Rhythms 2008

Frowning Clock
by Joseph laia

Frowning clock
The numbers are rubbing numbers
New York minutes become Wall Street seconds
A tempered and tusked façade of plastic and glass
Diligent language, I know not what I speak
I make promises when all I want to do is lie
I am prompt on tardiness and slow towards hastiness
Walking contradiction, or writing paradox
Call me a window of oxymorons
I’ll bet against me
I can chew on thoughts and gnaw on revelations
I am a traveling verbivore, a spiral of wayfarer ways
Tipping lamppost
Ovals of light volleying against the nothing
Lights on, lights off, lights on, lights off
I find myself leaning, more towards one way than another
And nothing is symmetrical
Anymore
Anymore, I want to hold what youhesheme may say
Anymore, I want to follow through, follow you
Into a vast chasm of unknown and indifference
Let’s be independent together, our own paradox
A coined contradiction
Let us
Let us walk and run and foil and fumble
All of my best accomplishments were my friends’ fondest follies
I am a healer, a priest shrouded in vestments of muse
The divine intervention, the cleansing spiritual journey
This is me, stroking my ego, signing off

Poetry - 55
Rhythms 2008

I will heal you, if only it would save me
Anymore, I just want you to make me the hero
Or at least the neutragonist
For I am wrecked with ruin and dusted in June
From when the January sun nipped me at the bud
So save me from I-think-you-know-what
Because I could and would and will
Do so
Much for you

One (Will)
First and Foremost
by Joseph Iaia

-no way
You started, I started, it was all fuck’ed up to start(ed)
*even dead daises may blossom, and the phoenix may revive
-c’mon man, no learn all loose
-leave me. Alone®
Bribery-briberies!! *Circles do circle and complete
-come inside, come inside and start a revolution with me
-this is all digital man, I can dig this
And that was how it started-year one, begin.
Lifetime only, commence. We.
Us. The republic of US!!!!!!ssss!
I’m getting jazzed here, keyed up
Play me, play me!!!! I was once a minor key
I got a new song now that you’re here
*All instruments can be re-tuned, re-strung, re-learned
*dissonance can be assonance, perception permitting
Synapses, synapular!
!hallways neverendingneverender!surrender!
!to-me!
Four-scorehundred 24’s later, still be me, still be me?!
56 - Poetry
The newcomer, I hate him I hate him
-he's got all the latest greatest
-I can't handle that cool
-no , you ©(a)n-NOT!
~~~~~~but... please?~~~~~~
I can buy the works, I swear I got the right stuff!!
*the devil -zuh- redemption couldddd taste ({{of}})
honeysuckle
And
    I       am
    Not
-a-
          Sane
*tuwh*

~~and if you would just give me a chance, I could show you that~~
[w}]RECKlessness, wreckajunction!! I can bring it all back
together----------
----comma-----with my oldnew song and my oldnew ways