Coty Poynter

off to an early grave

women are scoundrels.

ey are no good
drug dealers
who deal the best drugs
and us men,
we get hooked on it
in a heartbeat.

ey are swindlers
sweet talking their way
into
or
out of
any situation.

ey are devils
who experiment
with hearts
and play with
man parts
thinking that nothing will
come of it
when men
are nothing,
but
fluff and bone.

we are gentle creatures
who crave sex,
but give us a good woman
and things will be different.
unless,
of course,
that man is not sensible
or is too sensible
then he’ll never get a
truly good women.

I know I won’t.
the necessity of solitude

I sit down
with the pre-determined
notion
that I’m going to take
my time
with this one.
I’m going to relax,
think a bit,
read a bit,
write a bit.
this is my time
to devour the
solitude,
the loneliness I
so dearly miss.
just as I sit
there is a banging
on the door
while the other side
demands I hurry,
demands I rush.
inconsiderate bastard,
doesn’t he know
that all men
need time
such as this
to survive.
with the solitude
shattered,
I wipe and flush
without even
starting
a thought,
flipping
a page,
marking
the pulp.
eccentric lady, where are you now?

gypsy babe
with the high-arching brows
sweet lips,
lush and red,
with mesmerizing eyes.
a voice of silvery passion,
skin like the warm earth
you traverse.
obsidian hair,
a strong gaze,
and an ass to match
your beautiful soul,
perfectly shaped
as you paint the
abstract
bright colors on the stretched
canvas
that is projected from
your soul.
I’m drawn to you.

we pass by,
exchanging glances
of steamy passion.
the fire has been lit within
and you’re quick to set
your trap
to catch
this novice traveler;
whispering sweet words
into the wind
so that they drift to my
ear.
our lips draw near, 
like the hummingbird 
and the flower, 
it feeds from it 
glupping down its sweet 
nectar.

our tongues dance around 
one another, 
waltzing, 
tangoing, 
performing Swan Lake. 
smoothly we slide, 
exchanging clothes, 
separating from reality 
creating our own. 
Just you, gypsy, and I.

this mysterious woman 
with abstract thoughts 
and a peasants wardrobe, 
but a starlet’s looks. 
I awake 
to naked bodies entwined, 
amost one. 
smiling lips land on her 
forehead, 
this heathens kiss plants 
as I hold her tightly 
within the safety of my arms, 
protecting her from the world around us, 
wishing we could return to our realm 
where time couldn’t separate us.
rant

these overwhelming emotions
just keep on floating
in the motion
of the movement;
we take to drive.
inside we all thrive
on that desire,
a fire that burns
to create
and emancipate us all
from the falling world
that surrounds us in a sorrow
so deep that the walk to freedom
is becoming narrow
so keep hope alive
and let dreams
drive you to where
you want to be
even if it leaves you gaunt
and broken,
you’ll still leave this place
with a token of appreciation
for this land of asphyxiation:
destroying aspirations within
us.
just put the pen to paper
and let the soul leak
from the weakness
to prove a point
that we all may be broken
but we will conjoin
we will unite
to rebel
and repel
these sinners
even if
we aren’t saints.
the winter walk
hand in hand
ey they walk down
the narrow street.
visibly breathing
the winters
harsh air.
as they march forth
words began to seep
from the mans mouth.
she halts,
he halts, unwillingly,
then there was silence.
the howling wind
filled the silence
while the heavy snow
formed a curtain between
them.
the tears froze
before hitting
the ground.
the mourning

rain tumbles from
the sky
as we lay here
entwined.

we’re like the
vines,
becoming one
over time.

lips growing wet
with lust
and I want to whisper
words of love.

I can’t speak those
words,
I’m no good with those
words.

I’m no good for those
words,
I’m no good for
you.

these words I so badly
want to whisper,
they show affection
and endearment.

they simply won’t
leave my tongue,
so instead I wrap
you tightly.
left arm pulling you
closer,
right arm locking you
in.

I brush my unshaven
face
against your milky
skin.

I lay lips lightly upon
your forehead
and draw back to gaze
into your deep blues.

I was happy,
you were happy,
but now it’s as if
happiness didn’t matter.

we are no longer one.

we are no longer together.

I am no longer happy.

the vines have been cut
down
before they could grow
into something beautiful.

I miss the lace.

I miss that face.
I miss the morning air
that surrounded you.