

Poetry Series

Thom Isaacson
- poems -

Publication Date:
2006

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

Thom Isaacson(July 11th,1988)

Bleedinginvisiblenumb

i get it

i get it

it really doesn't matter how hard you try

"Such a sad disposition you hold"

what else can i hold?

i hold nothing

but I leave everything

[how unfortunate]

these guilty thoughts of abandonment are all i have left

[that the things we learn]

mockeries of running

[aren't ever actually learned]

unwanted escapes

[unless we do it the hard way]

how can i get out if i don't want to?

i don't want to give up

quitting's for quitters

quitters are losers

losers don't win

winners get the prize

that's what i want

Thom Isaacson

Ironic Disposition

Irony's subtle lessons...
What a joke.
Irony doesn't know subtlety.
It blatantly beats you senseless...
Mockingly
It revels in your sorrow.
It's got me on speed dial.

I've been playing a song that doesn't even want to be
Heard.
And it's given me the music.

The one's we're closest to
Are its favorite tools.
It lets your fucking heart bleed all it's got...
On the wrong altar.

It smirks when you take up that knife,
It knows you can't.
It shows you a door you're too smart to open.

But there are no other doors.

Thom Isaacson

Narrative: One

The clock is frozen.
Everything is.

The only movement in the boy's room is the

12: 00

--

12: 00

--

12: 00

--

on his VCR.

'Now is a good time for reflection'
he says.

In reality, it's no different than any other night.

He picks up his pen.
and
he writes.
he scribes his soul.
he pens his existence.

he embodies himself in literature.

Thom Isaacson

The People In Your Drawings

I had a dream last night where I held you...
I almost cried when I woke up.

There was a time when I held you all night,
and woke up to your face...

...my tears almost hit my crooked smile.

Thom Isaacson