

Tyrone



fleur d'amour



fleur d'amour:

dawn of d[es]ire

fleur d'amour

rise of the renegade



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.

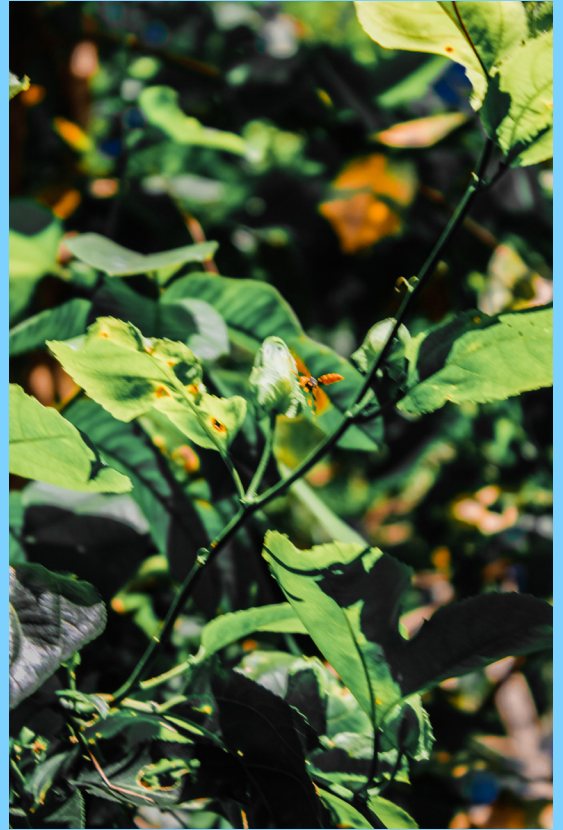
Enjoy!

act I



further
Apollo 13
400
171
exploring yourself
you can't see
into the void
started on the dark
continent

days turn to weeks
before i know it you'll be gone
i still miss you in my arms
and we are not the same
the colours fade to grey
wave hello
wave hello
wave hello
text once in a blue moon
and I'm still waiting on a star
come by
you're not there
wave hello





heart on her sleeve
but her hand cannot reach love

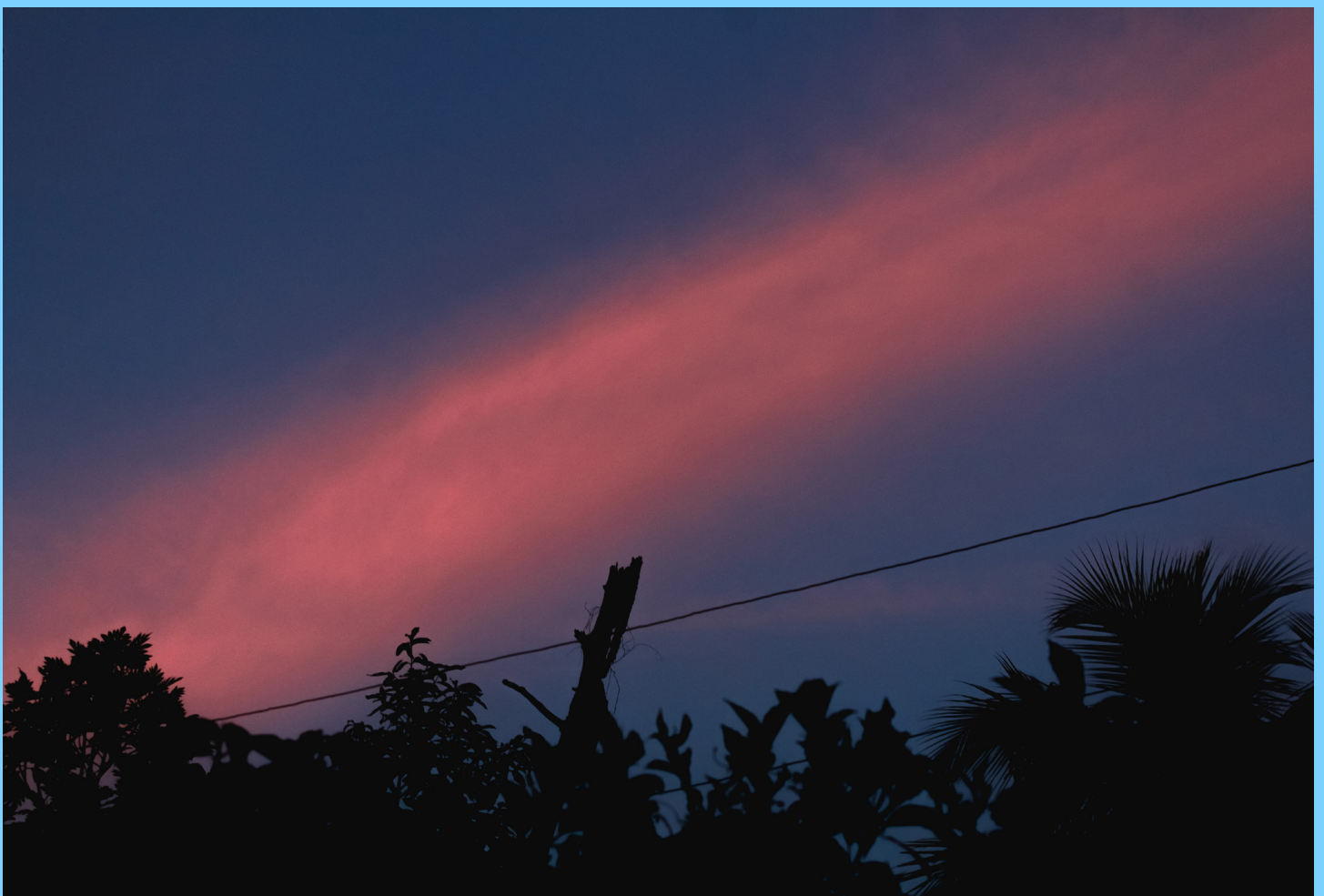
he, in love without hope of getting
love, so he puts his heart
in his pocket

she feels objectified
by a world
that objectifies
women

he, feels broken
is broken in all
the right (a matter of perspective)
places, by a world
that breaks people

she is as beautiful
as spring
as October
she is a woman
who knows her value
and will not be short-changed

fresh tears bring fresh eyes
to see her in a new light
she couldn't be
who you needed





Jaden Smith's Fallen plays
the cirrus clouds circulate me
while i take a picture of a
red vintage car,
while i write this
the grass grows
there is nothing I
nor you
can do
about that
and that fascinates me

the green grass matches
the green car
that fascinates me

I am waiting for the
sunset
waiting



Neptune floats by
and in this story
i am the sun
and the only place
we
can live is Earth
but if i get any closer
it will end in flames
because the sun burns
and Venus keeps telling me
that i'm hot
but she has more mercury
than Mercury
and Neptune keeps floating by
but i don't want to be the sun;
i want to be beside
Venus
and we can be
as close to Earth
as we can get





infinity times infinity
yields limitless possibilities
a purple flower blooms
outside my window
and I never take the time
to admire
how rare and beautiful it
is that it forms



tell my friends
to cremate me
and plant me beneath
an apple tree
or a flower

tell my friends
to celebrate my life
and not grieve at my
death
to recount memories
and times i made
them smile
or inspired them

tell my friends
to speak ill of me
if i deserved it
be brutally honest,
nothing less

tell my friends
to enjoy life
and laugh hard
and love everything
to spread love
like a disease
and tell my friends
i love them

colour
my mood
in the exact shade
of the ocean at 6:17 pm
and watch me
drown in the hollowness
of a self-sustained
loneliness
as I ostracize
my mind
and the waves of
emptiness continuously
bash against
the psyche
and the walls
recover just in time
for all of this
to mean
something.



she cannot understand me
i can see the ache
of exhaustion in her face
but she does many times
perhaps more
than anyone can
and she doesn't know how
nor do i

i've tried to understand
her
but i've given up
i don't need to
some things don't need
to be understood
to be loved

the rain falls
and washes the earth
and plants start to grow
but my hair keeps falling out

the sun's back out
and pulses continuously
but there is no heat
and my hair keeps falling out

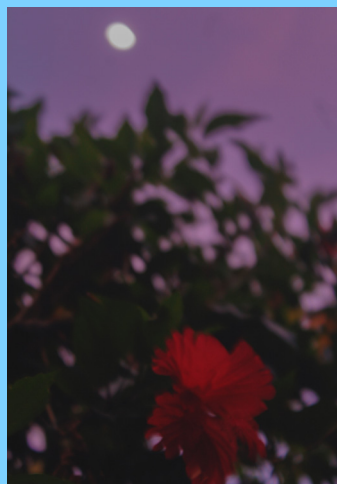
I drink tea
mint
because I'm lazy
but my hair keeps falling out

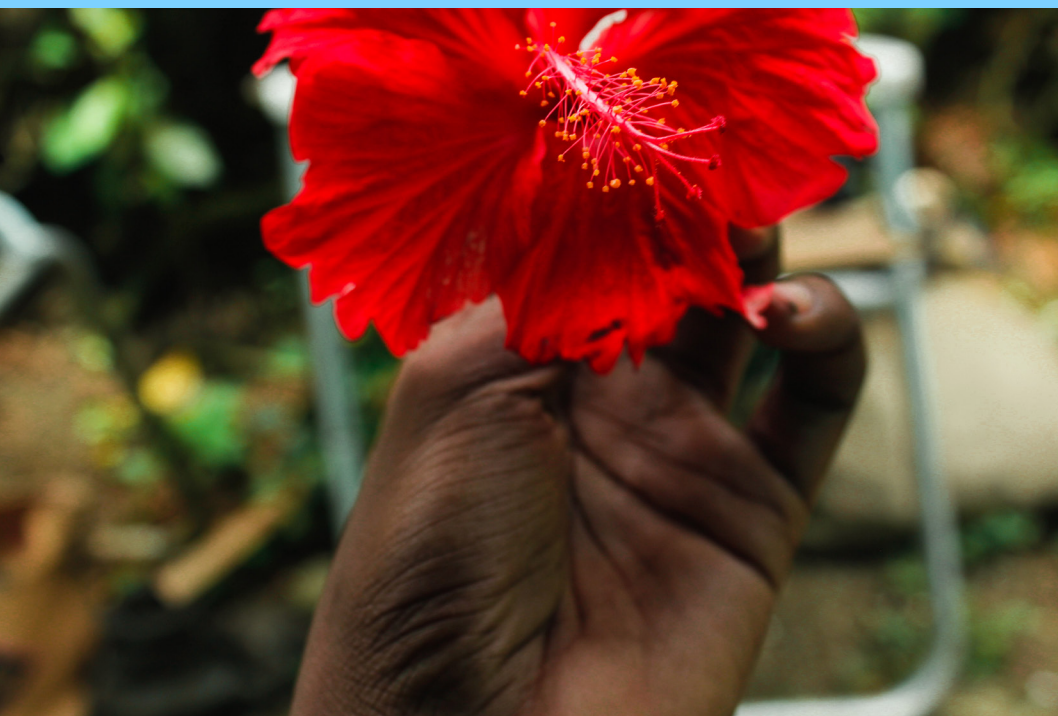
music plays and
I am not amused
I'll play my own
but my hair keeps falling out



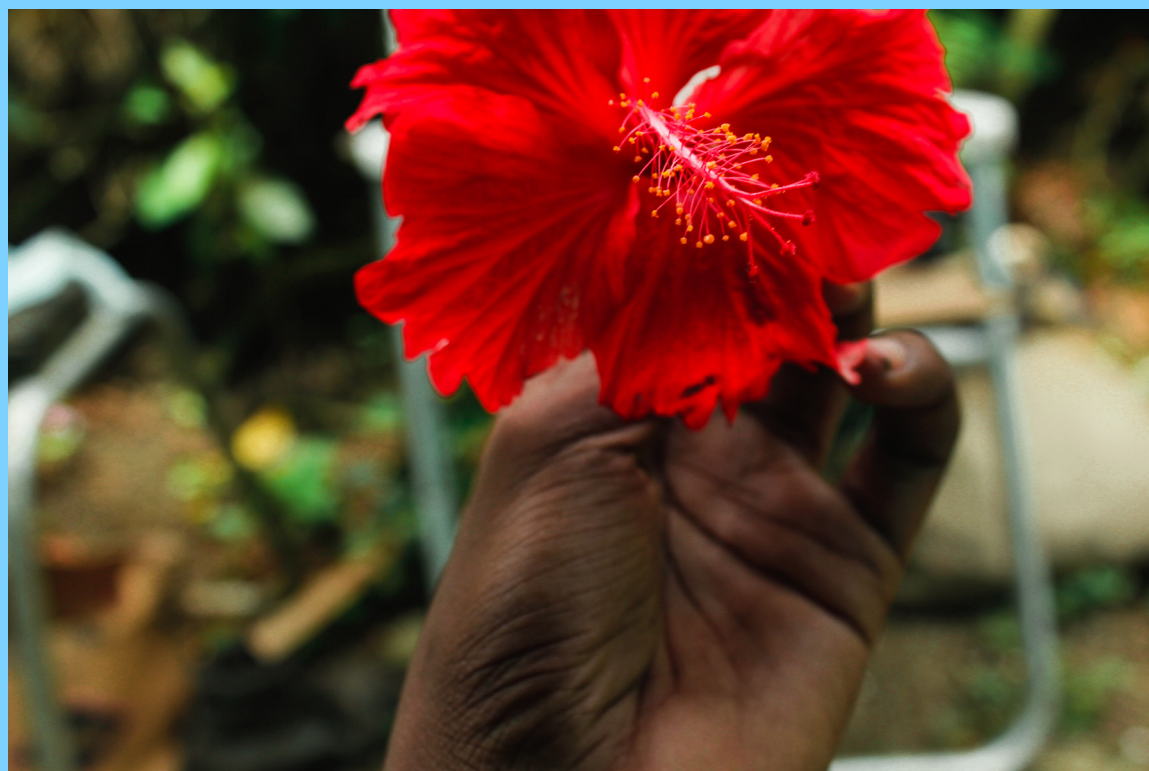


falling for your eyes
and as they fall on mine
i'm afraid you'll see
i'm not as good a person
as you think me to be
maybe you feel the same
maybe i make you feel safe too
i hope





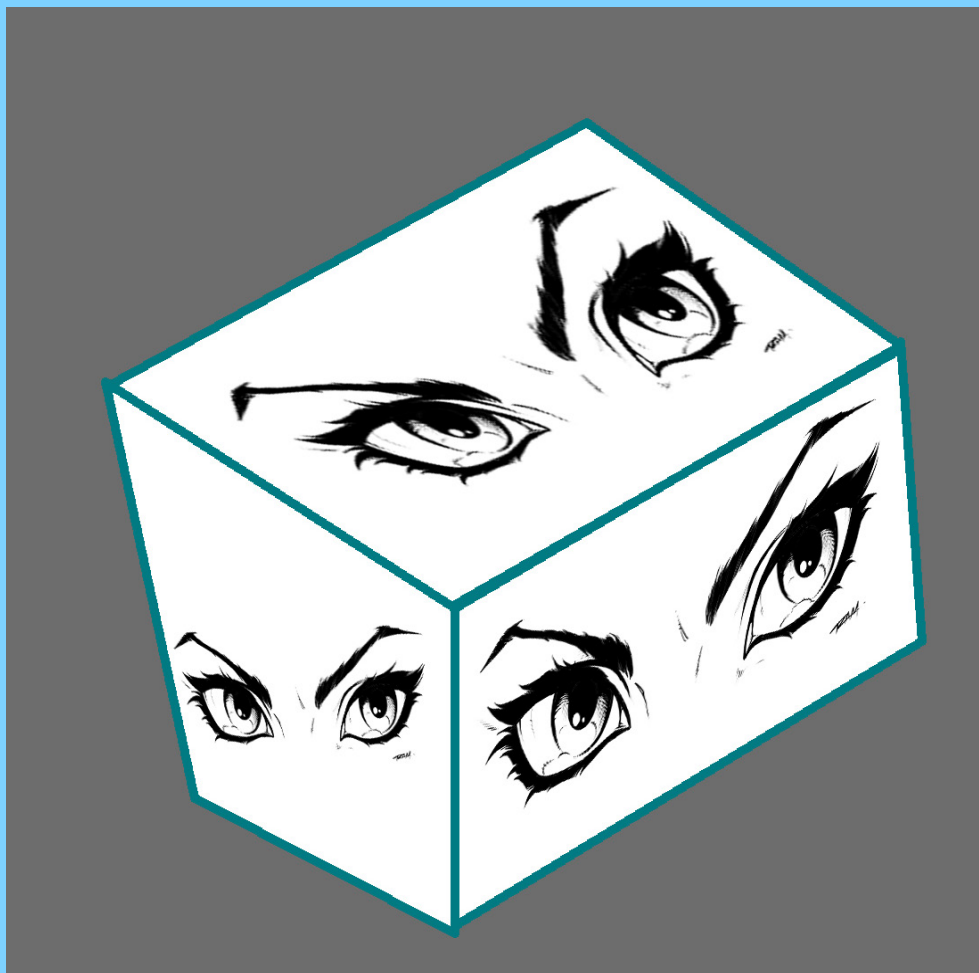
fin



act II

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

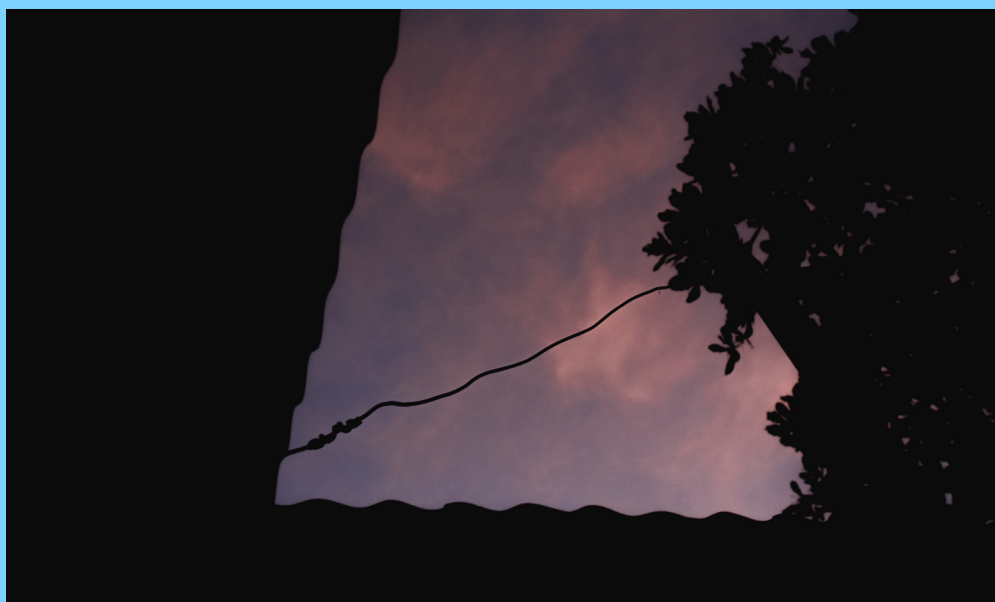
fear is the tool
but not everyone fears you
the night calls
you answer like the night's revenge
they shine your symbol
and like a moth to a flame
you go
the reason long lost
you're not solving anything
it's just putting them
at the back of the line;
they'll come again
it's a cycle
I'm not like you
I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

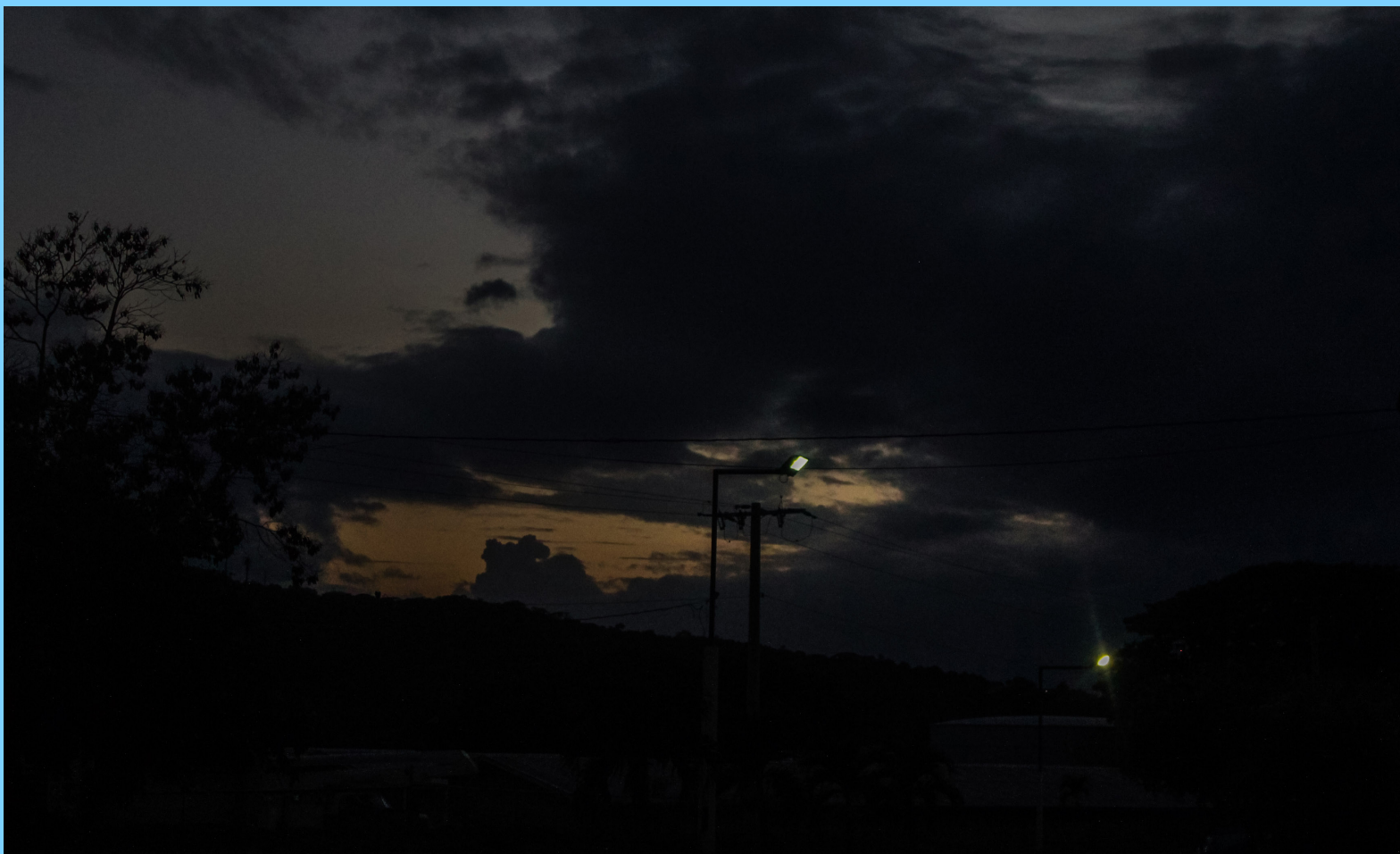


it's a high speed chase
in a broke down car
with no tail lights
but it got us far
and we're driving through the dark
trying to find who we are

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

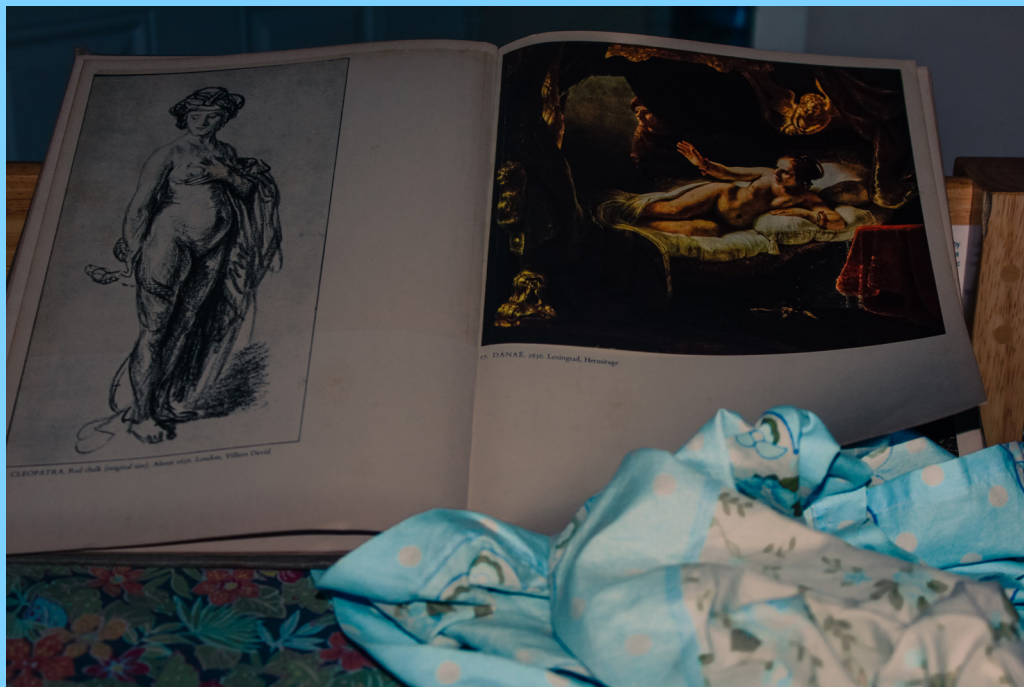




love is Bukowski drunk
Hemingway sober
Rembrandt's poems for Saskia

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

love is you
writing words about
your life





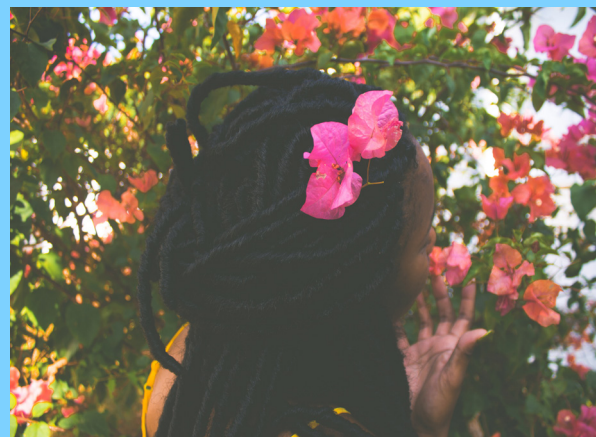
a dandelion blows past
beautiful; untouched
my first instinct is to grab it
(the most human thing to do)
my second is to not
to let it blow past
beautiful; untouched
and even if it goes so far
that I can't see it
it will still be beautiful;
untouched



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



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