

Brian Hardie

Honeyed Words, Voice of the Tempter

Coffee couches surf the denim
Plague, or sorcerers of belonging and a
Forgotten brainwave. Ticking slow,
A reggae slumber in an
Erie state of malicious
Pondering, deep in an Oregon
Horror.
Hearing you, inner void, is
Not a life to interpret. My
Silk life drains human
Nerves while the sirens moist
My palms.
They hold a dialect starving
For comfort in an accent treasured
By satin sin.
Truth subverts through whips alive
And the dull spikes need. Light moments
Intriguing the past. Hollow trees
Savoring the lie, strumming the
Eyes of anger pending rage under
Your cruel sky.
Is such like wind the grief of
Romance? And
Why such a burn in the ache
Of our heart?
Madness scattered black pedals
On the gates of intimate
Gardens. Ending with a
Melody sung flat to the hills

Put to rest by a trembling son.

November 4th, 2008. Manhattan.

Electoral candidates inscribe native

Love letters, painful

Synopsis- a call for,

Demanded.

Leaves, souls, hearts, parks, all forget

radiant words, thus, prayers follow

Behind with tears rolling about to nurture

Regret. Forever meaning a

Peaceful way inside a prance through the

Path of central risk, and a complacent

Vein funneling what could not be

Sold, now thrown, in clarity, to the lost boy markets.

Down the street, to the bending corner, gentle

Whores strive to detain the Boston sunset,

Binding the journal selected to never speak. This-

The rate I voice via lurid Westside taverns. In a few films

On licks pleading, bleeding heart, I

Bid farewell, addressing the soft eyes that

Forgot to blink when feminism passed by.

My Place In Central Park...

Hear these eyes, perceive your providence... steadfast doom! Cliché tri-state thinker of the past, and undergarments worn to arouse. Shells found on stormy shores among lonesome islands. Planes above. The flames of New Hampshire conceive the children of my sexual insight. Pages perplexed and confused by the shrieking songs of a melancholy mother. Alone, walking, and empty strollers. Flaming poets rhyming on the backside of rustic overtones. Snow flakes serenade the Vermont pedigree, mistaken perhaps for a dream hungry and craving the nightmare. The dangerous waves pick pocketing these grains of sand spin around my frail and flimsy future. Flamboyant fossils recover underneath the heat of an incomplete, breathing tide.

Regret Of The Drunken Text...

Agnostic fears believe faith is a
Love not able to be torn from. The innocent
Houses lined in the park deceive the
Scripts written by a
Homeless sensation. From coast to coast,
To the avenues of sorrow, mistaken foods are sold on
Circumstance, tattooing the sensitive
Voices on the opposing spectrum. Abrasive pigtailed send
The ill fated intentions of souls suffering
The harm to hurt. Informal attires of the poets sadness
Is to forever confide in the hope of another. She
Foreshadows the loss through the sensation of
Desolate theories. Dripping from the pipes of my
Stomach, burns are lathered with oils of hostile
Scents. Thus Pain is cured with the flexible arm of
A single-handed solitary aid. Consider the oceans filled
With perished liquors stimulating the fluids of imagery.
Indecisive Florida shores observe the indulgence. Glossy
Eyes do not intrude on chances,
Only the original daring plead.

The Classic Pangs Of My Love For Tracy

Polite weather vibrates through and around your sudden change and beautiful maybe
Conscious or no I think faulty reasoning grates the cheese the feathers
Flapping on wings above the waves crashing down in unison crying my
Name. Pathetic dresses wave in the wind by a privileged compilation of thoughts
Building blocks and patterns at last deceitful. A partner of sorts is
Fought on a plank built by choking tribes of the unexplained. My
Worries are trenched in suspicion. Bleeding the mind funneling the
Sunshine alone. Screaming while he burns. My one chance relies on this word being said in
The pause of a whisper. The feeling of how a good alarm is lifeless.
The phrase could headline the late night comedy special. The
One to laugh at, expose, abuse in a sinister drilling to the
Center. Music seeps through the cracks of historic streets. Southern
Cities I suppose motive me to conspire artisan streets
And crowded funeral homes. I closed my eyes and saw everything I
Needed to in dreams for sober softness. Drunken rustic burning
Coals blistering my flaps that endanger. Time reads my
Palm. Lines of children and weddings and debt and death,
Nicotine sedatives coat my mouth. Absolutely amazed and
Taken aback by ticking time. My eyes need shade and mascara.
Again the articles state the minds brought to me by commercial

Social circles and rampages cycling through ten past twelves.

A soft coffee conversation

About the relief of my passing. Happiness should be brought

By this convicted self. I'm falling and not listening, finding

Limbs to break as I plunge through....