

Poetry Series

Casper Fields

- poems -

Publication Date:
2005

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Casper Fields()

A Toast To Life

I glimpsed at Love but
I realized, as I threw the infant
into the fires of Lust,
Love was no more.
I was with Friends
but Brutus told me later,
the knives were sharpened
by them.
I was left with Beauty
but this, only the river
agreed.
So I spoke with Talent,
and he said, 'Loneliness kills,
dear friend.'
I am yet to see Death,
but Life's insistent:
he's one honest person.

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Afterglow

some squealing infant
one day finds immortality.
gods of this earth,
their legacy, in print
or in deeds that resound
in the annals of minds
lives forever.
another child gives
to the world
his name on a slab of stone
from birth till mother
nature sees fit.
between heaven and unforgiving
footprints, some lives,
like the lights of fireflies,
burn.

if it were mine to decree,
before the clock hand
strikes the Three,
i'd rather fade into the afterglow
of firefly sex
than burn alone,
Saint of the Flies.

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Forbidden Love Unrequited

To alletS

I fell in love with somebody,
I do not know how,
I do not know when,
in fact I am not even sure what love is all about.
But you cannot mistake that intoxicating feeling
as merely being drunk,
you cannot ignore that sound in your heart
and say that it's just a distant thunderstorm
in your soul.
I do not know how,
I do not know when
this so-called love will end.
But love is only a feeling
that will go away one day.

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Happy Birthday

'Happy Birthday! '

Let me have my humble say
for birthdays are simply God's way
of halting Man's errant play,
(for over Time doth Death hold sway)
with heaven's foreboding stay.

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Is It A Crime

my words may not mean
much but my tears
do.
if ten words can be
replaced by a drop
of tear
i must have said a million
i love yous.
it may not seem like it
when i ignored you
but, sometimes,
even the heart begs ignorance
too.

to BeeBee, again.

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Kaos

chaos reigns.
a flurry of pandemonic thoughts.
two worlds, they separate.
what's in between- love the painful victim.
or is it love?
what?
come to me come to me come to my world.
i know i must be right.
i'm happier than you are. no i'm not.
well one will be happier than two.
trust me and we'll be fine.
we're not fine now.
well im not.
im bruising from the tear
and if you're not
is it love then?
hahahahahahahahaha.
they prey on the weak they.
'IN OU WEAK ESSES HIS TRENG H IS ADE P RFECT'
their toxic shoulders.
their veiled hugs.
more?

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My Fantasy

If I could find love one day,
I hope it will be you.
You whom I woke up with
every morning of my fantasies
whose breath is the first that I breathe,
whose warmth is the only warmth I feel.
And if unreturned love proves too costly,
I hope you in your blissful ignorance
would be enlightened.
And when that day comes,
I hope my breath
would be the first breath you breathe, my warmth
the only warmth you feel.

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On Fear

Fear embraces like a persistent lover.
The more one struggles,
The tighter its hold.
The only way to break free
Is to embrace it,
Suffocate it.
Or love it.

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On Writing

xxxxIt'sxxxxxxxxxxxxthexxxxxxxxxquestxxxxxxxxxxxxforxxxx
xxxxxxxxwordssxxxxxxxxxxxx, xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxaxxxxxxxxxthousandxx
xx
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxIt'sxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
xxxxstandingxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxinxxxxxxxxaxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxroomxxx
you'xxxxxx
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxwithxxxxxxxxthexxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
yxxxxthis
xxlastxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxsentencexxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx, xx
I'vexxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxslayedxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
xxthexxxxxHydraxxxxxxxxx, xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxmadexxxxxxxxx
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxlovexxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxwithxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
xxMedusaxxxx, xxxxxxxxx
xxxxxxxxdrownedxxxxxinxxxxxxxxthexxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxDa-xx
xx-nubxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxandxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxpluckedxxxxxxxxxxxx
xxxxxxxxwildflowersxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxfromxxthexxxxxxxxx
TREE OF
GO
OD
AND
EVIL.

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Testing

TESTING

TESTING

TESTING

TESTING

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The Sideways-Lookers

for Davina A.W., for what it's worth

we befriend shower-heads for hours
we corner shadows
we will the defiance of clock-hands
and piss on more defiant Time
we look for lions lost
in secret mental vaults
and will them to life, to no avail
we become lost poets of four-letter words
and, on the streets
we always look sideways.

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The Thing With Crushes

every now and then, when life's mundanity
settled itself upon my soul,
your face, always your face,
would flash once, twice and then disappear
like a butterfly that landed
and flew
before I could gaze upon her wings.
In that split second,
I held you in my arms
as something
tore
inside.

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These Days

These days, the sky suffers from mood swings.
These days, nothing escapes the eyes and
everything flees before the mind;
none is spared.
These days, every other knave is a poet.
These days, Monday's an overzealous colleague.
These days, the clock's elephantine feet.
These days.
This day.
Th-

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To Meli

05s14

Dear girl, I am unsure of
my feelings for you, and where
they may lead me to.

But this I have always wanted to say,
you make me wanna kiss you
everytime you're near,
and feel the beauty in you
kissing me too.

Your true beauty
is the warmth of your laughter
and the way it gives me warmth.

Your true beauty
is the clumsy gait of your steps,
and the way you bring out the clumsiness in me.

If greener pastures beckons, and leaving
is by all means necessary,
do accept these humble words, in return
for the sunshine you gave to me.

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Traffic

don't jump because the scorecard fails you
and your law degree vanishes
in the 'shh' that letters make
or walk a thousand fanged miles
because her 'NO' is
an ice-cold anvil upon your heart.
don't jump because somebody's waiting for you.
and someday
all the brightly-shining reds will turn into orbs of
warm greens
just for you and
somebody's waiting for you
at the end of all these lights.

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What Growing Up Means To Me

to my lovely widjajas

a shit bowl crashes through the ceiling.

i brush my teeth,

wash my face,

put on my polka-dot pajamas

thinking, 'it's just a shitty

dream.'

maybe not, says

the shit

that

just

fell

on

my face.

i write a poem

and go to bed, shit-

faced.

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What Right Have You?

What right have you
To lament your love
When the widowed lyrics of my unrequited love
Remain unread?

What right have you
To sing your sorrow
When the clenched rhythm of my forbidden sorrow
Remain unvoiced?

What right have you
To fake your fear
When the solitary tune of my pregnant fear
Remain unheard?

What right have you?

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When I'M Missing You

Senses slow,
shadows come and go,
is something no more?

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