Instructions on Reading.

**Step 1.** The first part with the numbers and stuff is the poetry.

**Step 2.** The second part is the explanations and background and whatever else I wanted to write at the time.

**Disclaimer:** If you are illiterate, ignore all this and obtain the ability to read. Then proceed as you wish.

**1. Alcoholic’s Sonnet**

I want alcohol of large quantity

I desire a mellow old fashioned brew

Though I have some standard of quality

But still I'm gonna down more than a few

Harvey Wallbanger, gin, vodka and more

White and Black Russians coat my dry throat

Hot buttered rum chased with shots of liquor

Float my troubled mind in a barley moat

Bar to bar I somnambulantly fly

Striving to find absolution inside

Of a blustery booze hurricane's eye

The next morning I wake up on my side

I pay my outstanding dues at the bar

Tell 'em keep the beer cold I won't be far

**2. Haiku for a Diva**

It does not begin

Till I strut gorgeously in

I am party

**3. Haiku Tribute to Flight of the Conchords**

Donning dungarees

Makes ladies all Hungary

For my sugar lumps

**4. Poem for a Dying Girl**

I thrust my hand

To stopper the cleft

A sword had opened

Just beneath her breast

Then I felt, more than saw

A swift and sad departing flare

Of a soul ascending high into the air

Her heart yet gave three feeble beats

As I felt the departure of its familiar heat

She is no longer human, now naught but meat

**5. Different Perspectives**

A feverish mind

Driven, determined, diligent

Ignoring ache and pain it goes on

A triumph of will

~

A feverish mind

Destructive, debilitating dire

Bottled emotion and cold eyes linger on

A triumph of will

~

A feverish mind

Dark,devilish, dry

Humanity thrown to the wayside

A triumph of will

**6. Catacombs**

Turning, shifting, running

Breath, harder, cutting icy inhalation

Fire behind eyes, fire in limbs and bone

Burning, burning, all away

Think nothing, only feeling

Gnashing, clacking, rattling

Spastic, destructive, rage, berserk

PREY

Hunter, hunted, hunting

Calm, cool, cold

Black night, shining silver moon

Emotionless, efficient, empty

Taste of metal, taste of blood

Ripping, tearing, rending

Unclear head, in dark confusion stumbling

Fire snuffed, ending, death?

**7. War of Ice and Flame**

A world of snow

A song of ice

A ringing fiery arpeggio

A sizzling slice

**8. What to Say to Pick up All The Ladies in the World**

Upon my blessed word

Thou art a pretty bird

**9. Different Kind of Hurt**

The horror of war I've never seen

So many find it rather obscene

When I speak of dead and dying soldiers

Fighting enemies like stony boulders

They feel that I should pose no claim

To these brave men's eternal fame

Citing my lack of experience and pain

Felt under the boot of a fascistic reign

They dismiss me, both taciturn and curt

When I say I have known similar hurt

Cruel betrayal of once trusted family member

Amidst uncaring powdery snow of bleak December

Stabbing and sharp, loneliness pierces through a fledgling heart

And not ticking time, nor endless seas of love will impart

Its healing touch to this now festering fractured part

**10. Friend or Foe?**

A strange and whimsical world

Peopled with creatures of interesting stock

Mysteries waiting to be unfurled

And actions to be taken

The community lush and vibrant

The characters peculiarly profound

As whispers, forceful and sibilant

Are heard on the passing wind

The land can into darkness be plunged

Made forever grim and tenebrous

Or a lighter side be revealed

All depending on determination

Friends you may cuddle and cherish

Lives that rest in your palms

You can also cruelly crush

Your decision takes so long

Although played by gods and princes

Under all vagaries it is your tale

That outlines their existences

The burden you bear is to determine

**11. Winter’s Dream in an Empty Town**

The snow is collecting on the rooftops

Like pillows they rest on the sleepy houses

While smoke rises above the chimney tops

The subtle silent movements of the mouses

My body is turning tumultuously in the bed

Heat collects inside like caramel filling

Slipping,sliding over body and bed

The pillow to me is a sweet song trilling

I desperately want to rest my head

But there is something out in the night that I need to know

I get up and wade through thick nougat air

I find my old coat and hat and both my socks

Preparation to leave this soothing lair

Undo all the deadbolts and both of the locks

I peer out upon the foreboding crepuscular night

The outside is a wonder of ice and snow

But I cannot feel the cold on my skin

Past my head the hyperborean winds blow

I want to feel the cold they hold within

But I only feel the constant creeping warmth up my spine

I started the lane with curious walk

Past malign honey trapped book and pastry shops

To the air and ice and the cold I talk

Never entering the odd inviting stops

My feet carry me without consent into baleful black

I want to feel the hurt of the world again

A place of sultry sin and harm and toil

But all I have is this sterile deadened den

And inside my veins blood begins to broil

I cannot shake the cloying heat worming its way inside

I walk further to the stark edge of the dream

Town yields to tenebrous, limitless black

I recoil from the world’s precipitous seam

But I know that this time I can't turn back

The edge and the silence and the frost are calling sweetly

I breathe deep for the last time thick cursed air

Anticipation grinds sloth to action

I step over the edge and dark is laid bare

Mind, breathing, and soul slow, losing traction

I feel the awful fever clustering closer to me

I feel my heartbeat thumping in my ears

I feel its heat in my hands and feet and eyes

Letting go of my love, my life, my fear

My heart beats a short swift staccato reprise

I feel cold

Somewhere a woman stands alone and cries

She longs for a man who walks another path

Sometime else a forgotten body lies

Soil, time and rain erode once bold epitaph

"You will walk again with me one day where I am now”

**12. Pour Out Another**

I’ve been known to pop a cork

Before, during, and after work

At the arrival of a stork

Or simply when serving pork

Pouring forth the libations

At the arrival of my relations

And as we pass around the whiskey

The dukes and the dames get frisky

Friends come over and I foresee

Brandywine makes a good companion to the brie

And if we haven’t got the brie, just brandy‘ll do for me

Drinking like a beached whale returned to the sea

Many say that my inebriation is excessive

That my behavior makes mankind recessive

I admit, ignorance is bliss

When drinking from a bottle of corner store piss

But I am not partial to philosophy

Tis claptrap and sophistry

For I find the sweetest absolution

Is in the splendiferous solution

Made from grapes or hops

From corn or potatoes

That liquid that turns men to sops

Faces red like tomatoes

Some say alcohol is not a religion

They have the brains of a pigeon

The enlightenment of Buddhism

Is in the bountiful bottles of alcoholism

For when I am drinking booze

On the ladies I schmooze

I can’t possibly lose

For inebriation is my muse

**13. Ghoul’s Night Out**

Bubbling out of dark unseen orifices

They come bearing desecrated corpses

Yellowed rotting flesh and decaying bone

Carried from old mossy palaces of stone

Kitchens glowing fiery red and sinister

Presided o’er by an evil minister

Frying some unfortunate fellow's stolen legs

In a grisly omelet with peculiar eggs

The arms he seasons with paprika

And prepares for an eldritch screecher

That haunts and harries the dreams of men

Until they are funneled into the dank unholy bin

That shelves the decrepit food that feeds these demonic spawns

Fed with cadavers pilfered from ‘neath cemetery lawns

**14. Parking Skills**

Behind the wheel I’m an undeniable champ

Mastery of driving makes all the ladies damp

But there is one unfortunate thing

That gives my pride a right ringing sting

A man whose face writhes with many angry bees

A man with both his legs cut off at his knees

A blind man taking heavy doses of LSD

These are just a few people who park better than me

When you see my car

Recognizable from afar

Then you will all know

What seeds of destruction I sow

No respect for the lines

I park between them, across them

I pay them no mind

From where does this lack of skill stem?

When young a powerful Witch I badly vexed

And for this crime I was, regrettably hexed

**15. Tea**

Tea taken all alone

Not a hint of a scone

The pot and cooling kettle

Give me some time to settle

With an elder book, in a nook

Or in the summer sun to cook

Pondering forgotten philosophy

Taken from arcane, eldritch history

A cup of calm

A glass of grace

In Gilead there is balm

To gladden a saddened face

I do not know how the butterfly fashioned his wings

But I do know from whence a little happiness springs

Forth it sprouts from a stately spout

From tea and books alone, I tout

**16. Kaitlyn Poem**

Kaitlyn is too sexy for her shirt

And is so sexy it makes her hurt

It offends the prudish passerby

They can't even look her in the eye

Lo! the babe has sweet gams that are so fine

Yea! like Aphrodite rising from sea brine

No other can even touch her

**17. hot leg haiku**

legs so very hot

steamy hot, hot, hot hot legs

legs so hot fry egg

**18. Cheese haiku**

I dream about cheese

All that lactose in my mouth

Mmm-Mmm-Mmm-Mmm-Mmm

**19. Ladies Don’t Like Surprises**

I get all the most splendid, lovely ladies

To take a long ride in my Mercedes

But they always shout

When I whip out

A big thick bottle of old Old Bailey's

**20. Hot Pants**

Behold my hot pants

Showcase my spicy package

Too hot to handle

**21. Gangsta Ballad**

I roll around town with my homeboys

We look real fly and are quite cool

We don't like authority figures

And never go to school

So I write this ballad about our struggle

How its hard to be a straight ballin' G

All the posers wanna be ya but they ain't

And you gotta beat the honies offa me

We roll down to the shortstop

Gotta grab some cool yeasty beers

But the guy at the counter turns us away

Me and my homeboys cry some tears

So I write this ballad about our struggle

How its hard to be a straight ballin' G

All the posers wanna be ya but they ain't

And you gotta beat the honies offa me

We shooting some stone cold hoops

When a rival crew shows their punk faces

We get stomped real bad and go back home

Momma calls us all little disgraces

So I write this ballad about our struggle

How its hard to be a straight ballin' G

All the posers wanna be ya but they ain't

And you gotta beat the honies offa me

I'm out at the local milkshake bar

When me and the squad spot a fly broad

I strut up to her and show my stuff

But I gotta say, she was less than awed

So I write this ballad about our struggle

How its hard to be a straight ballin' G

All the posers wanna be ya but they ain't

And you gotta beat the honies offa me

And at the end of the day we be at the pad

Chillin and maxin' after a long day

When that manky landlord busts in

So we gotta all shell out for rent and pay

So I write this ballad about our struggle

How its hard to be a straight ballin' G

All the posers wanna be ya but they ain't

And you gotta beat the honies offa me

**22. Unless You Got Buns, Nun**

Women with heavenly hot cross buns

Dressed like naughty neighborly nuns

Just let me feel

See if they're real

I gotta say those buns on them nuns stuns

**23. Wake Me Up**

I wake up every morning with a start

I just know that the day will be splendid

There's joy in the rhythmic beat of my heart

And my happiness leaves me quite winded

I rush downstairs and grab a cup of tea

Drink it down and feel the warmth well inside

Put on my spectacles so I can see

This world just leaves me smiling big and wide

I stroll through the country's rich scenery

Imbibing the heady smell of lilac

Admiring the lush, verdant greenery

Drinking it all in like a good cognac

But then I awake to another day

And don't feel like meeting the sun halfway

**24. Elegy For my Grandfather**

Summer porch with a fan blowing hard

Bifocal eyes look out at the yard

Green and yellow dancing together

A field lightly sprinkled with heather

He and his rocking chair soak in sun

His skin thick, calloused, ruddy and brown

Playing games with him was always fun

Though the days and years since than have flown

His maroon red chevrolet pickup

Overalls he wore, faded and blue

Daily drive to coffee and meet up

Friends from war and work I barely knew

He and I used to fish together

But now, save thoughts and fish, I'm alone

Sit on the bank and watch the weather

Listen to the countryside's bass drone

He's gone now but I will remember

His endless love and kind words he said

Not hands cold like a deadened ember

While love endures he'll never be dead

**25. Funerary Cinquain**

Grave

Deep, dank

Squirming writhing decomposing

Buffet for the worms

Hole

**26. Lovable Haiku**

Love with all you have

Give out all that you can give

And it will come back

**27. A Guy Named Sam**

So cool and amazing every day

All of us want him as our bae

Magnificent in every way

**28. Ballad for a Cowpoke**

Man walked into town the other day

Looked real nasty, had a skull tattoo

Club foot, Glasgow grin, fat lip, warty nose

Hand replaced with a whisk, and he looked ugly too

He Was suckin' on a lemon sweet

When he ambled up into the bar

He ordered some milk from the 'tender

He wasn't going to make it too far

This is a ballad about a cowboy

Who had a six shot wheel gun

Didn't want to be a real hero

Just wanted to have him some fun

So the barman got him some milk

And he spit out that sour lemon sweet

Oh! but he spit it on the baddest man

That ever suckled at his mother's teat

It was big bad Johnny Marlowe

His whole devilish posse at his back

He stood up and his chair fell behind him

'Bout to give that boy a turn on the rack

This is a ballad about a cowboy

Who had a six shot wheel gun

Didn't want to be a real hero

Just wanted to have him some fun

Well Johnny he grabbed a bottle off the table

Was gonna slash up that cowboy real good

But that cowboy pulled out his wheel gun

He held it by the barrel and brandished the wood

Johnny looked at him a moment

Then he laughed at the poor screw head

Then the cowboy started beaten him

Didn't stop till that bad dude was dead

This is a ballad about a cowboy

Who had a six shot wheel gun

Didn't want to be a real hero

Just wanted to have him some fun

Well Johnny's posse looked at the boy

Covered with viscera and fragment of skull

They just stared at him with wide eyes

Mouths gaping like a confused sea gull

The dudes got their feet back under 'em

Started at the bloody, ugly fella

He made a heroic leap behind the bar

And he landed in a heap, broke his patella

This is a ballad about a cowboy

Who had a six shot wheel gun

Didn't want to be a real hero

Just wanted to have him some fun

Well the posse just rounded the bar

Our cowboy wasn't that smart

But then saw all that alcohol behind him

It didn't take him long a fire to start

The posse stared in awe at the cowboy

He was lit up like an LED christmas tree

He had lit himself on fire to escape

They couldn't grab him cause of the flames, plain to see

This is a ballad about a cowboy

Who had a six shot wheel gun

Didn't want to be a real hero

Just wanted to have him some fun

So he made it out of that saloon

And he walked out of that town

Third degree burns on 90% of his body

A hero of peculiarly great renown

Some say he's still out there walking'

Though no one knows quite how

His body is almost entirely scar tissue

But still that lonesome road he'll plow

**29. This is A Bad Poem Don’t Read It**

Buffalo buffalo Buffalo

buffalo buffalo buffalo

Buffalo buffalo!

It totally rhymes though.

**30. Lively**

There is a fire deep in my soul

Filling my boots full of hot coals

So I cannot sit idly by

And watch as a clock’s hands slice my life away

I must run and grab and scratch and squeeze

Till I wear through my soles and my socks and my knees

And death comes for me

**31. Dark Dungeons and Gambrel Roofs.**

Through darkness and pain comes a curious light

Shining through the dungeon's tenebrous night

It falls upon horrors created by limitless hubris

On desperate heroes pitted against monsters ruthless

Perhaps they will survive and return

Defy the gods and their fates spurn

Each thinks of their respective idol

Not of increasingly unlikely survival

More likely though they will perish

And be buried 'neath the ruinous parish

Did they ever find what they sought?

Or uphold ideals for which they fought?

Do not distract yourself with idle speculation

You must free this land from its damnation

Force the evils that have risen

Back into their ancient prison

**32. Spins on the Classic Love Poem**

Rose is a color

Violet’s a hue

This poem is deflowered

Soon you will be too

**33.**

Roses are delicious

Violets are delicious

Flowers are delicious

I am a bee

**34.**

The roses are dead

The violets are too

This needs to be said

You suck at horticulture

**35.**

Eggs are fried

Bacon is too

Breakfast is important

And so are you

**36.**

Roses are red

Violets are blue

I’m great in bed

But it’s better with two

**Helpful Explanations and Titillating Tidbits**

1. This one should be pretty easy to figure out. I wrote this and another poem while enamored with alcohol. I have since become less attached to it and drink only for the drink itself and not to drown my sorrows in ethanol.
2. This one goes out to all the people who are the life of the party. I admire you, but I’m still going to go in, drink a lot, talk to a few individuals, and then silently read a book in a nook somewhere.
3. I really like Flight of the Conchords. They are the second best folk comedy duo from New Zealand that I have ever seen or heard.
4. The only profundity in this one is what you put in it, I wrote it mostly to get an interesting looking stair step progression with the words.
5. It is about the different perspectives you can see something from, the title helps a lot with the explanation and interpretation. I mean I guess it does, you could have seen this as a progression from arcane scholar, to master of the dark arts, to lich king. The poetry is half your imagination mang, I just provide the backdrop.
6. Written after I listened to an episode of Nightvale and thought about what an advertisement for cheerios would be like.
7. The interplay of ice and fire is interesting to me. Ice is like the long note held for ages and ages and just when you think they should run out of breath they keep going. Fire is more polyphonic, lots of rises and falls in pitch and tone that whip across the scale. That’s just me though probably.
8. It works for me. (No it doesn’t.)
9. Written because sometimes people discount or won’t recognize empathy if you have not gone through the exact same circumstances as they have. There are similarities in all things, grief is no exception. Share the kinship of pain today and find a new friend.
10. This is a poem I wrote about Undertale, it is sort of rough but I feel that it gets the overall point across without bashing you over the head with Undertale. You don’t really have to have played it to read the poem. You should know that already though, unless you’re reading these first, but why would you do that?
11. Often cold is represented as a bad thing, but warmth can be sinister as well. We can cling on to things that we need to let go for too long sometimes and hurt ourselves and others in the process. Sometimes you just have to let it go. (Yes that is pun, yes it is awful, no I cannot feel shame.)
12. This is that other poem about booze I mentioned. Naught much else to say here.
13. This is a poem about the traditional flesh eating ghoul and their culinary expertise.
14. This is pretty accurate to my actual skill with parking. It is atrocious. I regularly park far away in mostly empty lots and walk to wherever I’m going.
15. Tea is nice after a long day, and it is not just boiled leaf water. It has richness and complexity within it with a long and fascinating tradition behind it.
16. I know a lady named Kaitlyn, and I wrote this for her. She blushed profusely and poked me on the nose.
17. Some leg it hot. You may have noticed a pattern in my haikus, they are awful.
18. This one is also awful. Inspired by my own love of cheese and that one guy in Half Life 2 that frequently expresses his love for solid dairy product.
19. Disclaimer, I am not actually that fond of Old Bailey’s and do not keep a bottle in my car.
20. This one is about sausage. Nice, thick, deli sausages with bold flavor.
21. This one is for all the cool OG dudes that strut up and down the street in their leather jackets and slicked back hair.
22. Some individuals like nuns, for purely religious reasons.
23. Dedicated to that dream about the perfect day that gets shattered by your alarm clock and cruel reality.
24. Grandad did a lot of the stereotypical grandad things. He took me down to the fishing hole and we would sit there for hours enjoying each other’s company. I miss him, which is probably apparent.
25. For when you didn’t get enough of the grave in the rest of the poems.
26. This is about as close to sage advice as I can get.
27. Similar to the Kaitlyn poem, this is about a guy named Sam. He is, as you can tell, a pretty groovy Gus.
28. Written for every spaghetti Western that had a little too much sauce.
29. I told you.
30. I like people who make you feel alive when you’re around them, people who are charged with this ambient infectious electricity that gets into you and makes you wanna go.
31. I love me some Lovecraft and I love me some roguelikes that punish you liberally. If you can’t guess what the poem is inspired by from those two things you are probably in the majority, or the minority, I don’t know who bought this thing.
32. **– 36.** Some silliness to finish out our brief time together. Now you can do something fun. Maybe hug a cat or a person or do something else entirely, that’s your call.