

ANGRY YOUNG POET

by

Stewart Skelton

A collection of poems written in the 20th century on various scraps of paper, eventually transcribed, with some attempt at dating, and placed into this very slim volume.

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BEHOLD - pre-1991

Hot flashes blink
On scarlet field
And color wheels abound,
As jets of streaming
Glittering spark
And shudders rock the ground.

GETTING MEASURED - pre-1991

This is great,
All these hands.
They don't care where they touch
and neither do I.
I've been waiting for years to get this outfit,
I'll never need another again.
Wood is durable stuff.

UNTITLED 10/30/82

Simple tremors flesh out my experience
Of love as I have known it lately.
Pangs are common, flashes likewise,
No lasting warmth, just moments of heat
Which fade as quickly as they flare.
And stirrings;
Confused, lost, nowhere to go, they leave.
And I too.

MIND MIGRATION 1. - 12/31/81

Wing fly
Bird cry
Tetrahedron murmur,
Carry flecks of
Snowbound clown-laugh;
Better smile, than speak
And clutter love.

TWILIGHT BEACH - 08/25/81

Cold,
Dark blue sand
Packed hard
And wet;
Ripples
Glide
Back and across
Seagull scream of black
And deep
Cavern
Swallows.

AMOEBA DREAMS - pre 1991

So many things
So many places
So many loves
And lives I would live.

If nature would permit
And the body were another,
My amoeba dreams
Would give me what I seek.

UNFINISHED - pre 1990

The turned tears of sorrow
Window on the sun/land/sky
Sped past scrub and gravel

KILLERS - pre 1996

We gotta STOP
 This Genocide
We gotta STOP
 This Homicide
We gotta STOP
 This Suicide
Or there's gonna be nothing left on Earth
 But Killers.

CLOWN - pre 1991

Clown enters smoothly
With laughter in his mouth,
His manner is very informal.
With pranks on the elders
And body strung out,
The children see nothing abnormal.

Clown laughs
The parents smile
The children begin to fear,
Clown pops a balloon and lears.

Emmett Kelly was a friend
He made us laugh and cry with him,
Hollywood gave the clown a knife
To slice our tender skin.

Laugh, Clown, laugh,
That's a good one on us.
Laugh, laugh, laugh.

Funny, isn't it?
The terror in the Clown?

Clown laughs
The parents smile
The children begin to fear,
Clown pops a balloon and lears.

HERE - pre 1990

I am sitting quietly,
No need to speak,
But my name is called
And I cannot still my tongue I speak - -
Here!
And I sit quietly.

GRIPPING THE EDGE - 1982

A long day ending,
A longer week behind,
No work, no play
Numbing isolation clouds my brain.
Inactive muscles, mind scattered
Lying in bed, my hand-vice
Grips tight the mattress;
Something must be retained.

YOUNG - pre 1983

Pattern makers
 tie their young,
Gouge a merry route
In time for
 space manipulation.
Throb tempers
Burning, breathing, broken,
 bit by bit
Strengthen arms
 snake limbs
Drive tender passion
 out of fashion,
Let the children
 simply learn.
We can teach them - nothing.

RELAX - 04/01/79

The body and mind
Get to unwind
Only one time
In your life.
Or is it death?

GETHSEMANE REFLECTIONS - 11/03/81

Pardon me,
The rock is hard
And walking is no comfort.
I . . .
Thought of what you said
And . . . time has cleared the fog.
A man,
Whether he be or not,
Can take so much then bellow.
Maybe --
We can try again,
I think I have a better idea.
Although,
The problem may be past remedy,
The first time worked so well
Why change it?
Everything should be just fine.

UNTITLED - pre 1990

Flaxen beds of petritious beignots
Carry considerable weight
In the mind's eye of at least one pearl diver
Who wouldn't settle for less if the less were for settling.
And that's the final word,
If you understand what I'm driving at, by my way of speaking.

THE WALKING TIME - 10/28/90

The walking
Time
Of colored, small
Promises
Lifts me
To her breast
For a
Glimpse
Lightened long
Lifelong grace
A simple taste
List upon list;
To me
This is pain.

The telling
Time
Of walled, bitten
Mirth
Takes me
Past her face
For a
Moment
Tightened hard
Tethered neck
A feeble attempt
Arm behind arm;
To me
This is fame.

The feeling
Time
Of soaked, steaming
Breath
Pulls me
In her mind
For a
Scent
Clinging sharp
Slicking rasp
A tensile sleep
Touch begets touch;
To me
This is best.

MAN - pre 1990

I often hear the word man
In describing a certain species of animal.

It is said to walk on two legs.
It is said to be able to stand up
To anything on these legs.
Yet, I've heard that it begs.

It is said to use a complicated, wonderful language
That places it above all others.
Yet, I notice that some cannot use this language,
And others only make noise to confuse their brothers and sisters.

It is said to create and build
For the betterment of life.
Yet, I see that it destroys
All types of life with its creations.

Man should be strong, honest, compassionate, and forgiving.
Is this creature I see truly Man?