

Poetry Series

Andrew Phillips
- poems -

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Andrew Phillips()

A Dream, Not A Night-Mare

You want to enjoy life,
Have water with your ice
(Even though it
Came from your freezer.)

You want compassion from your wife,
Together run from the strife
(Even though it's
The only thing stable!)

You need to see
The green in the trees, not
Brown like all the rest.

You need to feel
That sea-blown breeze, not
The hooves on your chest.

Life is more beautiful than
How you've butchered it, so
make it art:
Make it a dream,
Not a night-
Mare.

Andrew Phillips

Am I A Zombie?

Just assure me;
Tell me it's not air I breathe.
Just assure me;
Tell me it's not humidity I feel.
Just assure me;
Tell me these treasures won't rust.
Just assure me;
Tell me I still deserve life.
Just assure me;
Tell me I'm not
A zombie.
'Cause right now
I feel like it.

Just assure me
I am not
Of the living dead
Who have found nothing
To be something,
Who are everywhere,
Who are the ones
Dragging me into
The ranks of rank souls.

Just assure me;
Tell me
Kicking and screaming
Helps.
Just assure me;
Tell me I am not
A consumer.

Just assure me;
Tell me
I still live...
Just assure me I can still see
You;
Just tell me I build something
Out of all this nothing.

I need assurance
'Cause this plastic pony
In front of Wal-Mart
Is losing pace,
And I can only
Streach this quarter You gave me
So far...

Andrew Phillips

Am I The Zombie?

Just assure me;
Tell me it's not air I
Breathe.
Just assure me;
Tell me it's not humitiy I
Feel.
Just assure me;
Tell me these treasures won't
Rust.
Just assure me;
Tell me I still deserve
Life.
Just assure me;
Tell me I'm not
A zombie.
'Cause right now
I feel like it.

Just assure me
I am not
Of the living dead
Who have found
Nothing to be something,
Who are
Everywhere,
Who are
The ones dragging me
Into ranks
Of rank souls.

Just assure me;
Tell me
Kicking and screaming
Helps.
Just assure me;
Tell me
I'm not a
Consumer.

Just assure me;
Tell me
I still live
Just assure me I can still
See You;
Just tell me I build
Something
Out of nothing.

Assure me I still love you.

Andrew Phillips

Awakening Of Life

Rebirth of thought, that
Riveting time when
All the ideas
___you never got
Come in full view. No fog
Fogging your mind.
___you reach to_____(get a clue)
Get the answers to
Force real life into
Making sense in your
Mind numbed by the
Life you once lived.

Riveting indeed,
___your retrieval
Of what was once
Owned, yet given up with
Hands up, yelling,
___Take Me In
Yet It's all
___you ever
Need. Now finally
You get it.

What a riveting time
With a tear in
His eye.

Andrew Phillips

Corporate Mind Wash

Purpose is far from where you are-
Society puts you at start;
You can't fit the part; you can't relate to
What you attempt to replicate, and
Corporate Clone-Mart
Doesn't have the java to
Cool your lava; no,

Purpose is far from where you are;
You rolled of the line, but
That line was to fine; you
Found Purpose on the other side back there-

Andrew Phillips

I'Ve Come Back

My love, '
Cause you
First loved
Me, loved me
Enough to hang
Yourself
On a tree, to
Set me
Free from the
Binds that
Held me down
Far from you-
So I'm coming
Back, I'm coming back,
I'm coming back, to the
Only love that
Could ever
Hold true.

Andrew Phillips

Life's And Death's (Sestina)

When it comes down, pileing its
Woes, stretching its problems, reaching
To drag you away, what will you need?
Remember it's out
To get you□
'Cause you're the threat, 'cause

You're the swing vote, 'cause
it knows It
(The life it can't let you
Find) . Question it that reaches;
Question which you should find out.
What will you need?

What have you needed?
The need was (and is) in the cause
Of the three-and-out
Mentality it
Engrained: "Reach
For what you

Want, what you
Feel you need.
Reach
Out for me, 'cause
I'm fun, not like It,
The hard way out..."

The easy way out
Is Death's way out. You
Have to see It.
You see the need?
You see the cause?
You know to reach.

Reach
Out
'Cause
You

Need

It

And It reaches for you too.

It wants you out of death's needs

`Cause that's all it brings: death

Andrew Phillips

To My Advocate

Thanks for standing
On my behalf,

Considering once
My crippled soul
Sat strapped down
To a wheelchair.

But sense the advocacy,
Like on a Benny Hinn program,
I run.

I run and I run
Till I can thank you
Face to glorious face
For giving
(not a crutch) ,

A light
To run to.

Andrew Phillips

To Whom This Will Concern

If you're reading
This, then you
Need what you
Feel is there
But, sadly,
You are
Here
(Likely
To be a
Sugar-coated
Deathtrap) .

You sense that
The pit you are
Bound to, the
Quicksand you
Bog through,
Can't be the
Promised land,
Nor could it
Be a bed of
Grasses greener.

So what do you
Do? You let your-
Self sink lower,
Knowing there
Is no such thing

As
Rock bottom. So
What

Should you do?
Be still and
Reach up. Know that
Here will soon
Be there
If you

Give it
Over, dear
Reader,
Fellow soul.

Trust me. I should know.

Andrew Phillips

What Poetry Is

Poetry is giving Life the foundation to
Sustain it's self, to give Life the water for
Growth.

Poetry is showing Life all of what the
World is like, to show Life how to
Survive.

Poetry is explaining to Life that the
Smallest details make all the difference,
To explain to Life, Life isn't Life without
Living.

Poetry then tells Life to Live.

Andrew Phillips

Where Have All My Unicorns Gone?

Is my faith so
Fake? , are my

Hopes not
Real? Are these

Dreams at
Night? , are these

Fears I
Feel? Will

Here lead
There? because I think
That is where my
Unicorns are...

Do the restless
Rest? , do

The beggars
Choose? When

The walls
Come down, do

The helpless
Lose? Will

Here lead
There? because I KNOW
That is where my
Unicorns go:

Outside the rubble,
Beyond the ash,
Above the stars,
Far past the trash,

Pastures exist
For souls to lie-
To join the herd,
Do I have to die? to

Be at rest? , to
Write a verse? , to
Rid the cancer? , to
Flee the curse? , and

Come towards
The light I
Fear, to live
The life I
Once revered? ...

If to follow my unicorns this is the cost,
I'll no longer exist amongst the lost.

Andrew Phillips

Where I'M Coming From

Door ajar?
Is it we were
Trapped in, that we
Should not be let
Out from our prision, to be
Free from this
Cage where the
Newspaper has never been
Changed, but now
The door is open? - Or maybe...
We aren't from
Here and this door was to
Keep us out and
Away but the
Remote key opener was
Used from under our
Soles
And the
Apple looked
So
Tempting...

Andrew Phillips

Who Am I?

Well,
If I knew,
I'd tell you.
I'd tell you about how I'm good at things that'll never matter and
Describe myself in languages that will die.

C'mon, why do you care about me?
You ask 'Who are you?',
But does it matter?
Matter always changes,
Never what it once was.

Even if I knew me today,

I'm not the same tommorrow.

Andrew Phillips