



*fleur d'amour:*

dawn of d[es]ire

# *Welcome*

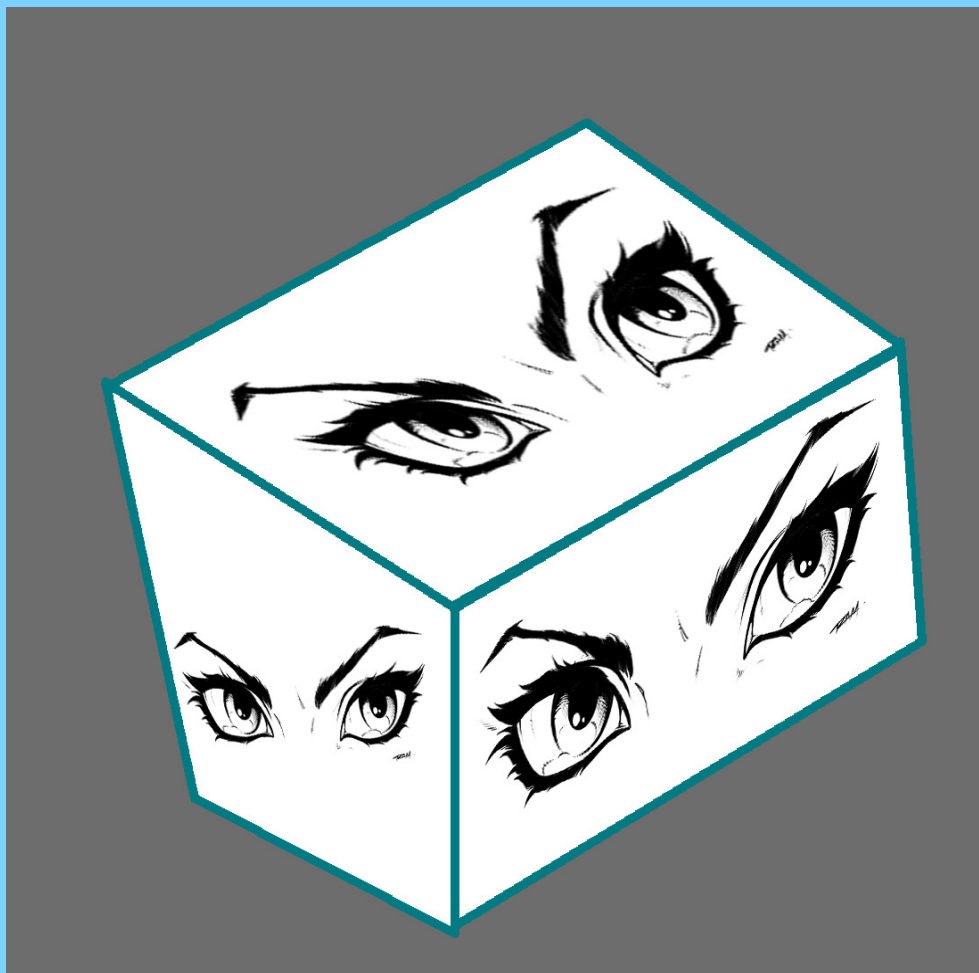
Hi, I'm Tyrone Mckie.

This is a collection of poems written  
in the June of 2017. Included are pho-  
tographs and artwork by me.

Enjoy!

we watched a party from a hillside  
we watched a moon rise  
we watched a love die  
as you left me in your bed  
and left love with me  
and I carried it like an albatross  
and it broke me like calculus  
as the goodbyes were waved  
I never received yours  
I was never there to receive it  
I blame myself. for it all  
but I love you.





the sun sets the same  
for all of us  
and it's an allegory  
I will scream "it's an allegory"  
as you walk away  
for my sake  
for my own good  
the rivers will resume  
the sun will set on it  
the people will turn on lights  
to see in the dark  
because the darkness brings fear  
and all love is fearful  
and all suns set  
no river is dry forever  
and you're still walking away  
I can tell  
and it's an allegory



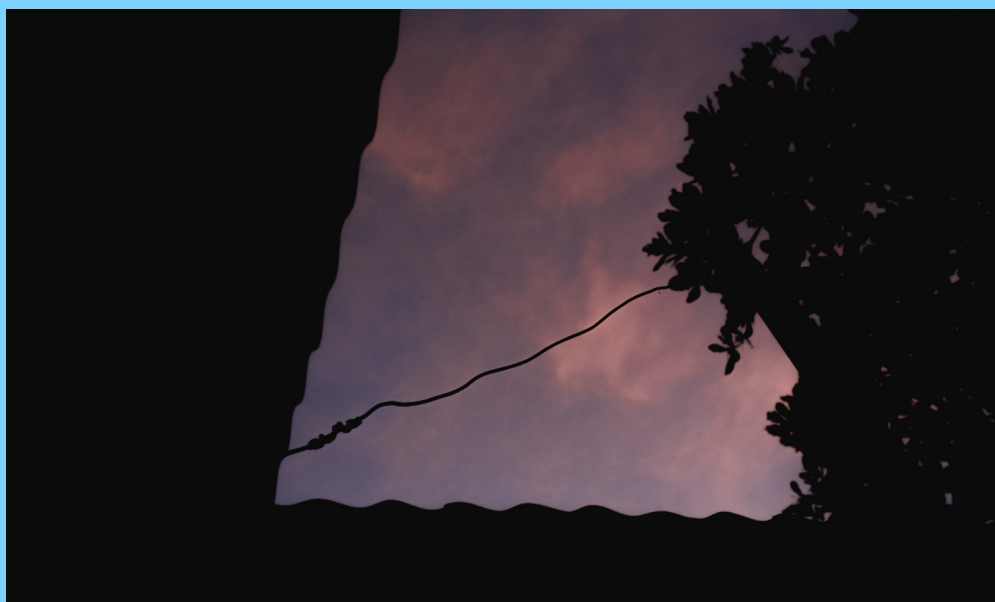
fear is the tool  
but not everyone fears you  
the night calls  
you answer like the night's revenge  
they shine your symbol  
and like a moth to a flame  
you go  
the reason long lost  
you're not solving anything  
it's just putting them  
at the back of the line;  
they'll come again  
it's a cycle  
I'm not like you  
I see the strings  
it's a cycle





we bought into the delusion  
of just being friends  
but could not pay the piper  
who led us to fall  
and now we both are  
on different trains  
heading in opposite directions  
with diseased hearts  
and sadder souls

pink skies  
somewhere in the past she cries  
white lies  
somewhere in the past a secret gains life  
green bottle  
somewhere in the past, a drink tries to drown troubles  
red knuckles  
somewhere in the past, out of anger he chuckles  
blue hearts  
somewhere in the past two lovers part  
grey thoughts  
somewhere in the past, a reason for colour is lost  
black dreams  
somewhere in the past from a nightmare she screams





the cage is gone but the bird won't fly  
it doesn't know how  
and it doesn't know why

but hell can be a home  
once you settle in  
and so the bird lost its wings  
from the moment it settled

now its body is free  
but its mind far from









living is dying  
and we don't really notice  
until we must  
until life is thrust upon us

every second is one less  
every word we write is one more  
and the hands of time  
don't cease clapping  
and the hands of death  
don't cease grabbing

dying is living  
know each breath  
brings you closer to the end  
and the beginning (birth)  
is only the beginning of the  
end  
the beginning is only the end

the only fauna  
in one fell swoop  
lost all  
fell down  
in one fell swoop  
and it spins like  
a carousel  
and the sweet  
melancholy  
spins around



it's a high speed chase  
in a broke down car  
with no tail lights  
but it got us far  
and we're driving through the dark  
trying to find who we are

the torture of purpose  
the car's like a tortoise  
we said forever  
but time is against us

our luck has run out  
but death will grasp and take  
nothing  
because our love has run out  
there is nothing to take







yellow sun

grey sky

she left  
with things I had to say  
unsaid

almost broke my hand  
on a wall  
separate time (of course)

i was never there (in caps)  
when she came  
so she won't know



the wind dies  
the mind clears  
a poem erupts

like a volcano

i miss her





the owls hoot  
the guns shoot  
the robbers loot  
it's no use  
none of it  
the screws loose  
we all lose  
we can't choose

the empty space  
reverberates  
all the things  
i say i hate  
and i see myself  
at the end  
at the start  
at the points inbetween

.  
.  
.

and the story clings  
to its beginning  
no matter the  
changes we choose



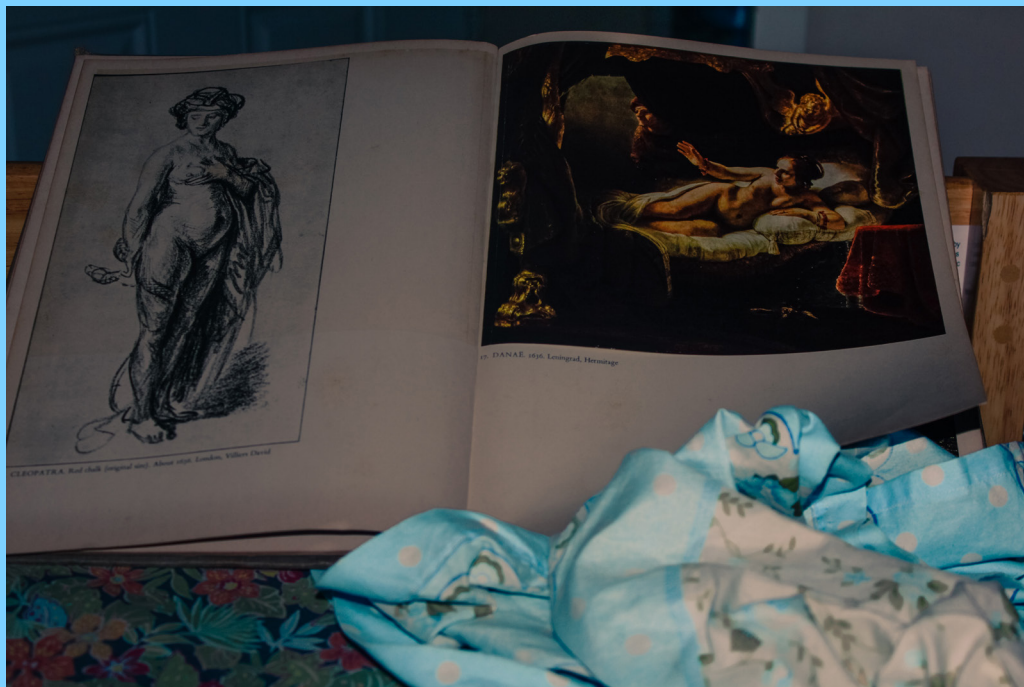




love is Bukowski drunk  
Hemingway sober  
Rembrandt's poems for Saskia

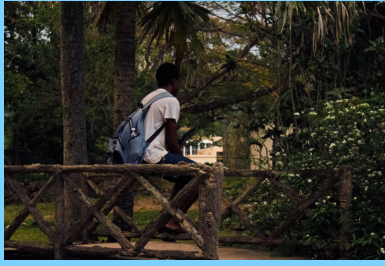
art is Picasso writing a love song  
featuring Michelangelo  
while Keats plays drums

love is you  
writing words about  
your life





a dandelion blows past  
beautiful; untouched  
my first instinct is to grab it  
(the most human thing to do)  
my second is to not  
to let it blow past  
beautiful; untouched  
and even if it goes so far  
that I can't see it  
it will still be beautiful;  
untouched



when they went to live in the city  
he stayed  
in the hills, trees, fauna  
surrounded him  
and he lived in solitude;  
a recluse



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dawn of d[es]ire

