

Poetry Series

Walter Burns
- poems -

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Walter Burns(8-8-1975)

Born to an army father and his hopeful wife, Walter Burns was quickly flown back to the state where generations of his forefathers were bread. Since then he has hated to write biographies.

A, Meri

A, meri
can we dance?

Claiming in
depend
ants

A, meri
do we sing?

in sin
See-Eerily

through fogs of

red
whites

and blue

proud to be
night meri
can
you spare some change?

Walter Burns

Arlo Said Kill

I curl up
to a molten mylar
dream
suffocating
in a celluloid
soaking stream
of
face down
dolls that only breathe
sans batteries
sans wonder

these are the supposed centurions
to sleepless children
tired from weeping
but to awake
would sleep in thunder

The warrior angels kneel

the battlefield
is besieged
with countless casualties
capturing emerald grass
to release
ruby boundless butchery

as an Angel Assassin
I'm ineffecive against the ghosts
but from firing at this window
has crossed me through the flames
for pistol after pistol
to pierce upon the brain

Its work
growing gray
matter in the fields

the Automatic Peacemaker

planting seeds
only to watch them grow
into a battlefield

I am killing everything
all the thoughts in my head

are you and you and you
I am killing you

I threw a pair of dice
lost on a bald earth
where I am an eagle
preying to
a monster
to machines

now again I'm human
stretching my wings across the earth
planting my talons in the ocean
stabbing and grabbing my feed
clutching for a new breed

I would be rid of
but not for killing snakes

slithering on a shady road
the new life has yet to take
the rain and mud have covered
the softly-scented sins
in excrement
and so the earth is ever expanding

like a twinkling in an eye-plex
the scenes from battlefields
where bullet slowly buries
and forever
and in slow motion
twirls once around and dies

a Contraption
floats before me

from another world,
surely- for it floats with unseen power

flashes three times

makes an arc across the heavens

Disappears

fade scene

fade machine

Merry Xmas

The War is Over

I lost my way in this world
laid it somewhere strange to me

I'm a lone shooter
found on the battlefield
questioned by authorities
asked to join their side

It was only a lucky shooter
I'd like to have it back

Once
When I had the power to stay aloft
I Could Have Silenced The War Of Ages

Now my teeth are buried in pillow

-Scream-

Walter Burns

Av(Ant-Guard

if, no matter how
high-te(a) ch
you get
God is backwards
compatible
like remembering a lyric
instrumental.
installing
sprouted poesies?
spray av(Ant-Guard

Walter Burns

Between Legs And Logs

leaning forward
into the monitor,
the back legs of my office chair,
deserving a metaphor,
something on the lines of:
'erect like the asses of my lover',
left the ground like captain antilles.

i peered
-no-
i searched for the answer.
skimming blogs
and googling
recently deceased poets
anthems,
their bios.
anything i could glean.

the lyrics from odelay

silver mooned
artwork hung
off the skirt of a thirty
something teeny
telling me she
wanted cum tonight

i want some too

but something purer
than one night tripe.
-inspiration-

i jogged under the weight of loneliness
hoping to release the endorphins
and write firework splashes of poetry
so i released my
euphoric state on the pavement

dud.

God was watching on a fold out
chair as i went into the bathroom
at the community pool and jerked off

He could have touched my robe
and i would have
proselytized reams of parody.

instead he tripped my avatar
with truth. soaked my sprinting
ass with petrol and put me firmly
in this easy chair
typing words.

Walter Burns

Brev

candied cherry
chute
the chute
a lingering kiss of crème de menthe
a crepuscular vein meandering
meditation
of
levity
mitigating
brev
ity
extenuating
thighs
where silken stoles are woven
terrifying instigation
ignition configuration-
metal
proven over time
rust / dust / slime

Walter Burns

Chickety Chine Of The Chinese Chicken Cricken Cricken

her name was hypocrissey
and she would have said
i was a pendulum pitchman
whoring my time to a dozen neglects

but her advances were money
so we danced in vats of upward faces -
washed newsprint
from scything digits like macbeth. out out
damned spot. try stain stick
thats how all
our
friends gone to dust bowl madness
we stopped their fun with pepper
eyes burned out in gusts of deadline
coffee grinds in the path of tornado
we both wrote chapbooks on the moons
of Neptune. sent them to random houses.
milk carton skulls soft and malleable
leaked its contents into dog bowls.

silver zeppelin cock-n-balls
overtake drone armies
and friendly fire racks bonus points

if streaming poetry
were like pissing,
although it takes awhile to relieve myself,
at least i'd know when i was finished.

Walter Burns

Children,

Children,
give me your nibbles
grow up and grow down again
I'll stretch you like pre-masticated silly putty

I'm lost

you're oblivious
babes sleeping in rooms above lions
haven't developed the reason
i bat you around, your cuts grow deeper
but it's me, It's daddy playing.

Haven't you seen the dog and
cat argue? who knows what
they're saying. but soon
son outweighs father.
daughter finds a shameful figure.
and one in three imitates daddy
in time for the old man to wonder
if he's always been wrong.

Walter Burns

Dallas

i could read poetry all morning
on this slow moving train
that winds through the heart
of the city.
and get lost in the words
of the modernists
my blood brothers in dust.
or watch the headlines on the red
lightning board -
the weather report -
or do the second half of
a crossword puzzle,
read the Bible,
eat my sandwich,
do sudoku -
the easy unchallenging
version.
but instead, this morning,
i read minds.

yours says 'old man, stop staring at me'
but i can't,
you're far too pretty.

Walter Burns

Dead

after spending my day
pouring through a ple
thora of mostly arial 6pt
poetry,
i decided to make
something of my own.
something that
will last for generations
causing every soul
who reads it
to blush in dire and maddened
jealousy, eager themselves
to go and write a poem.

but i didn't,
I realized that i'll be long
dead before any of this
could happen.

outside, a leaf falls
and a fart escapes
a fat man walking his
farting dog.

my wife wakes up.
the fog lamp
of my tiny reading
light has caught her like
a deer. a pissed off
level seven demon deer.

she's been snoring
but doesn't know it.

and before she can
say a word
in reprimand of the hour
and how much tomorrow
she has to make

I tell her that she's dead

Walter Burns

Deathtrap

Conformity's an old cuss
pitching forth from a scratchy throat.
A pawing fawn about to walk
on its own four letters
born minutes ago
in the black corners
filled with gobs of cobwebs.

Running along the mind
of spiders and
frightened flies
neglected
grand ecliptic
jagged jaded naiveté-
a scene of sensibility.

Or maybe it was to me,
in the corner,
sitting under the buzzing lamplight
interrogating my own blanket of blankness
of witness-words like good cop bad.

Just to be contrary
I'm spinning a story
about the pitfalls of love.

Walter Burns

Fall

fall
low the lead
her full o
ship meant
to dis
tribute traf
ficking ants
ants
An
Swear this!
im
pel vis
ceral

Walter Burns

Forever

i saw time was aware
of the gray in my hair
so i tied the cats in my life
by the tails of the moon
and i got here
through a child's fascination

soon as gravity decides
i'll fall on my face for you
like i once did

i know just what you'll say
there's a skeleton lost in the bay
and i should go there see
if time was a two lane highway.

you followed me
somewhere you passed me
i was sleeping

we were destined to meet
in the graveyard
at the end of the street
but i go there
your flowers, fallen and spray
on my cracked and bony earth

there's no use in saving us now
the waves crash out your name
each time i stop this wheel
through the remoteness of our lives

Walter Burns

Hide/And\seek

There is nothing
new in this world
Matter, prefabricated
nor destroyed
fumes in factories
of futilitarians

consummate infinite

I eat the soggy world
on my bone-plate
The tines of my chosen fork
strike a musical forte
The death dirge of war machine
cog-teeth
scrapes the upper crust
from the metal

In the real world
next to the current events
My son covers his eyes,
counts backwards from ten...

Walter Burns

I Cannot Remember Dying

as i grow up and lose
another grey hair
owing experience since
i cannot remember dying
as i grow up and loo-
zzz
on the toilet seat.

Walter Burns

I Lie On The So Fu

i lie on the so fu
king whore
neepul(l) ease
ick me clean
i am th
robbing you
could get the door
prize 4 or 5
or
gasm
ly
ing
Spring!

Walter Burns

I Threw My Shavings

i threw my shavings
over downtown death.
saw myself in the rainbow
mirage of a cavity casing
shot the sister of the devils
mister and grabbed a balloon
when i robbed your bank

war concoctions crawling on feces
don't they know
they're crushing our species?
we'll believe soon
as we're empty. fill me up with
your rum crook shoes.

holes like children falling from ledges
no one told them they were free from the
cages. hello nurse? soothe what i'm slaying
tell the crayons color the grey lines
suture self
but i'm belligerent - in the face
of the moon.

Walter Burns

I Was Pushed

I was pushed into the world
set in motion
wound on the stove and watched every second
perverted, hollowed, wooed, attacked
served, rejected, lifted and held – whispered about
I was pushed into the world
told to perform
given a monologue that should never be spoken
dropped on the "x", I've seen men survive
but for this world, I was pushed
and fell, when set into motion

Walter Burns

Just Because It's June

just because it's june
and the earth is dying soon,
i can't tumble
mumble to the moon
(or bathe with bird inside a spoon?)
all these notions, summer
potions
left for other day?

is lost inside the serum
of scientific theorem.
(those little voices, hear `em?)
shout close the text and play

whatsthatdidyou say?

o please
please say

o say...

Walter Burns

Lonely Were A Thesis

lonely were a thesis
of bones and stretched connections
a carcass-sized selection
of a hundred thousand lines

who'd read this thesis, the sis?
spitting hiss after sputter
false hopes? (not your mother)
false starts? (not your father)
who would even bother?

not your packed-bag professor
(a prim de la prim obsessor)
not your spouse inside the house
not your friend upon the mend
not your hat not your cat
not even your welcome mat

they'd spill their divining essence
and wait 'til christmas. Presents
a thesis that made no sound

full of furry
sig: defy nothing
the title of this the thesis:
lonely and in pisces...

Walter Burns

Modus Operandi

after the kill
andy
calls col lect ure me
on my
homo phone
man crush
my mind like tin
cans
two lines
strung together
billy
hung from med.
USA's interl
oper andi te
voed the tele
thongs
so billie
got pert
inently
stoned.
having had a
modest
operation
a la mod us
opera.

Walter Burns

My Day

a groan-a snooze-a groan-a snooze-a get up and go
I imagined an angel or maybe God
waited on a word from me
All this as shifted wait pumped blood into legs
I scratched my self neglected shower
shaved a look into the mirror sprayed two shots
of whiskey cologne and glossed my pits with aerosol.

The globule of rain grew pregnant
The cumulus cloud wouldn't claim it
The... dropp of rain
in it's a-suicide descent
screamed with its brothers
its sisters and its color

My college dirty shirt flung over loose-leaf head
storm gathering outside umbrella-ed thoughts
brought shorts from the not yet dryer buzzed
coffee in my sorted fingers as socks hit hard
I'm not hungry but I eat the machine dings twice
walking through my house tripping on the wake

The dropp of rain screamed soft
Its tear ducts filled with dew
down it dropped
down it grew
Falling brought no weightlessness
filled ambiguity, doubting mind
Would ever this torment come to end
its brothers screamed
its sisters screamed
so it remained afraid
falling as rain drops do

leg on peddle foot is sleeping envied toenails
count the miles of when the gas will only go as far
as wide as long as me I like to think I paint this road
the demon pours ahead anon erase his words
the seraph on his diadem pushes broom to clean the street

in chevy tinted wagon writes the tale we all are told
follows from behind-waits on a word from me

the bead of rain settled in
curled itself amazed itself
released the babe without a pain
but died upon the window shield
did two flips
cart wheeled back
caught itself 'neath angel's wheels
washed away the dogma shit
the sweeper missed the point of this
and for once the world was new

but here I was
two cars up
spitting chew
into a cup...

Walter Burns

Nas

nas

cart

an other

body

see the show

car

nage

me is it time?

Walter Burns

New Angry Brother

I'm here Stamatakis.
Speak it Fieled, Duffy. New
angry sisters, brothers
of a holy poetic utopia.

I've run with feathers on fire to a place I call my own.

Hurtled three decades through known space
and found the island outside the mind.

I sensed a strange population
of demi gods and graphics,
and though I didn't know their tongue
I fathomed every word.
Burned on these liquid recordings,
I saw their human footprints.

On that first eternal day,
I breathed clear and mingled in.
But, before, as many
muse, 'where should I begin' -
in reply,
below the rocks on the lazy beach,
I saw miles and miles of skin.

Walter Burns

Of Fools

If smiles must lead to dust
softly, beginnings,
do not touch
the moment I kiss,
winter arrives
drive around daisy drive.

paintings
of windows,
of dreams,
of fools,
symbols crashing
monkey teeth wind
the spiral is void
placed on a stick
whisper child,
set the world spinning

garden of upward
poet is standing
reciting a sunset
into the sky
unbinding the wilt
of lilt, of fire
arrive as a verse,
swooning the Spring

poet whose fingers
gather the strings
child upon page
scribbling terse
cannot cast
his crayons away
essence is gathered
as it is found

pretty gone trimmings
of Sodom's decay
crayon shavings,

both colored and none
swept to the floor
like and both as
if smiles must lead,
truly, to dust
then smile again,
duly, I must

Walter Burns

On The Impossibly

on the impossibly taut emphatically phallic
runic measuring tape of Time
two homo sacred Road Scholar 'toons
have been unwittingly mashing the plastic button of Infinity
till its bashed in skull relents and breaks free
of all the candy and confetti promised
by the eternal ages
(indeed that of a three foot plastic key ring tape measure could possibly hold)
with great euphoria these two predestined scholars skid back
to where their timepieces simply combust
rather artlessly
in the future mind you
they wept at the sight of God and two chained six eyed dogs
snap their hypodermic needles in
anticipation of devouring the meat thrown to them by Yahweh
the decider of Fate who in 7 days laid a massive cage
for the unevolutionized monkeys to procreate coagulate and masticate
every unterritorialized shred of chewed up sofa cushion they could get their
thumbs on
and in so doing revealed a button that hurtled them into the 21 century as brain
children of Satan pass the salt preparation H(ell) is not the cure all
pushing that plastic button gets them candy not confetti
but the enormous room is filled with a shock of lightning to remind their primitive
hands that what they are doing is wrong is murder that everything has a price to
be paid.
Push the button oh Road Scholar send the unsuspecting lab rats to theorem
pending deaths.
Amen

Walter Burns

Out Of (Context)) Taken

I'm caught in the red rimmed
frames
of a passerby
standard of
a century nonplussed ago.
here on page twenty three
of a carefully calculated (sum= pie / eat)
short story
page 24 carries with it the un
bro
ken binding of destiny
carefully put together by manufactured hands

this is my perception
for you it carries dust
an old way of thinking
or could it be (to cover all the bases)
maybe something new
(something blue, something out of context
will often due)

a new age
a new definition for a
tired and cranky
drawkcab
adage allegory ah ah ah ah!
(stick out your tongue) this won't hurt)) a bit
still though I am caught here
and you can't type Me without a lowercase
me me you also cant type me twice

why am I caught t here
well in part icular
YOU (acronym I assume)
saw something interesting on TV (an easy 6 step process to clean up pie?)
and let the page turn to 24 (yd. e co xpirt.b jann Mcjproruy!)

This poem is unfinished due to a computer malfunction

and Who has the heart to erase anything?

you read on

to page 25 (reading with a lack of bewilderment)

wherein I fell into the street and was trampled by horses

dying a typical tragical death

oh how I'm tired of standing on this corner

looking both ways to cross!

Walter Burns

Pegasi (G)

pegasi (g)

n ever were st.

ill i see the m

are f i dream the 'pon y

es than yes it surely nay

Walter Burns

Plucked

she criti
sized me up
smearing petals on my arm
blood flowers
darting poisoned minds
she criti
culled me from my euth
anasia.

plucked

we sit on the couch for hours
and kiss with eyes wide open
she rubs the flowers into the moon
and when i close my eyes
the spots are prickly asses.

Walter Burns

Poet-S-Two

the keyboard's a graveyard
each letter a tombstone
I push them to flush out
the demons within

I might skip one in ten
but I never get past
three worn pages
of Plath
before I'm down on my knees
shoving my head in the computer

Cobain,
you're in utero
through the tubes
in my radio

disconnected

disaffected

confession recital
dress-
up rehearsal
for a play that may
end poetically

Cobain and Plath
sitting in a bath
washing their cuts down the drain
with the radio crackling
in the skin simmering soup
we're all on the same page again.

Walter Burns

Pol

pol
itics me off to say
that circumstantial evi (l)
densely popul
ated joes
to get the dish on jim
crow barred the win
dows were dirty cop
ulas

Walter Burns

Posture-Pedic

upright man is faster than
the poles predict the easy win
and supper's ready for the thin
the fat man gets the buttered skin
and Jesus loves the ones who sin
so that's the point where hope begins
I drive up in my Muerte Benz

I refuse the bite of the archetype
it's metal-mouthed and braced to shout
always changing rearranging
faces in my absolut absolute
constitutes a hope to find
an open mind but
more so seeks the seventh sign

classifieds can't sell my boat
the one in which I almost wrote
the finest letter to a goat
that ate my words inside my throat
of which I sheered its downme coat
and wore my sweat inside the moat
the meaning of which I now misquote

puckered pavement porous pigment
my fairness fades into a figment
skewered saline saves what's in me
from billowing into your veins
pumped the plasma drained phantasma
and now I know we're all the same

jack the phat should eat his wife
the plate and spoon should take their life
and little Horner should use a knife
and I should be the one to say
'cause I read them all just yesterday

there's no end to running on
and if there was we'd all be gone

lifted from our platitude to take
upon an attitude (that we'd all be dying soon)
that here is now and damn the cow
that took the chance to leap the moon

I rewrote Vognar I rewrote cummings
I took the Beatles guitar strummings
I copied Shakespeare's perfect lines
and made them mine so many times
some are veiled and some are not
who cares now I'm never caught

once a turn you bring me roses
my kindred souls they miss their noses
rotting flesh look up and see our skulls
are primal next to thee
bring a blanket and snuggle near
the sun will set same time next year
do not bank on words to last
Buy my Benz and drive it fast!

Walter Burns

Self Married Sheila

Self married Sheila
begetting a pair
of Him and Her
lived Everywhere
They met Their spouses
Them and That
Who begat a slew
of Anywhos
Which married Those
the entire clan
of Alls and Nots
both She and Man
brought the Nobodys
to peace again
(stealing of course There land)
to give an Else
Each fathered a Some
gladly went Out to shake their good Ins
Somebody said that We are the best
North South East West

Walter Burns

Sentenced To

One day, I'll die.
I'll read a poem that wont rely
on sex and drunken pomp...
it'll kill me
damn the luck a poem thrill me.

I have the strands of graying time,
I have the luck of rhyme-
fallen is its flavor.
Baptized before the neighbors,
I throw bottles of budding bard
so they pick them from their yards
or kick them back to mine.

Once i wake up wet and sour
still i need to empty self
but for the fact you covered me
in plastic sheets. The piss
slips down my knee
and you sit there on my lap
reading poetry
but really wanting rigor mortis-
the true epiphany.

Walter Burns

Shite Poem

if i have to in
hale another taxi cab
tuesday
i mite kill arab bit
to
tell the pope yes,
i love oil! kill it
rubber on my rib bit
blue toes took a
fund dip.
lapping the dust
from the pink pixie
Styx
the toll tag affixed-
another round trip is nixed.

Walter Burns

Shootin Blanks At An Empty Page

I saw myself squeezing pasty ass cheeks
to spray piss a maudlin rainbow of half
guesses
onto a red brick wall as civil
yawns could not decipher
the chanson innocentes of free will turd
But the bugteeth could glean bacteria
and the milf of magnesia tinted
buggy with the cherry red handle oozing
Thank You, shop again on an empty stomach
gobbled up the transient
meaning of this. Stuffed it under urine soaked
mexican blankets weightier than brick walls.
For interpreted truth
shackled cock existence led every morning
into the streets and shot red gory truth
extracting the sins from the snow.
The snow and its white washed pearl necklace of
innocence. My hands do what my brain
dictates and its hard to write in the bitter cold
when my fingers have gone so numb.

Walter Burns

Since I Fell

since I fell
told `er
get the `dore
bell wring ing
br ass buck le' t no win d
inn 'er now!

she push eiffel

Walter Burns

Staccato

(stuck / auto win _
this.. Petty.. pace
runreeling'round
onrace

this fallen 8
upon its side,
a check
-erred
Past,
dis-
...qualifies

Walter Burns

Stillblank

he threw down his pen
many years ago
the keyboard
some time after that
and once heightened
picked up the stylus
the page
stillblank

Walter Burns

Tears Wi

tears wi
den do we cry them
the brain receives the stim
you lied to me
show you insecuri
tease me all you want
to see the scrape upon my need
to know you care
less jerk

Walter Burns

This Poem Could Never Happen

my elbow fucking hurts.
the palm of my hand shoved into my cheek
so hard i could crack the maxilla
like a milkbone or something.
then, i'd idly reach in and remove my
temporal lobe and fling it across the hall
removing some ability to detect smell,
short term memory loss,
remembering names would be harder.
in my boredom i would have solved a problem-

i might forget about you and last night.

Walter Burns

Un I'M Por Tent

un i'm
por tent
non gone, left
with picket
fences
bombed
out houses.
memories-
how I matter
a name on page
before anyone cares
I'm dead
and they'll say,
'What a queer look
they had back then.'

Walter Burns

Where Once An Oak, Is

Where once an oak, is now a tallow tree
Before this winding road a sharper curve
The pungent tar that paved the patchwork years
And now the yellow streaks are slowing still
I see the picket fences haven't changed
Each woven cross is held up by the next
But through decay, I still can pick my teeth
As if I want that sharpness in my bones
To haunt the times of when I hungered most
Would be the times my will was stronger yet

I hear my mother call me as I crept
The withered oak to dance on edge of wall
I wavered back and forth on hinging wind
The tinge of guilt my frame could not support
I'd been as sullen, slow, but yet survived
The summers heat; the winters gnawing pang
To wanderlust the way from oak to street
And find the path was winding to obey

So have I lied myself into a sleep?
The way is short but still the road is long
I watch the cars indifferently return
At both the ends were lined a cul-de-sac
I once was on the track they both are now
Opposing forces hoping for a crash
As now I want to pick my teeth of meat
I sit and think of times I hungered most

My mother was a cross some years ago
And I was left without direction home
My father woven to her not too long
And I was left with nothing but this street
A Chinese tallow tree where once an oak
And now a sweet gum stands before my eyes
As weeping willows shade my mourning walk
I do not feel as hungry as I've been
To seldom see a wave or smiling face
I must be sated since I walk this road

To see the empty houses full of life

Walter Burns