

Michael T. Smith

Advice

(sonnet)

Words of advice do not mature quickly
When spoken into the crook of the ear.
They're dropped on the cold floor --ever sickly,
Most aborted in th' head that fetal year.

But snuggling to oblivion some go
Like orphans placed into a crib of drear.
Beholden to laws the homeowners sow,
They may grow past the railing like a breer.

Then, pubescent with a hundred faces,
Each cast with different expression strook,
Along a hall of mirrors one paces,
Its perception like leaves on the wind's crook:

Chick spanked to ire by the handmaid of time,
Only then, that fleeting bird's caught in lime.

Adam and Eve

Who's that standing on your words?
All dressed up in fancy girds --
And in a suitcase like a womb,
Carrying, carrying the dead boy blues.

He delivers right on time,
adding the salt to bland rhymes:

“But I’m here to watch the dew
cling to grass for hours too few,
and I know the lady’s untrue,
but something’s left I can’t refuse
for I know Spring’s a lady too.”

“Ain't it just a role” -- she spoke
to the sun until it broke.

He chased those words in a skip
until they punched his back lip
And he found himself much closer
to being dead. Full disclosure --
I found him to be poser.

“Won't you shut it, lay it bare.”
“Won't you blot it, it's not there.”

Every step along the line --
drinking all your daddy's wine --
the glint is shined right off your shoes,
carrying, carrying the dead boy blues

Breath

(A Herbert-esque wreathed poem)

I wanted to inhale the essence of you,
but a lewd dream got in the way,
strangled my mind's fays with gestures undue,
but perhaps this new horoscope has more sway,
for today this Aganippe has overflown
into blown hands begging for something more
and my breast, perhorresces to loan
even one lone thought of you, breathed before.

Daniel Webster's Dictionary

There are so many words in English
that we only use one percent:
the rest being deviants, from whom
Pax will leave the happy home.

You can tell a bad-john
if you pay close enough attention
to his lips. For there – if you love
prejudice, you can discern the soul.

But with eyes bent to the ground
I could believe his words
but not their meaning – for if you love,
if you love, you can be corrupted.

The damned devil devels
in the dirt, from which
all words are created --*sensu lato*,
but probably not created equally.

And holding language
on trial is *but* a whistle-wind
of miles. For language will not be
resurrected in the hereafter.

“It’s hardly resurrected here,
don’t you know.” He said
without an accent. “Words die
like people, like laughter.”

And to funambulate twixt two
opinions is *relatable* to a theme
tied only to a word,
a proper noun, slurred.

It was not he who made
the deal seem solid.
It was the uncouth language
that ultimately did.

Song of Two Old Men

It's a fall day.
It's like when you take a pop song
and strip it down to pseudo-acoustic – 'ploud'
would be the word that I think best
describes it – via all of Kratylos' play
(it's like a couch plop...
or a phrase nonsensical that explains the nonsensical).
It's Johnny Cash -- who may have never been singing an "L"
but whose CDs were probably burnt somehow
down south?
For down south is where you go to see
the three-way street of
"Me, myself, and I..."
Or so says another old man named Mr. Jones.
This is the acoustic version of my anger –
unplugged.
And I can't even remember telling you again.
The basement of our minds tells us
only those desires we have buried,
only what the birds would not record
if they could sell
music and not simply make it.
Woe it is to me
to see this butchered scene,
of edits from life, knowing full well
what life's sound may be.