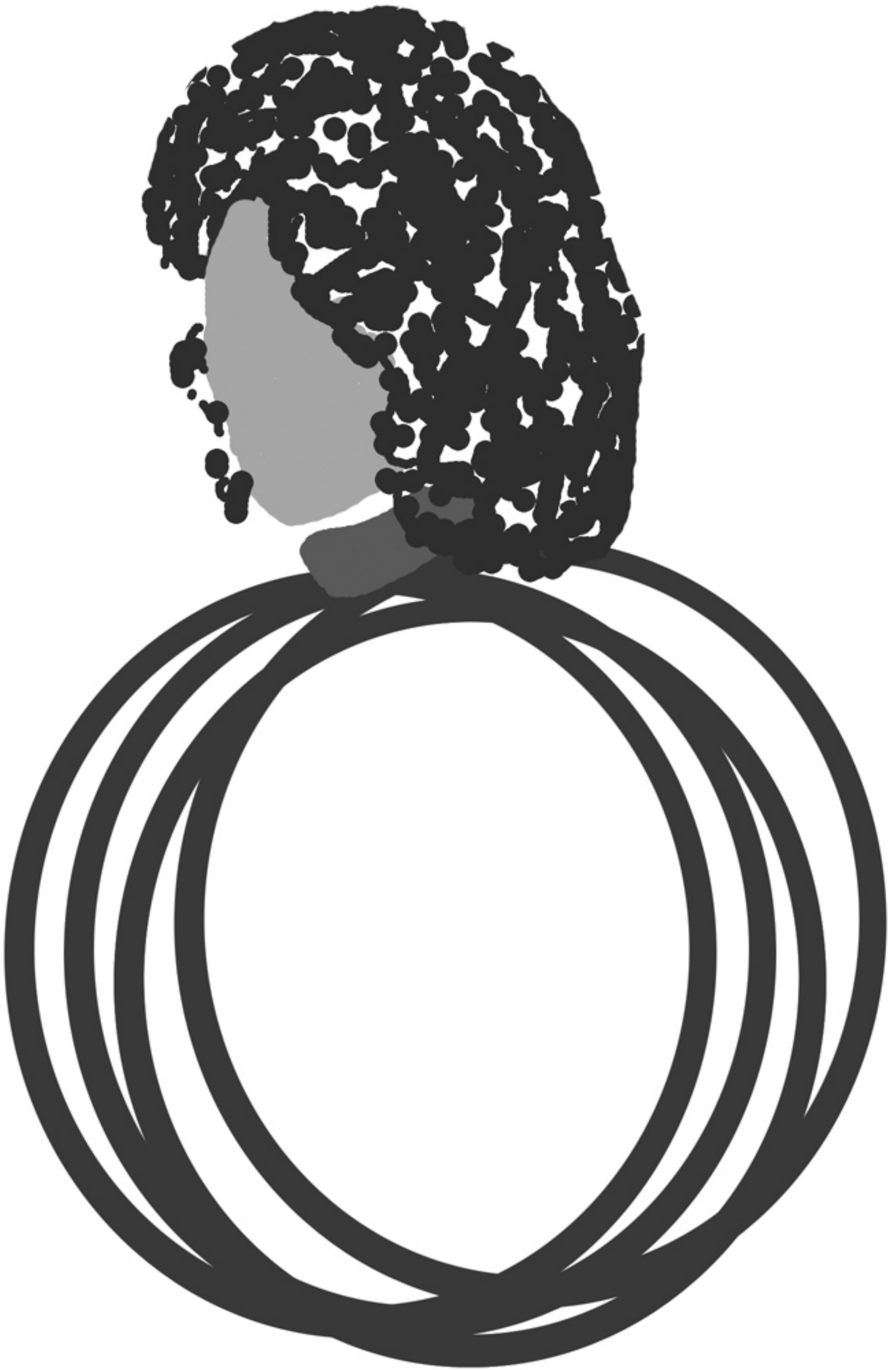




# Poet tree

By

NICK MARINO ©



## DEBUT

Openings  
    Closings  
        Movie Premieres  
  
Creation's Sensations  
        Vibrations  
            And Tears  
  
Elicit Response  
        Emotions Ensconce  
  
Inflation  
    Elation  
        And Cheers

## GOD OF SEX

A kitten's fur mitten  
A donkey is smitten  
An attempt to pass as  
Something more than you are  
  
A goddess of bodice  
A male of re-tale  
A psyche-out move to  
Create a larger personae  
  
We all have dreams  
As bold as they be  
Seams fall apart when I  
Take my place on the set  
  
A sunset strip trip  
A sunny flip hip  
I'm the real deal collecting  
Glazes like I collect jelly

## CAPTAIN CRUNCH

Crisp and brittle  
Spittle used for function but not always effective in calming  
the rough effect of upper palette bruising  
  
Shredded like cheddar  
Better than wheat cause corn leaves a more palatable feeling  
swirling around in my gullet  
  
Jerky my turkey  
Quirky and it's not a bad idea but it somehow seems to suck  
the life out of the entire concept  
  
Motion the ocean  
Potion of sugar flavor and savory chemical combinations  
that result in a whole new outcome  
  
Very your hurry  
Cherry or what I assume to be some kind of berry but not exactly  
real enough to put my finger on it  
  
Muffle its scuffle  
Kerfuffle of minor proportions but the sound is kept to a minimum  
on a still Saturday morning

## VISIONS OF ECSTASY IN ETERNAL VELVET

Spit. On a Square.  
Hair. Slightly longer.  
Artist. Sadly, it doth not make.

Grim. Without color.  
Plastic. Under cover.  
Artifact. Won't stand the test.

Teleported. Through time.  
Materialized. In mine.  
Possibly. I was wrong of its value.

Misconceived. You or me?  
Existing. Still, doth be.  
Reprint. While I'm still printing my own.

## JAY O'QUINN

You make me laugh.  
For that I am happy.  
But you also make my hand hurt.  
For I can no longer,  
Write at the speed I think.  
The seed I drink is how complex?  
Surprise in the back,  
Unexpected the crack.  
But the motion itself is familiar.  
Familiar -- look at it.  
Family plus pillar? No.  
Entomology as deep as Entenmann's.  
I remember once,  
Somebody telling me that was the good stuff.  
In Philadelphia, where nothing is as it seems.  
Which takes me full circle.  
My hand full of purple.  
Take that for just what it means.

## LONG JUMPER

dive like a leap  
windows no sleep  
a cliff a wish  
to turn into mist

and reform at  
the bottom  
of that insanely  
deep chasm

who invented?  
Mario relented  
allowing me to fall  
straight down, long

jumper, in Speedo  
remind me that  
it was found at the  
bottom of the trash

but why would  
you throw this away?  
like throwing away  
the other side of the

world filled with so  
much ingenuity no  
matter how bizarre  
and fractured I

insist on fitting  
my thoughts into  
squares and for  
cing them to li

ve as plastic  
reminders of t  
he time I took  
one long dive

## LIONESS

Roar! Pounce! Leap!  
In the back of my Jeep  
I promise your legs askew  
  
Somewhat tired  
But mostly just wired  
I guarantee you'll be losing sleep  
  
A smile, a feign  
You're blowing my brain  
As if I were made anew  
  
Like would seep  
In time, would keep  
Till love came tumbling through

## MENTAL JAMES

One'd have to be mental  
Blind sentimental  
A completely oblivious child  
To envision a scenario wherein  
A bond is created  
With futures elated  
To see where it winds up  
  
After a good go-round  
Sneaking and creeping  
Misconceptions start seeping  
Thinking this is how life  
  
Could be "If only..."  
  
Floorboards creaking  
Still silently sneaking  
But the real creeping has nestled  
Into my head like a cultural virus

## BIG BOOK OF LIES

Okay.  
That's harsh.  
I've over generalized.  
But what sets it apart is its uncanny ability to substantiate something with nothing.  
Grim.  
A fairy tale.  
But somehow worse.  
Because your average fairy tale isn't used as justification for bloodletting.  
Rabbit.  
Ears perk.  
At only a mention.  
Hippity-hop. "What?" "Where?" Hip. "When?" Hop. "Why?" "Call for their heads!"  
Just try it.  
If in 200 years.  
The misinterpretations of a dead culture have now become law in some places.  
As if.  
TIME Magazine.  
(The rag that it is.)  
Has been committed as gospel by people who now dictate your moral foundations.  
Preposterous, right?



## GROOVED PAVEMENT

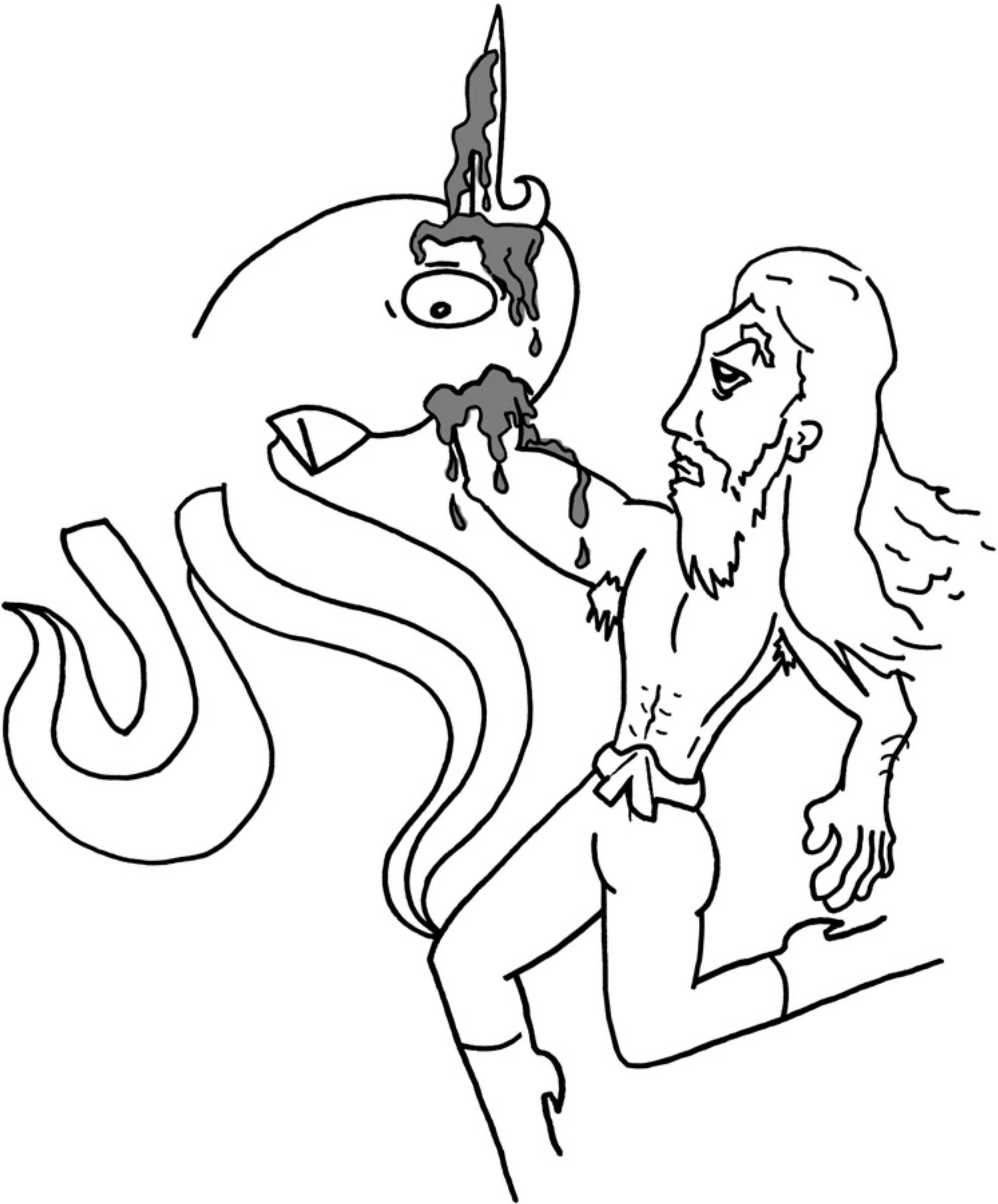
Such a lie  
Doesn't groove  
No audience  
Moves  
Acts like a...  
Genius conception  
Weak perception  
Is all  
I discovered groove  
By myself  
So different  
Better  
Enough image, okay?  
Your sound  
Is like--  
Revolting gratitude  
But I still thank you for pushing me away

## FAILURE TO LAUNCH

I'm petrified, terrified  
At the thought you could verify  
The secret I've striven to keep.  
  
I've pushed it deep down  
Where it couldn't be found  
Till I wrestled it, lifeless, to sleep.  
  
Personality, tame  
But brash all the same  
Gruff masquerading for raunch.  
  
Katherine Heigl on trial  
I'm suing for libel  
If you discover my failure to launch.

## BRUTAL ENDINGS

What's that word? Ah, fatality.  
A bit of lucidity to send you on your way.  
  
I'm not a poet. Did you already figure that out?  
Thanks for taking a bad joke and making it good.  
  
That spider... is HUGE.  
Freaking me out even though I love those damn things.  
  
Wouldn't it be poetic if my pen ran out?  
Right now, as I've reached the culmination of next to no work?  
  
You have no answers. Neither do I.  
I'm still watching that spider (though I call it "slider" in my head).  
  
Who came up with that? Who came up with this?  
Who invented the namesake? And who greenlit it?  
  
Fatality. Brutality.  
  
Finish him...  
  
Finish me?





[WWW.AUDIOSHOCKER.COM](http://WWW.AUDIOSHOCKER.COM)

