

Poetry Series

**tyler eisner**  
**- poems -**

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## tyler eisner()

I'm currently a high school student at Roosevelt high school and all of my poems are about the things that go on in the busy and drama filled life of high school as i struggle through relationships and social statuses that are and will be forever changing in our society.

(i)

I was terrified I fell  
I was horrified I tumbled  
I was anxious I cried  
For the fire now that died

I was horrified I tumbled  
Full of strife I hoped  
For the fire now that died  
In my heart I sobbed for love

Full of strife I hoped  
That life would pick me back  
In my heart I longed for love  
But so far none give

That life would pick me back  
I was anxious and cried  
But so far none give  
I was terrified I feel

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# A

11 years of age, theatrical young "love"  
Broken by the mother  
Reconnected at 15. Introductions to a friend: A  
Grow closer to each other, better friends  
Admiration from afar  
Parallel personalities, everything, except age: -2  
Reliability leads to nicknames: brother, sister  
Instinct leads to flirting, nicknames dropped  
New ones picked: babe, boo  
Distance the only thing keeping us apart

Old memories of a past boyfriend flood back to her  
Nicknames dropped: names used  
Back to platonicism  
Nostalgia subsides: nicknames reassigned  
Dreamer returns: nicknames dropped

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## A Leaf's Shame

The leaves turn their heads to hide their blush,  
Revealing colors, red, and orange, as if from air brush,  
Away they turn to hide in shame,  
And hide their green as if a game,  
But games must end at one point in time  
Revealing green, but only when it will shine  
To spring they call, for sweet, sweet sun,  
For dew drops who glisten in that morning sun,  
Spring is when their bells have rung,  
The game is over, time to reveal  
The luscious greens, not only me do they appeal.

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# A.B.C.E.M.E.S.

The significance of love eludes me  
Confuses my cerebral cortex  
How could one find love?  
Seemingly impossible  
Even before love most date for practice  
Boyfriend and girlfriends  
Best friends and just someone to keep you company  
These seem not to work for me  
I various ways  
To falsify ones feelings: many times  
To become jaded towards one: also many times

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# Aka

Have you ever spent a month  
Where there was not a single moment  
When a person was not on your mind  
And the great thing is,  
You know that you are always on their mind  
Too.

This person means more to you  
Than anything in the world  
But you fear expressing it  
Because it's only been one  
Month.

How do you say you love someone  
When it isn't enough to show them  
how much you care?  
Every song has them written into it  
Every movie is a memory together  
Try another language... its close but still not enough  
How do you show that?

How do I tell  
Her,  
I  
Love  
Everything: AKA Her

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# Another

What to do?  
What to do about this  
of topics which puzzle  
my brain?

Decisions made, but  
how to verbalize  
my..... thought.

We speak  
of heart, the uses of a  
muscle, to  
love  
ache  
break  
breath  
live,  
all equal in retrospect.

But then again  
who,  
which one,  
when if not now  
why if not for your  
heart

Memories can scar  
gaping holes in ones  
subconscious  
bleed through to reality  
suppress your feelings with  
another

Old faces from the deep heart  
return  
to mask  
the "another"

Pause for thought



is  
this  
another one  
or a cover for the last  
"another"

The "another" who stole  
that muscle  
that palpating muscle  
deep in your core  
then torn apart  
by countries, regions  
continents, NO!  
drivable distance, yet  
no time to find  
the last "another"

So hide "another" in  
a cover, a mask  
a curtain, a closet  
a shell, a shield  
a costume, a crust  
a protection from the  
"another"

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# Avoid Finding The Horrific Truth

Have you ever talked to the girl you love about the guy they love  
Knowing all too well it's not you?  
Well if you haven't I present you with a challenge  
To see if you can have that conversation without breaking down into tears  
Because all she sees you as is a good friend  
who is willing to listen and give an "unbiased" opinion.  
But behind that unwavering compassion for a friend, as she struggles,  
My heart aches and sobs  
Because I know that no matter how awful her guy truly is  
She will always fall for his cheating  
Babying, overly physical, long distance, somehow attractive profile  
And there is nothing I can do to change her mind

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## B

Like me: flirting is just natural, or subconscious  
Then again similarities are what I look for  
Inevitably I got for it. Not sure if I  
Really meant it  
Still trying to find my dreams  
Protect myself and B by trying to get her  
Together with someone else  
Didn't work. Feelings remain, though still unsure  
Go for it because of nostalgia  
"no" friends we stay  
Dreamer still. But trust of my friend is lost.

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# Blink

How fast time flies  
Year gone in an instant  
One may blink into the future  
But can one blink into the past  
One can capture the past with the blink of an aperture  
And one can reminisce of the past through this blink  
But one cannot blink into the past as one blinks to the future

Though as one may capture the past into the present  
One may not capture the future to bring presently  
For once one captured the future. The present has past  
And should one try to bring future to present they should find  
That as they look at the blink of the future  
They truly are just reminiscing of the past  
Thought it may be a past that has yet to come again.

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# Blossfeld

Royals ship  
Sways back and forth  
Lulls to rest those who feel its pleasure  
But for those who don't  
Sickening it can be  
To sway on a ship  
Among rocky seas

The one who interests from the start  
Sailing toward me now  
Twelve mid night New Year's Eve  
A kiss upon welcoming lips  
More kisses follow, by far she was the best  
In the end so hard to part  
Another who stole that muscle in my chest  
My heart

But it is destined not to be it seems  
For she in Michigan and I in Seattle  
Though I long to see her once more  
Feel her skin, taste her lips, hold her close to me  
Make her feel like nothing could keep me away  
Cuddle, the only thing between us our jeans  
Oh how she makes me want to hold her close and sway

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# C

Freshmore from east  
Absorbed into the table on the first day  
Cunning and intelligence keep C out of the disaster and rise her up  
Caution and privacy her shields  
The cowardly lion: at least in her mind  
The definition of self-confidence: at least in my mind  
The deliverer of reality to reputation. Present in me, but now in others  
The cold slap – the return of my dreams – feelings remain despite  
Our town. Sitting next to each other  
After an open hand to show intimacy. Taken surprisingly  
And enjoyed more surprisingly still

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## C.C.T.A

I see me, slumped over in a shower  
Head pressed against the wall  
Steam stripped stripes streak down my back  
Leaving a zebra of red on my skin  
I stand silently weeping to myself, wanting so much to move, but not to move  
Wanting to run, run away from everything  
Run into her arms so I can cry helplessly  
Run into the arms of one who cares enough to help but not too much to cause it  
I want to run until I'm gone, gone from all of everything  
Everything except for you  
I want to run,  
Run,  
Run,  
Run,  
I want to cry.

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# Demonic-Stration

My dad is often concerned  
With how I use a pencil  
To portray what is in my mind  
Saying they are showing things one should not think of  
A scratch depicting a gun fire and a man's face  
A graphite representing an impala's last moments  
From the eyes of the lion in the grass  
A highlighted 6B of a lightning storm, containing  
A breaching shark attacking a small fish  
A color of post apocalyptic Disney  
A tornado approaching a lone farm house

Understandable why he feels this way  
Though little does he know  
He contributed.

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# Domino

Sometimes I think that dreams tell the future  
I look to them to find things in my mind  
Because In dreams you expect without choosing what to expect  
See without knowing what sights will come  
From deep in your mind, ideas and things  
Rise to dreams, like creatures who feed on the surface  
They show you things in your life  
Fears, loves, hatred, hopes, regrets,  
Allow you to live them and face them for what they are  
But the subconscious is strange  
It distorts these feelings, twists them  
Generating extreme case scenarios for you dream scape  
This is the defense tactic of the subconscious to keep secrets hidden  
When life rises to the surface  
It distorts the sub-reality to falsify the truth  
Codes the dream for the viewer to unravel  
But one only has one dream cycle in which to unravel, for  
Then they retreat to the depths, the dark, to hide behind your conscious  
To find you must dive, pull them up, take them into your control  
They plunge back down to the subconscious,  
Though memories, remnants, shrapnel, remain in your mind  
Use them to guide your decisions in reality,  
Take risks, try new things, make new friends, increase current friendships  
To create relationships to last a life time  
People think they understand my dreams and their mysteries  
They don't understand the effect they have on me  
My dreams are the mental compass of my life  
Though when they are absent, I struggle  
People only notice the differences in a person  
They ignore out the idiosyncrasies and focus on the abnormalities  
They judge my choices by what they see as different  
Not by what they see as the same  
People judge my dreams  
But only when they go away  
Subconscious

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## E.L (The Cave)

First day of school-new school- no friends  
Where do I go? Who do I eat with? Where do I eat?  
It's a beautiful September day, the 5th  
Find a nice spot outside to sit, and eat  
She walks up, says hi, sits down, others join us, we talk friendships strengthen  
But people aren't always the best friends  
Try to split away, blame it on her  
We don't talk, 1 month, she longs for reconnection  
I cave. Friends again. Besties even so.  
The year ends. Summer time  
S is on my mind. The another  
Covered with E. rebounded majorly.  
Broke it off, but still hung up on S  
Take time, I said, a month goes by, she longs again. I cave.  
Judgment day passes. Bad news.  
I leave for other friends who don't weigh so heavily  
On the bad side of the scale  
Again she is longing. I have yet to cave.

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## E.M

Best-friend's girlfriend. An option? Not so much  
A nerd, like I, and Lego's same  
The inspiration to a gift to GFATT  
Studs. Lego studs. Red. Small. Cheep.  
High school brings a break up inevitably  
Friendship grows closer between us, maybe too close  
Relationship sprouts. Inevitably.  
Faulty text, never seen by me, wanting breakup  
Who sabotaged, hacked, tricked, not sure  
Friendship grows distant. Love burning deep still  
"Temma will never die". Gas on  
An attempt to ignite the spark  
But too much gas is released.  
Fire burns the played heart, soul, and mind.

I am finished, or is she not  
I move on, or does she not  
I loop back, and she did not  
A kiss found on a dragged floor  
Speech prepared, not delivered

So again, " people are the harshest critiques"  
And she was

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# Face Of Change

I am a speck  
I fly through the universe  
On tiny wings  
That buzz around, round  
Around my head  
I see a man, far away  
In a mirror  
His face does not match  
His body  
His body is deformed  
Stretched,  
Scrapped, and scared  
His naked back is red from the steaming hot water cascaded over it  
A sad attempt to erase the scars  
Who is he?  
He is...I. I am he  
My body  
Is not what I want  
Not what  
I feel it should be  
I am a speck starring at me, but it's not me  
It is I, I am a speck  
I am a speck caught among the steady stream  
Of the very universe I fly through  
With my tiny wings, that buzz around my head  
I am a speck

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# Fires Of Subconscious

In dreams you expect without choosing what to expect  
See without knowing what sights will come  
From deep in your mind, ideas and things  
Rise to dreams, like creatures who feed on the surface  
Then retreat to the depths, the dark, to hide,  
To find you must dive, pull them up, take them into your control  
Use them to guide your decisions in reality,  
Take risks, try new things, make new friends, increase current friendships  
To create relationships to last a life time  
Then plunged back down to the subconscious,  
As you wake from your sleep, having little recognition,  
Of the events that took place the night prior,

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# Gone In An Instant (Yet There For A Lifetime)

Have you ever known someone for a short period of time  
Yet it feels you've known them forever?  
Days with them feel like years  
A week feels like eons gone in the blink of an eye  
And all these eons spent together these past two weeks  
Were a never ending fulfillment of the heart and mind  
All that we shared in these years with each other  
Holds fast in my heart as I long for the day  
We are together again and always  
So we may spend the eons to come  
With those whom in our hearts  
We cherish the most.

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# His Gift

Together the sky and sea  
Moved as one  
Morphed mass  
Of air and water  
Gelatinous, thick, heavy  
Impenetrable to the mind  
But out of the fog  
Gallop ing forth to greet me  
Through the struggle  
Reaches out a hand  
In it is love□  
Gingerly I take his gift  
Baffled by his generosity  
As I stand frozen  
In my dream-scape  
Staring at the inscription on his gift to me  
"Not yet" I let love drop, and roll down the  
Hill disappearing into the fog  
"Not yet"

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# How Nice It Is When The Sun Comes Out

The sun comes up, horizon east  
The leaves soak up the rays of light upon them  
Turn light to growth, turn light to growth  
Against my face I feel the warmth,

The zenith highest point, direct sun  
Jackets and hats replaced, with shorts and T's  
Snowboards away rackets with bright yellow balls  
Down it comes, thwack, across, it soars

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# Human

If born without the ability to love,  
Does life then serve a purpose?

If born without the ability to see,  
How does life then see us?

If born without the ability to hear,  
Does the world still hear our shout?

If born without the ability to speak,  
Does society still push us out?

If born without the ability to walk,  
Does time still run the same?

If born without the ability to think,  
Do we know still, we have a name?

When born without the ability to do,  
We can't just let the world go by

For these abilities only hinder,  
Our attempts to reach the sky

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# Imperfection Is Beauty

Beauty, a derogator for those who don't possess,  
Who prick and pry to look their best  
Only to find it does not help  
To ruin one's self to win another's attention,

Perfect, a description of the impossible  
Why practice and practice if you can't reach  
This goal of attraction, of which you speak  
Why change yourself, for others nonetheless

Imperfection, the common beauty with which all are blessed  
All of our beauty is placed in our individualization  
Noses, breasts, hair, body, why compare to others,  
Be yourself, love your body, find beauty in imperfection

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# Ipod

IPod

Is I' for fear I write these words  
To thou whom maim'est mine mind's eye  
With tales o' horror that scare me. Why?  
Why must thou make'th me quake and scream  
To shake thine own limp bod' from thy death

I' is to feel the hands o' death himself  
Take hold around, pull you down, down  
To make you quaver from terr' o' thy mind  
To play with mine love, mine deepest cares  
Twist and distort to make me deny  
To make me accuse of falsify  
Need to find them.

Through the shivering, I call to them  
So strong I' the need to hear their voice  
'Tis fire b'side my sweat drenched heart  
Calming their o' reason can be  
Banishing you back to deepest thought  
Where but only you have never broke

'Thout their voice music calmest me down  
But 'thout music I quiver alone  
Cover my boiling arms, Goosebumps show  
With chills thy run down my heated bod'

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# List

As of late I've contemplated what I want  
A girlfriend, a best friend, a friend, a "close" friend  
And frankly I'm not sure  
I was talking with a friend today about all of the girls I used to like,  
And it occurred to me that I'm losing track, and therefore need to keep it  
But I'd never use anyone's name so I have to code them  
By characteristics.  
For instance  
She who looked different in math  
Or new blood that drains too slow  
Or even best friends girlfriend  
But even with all these codes I'm still not sure  
If all I want is "☐"  
Or if this is just what friendship feels like?

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# Locked To Land

Why must we humans be locked to land?  
Air we must breathe but hold it we can  
To allow us to try, to venture from home,  
And take our chance at the oceans hand

Why must we humans be locked from the sea?  
But still our forces won't let them be  
We cross the oceans with mighty ships,  
"Land ho, land ho" we cry to thee,

But still the ocean lay to rest,  
No human touch, from thy homo-sapien pest  
And though we try to unlock the waves,  
No gills to us, neck, cheek, or chest

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# Ode To The Smell Of Electricity

Under the bed  
In a loop  
Only turning left  
A train buzzes around a track  
Powered by  
That invisible  
Intangible yet tangible  
Electricity

Coursing through the rails  
Emitting the odor  
Of power  
Of shock  
Of tang

Distant yet present  
Is this scent  
Like the mind  
Of a wanderer  
Visible when in focus  
Cellophane when preoccupied

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# Oil Spill

Reputations are fragile  
Like white paper  
One slip or miscalculation  
A drop of water  
And your reputation is lost  
Now completely translucent to the eye where stained  
But water dries over time resealing with  
Your reputation  
But if you tear your paper from the force of the water drop  
A hole cannot be fixed unless you get a new piece of paper.

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# Pressure

You see me as I really am  
Not how I wish I was seen  
Why do I wish to cloak myself from all those around me?

How did you see through my cape,  
See past the shroud, and under the mask,  
I placed there for my safety?

To see mine self before the world  
Naked but integrity and fear  
Fake the veil i wish still hid me  
Can she see my weakness show through?

She's seen it all, the pain, the hurt  
That was done to me, that I've done to others  
Before I cover up again  
She pushed it aside and hugged just me  
'it doesn't matter' I trust you still, I love you still  
But still I hide behind the curtain  
The smallest tear she made, shows glimmers  
Of light.

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# Return My Dreams

Sometimes I think that dreams tell the future  
I look to them to find stuff in my mind  
Lately my dreams aren't working  
I don't see anything  
Just a dark void, in the direction of which my life seems to be going  
So I try to use natural instincts instead of dreams  
But they don't work. They only worsen the situation

People are the harshest critiques  
They don't understand. Though they claim to  
They judge my choices by what they see  
Not what I feel or say (though words aren't my best friend right now anyway)  
I guess I'm just hoping someone will read this and finally understand that  
I just want my dreams back.

And now someone has given them to me.  
'dreamer'

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# Rivers Intertwined

She is the one, who combs my thoughts,  
Sifts through my feelings with ease and care  
Pulling out my doubts and worries  
Leaving only me, jest pure and bare

For only me she shows her love  
As for only her, mine do I show  
Two rivers merged, and tides have churned  
Joined life forces now together flow

As rivers do they split and fuse  
89 miles keeps us apart  
But still as one we flow the path  
Connected always by beating hearts

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## S.(Ummer Lovin)

I never knew how harsh grease can be on one's heart.

"Summer lovin, happened so fast"

"Summer lovin, had me a blast"

Yes I did and that was the hardest part

"Met a girl crazy for me" yes she was and I for her.

Because at the end of the summer

We still lived in different places

It truly was "summer dreams ripped at the seams"

But still I will never forget

"Oh, those summer nights".

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# Showers

Isn't it puzzling  
how your mind trails off  
to points you never thought about  
at depths you never thought possible  
as your brain goes hopping down the bunny trail  
off on a tangent.  
How nice the sun is!  
and then pulls you back to the original topic  
taking you deeper than the Mariana's trench,  
but that only leads you to a higher understanding  
of what a paradox is, and where it is used  
then you start thinking in poetry  
like how to compare.  
a simile is like a twist  
and a metaphor is a turn  
into a new way of looking  
at your life  
one might, in their thought, consider rhyme  
and while they are immersed in thought  
they don't realize the time  
and as they realize, one might become distraught  
among apprehending and alienating alliteration.

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# Sleep Ridden Right Hand

When I sit in my house thinking of  
You as I  
Pick at my emotions trying to decipher  
A hidden code from the time of the  
Pawpaw  
Or sometime long ago.  
A hand lays on the page, asleep,  
Prickly to the touch like a  
Pear that's gone past its ripe date  
And now is home to fuzzes and smells, I try to ignore it by thinking of  
You it works I smile, I touch my hand and feel a  
Prickling like  
A thousand needles, it feels  
Raw like a fresh burn on a bears  
Paw when he got too close to a flame that was set out by the campers.  
Well I shake me arm to wake it up, and still stumped by the code I theorize as to  
what to do  
Next with my life, though truly that's kinda how this whole situation started. At  
least this  
Time I feel confident with myself, though I best  
Beware should I become too pompous and she denies me. Ohhh I  
Don't want that to happen, I would be sooooo sad. WHAT IF SHE  
PICKS SOMEONE ELSE. WHAT IF IM NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER. Oh I'm  
A failure. She won't like me. My life is ruined. AND MY HAND STILL HURTS. It still  
feels  
Prickly! ! ! ! I shake my hand more frustrated as to why my frickin hand still  
feels like a moldy  
Pear? Do you know how annoying it is to sit  
With a hand that feels like it in a torture chamber, with all of  
The little needles that poke into your  
Paw?  
When my hand falls asleep I feel like I need to ask  
You to shake my silly just to wake my hand up. I might even have to ask you to  
Pick up an object and hit my hand to get it to wake up. Wait I got so off topic.  
Wasn't I talking  
About how to decipher the code of emotions? OH MY GOD MY HAND FEELS LIKE  
A ROTEN  
Pear! ! ! ! Why can't the blood just return to my arm so I can actually  
Try to focus on you and the maze of emotions that I can't seem

To figure out. What in this house can I  
Use to wake my hand up.  
The only thing I have in my reach is a paper and a pencil. HOLLY MOLLY now it  
feels like a giant  
Claw is stuck in my hand.  
But ok I think it's getting better and now back to thinking about  
You. WHAT IF SHE DOESN'T LIKE ME? You know what? I don't care. I  
Don't  
Need her. I don't need anyone. I can live by myself. Go  
To places by myself. I won't have to worry about any needy girl  
Using my phone day in day out. Running my battery down because she needs  
to talk to me ALL  
The TIME. Her voice constantly coming through my phone  
Clawing at my ear drums. Wait. Hold on. She texted me. She said yes. But now  
we have to plan our first date. Where?  
When? The questions I must answer.  
You won't tell her what I said earlier, right? I was in a crisis I had to  
Pick and choose my priorities. I've gotten very off topic.  
Ah let's see? How to get back on topic? Oh yeah! My hand feels like an overdone  
Pear that's been sitting out on the counter for most  
Of the summer, or maybe  
The winter. I can't remember when pear season is... so what?  
Big deal. Ok now back to the  
Pawpaw tribe.

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## Waste-Land: Maybe Not

In the map of my mind you would see a gate surrounding all that I fear  
All that I repress,  
that I repeal,  
    I dislike,  
misunderstand,  
you would see a land with no true worry...at the surface  
but look colder, beyond the fog  
where worry reveals itself in many forms  
Love, for a friend  
    Friendship, for a new group  
Family, divorced and broken  
Loneliness by escape through all of the above  
You would see green meadows, full  
of frolicking food puns  
wild scallions  
an angry tacodile  
a peaceful hippotatomus eating a wild macaw carrot

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## Yet... Again..

Yet again love eludes me  
Confusion, disappointment, longing, flood back in  
Lonesome shrouds me  
But destined to be it seems I am  
Alone. Hopping from one to the next  
Without real commitment. Because that seems to be my downfall  
People only like me until they date me.  
Yet... Again...  
Feeling like we ruled the world only lasts until the world says otherwise.  
And only then if we listen  
Which she did, brought down my rule  
Crush any hope for redemption  
Yet... Again...  
Savior from the past she could have been  
Ruled together we could have  
But when people are harsh critiques  
It's hard to shut them out.  
For fear of being pained  
Therefore paining me.  
Yet... Again...

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