

Poemes Bohemes
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Palsy Rhymes and Rhymelets (3 Poems)

Calisthenes

Calisthenes, a philosopher of Greece,
spent days on his knees in indecisive disposition
and ouroboros temperament.
His colloquy was distant
and asbest, at best absent
and for the rest, hesitant,
at worst the zest for which he had once been known
was never shown and unprofessed
for years while the tribunes waited, baited breath
with strings of deeds, like an abacus strung with beads
to count the days until he woke.
Then one day the spell, it broke,
he yawned and stretched and scratched his head,
and to the crowd of people said,
"well, that was hard. It's time for bed."
And lay down right there to sleep.

Caterpillar Bones

The caterpillar groans. Its bones
are old and hoary.

It sits a breast a part of doom. A lack of pleasure.

Ungroomed to measure its mortal coil
sloughed off is but an inch;

it coils again and crosses then

the twig—how it tries!

Stupid thing. When it dies

it will have wings.

The Coriolis

The coriolis off the coast was bigger than most
and particularly swirly.

It sucked things down, soundless
and twirly like a tongue licking lollipop,
it wouldn't stop its surly spin for anything;
not time, not shame for sound, not mercy
as it revolved around devouring
boats, long harbors, growing larger: towns
engulfed in its proportion, portions
of the Earth like fabric ripped from ground,
stripped in one Poseidal breath, wherefore?
Why, to make the land more like the sea and shore.

Middlesome Kids (2 Poems)

Age

Her truths are sharp in her mouth,
she puts something in it and they bite down.
The venom spreads.
The thing it struggles but she sickens instead:
her sighs widen, and water, her
flows run until raw.
Her mouth itches apartheid
between graces that flaw.

Self Improvement

One's worth can be gored from the soul with a shovel,
one's essence extracted with the labor of an ant
the massive capstone of its broodhall
but a pebble in the sand
dug forth and then slipped down again, it sticks;
it seems like you can purge it, but
you can't. Not with a shovel
try a pick.

Hi School (7 Poems)

The Principal's Walk

Corbeled stone on the sultan's walk

hurts my feet.

The reflections of the sun off the camel's hump

blinds me.

The dome of the great god of sun

weakens my soul.

Where am I when I

have no place to go?

Channels

I pick from the orange tree a ripened
White rose dawn blooms while distracted I look
at the moon where we meet, a sweet slice of
Meat is good for the heart that was good from the
Start running on my mark, you must be
Moving so far far away from the playground don't break your
Neck and neck I can't decide, from which gentle beauty should I
Hide and seek is a lover's game, fraught with peril and danger from some unearthly
Plane crashes have statistically shown that onboard passengers
Blame is the bane of substitution, broken words and thick red
Pollution is the same everywhere, in romantic nature brings
Blood, oil, and vinegar for my salad "dressing
Pressing" against you.

Phosphoros Dream

Absorbed in dementia,
Phosphoros dream,
Dragged down by heavy
metal music I scream.
Swordfish trauma
adds to the drama of the
sewn-over seam,
Steaming in the ashtray
where the green man gleans.

Haiku

Sun breaks over mountain,
Fiery phoenix burning bright,
Blinded, I crash my car.

Tranquility

Ahhh . . . tranquility. Pit-pat in the rain, and pit-pat on the pavement. A pitter-patter on the mind that washes away the depravement of my day. Red rosebuds and lilac in shop windows. White berries and blue lilies driving sur la rue. Orange and emerald and brilliant brilliant silver. Tranquility was golden, too.

My Infatuation

Fenetre,

Fenetre,

Blind blue beauty of the underwear line,

Fenestrated hair,

Fenetre; despair

I love the way you look.

at me.

Fenetre; window. Portal to

the powder puff. A pink lesson for me.

Lima-bean glee in the exotica fashion.

The rationed out fashion.

Fenetre; window to my heart

my infatuation.

Perfidy of Blue

Perfidy of blue, the sharp
corner of the cube
cuts the corner where the white
tank top is on the back burner.

The fake company that makes
plastic raisinettes scrapes fields with
cinnamon teeth called rust rust rust.
Are they different? Why do you look at them different?

I got called for the audition last night,
got lost without light in the rabbit hole.
Lost my role, took a fall, drunk from the grail
that I bought at the mall

thinking:

red light prodigies welcome in the rain,
burning bright bussets, modest cordial pain in
the daffodil planter busting with roots
grows witches on stakes burnt black by their growth.

Bad Aimer (3 Poems)

An Old Fashioned Love Poem

Gather yourself by my side and hide
underneath this tree. Its leaves are wide
and waving in a way that will cover completely
while we watch her dream of all who love her
and sigh herself to sleep in the elbow tree.
Weeping for one who cannot touch her cannot
say he loves her, who will not look at me
more fondly than a friend or small address
of petty affections and weak receipt.

Look at her, she's in my history
yet she writes my future so carelessly.
Unowned, she owns me surely as a dog,
hears me barking nightly scraping sobs,
but she is gone now, that shadow we watch
is but a shadow in an arrow notched
by some winged angel that has lost its name
for love when all love's rights have lost their fame.

Elizabeth Sonnet

Under a hood of wearing water sits
a troupe of short-winged washing water doves,
among them there is scarce a single wit
that is not brief or fallow like your love.

In their eyes I see yourself reflected
an orb of frosted glass immune to touch,
host to sweeter sighs you once expected
than those that liquidlike I cannot hush.

What bath could purge more wholly clean than this
twice believed truth that transformed to fault?
unless all lovesick youth rose up and wished
if this was truly youth then youth should halt.

As one the birds alight and distant shrink
when to the brook I crawl and, lastly, drink.

Revolving Door

Long in coming, the degeneratus comes along,
and then with an attitude of such undeserving
that he can not be tolerated,
the nonsense he speaks aside
and even the indiscretion of his eyes
excepted.

He carries with him the implements of his internment
which are irresolute and vaguely defined
but all academic in essence and somely vocational.
Now their function is only ceremonial,
like dog tags on the discharged, or the face of a boy
who has moved away from home.

That is who he was.
For when one makes one's home out of a state of mind,
it is bound to pass
and leave one transient in time.