

Erik Hernandez

A Petite and Petty Pretention

Precocious premium prodigy poet
Prominent predominant pre-eminent for it
Playful and powerful your professors give plaudits
Protecting and polishing a primeval posit

Preening and prompting puritan penchants
Pawns and plebeians we don't seem to get them
So plying, parading your pretentious poems
Pillage and paralyze your irreverent foemen.

Penny.

“Look at him”
They sneer and stare
“Picking up a penny,
Look at him stoop
Look at him
Bow to
The unwanted
Bow to
The used
Bow to
The forgotten”

To fold your back
And bend your knee
You sell your dignity
At the cost of just
One cent
Your worth is cheap
Apparently

Why else would you expend
Your energy
To glean so weak a thing,
So Ugly
So Pitiful
Solitary
Penny

Its bronze face covered
In mud, rust
In blood and dust,
Dull metal petals
Plucked
From flowers unprized
Dropped
Then left behind
To gather excreted
Crust
From the filth and
The grime

Faces faded
Filed down
Oppressed by puddles
Dyed by murk
Drowned

A fistful worthless
Unvalued,
Dismissed without prejudice

No man
They say
Of Strength and means
And smarts
Would waste
The time
He has packs of bills
And packs of plastic
Golden stacks that
Shine

A brilliant sheen
A heavy hue
The stacks of gold so high
They bend and boil
Light
Until our reaching eyes are blind

Those packs of Bills
Those packs of Plastic
Hover above
And bold
So goodly to reach
To crane our necks
And worship that
Godly gold

Yet I'll stoop
And bow
I'll scrape
To search and gather every
Copper face
Off the streets and
Bus stops and
Bathroom floors
And sidewalks

I'll bring them home
And keep them safe
And bide my days
And wait...
I'll imagine
All the pennies
Yet to gather
Scattered
'cross the states

Millions out there all alone
In parking lots and
Ashtrays
But brought together
An awesome strength
Would rise up
Into play

And with their weight
All brought to bear
Their heavy strength
Enraged
They'll crush perhaps
The greedy packs
And times will truly
Change.

Seasons of Pain

Because the leaves had lost their grip
And tumbled to my feet
They all came down in just one trip
The hillside's green glass shattering

Because the hills were spiked and dread
Their naked branches stretched to grasp
My sun and warm were leaves now dead
Memories of the summer past

Because the winter cold and bright
Leaves nowhere left to hide
The wind-smoothed snow and glassy ice
Reflect dead sunlight till you're blind

Because of all the painful things
The seasons to me did bring
I smile wide and take a drink
A hopeful toast to spring.

C Student's Petty Lament

I write out little diddles
That no person will want to read
I blunder heatless songs
My Metaphors are weak

We don't want your faithless trills
Or your biting witless rhymes
We want intimate formless details
Your soulful bowels and grime

Revere yourself and your hardship
We'll nod along in awe
Your tragedy is unique
Rhyme-less similes without flaw

The poems are quite good
Of your bravery and your loss
We owe you our truthful everything
Because you offered yours to us

But did you really do the deed?
I ask myself sometimes
Bestow fresh truth and honesty
In your poems without rhymes

Ever been filled to the brim
With rotten hatred and squirming flies?
Did you share your malice then
The side every person hides?

Did you ever take a chance
Or give an artful care
To tell the hipsters their tattoos
Look as stupid as their hair?

Perhaps these topics are too low
For your poetic craft, unworthy
I say your poetry is inhumane
Because we humans are quite petty :P

Heart on the floor

I like to lie on my bedroom floor
It is usually as dirty and cluttered
As my confused and scattered heart.
I lie on the floor
And stare at the ceiling,
The ceiling comforts me
It is clean.
It is as clean and clear as my dreams
I can't reach the ceiling
And I can't dirty it
Or ruin it.