

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Melissa Vitiello()

I'm studying English and Journalism at St. Thomas Aquinas College. I hope to become a Professional Writer one day. I really do. =]

Forget It

Forget it

Forget it

You must be kidding

My pen doesn't work.

I can't find any paper.

I'm pulling the strands.

I'm hungry. I need a Cig.

I also want some beers.

The sirens are loud.

I need another cig.

I cannot write!

Time's up? Uh oh!

All I have is a dumb list of excuses.

You like it? Really? No kidding.

Thanks a lot. Would you like to see another one?

Melissa Vitiello

Gone

If I had known

what I was doing

If I had only known

Instead I went from

Seldom to ceaseless

Had I known, what I was doing

to myself. I made it far.

I perished - all 'cause I didn't

listen.

Wrapped in my own

image.. thought I'd be fine -

fixed use of smoke, a bit of

tipple here and there. A little

bit of this, some of that.

The inflamed eyes in me

Lack of forbearance from

that constant haze. That

even perk that hooked me,
and a bad batch of nature.

Went from seldom
to ceaseless. I wanted to
stop. Afraid to let my
fears show... that I knew
I was killing myself.

In time I could've changed -
times that were my last.
Reality that I refused to
know. The agony I was
in - I believed it was my
only way out.

Delirious! Always thought
I had something I didn't.
One too many I took -
didn't see the end coming.

Now I lay beneath shattered

shattered dreams.

Melissa Vitiello

Ramblous

I answered her and told her I liked her.
Why all the fuss? I'm not a home wrecker.

Called me a druggie than said you'll hurt me if I talk to her.
Maybe I do take too much and that's why everything's a blur.

My good friends Mary Jane; her brother Haze. Be amazed
When people tell you 'hey, your eyes look glazed'.

Say the druggie: take some shrooms now.
Sixty minutes – Eat grass. Believe you're a cow.

Are you thirsty? Here have some beer.
Damn. You're drunk off of one – you one beer queer.

I'm small but I can handle my liquor.
Ask him – over there; his name's Victor.

I smile and you think I like you.
I just wanted to get to her so I pretended for a few.

And no I couldn't keep my mouth shut which is why I'm in pain,
And no, unfortunately I have no one to blame.

Melissa Vitiello

Smoke And Write

I wish to die dreaming, floating within the clouds.
I want to lie in the grass, smoke and write.

Judge me any which way but this is who I am and
It makes me very happy to smoke and write.

Sour Apple, French Vanilla, and Hazelnut – pick a flavor.
Roll up - smoke the dro and my thoughts flow – I love to smoke and write.

Putting words to paper is just as enticing as an L to my face.
Ganja hits, forget the ordinary – here comes the outlandish – I stay smoking and
writing.

Scorn math, suck at sports, not good at much - but I am a wicked pen pusher.
Pull in the thick white smoke and let it seep – feel it rush to the head.

Give me a few than feed me paper and a pen.
Watch what I can produce – It's like no other – Damn. How I love to smoke and
write.

Not dull or senseless from the constant smoke. I stay in school,
Stay writing and doing what I do best – and that's smoke and writes.

Melissa Vitiello

This Is Not A Poem

This is not a poem,

but...

an anxious and antsy

feeling consumes me

for I want to be

dispensed from my

glorious box for the night.

I stare at a blank document_

My esthetic and fertile

thoughts have come to

a cease and I wish

to retire for the night.

I gaze out the window.

Grey clouds form on the

horizon.

On this warm Spring

night, the pure rain

drops fall fast and

hard.

I can hear the

water clashing on

the tin roof.

Neon white strikes

of lightening appear

like lost souls trying

to find a home, begging

to be let in.

Like the words

for my creations.

Comfty in my silky

blue recliner, I stare

up at the stained white

ceiling - another drag

toked,

another sip of coffee

sipped,

and another word

not typed nor a

thought expressed.

Melissa Vitiello

Writer...To Be Or Not To Be

I dreamt I was eating

a book.

It was made from 8' by 12' slabs

one inch deep.

It tasted luminous

like a cold caramel iced-coffee,

those costly ones from Starbucks

followed by the desire for a

Marlboro Red cigarette,

but with nothing to light it.

As I chewed, I began to think

that the creation of books, being

an author, wouldn't work out for me.

The idea tasted sweet, but I was lacking,

lacking something, perhaps the lighter

to get the cigarette burning.

As I looked around
others were reading
the same title
but the normal way.

Everyone one of them-
Cummings, Poe, Didion.
They began to notice me
and stare.

Made me feel out of place,
as if I weren't a writer, as if
I didn't belong. I didn't have a
lighter to light the cigarette.

I was in a bar though,
a fitting place to drink
and smoke
so I ordered Budweiser

and I kept on chewing.

I realized

I won't be a writer

cause I didn't have the

lighter to light the cigarette.

Words really weren't my forte,

as I always wished I had the flair,

or at least a thing of matches to spark

the cigarette.

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