

Poetry Series

**Sean Skinner (The
Affection and
Abandonment Excerpt, pt.
1)
- poems -**

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Sean Skinner (The Affection and Abandonment Excerpt, pt. 1)(05/18/94)

A Frostbitten Adulterant

The blue haze that surrounds my climate is causing despair
I've seen even the utmost ardent lose their ambition
Which leads me to wonder how the homely suitor will fare
Regardless if he is on the most dignified mission
I look around to find December's bareness everywhere
This boundless world is incomplete without the new year's stone
A concept I'm aware is derived, yet I do not care
This mounting sense of deprivation I know is my own
The lack of growing life is met by the vastness of sky
A cold atmosphere slowly growing more preponderant
Yet when you live in a refuge you mustn't even try
To save the remains of a frostbitten adulterant
And while it is true, my longing has been felt by others
None of them are known as my eternal infatuate
For there's no requiting desire with one another
My encounters suggest loneliness is perpetuate

Sean Skinner (The Affection and Abandonment Excerpt, pt. 1)

Consume Me

When the tide is crashing
And the sun recedes
The shadow comes slashing
For the blood that feeds
The insatiable brute
That is whom I lust
And my red cruor will suit
Consume me, you must

The chaos brings to us
What the dark can mask
The killer invictus
It is what I ask
To your liking I yield
My life to the creed
And fervor that you wield
Consume me, I plead

Sean Skinner (The Affection and Abandonment Excerpt, pt. 1)

Corrupt Undertakings Of Deception

Buried deep in the ground, refusing to provide a service
Perfectly dormant, leaving all my appeal on the surface
That is what you will stumble upon, mistaking it for me
Failing to realize so many faults are to accompany
Creating the illusion I'm some mystery of the earth
Knowing full well the reality will compromise my worth
I insist you not worry yourself with what lies right below
The corrupt undertakings of deception you must not know

Sean Skinner (The Affection and Abandonment Excerpt, pt. 1)

I Stood Unashamed

I stood unashamed by my relentless pursuit last year
'Til you whispered you never meant this into my ear
Don't say it's tired and senseless to shed a tear
When I've lost a chance at ardent bliss with my endeared

Completely shut out by all of whom I dared fight for
Unaware of the impending doom that is in store
Lived cluelessly from the womb, a curse I bore
Stuck in a system flooded with gloom, nailed to the floor

Each day laced with the chill of eyes wide in disbelief
Still reflecting upon the nights I'd wait for relief
Whoever claimed what was mine with the pride of a thief
Forced me to shelter myself and bide time killing grief

Sean Skinner (The Affection and Abandonment Excerpt, pt. 1)

Never Sever

Blackened and blue from the start
A three-clawed scar across my heart
So shot and crippled from abuse
I can not move, I have no use
I am in my worst shape ever
And yet I will never sever

For persistence, my faithful friend
Will have me fight until no end
I'll hang attached by a lone thread
Knowing it leads to whom I'll wed
I'm on the greatest endeavor
And so I will never sever

Sean Skinner (The Affection and Abandonment Excerpt, pt. 1)

No Place To Be

To ease the plight
Light and ignite
The thoughtful fuse
One not to lose
Hide it from me
Keep out of sight
No place to be
No home tonight

Alone we're dead
Said the unwed
Don't think to stay
From warmth I stray
Leave before dawn
Get out ahead
Learn to move on
The cuts have bled

Linger around
Bound to the sound
Of inner yells
The deepest hells
Aren't much to see
Spirits have frowned
No place to be
But on the ground

Sean Skinner (The Affection and Abandonment Excerpt, pt. 1)

Piercing Language And Dejecting Sights

Piercing language and dejecting sights
Fearing anguish on dubious nights
Relieve my doubts and inhibitions
My terror bouts and premonitions
And leave my cause and total burden
My many flaws and faiths uncertain
Connect my thoughts and undone pieces
My scattered dots and broken leases
Select my roads and destinations
My working loads and expectations

Sean Skinner (The Affection and Abandonment Excerpt, pt. 1)

Sonnet For A Tease

In the darkness a silhouette reveals
My sanctuary breeds new company
The field of solitude grows in appeal
Days of seclusion are now done for me
But then the hope of what I built is lost
All the walls I thought I had to construct
Are breaking away at an unknown cost
Flying with the fears I once had tucked
Won't my skin burn again in the lucent
Just like it has every time I'm exposed
I can't allow the knot to be loosened
Go away figure, before I am hosed
You will not be true to your guarantees
I am not in search of another tease

Sean Skinner (The Affection and Abandonment Excerpt, pt. 1)

This Poignant Moment

In the summer heat
All by my lonesome
A romancer beat
But not quite loathsome
Seeking atonement
From lost connections
This poignant moment
Meant for reflections

A pleasant diversion
Came strong and often
But to my burden
Does slim to soften
The wound of torment
That was our affair
This poignant moment
Reminds me I care

Sean Skinner (The Affection and Abandonment Excerpt, pt. 1)

Two Tunnels And A Lantern

There is a man in a parallel tunnel to mine
He carries beside him a lantern with such great shine
The walls are clear to him, his surroundings brightly lit
He sees all the bumps, all the cracks, all the pits

We set forth to a destination that is the same
To a light so bright, his lantern's glow appears tame
Gallantly he marches, standing oh so very tall
Meanwhile, in my darkness I trip, stumble, and fall

For I carry no such lantern, never have nor will
Because knowing where I stand eliminates the thrill
Of chasing down a glimmer when blind to all the rest
The prospect well worth the added time I may invest

So as my comrade reaches destiny before I
He'll come to realize his voyage has been tainted by
The mundanity of his most recent escapades
And learn just how much fruition the light barricades

Sean Skinner (The Affection and Abandonment Excerpt, pt. 1)

Waterfall Of Flowing Ink

If I could write all the words I think
With a waterfall of flowing ink
All the thoughts of doubt and frustration
Of lost whereabouts and exploration
Would free your mind for a flood of fret
Each passing word more frightening yet
You'd ask what could cause this very ripe mind
To have manic flaws of this such kind

If I could write all the words I think
With a waterfall of flowing ink
My demented words would drown your brain
With waves of once-blurred and repressed pain
And I cannot stop the levee's break
Once a person tops the weight it takes
So turn back and flee along your path
Or prepare to meet my ink-flood's wrath

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