

POETRY

Dirty Blues Laundry



DIRTY

BLUES

LAUNDRY

To Oliver - The most brilliant mate I ever had and the

greatest poet I ever met.

THE COLOUR OF MY CLOTHES

MIDNIGHT BLUE

Those eyes that drive me mad
The brilliant blue that turn
That turn into a midnight blue
I choose to embrace the skies
It is night

I surround myself with a sexy blue
It screams out passion
It screams out an unstoppable fashion
It screams desire with an eternal power

It is a tower
A tower of strength

A tower of courage
A tower that is unbreakable

It is not a lake

A lake of despair
A lake of fury
A lake of wretchedness

It is a powerful ocean
It is the color of the skies
The skies that feed many crops

As it showers with rain
It feeds the world
It feeds the lost - the hopeful
The many forlorn

I choose to stand, tall and strong
I choose to become one
One with an unstoppable attire
The color blue
As blue as the skies at night.

GREY SYMPHONY

A beautiful melody begins to sound
As I clad myself in a grey cloud
A grey cloud of glory
A glory that will never be sorry
A glory that tells a whole new story

Tomorrow the grayness shall weep
It shall weep out many tales of lies
deceit and malice
It shall continue to weep out
different songs about love
About total avarice

You are the sounds of a past love
That covers all flaws
Closes all doors to revelation

Such a dull attire to wear
Such a great horror to fear
It is like watching the dead
in a mystical embrace

Two skeletons are kissing

There is hope for lost souls
There is justice for the insecure
There is no need for daily liqueur

The grayness of the weather
I am dressed in is such
an antonym of a common
cliché

I look neat, sweet and niche
There is no need for pink
or a lemonade drink
There is no need to wear
a wristband

A wristband of hope
A wristband of fear
A wristband in mourning
A wristband as a sign of a new dawn

The grayness around me
is divine - it is sincere
It shows a certain dullness
An ongoing sullen way

It can be unnoticeable
or deniably palpable

It has some finesse
It can be classy
It can appear like a total dunce

It is my intuition
It is my mission
This is what I choose to wear
I feel I have nothing to fear.

CRIMSON RED

A tattooed body of roses
A taste of honey in a cherry pie
An alibi

A path to no man's land
A world of dark passion
A world of great deception

It is not a caution
It stands in a narrow format

A hollow tree

A bleeding sparrow

A raging storm

Never the sever

It is now a pick
To dress that tick

Shadows of past loves
Sink into the stale air
The air is fresh

The wind blows freely
Cheerfully and desirably
to the crimson ways
Crimson ways of dressing.

PINK

I wear pink on Monday
To show my pretty toes
To hell with my foes

I wear pink on Tuesday
A pink diamond watch
All sparkly and pretty

I wear pink on Wednesday
A sexy pink shirt that
screams out wild passion
tonight
There'll be no one in sight

I wear pink on Thursday
It makes me feel great
I know I have no time to waste
It's going to be a better day

I wear pink on Friday
A pink chain of hope - lucky sweetness
For there is more to life than bitterness

I wear pink on Saturday
It is a way to remind me
That good things can be

I wear pink on Sunday
Because I know it's really my day
A fun day, a pun day
Pink, Pink, Pink
A color that can never sink.

WHITE

You are the color of purity
A divinity to prosperity
You are truly one to adore

In fashion, in life
You are the purest
You are the fairest.

You are the color of deceit
The long tale of inexistent
deficit.

You are tall, strong and bold
You are a color that can easily mould

You are pure and clear

Without fear, you stand
for innocence.

BLACK

The color of death - a feeling of rage
Rage as red and fiery as the color of
a blooming red rose

Who knows what you really are?

The color of a baboon
or the color of the turning of
a new moon.

You are liked by many to wear
Different materials happily adhere

You are the color of evil
The color of darkness
A slimming color
That will never sever

You are bold and strong
You are the color of freedom.

GREEN AMBITION

I am a shade of jealousy, contempt
and envy
I am the color of the green grass
A color that feeds the world
Powerful and fresh

I stand for energy, strength and charisma
I am unstoppable
Go.

BLUES TANGO

You stand in distress
All tied up in a bun
A bun of fear, a bun of hope
A bun of defeat
Unwind that bun.

DEPRESSING

BLUES :



**THE FATHER, THE BASTARD AND
THE ANGEL**

Are you a swindler or a male whore
that does not fail to create many
illegitimates?
Are you a father that lacks morality?
You are better off an incompetent old
fool lacking in fertility.

What kind of man has no sense of chastity
Continues to deliver spawn
At such a great vastness
There is too much luster
In comparison to alcoholism

You are a bastard
You have no sense or care
as to your mannerism
To many women, your ways
are one of vampirism
You drain them to your heart's content
Without any actual repent
You are the dark horse
That moves about with no remorse

The air is stale.

You are one hell of a red blooded male

No.

The wind is mute
There is a sudden refute

Somehow, some way
A guilty bell begins to ring
and sing at the back of your thoughts

You become eager to feed,
the many that are in need

You are a father, a bastard and an angel.

THE MOTHER, THE BITCH AND THE SAINT

Are you a whore or are you a
woman of ill repute?

No.

You are a mother
You never fail to support
Or carry out an extended report
On a daily basis

You cause a volcanic eruption
In many stubborn adolescents
Who continue with their destruction
of themselves or the world unknown

You are a bitch.

You are blinded by worry
You are consumed by fate
You have nothing to lose

You are a bitch, a mother but a saint.

BLUES GOVERNMENT

A body of illness
An illness so deadly it
is a constant fatigue

A body of corruption
A corruption at fast pursuit
An ongoing corruption
A never ending disruption

Take a stroll down my
government body

Green is for envy
but there is no envy
needed at this point
At this point where there
are many in agony
and dancing at a joint

A joint of confusion
A joint of depression
A joint of hopelessness

Many chains
Many untamed
Many remains
but unclaimed

A spark of light
incites passion
A passion for rage
A passion emerged from
fear and cruel pain

The blind at heart and the lame
are like a never ending game
This is truly a great shame
for a body to be defamed

Defamed by the blues government
Defamed by many untamed
The many that came from
fears and tears erupting
from a raging blues

A long time ago
I was a green flower of success
and multiple dreams
I was the envy of many nations
I was the sparkling brilliant
green irises of luck and freedom

I am now an empty soul
A fallen spirit and victim of
the dark blues
...a body governed by the blues.

ISOLATED VODKA

Last night I died
I cried and I cried and I cried
I drowned all my pride and I cried
and I cried and I cried
I tripped over half a bottle of vodka
Did a U-turn on my bed
Where all my pain had fled

Was never really a devotee
But an insomniac
popping pills every night
that helped with the sleep alright

But last night, I took to a different flight
With bitter spite, under a faint light
I cried and I cried and I cried
Who would ever believe
Such an outstanding one of a kind
Would hide and abide
By rules so blind, so demeaning
Rules that wrench your soul to shreds
Tiny little shreds
That can never be put
Ever and never together again

So let it rain
Let it pour with rain
Like a speed train
A beast untamed
All over my bed

Let it rain and rain and rain
Like a never ending game
All over my bed
Let it rain and rain
With so many tears
Releasing so many fears

Last night I thought I was dying
Last night I died.
I woke up this morning and I knew I had died

I woke up this morning and I laughed
and I laughed and I laughed
For all that had happened were the
works of a drunken fool
I had been the object and the tool
I had survived my very own folly

Last night I cried and I died
Tonight I shall live to laugh.

DIRTY LAUNDRY:



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