

Poetry Series

Lucas Akkadian
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Lucas Akkadian(January 23,1990)

I try to walk the borders of introspection and social commentary, to strike the emotional root note of whatever idea that I'm trying to express, trusting that the reader will better connect with the truth in it on their own terms.

A Harlequin Romance

We steal away into the night
and pretend that we're immortal
Breathing life into this tragedy

I'll be your Kurt like you're my Courtney
and we'll live life like it's novel
To bleed this love exquisitely

And when we feel it's said and done
we'll step into the light to make believe
we moved the planets
to die a little closer to the sun

Lucas Akkadian

Acid Bath Of The Impervious Armor

□

My ionic alleyways corrode,
adorning sordid fantasies,
as the annals of time combust
to paint the sand with marrow,

But still this morose vision lingers
like the longest winter day,
of the impunity of shadows
and the vastness of eternity.

Lucas Akkadian

An Echo Of Silence

Like so many other nights I tried
to close that bedroom door with care
and fall away to my own world
But that night you were there.

I'd closed the door, turned out the light,
and you came in like fire aflight,
with eyes brimming with dark delight-
at the sight of me sitting there.

My molten arms quaked,
gripped the sheet like angel hair
as your knobby fists dispensed
a will to wither my spine.

At daybreak I was off to school
with a backpack full of clothes
expecting the day would last forever
But by lunchtime she was there,
to take me home.

Lucas Akkadian

Bereaving Turmoil

I reach inside this shadow
to be swallowed by sunken memories
and descend on unsought stairways
to rooms I'd never see when fettered
in the stitches of my world.

They house those abandoned and left without form,
that are imprisoned by the keepers of the fantasy
and wishing for reprieve just as I.

And I surmise that denial
is better left to those
who'll yeild to everything.

Lucas Akkadian

Bleeding The Illusion

I rose from a wasted sleep
with Neitzschean hymns still echoing
as if they'd been my lullabies

And it would seem the clouds
that so amiably had dimmed vapid rays
Are rallied in a front behind my back.

And bitter memories like tombstones
stand so cold and silent;
A laryngectomized living still life,
or mute caricature of a history
doomed to repeat forever.

Lucas Akkadian

Blind Casket

Take down my cold metal stepping chair
On which I nurse from my natal depression
I am hanging somewhere already
Losing my rosy warmth and shine
As this dark day repeats forever in my mind.
Alone I watch and don't cast a shadow,
A ghost composed of frantic thoughts,
But when the bottom of the bottom drops out
I'll be here and nowhere, chaotic and placid
And the knot will sway as if I'd just-
Disappeared.
I've been nursing from the absence for too long,
Growing up too fast.
Digging
quicker and harder
relentlessly
To rebury
leftover chunks of my world
in cryptic messages
I need a change of pace
But to slow myself down I don't have the kind of mass it takes.
I've left too much behind in the places where I slept and shit, and prayed
And now by small light I wonder how I ended up here.
Where these scars remind me of what I once was,
before I lit up the inside of my box and decided,
that the truth was a more comfortable casket.

Lucas Akkadian

Blue Deluge

I clasp my pride with both hands tight-
Behind a cracking mask of composure,
As scanning ultraviolet eyes expose
My soul for what it truly is.

Lucas Akkadian

Bulldozer Vs. Garden

Through another tragic sunrise
Inside this perfect wasteland
where I have come to believe
the mother starves the meak

I faced the coming end,
feigning wisdom with holy rituals,
that anesthetize the weak,
and sat alone
awaiting sunrise
In this forsaken city.

And I've come to believe
that when the breath of heaven gently sweeps
down from the stars to slowly freeze
I won't feel, but know
That to end is just to start again
and rise up like a phoenix in the night.

Lucas Akkadian

Chiasmata

My hand falls to the covers; releasing my
cell phone as it chimes a busy signal.
With new reserve she slips away
and back into her shell,
as soft light swells from down
the stairs, to hover on the walls.

'It happened years ago' she groans,
'but that's not what I meant'.
I sway and give a tired glance
to defuse her right to escalate.

Twilight's ocher rays creep through
a dusty window pane
to cast their defiant shadows.

'We're almost out you know.'-
she explains with a sigh, and slips a
black hoody over her breasts.

'Well maybe it's not a stipulation'
I offer with an unassuming gaze.
'You know what? ' her voice raises,
'You try to analyze every damn thing:
when will you learn to just...'.
'I have other mysteries' I start.
'well, I don't suppose any of them
were chronicled on the pages you
ripped out right before my eyes'.

She fumes in silence, giving me the floor.

'What about you: what have you really shown me, but
a box of Hallmarks and little porcelain figures? '

From the phone, the operator's
prerecorded error message interjects.
I pick it up to hit end, as the sound of
her heels trails off over hard wood.

The front door slams, and the operator
lingers in silence.

Lucas Akkadian

Cliche Love Poem

These nights are cold
and the days are a haze
As seconds drift by
like exhailes of the sleeping

I've slain all the dogs at my door
and won the price of silence
but the walls still breath a soft cadence
to carry me off into limbo

Since I've been alone
You're just another ghost in my house.

Lucas Akkadian

Finger Prints On Minute-Film

With that ephemeral
tragic talk show stare,
to cut through your most
elaborate mask
of martyrdom,
you dissect my vivid colorscheme
as you would a photographed still-life,
to destroy all of the negatives,
As if all that we've become
was inevitable,
But you were the one
that painted us grey,
And true martyrs
don't pass the blame.

Lucas Akkadian

Ghost In The Rising Sun

We'd once stood in darkening corners of
out crumbling house and quenched the
cracked floor with soft
summer words that seemed to
silently creep out
and explode
on the floor like
tiny crystal bombs
of cold hard hail

With your contagious mental armor
you seemed to parody a holy roman knight in
breastplate and fingered iron gauntlets sharply
prodding a hardening heretic who
refused to speak out

I was a nihilist and
didn't believe
in justified conflict
for fear of annihilation

But I was going to burn eternally and
didn't care to hear why
as your blunt words of
pleading parental reason
seemed only to sharpen my
deliberate indecision
like spires of a city wall
climbing endlessly

And then time lapsed as
the earth turned away and
the sun came around again
and eager spider webs jumped
open in double time like medieval
road signs pointing to the cemeteries
of medieval churches

And I find myself comfortably

numb at angst ridden seventeen
a silent priest of mental anarchy
reading Nietzsche on a stolen
laptop screen and desperately
scrawling down further plots of
mental erosion on zig-zags and
mirrors too small for complete
reflections of me

Still yearning for something to emulate
the bliss you'd claimed was
shared by all pious travelers on
the very path to salvation that
has taken you
this long
to explain to me.

Lucas Akkadian

Given

Lay me down where we feared to tread.
I know you heard every word I said.
Whispers scream in a memory,
ever as dear as ever dear.

This blood stained shirt;
the red spot on my chest
is only an obscured fable
Like saying we'd never
get too close.

Lucas Akkadian

Intermission...

It's Thursday morning, pouring rain and all the shops are closed.
This quiet city's under a tornado warning,
and a little coffee shop on the corner
was the only place I could find that
offered a break from the chaos.

In more than one way
this place may have literally
saved my life.

The air was almost as vacant as
a church on monday morning,
and I imagined I'd missed
bohemian night by a single fraying thread.
But I took my cup of black hazelnut
and stole away to the loft.

So now I'm alone in a nook of this place so obscure and
looking down on all the silence as some skinny girl at the bar,
with flowing black hair and a lip ring
makes small talk with the male barista.
I'm trying to focus on scrawling down some self important
introspection on rough grained paper napkins,
but all I can think about is the rain outside the window
and how it reminds me of the rainy day when I kissed Lilly
on the waterlogged paint chips of a peeling bench
and held her close by the waistband of her jeans
behind the church
and she told me she didn't like her eyes
and all I wanted to do was collapse into her humid hair and
savor the scent of her skin.

I just can't figure out why on rainy days like these I just keep
falling back into her hair and straight back into that solitary moment
Like a curse that only she can break.

And it makes me wonder, if maybe we're all just trapped by our
most perfect moments, unable to move on,
or to engage in life completely.

just biding our time until the next moment comes
when we can feel alive again, be it through death, or shining revival.
If we're all just biding our time, to find it never comes.

Lucas Akkadian

Lady In The Water

Solemnly I discorded
to meddle in the cogs of grace,
Driving faster out of hope to be saved
as angels resisted and devils gained.

And she slid in through a sliver
of light through the open door,
and I thought she was a harbinger
of tragedy or inexorable end,

but she just smiled
that crooked smile
and spoke-
'despair not, but penetrate the night'.

Lucas Akkadian

Mire

There is only one thing worse
than a burning question,
and that is having
nothing at all
to think about.

Emptiness crawls on its belly
and into your head like a sideshow.
It doesn't care who you are
or what greatness you've done.
It's the only force capable of
true destruction,
and It's you.

Lucas Akkadian

Old Man By The Window

Sitting here in my rocking chair
It seems not getting anywhere.
With burnt specks on my fingertips-
and singed ends in my hair.
While the bold facade moves,
I sit and barter with the fare.

To count my coups I've hung my etats
Up to dust behind the door,
As silence weeps for moments used
that are laid to rest worn bare.
But still I fathom the ends of earth,
And stir these inner waters.

So with static ringing in my ears,
And my awkward arms embracing air,
I'll wait for the red dusk to burn out
and undermine my stare.

Lucas Akkadian

Penance Of The Undead

By Luke VanderPol

The animate corpses hunt for clemency
Down wintry streets so wearily,
a clattering vessel as empty
as a child granted his fantasy
Cast in resilient cloth, though naked
marching to a sound arrhythmic and fleeting
the ominous sound of their single heart beating
to call out their ubiquitous time
as madly as a solitary mind
and this jaded creation, poised
with it's own shiny gun
cocked to fluttering heart
will pass into void
as swiftly as it came
to surely beg for absolution.

Lucas Akkadian

Phoenix Of Winter

Like an insatiable fly in a slipstream
of gratuitous decay-
you stared into the sun,
perchance to lose sight of your scars,
or to better color me by number-
in that monochrome scale
that men have used paint the stars.

But I could not go blind with you
and I could not be your eyes.
So like a listless satellite
in the vacuum of space
I will drift unadorned
with a centripetal pull in my veins-
to move on-
and carry this light.

Lucas Akkadian

Ratio

Tires,
Night;
Not a phrase.
White and yellow lines,
spiral out and away from words,
but there is no escaping human fear.

Her brother,
And his wife,
Sleep beside the fireplace,
And that old and dusty house still stands in defiance.
'Why'd I have to fall in love...'
'...Wish I wasn't me.'
'I'll tell them all,
Someday.'

Lucas Akkadian

Reign Of The Night Hag

They inhale,
And exhale,
Watching,
in vicariousness-
like robots in the garden,
Nodding off to nowhere.
And every last weight falls away
as the contagious deterioration snowballs.
They breath in their synthetic eucharist,
resigning all their abilities to be
anything more than conscious,
As prosthetic awareness beams
in through the looking glass,
hitching rides on translucent trails
between families wired to living room furniture sets
And out into the bowing streets,
To feed a dumb ecstasy of blaring commercial euphoria.
And while dreamers wade fervently,
through the sludge of a superimposed dreamscape.
Agoraphobic shells sit to atrophy,
making lines in front of the t.v.

Lucas Akkadian

Silo Of Disrepair

□

I am suspended amidst the chaotic
disassembling of paraplegic machines
Terminally doomed and forever withering into stone.

Life in rewind,
Spinning fast into a coffin cocoon
As thick webs wrap around this
Casket of impurities.

Just hanging by the thread of
Death in slow motion.

With shadows nipping at my heels,
But sinister smiles holding down
the cynic in me, like the patient
Grains of lead floating in
molecules of water
Waiting to sink.

Lucas Akkadian

Snapshot Of An Orchid

by Luke VanDerPol

You stretch up to the sky

to reach out for it's light

And all your dreams fade out

into the atmosphere

Like potential without time-

like an essence without life.

Though a myriad of changes wound

and flecks on fragile petals mar,

an emptiness can't befall it

if the ruined perseveres,

but the whisper of eternity is lost

to one that's waiting for the end.

Lucas Akkadian

Snow Angels Of Narcissus

Our tethers fell dismantled
Into the withering sun
To leave me breathing in the smoke.

As you turned the changes moved
A cadence all their own.

It's memory stole up my resolve:
Retreating out of solace to be
Disenchanted like a waking dream,
Into an image of your lips.

Swiftly, softly, into the dark,
Everyone leaves eventually...
"And yes", she pressed "even you".

Lucas Akkadian

Velvet And Porcelain

I let you take the wheel
with my wreckage to escape,
to drive us fast so I could feel
on icy roads, like Heroin.

And surreal it was to see
that our faces never flushed,
to break our semblance of cool sleep
as we faced the end in fatal trust.

Across that bridge we careened
together to crash like porcelain
And now I lay beside you, torn
among your scattered shape.
But I feel this dream must
have been yours,
because I've never been
afraid to break.

Lucas Akkadian