

Sergio DeChiara

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Poetry

Prof. Devenish

Poetry Portfolio #1

1. Frustrated

I overslept this morning

Maybe I was dreaming of a place where things mattered to me and were always beautiful

I got stuck there, and when I woke up I needed advil to smooth the transition

Before I could feel guilty about skipping class the night came and covered me like a blanket

And I know you hate the violent and passionate music I bathe myself in

And the way smoke pours from my lips and rises into the air like a ghost, weary and jaded

But please understand I need these things

The way I treat myself is a reflection of the way I treat other people

And if I could snap my fingers and exorcise all my demons

And bring life to the ashes of all the bridges I've burnt to the ground

I would

2. Vulnerable

Hearing your soft voice again

Made more vulnerable by your stuffy nose (I've always loved vulnerability in people)

Stirs up things inside me I thought I'd buried

These desires are immediate and sharp and selfish

They swim around on the tip of my tongue like electricity

And flash on my eyelids like frames of an old movie reel of my life

I shoot them down with my higher thinking capabilities

To have you again would be as easy as crushing a dry autumn leaf between my fingers

But I wonder if some things are best left wilted by the summer heat.

3. Insignificant

The majority of moments in our lives are insignificant

Sitting idly at my chair experiencing acute boredom I thought to myself

This particular moment of my life is entirely forgettable

But it's all i've got right now

I feel okay

But i wonder if that's just the nicotine flooding my synapses with dopamine

I feel accepting of life's injustices

I'm wielding Acceptance as a weapon to defeat Suffering

I wonder when the next major shock will come along and break my blade

I wonder if i've already been shocked to the core and that's how it was forged

Maybe it's unbreakable

Maybe i'm unbreakable

Maybe being unbreakable means being broken

I'd like to experience life without emotions or metaphors for a day

Being a true poet fucking sucks

4. Upset

I resolved not to buy a pack of cigarettes today

I thought I could hold off

But hearing your name for the four hundredth time

Doing the thirteen-millionth thing I'm not fucking okay with

Set me off on a war path to the nearest gas station

Eyes smoldering and focused, casually taking apart everyone in their sight

You'd think I'd become numb to this repetitive psychological beatdown

And maybe I am

It's myself I'm angry with

You don't matter

I purchase a pack of Camel Filters, much harsher than my usual Parliaments

To punish my lungs for having been so stupid as to breathe the same air as you

And my heart for having beaten so close to yours

5. Consumed

kicked out of my dream, i wake up gasping for air

not fully conscious, i roll and grasp at sheets and blankets for support

i try to remember what i was dreaming of, but it's already far off, like trying to recall exactly what happened eight years ago today

i think it might just be the pressure of life, the mounting anxieties, the things i'm not dealing with

they snuck up on me in my sleep, when i'm most vulnerable, and shook me to the core

but since i never fully woke up, i lull back into somnolence with ease

and i see the faint outline of you, standing under grey skies with a smile, looking vulnerable, looking real

with a hoodie sleeve half-encasing your hand, you take mine, and we walk along the pavement

you ask me for a cigarette and i hand you one, somewhat surprised, and i can't help but laugh when you smoke it so amateurishly

we make it to the bay and sit down on the sand. the faint sound of seagulls and waves encase us, and empty bottles of alcohol and wrappers sparsely litter the ground.

"this is nice", i say.

"yeah", you say.

"but it's not real".

"i know".

i shift my eyes downward at the white sand and gravel.

you look at me sweetly and plant a kiss on my forehead, then ease your head down onto my chest.

we stay like this for a while.

and i can't help but wonder if you wake up in the middle of the night consumed by everything too.

6. Drowned

I came to the library in between classes

With the intention of writing a poem

But I'm no longer inspired

After looking at a number lower than it 'should' have been for a class I didn't particularly enjoy

I thought

"Billy Corgan was wrong

Life can't change

And we're all stuck in vain"

It's amazing how someone can continuously just let shit slip between their fingers

And not even care at all

Or if they do it's been drowned

Relegated to some subconscious level where it doesn't hurt to totally waste yourself

My life isn't governed by fucking arbitrary numbers

On crumpled white sheets of paper

As Jesse Lacey cooed his melodramatic laments into my ear canals

I altered them to past tense

I've sunk like a stone in the sea

I've burnt like a bridge for your body

And here I am

Still intact, if you could call it that

Drowning it all in sound and lyric once more

7. Buried

i wish i had a metal detector for spirits

i'd find all the traces of romance that ever started and grew and died

i'd scan highschool hallways and parks and beaches and back seats and bedrooms like treasure troves

in the 21st century i'd dissolve and scour phone lines and laptops

i'd collect the tangled, wet, red pulsating mass and pick it apart, staining my fingers, reading every appendage like intruding on pages from a diary

my detector would only pick up love at it's most sincere, like fruit when it's ripe, no bullshit would pass through its sifts

and knowing the end, knowing one or both halves of each connection had given up

knowing it's ripe and sweet innocence had grown sour and covered in the scar tissue of resentment

i would take the sopping mass and drop it deep into the sea

where it belongs, buried.

8. Fucked

We are all ugly on the inside. There is shit and cum in there and the brains that are slaves to it. Sometimes I wish I was more enslaved than I am. I have too much control and awareness and it's agonizing. I long to be like others, 'shitheads', governed by basal impulses. Relievedly, walking home drunk from a party I get hit by a car. My ghost flies to my old house and watches my family mourn and read all the profound typed poetry and reel at the illegal files on my laptop. It flies to other people's houses and calls them fuckers and moves some of their items around, hopefully resulting in the onset of schizophrenia; and then more houses and apologizes for not having done more with them when it was still flesh. Some of these overlap. You'd think my ghost would be free of regrets and grudges because it is a ghost, but no, it is still victim to petty ass shit. My ghost then flies in front of a ghost-car in an attempt to die again and find Nirvana (the buddhist concept of true freedom, not the quintessential 90s grunge band), but much to it's chagrin it just keeps on repeating forever.

Commentary:

Personally, I have always enjoyed writing and have been a proficient and talented writer ever since I began at the very young age of two and a half. I suppose I have what you could call a natural gift for expressing my thoughts in language. I say this with all humility, I wasn't really aware of this until teachers throughout middle and high school began accusing me of plagiarizing my essays because they were so expertly written. The way I have written has changed and developed much over the years. My early work tended to be very verbose and employed flowery diction, with large and meandering sentences. Technically it was very impressive, but as I grew as a writer I learned that sometimes less was more, and aimed to make things more profound and relatable in their conciseness and directness. And thus you have the eight poems presented to you above. I've found that my best poetry (or perhaps it's just the poetry that feels best to write) is born in the heat of the moment, when there is some emotion nagging within me that I need to exorcise and banish to paper. I think others tend to try to emulate other poets by using clumsy metaphors and talking about cliché topics that probably don't mean much to them, like the changing of seasons. This, to me, is misguided and insincere. Poetry is an art form, and thus the art you produce should come from passion and passion alone. Many of the poems I have written here have a purposefully raw, colloquial tone. I did this to try and capture the purest essence of myself; me at my darkest and most unguarded. They feel natural this way, and probably resonate immediately with the reader. Others are more prosaic; I think storytelling is sometimes a more powerful and engaging method rather than simply relating feelings or ideas. The motif of titling all of the poems with different emotions/states of being was unintentional at first, but after I realized the first

two poems could be summed up in a single emotion I decided it would be a good idea to title the rest of them accordingly. The title of each poem is an indication of the way I felt at the time I was writing it, and the feeling it captures most acutely. Perhaps the next portfolio will contain a different breed of poetry, but I am happy with the eight poems here.