endless place
where
my visions dance
and
the nameless face
stares back for hours
silently
growing flowers
for the funerals
of
my
useless
dreams.

(5-26-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Not Like That

if i die here
please,
i hope it is quick
neat
precision like.
a bullet in a vital spot
would
be
perfect.
i don't want
to be torn apart
mangled
unrecognized.
i don't know why,
i
really
don't.

i just don't want to go
like my friend
went this morning.

no.
please.

not
like
that.

(5-14-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

Nothing Else To Do

It was quiet, a temporary lull in the action.
I was assigned to yet another detail,
my punishment for being the FNG in the outfit.

I was bored,
waiting on the order for us
to begin loading the transport.

The heat and humidity were stifling;
I sat in the shade of the C-130
as the sweat rolled down my back.

I thought about home and everyone there
and I began to feel pissed off at them.
I'm over here and they were over there.
It was as simple as that.

My vision drifted to the body bags
laid out on the ground.

I watched as the fucking flies
swarmed upon the stickiness of the bags.

Huge green motherfucking flies;
And as the sweat continued to roll down my back
I began to try to count them.

I was bored
And I had nothing else to do.

3-13- 1970.

Kyle Schlicher

Nothing Left

shadows of sunshine
fall upon
this
tired
worn out back
feeling
no pain

(2-12-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Nothing More

NOTHING MORE

looking back
to the carefree years
of the 50's & early 60's
i realize now
they were only
a television program
filmed
in
black
and
white.

nothing more.

(8-07-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Nothing Sadder

nothing sadder
than
sitting
in misery
hearing
ole hank williams
crying
his heart out
all about
a house of gold
coveted
by
all
until
darkness
surrounds
their
dying
souls.

(11-03-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

Now I Can See

my dreams
shattered
scattered
about
in a million pieces.

now
i can look
upward
seeing
the stars
breathing
new life
into
this
universe.

somehow,
i know
all is not lost.

(12-12-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

Nowhere To Hide

the blood runs red
dries
turns to dust
cloud above
in the sky
begins to cry
bleeding
drops dripping
upon my soul
i am hurting
nowhere to hide.

(5-17-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Numb Is The Color

unfeeling
is the standard bearer
of all
good and known truths

what hue runs the gauntlet
of
unsurpressed freedom?

buzzards
buzz
the beehive
freed from energy consuming activity

better to not know
than
to know and not care

i answered the questionnaire
with all honest intent

i have survived

my head does not feel
and
my heart does not care.

(11-17-1999)

Kyle Schlicher

Observing The Ants

daylight swarms

the

anthill

alive

with

purpose

(10-22-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Old Barn Leaning

old barn leaning, beaten,
battered
gray
by the weather
and
years passed.
clinging to life
with
weakened
rusty
nails.

(8-11-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Old Man In My Mirror

looking in the mirror
early
this
morning
an old man staring back.

GO AWAY!

I HATE YOU!

i wondered who he was,
why was he trespassing
in
my
mirror?

GO AWAY!

he would not go away.
he was stubborn,
very
persistent.

he reminded me of myself.

GO AWAY!

he was still persistent.

stubborn.

he
would
not
go
away.

(8-07-2014)

On Alzheimer's

an erosion
of
 mem ory
 occurs

and
then
a lapse
of
reason-
 -ing

SWELLS
the void.

to exist
with out
know-
 -ing

the past
with-
 -out

feeling
the
 present

is agony
soon
for-
 -gotten
to-
 -morrow.

5-17-2005

Kyle Schlicher

On June 11,1963

Most of us
will never understand
ideology
overtaking
the will to live.

Self immolation
triumphing
over
the lack
of
human dignity.

One man said
'no more'
on June 11,1963.

(6-11-1973)

Kyle Schlicher

On My Way To The Mailbox

It is a short distance
By any stretch of the imagination.
Yet,
My unyielding audience exists.
Birds announce my presence
As I walk
With envelope in hand.
A squirrel chatters
Busy in its routine.
Across the road
Goats graze in the field
unconcerned with my movement.
I insert the outgoing
Mail
safely into the box
And raise the flag.
Not quite the same
As Iwo Jima,
Yet,
I stand proud.
I turn and retrace my steps.
The squirrel is still busy
With whatever it is doing.
The birds are intently
Working the soil for worms.
I stop to bow.
I bow to them one and all.
Thank you...Thank you.
To my audience I say
Thank you!
THANK YOU ONE AND ALL!

(6-18-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

On Not Needing People

i sometimes
withdraw
deep
into myself,
wanting
only solitude,
a silence
whenever,
i am feeling like this.

it is at these times
i especially
always
avoid
mirrors.

97-17-1998)

Kyle Schlicher

One Because Of The Other

spring clouds gathering
over flowers needing rain
one because of the other

(5-03-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

One Fine Day In Vietnam

breathing

in

hard

ragged

gasps,

hands trembling,

heart beating

to

the

tune

of

almost being killed.

soul searching

afterwards,

wondering,

what

went

wrong?

(12-23-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

One More Task Today

sun disappears
sinking below the horizon.
now, the moon
asks the same question.
yes, comes the answer.

12-12-1979

Kyle Schlicher

One More Time

It ended much too soon.

No goodbye

No eyes meeting
one last time.

Nothing was said.

The memory lives on.

It cannot die,
it is impervious to death.

It knows
we lived
inside
each other
for however,
such a short time.

Love and pain
know each other well.

They breathe
within
the same space.

What I wouldn't give
for only
a few minutes
with you,
just

one more time.

(8-05-2007)

One Needs The Other

pain
and
hurt
overload
each
passing day.

they
cannot
exist
without
each other.

they
are always
there
if
one
needs
the
other.

12-09-1977

Kyle Schlicher

Open To All Seasons

i opened the door
to
yesterday
only
to have the winds
of
tomorrow
savagely
slam
it shut
in
my
face.

(5-24-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Opinion Vs Opinion

Those who use blame
Push
Hatred upon others.
They
Are
Afraid
Of the shadows.
They
Need
To be enclosed
Within walls of insecurity.
They
Want
To share their paranoia
Spread it like mayonnaise
Upon
Pieces
Of molded bread.
They
Need
Hatred
To justify their life.
They
Infect
Society.

(10-16-2004)

Kyle Schlicher

Ordinary White

political power
shifts
right to center
to
left

shades of color
appearing
in
previously unmatched
brilliance

shining brightness
dimming
last rites
performed
by those
who
would

party panic pandering
extreme
rhetoric deemed
most
necessary
to fan the flames,
ignite
the hatred

some of us
just
cannot
fathom
being
ordinary

(5-22-2016)

Pacing Back And Forth

fate has dealt me this hand,
time has come to get it on.

my cage is the day.
the night supplies the bars,

the stars above know me well,

i have been here many times.

what is it then,
this thing that has me by the heart?

i ask the question,
already knowing the answer.

my wings have been broken,

i shall never fly again.

(7-07-1977)

Kyle Schlicher

Painting Outside The Lines

my hand moves
grasping
the writing instrument
letters
become
words
become lines
become
thoughts
a painting
transforms
the page
into an image
of my vision

i have painted
outside
the lines
and
i have
survived

(4-23-1982)

Kyle Schlicher

Painting Your Face

i paint your face
with velvet brushes
to soften the image
i try to recall
after years of not
seeing you.

i assume you
have aged well
if there is even
such a thing.

i paint your face
from memory
of years ago
when you and I
were young.
i add a colorful flair,
sassy undertones
to capture the spirit
that was you.

i paint your face
with my eyes closed
so as to better remember
the smile
that seemed
to always be
the center of my universe.
i sleep at night
painting your face.

(6-12-1977)

Kyle Schlicher

Paper Holds The Truth

It is all lies.

Hanging in the air.

Deception rules the day.

No light shines
truer than this.

Sound becomes
the absolute dictator.

Flip the dial.

Turn the channel.

Listen and you will not see.

Look and you will not hear.

The answer is simple.

Running ink tells the story

And

Paper holds the truth.

(9-27-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Peace Be Now

gentle night falling
hear this faraway whisper
please let peace be now

12-23-1968

Kyle Schlicher

Peaceful

quiet footsteps
ease slowly into the night
silence
against the door
echoes

(3-09-1977)

Kyle Schlicher

Persimmon Poem

A need for persimmons?
This must exist.
?No other reason stands still?
Beneath the dripping tree.

5-13-2005

Kyle Schlicher

Philosophy 101

exist;

live now and rejoice,

for the alternative

does

you

a

disfavor.

(7-06-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Physics Of Dying

PHYSICS OF DYING

helpless,

i watched as light
in blue eyes
so
slowly
faded.

two stars dying

until

only two black holes

stared back.

5-14-2000

Kyle Schlicher

Picking At Sores

word by word,
line
by
line
it festers
growing,
oozing out
onto the page
until
the
pain
becomes
too much
and i
cannot
resist
the scab
it
has
created.

(8-18-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Pictures

inside my mind

pictures

of clouds,

trees, birds

and
nothing.

peaceful pictures
of

nothing,

soft
relaxing
nothing,

gentry pulling
me
down.

down
to
where

nothing
exists
but peace.

(From The Series Of Poems Written At The Chemo Center)
(7-01-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Please

i never ask much of life.

but,
just
this one time.

please.

(From The Series Of Poems Written At The Chemo Center- Dr. Santiago's Office)
(9-23-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Please Care

if it was 2: 06 in the morning
and you
didn't care,

what would happen
to my sunrise?

(5-26-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Plum Tree

tree flowers blossom
early in spring, a promise
is made in april.

(4-17-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Pocket Change

Loose ends
melting
together,
a mental to do list
soon
shoved aside.

What about today?
where
does it reside
in the
hierarchy of things
we
need to rethink?

Needless
interruptions
seek refuge,
need asylum from
mounting
pressures
society heaps
upon
us daily.

We are
the chosen ones

expendable

as much so

as

the few
useless
pennies
carried
around

in our pockets
waiting
to be
carelessly
tossed
without a thought
in the
car's ashtray.

(11-22-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

Poetry Is

the crack
in the egg
shell

the puddle
after
the storm

sunshine
to the blind man

(6-24-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Potpourri Or What's The Big Deal?

velvet vixen
sits preening
in the parlor
while
the pandering prince
of
a politician
with
the
face of a clown
stands
lusting
behind her
awaiting
her permission
to
proceed.

nineteen 60's
transistor radio
plays
the
oldie
but
goodie
station
in between
purposely
rigged
elections.

crazy
is
good
nowadays
for sure
crazy sells
and
politicians

constantly
practice
their
spin on
crazy

one eye
focuses
on the other
until
a visual problem
commences
and seeing
double
becomes
the
standard
by which
we
are
all judged.

nowadays
being hungry
is
a reason
to put
someone
down,
to hate them,
absolutely
despise them
for needing food
my, my
my
how
times
have
changed.....

(2-14-2016)

Pretend Sleep

listening while sleeping
tense
ready to jump up
in a flash.

sleeping with one eye open
because of fear
is a skill
to be mastered.

breathing slow
while sleeping
so as to better hear
unfamiliar sounds.

sleeping without dreaming
fearful of awakening
here
in this horrible place.

pretend sleep.

(8-22-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

Pretty In A Fungus Way

velvet smooth
need
for
dependency

off yellow color
clinging
to
a picture of the past

moth wings dusty
in
the
light
of tomorrow

(9-02-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Prisons Exist

It is not a mystery
not even a secret
as to why the lions are caged.

(2-25-1982)

Kyle Schlicher

Progression Of A Natural Order

all night
i sat and grieved about death.

the inevitable end result
of
being
close to the answer....

i sat here
wondering,

what to do.

the stars
witnessed my struggle.

the darkness
that cloaks unheard prayers
ran its bony fingers
along
my cheek.

this morning
as
the sun rises
my cicada
shell
of a soul
has been left behind.

(8-04-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Promises Made Promises Kept

Promises made.

Promises
kept.

And
all
the
lies
in between
string out in a
never ending
chain
of
events.

Only
the truth
lives
to
suffer.

(9-26-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Purpose

wasp making paper nest
busy in summer's heatwave
never to question

(7-21-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Quaaludes And Nyquil

time was the world made perfectly good sense.

way back when the menu read such as thus:

take one brown bottle of royer 714's,

no one cares, the passing lane is empty,

take as many as needed and then more.

wash them down with the contents

of the green bottle and sit back and wait.

and the world did make perfectly good sense;

a prescription for self hallucinating dreams

of the wandering madman turning away

and the empty green bottle falling to the floor,

rolling down the darkened hallway.

soon, crashing waves of welcomed opiate likeness

as the fingers and lips grew increasingly numb

as time appeared to be standing deathly still

with each passing second seeming like a year

of the sentence handed down by yourself

the moment you opened the cookie jar.

(8-30-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Question Answered

is a syringe half filled
or is it half empty?

the answer
to this question

is in the need of the addict.

(5-02-1978)

Kyle Schlicher

Rain Is The Distance

rain is the distance
between
each
drop
falling.

(8-15-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Rain On A Leaf

Dripping, it falls drop
by drop, downward, slow, until
nature's tears are dried.

(3-22-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Raincoat

it is raining;
no problem.
i have a raincoat.
it keeps me dry
when
it is raining.

however,

when it is cold,

it offers no warmth,
although,
it keeps me dry
until i get home
and
light a fire,
shivering
because of the cold,

but at least
i am dry.

(1-14-1980)

Kyle Schlicher

Raking Leaves

leaves

scatter-ed all a
bout.

oak,
maple,

hick
ory,

poplar,

dog
wood,

and

japan
ese

elm.

busy now

in the late autumn hours.

(11-29-2006°

Kyle Schlicher

Random Ramblings

Dream of the blue ugly & you will never see the smooth whispers
of the moon behind shadows of misty gardens.

Ask who is there but do not have a need to know.

Stop to think & they will scream at you.
Lie to them and then watch:
As their weakness turns to love.

A petal of beauty falls into the storm & is lost forever
As a sweet repulsive wind swims above
This symphony of bloodless rain:
Cool chanting moment is but a knife
Driven deep, deeper into those still pictures
Sleeping in bitter recall.

Trip in the rusty light & shine true & delirious
Like a diamond lusting in those visions
of a winter sky in your head.

I AM YOUR SAD DELICATE DEATH & YOU ARE MY MAD MUSIC.

(5-18-2004)

Kyle Schlicher

Reading Abomunus Craxioms

bob kaufman.

a man of his word.

simply complex

concise

word selection process.

i need to learn from him.

expand my thought universe.

surrender to the laboring desire

pooling

inside

my

other

personality.

i must

remember

the

past.

it waits for me.

stories,

poems

wanting

to be

written.

(4-08-1973)

Kyle Schlicher

Reading The Night

Understanding
the darkness is important
to advancing thru
sleeping dreams.

The light
refuses to function.

Words go unseen.

Thoughts trip
over roadblocks.

An occupational hazard.

Does reality fail me
in my moment of need?

Never mind the response.

Curious
consequences await
gathering strength
in the shadows
of
tomorrow.

9-27-2014

Kyle Schlicher

Reborn

black hole in reverse

film
running
backwards

light
switching
from
off to on

(7-19-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Remember Norman Morrison?

I was a dumb,
stupid
kid,
yet
to be indoctrinated
into
the world
of
self destruction
when one
dreary
November
evening
I watched
a news program
lead
with the story
about a man
who
could not
justify
living
in this country
making war
upon others.

I'll never forget
how weird
it was
to realize
someone
could
sit down
in the street
and set fire
to himself
in front
of his child
as a protest

against war.

(5-14-1972)

Kyle Schlicher

Remembering Faye This Morning

smiling face

gentle personality

your
laughter
filling the day

your
time
on this earth
will
not
be
forgotten
by those
fortunate
enough
to have known you.

(3-29-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Remembering Poem

Time passing
brings yet
another
day
filled
with
emptiness
and
then
another
night
surrounded
by loneliness.

(2-17-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

Reverie Explained

it
is
the dream

i
dream

when i dream.

a soft blanket of sound
soothing
my
torment.

an addiction,

opiate in nature,

like gentle waves

a descent,

downward

into a world

i know of

only

when

i am dreaming.

9-13-2015

Kyle Schlicher

Rewriting The Ruins

I knocked the words
d
o
w
n
spread them out
scattered
them every
where
like a hurricane
does to sand.
Then I collected
them
pulled
them in
s
t
a
c
k
e
d them
in an
appropriate order,
knocked them
d
o
w
n again
tossed them
a
bout &
tried once
again.

(4-12-1973)

Kyle Schlicher

Rhyme And Reasoning

circles in the sky
circles around my eyes
no one cries

in this dream i have

no one dies

(5-15-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

Rising To The Task

balloon unfulfilled
lies worthless.
filled with dreams
it rises to freedom,
who dares speak first?

(7-13-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Road Rash

ride hard

ride it l o n g

into

the

blackened death of unconsciousness

hard tail

surrendering

pulling down

curtains

of

discontented dreams

(12-04-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Rotting It Rots

Rotting,
it rots
standing in sunshine.

Image corrected.

The stench
of the hallucination
wavers
in recourse.

The dream is complete.

The unstable mind
at last understood.

Evacuate all reason.

(9-26-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Running Over Doubts

RUNNING OVER DOUBTS

reason sunbathes
in the nude.

it knows no shame.

sanity sings
the same old tired song
time and time
over
and
over
again.

will someone please close the window?

insanity volunteers this time.

thank you very much.

is it cold in here
or
is it waiting for tomorrow?

come over here. sit
with me a while.

i've grown so lonely.

the walls refuse to speak to me
any longer,
please
say hello or goodbye
so i will know if it is
today
or only a passing episode.

the pill bottle is in the left hand

cabinet over the counter.

i need one of the blue ones.

will you get it for me please?

4-11-2015

Kyle Schlicher

Running Through The Cornfield

we played hide and seek,
tag
and
other games
running through the cornfield
until
we all had
little fine cuts
on our arms
and on our faces
slowly
bleeding
away
the
summer.

6-11-1972

Kyle Schlicher

Sad Today

the day does not smile.

graying depression
hangs on
digging its fingernails
into
the soft underbelly
of the day.

(1-24-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Said Goodbye To Martinez

i am writing this
while
sitting
in an
air force shack
at
danang air base
waiting
on my flight
to a place
called
chu lai.

also waiting here
are
2 army guys
both
wounded
and
bandaged.

i suppose
they
are returning
to
their respective units
after
having
been
released
from
a hospital
somewhere
around here.

they
both have
a
certain look

about them
i've
not seen
before
and
i know
i must look
all
shiny and new
compared
to how
worn
and
tired
they
look.

there's
also
2 vietnamese
with 3 crates
containing
some chickens
and
2 pigs.

for some reason
i find this
somewhat
amusing.

anyway,
10 minutes ago
i said
goodbye
to
my friend
robert martinez
who
is
from
galveston, texas.

we became friends
while
going
through
staging
together
at
camp pendleton.

after
we left
pendleton
we hung together
on
okinawa
while
we
were
being
processed
for vietnam.

we don't expect
to see
each other
again.

so
we
just
shook hands
and
said
goodbye.

(1-09-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

Saran Wrapped Morning

morning comes gentle
wrapped in plastic
as the day
slowly
peels away
layers
of misty
membranes
until
the meatloaf
is ready for the oven
and
the last cup of coffee is poured.

(1-17-2007)

Kyle Schlicher

Saying Goodbye To Yesterday

the day

cries

wicked tears

stinging

in

the

afternoon

sun.

no one

there

to wipe away

the

sorrow

from

the face

of

tomorrow.

the surrender

will

be sweetly

uttered

in

bitter eulogies

offered

in

fading sunsets.

(10-21-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Schizoid Word Play For Ted Bundy

whack job
neoschizophrenic
application form
references
required
daily
verification
process
elimination
assured
process
scrutinized
baby blue eyes

(11-19-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Sea Oats Wavering

sea oats wavering
in the breeze off the ocean
forever peaceful

(7-10-1981)

Kyle Schlicher

Seasons Haiku In 4 Parts

in springtime, flowers
bloom, bees come alive spreading
special love around.

in summertime, birds
nest amongst leaves, bringing food
to eager fledglings.

in autumn, color
bleeds from sky to tree, changing
mood from day to night.

in wintertime, ice
hanging from sleeping branches
reflects cold sunlight.

(10-22-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

Secret

you and i
existing
without question
because
love
knows no answer
except
us

(11-112015)

Kyle Schlicher

Seeking Task

being one
with
the
wind
blowing
here, near
and far.

journey
outside
the
boundaries
of your
existence.

(7-19-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Self In The Mirror

he stares back at me
this stranger in the mirror
i know from somewhere

(3-06-1980)

Kyle Schlicher

Selling Beads On First Friday

rumpled clothing
belies elegance
once so very undeniable.

wrinkled face now
where beauty resided
yes, many years ago.

now, quietly she toils
pushing merchandise
upon unsympathetic customers.

no excuses forthcoming
for this is life now
as she knows it.

(7-18-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Shadow Love

light
fans
our
shadows
high
upon the wall of dreams

(11-11-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Shadows

shadows stretching out
in light of midnight's moon, time
to put dreams to bed.

(10-19-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Shanghaied

i was of this time

earthy,
emotionally windswept.

i was cast
adrift,
flame
burning
faraway
in the distance.

time has betrayed me,

questioned
my
loyalty.

(4-08-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

She Collects Teardrops

undeniable destiny
zoom
timeline
complete.

prescription
written
out
unfulfilled.

his
sleazy rejection
on
a
bumpy road
surprises her.

candy kisses
in
the darkened room
holding
attention
span
glittering in glitches
of
pregnant dreams
before
realizing
sleep.

pillowcases
wet
with success
doom
the
once
prolonged project.

come here,

she whispers
in
a
low sexy
husky
voice,

i've
been waiting
for
you.

(11-12-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

She Lives Alone

she has everything she needs,

an apartment with a broken window
on the third floor,
white lace curtains
that move when the wind blows.

one plastic plate, a spoon, a fork
and a bowl
she got from a box of oatmeal.

a jar of instant coffee
and an old chipped cup
she will never throw away.

a table in the middle of the room,
notebooks piled one upon the other.

there she sits listening to the music
playing inside her head
as she struggles writing it all down.

she has everything she needs,

loneliness, solitude,

and a single lightbulb she turns off after midnight.

(5-19-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

She Plays The Piano

like
micro ice cubes
falling upon
the
ivory keys
her fingers
create
this
tingling
tinkling
sensation of sound

(10-07-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

She Sleeps

lying back
in
the
recliner
and
hooked up
to
her
chemo computer,

tired
from
the rigorous
regime of
radiation
and
chemo,

she sleeps.

(From The Series Of Poems Written At The Chemo Center)
(6-27-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

She Wears Perfume

she wears perfume

the color of innocent love.

breathtakingly

addicting

to the unsuspecting

casualty of

undisciplined

dipsomania

drinking in the nectar

of her elusiveness.

(9-30-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Shine

everybody
has
a
place
in
this
universe:

shine.

(3-15-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Shine-2

love
is a neon moon
hanging
around
the
neck of darkness
waiting
for
your
heart
to
be

(4-26-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

Silence In The Interrogation Room

the one way mirror
does not see.

walls that need painting.

no jury in the room.

innocent until confession.

stale coffee.
unrelenting questions.

sorry, no smoking
in the room allowed.

what happened
to the rubber hoses?

(2-27-1980)

Kyle Schlicher

Singing

words melting

lost

in the wind

leaves dancing

saving the mood

(3-15-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Skipping Stones

childhood's memory:
skipping stones across the pond,
counting the splashes.

(4-04-1977)

Kyle Schlicher

Slow Death Ride

moon
hangs
precariously

o
v
e
r
h
e
a
d
chrome plated handlebars
r
e
f
l
e
c
t

midnight's
tragic embrace

hard tail ride
to
hell
and
beyond

skinned alive! !

(12-04-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Slurring My Words

it's a sure sign

of the distorted gamble

when the lies
sound the same
as the truth.

sonic repercussions
echo
forever
thru
space
occupied
by unrelenting penitence

hold on,

hold
on
to
my
hand,

don't let go.

i can feel the numbness
coming
on,

relief is on the way.

can you understand
what i am trying to say?

everybody has their own way out
of
this
wicked,

cruel life.

follow me,

i choose this way out.

(12-24-1978)

Kyle Schlicher

Snow In The Morning

a grayness
hangs
over the woods

coffee brewing
on
the countertop

morning
peeks
in through the window

snowflakes
floating
upon the quietness

darkness
lifting
the curtain
on
yet
another day

(2-06-2008)

Kyle Schlicher

Snowflake Falling

snowflake falling
where the frozen ground
waits with open arms

come dance with me
in cold bitterness of winter
snowflake falling

(12-23-1997)

Kyle Schlicher

Solitary Confinement

locking down the mind
isolating my being
penalty imposed

(8-04-2014

Kyle Schlicher

Something For Me To Do

something
for me
to
do
:
counting
your
heartbeats
as
you lie
sleeping beside me

(10-07-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Sometimes I Can'T Spell

Sometimes
I can't spell
What it is
I need to write.
Sometimes
I can't breathe
Within the twisted
Confines of my night.

Sometimes
I
Don't
Dream
About what holds
Me awake.

Sometimes
A ragged rage
Lying submissive
Underneath
Layers of torment
Takes my words prisoner.
Refusing to let them go
Until I begin.

It is then that
Sometimes
I
Can't
Spell
What it is
I
Need
To
Write.

(8-14-73)

Somewhere Down The Road

little sordid joint

feeling just a little

out of joint.

band wailing away

windows rattling.

beer chugging patrons

digging the band

out of tune,

drum roll here please.

lonely people

in a crowded busy room,

piano player drunk on life

plays with the tempo

of the room

growing in volume

as the empty beer bottles

are lined up

against the wall.

so now, can't you

bring on just one more,

another final chorus of

You
Win
Again.

(11-03-1075)

Kyle Schlicher

Souvenirs

sleepless nights,
restlessness,
isolation
and
a sense of
impending
doom.

nightmares,
feelings of not
belonging,
constant vigilance,
anti social tendencies
and
obsessive compulsive
disorder.

countless
trips
to the va.

missing limbs,
head trauma,
suicidal
and
homicidal thoughts.

a sense of
unworthiness,
a lack of trust
of mankind.

countless
trips
to your therapist.

and
last
but not least

the final
and
often
fatal consequence:

a lost of faith
in yourself.

these
are some of the
souvenirs of war.

5-12-2006

Kyle Schlicher

Speaking In General Terms

nomenclature
situation
memorizing
the
left flank
demanding attention
lines on the map
are moved
at a whim
therein
lies
the weakness
for those
in charge
wearing
the
sunglasses
cannot
visualize
the terrain
falling
sharply
from
the
rise
outward
into
the
strength
of the opposition
waiting
patiently
for the opportunity
to redraw
the boundaries
we have chosen to defend

(11-23-2015)

Speaking On Donald Trump

i swear,
i believe this man
could
irritate an oyster

(3-27-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Spider

spider with hour glass
painted red upon your back
i mean you no harm.

(5-29-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

Standing Looking Upon The End

some would consider
this the end
instead of the opposite

polarizing
sentimental yearning
for the past
takes hold of all
once the sun
begins to dim

the waves washing ashore
bring with them
a tide of memories
put to sea
so long ago

flashes of familiarity

the sun rises
up
and
over
the horizon
time
non existant
as the ocean
stretches
forever
across
imagination
forgotten

(12-01-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Starlight

delicate soul
breathing in darkness of space
life being born?

12-11-1976

Kyle Schlicher

Sticky Notes #1269

in may, the blue is deeper.
the sky bigger. grass greener.
springtime opening up its purse.

5-03-1972

Kyle Schlicher

Strangers Amongst Us

visitors

from light years away

p * u * l * s * i * n * g

brutal beat

closer

to

where

the edge is uneven

advantage afterthought

nervous energy syncing

they don't see us

we are inside their receptacles

images-blurred lines

inconsequential matter

irrational

thought projections

absorption system methodically

maintaining levels

ships streaming toward earth

dawn of a new millennium

humming of unknown spectral sources

radio waves

radar invisible

communication breakdown

they waver in the light

transparent
energy forms

we will become

we
will
become

one
of
them

it is a melding of lifeforms

an
oozing
of
sensitivity

next step forward
in
the
natural
evolution
of
the
universe

(4-19-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

String Theory Explained

without string
a
yo yo
is
as
about as useful
as
a kite
is
without
string

(2-20-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

Sunburn

sunbathing
on a raft
drifting endlessly
through
thoughts
of
self destruction.

no direction
to
follow.
the
fluctuating
currents
taking
control,

no mercy.
the sun
peeling
my
skin
back.

(7-04-1973)

Kyle Schlicher

Sunlight Crawling

sunlight crawling
feeling its way across desert
and forest alike

(4-22-1983)

Kyle Schlicher

Surfing & Cancer

riding the wave
feeling it
&
then
crashing down.

sinking
to the bottom,
rising
to
the surface,

getting up,

doing
it
all over again.

cancer
&
surfing
have
much in common.

From The Series Of Poems Written At The Chemo Center
(7-25-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Swimming Alone

swimming alone
upon the very waters
nourishing life

and

wanting
to
breathe
underwater

(6-06-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Synopsis

living

free

unencumbered

dying

the same

(11-23-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Tabula Rasa

is she?

does such purity exist

to cause such sadness?

9-21-2015

Kyle Schlicher

Take All My Misery

the room is empty
dust gathers
in the gray gloom
draping about lingering
memories
painting
the walls
a sad mosaic
of emptiness
and
loneliness

take all my misery
pile it
in the corner
where
happiness
once
lived
and
I can never go back.

(7-29-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

Take Me Away

i'm growing older
each day
take me away
cruel wind blows colder
my way
take me away
take me away

sun won't shine here
in the dark
take me away
love has disappeared
empty heart
take me away
take me away

take me away
i don't belong here any more
take me away
i don't want to hurt any more
take me away
let my soul fly high and soar
take me away
take me away

blue sky turning black
and so cold
take me away
lonely moon come back
this old road
take me away
take me away

Repeat chorus

2-18-1999

Taking Your Clothes Off

you stand there, looking
like the goddess i once studied
in greek mythology.

(3-08-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Tea Anyone?

Gigantic
tea steeper
whirling
about
in the galaxy
spinning
merrily along
on its way
through
the
accepted
concept of time.

Multi strains
multitudes
of
flavors
evolving
from
within this
caffeinated
cosmos
of the
Camellia Sinensis.

Cloudy ripples
of substance
holding
tight within
the subspace vacuum
where
the tea leaves
foretell
the
negative impact
of
life
as we know it
upon

that which
we choose
to
call
the universe.

(11-27-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

The Bad Dream That Won'T Go Away

restless,
sweaty
nights
tossing
and turning
muscles
twitching
eyelids
fluttering
finger
tightening
on an
imaginary
trigger

7-21-1980

Kyle Schlicher

The Bed Unmade

as i think of you
and the time
we no longer
keep
together
i stumble
precipitously
through
each
morning
constantly
dogged
by
the bed unmade.

(8-05-2003)

Kyle Schlicher

The Beginning Has Betrayed Me

Where to start?

Not here for sure.

Nor in the middle,
a crossroads
for turning around.

To start at the end
would be pointless.

Nowhere to go after that,
the end would be the beginning,
whereas the beginning in reality
would be the end.

Much too complex to begin
to understand.

It is all over
before it began.

I have been betrayed.

(8-26-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

The Bird Sings

In distance
the
bird sings.

Listen,
for the song
is timeless
from
the beginning
to bitter end
its sweetness
carries
forth on the wind
as
the music plays out.

(9-26-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

The Bitter Truth

what is bitter
grows
wild and free
in
the
heart
only to
sour
upon
the
tongue
of
truth

(10-05-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

The Cat

there sleeping easy
dreaming, it twitches jumping
playing cat and mouse

(10-17-1993)

Kyle Schlicher

The Chosen One

a
single rain
drop

chose me

out
of
everyone else

(From The Series Of Poems Written At The Chemo Center)
(6-29-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

The Clock Is Ticking

the clock is ticking
and i am bored.
2: 37am,
nothing to do.
sleep does not come.
i try writing but, the
words elude me
in the semi darkness
of early morning.

the clock is ticking
and i am bored,
2: 43am,
my eyes burn with
a lack of sleep.
i walk to the bathroom
and i look in the mirror,
i am aging right
before my eyes.

the clock ticks on.

(2-05-1977)

Kyle Schlicher

The Collector

he keeps things to himself.
nothing is lost.
every item has a place,
a time to catalog it by.

the past is kept in a particular nook
where
he hoards the bad dreams,
the hurt is buried nearby
within reach
should he find it necessary
to draw upon the pain.

he needs no map,
he remembers
where everything is stored.
memory indexes the information.

i watch him
as he goes about each day
collecting more of what
everyone else throws away.

maybe one day
the collection will pay off.
pain,
hurt,
the past,
death
and
nightmares
are much too valuable
to throw away.

(9-16-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

The Color Of Summer

my dreams
are dying,
fading with
the passage
of time
as we know it.

memories bunching up
bouncing
off each other.

faces becoming
blurry,
distorted.

tomorrow
is becoming
a question
that is answered
each morning
i awaken
to celebrate
the occasion.

time is slipping away.

if i concentrate
hard enough,
i can recall
the color of summer.

(3-19-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

The Dance Never Ends

spirits illuminated

grand ballroom
staircase
descending deep
into the night

willowy waltzing
shadows
three quarter time
keeping in step

light flowing
with the beat of the night
restless laughter
reverberating

breathless comes daylight
beginning to intrude
upon the gaiety
of the ghostly soiree

sunlight sneaking
through curtains
as spirits fade away
as whispers echo the dawn

tomorrow night my love

(2-12-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

The Dance Of Our Shadows

october night
comes so silently
save for the rustling of dying leaves
in the lonely breeze.

a candle burns on the mantle.
another
burns
outside on the deck. shadows
moving there.

the stillness is music to our ears.

my love,
may i have this dance.....
forever?

10-24-2008

Kyle Schlicher

The Day Before Christmas 1968

It is the day
before Christmas
over here in Vietnam.

It is the rainy season.

No one
appears to be cheerful.

There are no decorations
lighting up the night.

No Christmas trees
in the huts
with presents
underneath
them.

It does not snow
in Vietnam.

Somehow,
it just doesn't
feel
like Christmas.

(12-24-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

The Dead Speak

they do not
remain
silent for long.

every night
i close my eyes,
begging
for
sleep,

they awaken
to sit
and
talk
with
me.

(9-22-1977)

Kyle Schlicher

The Difference

one writer went hungry
and without
so he could write
about the experience.

another writer grew up
hungry
poor
and
he wrote about the pain.

one writer drank and did drugs
because it was the fashionable
thing to do
and
he wrote about the feeling.

another writer drank and did drugs
trying to forget who he was
to leave the past behind
and
he wrote about the hurt.

one writer slept during the day
frequented the streets
at night
because
a writer was expected
to pay his dues.

another writer barely slept at night
endured his nightmares
long into the day
and
he wrote in spite of it.

one writer liked to dress and
look the part.

another writer was afraid to look
in the mirror.

I can't read the works of one writer.

the other writer holds me too close.

(6-14-1983)

Kyle Schlicher

The Draining

where does
all
the negative energy
generated
by
such
an
overwhelming
amount
of people
get
siphoned off to?

where?

(9-22-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

The Economics Of Being Awake While Others Sleep

while others are sleeping
i am awake thinking.

solitude in shades of grey
reflections
in blackened light.

blue images revolving
through
this space,

trickling down
as
promised.

my breathing
and
my
heart beating,

are the only sounds i hear.

loneliness
and
remoteness,
the price paid
to
be
alone
and
awake

3-29-2016

Kyle Schlicher

The Electrocution Of Self Applied Knowledge

glorified imminent adoration
seeker
of
different

believer in the unknown

learning

acquiring experience

demanding answers

resulting
ruination of reality

concepts changing
whereas
others never see
beyond
the
mirror

stagnation of thought is a cancer

i need to wet my finger

stick
it
in
the
wall
outlet

(4-18-2016)

The End Of The Equation

on his deathbed
einstein writing
his
last
words
the end of the equation,
= light minus life= darkness.

(7-18-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

The End Of The Ride

rusty train tracks
abandoned
elegance
glinting
in the distance

wooden plank floor
creaking
under
the weight
of
mounting memories

modernization
mending
the
torn fabric
of
timeless
recollections

somewhere
mom
is
calling
for me
to come home
and
eat dinner

I gotta go

it is getting late

(2-17-2008)

Kyle Schlicher

The Existential Me

this is who i am.

a question parlayed
into
a most satisfactory answer.

i am who i am.

plain m & m's
vs
peanut m & m's.

i am,
therefore,
i am who i am.

no need to delve any further
into
my social problematic psyche.

i am me.

i exist to be here today.

my image exists,
i live to breathe,
therefore,
i am.

no need to look
any
further.

take me for what i am.

(6-11-2007)

The Game

the game
grows tiresome.

the players
grow weary
of asinine rules
enforced by braying
ignorant fools.

the game
has but one objective
and that is
to survive,
to see another day.

the game
grows tiresome.

the players
want to take their ball
and
go
home.

(Chu Lai RVN 11-23-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

The Garbage Is Collected On Thursday

The floor is littered
Ideas dying
Spewed
About
On sheets of crumpled paper.
Leftovers
From days ago
Laying around as the ink
Slowly dries
Into some kind of written
Rorschach Ink blot
Nightmare of expressed memory.
The dead bodies
Piling up
Begin to corrupt
The hungering soul fighting
To find solace and acceptance in writing.
The senseless slaughter continues
As nothing helpful flows
From the hand
Onto the paper
Until the mess dies
Begins to collect flies
Swarming the rotting remains.
Soon the room smells of decay.
But don't worry
The garbage is collected on Thursday.

(6-23-1984)

Kyle Schlicher

The Inevitable

Bony fingers
of
surrealistic
superstition
ravaging
the glory
of her
maidenhood.

With
her hands tied
her
soul cleansed
of all
impurities,

she walks
stone faced
toward
the altar
caught in
death's
warm fuzzy grip

(1-23-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

The Last Bell

the last bell
for sonny
was
the
6th
one.

the upstart
challenger
had his way
and
the end
of
the
brutal
hard
road
was at last
in sight.

no one now
sings to him
the
praises
of
victory.

the night creeping,
crept
into
the idle darkness
of his
lonely corner
with
the ringing
of the sixth
and
the
last

bell.

(10-25-1973)

Kyle Schlicher

The Last Note

i wrote to
you.

played on the piano
on slip away.

of a movie
with
ending
credits.

of the bluebird's
song.

the last note

never
ends
keeps
echoing
throughout
the universe.

(10-07-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

The Lies We Tell

she said. i will love you
forever. i said,
i will
love
you
forever.

we said this. knowing
all the while
forever
was
something
we knew nothing about!

it was all lies! lies told
with
a
purpose
at the time.

3-28-2020

Kyle Schlicher

The Light

the light moves
stretches
out of shape
until
it disappears
somewhere
off
in
the distance
between
today
and
tomorrow

(From The Series Of Poems Written At The Chemo Center)
(8-29-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

The Light Is On

the light is on
yet,
the darkness grows
drowning
out
the
dream

6-06-2016

Kyle Schlicher

The Mad Scientist Writing

Bending the light
twisting
the sound.

No-thing is square
no-r round.

I am a scientist.
Mad?
May-be, but
I must search
this universe
for the answer
 ' I '
need.

Dissect
the indiscriminate
memory.
Put it under a microscope.
It has no past
no future.

I will experiment with it.

Discovery teases.

I
AM
DETERMINED.

(8-11-2004)

Kyle Schlicher

The Mime Speaks Out At Last

6 o'clock news!

the mystery has been stabbed
in
the
back.

silence is no longer

GOLDEN.

the goose laid an ordinary egg.

words were expected
containing
some
semblance
of
refined
wisdom.

'a drink of water, '
he
asked
of
the
interviewer.

nothing less.

nothing more.

he is one of us
after
all.

bummer.

(4-28-1983)

Kyle Schlicher

The Myth

i watch in wonder
as the two alike snowflakes
fall to the cold ground.

(12-23-1981)

Kyle Schlicher

The Need

Prowling,
going where

The Need

leads onto
deserted
asphalt streets,
buildings
of the tall canyons
skyward.

Wings to fly above
the crushing ensemble.

The noise
affecting the outcome.

No score to keep.

No result to mind.

Maddening gangs
of faceless creatures
elbow to elbow,
the rush
continues.

Neon signs
pointing the way.

No direction
to lose the urge.

Hunger consumes

The Need.

(9-27-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

The Night Opens Up Wide

The night opens up wide.

I walk inside,
it swallows me whole
the moon is there,
I am not alone.

The lights travel thru the darkness.

I can see the other side of the bridge.
Now, it is safe for me to cross over.

I have arrived safely
and in one piece.

Now, my journey begins
and the story can unfold.

(1-19-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

The Property Of Light

Michelson
and
Morley
had a need to know
to twist, bend
to explain
this thing
we cannot hold,
taste
or
own.

This thing
once thought
to penetrate
the essence of the aether.

Is it real,
substantial in quantity
or
just a figment
of an overwrought
imagination?

To see is to believe.

9-23-1975

Kyle Schlicher

The Rhythm

the sun, clouds, grass, trees
birds, butterflies on blue flowers
my chair on the porch.

(5-18-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

The Road Must End Somewhere

it's been a long hard road.

I've traveled from there
to here to there
and back again
many,
many times.

i have
seen things,
done a few things
and hurt
myself
along the way.

now, i am tired.

the road must end somewhere.

(1-24-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

The Sound Of Crows

early morning peace

hot coffee

boca ciega bay
shining
under
fresh sundrops
bursting
of purity

in the distance
the sound of crows

(11-12-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

The Storyline Unfolding

it's a cold beer night
here
in
paradise
propane heaters turned on
much like
the empty night
is
switched on

bar people
all
shapes
and sizes
hanging
on every word
lost
in the cold wind
blowing
in from the bay

beer bottles sweating
in
the
cold florida air
tell a story
about
loneliness
itself
sleeping alone

conversations started
never
to have an ending
other
than
i'll see you
again
tomorrow

night

(1-13-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

The Unlie

until you came along
the truth
was nowhere to be found

(8-05-2003)

Kyle Schlicher

Then Why?

if love can hurt,

cause

undeniable

pain

as

it

often

does,

then why?

(6-17-2007)

Kyle Schlicher

There Was A Time

i was once young.

stronger, more
agile.

i saw life
more clearly
than
i do now.

yes,
ambition
burned brightly
until
one day
the dream
was taken from me,

and i let it go
without a struggle.

now, i sit
and tell myself,

yes,
i could have made it.

yes,
there was a time.

(2-17-1999)

Kyle Schlicher

They Didn'T Know

he lay there
under the sun
dried blood on his lips.

the heat was oppressive.

his clothes were dusty,
dark blotches on them.

i could see the ants
moving,
entering him
and
exiting him.

how i hate this place!

how i hate the people
who are responsible
for all this unbelievable madness.

how i hate myself
for volunteering to be here!

i watched the ants crawling
over the body.

i wanted to hate them too!

but,
they didn't know
and
the hating
had to stop somewhere.

5-15-1968

Kyle Schlicher

They Say It Is Morning

Stay calm.
This is good advice.
Rushing to rash decisions
leads only to decaying results.

I realize it is dark
and you are lost without your shadow.

Heed the aforementioned advice
stay calm.
Look at all the possible choices
you have in front of yourself.

Be wise.
Think of the holes in the black night
where the moonlight shines through.

Tiny fingers of salvation.
They are your only way out.

Ask why.

No one will answer
for no one
knows why.

The darkness must end.
It cannot survive forever.

Exit this place here.
This is the ending
to the beginning
of the stampede.

The door leading to the present tense
is closing on the night.

They say it is morning.

(3-17-1999)

Kyle Schlicher

Things

a coloring book,

a box
of crayons,

a rainy day,

time to kill.

(3-11-1974)

Kyle Schlicher

Thinking About Things

sitting here
on this monday morning
staring
hard
into the eyes
of
yesterday.

mistakes coming forth.

right and wrong
are
interchangeable parts
of
the solution
in
place.

regret is an option to consider.

the road to tomorrow
is
ruttled
with
wasted opportunities.

one lives
and
one
learns.

this is the way it is.

(9-19-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Thinking About You

i wonder about
the moon sleeping in the sky

do we both see it

while i am here
and you are
where you are tonight

(3-09-2004)

Kyle Schlicher

Thirsty

rain falls softly
on red petals shining
in the morning

(5-12-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

This Is Where I Travel

my thoughts
are of this place
dying
somewhere
outside
the landscape
of my mind.

time is the enemy
setting down
in
the
distance.

'hush'
the wind calls out
to the sad sky
crying
as yet
another day
echoes
in the
vastness of eternity.

(6-23-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

This Isn't Healthy

this isn't good. living
as i am.

surrounded by darkness. playing
the same song over & over.

not wanting to see anyone.

this is where i was in may,1981.

i met her then. now she is gone.

it would appear
as if
my life has
come
full circle.

this ain't healthy. not one bit.

i know it. but, it is who i am.
even as a kid i was this way.

nothing has changed; except,
that for a very brief 37 years,
a light was suddenly turned on.

at last the darkness
was gone.

however, the light soon faded away.

my darkness returned. i expected
nothing less. i know kYle.

it is now march 13,2020-
i am still playing
the same
song over & over-

again & again & again
&
again
&
again.

i'll survive. even tho'
there are some who believe
this
isn't
healthy.

but, full circle. my life.

how
about
that
one!

3-13-2020

Image credit: "For You Love" - -kyle schlicher

Kyle Schlicher

This Morning

this morning
i sat and stared off into space

after a few minutes,
i pulled my boots off
and then just sat there.

i sat there saying nothing.

i just sat there staring off into space
saying nothing

until

i lowered my head unto my arms
and i sat there

rocking back and forth

with my eyes closed
saying nothing

to

no one.

(5-14-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

This Morning Turned Ordinary

do
birds sing
along
with
the light
morning
brings?

do
the ancients
have
memory
of the warming
light?

does
the hungry
child's
yearning
echo
in
memory
of
days
past?

who
among
us
will watch
over
the
innocent?

who
among us
is
duty
bound

by honor
to
bury
this
morning
turned
ordinary?

(9-13-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

This Time

THIS TIME

I see
the fading moon
silver tears
rolling
down
long
into
the night

Where the day
escapes
I am
imprisoned
shackled
by
emotion

I feel my way
through
the murkiness
of
troubled times
and
lost love

I need the release
that comes
with
letting go
the
memory

This time

9-12-1979

Kyle Schlicher

Those Who Write Poetry

those who write poetry
do so,

even though there are
those who wonder
why bother?

we write even though
the odds are

no one will ever
take the time
to read
what we write.

let alone understand
what we choose to write

or even
the very reason
we must write it
in the first place

regardless
of all the above.

(8-22-1978)

Kyle Schlicher

Time Is A Question

time is a question
that goes on
unanswered
until
the moment arrives
when
the heart
no
longer
beats
to
the
rhythm of life.

(8-07-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Time Is The Distance

time is the distance
between
then and now
slowly
bleeding
forgiveness

(7-06-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

Time Out Of Place

time
out of place

knows no other.

what becomes of the hour?

night is the constant

darkness prevalent.

my inner being
screams
in
silence.

loneliness
knows
my
pain
all too well.

the door to freedom
will
not
open

solitude
grows
discontented

take care
for
i must leave now.

(12-27-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Time Running Backwards

in the mirror
the
clock
is in reverse
look
into the magic
device
time
can
be
seen
firsthand

who lies?
for
sure
not
the truth
it
is
stagnant
always
straight forward
pulling
no
punches

far beyond
the
half way marker
truth
rests
waiting
on
the
rest of us
to
catch up

up ahead
the
finish line
is
in
sight

winner
loses all.

8-04-2006

Kyle Schlicher

Time To Fly

cocoon opening
wings coming alive flutter
in sunlight reflecting

(4-24-2004)

Kyle Schlicher

Time Waiting

it hesitates
not in a hurry.

it understands
forever
is on its side.

(12-08-1987)

Kyle Schlicher

To Be Inside You

i want to be inside you,

to feel
your warmth,

the beat
of your heart,

the smoothness
of your soul.

i want to be inside you,
both of us

together
as one,

each
feeling
the
other.

(5-03-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

To Be Like A Lion

the lion
knows
only

gnawing,

lingering

hunger

and
not
how

to hate
the
next
meal.

(8-01-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

To Each His Own

concrete buildings,

asphalt
pavement,

rain filled
gutters.

neon lit liquor storefronts.

homeless
living
amidst
cardboard homes
in alleyways.

feral cats
on
rat patrol.

pawn shops,
blood
centers,

street corner preachers
promising
a better
hereafter.

worn women
of
the night
promising
a
better
right now.

a living hell for some.

paradise
for
others.

(4-02-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

To Love A Shadow

wanting you
my heart beats
against reason
needing
more
than you can give.

(6-22-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

To The Good Times

cheap
bottle of champagne
uncorked
hardly
overflowing

like
a couple of
fizzes
dropped
in a glass of water,

these are the daze
of
our
lives

(9-29-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Today Has An Edge Like A Razor

I must beware,
today
the unsuspecting innocence
treads
upon
a frozen sharpness
slicing
through
lingering
clouds of thought.

loneliness reigns supreme
cutting
swiftly, neatly
to the bone
and behold,
the answer
is there
crawling
slowly
along the edge
where
waiting patiently
for my company,
it turns toward me
and
smiles
a most knowing smile.

(6-04-1999)

Kyle Schlicher

Today I Thought About You

i can't say
that today was different
in any special way.
nothing really happened
to set it apart
from yesterday
or any day before.

no, nothing at all,
except for a brief
minute or two
when i found
myself
thinking
about you.

(4-23-2002)

Kyle Schlicher

Today I Watched A Fly

Today I watched a fly
as it went about doing
the things flies will do.

It tried its best to steal
a taste of the meal
I was eating.
It would fly around,
land and then take off
as I shooed it away.

But, it would always
come back around as soon
as I turned my attention
to other things.
And then we would go through
the entire scene once again.

I envied that little fly.

Quite unlike myself,
it seemed to have a purpose in life.

(6-23-1972)

Kyle Schlicher

Today The Sun Is Shining

Today the sun
Is shining.

My need has been answered.

Darkened clouds
Have given up
And disappeared.

I can feel my mind
Begin to loosen
As the cobwebs
Dissolve into clear
And concise reasoning:

I wonder how many beers
We have in the fridge?

(6-13-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Too Late For The Party

a sky blue leisure suit,

black patent leather shoes

fu manchu mustache

rheumy blue eyes

all completed

with the ultimate

in bad comb overs

(3-22-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Touching

Warm,
in bed together.

Soft clean sheets
beneath
our bodies.

Crazy mad
excitement
fuels
the moment
as
we
reach
out
for each other.

(10-28-1991)

Kyle Schlicher

Tough Love

the old
battle scarred
tom cat
drinks from my pond,
keeps a safe distance
between
himself and me

(1-05-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Trading

trading crayons and coloring books
for rifles
and
bayonets.

all
grown up
now.

(2-17-1974)

Kyle Schlicher

Tree Alone

tree alone
sentenced
to solitary
confinement
in the vastness
of the field
sheds no tears
only
leaves.

(5-04-1972)

Kyle Schlicher

True Love

the slender trees
bend
and
hover
as the rushing wind
hurries
to reach
a faraway
lover.

(4-28-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Truly

those who die
without
regret
have truly lived.

12-11-1978

Kyle Schlicher

Truth's Domain

in the mirror
a lie
is
never told

(3-15-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Trying To Blend In

a broken twig,
a
bent
blade of grass
betray
my presence
here
alone
watching it all
go
down

(6-03-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

Trying To Write A Poem

the words become muddled
a mud puddle
beaten senseless by the rain.

(10-08-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Turning Over Rocks

looking for something
worthwhile in life?

if so,
i'm pretty sure
that one day
you will find it.

just don't go
turning over rocks.

(10-09-1999)

Kyle Schlicher

Two Lines

where the truth ends
the lie begins

Kyle Schlicher

Unconditional Surrender

the lie

stole

truth's

virginity

savagely

ripping it

from the loins

dragging it

through
the murky mess

until at last

it screamed....

ENOUGH!

ENOUGH!

I SURRENDER!

(12-09-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

Underneath The Rock

underneath the rock
another world exists.
white
crawling things
i have seen,
witnessed
black multi-
legged
creatures scurrying
as i disturbed the solitude.

(5-24-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

Upon My Demise

upon my demise
do not buy flowers.

instead,
pick a bouquet of weeds.

unseen beauty
has
always
fascinated me.

(6-06-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Used Up All My Tears

grieving in different
tones

learning
to express sadness
without
leaving traces
of
emotional attachment
rolling
down
my cheeks

heart broken hiding
inside

(11-16-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Useless

In the darkness
a light
is needed by those
who cannot see.

Damn batteries!

(8-11-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Usury

today
i borrowed from yesterday

i promised
to pay it back
just
as soon as possible

today
i sat here by myself
while
the rest of the world
was going
totally
crazy

i needed something
from
the past

only then
would i be free

what is lost
becomes
a memory

today
i paid yesterday back

i owe tomorrow
nothing

(1-28-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Vallejo's Take

sailing
a drunken boat
daring
toward
unknown sunrises.

wondering out loud,

who says
the stunted adulthood of man?

forget the fantasy.

truth hides
in the mountains
deep
below
the
equator;

silver mines contamination;

cesar's
cold
chilled
cerveza
awaits
the
thirsty poet.

the valley is green,

it runs
beyond
the
sea.

(8-13-1993)

Kyle Schlicher

Van Gogh's Barber Tells The Story

innocent bowl of fruit

on a wooden table

beside the empty
bottles
of
wine.

open window
looking out
onto
the arles landscape,

mirror on the wall
smashed
in
pieces

bloody washstand
with
a dirty wash cloth,

torment
filling the basin.

easel
standing alone,
razor
dripping
a beautiful red
on
the palette.

seurat
whispers to
gauguin,

'true genius lives herein! '

pisarro
nods
in
agreement,

adding
'but, how it soon bleeds out'

from a distant field
of sunflowers
comes the unending
crazed screams
of a madman
on the loose
with
nothing
left
to
paint.

(9-07-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Vietnam Sunset

i have come
to
regret
a simple
thing
such
as
a sunset.

i don't
like
it
when
the
sun
drops
down
below
the
forbidden
ground.

(5-14-1968)

Kyle Schlicher

Waiting On Nothing

Standing still
against
the
day
languishing
in protest
of
another
sunset
I wait here
alone
as
the
darkness
hesitates
however briefly
before
it
descends
swallowing
all
in sight.

(4-22-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

Waiting Rooms

waiting rooms are necessary

* * * *

even

a

funeral home

has

one

(5-11-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Waking Up To Imaginary Clarinets

in the darkness
light is exposed to memory
glands
working over
time.

hey! turn it down over there!

i'm trying to wake up!

no crackers please.

sodium does me no good.

i can't find my feet this
morning.

maybe i won't need them
before
this thursday.

what a way to begin
my next to last day
here
on earth?

the platters
are singing an oldie but goodie.

benny goodman
died quite a few years ago.

how i hate
this
ringing in my ears!

(4-11-2015)

Walk Away With Me

morning
song
of
songs

singing outloud

darkness
giving away

forgiveness
melting
in the melody

walk with me this morning

please
walk with me

walk away
with
me
deep into the morning.

(8-05-2004)

Kyle Schlicher

Walking In Circles

One time
i was lost
and
didn't know where i was.

so i walked
and
walked
until
i saw a sign
in the distance.

i walked some more
came to the sign,
it said
you are here.

i thought to myself
now, i know where i am.

so i walked
and
walked
until
i saw another sign in the distance.

i walked some more
came to the sign.
it said
you were there
now, you are here.

i thought to myself
now i know where i was
and
where i am now.

so i walked
and

walked
until
i saw another sign in the distance.

i walked some more
came to the sign.

it said
you were once here,
then you were there
now, you are back here.

(2-07-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Walking Upright In An Uptight World

charles darwin looking closely
through skeptical, quizzical eyes,

the secret.

what does the truth tell us?

a rocky crag of an island
lectures the intellect

of the deceivers.

what path is chosen?

quite simply, the most obvious one.

one man questions the past.

daring to interject an unbiased opinion

into the conversation.

a theory to upset the belief systems
of an entire continent.

one man.

one theory.

evolving.

point made.

(10-07-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Wanting Nothing

sitting here
in the cancer center
waiting room
i'm struck by a single thought

* * * *

i want nothing
* * * *

nothing
other
than
to be young again

and

it ain't happening

(5-11-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Ward 8

everyone
should be required
to visit
ward 8
at least once a year.
it will clear
your head
of all
negative thinking.

(5-02-1970)

Kyle Schlicher

Watching A Dove

watching a dove
flying high
so high
catching the wind
floating
effortlessly
thru the summer sky.

what
wonder.

(5-10-1978)

Kyle Schlicher

Watching Reruns

Nothing much to do.

The weather sucks,
cold, damp drizzly day.

Too much coffee
has me on edge,
back and forth
I pace inside my cage.

Once again this morning
I turn the television on.

It isn't even noon yet.

(2-09-1982)

Kyle Schlicher

Watching The Snail

watching the snail

moving

slowly,

patiently

on its journey;

i am reminded
of the fact
that i have things
i could be doing
right
now.

(5-13-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Water Flows Easy

water flows easy
around
over
cold stones
down
the creek bed
on
past
the fallen tree
where
the water swirls
in a whirlpool
and moss
is
slippery green
and drops of moisture
cling to branches
over
cold stones
down
the creek bed.

(4-19-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

We All Killed Elvis

zealot preachers
smashing
and
burning records
calling him the devil

dj's blind
to what was happening
refusing
to play
the negro music
he was singing

parents
worried about his greasy
slicked back
ducktail
and
his sex appeal

teenagers
hungry
for some
of their
own
craziness
in a world gone berserk

friendly
family doctors
who
couldn't
say no to the king

an entourage
enabling
his every whim

elvis was doomed

from
the
very beginning

(8-17-1977)

Kyle Schlicher

We The People

this mystery
unsolved.
this
madness
resolved
into
nothing.

this
is
life
as we know it:

chaos
existing
for the purists.

order
in
place
for
the needy.

love
has
evolved
into
hatred:
nothing
is different.

nothing unchanged
for this
is the way.

it is not
the
poet
who

is
deranged
it
is
the
audience
they've
rearranged.

they lead.

they
are
in
charge.

we give them that.

we follow blindly.

ahhh
yes,
the
sweetness
of
ignorant
bliss.

(6-03-1992)

Kyle Schlicher

Wearing White Socks

life
is
one
big
mystery

except
for the fact

that

wearing
white socks
with
shorts
is preferable

to

wearing
black socks
with
shorts

especially,

when
the
black socks
are
worn
with
dress shoes
and
pulled
up
to the knees.

(6-02-1982)

Kyle Schlicher

What Becomes The Sin Eater

who takes it
upon
themselves,
this burden
of
sinful trespass?

where goes
the
afterlife
of
the
cursed one?

who will
dig
the grave
for
the
accused innocent?

gray sky,
bone chilling dampness,
all
signs
to be reckoned with
in
the hereafter

until

the dirt
has
been
returned
onto
the grave.

tears cried

as
a
solemn farewell
has been
sermonized.

.....
olden
hunched over
figure
moves
weaving
in and out
amongst
the
headstones.

yesterday
was
a blessing.

tomorrow
is
not
promised.

(9-22-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

What Was Once A Rainbow

What was once a rainbow
is now no more.

The light
disappeared.
The sun
no longer shines.

The visage
of what
was once hope
has
been
shattered,
colors scattered
thru out
the mindless,
ever expanding
universe.

(9-26-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

What Will You Do?

everyone
comes to a crossroad
at least
once in their life.

a time
when a decision
about
something important
must be made.

a time
to
decide
whether to fight
or
simply give up.

when it comes your turn
what
will you do?

(From The Series Of Poems Written At The Chemo Center)
(7-05-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

What Would I Say?

after all these years
what would i say
if
i saw you again?

i've been missing you?

how have you been doing?

maybe.

i don't rightly know,

because

time
is a
most
mischievous thing.

it teases the memory
into
believing
in shadows
dancing
somewhere
deep
in
the
back of the mind.

so, what would i say
if
i saw you again?

i don't rightly know.

i just do not know.

(8-05-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

What's My Name?

what's my name and
who is that

there!

standing in my mirror?

i recognize the music playing.

just
do not know
who
this is
listening to it.

my head
is
hurting. my memory bank
has
been
unplugged.

3-28-2020

Kyle Schlicher

When Does It Stop?

My memory of you
is painted a sad blue.

The pain
is like too much rain.

Everyday I ask myself
when does it stop?

(8-05-2006)

Kyle Schlicher

When Dreams Come

when dreams come
i disappear.
the self
no longer coexisting
with
the outer skin
confusing life
with
living.

when dreams come
the self evolves
into
this somnolent
mess of quivering flesh
as reality
dissolves
into
a series
of five minute plays
uninterrupted
by
commercial
content.

when dreams come
i suffer
the punishment
befitting
the crimes
committed
by
this person
i
have
become.

when dreams come
mercy

is
a forgotten word.
the floodgates
are
opened
and
the deluge
of
muddy brown water
rises
into
the
morning.

i disappear

when dreams come.

7-09-2006

Kyle Schlicher

When I Am Alone

counting the many stars
only one of the things i do
without you here
and
when
i
am
alone.

(3-12-1980)

Kyle Schlicher

When I See You

when
i
see
you
the world stops

my
heart
stops
beating

the blood
r
u
s
h
e
s
to my extremities

numbing
my
senses
past the point
of
feeling

(8-05-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

When In Doubt Somber Reptiles Sing This Song

cold blooded killers
living next door.

the old lady in the wheelchair is fair game.

social security checks direct deposited.

first of the month muggings
are a thing
of
the
past.

the apartment overhead is empty.
but, not for much longer

they are removing
the yellow crime tape today.

for rent: one bedroom one bath.
slightly bloodied. first
and last up front required.

register your guns with the super.

life insurance policies available
on a first name basis only.

check out time is predetermined

by nationality or color.

the preference is yours.

beware!

the light bulb in the hallway is loosened.

this got the black hand in godfather 2 killed.

a politician of the righteous order
lurks hiding in the shadows.

he is most dangerous.

cold, calculating

he doesn't know how to sweat.

the nictitating membranes
should have been the first clue.

the flickering forked tongue

gave evidence of his treachery.

don't offer him your hand,

you won't get it back.

4-13-2015

Kyle Schlicher

When The Kokanee Are Spawning

late spring
coldwater
rushing
over
rocks
carefully laid

dead trees across open water

skies opening up blue

life
and
death
converging in one final
gasping
gulp
of
devotion

purpose fulfilled
in
one dying rush

(5-10-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

When The Leaves Turn

spring,
the leaves green
with vigor
soon time eases into
summer
then into
autumn
when the leaves turn
before
dying
in the arms of winter.

(4-26-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

Where Love Falls

it is
where
love
falls
that the sky
is a softer
blue
then
the deepest
water
it
drowns in

(5-23-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

Where To Now?

The end of the day
resides in the sock drawer.
It is neatly folded
stacked next
to the also neatly
folded shorts
and
tee shirts.
It lies there
undisturbed
in the darkness.

(12-11-1995)

Kyle Schlicher

Whippoorwill

whippoorwill
crying out

darkness
descending

the night
is deep

i surrender
to
the
loneliness

(10-13-1983)

Kyle Schlicher

White Moon In The Sky

White moon in the sky
I need to know the answers
you keep from my heart

(9-13-1976)

Kyle Schlicher

White Noise

static
buzzing in my head

a humming
from deep within

a ringing
in my ears

the sound of all my fears
coming together

disturbing
my inner peace

(8-12-1972)

Kyle Schlicher

Who?

it came to me this morning.
the question i am about to ask,
that
is.

who will keep our memories safe
after
i have passed on to join you?

who?

and can i trust them to do so?

4-05-2020

Kyle Schlicher

Why Keep At It

no one gets it.

effort
unrewarded.

the
end
result
is
only
another
mud puddle
after
the
storm.

(7-28-1977)

Kyle Schlicher

Why Me?

i sometimes wonder
why
i
was chosen
for
this
particular
journey

(5-13-2016)

Kyle Schlicher

Wild One

larry ray parker
was
his name.

born to my grandfather
and della.

the odds
were
stacked
mighty
high
against him.

he was family to us
but
was
never
accepted
by
most
other relatives.

he was
just
beginning
to
grow
wings,
to come out
into
his own
the
day
he
was
murdered.

10-22-1975

Kyle Schlicher

Will You Climb The Mountain?

Desire
requires
unlimited knowledge
for it to exist.

Is your need
strong
enough?

(6-09-1980)

Kyle Schlicher

Wind Poem

brushing light
against
the skies
the wind
curls,
swirls around
and dashes
for the ground.

(3-22-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

Wine Tasting Hangover

somersaulting sommelier
savoring
tasty
prized
thumbed up
grapes

tipsy
doodle day

surprise merlot

zestfully selected
from
the
purple stained
meadow
mattress
in the hollowed
festival
of
the
snooty

society of
slobbering
snobs

casually
attired
for the most
ominious
occasion.

10-11-2005

Kyle Schlicher

Winter Breathing

after running for
many miles, breath harsh, ragged
hear winter breathing

(1-17-1982)

Kyle Schlicher

Winter Crawls Closer

Winter crawls closer
feel the urgency upon
the breath of the wind

(12-18-1997)

Kyle Schlicher

Winter Cries

winter cries frozen tears
drifting upon the gray wind
falling so slowly

(12-24-1997)

Kyle Schlicher

Winter In Shades Of Gray

Deep into the months of winter
depression grows
in the cold loneliness.
Freezing arms
soon wrap around
the shivering day
growing grayer
inch by inch
trying to breath
as it is
squeezed
tighter
against
the darkening light.

(1-27-1998)

Kyle Schlicher

Winter Wind Screaming

winter wind screaming
my ears freezing burning cold
with the profanity

(1-17-1977)

Kyle Schlicher

Winter's Hush

the old man,
ever the light sleeper,
sleepily peers
 out the frost
encrusted window.

yawning,
he turns to his chores
 as the wind cries out
in anguish
for the old man
to answer its plea.

 'hush'
he quietly calls
 to the child
who playfully falls
against
the snow laden shelter.

(1-25-1974)

Kyle Schlicher

Working For A Living

metric reasoning

dewey

decimal

system

REJECTION

millisecond

speedy

recovery

SILVER hammer falls

repeatedly

within

the ARC

unblemished

seduction

success

ROUSES the primal

urge to rise

head

and

shoulders

ABOVE

the pain

5-23-1998

Kyle Schlicher

Wrecking Ball

sometimes
the beginning never catches
up
with the end.
again
and
again
the connection is made
correction
is swayed
line to line:
a wrecking ball
smashing down
the trembling wall
standing
between
the beginning
and
the end.

(10-03-1978)

Kyle Schlicher

Written In Her Own Lipstick

The body on the floor,

mutilated
beyond recognition,

outlined in black tape.

the detectives

were busy
studying the mirror

where the killer

had offered forth

an agonizing apology
to the deceased

written in her own lipstick.

(10-19-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

Years Ago

Years ago

I wrapped all the memories up
tied them together
with a blue ribbon
storing them away,
telling myself
that's just
the way it should be.

But, every once in a while
I take them down
carefully untying the ribbon
and then
carefully,
so gently
I unwrap them
breaking the promise
I made to myself
so many
years ago.

(12-09-2014)

Kyle Schlicher

Yin And Yang And All The Others

introvert - extrovert

holding hands

locked
together

walking towards
the light
flooding the future
in an
inverted
topsy turvy
world
with
gravity defying
consequences
notwithstanding
the law of physics
does not
apply in this
otherwise
unique relationship

is this optical illusion
to become the truth
or merely,

the way?

(11-26-2015)

Kyle Schlicher

You

you are the fragrance
of
my
flower
the color
of
my
sunrise

3-11-1974

Kyle Schlicher

You Are Essential

you are the space
between
each
word
i write.

without you-
absolutely
nothing
i write
would-could
hold together-
or make any sense.

you are essential.

12-02-2017

Image Credit: JoYcelyn & kYle- -kYle schlicher

Kyle Schlicher

You Are Like The Moon

all night i watched you
moving through the darkened night
such mystery

(4-15-1975)

Kyle Schlicher

You Don'T Know Who I Am

Years later,
I am slower,
yet,
I still move with caution.

I am graying
yet,
my anger is young.

I am heavier
yet,
i am light upon my feet.

I have trouble
seeing at night
yet,
my reactions remain swift.

I am the same person
I was years ago.

Yet,
you still don't know who I am.

(10-24-2005)

Kyle Schlicher

You Remain The Constant Memory

YOU REMAIN THE CONSTANT MEMORY

out of nowhere
it suddenly
came to me,

hitting me
between the eyes,

a killing blow
delivered
swiftly efficiently
to my solar plexus:

a double shot of reality.

the truth
of the matter
exposed
in one simple fact:

i will never see you again.

4-11-2015

Kyle Schlicher

You Saved Me

I was dying.

Floating
somewhere
between
there
and here
without
purpose.

Then
you
happened.

(8-05-1979)

Kyle Schlicher

Your Picture

your picture.
on the table, the wall.

in my dreams.

5-10-2020

Kyle Schlicher