

REMNANTS

A handful of poetry from my High School poetry journal

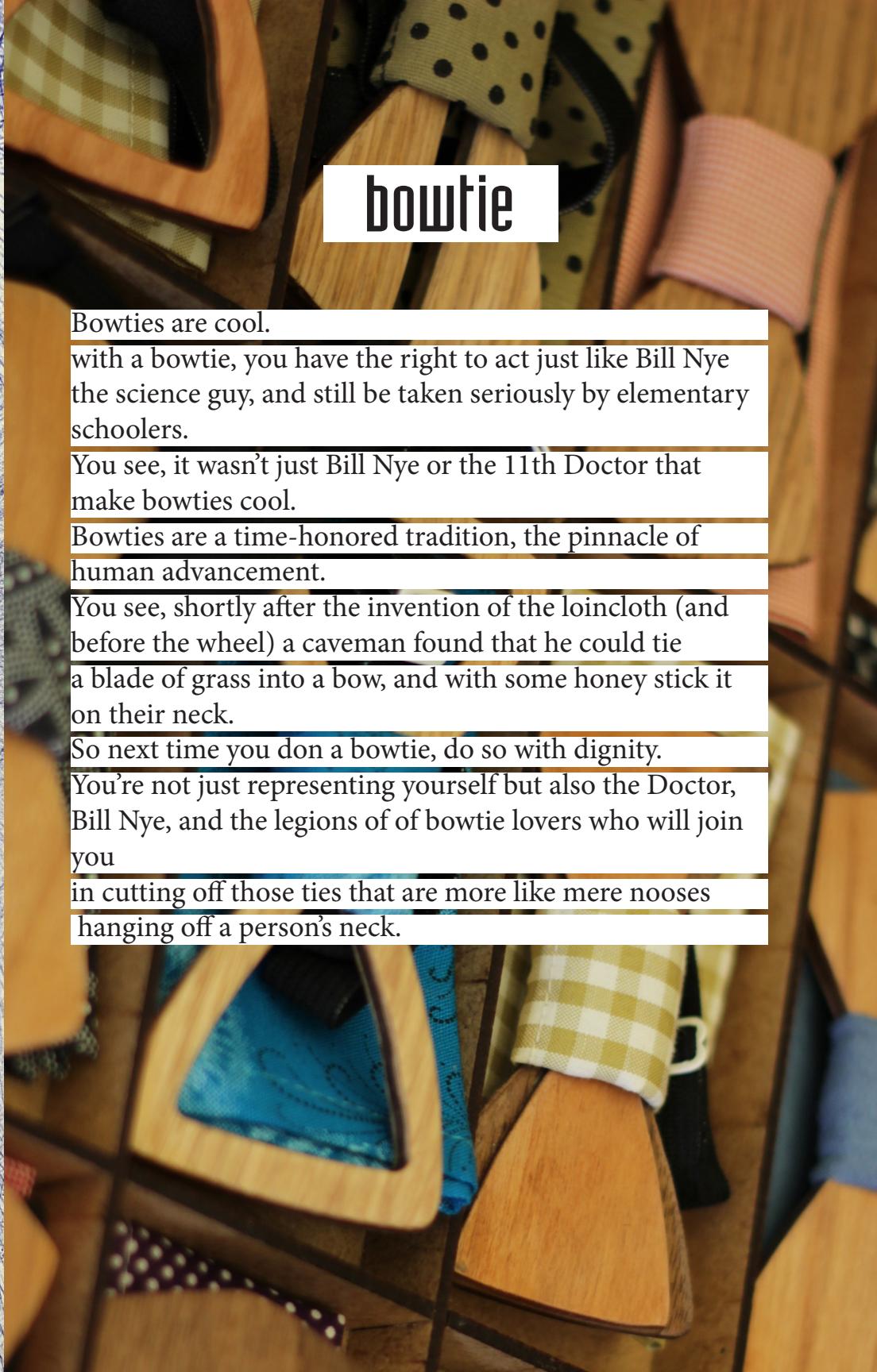
A BRIEF INTRODUCTION

Most of the poetry contained within this little collection spans from 2014-2018. I don't know exact dates of when things were written. Between 2015-2018 I was competing with the rest of our team at the Louder Than a Bomb poetry festival in Chicago.

It's also important to note that I went to a christian oriented school. And as a result I was not out as trans yet, nor was I even aware that being trans was even something that existed or at least would even be attainable to me.

As such, some of my poetry from this era does not sit well with me. But in the interest of forcing myself to confront this weird time period of my life filled with family tragedy and general uncertainty, I compiled a selection here.

Just if anything seems slightly off-color or particularly catholic oriented (I don't think anything in here is necessarily offensive, just ignorant and uneducated) that would be why.



bowtie

Bowties are cool.

with a bowtie, you have the right to act just like Bill Nye the science guy, and still be taken seriously by elementary schoolers.

You see, it wasn't just Bill Nye or the 11th Doctor that make bowties cool.

Bowties are a time-honored tradition, the pinnacle of human advancement.

You see, shortly after the invention of the loincloth (and before the wheel) a caveman found that he could tie a blade of grass into a bow, and with some honey stick it on their neck.

So next time you don a bowtie, do so with dignity.

You're not just representing yourself but also the Doctor, Bill Nye, and the legions of bowtie lovers who will join you

in cutting off those ties that are more like mere nooses hanging off a person's neck.

Tabula Rasa

A blank page has endless possibilities,
limitless kingdoms to construct which
you can rule over.

Here, no one can tell you what to do,
you are the king, so own your kingdom.

You needn't be influenced by anything unless
you want to.

Build your castle of poems upon stanzas,
upon words upon letters.

Upon memories, upon hope, upon life
And no one can siege your castle, constructed
with your finest ideals.

And no one should tell you how to rule your
kingdom, even if you make a mistake.

Because if you make a mistake, turn the page.
Because a blank page has endless possibilities.

Haiku #1

First, the thought is formed
And then the fingers get to work
The Result: a game

Haiku #2

I know, I worry
I worry way too often.
I worry 'bout you.

Haiku #3

It is not my fault
How is it not obvious?
The blame is on you.

Randomness #1

I've only ripped a page
of this journal once.
So HA!

Question #1

Why are my classmates
such
IDIOTS?

SHIT HAPPENS

Have you ever had your dreams about to become a reality.
Have them so, so close to fruition, that you didn't have to close your eyes to envision it, because it is already happening?

And then, BAM!

Something comes down like a baseball bat, smashing your dreams into pieces and scattering it far, far away, even farther than before, and you are left, picking up the shards with your bleeding fingers, knowing in your heart, that you're never gonna get a chance like that again.

I have.

New Day

Sunset, Sunrise.
We never know who lives and who dies.
We'd go about our day like any other.
Because it really is any other.
We'd go through a day not knowing its our last
and these last harsh words you said to them will haunt your past

But what if,
Sunset, Sunrise
We knew who lives and who dies.
Would you relish the day, keep it for yourself?
Go out of your way to be someone else?
This time they wouldn't leave without goodbye.
This time it'd give you piece of mind.

If we knew what would happen,
when and where and how.
Would we stop tragedy before it struck,
or still, be powerless and stuck?
Would we die for one another?
Would we live for one another?

Yet,
Sunset, Sunrise
We never know who lives and who dies.
So we keep on living, it's what we gotta do.
Even though some days you don't want to be you.
We go through each day from the pages of the past
and we gotta keep living like it's gonna be our last.

Married to the Grave

People come back every single day.
They don't want to,
Yet they know in their hearts they have to.
There never was a proposal,
Yet they're forced to wear the ring,
I guess you could say they're married to the grave.

The wedding was a sight to see,
All were nicely dressed.
All but one shed a tear when the casket passed,
When the final vows were spoken,
It was then that they knew
From that day on they were married to the grave.

They walked down the aisle and out the open door,
Past monoliths of marble and of stone,
Through grass and past trees til at last they came to rest
It was there and then, they buried their past.
Everyone filed out, as the doors were shut and locked,
But all knew that they'd return, being married to the grave.

All the Poets

(after Adam Gottlieb)

This stanza is for all the poets
who are afraid to go to sleep at night,
that something bad is going to happen.
To them, I simply say: Breathe now,
your troubles are not as they seem.
Right now the worst is your pen running out of ink.

This stanza is for all the poets
who think they can't make a difference,
to them, I simply say: Speak now.
You're a poet, dammit, so do what you
do best: Create, Write, Speak. Change will come.

This stanza is for all the poets who aren't making the grade. Dropping D's & F's
like there's a hole in the teachers gradebook.
To them I simply say: Find a better way.
Turn that F into an A, and remember that F's don't mean you can't be successful.

This stanza is for all the poets
who are afraid of themselves. Afraid of
who they are. Who they'll become. What they'll do.
To them, I simply say: Own it.
It's your life. You don't have to be your
father, or mother or brother or sister.
What you do have to be is you.

This poem is for all the poets.
The poets who took a breath.
The poets who spoke up.
The poets who found a better way.
The poets who owned it.
Centuries of poets have come before you.
If they could take a breath, speak up, find a better way, own it,
Then you sure as hell can too.
Centuries of poets will come after you.
And when they can see you could do it,
They will realize they can do it too.
Even if it's the last thing they do for themselves.

NO Title

If your pen erupted into flames,
Would you be able to finish writing
before your words turned to ash?

The paper blackening, turning each thought
into a brittle piece of ash?

Writing while you run out of time, the
pen flies faster than you thought
as words written mere moments ago
disappear.

Can you keep track of your words, before
they take to the wind, flying miles away?

Will animals choke on the smoke
ensuing from the ash, or will your
words fall upon soil, restoring life
where there once was death?

Because your paper's burning fast, time is
running out.

Will you get your words out before
the fire runs up your arm and you have no
choice but to throw down your pen,
and grab a fire extinguisher?

Everything is a Weapon

Many say it is the pinnacle of human innovation,
so perfect,
enjoyed in so many many ways.

The corn dog.

Easy to hold, this all-purpose
culinary conception has people in awe
across the world.

You can use it as a sponge,
fish bait,
and yes, you can eat it.

But that's not all you can do.

You remove that stick, and sharpen it to
a point and you have the means to 'encourage'
all those in your way.

NOTE: The USDA does not condone culinary
violence, but doesn't exactly advise
against it either.



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