

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Keith Sennette()

Pandora's Box

These pages get heavy
From carrying my thoughts
Sometimes they get so heavy
That I can't even walk
I have to sit down and vent
With a pad and a pen
Keep every one close
When you can't tell who's a friend.

It's like it never ends
The daily drama and violence
meanwhile the population's getting lulled
Or frightened to silence
Or else they're limping around
Outcast and beat down
They're lost trying to find out
Where our spines went.

What good is conquest
When it brings you to your knees
It's a heart breaking situation
When cash is all they see
And they don't even care
who they have to make bleed
One nation under profit
Indivisible from greed.

So I think its time we look at the seas
The deserts The jungles The plains
And the streets
Where we can see first hand
All the death and disease
Ready or not
Jump start your heart
With the pain of the grief.

These pages get heavy
From carrying my thought
Sometimes they get so heavy

That I cant even walk.
And when I'm feeling weighted down
I wish they would stop
polluting the air with vile lies
And poison talk.

I know we the we got somewhere
'Cause now we've got Barrak
But there's no peace
In the middle east.
Trade Afghanistan
For Iraq.
Desperation gripped the Hation nation
Chile's still reeling from the shock
Hurricane Katrina
Turned New Orleans
To a marina.
90% of the action was talk.
Thousands of soldiers
Thousands of bases
Around the world and across the seas
It's a damn shame
That they keep Losing their lives
In service to the government
Instead of the country.

It's really messed up
How we keep getting let down
Some of you
know it better then most
But just like Shorty said
If your still moving
You aint dead
Ya s***t happens

But so
do rainbows.

Keith Sennette

The Green Blues

My desperate shenanigans on a late night
Lighting tooth picks on the stove just to get by
I can't find a lighter my matches won't strike
But I ain't ready to call it a night

Mr Happy's in the corner with a bud in his head
Two laps around the bowl and the Bic went dead
Tried to get high and got let down instead

Lack of fire
Raise my ire
Make me see red

The propane on the stove well it just gave out
And I turned all the pockets on my clothes inside out
My room mates a smoker
Still nothing around
Happy hour's
Turning sour
Bringing me down.

I checked the couches in the chushions
And down underneath
Looked in the bed tore off all the sheets
The kitchen cabinet the dresser drawer
Guess the only option left is the Liquor store.

Stepped out seen the neighbor chillin havin' a smoke
So I said 'Hey lady wanna share in a toke
Cause' when it comes to having fire I seem to be broke'
Should've seen the look she gave me
When she turned around and spoke
She said 'Man are you serious this must be a joke
Cause my husbund's a judge and Im a 5.0
But I can tell buy your face that you didn't know
So we'll forget this ever happened if you turn around and go'

My desperate shenanigans on a late night
Lighting tooth picks on the stove just to get by

I can't find a lighter my matches won't strike
But I ain't ready to call it a night

Race down to the corner to pick up a light
'Hey sorry man store's closed for the night'
I say to myself ' This ain't even right
How did the cave men do it when they first got high

Still got no flame but I know when I'm beat
My heart rate slows as I roll down the street
As I hop out the ride whats that under the seat

The answer to my prayers another bic in heat..

My desperate shenanigans on a late night
No more tooth picks on the stove just to get by
Now that I got a lighter I'm gonna get high
Pass it to the left and touch the sky.

Keith Sennette

The Travels Of Farklavar

I took time to stop and smell the roses
But they didn't have a smell
Then I had and epic snowball fight
With the Denizens of hell
And as I went on my marry way
They sighed and wished me well
As I woke the very next morning
To a dying wedding belle

I stormed the gates of heaven
Found them impervious to rain
So I knocked on heavens door
St Peter answered
Asking for some change
With his halo in his hand
And his eyes utterly deranged
I reached into my pockets
And gave him everything that remained
From my hand he took all I had
And then his chest he crossed
As he ushered me through the pearly gates
Declaring all was lost
And as I stepped through the clouds
I was amazed by what I found
For there were no angels or a God
Anywhere around, in fact
The only thing that did remain
As holy evidence.
Was a tattered note
Pinned to the ground
That read
Sorry for the inconvenience

I took time to stop and smell the roses
But they didn't have a scent
And I always felt like I was trapped
No matter where I went
Weather as a free man
Or a prisoner of war

This world has stolen my innocence
And treated me like a whore
So I fought for every single inch
Of my very own self respect
And in order to do so
I had to entirely disconnect.
To let go and disconnect
Is frightening yet beautifully hard.
Letting go will free you.
But boy does it leave a scar

Keith Sennette