

Poetry Series

Cicero Grey
- poems -

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Cicero Grey()

99 Flavors

There was a girl whose favorite treat
Was ice cream, that she'd eat and eat
Her favorite shop was 99 Flavors
She'd gobble up whatever they gave her
Pistachio and Almond Crunch
Pineapple, Raspberry Munch
Vanilla Whipped Cream topped with custard
Hot dog flavor with lots of mustard
Peanut Butter and Strawberry Jam
Sandwich made of eggs and ham
Choco-Caramel Latte Freeze
(with sprinkles that will make you sneeze)
Peppermint Pie, Lemon Sorbet
Pottery flavor made with clay
She gobbled and munched and crunched and sneezed,
Chewed and licked and got brain freeze
'Twas happy times, until one day
The farms and barns ran out of hay
and without hay to feed the cows
there was no milk, don't ask me how.
So the 99 Flavors, so soon and so sad
went out of business, which drove the girl mad.

Cicero Grey

A Nebulous Existence

Oh wispy wooly kiss of dew
What is it that inspires you?
An eagle's nest, a kingly throne
A gossamer heart, a wishful bone
Oh feather that the zephyr blew
Who is it that you echo to?

Oh sanguine smoke of silver lining
What is it that you are defining?
A bowl of creamy mashed potatoes
The sigh of old broken tornadoes
Oh curtains shrouding heaven's gate
Who is it that you emulate?

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Abstract Advice

Your poetry will never bloom
out past your room, my dear
Your rhyme and meter shackles
keep your poems leashed and near

Yes, listen to the pros, my dear
and let your words just shine
Don't compromise your voice
to match the rhythm, line by line

Okay, okay
I'll try to break away
Away astray
I will try your abstract way with words
and metaphors someday
But I like my rhyme and meter and
for me, they're here to stay
Sir, I promise I will try it soon
 But I'm sorry, not today

Cicero Grey

Birthday Rhyme

who's coming? giggle and groan, to ask is a task
what about the cake? I'm sure I can bake
we bought so much food, but I'm not in the mood
so we'll open the presents,

wrapped, ribboned, and rattling
and prance in the puddles,
piddling and paddling

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City Haiku

Smoky city night
Piercing yowl shatters the dark.
Nonchalant to the
Bloodshot glares from dark windows,
The city cat tiptoes by

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Dear Diary

Words are concrete once they're written
Smiles are captured on the page
When I cried and laughed and shouted
When I bit my tongue in rage
Monday night I may seem gloomy
Tuesday evening I'll sound tired
Wednesday morning I'll be running-off-to-save-the-world inspired

But by the time I scratch my thoughts in pen
It's already too late
Me on paper, that was yesterday
Outrun and out of date

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Eye

blinked to see if
it changed the view
if by clearing the tears
eye could see you anew
if by focusing hard
eye could
make you come true

it didn't work
eye still miss you

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From My Roof

the horizon dips and jumps over pine and stone
And drenching indigo overflows from the sky
Sinking
Down into the roots and crevices of mountain
Spreading
Its inky tendrils round and round
The slamming of a door
The clanging of a pan
The screeching of a tire
The yelping of a dog.

Engulfed by the soothing ocean of distant traffic, the mountains stand
Like quiet isles holding still as the waves lap their shores
Echo and repeat
Inhale and exhale
Breathe and sigh
While I
Dive
Into the immobilizing blueness
And hug the air close to my skin.

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Hands

When a hand reaches out to shake another
The crowd draws in, bodies press against each other
Clawing fingers, scratching fingers, push the hands apart
In fear of change and losing what they hold dear to their heart

Be it oil, or water, or happiness
be it paper bills, or gold
It's with pride and greed and jealousy
That these clawed hands tightly hold

Yet the troughs of wrinkled, famished hands
Hold nothing but dry wind
Their pain is caused by trick of fate
For never had they sinned

So this is why the wealthy
And the poor cannot make peace
So long as one hand's full
The empty one's pain will not cease

Be it oil, or water, or happiness
Be it paper bills, or gold
It's with pride and greed and jealousy
That these clawed hands tightly hold

If we all took the chance
And put down what we hold in hand
Then we'd all be the same, and maybe then we'll understand
That peace will never come from oil, water, bills, or gold
It's peace when we forget these things
And each other's hand we hold

Cicero Grey

I Used To...

I used to be all in one place
But now I'm stretched and strained
I used to be an open window
But now I am paned

I used to be a parakeet
A little mockingbird
But now I sing a different tune
One that no one has heard

I used to strut in mommy's heels
Wanting to grow up quick
But if I got to choose again
Being young is what I'd pick

I used to groan as days dragged on
But now, in a blink, the time is gone

I used to count the monkeybars
But now
I count the stars

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New Moon

the crescent glows so gently bright
a timid newborn, blushing white
playfully hiding, peeking out
from pastel purple feathers about
flying solo, it seems tonight
the trustworthy north star its beacon of light

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Street Music

If ever encountered with city life
One may be slightly fazed
The crowds, the noise, the energy
Is enough to put one in a daze

Most tourists and travelers who come from the 'burbs
May think cities are noisy and loud
Yes, it's loud, but to us it is music, not noise
And it touches us all in the crowd

This thing you call noise that engulfs all our homes
Is a little thing we call street music
The musicians and singers who play in the streets,
To the tune of a 'lectric acoustic

Jazzy tunes from the streets wafting through the window
Make me dance, fill my head with warm mist
Rhythmic drum beats and bold, steady percussion sound
Get my mind in a tangled up twist

All these tunes in a mix with some everyday sounds
Makes the city a musical place
Sounds of traffic and shouting and talking and walking
Intermingled with alto and bass

Only urbanites know what I mean when I say
City sounds are those that are most soothing
It's the cross between life and art all in one place
That make up our most comforting hearings.

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They Say It's Easier To Solve A Maze From The End

I'll try that, weaving left and right
Shrugging past forks and winding in tight
Hitting no dead ends and racing past breaks

Zooming through days, weeks, and birthday cakes
Tracing the footsteps that split us apart
I stop and look up
We're back at the start.

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Where Sea And Shoreline Meet

Where sea and shoreline meet
On long and lanky feet
A lonely bird, a hungry bird
In search for som' to eat.

The salty stinging sea
In sympathy, said she
"A bit to bite, a mini mite
Is all I have for thee.'

So generous was she
The salty stinging sea
She pulled her silky sapphire skirts
So gently to her knees.

The grainy gravelly ground
Revealed for miles around
Was filled with holes of big and small
Comestibles abound.

The sun set in the west
The shore was put at rest
The bird went back, her skirts went slack
As left, with thanks, the guest.

Where sea and shoreline meet
On long and muddy streets
A lonely trace of lanky feet
In search for som' to eat.

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Windy Breeze

The windy breeze is playful tonight
Tickling the dogs to bark out loud
Combing my hair into careless braids
Stirring the trees to whisper and dance
Erasing the moon in a gust of smoke
Carrying the sounds of the traffic from far
Brushing my face
Tugging my shirt
Caressing my arms in a soft lullaby
Flipping the pages, trying to read
Thinking 'enough', dancing off with my pen

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