

His Poems

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His Poems

The Poet

Dedication

This book of poems is dedicated to my lovely wife. Without you I would be nothing

Introduction/Foreword

This book of poems represents years of thoughts and feelings put on paper and finally typed up to be published. May you enjoy it as much as I have.

Table of Contents

Chapter 1	1
Poem 1	2
Poem 2	3

His Poems

Chapter 1
First Poems

The Horror

Look! how everyone is dressed
up and parents are patting
heir children on the heads,
talking quietly on the steps
as if mahogany has ears.



I heard it was a bad death
ut the deceased looks good,
standing alone as the rest
go in to pay respects; his hair
blows a bit in the breeze,



His shirt tail hangs. he smiles
in the sun, wearing what he wants,
his old shoes, his bowling pants.
He flicks a bug from his arm.
And as if i wasn't there, looks
through me to the golf course.

Daily Passage

After the third hour of man
In the fall of the yellow pig
In its purple innards
The lantern seems not a little latin.
Baring nothing but her temples to the wind
Her eyes loosened over the dark orb
She lets a hand rest on my huge padded foot.

Beneath the oak mantel, under two hung villagers
the
Devil smiles through the strings in his hands:
“Four glasses of water fully empty

Four bailiffs to keep the spectators in
Four matches struck
To calm the din.”

What do we know now
About those disappearing days, or the disappearing
hours
Or the six minutes
Which just disappeared?

Beneath the envelope of her eyelid
The licking they took just to
Look time in the face
And the pressing habits of lids
Each blink ticks.

His Poems

Sixty bricks up a corner a nail rocks
A wire to sleep.
“The life of the fan in the mirror
Exceeds by the length of its reflection
The life of the fan.” Meaning, the devil
Thinks, its motion.

About the Author

The author is a great poet with lots of neat feelings.

