

Poetry Series

Michael Troy Buffo
- poems -

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Michael Troy Buffo(2/15/66)

Born in Vallejo and residing in American Canyon, California, I began writing poetry when I was 13 years old. Sadly, my first poem (about the genocide of Native Americans) , was lost within months of writing it. When I turned 16, my mother gave me a journal to write my poetry in - I still have it. Some of my poetry, I have put to music and some I have abandoned. Certainly, I have poetry that I deem unpublishable which, perhaps, no one will ever see. My poetry tends to originate under one of three circumstances: Elation, Depression or extreme boredom. Most of my recent writing has not been prose, but rather political and social commentary and letters to editorial columns under the pseudonym 'Michael Troy'. ('Divided And Conquered'* might give you some insight to my political slant.) [*I wrote this over a period of months. The original version contained a lot of adult language and imagery meant to evoke a visceral reaction (and hopefully self-reflection) in the reader. It has been routinely and unfairly censored by those with lessor minds and no regard for free-speech or poetic license. They are the architects of your mediocrity.] None the less, I still write an occasional poem or two and this is the first place you'll see them... Please feel free to leave your comments.

A Call For The Wild

The corporate ladder has many rungs
But the scream of freedom fills my lungs;
To leave this world of dog eat dog
And hike through a misty mountain fog.
Let me leave behind these commuter woes
To lay in field where the wild flow'r grows.
All 'round this world I'm bossed
Yet I've seldom seen a country frost.
Instead of the city's constant throng,
I'd rather hear a wild bird's song.
Please take me from this place of stature
And deposit me with mother nature;
To escape these smoke-filled conference rooms
For the place where the majestic redwood looms...

Michael Troy Buffo

A Picture Of Love

If I could possibly paint a picture
Of the love that I have for you,
It would contain the most brilliant colors
And the most gentle, changing hues

It would be of a sunrise
Coming out of the east,
With an intensity unmatched
By man or beast

It would sing of the Bond
That we share, you and I,
With the distant clouds jealous
Of our clear, azure sky

There would be blues, rich and deep
For the sincerest vows we each shall keep
The canvas shows through with virtuous white
For the peaceful way we'll sleep at night
And it should have the most vibrant red
For the insatiable passion we'll share in bed
And the softest brush strokes would play their part
In describing that place for you in my heart,
But the boldest strokes of the greatest length
Could not depict my love or it's strength

A picture is worth a thousand words,
But my love is worth much more
So my brushes, my canvas, and my paints,
I cast upon the floor

It is a futile effort to paint my love
Upon an easel made of steel,
And even my words could never color
This deepest emotion that I feel

So try to grasp these four mere words
(And God, I pray you do)
The entire meaning when I say,

Darling, I love you.

Michael Troy Buffo

A Quest For Escape

Places you despise
People you distrust
Look into your eyes
You know escape's a must

There is no way out,
You're in a hopeless mess
There is no room for doubt
Think clearly - do not guess

The situation's locked you in
And no one seems to care
Shun the world away
For it's none of your affair

You withdraw into yourself,
(It's the safest place to hide)
Take the pictures off the shelf
Lock your memories deep inside

Construct yourself a barrier
That blocks out the light of day
But make yourself the warrior
And be careful what you say

Be patient in your quest
And withstand all the blows
Know which way to point the boat
And which way the river flows

Your chance will come
As all things do
For all you know,
It's in front of you

Once you see it,
Do not delay!
Jump out of the pit

And into the fray!

Michael Troy Buffo

Amid The Light

The secret dreads,
The bloodied heads
Buried deep beneath the garden
The way they bled,
The forgotten dead
Would make the weak man harden.

Their sins were few,
Their hearts were true
Though their cause was not the best
Their commanders knew
When the battles grew,
That here they'd be laid to rest

They placed the blame
(Those who came)
Upon their enemy's deed
Instead of the game,
Which deserves no name
That caused their children to bleed

Yet tomorrow
They forget their sorrow,
And the salute of twenty-one guns,
Scream the moms,
"Drop the bombs! "
On other mother's sons.

Around the bend,
Perhaps an end
To the ceaseless petty fight,
But now we send
Our son and friend
To blind deaths amid the light.

Michael Troy Buffo

An Expression Of Love

To hear your voice
Is to hear
A chorus of angels
Sing to the music
Of a thousand bells and chimes

To touch your hand
Is to reach
Light-years into the universe
And hold
A Galaxy in my heart

To look into your eyes
Is to look
Into the eyes of Venus, herself
And become
Overwhelmed with tenderness and passion

To feel your warm breath
On my cheek
As I hold your body
With my own
Is to feel
The heat of a thousand burning suns

Is to feel
Satisfied
With my sole purpose:

To ensure
That you are
As content as I

Michael Troy Buffo

Are You Ready To Go?

A man passes on,
And you mourn anon,
Yet I sneak in quite sly.
I pick him up
And I take him to
His castle in the sky

Above the clouds,
Below the sea;
You'll find me everywhere...
High and low
You'll look for me,
But you'll never find my lair

You'll look again,
And again
But you'll search in vain
You give up:
You're unaware,
I'm above you in a plane

When the plane crashes
You will look through the ashes
For loved ones - all well done.
You'll say, 'Christ! '
But that will not help,
For I am not the Lord God's son

My victims may be young or old
To me, it matters not.
Their souls, they must be very bold
For their journey takes alot

The day will come when it's your turn,
Your destiny fulfilled
In Heaven's bliss or Hade's burn,
You'll join the local guild

When he's gone,

You say he's lost
To me, he is a keeper.
If you think hard,
Yes, then you'll know,
My true name is the Reaper

You say, 'Lord, I want ot die! '
He says, 'My child, please tell me why'
You say, 'Well lord, for it's so much cheaper! '
I say, 'Fine. I get paid by the soul! '
Beware of me,
I'm the Reaper

The crimson blood pours over your pale lips
You make an attempt to take in your final gasp
You may now be in death's cold grip,
But you'll soon be within my grasp!

I am the Reaper
I'll take away your breath
I am the Reaper
My one friend is death
I am the Reaper
As you drown in the sea
I am the Reaper
You still can't see me
I am the Reaper
As your heart starts to slow
I am the Reaper
Are you ready to go?

(Written at age 16, the original title was 'The Reaper')

Michael Troy Buffo

Caseation Of Flesh

See this man who has drowned in the river
Watch me as I make a feast of his liver.
Eating his flesh as it slips through my fingers
With the rot and decay and the stench that still lingers,

Tossing his bones to the scavengers that wait,
As I ponder the remains of his poor bloating mate.
I know if I take my knife and I stick her,
That wonderful smell in the air will grow thicker.

Competition for food out here in the wild,
Is not what one would exactly call mild,
So back to my cave will I probably drag her,
For only safe in my lair will I use my dagger.

You're probably wondering why I picked up this strange habit,
And don't just go out and kill a nice rabbit.
I simply enjoy the smell and the caseation of flesh
To the point of convulsing when I find something fresh.

Michael Troy Buffo

Corridors

Endless corridors
Twisting through time
The farther they go
The higher they climb

They may veer to the left
Or bend to the right
They continue for miles
And simply pass out of sight

If you were to follow one
Up through the clouds
You'd uncover the mysteries
That ignorance shrouds

You'd discover peace
The far greatest find
And as far as you'd travel
Would be your own mind

Michael Troy Buffo

Divided And Conquered!

(Hey, ! Stop Censoring This Poem!)

America, honey? Wake up, baby—I think you're having a bad dream....
Sweetheart? Come on, darling. The new day's almost here... America? ... It's
time to wake up...

WAKE UP! !

You twenty-hour-a-week-sports-watching-crack-smoking-welfare-collecting
fools

—wake up.

You lethargic-self-centered-materialistic-ultra-violent-misguided-pieces-of-
disjointed-blue-collar-patriotism

idiots

—wake up.

You semi-educated-think-you-know-it-all-plugged-in-don't-touch-my-Hummer
Sonsabitches

—wake the hell up.

You Republicans. You Democrats.

You Left. You Right.

You in between.

You capitalist pawns

Don't you know that your low-life prostitute political icons hate you?

They've got to keep you off guard.

—to keep you running in circles

—to like what they say you like

—to hate what they say you hate

So they can do the bidding

Of their Bohemian-Club-Bilderberger benefactors

Marching innocents off to friggin' war to kill innocents

And innocence

For corporations

Owned by white-bread, blue-blood, apolitical captains of industry

Who'll only bend over for the pope to receive his blessing

So they can steal from your neighbors without guilt or fear

Does this keep you safe or make them rich, dear?

Yeah, baby, they feed off of you.
They drink your sweat and the blood they've spilled
Mixed with the effluence of the children they've killed
With the sharp, shiny axes
They bought with your taxes.
I know you, too, have been wounded
But you can't find the scar.
You're as dumb as they think you are.
As dumb as they've made you.

Yeah, they make you, baby.
So make no mistake—
As you spend your time hating
And baiting
And waiting
And grating
Your nails against the other man's slate—
hate—hate—hate
That they're the ones who opened the gate
And you're so divided you don't know it's so late.
You've been divided and conquered
And split down the middle
Drawn and quartered, so distracted,
That you can't learn the riddle
You see, Satan's house is divided too—and so are you.

So are you.

So are you, you stinking flip,
You ignorant nigger,
You wet-back spic,
You white trash cracker,
You skin-head punk,
You friggin' gook,
You nip, you jew, you
... you...
You lefty,
You righty,
You tight-ass whitey
So blinded by race
You protect the high and the mighty
You dysfunctional bigots

Drunk with your pride
(Can't you realize we're all human inside?)

They made you this way
Made you drunk with their wine
But you don't remember
You can't even think
That there were many like me
Who bade you don't drink
But now things are not what they seem
It's only a dream. It's only a dream.
It's your horrible nightmare that's making me scream.

But they won't wake you up.
No they'll never let you in.
They can't have the 'unwashed'
Aware of their sin.
They like things the way they are.
Where they fly off to Europe
And you steal a car
Or if you're lucky
You can bust a rhyme
Or sell your whole life
Eight hours at a time
Just to buy one.

The status quo is the friend they know
A world where the masses are on the go
While they kick back and take things slow.
No they'll never let you in.
Not for nothin'.
No—first you've got to join their club.
Like Bush, like Rumsfeld, like Cheney and Ley.
Like the Powells and Wolfowitz and Chocolate Candy.
Like Gonzales and Scooter. Like Ashcroft and Freeh.
Like Obama and Biden or Hillary C.
And prove you'll do anything to satisfy their greed.
But you're all on the outside and they'll never let you be.
United we stand? My ass—MY ASS!
As they pump up the volume and the prices of gas.
'Oh, but we're at war with Iraq—that problem won't last.'
Didn't you friggin' hear me? I said, 'MY ASS! '

They've invented your cultures with their media assets
And then sell it back to you bit by bit
Counting on the fact that you won't give a shit
And knowing you won't live to perceive all of it
'Cause you're eating all their fast-food-crap
That's sure to kill you before you snap
Just as your eyes open to see the light.
Feeling truth's warmth on your face
After a cold winter night.

Yeah—see the light...
The light that reveals
Their sick-little-greasy-pedophile-peckers
You've been feeling from behind your entire life.
But they've got you to the point where you love the strife.
Takin' each of your breaths from under the knife.
And they know how to make it feel good.
They make it feel the way a lover should.
They first get you drunk
So you can't smell their funk
And caress you and tease you
As you shoot up their junk
But they are a whore who rolls her johns.
She lures them,
Shows them,
Sells them,
Blows them.
Yeah—she makes them feel free.
She makes them feel free.
But the bitch is too greedy to let them be.
So after your out and you're under her spell,
She's emptied your pockets and left you a shell
From the 9 milimeter round that sent you to hell.
So tell me y'all—does this ring a bell?
You've got nothing but hate and fear and stink
And you're too distracted to stop and think—
That maybe it's too late and you're beyond the brink.
But naw—forget that bullshit and give me a drink
As I remember her softness—all pretty and pink.

You're dead—don't you get it?
You can't change your ways...

You can't change your ways...
YOU CAN'T CHANGE YOUR WAYS! ... or can you?
Can you? -Can you come to a consensus?
Or will you replace your walls with electrified fences?
And let them trap you and use you—
Enslave and abuse you?
No. Not you.
No way man. You know the score.
You got you some bling-bling
And you want you some more.
You're payin' your bills
And you ain't 'fraid of no whore.
Yo—pick up some Chivas
When you're down at the store.
You. Yes you.

This is my love-letter to you, America.

Wake up from your slumber
And take back your lives.
Care for all of the planet
Not just your husbands or wives.

Wake up from this nightmare
Of hatred and fear.
And love one another
While the end looms so near.

Wake up from your pipe-dreams—
All false and unclaimed.
Wake up so I can kiss you
And not feel ashamed.

Michael Troy Buffo

Faceless Targets

Thunderclouds pass to reveal the sun,
Yet pools of water still remain,
A shot is fired from a soldier's gun,
As another falls in dampened pain

Disfigured bodies lay in the field
All but recognized by their friends in life
What was this day supposed to yield?
A hilltop, a valley, a mourning wife?

Tanks and artillery play their own song
To faceless targets with receiving ears
The instruments know no right from wrong
Yet play louder and louder to increasing fears

Each side feels the same of the war
And at each other they'll continue to strike
Whene'er they feel needs to even the score
They ignore the fact that they're so much alike.

When will man notice his greatest mistake
That problems are solved in life and not death
How many centuries could it possibly take
To lay down our weapons and not save our breath?

Michael Troy Buffo

Full Moon

Here under the stars
Where both of us lay
With you in my arms
Where I want you to stay

I look into the heavens
And I see a full moon
I know in my heart
I won't be leaving you soon

The evening is perfect
For I am with you
And I lose myself
In the things that you do

Feeling your warm body
Mingle with mine
The full moon looks down
Tells me everything's fine

The taste of sweet lips
And the touch of soft skin
The way your rest head
On my chest with your chin

It seems so natural
With a full moon up above
To be with you here
So completely in love

As I run my fingers
Through your beautiful hair
The moon and the stars
Continue to stare

When I hold you close,
I can feel the earth move
And the full moon looks down
And it seems to approve

Michael Troy Buffo

Gabrielle

(Note to the reader: This is by far my least favorite poem! -But one that everyone seems to read first! The prose is overly simplistic and bland. If you want a real love poem, read 'A Picture of Love' and 'In The Waters of Life! ' Please don't judge my ability by this lame scrawling!)

Your name is sweet music
That rings in my ears
A ballad that shall
Far outlast the years

Your smile is so bright
And your eyes burn like fire
My heart takes to flight
For you're my one desire

Like a twinkling star
From the heavens above
So beautiful and so stunning
I must be falling in love

Without you I'm nothing
But sad and alone
And my world collapses
My lonely heart turns to stone

I can't bear to be apart
From one so divine
So spare me that torture
And say you'll be mine

Michael Troy Buffo

In Lieu Of A Kiss

Though we're parted
By thousands of miles
A sea, an ocean,
And airport turnstiles

You bring me such joy
Like no one before
And after each of your letters
I still long for more

Sure, we've had our problems
(Though it's hard to believe)
But it's mostly my fault
For wearing my heart on my sleeve

Here, I'm alone
And so unsatisfied
But you show me love
And make me feel good inside

Of one thing I'm certain
As long as I live
I can't thank you enough
For the hope that you give

I hope you don't mind
That I'm writing you this,
But it's the best I can do
In lieu of a kiss

Michael Troy Buffo

In The Waters Of Life

The waters of life run deep,
Their unknowable currents swift.
Some are wont to wade it's shores
And others merely drift.

Once I rode it's mighty waves
Only to be dashed against the rocks
Observed by weathered faces
Lined up along the docks.

And once I swam it's murky depths
Alone and lost and scared
Breathlessly rising to the surface
And still none of the faces cared.

So then I started once again
Swimming hard against the tide
And there amid the cresting waves
Your beauty had I spied.

Now I long to take you in my arms
And swim beyond the breaks
To hold you in the swelling waters
Before our ever growing wakes

Again I want to ride the waves
From the waters to the shore
And I know if you would join me
I'd enjoy it all the more

So let's find a tall and mighty wave
And swim it side by side
Gliding through a spinning tube
Above the quickly ebbing tide

And as the waves approach the rising sand
With a spray like salty rain
We'll swim from shore back to the breaks
To seek the waves again

So be confident I'll love you
Through the good times and the strife,
And all the wondrous mysteries
That are borne by the waters of life.

Michael Troy Buffo

Just A Few Nasty Things

Screw this and the hell with that
Kick the dog and fling the cat
Throw rocks through windows and shoot at cars
Flip off the cops and start fights in bars
Break bottles and chairs and draw some blood
And then tell his honor to go wack his pud
Get thoroughly wasted and go rape some bitch
Or steal a blind man's cane to take care of an itch
Take someone's Porsche and drive it over a cliff
Go to the store and return Grandma's Gift
Hold your breath, and turn a deep shade of blue,
Just a few nasty things that only we humans do.

Michael Troy Buffo

Leary's Legacy

Liquid ceilings that ripple and spin,
Claws for hands and hooves for feet
Waiting for reality to rebegin
Odd expressions from people you meet

Timothy Leary has a night club show
Night after night, the doc puts on his act
When I'm not 'tripping', I might like to go
Just to see how the people react

Brilliant minds reap strange rewards,
As baby-boomers could surely confess
Tim had kids running to him in hordes
With long hair, beads, and a strange manner of dress

And what of Syd Barrett, that founder of Floyd
Whose spellbinding music enhanced many young minds
Why did his brain simply slip into the void?
An investigation may conjure int'resting finds

The sixties are gone, but it's memory won't die
Even today, almost three decades past,
College students continue to 'fry'
How long could this pass-time possibly last?

Leary's Legacy is definitely one for the book
And his saga continues as all can see
I wonder how many hits that generation took
I wish I had some right now, to set my head free

Michael Troy Buffo

Life's Thin Line Or Upon The Window

As I look into the darkness
From the light of my room,
To find nothing in any direction,
Upon the window I notice
(Foreshadowed by gloom)
The image of my own reflection

I see my posture's correct
(Though leaning towards age)
And a soft knowing glint in my eyes
But the glass won't reflect
What my destiny will stage
Nor can the stars in the skies

So here in my realm,
I wait as a puppet
To see how my life shall unfold
With my fate at the helm
(Without aid of a parapet)
To decide how my life shall be told

Now I know what I'll see,
When the night turns to day
And the sun shines its light on the Earth:
A lone blossoming tree
In a field full of hay
And small animals that dance in their mirth

But my reflected features
Will come to me not
For the Sun's light is much brighter than mine
And the gods laugh in their bleachers,
As I ponder my lot,
And concede to walk life's thin line

Michael Troy Buffo

Light (A Psalm)

Awake fellow children and open your ears,
And listen for the truth you will see;
For the message of God will placate your fears,
And set you eternally free.

Now God's Sabbath remains yet to be kept
(And a thousand years is a day) :
It's been six thousand years since Adam slept
So you know I have more to say.

For as at the Beginning, it shall be in the end
(God spoke and the flood came to pass) .
This time it's fire He says He will send,
And the wicked shall burn as dry grass!

Now as a lion struggled with Samson,
And Jacob an angel of light;
So the stars must wrest with the blood-red moon
Before that cloudy and dark harvest night.

And those who dwell in darkness
Will reject the light of the stars;
For their god is not of Israel,
But their god's name is Mars.

For they make war with flesh and blood,
And show compassion to no man.
They're venomous snakes that dwell in the mud
(Though they quote God whene'er they can) .

But with the Sun, Moon and stars God made His promise,
(And with the day and the night) —
With Israel also, Abraham's seed,
Who's remnant will do what is right.

Now the stars of Heaven encompass the earth,
And they know all the workings of time.
They know the land's depth, it's height and it's girth,
And the light of the Moon makes them shine!

As there are a hundred and forty-four thousand
Of stars you can see in the sky,
An hundred and forty-four grand stand on Zion,
And are the apple of God's eye.

Now Y'eshua was the Heavenly Sun
Doing the works of God by day,
Which begs the question, "Who is that comforter
Whom he said would show us the Way"?

The Moon's the righteous Branch of David
And he's the Heavenly Melchizedek.
He's the plumb-line in the midst,
And like Moses—leads the trek!

For from Judah's line there comes a lion,
Who is the Interpreter of The Law.
With Israel's tribes, he'll stand on Zion
And show them things that they never saw.

It's for their good that he was born,
To guide them to the light of Truth.
Jacob will gather at the blast of God's horn,
And they will all regain their youth!

For the Moon announces the Word to the Stars,
As he reflects the light of the Sun;
Proclaiming the Truth to his angels of truth,
Before the new day has begun.

For with eternal knowledge comes eternal life,
But the end of this world is death.
So they heed the Moon and avoid mortal strife,
And receive the quickening breath.

And by breath I mean the Spirit of God,
And in other words; His Word—
Or the fire, the sword or budding rod
And the things you have never heard.

But the hidden message is for them to see,

And they will seek it on their own;
Proving that they're that righteous tree
And they will never be alone.

For they will return to God
And He will return to them,
They'll obey His Commands and all of the Law
For on Zion the light never grows dim.

Yet Zion cannot be touched with hands,
It can only be touched by their mind.
And with the knowledge they discover there
They leave the ways of this world behind.

For this is what our Father wants:
For us to know Him: Who He is!
Through hearing His Truth, you idiot savants,
And not that pagan "church" biz.

For when the wicked have their idolatrous fun,
They transgress His Law and Command.
And perform ancient rites out of Babylon
As they have been passed down to them by hand.

So know that all your religions are bunk;
And they turn His Truth into lies.
God says all they worship is junk,
And they follow the lord of the flies!

They're supported by things that don't exist,
And they live their lives in vain.
They pray to fulfill their own wish list,
(Believing blessings are personal gain) .

And they make the Law of none effect,
Throwing God behind their backs.
And they persecute His very elect
Perceiving their mercy to be attacks.

(Woe to you, you child of the serpent,
You wicked seed and whore!
May God curse you in your every endeavor

And make you a cankerous sore!

May the plagues of Egypt fall on your head,
And fill you with madness of mind!
Understanding that you are already dead
And in seeking your life, you won't find) .

But you who want to see God's face;
To you who are desiring more:
Stop constantly knocking at every place,
And know that God's Word is the door!

An angel has come to set you straight;
To direct you on the right path.
To keep the stave from off your pate;
To cover you from God's wrath!

Now the time has come that's called "today"
(So seek Him while you can) ,
For now is troublesome, dark and gray;
The beginning of the end of man.

So ask him now for the things of God
(If you dare to shun the world) ,
For God's mysteries will uphold you
'Til His vengeance is unfurled.

Michael Troy Buffo

London's Lovely Linda

Oh, London's lovely Linda,
I'm a giver, not a lender
And I want to give you everything I've got.
You see, my luscious Linda,
You singe my being to a cinder
For every time you're near me I get hot.

I'm not implying simple yearning,
I'm talking downright nasty burning
And I'm sure that you can see it in my eyes
Now you're gone, my stomach's churning
Oh my God, I must be learning,
You're a devil behind that beautiful disguise.

Still, that doesn't change the way I'm feeling,
My poor love-sick head is reeling
And it's been doing that from the very start
Lovely Linda now I'm kneeling,
You must have a touch for stealing,
For I tell you now, my love, you stole my heart.

Michael Troy Buffo

The Actor

His life on stage was peace of mind,
A blessing now you seldom find
If you ask him what's his cause
He'll tell you it's to cause applause

The theatre is his home,
A place he lives to be
And when he's in front of people,
He thinks he's truly free

He recites Shakespeare for his own enjoyment
And the annoyance of his friends
He reads a script and smokes a pipe
Which contains his favorite blends

Opening night! The houselights dim!
Who's on stage? You know it's him!
Is he nervous? You can't tell:
Maybe he is and disguises it well

Second weekend - Rave reviews!
It's in the papers and on the news
Dozens of roses, bottles of wine
Autograph-hounds waiting in line

He downs his drink and does a spoon
He steps outside, the women swoon
He dashes to his limo
Locks the doors without delay
Waves at his fans,
The car speeds away

It seems that he's forgotten
What he first set out to do
Which was to entertain us,
The likes of me and you

For him it was a short trip
On the road to fortune and fame

And we must all remember,
That we're the ones to blame

Michael Troy Buffo

The Death Within

Loneliness brings
The death within
And as the bottle empties,
The nightmares begin.

Ice cold memories
Of better days
They compound your agony
Through an alcohol haze

The tears felt by no one
Shine on your cheek
And your words go unheard
As you feign to speak

With one foot in the grave
You wait for a shove
For at six feet below
You shed the pain from above

The doors of your optimism
Have been rusted closed
And the key to your hopes
Has long since decomposed

All you have is a heart beat
That no one will hear
For the world's cold and distant,
Full of hatred and fear

And the empty words from strangers are but bits of earth
cast upon the coffin of the soul.

Michael Troy Buffo

The Generation Cycle

We kept to ourselves most of the time,
We never committed any special crime
We'd hang out under a street lamp
We even stayed if it began to get damp.
We left them alone; figured they'd do the same
But I guess that wasn't part of their game.
They'd call us hood - straight to our faces!
And we'd turn away, utter disgraces
But that's in the past, and it's something I dread;
Half of us are gone and half of them are dead.
To dwell on the future will most likely be best
And I'll probably do it 'til I go to my rest
The future must hold something for me -That, I know!
But for now, I'll just sit and watch my beard grow
They say that tomorrow is a new day,
But look at me now, I'm so old and gray
I can't say much more, for it's getting quite hard,
Except: I WANT THOSE DAMN PUNKS OUT OF MY YARD! !

Michael Troy Buffo

The Inevitable Conclusion

Fluorocarbons, chemicals, nuclear waste,
War, starvation, genocide, and the ever bitter taste
Of false religion, rampant plagues,
And decisions made in haste,
And all of the unconquerable problems
With which each of us are faced
Have led me to the inevitable conclusion:
That the Human race is raced.

Michael Troy Buffo

The Inner City Folk Song

The black men hate the white men
The white men hate the black
South African Apartheid
The Rodney King attack

While homophobic fag-bashers
Roam the city streets
A fourteen year-old prostitute
Smiles at every trick she meets
She eats

The NRA says it's okay
The victims say it's not
Another unsolved death today
Feel the barrel, it's still hot

Another drive-by shooting
Claims another life
They killed somebody's daughter
Yeah, they kiled someone's wife
That's life

And in the slums, a baby screams
'Cause it's momma's high on crack
And in the druglord's hideout
The money's heaped up in a stack

Honey, your ex is stalkin' you
And I heard he bought a gun
Better run, better hide, better find a cop
Before he's had his fun
You can't run

Three youths jump a black kid
Then they steal his coat and shoes
The next day he brings a gun to school
Sorry boys, you lose

You know there's no one out there you can trust

You know I've seen it all before
The spring of life is full of rust
And death is knockin' at your door
There's more

The inner city jungle
Has animals all its own
And they'll never know what life's about
Their hearts have turned to stone

Hey there, inner city folk
You say you're civilized
Ha! That's one big fucking joke
There's fear and hatred in your eyes
God cries

(alternating, first stanza in G, second D7 to C per line)

Michael Troy Buffo

The Keeper Of My Heart

I've had fear and dealt with pain,
I have wept and wracked my brain,
But now my comfort's hope and my love in you.
As I look up through the rain,
And think of you, my doubts are slain,
For I know the limitless things that love can do.

It's been a year, a month and days,
Since your eyes last met my gaze,
And I long to feel your warmth and sweet caress.
Love's a deep confusing maze,
And ours makes eyebrows raise,
But each day I love you more without duress.

I pray to God each night,
That things will turn out right,
And that our growing love will pass the test.
By thinking of our plight.
And employing some foresight,
I can see that our love can be the best.

Soon I will be near,
And I promise you, my dear,
That again shall we never be apart.
As soon as I leave here,
In your direction shall I steer,
For you are the keeper of my heart.

Michael Troy Buffo

The Writings Of A Frustrated Poet

(Another of my earliest works)

The longest poem without inspiration
Is like a laborer without perspiration
You can't have a baby without a mother
You can't have one without the other
When you're in trouble, when you're in pain
And you've lost all hope of personal gain
Do you look to cry on somebody's shoulder,
Or say it'll get better as you get older?
Do you get worried when something goes wrong,
Or sit down, like I do, and write a short song?
The words to unwritten lyrics often eat at my brain
(Sometimes I wonder if I'm not truly insane)
I'll sit there for hours, with pencil in hand
Thinking quite hard with no words to command
Slowly but surely, they'll come out in time,
And if i'm lucky some words might even rhyme.
I'll proof-read it once, and then do it again,
Forty more minutes, my patients wear thin.
I read it ten, fifteen, twenty times in all,
Get thoroughly disgusted, and crumple it up into a ball,
In deep concentration, I make my aim well,
Throw it into the fireplace and the bowels of Hell.
I move away - upset with it all,
And bang my head against a brick wall.

Michael Troy Buffo

Untitled 1

If i'd have known life ends in doom,
If I knew what lie ahead
I'd have never left my mother's womb
I'd probably wish that I was dead

Why is time so hard to manage?
The things I've suffered in this life so far
Have caused to me irreparable damage
Have left on my soul a permanent scar

I find myself hoping there's no after-life
(Yet I'm certain that it must exist)
When I'm dead, will that end the strife?
And what about here, do you think I'll be missed?

Michael Troy Buffo

When Death

(Yet another early work - one month shy of 17)

When death is coming up your walk,
And you're unaware of his essence,
You invite him in, and have a talk
Which reeks of omnipresence

When death is sitting in your home
And you're enchanted by his smile
He's been to places like Paris and Rome,
You ask him to stay awhile

When death is leaning very near,
And your house is all aglow,
He whispers something in your ear,
You know it's time to go

When death is touching you all around
And he plays within your head,
You cannot see, nor hear a sound,
You know you'll soon be dead

When death becomes a part of you,
In the still of night
There is nothing you can do,
Until you see the light

When death takes you to the place
Where you'll see the light,
You will not find a familiar face,
But you'll be too tired to fight

When death begins to say goodbye
And says you're on your own
You watch the light, and then you sigh -
You see how bright it's grown

When death gets up, and walks through the light
(Which feels like half-melted ice)

You follow him through to discover your plight
And find you're in paradise

Michael Troy Buffo