

Beginning Blurb:

It is currently 12:40 AM on June 21st the year 2022.

During the year 2021 I tried (and failed) to write 1 poem everyday while I was at work at 7:00PM, using prompts from the app "[Daily Prompt](#)" that I found on the iOS app store (there's an app for everything if you want it badly enough, *I guess*.)

I'm not proud of these poems, or at least, not all of them, and I looked for critic from many people and only one person got back to me and basically told me these poems were bad, but my Literature teacher in 2017 said that *all* modern poetry is bad so a not-so-scathing review didn't deter me from writing poems, it made me question how could I write better ones.

Anyway, you're here now, probably bored to tears with this blurb about this project but you can read to your heart's content and feel free to find me on social media to tell me what you think of this body of work, or if you see spelling or grammatical errors.

I can't promise I'll fix those errors but I may revisit a project like this again in the future.

Cheers.

Daily Poems/Prose starting 2/4/2021 for the year 2021

Prompt: Life Without You

It's been 11 years now without you. Without you is a feeling I know well now, the last time we interacted, you pretended you didn't know who I was, like you couldn't hear me, you called the police on me and I was put away in prison for 6 weeks in a country I didn't know.

It's hard to not write to you, it's hard to no reach out. I want to communicate and you want nothing of the sort. How could you be so callous, so cruel?

Was it not something special we shared. Love long distance able to withstand- but it wasn't able to withstand. If it was, I wouldn't be writing this.

I wouldn't be writing to or about you, about what we had or would have had, about what could be because it can't be, and for the foreseeable future, never will be.

I don't know if this is a poem or just me coming to my senses. No metaphor, no simile, just God telling me how it is through stream of consciousness. Maybe, making sure I'm aware enough of the facts, and that I never fall into that madness I called "love" ever again.

I'll take my medication everyday. I'll think about other women. I won't look you up online just to see if you're still at that same job. I'll do better. I have to.

2/5/2021

Prompt: Awakening

In the mornings I awake to maybe 15 or more alarms, or rather I should say I open my eyes to them, turn them off, and go back to sleep.

I open my eyes to 9AM, turn to my phone and thumb the “off” oval highlighted gray.

This is my routine, to be thrown from the sweet land of dreams into a cacophony of sound, blaring alarms, simple yet frighteningly annoying melodies repeating every 15 minutes,

A time I set to help coax me from my coma, only to fail every morrow.

2/11/2021

Prompt: “If wishes fell like rain, then certainly I am a storm.”

If wishes fell like rain,
Then certainly I am a storm,
A ball engulfed in flame,
My passions charred and worn.

2/12/2021

Prompt: Human souls are part of a pattern too large to see in each individual. Together, we form something greater than we can imagine.

I think about the apes that squeeze a hedge fund dry. There aren't enough of them to change the machine forever, but they put a nice dent in it, really made their mark. I think of the freedom fighters and the people working the graveyard shift. All the protestors that chant “Black Lives Matter” and their brothers and sisters fighting for a better America, fighting for a better world. I think of the essential workers risking their lives to save others, fighting a microscopic entity run amok across the globe. I have no profound words for them, as they struggle together, united in the act of fighting for the greater good, fighting for a better future, fighting for the chance to fight again, fighting for the chance to rest once more. I have no profound words for us, united in spirit and soul looking to the horizon for the sun to shine bright on a better land that we've built. For each individual maelstrom of change that had taken the initiative when the time was ripe know that the storm of righteousness is upon the evil that sifts through our society, but the flood rains on unity and peace will wash it out, one day.

2/16/21

Prompt: Write a poem in a different genre to your usual comfort zone

Don't just follow your dreams, finance your dreams.

2/19/21

Prompt: Write a poem with a structured rhyme scheme that uses “The Revelation” as a title

I feel challenged creating a rhyme scheme.

In the scheme if things I suppose it's not too difficult,
But its harder than it appears, harder than it seems.

How many rhymes should this poem have?
Will it be a great poem that I can read aloud?
Or will it just be bad.

Getting into the swing of things I've found my rhythm, my pace.
A beat, a melody, so to speak.
And words that I can use or replace.

This is where I'll end my poem, a climactic finish.
The revelation being I can write a rhyming poem,
If I so wish.

2/23/2021

Prompt: Write a Petrarchan Sonnet on the theme of Autumn.

Fall do the leaves red dead and brown,
Slow do they fall,
Most from the tree if not all,
Fall to the ground,
Fall from a squall,
Tracked through school halls,
Landing with no sound,
Silent on the ground.

A crunch beneath feet,
A feeling so sweet,
Wear layers, retain heat!
This is the fall,
How wondrous to us all,
The sweetness of fall.

Prompt: Write a poem about a physical journey you have been on.

Nothing like consuming unknown liquid and having your lips hurt so much from the drink that
you feel like you might have to rip them off as a suitable form of relief.

I don't know why you reminded me of Dorchester.

A few countries closer to the girl I loved, one conversation shy of a casual encounter.

Continental breakfast includes ham and cheese, and they put tuna on pizza here.

Sleeping in the park after curfew and waking up walking to McDonalds.

I made a few friends, and maybe left a better impression on the students than I did sloppily painting in the street near the Berlin Wall.

I remember the sun hitting my face like daggers, I remember not being very moved by the Holocaust museum, but also while inside felt like I was suffocating too.

Trist's were born and the beer was bitter, I got a day off, went for a run, and my roommate talked to himself while he showered, but that pirated movie was great, a real mind melter.

Hamburg, Germany, 2009.

2/24/21

Prompt: Write a Poem About a Birthday

This year for your birthday I'm buying you "The Elderscrolls V: Skyrim"
Because it's a tragedy that you haven't played one of the best games of 2011.
I still feel bad about that Halloween party,
The one where you got blackout drunk dressed up as Spider-Man (without his reflexes)
And I stood you up on your feet trying to get you to wake up only to have you
Careen forward knocking your head against the corner of the sink and losing your glasses.
It could of been far worse, you could've lost an eye,
It still forms a pit in my stomach.

I think two years ago your birthday was on the same day of "Anime Boston,"
The biggest anime convention in the Northeast someone told me.
I hate going because all I do is spend money on things I don't need.
There's a room in my basement filling up with mini figures of monsters and heroes
And I'm certain some other able bodied collector would appreciate them more than me.

You usually throw parties for your birthday,
At least when you when you mom was away,
And definitely before COVID took over our lives.

Have a Happy Birthday brother,
Even if you don't read this.

2/26/21

Prompt: Describe a moment in life which seems to last forever.

It's like tripping on ice,
Something bad happening,
When time seems to stand still and you begin to drift somewhere unknown,
Gravity will catch you,
The earth with restrain you,
But falling in love is not like that.
Realizing love is not like that.
You feel it once and suddenly everything's changed!
You re-examine old relationships,

You're afraid to start new relationships,
Why are you like the earth, catching yourself from falling,
Waiting for the pain to stop before continuing on with your stride?
At least the ice is temporary,
At least time returns to full speed.

3/2/21

Prompt: "The sky full of stars seemed dead and cold; a place once so magical now hurt to behold"

That's what the wizard said to me, but I didn't get it. In my opinion, he's never seen the photos from the Hubble Telescope. The color and shape of galaxies, the swirl of our own or the not so far off surface of the other planets in our solar system.

Frankly, he was full of it, and I've had enough, there was, no there IS still magic in outer space, there's still the chance of life, of aliens that look like us, or there's the idea that if we are alone in the universe, if every planet we reach is dead, how is it possible that one planet, our planet, could be so perfect to host a life like ours?

Don't listen to people that rhyme on the regular, you don't need the perspective of clowns.

3/3/21

Prompt: Write a tanka that focuses on the theme of new relationships

Sometimes it is love,
Other times it is but lust,
But being friends is,
Hard to maintain with feelings.
Maybe it's not worth it then.

3/8/21

Prompt: Write a winter Pantoum

As the years go on the winters are more brief,
Slightly it snows, barely it sleets,
Sometimes it warm up to the last minute,
You'd hardly believe it was winter without black ice in it.
Slightly it snows, barely it sleets,
Once rain, ice and snow came down in sheets!
You'd hardly believe it was winter without black ice in it.
A warm Christmas is pleasant but snow angels are missed.

Once rain, ice and snow came down in sheets!
Blizzards aren't soon forgotten as the damage lasts for weeks.

A warm Christmas is pleasant but snow angles are missed.
Hot Chocolate and warm blankets followed by a goodnight kiss.

3/10/21

Prompt: Write a poem about the importance of roots

My aunt wants me to sign up for every DNA Lineage service available online,
we're trying to trace myself back to my Jewish roots,
We're trying to make a distanced family closer.

Canada, The United States, England, Jamaica,
We're spread thin, and maybe if my dreams ever come true
And I go to live somewhere abroad when I retire,
We'll be spread thinner.

So it's important to connect the family now,
Before more of our elders die off,
While we can all still call each other,
Before I have to introduce kids to their grandmother,
IF I'll be introducing my kids to their grand mother,
And great grandmother,

To feel a sense of kinship that I didn't have growing up,
Staring a new family tree from one torn asunder.

3/24/21

Prompt: Write a descriptive poem which portrays a busy city.

Cars honking,
Feet rapping on the concrete,
The sickly sweet smell of candied nuts and popcorn fill your nose.

The shoulder to shoulder subway,
Pigeons dancing about discarded bagels, bread crumbs,
Glass and steel buildings as high as the sun reflecting your image as you race by.

Mom and Pops,
Your favorite place to have a lunch break now hosting would be writers and starry eyed
baristas,
Quitting time and around the corner the local bar doesn't have enough tickets or black ink to let
everyone in.

3/29/21

Prompt: Write a poem inspiring beauty from something very ordinary, like a cup of coffee or a pair of shoes.

When you first appeared you were a technological wonder,
Nowadays people decide you should be a technological right to have.
I know a guy that doesn't believe in religion,
Instead, he says we can substitute religion for you,
The Internet.

Right now I'm watching an attractive girl talk to me, or at least the illusion of me,
Scratch that,
Right now I'm watching an attractive girl talk to her audience,
Of which I am a part of,
On you, The Internet.

Many people are wrapped up in this idea that,
You can provide a deep personal connection for thousands online,
Maybe millions.

Connect people to boundless information, whatever isn't top secret,
And maybe share too much information as well.

And while Corporate and their lobbyist attempt to buy and sell our data,
Here you stand, the digital gateway of give and take.
Are these gates pearly?
Do they lead to hellfire?
Beyond them, is there a digital entity that will simulate paradise for me?
Or am I chained to my history and doomed to repeat my search results for eternity?

Behold, The Internet.

3/30/21

Prompt: Use this as the closing line of a poem in any style: "it was all becoming real."

From 20 hours a week making \$7.50
To 40 hours a week making \$18.

I want to become a millionaire.

From hobby crafting poetry to
Publishing a book and selling it at a fair.

I want to become a billionaire.

People always tell you to "follow your dreams"
But no one ever tells you sometimes you have to "finance your dreams."

My hands, now molding the very fabric of reality I have in from of me I can conjure any path I dare to choose and walk it straight, narrow, and unburdened.

My friend says he can't see a life where you don't have to work,
I dream of a life where all I have to do is make my art,
And for me,
It was all becoming real.

4/6/21

Prompt: Write a Crybin based on something you have experienced in the last week

I got no sleep last night,
I tossed in bed,
It hurts my head,
My body put up a fight.

I could not dream,
I could not breathe,
No air came in but air did leave,
I could not see things unseen.

And here I go,
To try again,
And sleep a peaceful slumber,

If you must know,
I'm off to Neverland,
Or I'll tear my bed asunder.

4/9/21

Prompt: Write a blank verse poem about something important to you

And in the age of the experiment
I watch to my own detriment
My love my friends my life all fade to dust

And for no reason of their own
I suppose they've all found a home
Somewhere far away from me where I can't see

I look back at all these memories
The birds, the blues, the bees the trees
And think of all the fun we used to have

But maybe what's got the best of me
Is not all of my anxieties
But instead all the missed fun yet to be had

4/26/21

Prompt: Write a poem about a messenger between two places.

Why do they need a “messenger?”
Did anyone stop to think about that?
Why torture little’ol me to go running back and forth between
Some town that likes red, and another that painted all their houses blue?

One town a barren desert with barely any water or animals,
The other a verdant field with every flower you could possibly imagine.

A pent up sheriff that doubles as the bar keep and
A sweet ol matriarch that wouldn’t harm a fly if she didn’t have to.

An then there’s me, the gopher, the guy they tell you not to shoot,
Carrying letters back and fourth day in and day out like I don’t have a life of my own I could
enjoy.

Hell the parties in the desert aint half bad but a nice nap in the fields will do the soul right!
I couldn’t choose between the two if you wanted me to,
The both have their ups and downs.

4/27/21

Prompt: “Mysteries of the Night” - Whether something natural and beautiful like the stars, or
something more sinister. write a poem that focuses on things that are most prominent at night.

I walk home from work most nights.
I tell myself its a good form of exercise.
Recently I’ve found myself looking over my shoulder very frequently.
I’m not always worried about the next psycho that will try to axe murder someone,
I’m usually dodging the cars that turn corners with all abandon as the midnight hour draws
nearer.

The fear I feel must be worse for women,
Sometimes I see a few on my nightly walk.
I get off work at eleven PM so it makes sense for me to be out late but them,
I wonder where how long and from which they travel.
But I usually never say anything,
Just noticing their brisk steps as they pass my meandering stride,
Almost as if they racing to get home, to the safety of their own adobe.

And then there’s the animals!
Skunks are what you have to watch out for.
I can always smell them before I see them,
But never in my life have I been sprayed by one.
I hear they eat mice and rats....

I wonder if I could get one as a pet.

4/28/21

Prompt: Using any form of poetry, write about an emotion as if it were a storm.

It was easy to get wrapped up in it,
I called it "love" as I watched it's clouds swell,
I called it "infatuation" as the thunder clanged.
The winds of passion swirled and twisted into an unyielding tempest,
Upending the bridges of my social life and only saved but a few.
There was no calm, no light pitter-patter of well to do raindrops urging me to stay in bed,
Just the destruction of this monsoon I mislabeled because it reminded me of you.

5/5/21

Prompt: Write a poem that could be sung as a lullaby
(To the tune of Silver Bells)

Lay your head down,
Lay your head down,
Come and rest for a while,
Its time to close those eyes with a smile,

Go to sleep now,
Go to sleep now,
Dream of sheep and the like,
Soon you will be in dream land.
(Repeat)

5/6/21

Prompt: Write a romantic poem that is very unromantic

I like the way your breath smells in the morning,
Right after a deep sleep.
I love the way you leave your razor in the bathtub,
The way your hair clogs the drain.

I love when you get something stuck in your teeth and how you make this weird "sucking"
sound to get it out.

You're breath taking, in a way that refers too dying.

5/10/21

Prompt: Paradox like "Deep down, you're really shallow."

"Big Time Small Fry"

You're a Big Time Small Fry.
Fake it til you make it,

In the limelight for 15 minutes and then you're gone.
No substance, nothing to look forward to.
What are you even doing here?
Dabbling in this that and the other,
You sure your eyes ain't bigger than your stomach?
Big time small fry,
A man about town going no where fast!
One day you'll make it, get rich and famous,
Sure, that's what they all say.
Big Time Small Fry.

5/11/21

Prompt: Write an Epode based on any theme you like.

There are so many distractions that keep me from writing.
Much like that poem about writing.

So many things, other things that I can do instead of write.
I would even consider thinking about writing as one.

Video games, other art forms, television, the internet.
What keeps me doing this?

What are my goals, desires, achievements?
What do I strive for?

It all feels so unknowable,
And yet I continue on.

5/12/21

Prompt: Write an over-dramatic poem that is about something not at all dramatic

As I watch the unsurmountable refuse pile on high I must ask,
Why couldn't you take out the garbage?

Oh GODS BE DAMMED if they could see how inconvenient it would be to also notice the trash
upstairs!

Woe is me that your legs must toil that wuthering height to empty a can most pail.

I would rue the day had we have a garbage bin to accommodate the bathroom,
I would rue the day when this task falls upon me.

In all Ernest how could you have this misstep, how could you make this grave oversight?!
Do you not dispose of trash like I?
Do you not crumple paper and toss it aimlessly to the basket?
HAVE YOU NO SENSE OF DUTY!?
THIS IS YOUR CHORE!!!

But I digress,
For this task I could easily, and I shall also state,
WILL DO,
MYSELF!

5/13/21

Prompt: Skipping the Prompt today and free writing

You told me you're
"Moving on from the past"
But what does that mean?

Why'd you move back to the city of your birth if you're moving on?
Why not somewhere new?
Your marriage was in the past, are you considering divorce?
Our friendship was a long one,
Again,
Based in the past,
Does this mean you'd abandon me too?
For the second time!
Even now that you're so much closer than when you were in Vermont.
I'd like clarity,
And to know whether or not being congenial is a waste of time.

5/14/21

Prompt: Gratitude

I'm grateful for sticking to my medication regimen and being pronounced "stable".
I'm grateful for both my parents trying to wanting to be a part of my life.
I'm grateful for having and being able to keep a job during a pandemic.
I'm grateful for not having done anything to jeopardize my living situation.

5/17/21

Prompt: Write a poem about a curse, evil, or malintent.

I hoped you would catch COVID,
Hoped your child had a fatal accident,
I hoped your marriage was short lived.

I hoped you'd learn the hard lessons in life through your child,
Hoped you'd realize what we had was special,
And hoped you'd never find that again.

I hoped one day you'd find your way back into my life,
And I back into yours,
But now I hope you meant it when you said I'd never hear from you again.

So I hope you can't handle the hard times,
I hope you quit everything new thing you try,
And I hope you never find peace, at least not without me.

5/18/21

Prompt: The Favorite Child

I think my brother is the favorite child, I'm just the first.
He's graduated college
He has the stable job and good career
He has a hobby that he's passionate about and can generate an income with

Me?

I'm the once smart as a child now grown up to be riddled with disability.
I'm the 5 time stay at a mental hospital before I got stable.
I'm the almost alcoholic drug abuser that still isn't thinking straight.
I'm a self-proclaimed "Artist."

So yeah, I think my brother is the favorite child,
No questions asked.

5/19/21

Prompt: Write a poem where someone is summoned by destiny or fate

All alone,
Quiet,
Not a thought in my head,
It calls to me with words unsaid,

To journey,
To search,
To explore this land,
To reach out and grasp life with an open hand.

It calls to me,
Like mother to child,
This feeling I have makes me want to run wild!

It calls to me,
With the voice of God in the skies,
Such a powerful urge that moves me to cry!

It calls to me!
The time is now!
To gird up my loins!
To furrow my brow!

It calls to me!

As if I have what it takes,
To learn from my failures,
Forgive my mistakes.

And finally,
With the sound of a whisper,
It calls to me,
Like the pain of a blister,
It calls to me,
To seize the moment now,
Or have an opportunity missed, yeah.

5/20/21

Prompt: Try writing a romantic Pantoum

To my future lover,
I can't wait to have you near,
Together entwined,
To each other we hold dear.

I can't wait to have you near,
Like birds of a feather,
To each other we hold dear.
To my future lover.

5/21/21

Prompt: Write a poem about something that always seems just out of reach

True love with a mind fix on hookup culture,
The top shelf of a grocery store when you're on your knees,
Anything that untucks your shirt from your pants,
The clouds in the sky when you're stuck on land,
The feeling we're supposed to have when we hold hands.

5/25/21

Prompt: Poison- Write a descriptive poem about something poisonous, and it's effect on its target. This could be literal or metaphorical.

I never liked 90's RnB.
Rhythm and Blues,
Usher, Ginuwine,
All of those key artists and the music they made,
I called it poison.

If it were a real poison,
I'd imagine it'd be sweet at first, but have a painfully bitter after taste.
It would rouse your imagination,

Fill you with the intoxicating feelings associated with love,
Lust,
Infatuation,
Then, without warning, as you think you could have this ideal fantasy with a person in reality,
It crashes, crumbles,
Shooting waves of doubt and dissatisfaction,
The bitter taste puckering not only your lips,
But contracting all the muscles in your body,
Killing any hope you had of having a trophy partner,
Like these songs promised.

Maybe even killing a bit of you with it.

5/27/21

Prompt: "Even the dead tell stories." Using this as the opening or closing line. try writing a horror or thriller poem.

On a dark night somewhere east,
A man is stalked by loathsome beasts,

No light to guide his way home,
These creatures will tear his flesh from bone,

Gored and thrash, torn asunder,
Pierced and lashed to the sound of thunder,

Never again shall he rise,
For he has met with his demise,

A cautionary tale for the exploratory,
Even the dead tell stories.

5/31/21

Prompt: "Everything is just as it is meant to be." Use this as the closing line of a poem in any style.

Single,
33 and still in school without a degree,
Finally stable after suffering from schizo affective disorder,
Working a job you love long hours into the night,

Waning interest in your hobbies,
Don't have enough money saved for a rainy day,
Don't have enough money to "play" with,
Haven't been picked up by a traditional publisher,
Somewhere between a bad and alright illustrator,
Yep,
Everything is just as it is meant to be.

6/1/21

Prompt: "Life in Your Hands" Write a poem or a short story about if you were death and had to choose each day who must die.

If I were death I wonder how I would've handled my great grandfather's life.
If I were death, what would I do with my ex-girlfriends?
If I were death, would I punish someone for killing an ant? Or and other insect or animal?
If I were death, would I take murderers and criminals immediately, or let them be punished first?

I don't have any answers if I were death. I imagine I'd work hand and hand with time, reaping souls to the second their life expired, never allowing a second chance or rebuttal.

If I were death I imagine I'd be merciless in my counting of souls, sweeping the globe far and wide delivering each spirit to where it must be in the hierarchy of the heavens, grating angels wings and branding sinners by a lake of fire.

If I were death I imagine my job never ending, do I tire? Is there a day off for death? An abundance of life and not a single hour for a soul to be collected?

If I were death...

6/3/21

Prompt: Write a poem inspired by a color

Of the many shades of blue my favorite is navy,
Royal Blue comes in a close second
And the color of the sky always betrays me by sunset.

I like the cool sea foam of the ocean
And sometimes turquoise ripples of a clear sea.

The almost purple of blueberries
And the faint but still visible outlines of lightning.

Say blue to to tell whether you're horny or sad,
Blues like the father of good jazz,
Bleu like the sauce you put on you wings,
And blue like the birds that scream rather than sing.

6/8/21

Prompt: Loss- Write a poem in any style, that focuses on the theme of loss.

Loss isn't always a bad thing.

After my terribly tumultuous time with marijuana I decided to smoke it again,

Now knowing,

All of my delusion and hallucinations are just in my head.

So gone are my frantic letters I would write to a disembodied voice,

Gone are my fits of uncontrollable laughter,

Gone are the thoughts of a girl I had loved,

Gone are the conspiracy theories about the places I've worked,

Gone is the paranoia that stalked me through my waking life,

Gone is the grandeur of my inflated ego,

Gone is the idea that I'd been disconnected from my peers all my life,

Gone is my adherence to living straight edged and sober.

6/9/21

Prompt: Write a freezers poem from the voice of someone who feels resentful.

I hate that I loved you,

I hate that I wrote a whole list of things that remind me of you.

I hate that you never cared after we broke up,

I hate that we broke up because you never wanted to try.

I hate the fact that we were a long distance relationship.

I hate that you didn't want to close that distance.

I hate that the sex we had still stands out in my mind.

I hate that I made these memories to begin with.

I hate the photos of us together,

I hate that I'm not a big enough person to delete them.

I hate you,

And I hate the way I think about you.

6/10/21

Prompt: Free Writing, No Prompt Used

Many of my last poems have been about you, Ina.

Like a vault locked away waiting to be found by the intrepid explorer I am now discovering an untapped emotional well, or at least words that seem to fit my daily writing.

As the world spins on and I watch Time book the next flight out of Boston I still wonder where my sweetheart is,

When do I start my family,
Which grandchild will be my mothers favorite.

And I suppose now, recluse as I am, all I can do is wonder.

No desire to date, no desire to be seen I have devolved into an out of shape, out of my mind
version of myself that wants nothing to do with the machinations of maintaining a healthy
relationship,

Wants nothing to do with caring for another person,

Wants nothing to do with marriage and the trials that come with it.

And maybe this poem is actually some form of celestial foreshadowing,

That even in my obstinance God's Plan is completely opposite my own.

I loathe you for not being the one then, Ina,

But I loved the life I lived without you up to now.

6/14/21

Prompt: "If your hand could reach inside my heart, what would you do with it?" Write a poem
with this as the opening line

"If your hand could reach inside my heart, what would you do with it?"

She asked, and I responded,

"Wouldn't that FUCKING KILL YOU!?"

And that's all I had to say,

An awkward silence, followed by mutual laughter.

What a bizarre question.

6/15/21

Prompt: Write a poem or a short story about a new beginning.

Can I start over again, a few years down the line?

Can I start saving money again if I decide to spend it all now?

Will this dream I hold deep in my chest,

Swallowed by my heart every grow like a mighty elm,

Casting me into the heavens with my ambition?

Will I ever be enough, have enough, do enough to satiate this desire I hold?

Would I do it all over again if I had the chance?

Can I start again, later on, in the future?

6/16/21

Prompt: Write a tanka on the theme of friendship

What is the best ship,
Sailing around that sees all
The Worlds hearts around?
Friendship! The vessel, Tried and
True! Together mates and crew!

6/17/21

Prompt: Write a poem that starts or ends with "If Only..."

I used to think,
"If Only..."
To many things in life.
Love, Opportunities,
If Only I had done more,
If only I had studied harder,
But you can't go back to the past,
Can't redo mistakes you've made,
If Only...

6/23/21

Prompt: "She dropped her dress, and her inhibitions at the door." This is an example of a syllepsis, where the meaning of the verb (here 'dropped') is both physical and metaphorical. Write a poem that includes a syllepsis (do not use the example)

They tell you to push through,
Push through the laundry piling up in your room,
As well as your doubts.

Gird up your loins,
You ain't just fighting your competition,
But also your feelings, your demons.

Both can be backbreaking labor,
But the payoff is always for the better.

So keep on pushing,
You got this.

6/25/21

Prompt: Write a poem that focuses on the theme of magic

Easier to believe shrouded in madness,
Thats the beauty and pain of so called magic,

A potion brewed to strong,
A spell undone,

Disowned by God
These chosen ones.

For what can you scry with tarot and bone,
That life will not show you,
What could you not own?

What spirit possessed you to take up this craft,
Are you blind, deaf and dumb, or merely daft?

True magic comes from a life well lived,
And whatever belief system prescribed that will fit.

6/29/21

Prompt: "Love is the lie that keeps up alive." Use this as the first or last line of a poem in any style

"Love is a lie that keeps us alive."
I think to myself,
Recalling the days where my life was in a downward spiral,
Confuses madness for love or loving in madness,
Scaring my erstwhile lover,
Making the trivial prodigious.

Surely this lie of love kept my heart yearning,
Burning for that once in a lifetime chance that all would be forgotten,
And forgiven.
Surely this lie would be the silver lining from this fount of storms.

Home wrecking storms,
Tornados,
Earthquakes,
Landslides,
Tsunamis of emotion because of this maddening love.
What was alive was not reasonable,
So it should die,
And it did.

I look back on that time and wonder.
I Was on the brink of suicide,
But quietly I repeat the words,
"Love is a lie that keeps us alive."

6/30/21

Prompt: "Suspicion" write a poem with a structured rhyme scheme based on this theme.

Sneaking about like a mouse late at night,
If anyone saw you it'd give them quite the fright,

Unsure of your parties intentions and deeds,
Listen into their convo with drops of eaves,

Unaware yet wary of what could be done,
Investigate all actions under the sun!

7/1/21

Prompt: Write a poem that centers around one of the elements: Fire, Water, Earth or Wind.

Last night the wind was so strong it bent bamboo.
I think about powerful gust storms,
Tornados,
And I wonder if anything can fly on those currents.
Do birds stop in space or are they taken this time,
By these gales and their musings?

I wish I could ride the wind,
Fly, and not in some private or commercial airplane,
Fly on my own,
Arms spread out,
Breeze parting my lips
Drying my throat,
Super sonic against the clear blue sky,
Nothing to stop for unless I wished it.

Truly a flight of fancy,
But my mind wonders deeply on the wind.

7/2/21

Prompt: Write a poem that only contains dialogue

“Well, what are you waiting for?”

“I’m sorry I’m having trouble with the menu,
Everything looks delicious,
I can’t make up my mind...”

“Might I suggest the Cherry Sour Lager and the Truffle Fries?”

“You may but I may have to ignore you,
Thanks.”

7/5/21

Prompt: “Mortality” Write a poem with a structured rhyme scheme which focuses on the theme of mortality

From dust to dust
From crawl to crumble

This mortal coil will keep us humble

From sea to sea
The hours pass
Never knowing which will be our last

Til heaves gates
Or hellfire take us
Live fully this life our creators gave us

7/7/21

Prompt: Write a rhyming poem about the beauty of an urban setting.

Cotton Candy skies above the urban decay,
I wonder if these buildings will be renovated,
Maybe someday.

The moss and dandelions persevering through cement, concrete,
The song and dance of stray cats in heat.

Slumber not coming easily because fireworks still illuminate the night,
Laughter at a nearby bar is better than fist fights.
A poem written about the city in which I live and roam,
After work, a 15 minute car ride to rest at home.

7/8/21

Prompt: When all hope fails, what do we rely on?

Whenever things seem hopeless,
I remember the night I lost my phone.

Too drunk to realize I had placed it on top of a trash bin at midnight,
A man driving noticed it the next day and took it home.

I had to take the day off work and track it with my touchscreen iPod,
Up and down his driving car in Jamaica Plain,

All the way to the cracked window of his home,
Where upon knocking on the glass,
His kids drew back the curtain, and saw my stoic visage.

I thanked him and told myself to never give up,
From that day forward.

7/9/21

Prompt: "Whispers on the Wind" write a poem or a short story that could have this as the title.

Without actually experiencing it I don't think anyone can understand the madness of psychosis.

Voices in your head,
A barking dog speaking to you,
Whispers on the wind,

Stuck between mental breakdown,
And a roaming theater house,
Where you are audience,
And actor.

7/13/21

Prompt: No Prompt, Free Writing

Suicide in Norway

When I was arrested and sent to a prison in Norway in 2018 I almost killed myself in my cell.
The one thing that stopped me from killing myself was thoughts of my mother.

How could I put her through that much heartbreak?
Her firstborn son, off the deep end and strangling himself with a belt loop because some girl he
met one the internet as a teenager now, in his thirties, wanted nothing to do with him.

I could almost imagine the new adages given to my siblings.
“Stay off the internet, go to church and find someone there!”

Endless nights of tears, maybe my brother, taking extra precautions and swearing off dating
apps, to meet someone natural, in person, “The old fashioned way.”

And my sisters, my father and my sisters I can’t begin to fathom but I know, like an earthquake
in the ocean, my death would produce pain for many waves...

But, as I am writing this now I can say I didn’t die, and currently it’s been 3 years since then.
I may not have fully healed my heart, but I won’t give up my life for someone that has nothing
to do with it. I can at least say that with confidence now.

A love perverted and warped into a madness.

A crying shame.

7/15/21

Prompt: Write a poem about a place that makes you feel nostalgic

Behind my grandmothers house,
Past the now dug and covered strawberry patch
There are a collection of rocks.

When I was younger, we used to call them
The Mountain,

And run and climb to the top unaware of the cliff
That was behind them.

Large blues gray with flaky pastel green moss,
It was the closest point to heaven.
My Olympus, my Everest.

Now, as an adult,
With some 30 years notched to his belt,
The mountain is hardly a hill.
But on the summer days,
Under the shade of its mint tree,
You can lay down flat and imagine,
That your head is in the clouds.

7/20/21

Prompt: No Prompt

Two days in a row I had dreams about you.
I ask myself why this didn't work out,
Why couldn't we be friends.
But I can only get so far asking questions to myself,
Asking questions to God.

I don't wake up in tears anymore,
And while I'm not ailed by voices describing you,
I still jolt back a bit when I see someone that looks like you,
Or when I think I see them.

It's shocking, surprising,
Maybe more so to think that you'd found pity in your castle of oblivion,
And somehow saw things from my perspective,
Understood where I was coming from entranced in all that awful disease.

But do I want your pity?
Do I want your love?
Do I want you?
Or am I still thinking of that person,
That's just a product of my "biased memory."
Lord knows.
And maybe only the Lord.

7/27/21

Prompt: No Prompt

As the storm blows open my office door,
and I get up to constantly slam it shut,

I remember thinking I would write about you,
Again,
Earlier in the week.

Like in those e-mails my words are infinite for you,
Ranting or rationalizing I can't seem to keep you out of my mind.

They say you never truly stop loving someone you've loved.
I'm blessed to think I've found love,
To know I've found love?
To have felt a simulacrum of "love"
But I also feel as if I don't want it's visit again.
An unwelcome guest,
A heartbreak too hard to handle,
Fine sand pulsing in my chest,
Creating zen patterns like those steel marbles do.

Maybe I'm not seeking love from a woman,
Maybe I am seeking love from God.
A christian boy,
Strayed from the righteous Christian path,
Seemingly never to return
Currently exploring Rumi
Imbibing Zen.

I was with a couple only a few weekends ago,
A married couple,
Maybe two.
I don't have that "corny" energy,
I leave surface conversations for the passerby at work.
I'm still longing deep connection,
Private thoughts,
Romance.
Is there laughter?
Is there cheering?
Is there drunk puppy love around every punctuation mark,
Every inflection that exudes affection,
Can I love like them?
Am I doomed to be alone?
Is that my hell or happy place?
Have I brought this upon myself?

We had the same potential to date the same girl,
I was the bad choice.
I can't believe I was less favorable,
I can't believe I was cast aside for someone else.

But when I think about it,
It's been this way more times than the opposite.
Second Place,
Runner Up,
Loser.

7/28/21

Prompt: No Prompt

I'm uninterested in writing poems to prompts,
Now I want to write for the sake of writing-

To be free with my words and not follow some,
What seems now,
Corny or boring instruction.

And while my mind wanders the valleys of my subconscious
I notice certain themes that play like songs on repeat.

Certain subjects I'm comfortable with,
Certain emotions that I won't be rid of.

But at least I am writing,
Freer than before.

8/2/21

Prompt: No Prompt

Happy Birthday!
I know it's not a "Happy" Birthday coming from me,
If I continue to remember,
But I wanted to tell you anyway,
Although I probably won't.

Happy Birthday!
Did you know you share a birthday,
With Barack Obama?
If you were here during his Presidency,
Would that make you feel something?

Happy Birthday!
Do you remember my birthday?
Does it stick in your memory like mental glue?
Can you erase all of the happy feelings we shared?

Happy Birthday!
What's the point of a memory,
If you can't enjoy your own thoughts?

...Happy Birthday...

8/3/21

Prompt: No Prompt

I can't explain this calling.
These infinite words or jest buried deep in my chest.
These circling thoughts,
Boomerang emotions,
Thrown away and returned again.
Give it a day,
Weeks,
Years,
They return all the same.

Should Cupid's arrow find me a new lover,
I hope to love them with just as much,
If not more,
passion.

8/4/21

Prompt: no Prompt

My mind is a tragedy,
Perhaps I would prefer to be miserable with you,
Than feel the love of Barbelo in all my waking life.
Could this,
Should this be my truth?
Is this healthy to feel?
Or should I dash myself off a jagged cliff and feel nothing at all?

8/9/21

Prompt: No Prompt

I'm not in the mood to write poetry,
Not in the mood to dance with words.

Not in the mood to write eloquently,
Not in the mood for verbs.

And as I try to write these rhymes I feel my lines grow thicker,
Like sticker syrup, good wine, or the blood of gods, ichor.

I'm not in the mood to write poetry,
But my fingers fumble about this page,

Not in the mood for poetry!

And I cannot be assuaged.

And as I say, I do declare,
Or maybe I decree,
I'm no good at this poetry thing
Because poetry isn't for me.

8/16/21

Prompt: No Prompt

What is this
Lethargy?

This inability to
Act?

To remain motionless
While constantly whirling in my mind?

How do I express this
Whirling?

Ceaseless,
Fruitless endeavor.

A subtle madness that vanishes with
Sleep,

Only to build inertia as the day grows longer and you begin to
Tumble.bj

8/19/21

Prompt: Write a description of a seaside setting, focusing strongly on the sense of smell

White sand between the toes,
A closer look at the stars up close,
The sea breeze cooling a summer sun,
Bringing in the scent of fresh lobster,
Fish,
Clam.

You can almost taste the salt of the ocean waves as the smell,
Wafts through your nostrils,
Surfing in your mind the good memories of sand castles and water guns.

8/23/21

Prompt: No Prompt

I am the stone that the builder refused
Used and busted,
Like old tools,
Bruised and rusted.

Broken at the end where it counts,
Needed to be replaced before time ran out.

I am the stone that the builder refused,
Eroded

But smooth on all sides,
A polished gem,
Golden.

More valuable as a look piece,
Rather than a piece of cobblestone to affixed to the streets.

8/25/21

Prompt: No Prompt

I'm thinking about the kindness that people extend to me.
All the small blessings I've received currently in life.
A tip here, some coffee there,
And what I do for others,
My friends.
Paying for a group meal, video games, Uber rides-
So we can hang out.

This shouldn't connect to you but it does.
You couldn't extend kindness to me,
You couldn't listen to me,
Offer me advice,
Be a shoulder to cry on.
You would just ignore my cry for help,
My madness,
Call it something else,
Rationalize it away.

And I hate you for doing that,
I hate that you have a part of you like that,
And the more clearly I can think about you,
At least like this,
Unable,
Unwilling to offer a simple act of kindness,
The easier it is to fall out of love with you.

To tell my troubled self that remembers his affection for you,

That this, as you are now, are not a person of abundant love,
Which is what I need.

I need abundant love,
I need sex,
I need to be looked after,
I need to be held accountable,
I need to be listened to,
I need to listen, too,
I need to be wanted,
To feel wanted,
I need to feel joy,
Pleasure,
I need to wake up,
I need to sleep regularly,
I need to go on walks,
I need to be held,
This list could go on even further but I'll stop here and say,

You can't provide these things for me,
I know that now,
And while I wanted to provide for you,
I wonder,
Deep in my mind,
Deeper than the golden ball of love I have for you in my subconscious,
Deep in my mind like a tunnel of darkness,
Completely black I wonder,
If there is any reality where we worked out,
And if in that reality, would either of us be happy?
I wonder.

9/6/21

Prompt: No Prompt

I finish drinking my water,
Another gallon down today as a mobile game runs on automatic as I type.
I have never been "the one" for the myriad girls I've been with.
A stunning revelation I learned this morning as I watched another girl dawn the white dress.
Is there no hope for me and my love?
Am I also forever alone?
Can no one reciprocate my passion?
I didn't cry,
I felt anger,
Not Rage,
But I was upset.
Jealous, maybe,
But upset enough to remind myself that fifty percent of marriages end in divorce,
And maybe,

Sooner or later,
They'll come crawling back.
Relaxed and feeling mischievous,
I took a shower and prepared for work.

9/13/21

Prompt: No Prompt

I've stopped writing daily,
Maybe I do this weekly now?
I'm out of steam, burnt out,
And thinking of all the other responsibilities that I have.
Games and text messages flash on my phone as I type,
I did not enjoy that twelve dollar soup,
But I drank it anyway, to get my moneys worth.

This is hardly a poem.
I'm typing, throwing letters from my fingertips in rhythmic fashion trying to construct something
that will stick,
Be unique and genuine,
Something that will resonate with my audience,
But all I have is... this.

This word vomit
This "shit" that needs to "get out"
Rough draft
Sloppy
Poorly worded
DISASTER-PIECE
I'M TRYING TO CALL A POEM.
A Poem.

9/30/21

Prompt: No Prompt

"I guess I can create on Thursdays..." I say to myself as I rifle through my bag looking for the
Apple Pencil for my iPad. It has no charge.

"I guess I can't create on Thursdays." I say again. After eating I begin to type again, I begin to
create again.

After weeks long hiatus I can jump back, fly forward into worlds of my own imagining, find the
zenith of my creative capacity as opposed to steadily reading text and mesmerizing terms for a
class that may not matter in the next 2 years or less!

Let loose the pent up frustration of never making enough art and make art for arts sake, who
knows if it will sell, will you sell it at all?! Either way it's here now, on this page, reading as your
write it writing as you read it behold! The glory that defies the entropy known as creative block!

I think of how badly I wanted to use the word, “entropy.”

I let my fingers succumb to it.

For now.

10/29/21

Prompt: No Prompt

Maybe Fridays are better...

I think while sorting the thoughts of love affairs out of my present mind.

The smell of perfume still lingers,

And I can foresee the implications it would have on my career.

Maybe get a new job first...

I think we could pull it off...

Then again, don't shit where you eat!

I want to get in shape.

I want to date and have sex again.

But who loves me as I am now?