

Poetry Series

Jonathan Banuelos
- poems -

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Jonathan Banuelos(1/17/1991)

A Dream

I see a tree giving shade to a tin can mountain
People surround an endless dry fountain
The helicopter above searches for a lost puppy
But it was all a dream
Staring through a cage at a zoo
A man stares back and I growl back
I go to the movies but find myself staring out a window to the outside
The foreigners no longer look at me from the other side
The traffic lights contain more colors than a rainbow
But it was all a dream
I see the Jihad and the Crusade join forces
The child no longer plays with too tall guns
Missiles no longer appear in my neighbor's backyard
Freedom is given out in soup kitchens
A change of heart in hates place
Too bad it was all a dream

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Battles And Beauties

You transform into a simple plant
Your roots suck away at my life
Next to you the others fight for your shade
Your ugly leaves are humbled by the roses
Yet they refuse to bloom under your cover of the sun
The aphids attract to you
Leaving the others alone and healthy
Your leaves resemble the disorder of a train upon the sky
Ecstasy grips the aphids
Intruders destroyed by your poisonous honey
The corpses fall to the ground
Their deaths heal you
The grip of an ivy approaches
Long ago taken over the roses
As it rains, the ivy's arms grow
Upon your stem they grip
These arms extend from me fueled by the sky's laments
Movement fueled by sadness
You grow towards the sky
Desperately trying to escape
Stem upon stem falls to my grip
Your defiance fuels the war upon me and gravity
Gravity can't hold me back
You are the one holding me up
The little parasites in me burrow into your green sides
They dig into you but even they cannot cause you to wilt
Now I can close my eyes and not be alone

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Blue Violet

Green plasmid ripples immerse us
Translucent shocks wake the stars
Infrared sounds cut through the ground
Firestorms destroy Mars
Transgenic vortexes dismantle time
Our minds become singularity
Travel to the origin of heaven prime
Ancient angels hover nearby
Blackened stars absorb our bodies
Universe becomes our playground
Ancient civilizations record the stories
We become the source of thought
Enlightenment magnetizes our hands
Planets are created by our breaths
Gazes' intertwine at the event horizon
Reality becomes unreality gone
Pure energy courses from you to me
Old myths of new civilizations create us
Drops of passion create frozen comets
Opal suns navigate our nudity
Travelers are guided by our emotional radio waves
Blood darkened antimatter creates inter-continuity
Gods erase our paths fearing reaction
Fingers grasp supernovas of passion
Creating an intergalactic transaction
Seasons resonate across our simple passions
Blue lights radiate from colliding nebulae
Toes curl and touch lifeless planets
Lithe curves sprinkle life among alien races
Starships cruise through out our movements
Jealous angels strike down our creations
Beauty implodes across galaxies
Our disease reanimates old gods
Color emanates from our friction
Erotic understates our energy
Dimensions transpire blue violet irradiant

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Children Of Chaos

Children of Chaos

It takes only one moment to be oppressed
But it takes a lifetime to forget
The feeling is of pure hate condensed
Through history this plays true for all
When two legions clash
The oppressed are always the first to fall

The greatest men are born after oppression
Children born of this are the most capable
All their life they search for redemption
A feeling of justice for their pain
But find no help from kin in contradiction

These children are strong in spirit
But weak in emotion and sensibility
Of weaknesses they are purged
Robbed of their humanity
Hearts born of steel quality

As babies they watch in silence
Born into violence

As adolescents they are prepared
Their humanity is lost, or risk becoming impaired
Animosity takes seed
As they watch their parents bleed

As young adults they are trained in the streets of hell
In anarchy their souls dwell
United under one banner
They are formidable against any corrupt planner
Born and raised in chaos the perfect soldiers
Immune to a conscience damaged by war horrors

They fight for one cause, whether pure or not

When they fight and kill no remorse is paid
Their victories are gained by gun and blade

Nothing left to lose, yet their freedom to gain
Victory comes easy to the children of pain

Children of turmoil fight well
But in society they don't live so well
Expected to live in the aftermath in silence
These children raised in uncompromising violence

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Heaven

Have you ever heard the story of the angel who fell?
The angel who loved and didn't let go
Even though she knew that her partner would die someday
The luckiest man knew he had a treasure
She did everything perfectly

Do you think that a man can bring happiness to an angel?
She loved him more everyday
Good fortune surrounded their lives
He loved her with all his might
Heaven on earth now held a new meaning

Do you believe that angels can fall?
Years passed by and he grew to know who changed
His heart slowed, hers beat infinitely
She never judged him
He never sinned against her
Till one day he made a resolve

Do you know what happens when an angel falls?
He knew that the poor angel would be devastated at his deathbed
A vow of silence and bitterness had been taken by him
The distance grew, till one day she asked what had happened
He answered he no longer loved her
She grew weak and tired

Do you know what happens to those who break the heart of an Angel?
Her eyes looked into his and saw nothing unlike before
But he persisted
She could not penetrate his wall
She walked off into the distance towards the horizon
In that instant he felt a deep pain
Smiling he fell and died at three hundred and twenty seven years old

Have you ever heard of the story of the happiest man who ever lived?

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Look Into My Eyes

Look into my eyes, do you see my soul
Or do you see a black hole
Do you see the truth
Or do you see your reflection

I age but my eyes remain the same

Look into my eyes
Do you see my future
Or do you see me as insecure
Do you see my mistakes
Or do you see the possibilities

Look into my eyes
Do you see my aspirations
Do you believe in them
Do you see the universe's constellations

Look into my eyes
But do not draw conclusions
Using only one of your senses draws only illusions

Look into your own eyes
Do you see your own soul
Are you in control
Or do you see a stranger

Look deep into your eyes and tell me
What you truly see

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Soul

Extra sensory is obscene
From deep in me it grows
Absorbs whatever I can throw
It's alive in me
Watching me
Creating me
Breaking me
Without thee
Who will I be
You are my soul

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Sun

Sun

Your fire burns at my soul
Stuck in you never ending hall
But sometimes it's your heat that keeps me awake
Keeps me alive for your sake

Twisted signals, ultra violet lights illuminate your passion
My skin burns because of your animosity
Your twist my soul to your fashion
But your fiery perfection plays on my curiosity

Bright eyes scan my every dance
Solar warmth rewards my disillusion
Begging me to take another chance
Bronze colors play in my head in confusion

My fingers grasp at your flashes of light
Keep me trained and obedient with control
Your control of what I see gives you a reason for my plight
Your fire gives life to my poor soul

Your fire burns at my soul
Stuck in a never ending hall
But sometimes it's your love that keeps me awake
Lying to me to take a chance, reach and take

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Sunday Morning

I wake up, the air is brisk
You're gone but the marks remain on my back
Images of you relapse in my mind
The cold water cleanses my soul
Feel like I've just ran a marathon in summer heat
I can't go back to sleep
Images of you are burned into my eyes
Mind blown by the unpredictable
Your curves were beyond numbers
I've just witnessed one of god's wonders
Your goose bumps left imprints on me
Eating cereal with orange juice
I've already spilt it twice
I can still hear you
You trembled like a nervous bundle
I know now why you left
I know that we are both stranded on this Sunday morning

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Supernova

She stood silent against the black emptiness
Shining was her weapon to impress
Far from any other star's reach
Come to me was her beseech
Civilizations rose and died at her foundation
She mourned at her fading light, death was her temptation

Alone she lived for half an eternity

Her magnificent core could no longer thaw her companions
Her dying core cracked and crumbled and left dry canyons
Isolated she was among the universe's outstretched nebulae arms
Immune were the other stars to her fading charms

Alone she lived for three quarters of an eternity.

In her last breathe she fought against gravity and grew red
Engulfing her companions, unstoppable was her spread
Finally her strength faltered and gravity won
Her heart restarted, burning blue with fury, once more a sun
Her hate grew, and she became smaller
The universe could no longer support her choler
So heavy was her hate it ripped through the universe
She left a stark reminder of it behind; a black hole was her concourse

Alone she died in an eternity

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