

Poetry Series

Shelley Byron Keats
- poems -

Publication Date:
2005

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

Shelley Byron Keats()

Beyond Belief

Garbed in sacred luminescence,
Three coats, blue-heaven incandescence.
Attacks of frenzy? Lack composure?
Know religion blows without some closure!
You're crystal, fragile, stain-glass rattle-
all templed- words chewed- low as cattle.

You praise God (peeking!) Time's now 'seven.'
Wound-up, alarmed. Hands raised to Heaven.
Devoutly say, shout-lift loud refrain-
chime as 'eight', ring 'nine', 'ten' toll. Profane!
Such surplus exceeds Love's needs! . Confess,
Vile self-cellar's crevice -snake? venom? YES-S-S-S!

Shelley Byron Keats

But Say The Great Tsunami Had Touched You..

But then say that the great Tsunami had touched you:

fingering you with spray, swallowed you whole,

then spat you out again....

Yet your wife, the clinging children an inch away, all just screaming bait

that falls under its edged, frothed blade of wave- forever.

Then soon once more the smooth sea

stealing your every tear and (fate's jest!)

showing in uncaring parody a floating image of your astonished face.

They're gone forever, forever...

How would you repeat, proclaim

in unwavering voice what seemed haunting sunsets upon skies, air claiming your prayers-

What refrain might hymn Sparing Hands, scale the shout for dead, old 'God' again?

Shelley Byron Keats

For The Birds

A parrot was sick, yes quite chronic;
he took Henry's poems for a tonic.
He let out a squawk, now all people talk.
Supersonic he died on moronic.

Another parrot, to cultivate mating,
read those poems, (although they were grating!)
Parrot fell with a lurch right off of his perch:
his lady issued 'ones' for her rating!

Shelley Byron Keats

He Didn'T Make The Cut

Henry desired the Nobel Prize.
In his eyes fine writing spelled lies.
He tried to steal the award
but took a slash from a sword
made of eyelash-just right for his size.

Shelley Byron Keats

Henry Believes It's Better To Give

A man collapsed on the road.
Then a thief stole his wallet, I'm told.
The next pinched his key
and his left plastic knee.
Someone poured poems
down his throat (a la mode!)

Shelley Byron Keats

Henry's A Treasure: Bury Him

Henry dreamed the New World to see-a
on the Pinta, Nina, Santa Maria;
but that Columbus was such a strange fella,
when Herbie his own poems would yell-a
the captain would flee-a to India for tea-a-
for the smell-a wasn't Queen Isabella!

Shelley Byron Keats

Holy Establishments On Third Street

With NSF for congregation
the clergy cashed its own creation.
The late Baptist Church was razed and paved-
cars pew and bank stays where Jesus saved!

Shelley Byron Keats

Sugar Intensive Diet

Gus the glutton whenever he was able
dined on Henry's pages of poems on the table.
He swilled them. He slurped them.
At high tea he burped them:
sappy sentiment,
not meat and potato

Shelley Byron Keats

The Likeness Is Frightening!

The town of Henry's very own birth
wanted a tribute to this poet's worth.
They erected his statue
then someone sneezed, 'ka-choo! '
and small cinder of worth hit the earth.

The Divine sure thumps poor Asian people
but this year curbed death surf from all sides.
Now the greying mob all tired, but faithful
can psalm the Glory of His Name,
sing the Love that abides.
The Bible has written that Jesus saves.
Bank on the Lord -and He won't make waves.

Shelley Byron Keats

The Play Actor

Henry tied his black cape on-(he's small)
Hung from wall, he'd enthrall at the ball!
Some actors were there,
Henry just couldn't care:
supreme acting that he knew it all!

Shelley Byron Keats

The Royal Descent

Shakespeare's character, Richard the Third
had a fondness for every turd.
Henry's poems had the tone
-he wanted one for his own-
and (so's the word)
king mounted the throne.

Shelley Byron Keats

Thy Will

Claim God moves mysterious for us all
and yet I saw a brainless insect flutter
with dance, with shuffle- stagger, twist, totter
his drunken trail on a crooked wall
more thoughtfully direct (though a fly)
than your ice-cold God in blue bedlam-sky!

Shelley Byron Keats

Tsunami: One Year And One Day

The Divine sure thumps poor Asian people
but now killer surf stays curbed, all sides.
Yes, the greying mob so tired, so faithful
can psalm the Glory of His Name,
sing of the Love that abides.
The Bible has written that Jesus saves.
Bank on the Lord - He won't make waves.

Shelley Byron Keats