

Poetry Series

skillz thapoet
- poems -

Publication Date:
2011

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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An Old Song

the beat knows not me,
its age hardly known,
the sax blares,
soothing clefs rise to the awaiting air,
such a wave an aire invites,
an old man does his magic,
a fella on the chords,
a strap down to the woods that sway upon his waist run,
fingers along treasured strings,

another sits,
head dancing,
next to a loved gentle black giant,
the two buddies for ages been,
palms upon the beautiful blacks and whites,
left to right and together meet,

upon the dark space in twos bodies follow,
in clacks and plats choreograph,
under lights that flash,
in and out,
up and down,

merry is made,
an old flame ignited,
the mood is mellow,
a kiss won't miss,

such a day be magical,

in such love was classical,

the touch of an old song,
in many a throng,
only a few know.

all but the beauty,
of an old song,

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Fantasy At A Funeral

broken gravestones,
forgotten cemeteries,
pieces of broken hearts,
scattered below withering
lillies,
willows that stare to the
ground,
gullies from falling tears,
scavanging worms reaping
apart cold corpses,
and infront of rust fested
crosses,
a cheap black casket,
below dark umbrellas with
brown handles,
held by weeping velvet
gloves,
before a drunk father,
and a holy book to be read,
amid dark scary clouds,
that ashes for drops rain,
amid that sobre mood,
i see a lady i would never
hurt,
her dry ripped lips bleeding
of pain,
her dilated eye balls tales of
cries,
beneath dirty sheets and
torn blankets,
her dark eyes thunders
received,
flying fists and express kicks,
a plastered arm,
a broken rib,
a heart scathed,
too much for loving the
wrong clown,
yet to me a beauty she

strikes,
in pale flesh agonies of days
perseveared,
and though such a distress
call she be,
to me a spanish melody she
seems,
a lady sweet to make fairy
tales,
a princess i would chase into
raining volcano,
and as we sung in the sweet
by and by,
from hymns photocopied in
white papers,
a farewell bid to brutalies
spoken by none,
i race thoughts to candles
on long stands,
a table for two in dim lights,
and vintage wine from a
sunken ship,
a wish,
a dream,
a fantasy,
a making at dead mens'
ground,
if it were to be,
such a lady warmth would
again feel,
love would again believe in,
never another tear to shed,
never another blow would
hit,
never another cry would she
make,
but that be my horse,
that not even i can ride,
so to this stable it be locked,
as we lay goodbye the man
she had..

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Gone With The Wind

Here I was a son of the dead,

A breed of fate,

Castaway,

Born of hate,

Bred of the state,

Of pain I know,

To it I laugh,

Devoid of happy days,

A taxed smile,

Cursed to the miles,

A carriage of a soul torn,

A walk so long,

Soles too be worn,

I scream to the blazing sun,

Pray to the blistering earth,

To many two be apart,

Yet to this misery be parties,

Now the wind comes,

Screeching across the barren lands,
Pellets of sand she gun I with,
In death I still seek her dance,
To feel the merry of her crushing swirls,
As she devour this flesh,
And blow it to the gaping seas,
This blood that drip I beg,
To drain into the roaring streams,

Let them drink of pain that was,
And soak in a flesh drowned,
But these bones,
In silent moans hide,
Beneath the dunes that many you have,
For such be a tomb,
For we, sons of the dead
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He Died For Her

drenched in heavenly tears he knelt,
in the middle of the already deserted street,
thinking of what a loser he was.
his heart lay in shreds,
torn apart by fates hand,
his face awashed by dripping pain,
telling an untold tale of a hurting mate.
if only she could see his sad state,
and listen to his babbling lips,
and the tone from this fibble creature,
that now knelt in sorrow,
saddened by the unending misery,
that seemed not to seize,
with each passing minute,
gloomier than the past,
if only she could hear him out,
but no she is long gone,
taken all he lived for,
life meant nothing anymore,
he took out the colt,
kissed the barrel and said the grace,
blast! ! ...cling! ! ...thud! !
he had pulled the trigger..

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Honesty In Thoughts

coffee in a tainted mug,
a dish washer it has never
seen,
and i sip this frothy black
liquid,
a taste of sugar and not too
well talked of a drug,
lost in flashbacks of by gone
memories,
of the women i loved and
the woman i do,
a little thought of those i
never had,
a forced smile to mask the
guilt,
but to what guilt should i
cow,
if the woman i dream of,
under her linen another
man entertained?
but to what guilt should i
cow,
if the one i trust another
man job she blows?
rocking the taxi from the
back seat,
in dark alleys that they
hide...
such questions that tear my
heart,
such thoughts that shutter
my ego,
and so none understands,
why ice my heart a cap has,
why my fingers cold a touch
feels,
why my gaze bloody it is,
blood shot eyes and veins
that run down the face,

of love torments and tears
that never dry,
for that is how life has
become,
never what it used to be,
to have and to hold,
to love and to cherish,
forgotten like adam and
eves' death,
anyone that ever had of it?
but life goes on i hear,
nothing different from a
rose,
that withers upon its
branch...
faith gone,
trust dead,
and love a chorus sang only
at a burial...

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Lady In Red

in the midst of men in black suits,
a lady passed in a red dress,
a red clutch embellished in,
red beads in wavy patterns,
her feet riding on blood red,
highly scandalous prada stilettos,
and her lips elegant and versatile,
on that glossy red galia lipstick,
her short red dress made the heads,
robotically turn in a preset unison,
and their mouths drooled,
and their hearts did race,
and in a black casket lay a man,
that could tell of this femme fatale,
that walks in red and calls on a red cell,
that writes on a red pen,
of love and hearts on arrow heads,
but all for her kiss he lies rotting,
tasted the lips that did spell death,
and as the sun sets and night calls,
another lust filled fool shall bed her,
and at the break of dawn,
there will be one more less,
black suit,
and not many shall ever know,
what swept him away...
but the lady in red....

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Letter To A Bird..

dear sandra,
pardon my letter scribed in
haste,
a night couldn't fall before it
got to you,
i know your heart did shut,
not even a micro thought of
me,
but my eyes have never
shut,
at the beautiful image of
you,
my lips never anything bitter
ever tasted,
as the icy tears that did your
cheeks cascade,
and my heart never a beat
ever missed,
in memory of two hearts
that together did croon,
to melodies and rythms of
bodies that met,
soft lips,
warm flesh,
easy breathing,
they were nights of pleasure,
but all that sits an archive,
of sunsets that once were,
for you now fly a lonely
bird,
that crows like ngartia chase,
too swift for them they
anger,
wishing you could sit
together on a branch,
watching weaver birds do
their arts,
and listen to the blowing
wind,

yes my dear sandra,
this crow to its nest wishes
you visit,
and let it admire your
feathers,
a check on your wings and
talons,
wishing they could devour
you,
before the eagle takes to
the skies,
and rips it apart,
though of pretence a friend
be,
this crow your beak admires,
at your feathers does quiver,
the alignment,
the decorations in you,
the way you take flight,
a victim of admiration you
do leave behind,
yet the crow seats and
boast,
in pre-recorded laughter
and plastic smile,
in mockery and satire,
of your curves,
from sight to bum,
a little jealous that i,
from your fountain did
drink,
and given chance again
would drink,
while it of thirtst does die,
so if you, can its thirst
quench,
a little favour for a a moon
lit night..

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Shame That I Want You Back

Sandra Gabby It's such a
shame
that i still want you
back, even
after you broke my heart
and
shattered my trust. Even
when i
told you i loved you still
turned
your back on me,
you didn't even turn
around,
no, you didn't even bother,
i just stood there,
with many answered
questions
racing through my mind,
asking what i ever did to you
to
deserve that kind of
treatment,
asking why you would trash
me
when i adored you like a
god,
wondering when you turned
into
a heartless beast,
and how we ever got to that
point of you not loving me
any
more!
And now here you
are, swallowing
your pride,
saying that you want me
back,
i don't know if it's an answer

to
my prayers,
or a curse in disguise.
I don't know what to believe
anymore,
you hurt me once, real bad,
you wouldn't hesitate a
twice,
never seen you cry
before, but for
a reason your tears don't
make a
difference, they won't heal
my
wounds or remove the scars,
they won't unbreak my
heart or
uncry my tears.
And don't ask me what you
did,
i saw you with her,
and that wasn't just a
friendly
kiss, every one could see the
chemistry between the two
of
you, i tried to act like i didn't
see
it,
but it kept haunting me.
My friends, they told me
about
it, but i didn't believe them,
until i saw you...
And yes i love you,
but im not sure i can trust
you to
fix the heart that you
broke...

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She Is A Fallen Angel

she used to be my friday
night call,
in skirts and dresses a flight
landing to my door,
stockings that rose from the
toes,
and disappeared into her
inner thighs,
tops and blouses with no
underlying bra,
was hard avoiding to stare,
her lips lucious,
her eyes close to pure,
her hair an indian
touch...glossy,
flying in the wind, soft to my
feel,
we used to play fight in bed,
working fingers over her
warm flesh,
and tongue to her craving,
after a leak of juices,
and a down pour of sweat
we lay in smiles,
and i would watch her sleep,
feeling her take breath,
and her heart rythmical
beats,
warmth below white linen,
nothing angel-like beneath,
but two bodies garment-less,
and she was a maiden so
sweet,
from her lips to the fountain
between her thighs,
in moans and laughter,
to kisses stolen in the
streets,
and she was an angel on

earth,
a fair damsel that did sail
with me,
but she was from my rib
not,
but another mans' treasure,
and now he captains' her
moves,
in his castle she lives,
in his bed she lies,
drowning in tears and a torn
heart,
in black eyes and a broken
nose,
babies filling,
and another yet to come,
but i pity her less,
but move on my way,
to a destiny set..

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The Last Thought

much than the less i talk,

much than the less i see,

a jab for the rib,

a shade for the eye,

yet none much has ever brought it up,

it never was for the pennies,

nor for the few cents that dangled around,

it was never for the beauty,

nor the free falling hair that adorned her pretty head,

yet as i see,

and as the thoughts tell,

much in the heart had told a tale,

merry merry be me,

a lie i sang all alone,

for beauty and the priest had much in common,

as the beast in a fairy never read to i,

not every winged creature is an angel,

i think i learnt,

so was the last thought,
i put it down like i remember,
a loving heart,
same as a boiling pot,
much do share,

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Thoughts Of Vegence

these feet carry a body of
vegence,
a soul baying for blood,
in search of a dress on the
run,
a brown african daughter i
prey,
her picture in mind hang,
her scent in the wind i
follow,
she can run but never swift
for my rage,
find her if you can,
drag her through those
streets,
dump her at my feet,
let her in tears mercy beg,
a deaf ear am ready to give,
my heart she did break,
now,
her bones crush i will,
her flesh i shall reap apart,
over her frail figure i shall
dance,
raining blows and kicks,
in laughter i shall drown her
moans,
a bull ring i shall plug onto
her nose,
a noose of barbed wire
around her neck,
and i shall drag her along
earth and fire,
feed her with pieces of razor
and broken glass,
pump boiling milk into her
bloody throat,
nothing gory in such a
scene,

her eyes i shall pop out,
her nails shall i pluck off,
her hair i shall on fire set,
and when am done,
and the pain in me gone,
i shall hang her by the
tongue,
and let all that is red drain
out,
and all that pain she gave
me,
shall be forever gone,
till then this femme fatale i
go after,
like a bounty hunter in a
Clint Eastwood film,
for she took me into the
modern wild west,
and now her blood i crave

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